



Sons of Chaos: Book Four

JISA DEAN

# Jinx

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By:

**Jisa Dean**

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Even nightmares need happy ever afters.

Jinx

It's not easy growing up in a world dominated by big, scary men. They never let me have any fun and instead of having one brother... I have a whole motorcycle club full of them. Always watching over my shoulder, never letting anyone get close. I don't have the chance to meet anyone and if I do, they're quickly chased away. That is until I join a chat group and find someone not afraid of the men surrounding me. In fact, I don't think Fury is scared of anything. But who is the man I am talking to? Who is the man everyone seems so afraid of? And is he really as safe as I've led myself to believe? Or am I getting ready to make the worst mistake of my life when we meet face-to-face?

Fury

Boogieman, demon, nightmare, I'm nothing but a shadow in a world of darkness. I'm the one they whisper about when they

talk about bad things coming. But lately, I've been taking a long, hard look at my life and finding it empty. Something is missing. Something that I stumble upon when I am not even looking for it. In a chatroom, even. I found the perfect thing, and her name is Jinx. She's the opposite of me in every way. Sunshine to my darkness, an angel to my demon, a dream to my nightmare...and I have to have her. It doesn't matter who stands in my way or what I have to do to make Jinx mine. She already belongs to me; she just doesn't know it yet. After all, boogiemens don't ask...they just take what they want.

Too hot to go outside? That's okay. I have you covered with just the kind of story that lets you bring the summer inside. Finally, Jinx gets her chance at happy ever after and when she sets her sights on love, she goes all out. Not only does she find someone powerful enough to keep up with the Sons of Chaos but dark enough to keep her safe from all the trouble she seems to trip and fall into. The fourth installment of the Sons of Chaos series is one that can be read in the series or as a standalone, but I find the more big, strong men you have the better, so why not indulge? Especially when they look like the men from the Sons of Chaos.

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# Chapter One

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## *Jinx*

I feel so betrayed...and a little horny. I can admit that seeing a man handle himself around several different weapons is sexy as hell. You can tell a lot by how a man holds his weapon. For instance, the man standing in front of me right now is thorough, methodical, and a lying piece of shit.

I can't get the whole lying thing from the handling of his... weapon so to speak. I know he's a lying sack because I know who is standing in front of me...now! Fury! The man everyone is talking about like he's a fucking curse whispered at night. The man I've been talking to on the computer for the past five months. The man I thought was a skinny tech nerd and not someone I ever had to worry about being...well, like the men I am around twenty-four/seven.

"You're Fury." I'm not asking a question per se. It doesn't exactly come out as a question either. More of an accusation really.

"Yeah." His voice is as deep as I dreamed it would be but his eyes...those eyes are so much more than I could ever even imagine. "I'm Fury."



His lips land on mine and he takes my breath away...while still shooting at the bad guys. It bears repeating -the man is kissing me senseless while taking the lives of the people trying to take me. How the hell did I ever think he was a scrawny nerd? How could I have been so wrong? Oh, I know how - because I was freakin' lied to! By this asshole.

I try to pull back away from him but he isn't letting me go. My heart, my emotions, can't take any more. First I saw someone I really like shot...for me, Lori took that bullet for me, then these fuckers try to take me away and finally Fury. It's too much. That's got to be the reason I lean into the kiss, the reason I open for him, letting him in instead of kicking his ass.

He pulls away and looks down at me right before pushing me behind him again and shooting yet another bad man in the face. But guns don't have infinite rounds and his runs out right as all hell breaks loose and the world lights up orange and gold with fire. I lose track of him for a heartbeat and feel my pulse kick up higher so that I can feel it in my throat.

I turn but instead of Fury in front of me a man I don't know leers over me. And then drops at my feet as red spreads from a thin line forming around his neck. Without conscious thought my hand comes up to cover my own as my eyes dart higher and collide with startling light green eyes. How can a man have such soft, light eyes and have so much blood on his hands? And which body part do I trust, those eyes that capture my soul so easily and hold it softly in a butterfly touch or the crimson-stained tapered fingers of steel that don't ask for permission?

There's so much smoke in the air and so many bodies on the ground that all can do is reach out for the man standing in front of me. This is like a nightmare only I'm not waking up from this one. And his touch feels way too real when he wraps

his fingers around my own and pulls me flush against his hard body. I hold my breath waiting for another kiss but it never comes. Instead, there's a small pinch on the side of my arm but I don't look down, not wanting to break whatever spell he's cast on me. Then my vision starts to blur and I have no choice but to look.

I see his hand come away from my arm with some sort of injection gun and poof! Spell broken. That asshole! That absolute asshole. Every interaction I've had with him plays through my head from the start to the moment he showed himself for who he really is and breaks my heart.

“Why?”

But I don't get an answer. All I get is the memories playing back in my slowly darkening world...

*Six months ago*

I switch back and forth from the chat window I have open to the online course I'm supposed to be working on. Life gets pretty lonely when you're surrounded by big, tough men who hover like little old nannies. I swear, if the Victorians wanted to keep their women's honor they should have thought about hiring biker governesses because let me tell you, no one would ever get ravished if those existed.

I read the message but my response isn't coming anytime soon. I don't know this person who just popped in but she sounds like she might have the same problem I do...she's lonely. I'm fucking lonely too. I shoot a quick message and then flip back to the report I'm supposed to be working on. But I get a reply back quickly...Too quickly?

I spend the next hour talking to misfortune99 instead of doing what I'm supposed to be doing. And the next night is much the same. The third night I find myself excited to learn more and get to talk to her again. But the third night brings a surprise I didn't see coming. Misfortune99 isn't a girl just like me...she isn't a girl at all. She's a man...boy...whatever. I instantly shut that shit down and turn my notifications off so I don't have to think about that anymore.

But I do think about it. Over the next few weeks, I think about it a lot. Whoever the person is on the other side of my conversation doesn't really matter. It shouldn't matter, right? He's lonely. I'm lonely. I'm sure he didn't mean to lead me astray. So I reached out. He's left me several messages that I've ignored.

It's so hard to trust when you grow up knowing what is out in the world. Not everyone is a friend and people usually only have themselves as number one. Over the next few months, we chatted back and forth sporadically. I try not to let myself become attached but over time it's hard not to. Eventually, I gave him my phone number, I even asked him what he looked like. He's tall and wiry and has to wear glasses. He sounds like the complete opposite of all the men I am around every day... and perfect.

### *One month earlier*

I saw you today in town. Why were you walking into a bridal shop?

There's a tone to his message that hasn't been there before. It makes my hackles raise but I shove the worry out of the way. He's my friend.

My brother's getting married. I'm a bride's maid.

We talk some more and the usual tone of the rest of the messages are the normal, easy-going exchange I have come to expect from my friend. He started out as misfortune99 but soon became Fury to me. He said he uses the name online a lot and it reminds him of Shakespeare's quote from Macbeth about life. My secret nerd heart got so big I thought it might burst.

This is the first time in my whole life that I've felt like I have truly connected with another person. The first time I felt like I had found someone I could belong with. This man that I've been slowly falling in love with one message at a time could never hurt me, never represent the threat to my heart that I've feared half my life. This man will never overpower me, try to control my fairy heart or force me to accept his ways over my own. With Fury, I am safe.

## Chapter Two

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### *Jinx*

Consciousness returns slowly as I stare at a very familiar ceiling. Images of a tall, dark stranger hit my numbed brain as memories come rushing back. He took me. He managed to get me by myself and he took me away...so why am I waking up in my room at the Club? And why am I naked?

What the hell is going on? I sit up tenderly and take a look around. Nothing is out of place, nothing is askew, nothing that would tell me someone had been in here with me. I scoot to the edge and wait for my head to stop swimming. I take the time to think about what I should do next. I have so many questions and no way to find the answers.

I finally get up and make my way to my laptop sitting on my desk. It doesn't take very long for me to open what I'm looking for. Nothing. There's no message explaining any of this. No message telling me sorry for so many things. Nothing but a blank screen and a blinking cursor waiting for me to type something.

A knock on my door has me grabbing for the robe I have slung over the back of my chair and cautiously opening the door to...my brother.

“Jinx, we’re headed over to the hospital to visit Lori. You want a ride?”

Like nothing even happened. He’s acting like nothing happened.

“Sure, um, give me just a second and I’ll meet you out front.”

I rush through a shower and throw clothes on without even thinking about what they look like. Nori will come with us, so Pyro won’t be taking his bike which means I don’t have to worry about wearing a dress. I grab my bag and head for the front of the clubhouse. On the way to the hospital Pyro and Nori talk about everything and nothing at all but then a name floats back to me making my heart stutter.

“Can you believe Fury was there?”

My brother is acquainted with Fury. He’s not talking about him like this is someone he doesn’t know about.

“Who is he?”

Yes, Nori. Who is he indeed?

“He’s a fucking myth, a legend. He’s like a fucking boogiemán that’s only whispered about in the ring of people we hang around.”

“Why was he there?”

My heart picks up and starts thumping so loudly I don't know how they can't hear it over the sound of the wind blowing through the rolled-down windows of the car.

“My guess is for the same reason everyone else was...the bounty.”

Wait a minute! What?

Said heart stutters and slows until I wonder if it's going to stop altogether.

“He's good too. Whatever he wants, he takes.”

And Pyro drives the knife in and twists. My heart breaks and I'm hollow inside. Pyro's words repeat over and over in my head. He takes what he wants. It leaves no doubt about what happened to me.

I was left behind because I was found wanting. So many things make sense to me now. Why I was naked? He wanted to take a good look at what he would be getting if he did choose to take me. Why he left me where he did. A statement that I wasn't worth going to war for against a whole motorcycle club, not worth the hassle that would come if he did take me.

“Jinx, honey?” I snap back and turn to find Nori staring at me like she's been saying my name for a long time.

“Sorry.” It's the only thing I can push out with what little breath I have left.

“You okay, sweetie? You look a little pale.”

I nod and quickly turn away. But the sour feeling in my stomach doesn't go away or get better. I fake a smile for Nori and bide my time but the feeling doesn't stop. It never stops. It just sits there and festers. Until I can't take it anymore.

This sick feeling is going to kill me if I don't do something to stop it, to quieten it down. I start making plans. And I wait. I try to keep the hurt hidden but some of it leaks out. Some of it manifests in me being a little bitchy, a little prickly, around the other happy couples.

The next entertainment night rolls around and I'm sent to my room but this time fate is smiling on me because not only will my brother be busy entertaining Nori but my mom and dad are also here tonight. I gladly go to the room I stay in at the club and wait. Then when everyone is good and busy, I sneak out and make my way to the ride I called for at the end of the road the club is on. No ride is going to come all the way up to the gate, let alone pull straight up to the club, so I hoof it to the end and hop in.

By the time anyone finds out what I have planned it will be too late to stop me. I give him my mom and dad's address. Everyone who is a higher-up in the Sons has a room at the club but most everyone has a place somewhere else also. Mom and Dad are no exception. They bought a cute little two-story house with a big yard and a tree out front that I used to have a tire swing in.

