



Kinky
REDEMPTION
ROYAL BASTARDS MC



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KINK'S REDEMPTION

ROYAL BASTARDS MC: ST IVES, ENGLAND

BOOK TWO

AMY DAVIES

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NOTE TO THE READER

This story is based in St Ives, England, UK.
Throughout the book, British spelling, slang, and language structure is used.

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BLURB

Being a member of the Royal Bastard's MC means I get what I want. Whiskey, respect and women. Usually.

I have the respect and God knows I have the whiskey when I want it, but the women? That's proving to be a problem.

My life isn't easy. It takes a strong woman to stay the course and I had her once, but I messed it up and lost her.

Adele is everything I want and need, but she's keeping her distance. Seeing her but not being able to touch her and make her mine, rips my heart out.

But I'm a determined man, and it's time I remember I'm the kind of guy who gets what he wants.

And I want her.

It's time to find my redemption.

TRIGGER WARNING

****Mention and aftermath scenes of domestic abuse****

ROYAL BASTARDS MC SERIES

5TH RUN

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Morgan Jane Mitchell : Royal Pain
Crimson Syn : Coerced into Submission
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J.A. Collard Author : In Too Deep

Verlene Landon : Bitten by Zombie

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CHAPTER ONE

KINK

Music is blasting through the speakers of the bar that's attached to the bed and breakfast we are staying in. The space is filled with bodies bumping, grinding, and fucking. It's a sexual playground in here tonight. Hell, it is every night.

The local gang that owns this shitting place makes a mint off the women and the drugs they pump through it. We stay here when travelling around the UK.

The redhead currently sucking my cock is working me over like a pro, like she's supposed to.

My hand tightens in her hair, pulling at the strands, and she cries out, but I'm so fucking pissed at shit that has been happening with a certain female doctor that I don't give a shit.

Adele has been dodging my calls and texts for weeks now.

The chick on her knees whimpers and gags, and the sound fuels my anger.

"Shut up and suck it," I growl.

I need to blow my load, then fuck off back to the club to get shit ready for next run.

I had hoped me coming here would make me feel better, maybe ease some of the tension, but it looks like that shit isn't happening.

My free hand balls into a fist with anger and tension. This chick isn't fucking doing it for me. Cracking my neck, I close my eyes and relax into the old, cracked leather seat. I imagine Adele on her knees for me, her dark hair wrapped around my fist instead of this fake red shit. I see Adele's big green eyes and watch her thick lips stretch over my cock, taking me deep. Moaning, I sink further into the seat, as my balls start to tingle.

"Fuck, yeah."

Slurping sounds come from the chick on the floor, but I push that shit down because I know my Adele wouldn't sound

like that. It's been so fucking long since I had her, but I haven't forgotten.

My fucked-up life got in the way, stress got to me, and I screwed up. It's always the way, right?

I can still smell her blueberry scent; feel the softness of her hair on my chest as she rode me, sending us both to total bliss. Sex with Adele could be wild but sweet. Fuck, I loved both.

I couldn't get enough of how her heavy tits would bounce and sway when we fucked. Her nipples were dark pink and oh so fucking sensitive. I loved sucking and biting them, pulling on the piercings she had in both buds.

Images of her coming around my cock make my balls draw up, and I explode.

"Yes, Adele. Take it all, baby," I growl as I come down her throat.

The warm mouth leaves my cock, and I pry my eyes open and look down to see a very pissed off redhead.

"Who the fuck is Adele, Kink?"

Tucking my cock away, I push to my feet, forcing her to move backwards before I push her over with my knees.

"None of your fucking business, bitch. Your job is to suck cock and that's it." Ignoring her bitching, I walk away, heading to the bar where my older brother Solo and some of the guys from the club are chilling, having a beer.

"You done?" Solo asks.

"Yeah. Brother, I'm not feeling this shit anymore," I sigh, signalling for the barman to bring me a beer.

"Well, you had a good woman, brother, but you threw that away," Solo tosses at me.

"Don't I fucking know it," I gripe back.