I use my key and let myself in and make my way upstairs. The house is so familiar and comforting. I know my way, even in the dark. My room hasn't been changed since I was twelve so everything is purple and covered in lace. You would never think that it was my room.



I stare at my face in the mirror over the dresser. I gave up lace and hearts a long time ago...well, lace anyway. The hearts stopped when I woke up in my room after being taken by a lying, cheating asshole. I reach into my closet, way in the back, and pull out something I have never worn, something I probably never would wear if not for the sick feeling I've been left with because of Fury.

The tiny dress is royal blue and sparkles even in the dark. It's short. I hold it up to my body and look in the mirror again. It's going to barely cover my ass and if that's not enough to get me laid it has a slit up the side that will go all the way to the top of my hip. There's no back and the front is cut so low you might be able to catch the hint of my belly ring if I bend over just right. I go to my jewelry box and pull out a sparkly body chain that I can drape under the dress so attention will be drawn even more to my breasts and down to my thighs where it warps around one leg.

If this doesn't scream come-get-me, nothing will. Fury might not want me but some man will be taking me home with him tonight and once I get under someone new I'll finally be able to get over the asshole who bruised my heart. I won't say he broke it. No man will ever break my heart because I don't plan to ever give it away again.

I hop in the shower and use my best body wash. I grab my towel and step out of the bathroom but when my eyes land on the bed the dress is gone. The chain is still there but the dress... I turn my head and peer into the darkened room but can't see anything. Then I hear the creak of the bathroom door shutting and whirl around just as it latches. A shadow steps out of the darkness.

My heart thuds and starts banging like a jackhammer and before I can stop myself, I take a step back. Then I stop immediately, square my shoulders, and raise my chin defiantly.

It's him!

## Chapter Three

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### *Fury*

I watch as she catches herself from backing up any further before her spine stiffens and she straightens. I can't keep the corners of my mouth from tipping up at her moxie. She might look like a blonde fairy, small and slight, but this woman has so much strength inside of her she's got me, a monster among monsters, on my knees begging.

I run my eyes up and down her body covered in only a thin square of terrycloth and my mouth waters. The more she stares down her nose at me, the more I want to shake her world up and make her completely mine. She doesn't shy away from my stare like some grown-ass men do. Not Jinx. She meets me hot stare for hot stare.

“So, we're just going to spend all night looking at one another? Seems kinda boring to me.”

God, I'm already halfway in love with this woman, and my love is not easily given. It's one of the reasons I'm here. I have to find out where this is going. I have to know if she's the same person in real life as the woman she is in the chat window. My only answer to her smart-ass question is a slight raise of my eyebrow.

“Where is my dress?”

This gets more of a reaction. That thing I tossed was not a ‘dress’. It was washcloths held together by dental floss. A stiff wind and it would be gone. And it is something she’s not getting out of this house wearing.

“I find I like you better when you’re naked.”

“Apparently not enough.”

“What?” She’s quick to hand me back a reply but I’m not understanding why she would say such a thing. I would love to see her in nothing but a smile...and maybe painted in some of my cum.

“Never mind,” She brushes my question away. “Look, I don’t have very much time to play these guess-what-I-want-with-you games. I have things to do.”

“Not in that dress you don’t.”

Her little mouth falls open and invites me to think of so many naughty things, perfectly dark and sexy things, to do with that open mouth. But something tells me now’s not the time to broach those things with her as hell leaps into those crystal clear eyes of hers and she’s all but breathing fire.

“You... you don’t get to tell me what I can and can’t wear, mister. You don’t get to tell me anything.” She comes at me and puts her finger in the center of my chest. “You walked away from me - put me back in my room at the club like some unwanted baggage you couldn’t wait to be rid of so don’t think you can dictate anything about my life.”

She steps around me, goes over to her closet, and pulls out another dress. This one is even worse than the last one. It's just two metallic silver panels held together by three thin chains that would come to the sides of her body and show way too much of what I consider mine.

I snatch the thing out of her hands and toss it in the same trash can I threw her first one in.

“Wha...?”

“You can go out, angel,” I interrupt her angry question, “as soon as you stop trying to wear lingerie better suited for a night of hard fucking...and dental floss, as a dress.”

I can tell by her face how shocked she is, how very unhappy she is with me. But I don't have to ever guess or read facial cues with my angel. Jinx doesn't have a problem telling you exactly what she's thinking.

“You...go to hell. You need to leave my room, leave my whole damned house, and get the fuck away from me.”

“I can't do that sweetheart.”

“What? Why the hell not?!”

“Because.... you belong to me, Jinx,” I tell her the answer I've been fighting with myself over for months. She's the same girl no matter where she is or who she is standing in front of. She doesn't put on a front for anybody. And I am in love with this magical woman - this fairy girl that stole my heart. I'm tired of fighting it, tired of trying to deny it. She's mine.

“Oh hell no!” her little face scrunches up in a frown as those eyes snap more blue fire at me. “I don’t belong to anyone. Especially not some egotistical, self-centered asshole who can’t take his head out of his ass long enough to make up his mind about what he wants. You can just fuck right off, Mr. Indecisive.”

She goes around me and starts heading for her door but I step back in front of her to stop her from leaving.

“Move.” She says it very softly but firmly without a hint of fear or a sense of wavering.

“There is only one way this is going to go sweet girl.”

She takes a step back and readjusts her towel making sure it is knotted tightly. And then goes for the door again. This time I don’t just step in the way but prepare to lift her off the ground if I have to. She surprises me by throwing a punch instead of trying to make a run for it. I barely dodge the first one and automatically block the second one. I have her wrist in my hand and consciously make adjustments, so I don’t hurt her. I jerk her off-kilter and spin her, so she is in my arms. She tries to headbutt me, but I hold her too close to me for her to get any good momentum. She reaches behind her to try to grab my hair. At least I think it’s my hair she’s trying to grab but with someone like Jinx, she could be trying to rip my ears off.

She gets a handful before she gives it a good yank like she’s jerking on the strings of my heart. God, I love this girl.

“If you’re going to pull my hair, at least buy me dinner first, sweet girl,” I whisper in her ear but don’t pull back fast enough. She clips me in the chin causing me to drop her. She

uses the momentum to push me out of the way so she can run around me. She doesn't get far, barely making it to the stairs before I have her back up in my arms.

She goes slack and slips down the front of me trying to outmaneuver me. We end up grappling with one another doing some sort of violent dance that gets me hard as fuck. This... this woman is every bit my match. She's thrown off balance and teeters on the edge of the top stair and instead of being worried about falling down and breaking her neck, she's still giving me attitude. The moment I meet her eyes it's not fear I see in them, but defiance. She'd fall down them just to spite me. I take a second to give her a cocky grin that I'm certain is going to piss her off and reach out to grab her towel and spin her to safety swiftly.

Unfortunately, the towel is a casualty and is gone.

“Shit!”

She runs from me back to her room. I follow at a slower pace and find her trying to shut the bathroom door. I push against it and wrap my hand around her wrist so I can pull her from the room. Instead of covering herself, she stands in front of me clothed in nothing but defiance and stubbornness, her hands on her hips. She might want to cover up but she would never admit it.

“So what? We're just going to stand here playing with one another until my mom and dad come home and my dad kills you...for me.”

I can't help but laugh at her which only inflames the fires of her rage even more. Meanwhile, I am enjoying the view. Soft as fuck skin, curves for days, eyes that snap fire, and the cute as fuck up-turned nose with the tiniest nose ring in it, she's

perfect. It's like she's my own personal gift from God fallen from heaven. Only I'm not on that good of terms with the Man Upstairs.

Hell, even her toes are cute as fuck. I take her in, all of her, from her stubborn chin to the tips of those raspberry-pink nipples, down to her trim little strip of brownish-blond curls that hover just above the top of her pussy. And I have to look away from the pure temptation of it all.

“Not this time, sweetheart.”

“What?” Her light brown brows draw together in a frown as she tries to make out the meaning behind my words.

I move fast, faster than before. The dawning knowledge lights in her eyes that I was just playing with her before - not giving her the full demon she summoned but rather just a taste of the darkness. The needle is going in long before she even realizes what I am doing. I catch her as her legs give out from under her.

“You are such a spoiled little thing...I love it!”

Her eyes fall shut as I nuzzle into her neck and drag in the sweet scent of her. I pull back to look at the treasure I have in my arms.

“Beautiful.” Even that fails to truly describe Jinx.

I cup her breast in my hand as I fight the urges coursing through me. The urge to take her nipple in my mouth, to take my hand and run it lower so I can feel how god damned soft she is, the overriding need to take her - right here in her



childhood room. Instead, I lay her on the bed on her stomach. Not that it helps since that just has my eyes drawn like fucking magnets to her sweet as fuck ass.

I work quickly shoving her arms into one of my own shirts and getting down to packing some of her stuff laying around the room, things I think she'll need. I don't have too much time and the foreplay took more of it than I thought it would. Thankfully, I'm damned quick on my feet and excel at adapting my plans for the spur-of-the-moment changes such as these.

## Chapter Four

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### *Jinx*

I open my eyes slowly but I remember everything. That fucker tranqed me again. It takes me longer to realize I'm lying by a pool. Still naked. On a lounge chair under an umbrella. I raise my head to look around but I can't figure out where I am. Damn it, this is not how I want to wake up. It might suck even worse than waking up in my room at the clubhouse.

Though I'm very certain that I'm by myself, that doesn't mean I'm not just as fucked as I would be if I woke up surrounded by a bunch of people. A small handtowel and a drink with partially melted ice occupy a wicker table nearby. Small as it may be, it will at least give me the illusion of being covered.

I rise and head to the house cautiously. Did he sell me or some shit? Is this like some sort of initiation thing? The men from before wanted to sell me so it's not a far leap to think someone like Fury would do it. I slowly place my hand on the door to see if it's unlocked. It opens easily and I step into a light and airy kitchen that is surprisingly homey for slavers.

I spot something that makes me feel even better than the hand towel...a butcher block full of knives. I grab the largest one and think about carting the rest around with me just for

good measure. I'm not about to make it easy for these fuckers. Not at all.

I hear something to my right and turn my head quickly while I keep walking forward. And walk right into a wall. The Wall.

It would be a fitting nickname for him. I yelp and step back expecting Fury to try to take the knife away from me but he acts like it's not even there.

“My apologies. I thought my phone conversation would be over before you woke but instead, it went a little longer than I expected.”

This man... I must still be under the influence of whatever the hell he gave me. This man doesn't look like the one who broke into my parents' house and fought with me. He doesn't look like the same man who caused the coroner to pick up so many bodies just days ago. He has tiny wire glasses perched on his nose and looks more like a professor than a badass biker assassin. Don't get me wrong, he still looks impressively large but not like he's going to eat small children for breakfast.

“Where the hell am I?” I hate it. It's like a lie. The whole image is nothing but a lie. “Why am I here?”

“This is one of my homes. The one I like the most...well, except for the one on the island but I figured you would want to stay a little closer to home to start with.”

To start with? What the hell does that mean?

“You are going to sell me then?”

His brows raise and he quietly takes his glasses off and puts them on the counter. "I...don't share what's mine."

Well that doesn't tell me shit.

"So what? You're going to charge me rent before you sell me?" A thought flashes through my mind. "You want to be my pimp. Fuck off buddy. It's not..."

"You misunderstand, angel." There is something in his eyes...an unidentifiable glint that's worrisome. "You. Belong. To. Me."

He moves quickly, taking the knife out of my hand. One minute it's there clutched tightly and the next...gone.

"Any person that tries to so much as touch you has automatically forfeited their life - man or woman."

"I don't belong to you."

"Oh, but you do."

I raise my chin in defiance, "You didn't..." I stutter on the cold, hard truth. It still hurts that he didn't want me. "You had your chance and you left me."

"I was giving you a chance to say goodbye."

My eyes widen and my heart stutters, tripping over what he might be saying. "What?"

“You heard me - I put you back so you would have time to say goodbye. To make peace with the fact you belong to me. I needed the time to come to terms with it too. But it’s an unbreakable truth...you are mine. And neither one of us can fight it.”

“You...,” for the first time my bravery fails, “you’re going to take me away from my family.”

He didn’t say it and I pray he will tell me I’m being foolish and overly dramatic. I desperately want him to tell me I’m just being silly but he isn’t saying a word. All that keeps running through my mind is the little niece or nephew that I will never get to see if I choose Fury, all the new members of the Sons of Chaos that I won’t be there to greet, all the girls who I’ve grown close to, that are like sisters to me - Dolly, Nori... fucking Lori who jumped in front of a bullet for me for fuck’s sake.

The thought of losing all of them causes tears to form in my eyes and trickle down my cheeks. I quickly -and angrily - wipe them away. He steps forward and this time I back away from him.

“You can’t...you...,” god damn it! This stinks! “This is not how it’s supposed to be. I shouldn’t have to pick between you and my family.”

None of the other girls had to choose one over the other. Dolly, whose real name is Pru, didn’t have much of a family to choose between but Nori, the girl who married my brother, still very much talks to her family. Hell, her sister is dating one of the other members. And Lori. She still talks to her mom and dad...and they’re pieces of shit who tried to sell her to keep themselves safe. So why should I have to? Why should I have

to pick between the man I could grow to love and the love I have for my family?

“I can’t! I can’t be with someone who wants to take me away from my family!” I let the pent-up breath I had been holding inside out, sure of my decision.

“No! We’ll...” I think fast and then raise my chin in a way that if he asked Pyro, he would tell him I’m not about to budge. Not one bit. “We’ll have sex then you can take me back.”

“Excuse me!” His brows rise even higher than before and he looks at me like I couldn’t have surprised him more.

“You heard me.” I parrot his own words back to him. “We’ll have sex, enjoy each other, then you can take me back home to my family. Don’t act so shocked!”

What gives him the right to look so shocked? Isn’t this what most guys would love to hear? But he doesn’t say a word and instead continues to stand there flabbergasted.

“I’m attracted to you. You seem to be attracted to me. Sex is... Well, I think it will be fun with you so I’m down for it.”

He takes a step towards me and another until he’s backing me up step by step. “Let me get this straight -you’re willing to have sex with me.” I give him a nod. “But refuse to stay with me.”

He gets another nod.

“Because you won’t leave your family behind.”

“Yes, that’s correct.” I don’t have to wait long for his answer.

“No.”

“No? Why not?” He’s turning me down again. It’s not like I’ve offered this deal to everyone I meet. This is a very special one-time offer and he’s telling me no.

“You don’t give a man like me the gift of your body and just walk away.”

The way he says it makes me think he’s pissed about my offer but I just stand firm and raise my chin again. If he doesn’t want what I have to offer then he needs to find someone else to kidnap.

“Then clearly we’re at an impasse. I won’t leave my family - my mom, my dad, my brother, his wife and my friend, their kids - present and future. I won’t leave them.”

“Unfuckingbelievable!”

He spins away from me mad as hell. He can just be mad for all I care. His anger doesn’t scare me nearly as much as the thought of never seeing those I love again. He spins back around to take a look at me before picking up a paperweight from a nearby desk and tossing it at the wall. Nowhere near me.

“Come on, let’s get this over with so I can be back before everyone starts worrying about me too much. Worrying isn’t good for the babies. All three of our newbies are knocked up, you know. All three, married and happy and I won’t be missing a moment.”

He just gives me a look of mixed confusion, shock, and anger before turning away from me and storming from the room.

Well, shit! What do I do now?



## Chapter Five

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### *Fury*

I had to take her back. I can't god damned believe that I had to take her back. Pulling up to the club with her on the back of my bike isn't winning me any awards with any of the members either. The only reason the rough and shaggy bastard at the gate lets me through is because Jinx gives him a brilliant smile and tells him to call and tell Odin we're here.

This is the last thing I want, the last place I want to be. I took her so I could keep her with me now I'm going to have to fight a whole fucking motorcycle club to keep her from being taken away from me. Not that a woman like Jinx isn't worth it. I'd fight all of Hell for a chance to keep her.

We're led into a meeting room where Odin, the president of the MC, is sitting at the head of a conference table with a small red-headed woman resting on his lap. I remember her. She took a bullet meant for Jinx. She has my respect and my highest regard. Odin has it by proxy. Until he does something to piss me off and take that regard away.

The little redhead pops up and comes rushing over to my girl, pulling her close to her in a hug. Both girls take a step back and look one another up and down before asking each other how the other is doing.

I turn my attention back to Odin who hasn't taken his eyes from me. "Fury."

"Odin."

I'm aware of who he is. He has a reputation among most of the MCs. They say he's a fair man and guides his club with wisdom and compassion...until you cross him or his people.

"This is not going to go well for you." It's not a threat. Men like Odin don't make threats...we make promises.

"And yet here I am."

I need him to understand I'm not afraid to blow up his club or leave a trail of dead bodies behind me to keep what belongs to me.

"She's loved by everyone here. It's not going to be easy."

"She's worth it."

I notice Jinx stops talking and is watching me after I said she's worth it. I meet her gaze and tell her with my eyes that what I say I mean. My new goal is getting Jinx to fall in love with me enough that she'll want to go with me wherever I go. Her mentioning the knocked-up members of the club got me thinking about a way I could have Jinx how I want her. A guaranteed trap that will entwine her with me for the rest of our lives. I just have to keep her with me long enough to seduce her into loving me.

Before I can say anything else the door to the room is swinging open and a pissed-off male version of my angel is baring down on me with hell in his eyes. Even though I see the punch coming I don't try to stop it or step out of the way. And the guy has a hell of a punch. He hits me and knocks me back on my ass. Jinx comes running...not to her brother. To me.

“Pyro! You fucking jerk! You need to calm down instead of coming in and acting like an ass.”

I stand up and the brother hits me again. I can tell Jinx is livid. I've seen her pissed - mostly at me - but never like this. This time I don't go down even if I don't put up a fight. The man comes at me again but Jinx steps in front of us.

“Pyro...god damn it!”

In the blink of an eye, I have her behind me and have Pyro over the table with his arm behind his back so he can't move. I lean over him so I can make sure he can listen very carefully to what I have to say and there won't be any misunderstanding about what I am about to tell him.

“I don't care if you have to hit me until you can't raise your arm anymore but you will not hurt her. Now control yourself before I have to do something that will make my angel very unhappy with me.”

We both look over at where Jinx is standing, still pissed as hell. She throws her hands up in the air and lets out a loud huff that has the room falling into silence. “I'm going to my room. The two of you suck!”

She storms out but is stopped in the doorway by an older man and woman. The older man is acting a lot like Pyro who I

have let up since he's no longer a threat to Jinx. I can offer a healthy guess that this is Jinx's mom and dad. The man comes off all growly and mad causing Jinx to let out an angry grunt and roll her eyes again. Instead of stopping she throws her hands back up in the air and keeps on going.

It takes me a little longer than I wanted it to but I finally make it upstairs to her room. The two men related to her downstairs wouldn't tell me where she went but her mother and Lori took pity on me and told me which room was hers. It wouldn't have mattered even if they hadn't told me. I would have gone through the entire club opening doors and tearing down walls until I found her.

I drop a duffle bag full of my clothes down on the floor right by the door and look around the small room with a bed, a television, and a small desk taking up most of the space. Even though there's not a lot of room she still has a bookshelf crammed full of paperbacks that look like romance novels but upon closer inspection, I see a healthy smattering of true crime novels mixed in.

I walk around the room, picking things up here and there so I can immerse myself in Jinx's world. I'm not worried about where Jinx is at all since I hear the shower running and her quietly humming a pop tune slightly out of key, so I take my time exploring her room, taking in her scent. Prolonging the inevitable until I can't wait any longer.

Only then do I go to the door, slightly ajar, leading to the bathroom. I slowly push it open further and take in the steam and heat of the room, the scent of heaven floating out of the mist, and the sight of an angel clothed in only waterdrops and steam. My heart stutters before starting again double time.

The angel in front of me finishes rinsing the suds from her long golden hair like she doesn't have a care in the world. Her eyes are closed, her head tipped back and her voice carries on a hum as she forgets the words to the song she's singing so she starts back over from the chorus. She's god damned perfect.

I open the shower door and finally, she opens her eyes and looks at me. She doesn't jump or cross her hands over her body in a maidenly attempt to hide herself from me. Instead, a smile touches the corners of her lips and she meets me stare for stare.

“What took you so long?”

I step into the shower, fully clothed. “I had to keep the men in your family from trying to kill me.”

“Hm, I would have thought you could handle them quicker than that.” The minx.

“I would have if I had been killing them.”

The flirty look leaves her face to be replaced by an overly serious glare, “Fury, you better not have hurt my family or so help me...”

I silence her the only way I know how to...with my mouth. My mouth lands on hers and she willingly opens for me. Our tongues duel with one another as I pull her naked, soaked body into my clothed one. She soaks into me in more ways than one, kissing Jinx is an immersive game I could play for the rest of my life. Taking in the flavor of her sweet mouth, the parring of our tongues around each other excites me on a level I've never felt before.

I wrap my arms around her body while she wraps hers around my neck and for long moments neither one of us is concerned with anything outside the warm little bubble we've made for each other. Then our mouths break from one another and I start kissing down the slender column of her neck. She drops her head back so I can reach it better as she makes pleased little sounds deep in her throat.

I trail my lips down to the tops of her shoulders but she stops me, pushing me back against the wall. Her fingers play with the edge of my tee shirt before she runs her hands up under it and rakes her nails down my abs. She wrestles my shirt over my head before going back to my mouth. But her body...her body does more. It starts with a slight brush of skin against my skin but turns into a teasing dance she does where her nipples glide across my lower stomach and has my balls cinching tightly against my body.

“It's only fair that I get to see you since you've clearly seen me on more than one occasion. How do I know if I'll like what I'm getting?”