I down the beer that's placed in front of me then call for more. "And a shot of vodka."

With a nod, the barman goes and gets me my drinks.

“Did you let Prez know the fucker wants more on the next run or he will look elsewhere if we can’t fulfil the order?” I ask my brother.

“Yeah,” is all Solo replies with.

Ever the big fucking talker.

“And? Fuck me, brother, you’re full of conversation tonight. Let me get a word in,” I joke.

My drinks are put down in front of me. I pick up the shot glass and down the clear liquid, not wincing once at the burn. I hold the glass up to the barman, letting him know I want a refill.

“You going to get black-out drunk so you forget your name?”

“Yep,” I reply to Solo, then down the shot as soon as it’s poured. “Leave the bottle.”

“Why not just talk to her?” Woody asks, joining the conversation.

“Do you think I haven’t fucking tried? She has ignored all my calls and texts,” I snap.

“Do you blame her? She came to the club to help, and what did she find? You, on the chair, getting your tiny cock sucked by some cum bitch. She fucking warned you, Kink. She told you the next time you fuck up, it will be the last, and you went and did it anyway,” Solo snaps at me.

He is the meanest of the Huskins brothers. He’s quiet, stealthy, and a fucking cunt when he wants to be. He fucks his way through any bitch who will spread their legs for him, but he never lets his guard down. He never lets them think they are getting any more than his dick and an orgasm.

He was hurt years ago, which hardened both Dutch and myself to women and the thought of finding someone to love, but seeing Adele again broke something in me. However, I keep fucking up. I know she deserves more than I can give her, but fuck me, I am a selfish prick and I want all of her.

We were together for a few years when we were younger, but club life got the better of me and I fucked some chick who wanted to be a club girl. I offered to try her out. My brothers all told me that if Adele caught me, she would dump my sorry arse, so I pulled the club brothers card and told them to have my back. Little did I know that Adele would walk in on me with that woman.

To say she flew out of the club would be an understatement. She cried and told me she never wanted to see me again. I tried running after her, but my jeans were still around my ankles, causing me to fall flat on my face.

That was the last time I saw her for years, until we found out she was back and now a qualified doctor in the local hospital here in St Ives. She runs the Accident and Emergency department.

When we found out she was back, Tag and Dutch went to her and offered her money to become the club's doc because they knew she wouldn't say shit, as she knows the club life. Fuck, she was with me when I grew up in the club, and when I became a prospect, so Adele is no stranger to the MC life.

He's not wrong with what he just said though. I did fuck up after she warned me not to touch another club girl.

The sex between Adele and myself was always fucking explosive, even when we were fumbling in the back seat of my old Ford when we were younger. I know her body like my own, and she knows mine.

There has always been this pull between us, a thread that will never snap, though if you ask my soon-to-be sister-in-law, Una, that time will come, and it will be Adele who uses a knife to finally sever our connection.

My second fuck-up happened when shit was going down with Una at the club. I was fucked off and stressing over what we were going to do to Una. Even though I knew it was fucked up to do it, to cheat on Adele again, I saw myself seeking out a club girl for a blow job. I needed the tension gone from my body to help clear my head.

Little did I know that Adele had come by the club to see Woody about something, and that's when she caught me, again.

Her eyes told me everything I needed to know. She was done with me.

We weren't exclusive in a full-on way, but she told me that while we were fucking, I wasn't allowed to touch anyone else. Well, we saw how that turned out.

From that day on, I lost her. She refused to speak to me, even look at me, when she came to the club, and lately, she has been coming around a lot because she's helping Una with wedding plans, since they have become fast friends.

Needing this night to fuck off, I flip my brother off and climb to my feet, then pick up the bottle of vodka.

"My cock ain't tiny, fuck you very much." I walk away from them and make my way to the shitty room we have booked for the night.

I fucking hate bed and breakfasts along this stretch of road, but the local gang owns it, so we get the rooms cheap, along with some product. They are all dingy as fuck, and do not get me started on the smell.