Jinx isn't a wilting flower, she's not a shy girl and she's sure of what she wants. This woman wants me. And I want to give her all of me. Her nails rake over a long-healed bullet wound and then dance over a knife wound scar. None of it stops her from putting her mouth back on mine and playing tag with my tongue.

I let her explore until I can't take the sweet, questing caresses and the hot-as-sin kisses another minute longer. Without even thinking about it, I've hit my knees and have her leg up over my shoulder before she can tell me yes or no. We're not strangers that just met days ago. I know this woman, I know what she's like, how she handles herself. I understand her on a level that I'm not sure she even understands herself. I

say it not as an egotistical brag or an overbearing male pig. I understand her because I'm looking, I'm listening to every word, every small thing she does that she doesn't realize she's doing. I know because I'm watching her.

So I know how she is going to take me being all pushy and assertive. And she doesn't disappoint. She places her palm on my forehead to slow me down while staring me right in the eyes. We maintain eye contact the entire time as I lean in closer and closer. My tongue comes out to take my first lick of her sweetness while I watch as her eyes darken with passion and promise.

And with the first taste...I'm addicted. I push against her palm so I can lick up more causing her to gasp out. She sags against the wall, and I run my hands up the back of her legs and under her ass so I can help her continue to stand without any fear of her falling. This time when she puts her hands on me, it's not to stop me but to pull me closer.

## Chapter Six

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### *Jinx*

I try to catch my breath even as his tongue runs up the middle of my body and finds the bundle of nerves at the top of my pussy. It's a losing battle but one I need to keep fighting. Do I love the things Fury is doing to me with his tongue? Yes, of course I do. Is it going to make everything all better and make me see things his way? Hell fucking no!

I know what kind of man he is. I grew up with them all my life, I live with them every day, they're all around. I've been told where to go and what to do by overbearing males my whole life. I don't want that to be the next part of it. It's one of the reasons I was so attracted to him when I thought he was a wiry nerd.

I don't want to have to fight for every single victory, every simple allowance. I shouldn't have to fight for those things. They should be given because the other person understands and loves me.

Can I trust Fury with my heart? Undetermined. Will he try to take over and dictate my life? A certainty. Could I love him for the rest of my life even though I might not be able to live with him? Pretty much already happening. If I let it. But what if I can win this one fight? What if I do show him he doesn't



get to control my life, my world? Will he still want to be part of it? Will he be able to give up control and be my partner in life and not just my dictator?

All of these questions buzz through my brain at the same speed his tongue is buzzing across my clit making it harder and harder to stay focused.

“This doesn’t mean you win. I won’t let you control me.”

Our eyes meet and he gives me a long, slow blink of assent before going back to eating my pussy out like it’s a fucking crepe and he hasn’t had breakfast in a really long ass time. He’s really good at this whole oral thing too. My leg is draped over one of his big, broad shoulders, opening myself up for him. And he takes full advantage of the opportunity by licking and sucking every part of me from front to back and to the front again.

I can’t help but moan and give him encouragement as he drives my body higher along the rungs of pleasure. His tongue slips and slides through my folds and my sense of control shakes and shatters as my legs start to follow right along shaking and quivering too. One of his hands comes up to cup my breast as I let the spray from the shower play with the other one. It’s incredibly naughty and I kind of love it.

The slide of the water, his tongue, and the feel of his palm on my overly sensitive breasts all come rushing at me at once. Too many sensations, too many things going on all at the same time, bombard my senses and shake my reserve to hold back. My head drops back as my back arches and everything inside of me contracts in fast hard spasms as my mind goes blank and I give into the orgasm that’s been building higher and higher.

When I come back down from my high, it's to find that Fury has taken me out of the shower and laid me on the bed...still eating me. This time when I put my hand on his head he stops and looks up at me. "It's my turn."

He frowns and starts to open his mouth to tell me no. I can tell that is what he's about to say so I just cut him off. "You got to taste me, now I want to taste you. I want my taste."

"Now's not the time."

I place a hand on his chest and scoot out from under him. "You don't get to decide that. I should decide that. We should decide that together!"

"I don't think..."

"I'm not letting you take over. I won't bow down to you. If you want this to work between us, you're going to have to treat me like a partner. A full partner and not just someone you patronize by acting like you're giving over the reins but secretly go behind my back and do it anyway."

He sits back and our eyes clash with one another. It's going to suck if he chooses to leave me because he didn't want to give me the freedom I need to have a happy life but I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I didn't make my stance clear, if I tried to change what I believed for him.

"I don't want you to tell me what I can and can't do."

"Sometimes it's for your own good."

“Really, and it’s so damned hard for you to take just a second and explain why it’s for my own good. To point out where the danger is instead of maneuvering and manipulating me not to go that way. Is that too much to ask for? Just an explanation so I can decide instead of you dictating it.”

For a long moment, we both just stare at one another. Neither of us move or say another word. Then he stands up to his full height and drops his hands down to the buckle of his belt. The tension that’s built in the room slowly eases as he takes his pants off and stands before me as naked as I am. I can’t fight the little smile that tilts the corners of my mouth at the fact I won. I won...this time.

He crawls on the bed beside me before I can reach out and take him in my hand. “What are you doing?”

“You want to be my partner; you want us to be fully equal? I figure this is the best way to make that happen.”

He slides me over the top of his big body and gives me a quick pop-kiss before turning me so that I am face to...well, I’m getting an up close and personal introduction to his very large, very hard member.

“Don’t be shy now, angel.”

I swallow and take in the giant task in front of me. It’s all fun and games in theory but having it stare me in the face is a whole other ballgame. What if I can’t make this big man happy? I gather my courage and focus. I’ve never backed down from a challenge before and I’m not going to start now.

I take the bull by the horn, so to speak, and run my tongue up and down the velvety shaft before sinking my mouth over

the tip of his cock. I can't take the entire thing in my mouth but instead, lick and nibble on what I can fit. I run my tongue up the soft underside and flick my tongue over the tip taking in the bead of pre-cum that's formed.

Salty flavor bursts on my tongue as I wrap my lips around him to try to find more. I still can't take the full length of him. Fury helps me take more by starting to eat my pussy again, causing me to gasp around his cock, taking him to the back of my throat because of it.

"Oh shit!" I pop off his dick at his exclamation. Did I do something wrong? "That feels way too good, angel." He grunts and I go back to sucking so he won't be able to tell how big my smile is.

"You might be my angel, but you've got a sinner's mouth." With that statement, he goes back to running his tongue up and down the center of my body.

I try to focus on what I am doing but his mouth on my oversensitized clit has me popping off him and arching my back as the feeling of flying comes back to me. My belly jumps and pitches like butterflies are taking off inside it, the muscles tighten with tension and my breasts become warm and heavy as I am taken higher and higher. I realize that I am straddling a man's face and I'm about to come.

My hips dance around because I can tell I'm building to a big release. I try to move off him so I can break that connection, if just for a little while, so I don't do something really embarrassing on this man's face. But Fury isn't having it. He follows me with his mouth never leaving my warm, wet pussy. His hands wrap around the tops of my thighs so he can hold me to him.

He makes the sexiest sounds as he licks me to another level of heaven. Half of the reason I cum so hard is because of those sounds. The other being his tongue. I cry out as my body shivers through another release, all the muscles below my belly button clenching and releasing in quick pulses. And just before I collapse on top of him, Fury gives me a loud moan, and his dick twitches and swells before he sprays cum across the underside of my breasts and along my tummy.

We collapse covered in one another's release... completely content, and completely fulfilled.

## Chapter Seven

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### *Fury*

I wake her up eating her the next morning. I laid awake some last night thinking about her ultimatum for us - that she has to be treated like a partner in our relationship. Can I do that? I have lived my life by my own rules for so long it will be hard for me to try another way. But like I told Odin when he explained how much my angel is loved, it's worth the work.

She comes awake slowly allowing me to really explore what belongs to me. At first, I run my eyes over the soft, pink skin. She has to have the prettiest little pussy I've ever seen. I run my fingertips over the tender flesh before putting my mouth right over her clit. I bat it back and forth with the tip of my tongue.

I use the tip of my tongue to fuck into her like I want to use my dick but something tells me Jinx hasn't had many lovers and I don't want to rush this. As soon as she's fully awake I roll us so she's lying on top of me again with her legs splayed on either side of my waist. I grab her bare ass and start rocking her back and forth over my swelling cock.

At first, she stiffens in my arms but then relaxes back against me once she realizes I'm not going to rush anything. Eventually, she sits up and starts dry humping my cock,

sliding it back and forth along the hot, wet channel of her tight little pussy. The look of triumph on her face as she picks up the pace and starts making the moves is enough to convince me of damn near anything she needs me convinced of.

My angel likes to be in control. Maybe that comes from the life she's lived within the walls of an MC or maybe that's just who Jinx is. Doesn't matter to me, especially not when she lowers her hand to use her fingers to press my cock more firmly to her. I use my own fingers to find her clit and start rubbing it with my thumb when my cock isn't hitting it. Her head drops back causing her long blonde hair to brush against the tops of my thighs adding another layer of sensation to my excitement.

She comes apart for me so perfectly that for just a second my breath stalls and my heart stutters at the gift I've been given. A smart man would know to be grateful. A wise man would do anything it took to keep it. And I have always been a more intellectually inclined person. Her muscles grip me and lightly flutter along the shaft of my dick giving me the barest hint of what is to come when I finally get inside her. It sends me rushing into my own climax.

I draw back and leave a trail of my semen along her sweet little crevice making sure to pay special attention to her entrance where I would like to be buried.

“Well, that's a great way to wake up.” She laughs as she collapses back on my chest. “I can't wait to do it again.”

This time I chuckle as I play with the ends of her hair. I brush my lips against the top of her head as she draws circles on my chest. “You've not had many boyfriends have you?”

She stiffens in my arms and sits up so she can stare down at me. “Why do you ask?”

“Last night, how shy you were during the blow job, it just made me wonder, maybe you didn’t have very many boyfriends.”

“Was it not good?”

Well shit! Making her doubt herself was the last thing I wanted. “No, it was very good. It rocked my world, little angel. I just...I wanted you to know I wasn’t going to rush this. I’m not pushing for anything you’re not willing to give me. I realize we’ve never...been like this before with one another and it’s new to both of us. I just wanted to reassure you.”

“Oh...okay then. As long as it was good.” She still seems uncertain.

“Baby, when you do that thing with your tongue on the head of my cock, I’d swear I thought I was going to die from it being so good.”

“Really?” She gets a mischievous smile on her face that tilts the corners of her mouth up into a wicked-looking little grin. “We should test that fact and find out if it happens every time. Just to be sure.”

We don’t get out of bed until mid-afternoon and even then I pull her into unoccupied rooms to find new places to eat her pussy. Sometimes we sixty-nine, but other times she allows me to lick her sweet little peach while she stands over me like a queen residing over her lowly subject. Not that anyone could ever be lowly when they have Jinx’s honey on their tongues.



She's been introducing me to members of the club all day long, most of them couples actually. I didn't think that men like you find at the Sons of Chaos MC would be big on family but I would have been wrong it would seem. I'm told they have events at different times of the month for everyone - some family-friendly, others not so much. I'm very interested in this Entertainment Night they do since it has my little angel all excited, hopping from foot to foot.

We spent most of the day trying to avoid her brother. Jinx won't talk to him or even look in his direction most of the time. We hang out with the VP and his old lady, Dolly. Right up front, the guy tells me it's Dolly, not Baby Doll or anything like that or he'll have to kill me. I respect that. I don't want anyone else calling Jinx angel.

The club clears the center of the room out to make room for a huge movie projector as the sun starts to go down. Jinx leans in to whisper to me, "In the summer, when it's not too hot, we do it outside on the side of an old barn on the property. The little kids and teens really like that." She gives me a little pout before continuing on, "But it's too hot tonight to do it out there."

"Jinx!" A big man reaches for Jinx but I spin her towards me leaving the guy holding nothing but air.

Before I can say something to the man or reach for the gun at my hip, Jinx is wiggling out of my grasp. "Crash!"

The man holds his hands up in surrender to me. "I heard you had yourself a man, but I didn't think it was true."

This guy keeps trying to put his hands on what's mine and he's going to learn real quick the rumors are true because he's going to have a bullet in his forehead.

"How is Tempest? Is she feeling alright?"

The man's face lights up and I find my hand leaving the butt of my gun...for now. "She's great. Loves those ginger lollipop things you got her for the morning sickness."

Jinx jumps up and down clapping her hands. "Yeah! I'm so glad they work. I'll be over to visit her as soon as the movie's over."

The man gives my little angel a nod and walks away, leaving me with Jinx. "How do you know about morning sickness and what cures it?"

"Well," she turns around to walk backward while pulling me by the hand over to a quiet corner of the room, "there's this little box and I ask the person inside all sorts of questions and get these answers."

I give her a frown. I'm pretty sure she's being a smartass.

"And I guess you caught me. It's magic. I ask this wizard... Google, and he...it...I receive all my answers from there."

Yeah, she's definitely being a smart ass. She laughs and pushes me down on the oversized chair, then pulls an ottoman over so we can put our feet up on it, making it more of a little bed than an actual chair. She sits in it right beside me, placing her hand on my chest. Several people come over to talk to her,

most of them to thank her for something or other she's done for them.

When the movie starts, I take the opportunity to study the woman I am beginning to understand better. For all of her steel determination, she has a soft core that cares for people deeply. We snuggle down but the movie is the last thing I have on my mind. I lean over and whisper in her ear.

“Do you know where a throw or blanket is?”

She whispers back, “Are you cold?” She leans forward and pushes the top of the ottoman open taking out a soft, fuzzy blanket.

I help her unfold it over both of us before I lean back and pull her tighter to me. “No.”

She has enough time to show me her confusion before I take her mouth with mine. I scoot us farther down in the chair and thank my good fortune and her unconscious choice that we are in a darker part of the room. It gives me the opportunity to take another taste of something I am quickly growing insatiable over.

Can I throw her legs open and eat her like last night's dessert? No, but that doesn't mean I can't get my taste. I trail my fingers down her side, cupping her t-shirt-clad breasts and rubbing my thumb over her nipples. She gasps and I take the opportunity to surge into her warm haven. I kiss her until she's limp in my arms and breathless, making sure she's just a little more on top of me than I am on her.

I run my hand up her shirt and pull the lace covering her sweet mound down so forcefully we both hear the rip of the

fragile cloth. I kiss down her neck and suck on the soft skin I find there. Yeah, I might be marking her, showing everyone here who she belongs to. I kiss lower as I duck my head under the blanket and take her nipple in my mouth so I can suck on it while my hand trails down her body and quickly unfasten the clasp of her jeans. I don't need to take them off, I just need to make enough room to run my hands down the front of them.

I slide my hand down her panties and touch the petal soft skin of her bare outer lips. Her little pussy is dewy for me and I easily run my finger up the center of her body before stopping at the top so I can play with the little bundle of nerves that will make her give me what I want.

I run my other hand up to cover her mouth, so she doesn't make all those sexy sounds for everyone in the room to hear. I don't mind everyone knowing she's mine and that only I get to see her like this but I draw the line at them hearing the moans and gasps that make my dick harder than lead. I rub her little clit until she is straining against me as I go to the other side of her chest and use my teeth to pull the lace off this one.

She surprises me when I feel her tongue touch the back of my hand, swirling and kissing my palm. I wouldn't have thought that would have been so goddamn erotic but it has my dick throbbing and pre-cum pouring out the tip. I speed up the rhythm I'm using on her and pin her hips down so she doesn't jerk around and cause the blanket to fall off from us. Her body falls into a small tremor of an orgasm before I hear her gasp again. But this time the gasp isn't one of sexy surprise and pleasure.

“Oh my God! I cannot believe...”

The sound of her voice has me going on alert and I push my head out from under the covers to meet the eyes of a laughing

Nori and the pissed-off glare from Jinx's brother.

“You can't believe...you...I think I'm going to be sick.”

“Oh like you've never fooled around with Nori during these things. Don't act like this is so unusual or try to make me feel guilty for getting some action with my man.”

She called me her man. My chest puffs out and a part of me wants to go all gorilla and knock over chairs, throw things, and shout from the highest beam of the place that she called me her man. Instead, I do the next best thing and take my hand out from under the cover and bring it to my mouth. Right in front of her brother.

He makes a gagging noise and starts to turn to leave. I'm not about to let him guilt Jinx either or ignore the fact his sister isn't his to take care of anymore. She's mine now. Nori who is laughing her ass off grabs him by the back of his jeans and turns him around. Her cheeks are pink but she doesn't hesitate to meet my girl eye for eye. They spend a few minutes speaking to one another before Nori and Pyro walk off and Jinx turns to me.

“I cannot believe we got caught with you playing with my clit...by my fucking brother.”

“It could have been worse.”

“Oh yeah, how?”

“It could have been your father and mother that caught us. You should take me to our room so that doesn't happen and

teach me a lesson about public displays and such.” She gives me a grin and grabs the front of my shirt.

## Chapter Eight

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### *Fury*

It's been a week since I brought Jinx back. I spend my days helping out where I can and my nights eating Jinx's little pussy until both of us fall asleep. Our favorite thing to do is dry hump one another until both of us are soaked in cum and wrung out from passion. And yet there's something...holding her back. I can tell there is something she's keeping from me - a part of herself I feel like I'm not getting. And it's driving me crazy. It's not until we are both sitting on her little couch a couple of days later that I find out just exactly what it is.

I flop on the couch beside her once I'm out of my shower and start watching the movie she's turned on as background noise while she's doing her homework. Jinx works hard, not just in the club but at everything she does. It's one of the reasons I'm certain if I can make her love me, it will be forever and with her whole heart.

I start rubbing her shoulders and the moan she gives me goes straight to my dick. I take the laptop out of her hands and place it on her desk.

“Fury...I have to...”

“I know and I normally would let you work but you’ve got that little furrow between your eyebrows. You’re going to keep going until you have a headache, and I can’t let that happen. So...time for a break.”

She gives me a harrumph but turns around giving me more of her back. I run my hands over her before I lean in further. “Take the top off, baby.”

She turns around and gives me a saucy little glare before taking the tank top over her head. I rub until all the tension leaves her and she’s driving me wild with those sexy little sounds she makes. Only then do I reach around her to cup her breasts.

Taking the soft flesh in my hands I massage them the way I did her back loving the weight of them in my palms. Her nipples harden under my fingertips, the areola crinkling with my touch. Her head falls back, and I notice her eyes are closed. She’s totally lost in the pleasure I’m giving her.

I drag my hand down her stomach and into her shorts that have a stretchy band around the waist thankfully - no buttons to waste time on. I find the band of her panties and go past them as well. I find her little pussy wet and ready for me. I use my fingers to splay her open and play with the bundle of nerves at the top of her sex.

She moans and leans back further into me, resting her head on my shoulder. I drop my mouth down on hers after tipping her chin up and turning her head a little. Our tongues clash in a friendly battle for dominance before she pulls away gasping for breath. Her body responds to my caresses as she grows wetter and wetter. My fingers pick up speed as her back arches and she starts moving her hips. In one long, sexy moan she



cums for me as I capture her mouth once again and feel the muscles of her pussy contract in light spasms.

I let her go so she can stand up in front of me as I bring my fingers to my mouth and suck the flavor of her off them. She's the one who drops her shorts and panties to the floor and comes into my lap. Our bare chests brush against one another since I never put a shirt on after I came out of the shower. And thank heaven I didn't because the feel of her nipples brushing the hair on my chest makes my balls tighten and my dick harden.

She's the one who reaches for the button of my jeans. I help her by raising my hips and helping her pull them down until my dick pops out. We keep going until both of us are fully naked. She rocks her hips back and forth being very careful not to position my cock so it will go inside of her. She reaches down to hold me to her so she can rub against me.

"You know," I whisper against her mouth, "you can do it the other way too and if you do, I can teach you something... sexy."

She cocks her eyebrows and gives me a saucy grin, "Yeah? What are you going to teach me?"

"Turn around and find out." I throw down the gauntlet knowing she is going to pick it up. It's just who she is, she can't help it. I help her stand, sliding down the couch further so she can throw her leg over my hips. "Do what you were doing when you were facing me."

I instruct her to start sliding back and forth on my dick again. I run my hands down her back and grab her hips so I can move her. She gasps out but doesn't stop sliding on me even as my hand lowers to play with the curve of her ass. I

slowly push her forward further so I can look at the cute little tightly-furled hole between her curves. I place my thumb on the little rosebud and hold her steady with my other hand, the one that hasn't left her hips.

She stiffens and stops moving, turning to look at me with a mix of concern and shock on her face. I had a feeling this would be something Jinx had never done before. The other night when I was eating her, I picked her hips up to bring her pussy to my mouth and happened to trail my tongue back further than I have before so I could get a taste of her sweetness there. She stiffened so much I thought she was going to break before finally settling and allowing me to tongue her asshole.

I can feel her body relax into my caress as she keeps spreading her warmth along my cock. I pull my hand away to wet my thumb and can taste the lingering flavor of her on it. I circle once and then slowly push it in. She raises up and away from me allowing my dick to come to rest on my lower stomach as the grip I have on her hip only lets her go so far before I bring her back to me. At the same time, I leave her asshole to reposition my cock so she can straddle it again but both of us make a miscalculation.

My cock's a lot harder than it normally is because I've been playing with her little asshole and she's jerky and uncoordinated for much the same reason. When she comes back and down, I don't have my cock in place like I should. Instead, it's straight up...and finds it's mark with no help from me. In fact, it all happens so fast I almost don't feel it - that quick pop that happens when I've spread her sweet pussy wide with the head of my cock, would have missed it if not for the quick indrawn breath Jinx takes in and the tiny yelp of pain she couldn't quite keep inside as my dick stretches her open. For the first fucking time.

Jinx hasn't had many lovers...because she hasn't had any.