Once in the room, I close and lock the door behind me before kicking off my boots and removing my cut and Henley shirt. Popping open the button on my jeans, I climb onto the bed and settle back against the old, wooden, scratchy headboard.

Taking a gulp of vodka, I think of Adele and how things could be, or should be, different between us.

Seeing her and not being able to touch her is fucking killing me, but I only have myself to blame. Seeing how happy my brother Dutch is with Una, it makes me want that.

Maybe it's time to give up the random fucks and blowjobs, get what I fucking want, and learn to keep her.

Images of Adele flash through my head as the alcohol takes over, helping me slip into a hazy sleep.

CHAPTER TWO

ADELE

Sipping from my travel mug filled to the brim with black coffee, I sink into the chair set behind the nurse's station. My body is aching and screaming at me to slow down, but I can't.

The A&E department is busy as hell tonight. You can tell summer is well and truly here because the number of patients that come through our doors are trebled like we see in winter. We get sunburns, cuts and scrapes from bikes and scooters, kids with broken bones from playing at the park, as well as stupid drunken injuries like the dumb fuck who just went home.

He thought it would be funny to down a bottle of Southern Comfort then try and drive a Go Kart down a grassy hill. Let's say that his face and shoulder won't thank him in the morning.

"You are looking worn out, Doctor Watson," one of the nurses says as she sets someone's records back into the tray.

Yeah, yeah, I know what my name is. Believe me, I have taken some stick for it over the years.

"I'm running on coffee and fumes right now, Liv, but it never stops. You know how it is." She nods her head with a sympathetic smile.

She's new, but she is a good nurse. Always ready to help and never complains, though I know in time, she will become jaded. We all do. It may take longer than others, but it will happen.

"I have seen doctors and nurses burn out, and I know it could happen to me, but I'd like to think I can do something that will help me mentally and physically. Do you have any advice for me?" Sipping from her bottle of water, she looks at me with expectant eyes.

"Try not to let every case get to you. Just remember that once you patch them up and move them on, they become someone else's responsibility. Some cases will be harder than

others, which will be tough, but lean on someone. Find an outlet that works for you,” I advise her.

“Did you find an outlet?”

My mind goes to Kink at her question.

He was my outlet. When he and the club found out I was back, they came to me with an offer of being the club’s doctor for a shit load of money. Then things with Kink and I took a different path. Well, it did in my eyes.

I told him when he kept badgering me, telling me he wanted me back, that it would only be sex. Sex between us was the greatest I have ever had. He knows how to play my body, and I know what he likes. We just clicked in that department, but in others, we were worlds apart.

That’s why I had to put an end to everything.

He knew how I felt about cheating but he still went ahead and did it. It broke my heart all those years ago. I came back a stronger woman with a hardened heart, but I also still loved sex, and I knew that with him, he could make me forget. He became my outlet.

Then he did it again.

I told him that while he was fucking me, he was not to touch or be touched by any other woman. Well, there’s a reason they say that once a cheater, always a fucking cheater. He went and got a blow job from one of the club girls, and I caught him yet again.

I must have a fucking radar for catching him with someone else.

That was the final nail in the coffin for me.

I told him he would never touch me again, and for the last few months I have stuck to my guns. Not once have I touched him, or even entertained the idea of jumping back into bed with him.

The times I have been called to the club to patch someone up, I have ignored him. He shadowed me, but I held firm and blew him off, acted cold towards him.

He likes my fire, so I gave him what he hates. The coldness, the ice queen act, and indifference.

He hates it, but he brought this on himself.

Now I have to deal with Una and Dutch's wedding that is coming up, and I will have to be around him all fucking day and night. Kill me now.

She is lucky that I consider her my best friend and Dutch a brother. That is the only reason I would be around the club for a long period of time.

I plan on staying out of his way, mingling with anyone and everyone as long as it's not him. He will not get a chance to corner me and try to get back into my knickers. This man has hurt my heart enough. I have to protect it from here on out.

They say some women are a glutton for punishment, and I technically fell into that category at one time, but I refuse to do so again.

"Are you okay, Doctor Watson?" I blink and look back to Liv. "You zoned out then."

Shaking my head, I pinch the bridge of my nose.

"Sorry. I —" I get cut off when the big red phone attached to the wall rings.

One of the older nurses jumps into action, taking the call and noting down the information we need. I push to my feet, pull on some latex gloves, and walk over to the Resus room.

"Okay, everyone, listen up. We have a nineteen-year-old male. Collision with a car while on his motorbike. He is conscious but has a bad open leg wound, a possible broken femur, and a broken wrist. ETA is eight to ten minutes. So let's get ready," Jean calls out.

I hang back and read over the notes that were passed on. This kid is lucky to be alive from what I'm reading. He was hit at nearly sixty miles per hour and thrown a fair distance from his bike.

Bloody hell.

Once I'm gowned up and have my mask on, the paramedics come barreling through the door, calling out the guy's vitals then telling us what medication he has been given.

I move to the side of the gurney and we transfer him to the hospital bed.

"Derek, can you hear me?" I ask him, leaning over so he can see me without moving his head.

"Yeah." His voice is pained.

My heart tugs.

"That's good. Can you tell me where it hurts?"

We go through the usual scene of finding out what his injuries are, and what needs to be looked at and fixed first. He is one lucky kid. He did, in fact, break his thigh bone, which is one hard bone to break, as well as one of the most painful, but he will recover from it.

When he is passed on to the surgeons to fix his broken bones, I breathe a sigh of relief that he will be okay and will eventually be able to ride again.

Walking to the staff's locker room, I pull my bobble out of my hair, letting my reddish-brown hair fall down my back. My scalp is grateful for the action. Sighing in relief, I step over to my locker. I pull it open and take out my lip balm, adding some to my dry lips, which are feeling a little cracked.

I smile, but then I stop it, forcing it away as I remember how much Kink liked my soft, pillowy lips, as he called them. He said they were perfect for sucking cock.

The man is always finding ways into my thoughts, especially at night, when I'm in bed alone, feeling the loneliness of not having him with me. But I can't keep letting him fuck me over.

I'm a good catch. I have been told many times over the years that I'm pretty and desirable. My hair is a reddish-brown that hangs in long waves down my back, and I have green eyes and pale skin, thanks to the Irish side of my father's family. I'm taller than most women, but not as tall as Kink, which he

loved. My hips are wide, and my thighs are thicker than most as well, but fuck me, I do not give a fuck. Give me a pasta dish over a salad any day. My breasts are large and would spill over Kink's hands when he would play with them. Kink used to call them his pillows because he liked to rest his face on them. On more than one occasion he fell asleep on my chest.

Closing my eyes, I pull in all the strong, powerful woman vibes and pray they help me deal with the sexy bastard over the wedding weekend, because I think I'm going to need it.

I cannot let him hurt me again.

CHAPTER THREE

KINK

Sitting up, I rest my elbows on my bent knees as I sit on the floor of the garage at the clubhouse. Me, Dutch, and Solo are giving our bikes a clean and tune up and talking wedding stuff before my brother gets married next weekend. We always go for a ride the night before the wedding to clear any nerves and worries the groom has.

This is something we did with Prez when he married Nadine. Just the Huskins men talking shit, riding down the road with fuck all stopping us. We'll drink and let fucking go for the night at a pub Prez used to frequent when he was younger, after our mother passed away. He and the owner are old friends.

Dad will be here any second now to drop off Nadine so she can help Una and Adele with a few things that need to be done out back. They have added a white tent that overlooks the water from the cliff at the back of the club's property. String lights are hung from every-fucking-where. It doesn't even look like a biker property anymore. I would have thought they would put all that shit up a few days before the wedding, but apparently it needs to go up now just in case Una changes her mind on how things look, and if that's the case, they have time to move things around.

Fucking women.

"Fuck, brothers, I am looking forward to this ride. I need a break from wedding talk. I love Una and all, but hell, a man can only take so much talk of flowers and dresses. Give me a sexy bitch bride, a bottle of whiskey, and some steaks, and I am golden. Una has turned into a fucking monster bride, man. I'm scared of saying the wrong thing to her just in case she bites my cock off," Dutch bitches from close to his bike.