“God damn it!” I sit up and wrap my arms around her stiff body. I bring my mouth to her ear and whisper hiss, “You are in so much trouble!”

She tries to give me a shaky laugh, but it doesn't come out like she means for it to, sounding like a whimper instead. Her body hasn't lost the stiffness and she isn't moving, not even to pull away from me. Not that she could because of the hold I have on her.

“I...”

“No!” I cut her off. “You need to stop talking and start listening.”

I let her run wild before and look at what happened. I spread her legs wider without leaving the tight grip of her body. My hand falls to her clit so I can rub her there as I keep one arm wrapped around her, so she doesn't move unless I let her. Her body starts to relax, and she slides down further on my cock. She hadn't even taken the whole thing inside of her when we had to pause.

Her hands drop to her stomach, and I realize she can feel me deep inside of her. I start talking to her. Words that are dark and possessive, sweet and tender, dirty and erotic. I catch the lobe of her ear in between my teeth before trailing my mouth down her neck all the while speaking to her in the same low, rough voice.

“You can feel me, can't you? Feel how far inside of you I am? Do you think I'm going to let you go now? Do you think I'll ever let you go?”

I scrap the edge of my teeth along her tender skin before sucking the spot where her neck and shoulder meet.

“Do you think now that I’m in you, you’ll ever be rid of me?”

She gives a shaky sob that isn’t caused by pain this time. Her head falls back as she takes more and more of me, her little body stretching to fit me and only me.

“You’re going to cum for me! And you’re going to keep cumming until I tell you we’re done. Aren’t you?”

She doesn’t answer so I nip her ear to focus her attention. She gives me a shaky nod before vocalizing her agreement, “Yes. Oh God! Yes!”

I flex my hips so I can pump up into her shocking a gasp out of her as her body starts to tremble in my arms. I start moving faster and faster until every bounce, every movement, has her breasts bouncing too. I growl at the picture she makes, as I take in the image of me fucking my mate, the one person I chose for me, the one person I refuse to give up.

Her body shakes harder until she finally breaks apart and shatters for me. Her orgasm hits her fast, unexpected, and hard. She gives a strangled gasp right before she whispers my name on her last breath before her world pulses, her body contrasting so hard when it’s all over she’s limp in my arms.

I wait until her body stops shuddering and her pussy stops fluttering around my shaft before I finally pull out and carry her to the bed. I mean to check her but seeing her lying there

instead I pull her under me and sink in her warmth again. The damned woman, even when she's been fucked into oblivion, won't submit. She places her hand in the middle of my chest to push me off. I know it's so she can climb on top even if she is sore, tender, and tired.

So I roll us until we're both on our side and give her a cocked eyebrow to show her just how unhappy about this I am. Even if in the end it is probably better for her since it doesn't allow me to go in too deep. But as for my fucking heart...that organ has already been in too deep to ever be my own again.

## Chapter Nine

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### *Jinx*

We stay tangled together on our sides with him still rocking his hips up inside of me. This position means he's hitting a certain spot that has my legs shaking worse than they were before. Our eyes meet and my body tightens in a now familiar, but somehow new, way. We look at one another before he takes my mouth.

I feel him, actually feel him, swell inside of me. He's driven my body higher and higher until I'm about to break and he's not far behind me. Everything is different with him inside of me. Every brush, every caress, every touch is so much deeper and has so much more meaning.

With the last fleeting brainpower I can muster, I whisper against his mouth, "You have to pull out, Fury." He narrows his eyes and gets that look in his eyes that tells me he's going to try to push me. "Fury! You have to pull out. I'm not on anything."

He realizes this damn it! He's been with me long enough to know...right? He grabs the back of my head to hold me tighter to him while looking at me with hot, hungry eyes. "You should have thought of that while you were lying to me about being a virgin, angel."

I swallow around the lump in my throat as he reminds me, he's still really mad about that. "I...I didn't lie!" He looks at me with skepticism in his eyes. "I didn't lie...I just didn't tell you."

"You didn't tell me because you knew how I would react. You understood this was where this was heading. You knew I would be up in this hot little pussy - that I would be inside of you. You never said a god damned word!"

I roll my eyes at his pretend offense, "That doesn't matter right now. What matters is that you pull the fuck out before you cum inside of me."

Even putting it into words has me shivering and twitching. His hold tightens but isn't painful as he holds my gaze with those damned eyes of his. His other hand grabs onto my ass so he can move me how he wants me as we undulate against each other.

"I already came inside you, angel." My mouth falls open with shock even as my body tightens around him. It's like the damned thing is a traitor and doesn't care about the consequences as long as we get to keep him with us forever.

"Twice."

I give a little whimper as he holds me even tighter, impossibly tighter, to him.

"The only place my cum will ever go is in you or on you. You get it all." It's a promise that has the very center of my body starting to spasm and throb. "So tell me, angel, in or on?"

“Oh, you...uh...oh...already came in me?” I ask the question even as I know the answer, in fact, have proof of it based on the fact that we are both soaked and dripping. He’s hitting that damned spot and causing my legs -and this time the rest of my body- to shake uncontrollably. I sink my nails into his forearms, “Fury, what...why am I...why is it like this?”

“Why are your legs shaking like crazy and you feel like you’re about to lose control of everything you thought you had control of?” He finishes my question for me. “Why do you feel like your whole world is centered right where I’m at?”

“Yes.” It’s a desperate gasp. He takes my leg and moves it so it’s thrown high over his forearm, opening me up even more.

“Because you’re about to have a g-spot orgasm. Because you were made to have my dick in you, and I was made to give you pleasure. Now tell me quick, baby. In or on?”

“Oh God! Leave it in! Leave it in me!”

He starts really working his hips and I fracture. Hell, I feel like my whole damned world fractures. I clamp down on him as it feels like every muscle I have seizes and starts rhythmically pulsing around him. Like I was made to milk his cock dry just like he said. And I flood both of our laps. Everything turns liquid heat and he pumps so much of himself inside of me it starts leaking out and down the back of my leg to soak in the bed underneath me.

For quite a while we lay with arms and legs entwined trying to catch our breath. Finally, Fury untangles himself and pulls



out of me. I gasp at the sensation of losing him, of the contrast between being so full and then suddenly empty - emptier than I've ever felt before. It's like losing him made me hollow inside. I don't care for the feeling.

Before I can gather myself and rally against the idea, he's back and spreading my legs open wide.

"What are you doing?" It comes out shaky and uncertain. I hate that I sound that way but there's nothing I can do about it.

"Checking you. Making sure you're alright. You bled."

I listen to his words, so matter-of-factly, but I can't process it. He's moving too fast. It's almost like he's not affected by any of this at all.

"H...how much?"

His eyes meet mine, dark and stormy, "Not very badly," he places a warm, wet cloth against me, "but enough for me to want to clean and take care of you."

"O..oh." He takes the cloth away and gives my pussy a pop kiss that has me jumping. I'm extremely sensitive apparently. "H...how did...um...how can you tell I bled? Is it on the couch or...?"

"It was on my thighs...and yours." I blush and cover my face with my hands as he shares with me just exactly where I lost my cherry, which was apparently his freakin' lap.

He is very thorough, going so far as to spread my lips apart and actually stare at me. What is he seeing? What do I look like now that I've had something the size of Fury inside of me? He tosses the rag over his shoulder while bending forward and swiping his tongue up my center. I cry out and my hips dance up and down at the contact, my body getting ready for more of what only he can give me.

He pulls away and surprises me coming up on the bed but doesn't do anything more than roll me to my side so he can be the 'big spoon'. I crinkle my brows and try to figure out what he's planning. He sees it and wraps his arms even tighter around me.

“You need time to heal. Your little pussy is raw where I took you and I won't hurt you more than I already have.”

His words catch me so off guard, shock me so much, that I'm left more than a little stunned. He doesn't want to hurt me. Does that mean he doesn't want to take me away from my family anymore? Or is it only physically? Doesn't matter... taking me away would hurt me physically just as much as emotionally. It doesn't take long before the impact of what's happened takes over and I allow myself to slip into the sweet freedom of sleep, leaving behind the questions and worries that have become so much a part of my day since Fury came into my life.

## Chapter Ten

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### *Fury*

I've been here longer than I've been in any other place and surprisingly it's not going as I would've expected. I would have thought that I would be climbing the walls, itching to move on, leave, and escape the faces of the people who have become familiar to me. But surprisingly, and weirdly, that's not what I'm feeling at all.

It has to be Jinx. She has to be the reason I don't feel trapped or antsy about moving on. I've noticed how much the other club members depend on and lean on Jinx. She might not be a 'member' of the SONS but she certainly is the backbone of it. She has something magical about her that just draws people together, makes them feel good, and has people doing things like taking a bullet for her and she doesn't even realize it.

Today there seems to be something...a little off about my angel. It takes me nearly all day to figure out what it is. Tonight is Entertainment Night -Jinx's first. She's told me a couple of times how much she's looking forward to it but also how nervous she is because she's never been allowed to go to one.

As soon as we walked into the room, cleared like it was on movie night, I could see why she wasn't. I make a mental note to give her brother and father a resounding thank you when I see them again. Couples are scattered everywhere, and the lights have been turned down low. The music is loud and thumping so hard you can feel it through the floor. One thing that can't be said about the Sons is they don't show affection to the women in their lives because every man with a woman in the room is giving that woman the kind of attention usually reserved for religious experiences, worshipping the ground they walk on.

I'm no different. I can barely take my eyes off the woman standing by my side dressed in red and looking like a blonde goddess. She has on a simple halter top with spaghetti straps holding it up. It's tight and highlights the curves of her breasts like spotlights. The bottom is a skirt that comes down to the floor but has two slits on either side of her legs that run all the way up to the tops of her thighs. Every time she moves so does the skirt, making it look like she's dressed in red wine. And I suddenly realize why the Ancient Romans thought it was the drink of the gods.

She's put her hair up on top of her head in a soft style that shows off her neck but doesn't look harsh at all, if anything it says touch me, play with me, take me down, and wind me around your fingers. Yeah, there's not a damned chance that it's going to make it through the night without me sinking my hands in it. They itch just looking at it.

"You look nervous. We don't have to be here." She looks into my eyes and I see her gather her courage.

God, I love this woman. It's gone from affection to lust, to straight-up love...and it's only getting worse. Can she tell? I think others can. Her brother and dad aren't as... hostile as they were before. Her chin goes up and she starts moving with

the slow grace of the river sliding and gliding more than actually walking. I watch as her hips dance from side to side in a sexy strut that would have me on my knees if I didn't like the view from above so well.

Seeing her soft breasts bounce just slightly in the top as she walks has my mouth watering and my dick hardening. Her eyes light on her brother and sister-in-law briefly before she gives them a nod and moves on. I can tell Pyro isn't happy about her being here but he's not willing to go against her either...not when I'm the one behind her, willing and able to fight all her dragons if she needs me to.

She finds us a large chair to sit in with some privacy due to the shadows that hug it. I sit in the middle and pull her down on my lap. She wiggles closer and leans back on me.