I laugh at him. "Fuck off. You wouldn't want her any other way."

“You’re scared of Una? Man, you’re a pussy. She’s half your size and weight. Just toss the chick over your shoulder, take her to your room, and show her who the fuck is boss,” Solo adds.

“I dare you to say that to her,” Dutch snipes back.

Dutch fucked up badly with Una, but in the end, it was all in good faith and needed to be done to stop the cunts who wanted her head. Una has become the single most important person in my brother’s life. He would move Heaven and Earth for his woman. Una has taken to being a RBMC old lady like she was made for it. Hell, if you ask Dutch, she was always made for it, since the first day he met her in Wales all those years ago.

“Fuck no,” Solo scoffs. “I value my life.”

We all laugh as Tag joins us.

“What’s got you all cackling like a bunch of hens over here?” He sits on the ground next to me, leaning against the wall.

“Solo telling Una that she needs to do as her man tells her,” I reply through laughter, shaking my head.

“Oh, man. I would pay to watch that shit. The women are in there right now, and I feel sorry for the prospects and the club girls. Una, Adele, and Nadine are running them ragged. The single brothers will have no pussy to fuck by the time they are done with them because the girls will be fucking exhausted.”

“That was Una’s idea. She wants them gone, Prez.” Dutch looks to our father.

“I know, son, but the single brothers need some easy and willing pussy at the end of a stressful day. I will implement that the club girls do not approach a taken brother, but that is all I can do, but that does not mean that a taken brother can approach a club girl.”

He looks to me as he says this.

Fuck.

They all know about my shit with Adele. Fuck, everyone in the club does, and they all think I am a stupid motherfucker for making her leave my arse.

We are a hardened club in both illegal shit and love. Once we fall, we fall fucking hard, but some of us pricks tend to mess shit up. I remember when my actions finally sank in. My heart ached for weeks after, and the only thing that helped was the vodka and whiskey.

They say that a biker likes to fuck anything he sees, and they are right. We are criminals and do not give a fuck about who we hurt as long as we get our shit done, but we do also have a line we do not cross. No women or children are harmed by any Royal Bastards MC member, no matter their rank in the club.

I have done some bad shit in my life for the sake of the club, but also because some little shit pissed me off, so I taught him a lesson.

The club as a whole does bad shit. We run drugs and guns, and we own a club that has women stripping and shaking their arse and tits for money, but we treat the women with care and respect. No fucker touches one of our girls.

“Am I ever going to live my fuck-up down?” I call to my blood family.

“No,” comes a feminine voice from behind me.

Looking over my shoulder, I see Una and Nadine standing there with their hands on their hips, eyes narrowed and focused on me.

“Baby, don’t start, yeah,” Dutch calls to his woman.

“Not starting shit. I’m tired of my friend avoiding coming here when she knows fuckface is here. When she is here, she’s on guard and can’t relax for fear of seeing this fuck getting his dick sucked.”

“Hey, it’s a nice dick.” I shrug.

“Bad timing, dickhead.” Solo kicks my foot with his boot.

“I love you, Kink. You know this. But you are bad for her. Stay away from her during the wedding. She has been working overtime so she can have time off this weekend, and I want her to relax. Got it?” Una’s arms are crossed over her body while she gives me a stern look.

I hold my hands up in mock surrender. “Fine.”

“You’re one of my boys, Roman. I love you like you are my blood, but bloody hell, there are days when I want to slap you upside the head for not thinking with the right head. If you know you can’t control that little head of yours, stay away from Adele. She doesn’t deserve this.” This comes from Nadine, and it’s like a punch to the gut from a pro boxer.

“Okay,” is all I say.

If I’m being brutally fucking honest, there is fuck all I can say right now that would settle both of them down. So I agree, hoping it will satisfy them enough to leave and get on with whatever shit they need to do.

With one last glare, they turn and walk away, but I have a feeling, deep in my gut, that they don’t believe me. Well, that shit is their problem, not mine.

Once they’re back in the clubhouse, where I know my woman is, I smirk, knowing full well that I’m going to do whatever the fuck I want. No woman will tell me otherwise, even if they do have their friend’s interests at heart.

Nah, I am getting mine over the weekend. I will make her know that she is mine.

“You’re not going to leave her alone, are you?” Dutch asks, shaking his head.

“Nope,” is all I say with a grin on my face.

“You ruin my girl’s day, brother, and I will fucking end you. Blood brother or not.”

I wave off Dutch, pushing to my feet and walking over to the wall that has a mass of every fucking tool one would need to fix a bike or a car.

“I would never ruin Una’s day, brother, but I will not let her dictate mine.”

CHAPTER FOUR

ADELE

Slipping the navy, A-line, off-the-shoulder dress over my body, I let the layers of chiffon fall to the floor around my legs. Now it falls right, thanks to the last-minute adjustments.

It's Una's wedding next week. Her dress is perfect, but there was a mix up with mine, so here we are, at the dress shop, for one last fitting. They apparently mixed up my size with someone else, so we were called back in for one last fitting for me, and to give the lady credit, she worked on the dress while we waited.

"How does it look now?" Una calls through the red velvet curtain.

Smoothing my hands down over the material, I smile to myself. Damn, I look good. Pushing back the curtain, I join the other women.

"What do you think?" I smile at my best friend.

"Fuck me, I want tits like yours," Una states, stepping close to me.

She loves my breasts and asks often if she can touch them, or if I would donate some of my size to her smaller ones.

"Oh, Adele, you look lovely." This comes from Nadine, who is smiling adoringly at me.

It's a little unnerving for me to see Nadine look at me like she used to when I was with Kink, like she adored me. Nadine has a heart of gold. She is a strong, fierce woman who took on not only an MC but three unruly boys she knew would join their father's club.

"Thank you. I feel pretty," I say shyly. This is not me.

I'm usually the one mouthing off to people, so why do I feel shy all of a sudden?

"As you should. I know a certain someone who won't be able to keep his tongue in his mouth when he sees you."

Michelle winks at me.

She's a good person, but sometimes she says shit that she doesn't see upsets others. My stomach twists as I think of Kink. Even though I know in my head I am done with him, I just wish to hell my heart and vagina would catch up to that final decision.

Seeing him earlier, wearing nothing under his cut while he worked on his bike with his brothers, didn't help. Thankfully, they have gone for a ride now to clear Dutch's head, and no doubt talk about what Dutch intends to do to Una on their wedding night.

I know Dutch hurt Una while she was under the club's protection, but after hearing all the reasons behind his behaviour, I can't help but think that he did the right thing by her, though I also think he could have told her, and she would have played along.

"Nothing will happen between Kink and myself. His tongue will not be coming anywhere near me, that's for sure. Maybe he will be tied up with one of the club girls, so he won't notice me."

Even at the thought of him with someone else, especially one of the club girls, my stomach hurts. It twists painfully beneath the layered dress. My hands quickly move over my lower abdomen as if to shield myself from any more hurt.

"I've warned him to stay away from you," Una confesses to my surprise.

I nod. "I bet he loved that. Someone telling him what to do. You know he's never taken kindly to anyone telling him what to do, unless it's Tag."

Kink has always had an issue with authority. It stems from him growing up in the club. In school, he was a little shit, always giving the teachers loads of crap. But he did bully the bullies. He hated the underdog being picked on.

So many times he was kicked out of school, and it only got worse the older he became. When we hit our teen years, Kink was given the name 'Kink' because he was a fucker and liked

to sleep with anyone who showed him interest, but he would also like to try different things.

Even to a teenager, having sex outdoors is considered a huge kink for them. The idea of being caught turned him on more. I'm the same. We have similar tastes when it comes to sex. It's why we click so well.

It wasn't until we were sixteen that things changed between us. It was like I was seeing him for the first time, and vice versa. I ignored all the facts: that he was a biker's son who fucked his way through the town's teenage girls and some women who were old enough to be his mum.