“Most of the time there's a show going on onstage but Tempest is pregnant and Crash told her the only pole she was going to be on was his until the baby comes.”

I narrow my eyes. “How do you know that?”

She curls her lips inward and her gaze flutters away from mine, “Just because I'm told to go to my room doesn't mean I'm going to listen and go.”

I laugh so loudly that some of the people around us look over to find out what has made me so damned happy. I bury my face in her neck and nuzzle wanting everyone to see that she's mine. She giggles at the touch and wraps her arms around my head to hold me closer. When our eyes meet it's nothing but heat and hunger. Her hand falls to my cheek to caress it before I pull her closer and take her mouth.

She stands without breaking the kiss and comes back into my lap straddling me. My hands drop to her ass to pull her in tighter. It doesn't take much for her to be able to tell just exactly what she does to me. When our lips part she has a vixen's smile tilting up the corners of her lips and more heat than the fucking sun. I can feel it seeping into my jeans and warming my lap, settling in the depths of my balls.

She listens to the music playing and starts rocking her body to the tempo. Those red-clad hips swing in a seductive sway back and forth across my lap. She comes to her knees and runs her hands slowly up her body knowing my eyes are following the trail she is making. Her hands come over her breasts cupping them the way I would. I move but she stops and shakes her finger at me silently telling me to be still, to look but not touch. God damn am I in trouble.

Her hands wind back up her body, moving across her like I want to, touching like I want to. She moves her hands up her neck, brushing the soft skin there. The fact I know how it feels makes it more erotic. Her hips dip and she brushes that hot pussy against my jean-clad cock and I have to grip the arms of the chair. Her body sways and dips so she seems like a wisp of red smoke hovering over me, a dream I can feel but can't touch.

She places her hands on my shoulders and leans back so her back is arched, and her pussy is pressed to my dick. She slowly goes back and for one moment I wonder if her top is going to be able to hold her in. Then she's slowly coming up and lifting off of me so she can press those soft, warm tits in my face, taunting me, hovering so close I can stick my tongue out and touch the hard peaks of her nipples. Then like that wisp of smoke, she's gone again, back somewhere else to touch and taunt and brush.

I let her dance for me. I hold on tight to the chair - probably leaving gouges in the wood - as she treats me to a lap dance that has my dick harder than steel and my heart up in my throat. But as soon as the song is over, she's mine. I jerk her tiny-as-fuck panties to the side and slip the fuck into her in one fluid movement leaving her gasping with her head tilted back. She was so caught up in performing for me she didn't realize I had taken down the zipper of my jeans and let my cock out.

Dancing for me has made her wet making my entry smooth and swift. I seat myself all the way inside of her until her cervix is kissing the tip of my dick. My hands dive into her locks causing hairpins to fly from them and hit the floor around us. The scent of her hair rises around us and intoxicates me as much as the feel of her. I bury my face in her softness and wallow.

Her hand falls to my knee to help balance her and also to help her set the pace. I've placed the front of her dress around me and her so no one can see anything that belongs to me but if they were to look, I'm sure they would realize right away that I'm fucking her. The fact adds a hint of excitement and forbidden thrills. I want the whole damned club to know she's mine, but I don't want anyone to see anything I've laid claim to. The front panel of her skirt is perfect for this and perfect for allowing me easy access to the sweet pussy that calls to me like a siren's song.

Her pussy squeezes up on my dick and my balls tighten against my body, preparing to fill her little womb full. My hands fall to her hips so I can rock her over me, pull her tighter, sealing our bodies together. We match our rhythms and pacing so our movements are fluid and flowing and doesn't look so different from when she was giving me a lap dance. Her pace quickens as she rides me to our ultimate goal - release.

Her pussy flutters around my cock and starts to throb and pulse along my shaft. I take over the motion when she loses her rhythm because she is cumming, giving her three more thrusts before I follow along with her and climax. She sinks against me, lying on me while I lose some of my senses for a couple of seconds. Sight and sound come back slowly to me but I never lose the sense of having her in my arms and on my cock.

As the sounds around us come back to me, the music shuts off and the lights come up in the room for a moment. Before anyone can say a word, the normal lights are replaced by red lights and alarms blaring a warning. I'm up reaching for my gun in a heartbeat. When I look down at Jinx there is a certain amount of fear in her eyes that makes me want to murder.

“That's the club's alarms. Something's happened at the gate.”



## Chapter Eleven

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### *Fury*

“We have visitors!” Someone shouts it throughout the room.

Odin stands, rising up like his namesake, “Take the women to the bunker. Use the tunnels.”

He’s speaking to the woman standing by his side. He takes her in his arms and kisses her before giving her a nod. My woman reaches for my hand, “There are guns inside the first step leading to the upper rooms. There’s ammo there too.”

I pull her to me much like Odin did his wife. The fact she told me where the guns were says a lot about how she feels about me. She loves me a little, I think. Our lips meet and I push into her warm mouth sinking into her before pulling back.

“Go with the others and stay safe. I’ll come for you when it’s over.”

She grabs onto my shirt and meets my stare with her own, “Please be safe. Don’t do something stupid like dying and break my heart.”

“You should know by now...I’ll always come for you. Now go.”

I watch as the women surround her and pull her towards a door I didn’t realize was in the wall behind one of the shelves that holds liquor bottles. I see her glance back even as she’s being pulled away. Then I bring my head back into the game and start focusing on what needs to be done to keep my woman safe.

“Any word from Brushy?” One of the men asks Odin.

“No. He’s not answering.” There’s a good amount of worry in his voice for the old biker who guards the front gate from most threats.

He kills the lights bringing the room into total darkness and we wait. The door to the club is blown open and men pour into the room. But for just a breath of a moment, no one moves as they try to adjust their eyes after the blast.

“You want to tell us why you decided to try the Sons of Chaos? Or you just want us to kill you and send your bodies home to your loved ones.” If I were a different man, I would be rethinking what I committed to after hearing Odin’s voice booming out of the darkness.

But I’m not that man. I’m the man that starts moving, silently on booted feet towards the men who think they can fuck with my angel’s club. My vision never had to make the adjustments the men who broke in did. Me - and the other club members - can see just fine.

“You killed my brother.”

“You’re going to have to narrow it down for us, dickhead. It’s really not all that obvious who your fucking brother was.” Pyro’s voice comes out of the darkness.

I fight a laugh but look over at where he is doing the same thing I am, moving closer to our prey.

“He was trying to take the girl and you shot him right in the head.”

Molten lava flows through me at the knowledge this man’s brother tried to take my angel. Beside me, Pyro’s hand comes out to touch my arm. I look over and see the outline of the man who is equally just as pissed as I am. My woman...his sister. There is no way in hell any of these men are making it out of here alive. Not tonight. Not ever.

“Your brother tried to take something that didn’t belong to him. In our world that equals death and now because your dumb enough to try to avenge him, you’ve signed your own death warrant.”

The flash of a gun has a barrage of bullets pinging into the room. Something quickly catches fire illuminating the room and showing the Sons taking out men at a rapid pace. One of the bullets hits one of the Sons and three more come after the shooter like a mythical hydra.

My gun run dry, but before I have time to reach for the knife I have strapped to my ankle my name is being called by someone familiar.

“Fury!”

I look over and see Pyro throw a shotgun my way. I catch it and cock it all in the same fluid motion without missing a step. We go back to back to give ourselves a full range of reach. The bar is burning and I can tell it's not going to be long before the place blows. We take the fight outside.

“Cover me. I have someone I need to meet.”

“Yep.” He does and from the dark of night, I slip up behind the man who did the talking and cut his throat with the knife in my hand.

“They didn't kill your brother. I did.” I watch him whirl around with shock and fear in his eyes, his life draining from between his hands that he quickly jerks up to his neck. “And that's my woman he tried to take.”

And with that I see the life leave his eyes. I walk up to the others watching the clubhouse burn down. Remorse hits me hard, especially looking at some of the men's faces.

“Thanks for helping me out back there.” I look over and catch Pyro's eye.

“Yeah, well you'd have done the same.” I leave the question floating in my head unasked - why?- but Pyro answers it, “The girls' safety is THE top priority in this club. We don't fuck around with it. If you're fighting for them...we're a team. End of story.”

My lips tilt up in a smile.

When Pyro sees it he stiffens back up. “I’m still not happy you’re with my sister though.”

“Fair enough.” Both of us turn back to stare at the fire as the sound of sirens split the silence of the night.

“Let’s go get the girls now that the police and fire trucks are on their way.”

As soon as we’re in the bunker the women come running. Jinx flings herself at me. I catch her and she wraps her legs around me, kissing my face.

“I was so worried about you!”

“I told you...I’ll always come back for you.”

## Chapter Twelve

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### *Jinx*

I sit down heavily on the bed and stare at the walls of the bedroom. So much has happened in the last two months that it sometimes is too much for me to take in. The clubhouse is closed and being renovated. Not all of it burnt down but enough of it that Fury had to find us a house to rent close to my mom and dad's and Pyro and Nori's house.

And now...now this. It's just...too much. And that is how Fury finds me. Sitting on the bed full-on ugly crying.

“What’s wrong? Tell me, angel.”

I shake my head not wanting to tell him. It just makes me cry harder.

“Angel, I’ll kill whoever I have to in order to make you happy - just tell me...who?”

I stare up at the man I’ve grown to love more than anything. “Sometimes...nothing you do will make it alright.” Tears leak down my cheeks as the reality of what’s happened hits me hard. “Some people just don’t get to have a Happy Ever After.”

He kneels in front of me so he's the one looking up at me. "Bull shit! You...you will have whatever you want, and I will make sure of it! If you want a Happy Ever After then that's what you're going to have, angel."

I try to suck it up but my lips tremble and I can taste the salt and sadness on them when I roll them inward. "You...can't. You won't."

"I can! Just tell me...please. Your crying is breaking my heart, love."

"I'm...pregnant."

He looks at me for long seconds, long enough that I can hear the tick of the clock hanging on the wall. "And you're not happy about it?"

"You want to take me away. You want me to leave my family. There's not even a clubhouse to take me from anymore." My voice ends on a jerky sob that gets higher and higher until I'm sure he can't even understand me.

"No. Not anymore, baby."

"What?" I don't understand.

"I see you." He brushes my hair back from my face and holds my face between his hands. "I see that you're the glue that holds the club together. If you left it would only fall apart. And it's not gone. The club is still there, baby, because the people are still here. It'll be back open before you know it - before our little one comes."

I sniff and look at him as he stands up in front of me.  
“Why? Why did you change your mind about wanting to take me away.”

“Because I realize...if I took you away, you would never love me the way I want you to love me. Never be able to forgive me for making you choose.”

“But I do love you. I love you, Fury...which is why...I’ll leave with you. For you.” Tears start leaking down my cheeks again.

“But, angel...I’m never going to make you. I could never hurt you like that. We’ll stay. For as long as you want to stay. Forever if that’s what you want.”

“But...won’t you, I don’t know, get bored or annoyed.”

He chuckles a little before finally picking me up and sitting on the bed with me in his lap.

“No. There is no doubt in my mind that you will keep me on my toes enough that I will never be bored. I was only worried for you...about you. I was...,” he stops and it’s like he is looking for the words or he’s struggling to tell me something. “I was afraid.”

“Afraid?” Him? I don’t believe a man like him could ever be afraid of anything.

“I didn’t want to bring something bad to you, something that could hurt you, especially with the career I’ve chosen.” He was afraid for me? “But here...you’re safe here because of



all the people that love you. I see that love and how important you are to everyone in how they care for you, how they want to make you happy and keep you safe. I saw it when the club was attacked, and they wouldn't leave without you."

His words have a warmth settling in my belly. I didn't think about things the way he sees them. I didn't know...

"Talking to Odin and Poe and Pyro has given me a different perspective on life too. They've shown me there's another way, a way other than moving on and not stopping. A way I can keep you safe and stay."

A glimmer of hope lights in my chest and I can't help but hold my breath...figuratively. I'm too snotty to do it literally. "So...you're okay with us staying."

He nods and brushes his lips against mine. "I am okay... with making you happy and doing whatever it takes to keep you that way."

I wrap my arms around him and pull him in close, "I want to stay."

He smiles, "I know. It's why we're here. And, baby, I... bought the house."

"What?"

"I bought the house."

"This house?" He nods. "You bought this house?" Why is he telling me this like I might be mad about this.

“It’s got a couple of spare rooms to fill with babies, It’s right in between and within walking distance of your parents’ house and your brother and his wife’s house so they will be close, and we can still stay involved with the club. I hope that’s alright. I know we should have made this decision together but I kind of wanted it to be a surprise...a gift...,” he kisses me again, “a wedding present.”

“You’re going to marry me?” Surprise has me held in suspense with my body going leaden and my tummy fluttering. All the air in my body comes out on a shocked breath to ask the question.

“Uh, yeah!” He looks at me with just as much surprise that I would be unsure about whether we would marry or not. “That was always the outcome with you, always my end goal. Well, that and making you want to love me for the rest of our lives.”

My heart swells, “I do. Love you. I love you, Fury. I love you.”

My mouth crashes down on his and our tongues clash and tangle. I fall back with him as he rolls us and comes over me. I pull back and run my fingertips down his beard-stubbed cheek. “I was scared too. I thought if I gave into you, you would try to take over and then I wouldn’t have any say, any voice, of my own. I wouldn’t be in control of my life. I didn’t trust that you would listen to me and treat me like I was a partner instead of just someone to take care of and...own.”

His stare is intense. “And do you still feel like you can’t trust me?”

I look into eyes that capture me every time, “I’ve learned to let go sometimes. That I don’t always have to be the one in control. That if you’re with the right man... you don’t care to give some of that power over to someone else. And with you...I always feel heard...seen. You’re the first person in my life who has ever truly seen me and listened to what I have to say. You’re the first man in my life who has shown me...a new way.”

His smile is beautiful.

“Angel, you can have all the control you want as long as you let me be the one by your side. I don’t have any problem whatsoever with sharing everything I have with you and that includes the reins of our relationship.”

I wrap my legs around his hips and pull him down for another kiss. He might be on top but I’m still calling the shots. I understand that now. Our mouths meet and meld. I push the band of his jeans over the swell of his ass, and he helps me by taking them the rest of the way off. Next comes my shirt and cotton shorts. Once both of us are completely naked he slips into me and we both spend the next few hours showing one another how we’ve learned to love.

# Epilogue

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*Jinx*

*One Month Later*

I lay down the gloss I've been putting on and stare at my reflection in the mirror. It's really too soon for me to start showing but I think you can kind of spot the first signs of a little bump. I run my hands over it and smile softly to myself.

“You're beautiful.”

I turn and see my mom standing in the doorway. Both of our eyes start to shine with a sheen of tears. She comes over and wraps me in a hug that just feels like home. “Thanks, mom. You think he'll like it?”

She takes in my cream-colored lace pantsuit with a train that ties around the waist. The way it's made it looks like I have nothing on my shoulders or down my back but there is sheer fabric made of soft nylon that holds all the lace up. The lace starts again around my upper arms and goes all the way down to the hem of my pants. I spin so she can look at the front and the back.

She starts laughing, “You did that because of your brother, didn’t you?”

I raise my chin in defiance, “Yes.”

Pyro made a joke two weeks ago about not being able to tell which one of us, me or Fury, wears the pants in the relationship. I was so mad and would have hit him, but Fury told him neither of us wore anything when we discussed important things. It shut him up and after, Fury took me upstairs causing us to be late to one of our bridal parties some of the club members threw for us.

“That’s my girl. Never lose that defiance and don’t take any shit from him but treat him right. A good man is hard to find. But don’t ever let him take you for granted either. You make him work for it.”

“I know, mom.” It’s like she’s trying to give me all the advice she’s got before I walk down the aisle because we’ll never see each other again. Like I won’t come running straight to her if I need help. As if she’s not going to be at our house next week for Family Dinner. “Thank you for teaching me what a marriage can look like when both people love each other enough. Thank you for raising me and making me the strong woman I am today.”

“Ah, baby, you have that strength all on your own. No help needed.”

We hug again and separate when we hear someone at the door. “Aww. You two are so cute. I got a picture of it.”

Nori comes over to show us the picture she just took of me and my mom. She’s made it her mission to capture every

moment of my wedding. And then she hugs me as well. “You look beautiful. I’m digging this wedding outfit.”

“It’s time, girls. Oh my God, Jinx. You...you’re so beautiful.” Lori comes in and stops in front of us. “You’re just a gorgeous bride. I think his nickname for you is fitting because you look just like an angel.”

I blush and try to hug them all even tighter. Mom and Nori help me put the veil in my hair while Lori hands me a huge bouquet full of roses and lilies. We all walk out of the room and make our way down the hallway to the chapel where my future is waiting for me.

My dad takes me in a big bear hug and even his eyes are misting up. “I’m so proud of you.” I pull back at his words wanting to understand them. “You never settled, never allowed other people to dictate who you are. And you found a good man who can see what a treasure he’s getting.” We hug again before he pulls back. “And I’ll kill him if he hurts you.”

I laugh and place a kiss on his cheek. The music starts and the doors open as my bride’s maids walk in front of me and then the wedding march starts.

As soon as our eyes meet, I know I’ve never been more in love with anyone in my whole life. Standing at the end of the aisle wearing a vest over his dress shirt is the man who holds my heart. He sees me and a big grin stretches across his face. He watches as I walk towards him. Just as I come to the end of the aisle on my dad’s arm he turns and I look at the lettering on his vest. On the back is the crest the Daughters of Order use - the sister organization to the Sons of Chaos founded and run by our fearless leader and wife of Odin, Lori. At the bottom of the vest are the words ‘Property of Jinx’.

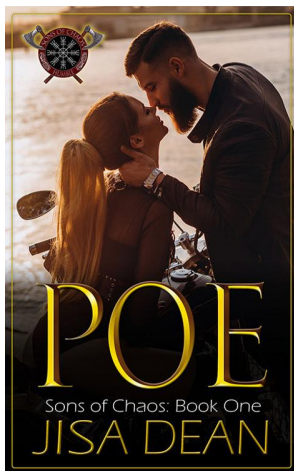
My dad starts laughing and Pyro just gives me a thumbs-up when he sees my attire. Dad slaps Fury on the back as he hands me over to my future husband and the love of my life.

He takes my hand in his, “You look...heavenly, my angel.”

I give him a beaming smile as I pass the flowers to Nori and recite the words that will forever entwine my life with that of another’s - our life...together. I couldn’t have chosen a better partner to go on this crazy ride called life than Fury, the man, the myth, the father of my children, and the one by my side... until forever.

The End!

\* \* \*

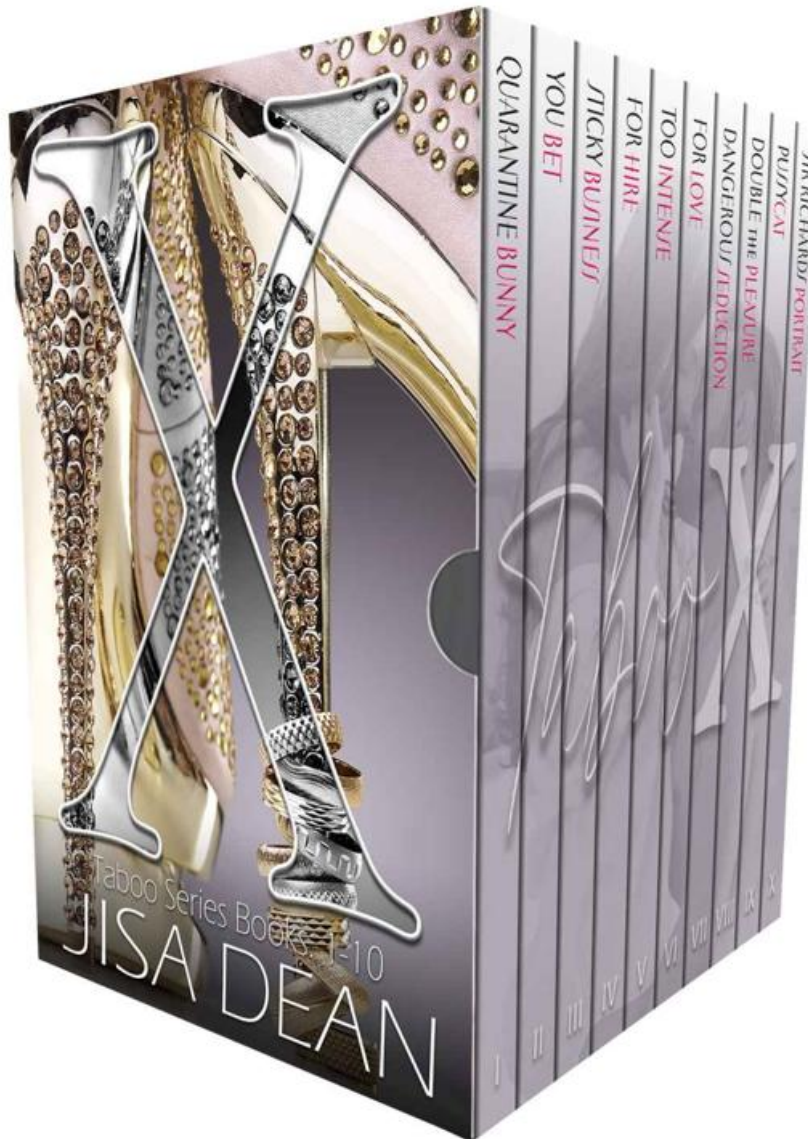


I really hope you enjoyed Jinx and Fury’s story! I know it took long enough to get it out to you. Before we move along to the next book I wanted to take a minute and point back to the beginning of the series where Poe falls in love with his ‘old lady’ for any of you who may have just jumped into the series. Check out [Poe](#).

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