The path I thought we would go on was clearly not one he had ever seen us on. That's why it hurt so much the first time. The second time, I think my anger took the forefront of everything, humiliation a close second.

Over time, I decided I would do what was best for me, and that was leaving and becoming a doctor. Over those years, I found my own sexual side. I love watching people fucking, and I love knowing that people can see me in the throes of passion. Being a voyeur can be so freeing.

My body hums with desire just thinking of someone watching me come, my fingers playing with my clit, sinking inside of me.

Kink always loved watching me pleasure myself.

Fuck. NO. Stop, Adele. No more Kink thoughts.

“He knows his limits. Also, I have no doubt that Dutch and Tag have warned him not to ruin my day. My wedding may not have cost thousands of pounds, but it is perfect for what Dutch and I want. Also, there is no way he would ruin a reunion with my brother and his new wife.”

Una's brother, Ollie, went on holiday to Turkey and came home with a new bride. She is sweet as pie and loves Ollie. That is clear to anyone who watches them, and believe me, I did that—just to make sure she wasn't using him.

“They have been travelling for her job so I haven't seen them in months. I am so excited.”

We all smile at the bride-to-be. It's evident on her face, glowing with happiness, that she is ready to marry the man who owns her heart. They traversed a very rough road to get here, but I know they wouldn't want to be apart.

"Maybe you could take a date?" the young woman who works in the dress shop pipes in.

We all look at her, and I watch as she retreats into her shell like a sea urchin, right in front of us.

Una bursts out laughing and Nadine smiles warmly at her, rubbing her bicep in fondness.

"Oh, honey, have you not heard of the Royal Bastards MC before?" The young girl shakes her head. "Well, let me tell you, they are dirty-talking, possessive bastards when they want something. If Adele here did arrive at the wedding with a date, it would be a very messy affair. She knows how to handle my son. She also knows that if a man did arrive on her arm, that man would be on the six o'clock news attached to a missing person report."

Nadine's voice is sugary sweet, not matching the words she just spoke.

"Oh. Oh, okay then. No date." The young girl nods in understanding, but I can see the fear in her wide eyes as she looks over all of us.

Michelle sulks. "Damn, I wish I had a biker to be possessive over me."

"Bitch, you have a sexy drummer in your bed every night." I scoff at her.

"True." She winks.

Her man is fucking hot. Over six-feet tall, covered in tattoos, dark, short hair, and he has the rocker vibe going on.

Kink isn't like his brothers. He has no ink on his arms except for the inside of his wrists, but he has some on his back, ribs, and one on his calf.

Me, I have one on the inside of my forearm, one down my spine, and a little symbol of a lotus flower on my left ear.

Without thinking, I reach up and touch it, rubbing the pad of my finger over what is there.

Fucking shit. Now I'm thinking of him again.

Thankfully, he doesn't know.

I got the tattoo after the last time he fucked me over as a reminder not to fall for his bullshit again.

"He's playing at the wedding. Did she tell you that?" Una looks between Michelle and me.

"No, you did not, you bitch. I am definitely hanging with you. Your man is sexy, so is the bass player." I wink.

"Yeah, you won't get the chance to drool over anyone with my future brother-in-law there."

I shrug. "He won't do shit. He has made it clear by how he cheats on me that he doesn't want anything with me on a level that I wanted with him. I have to think of me and what my future will be like."

I don't wait for a reply. I move back into the little changing room, remove the dress, and slip back into my leggings and oversized sweatshirt. Once I'm dressed, I move back out to the main room and see everyone is waiting for me.

"Now, it's time for drinks and new, pretty nails. Let's go, ladies."

The shop will deliver my dress first thing on the morning of the wedding, so now I only have to stress over which design I want painted on my nails.

CHAPTER FIVE

KINK

I hate doing the prospects' job, but this run is more than we usually carry. Me, Dutch and Boost loaded up three Jeep's packed with packages filled with the pill of the month. Fucking kids keep changing their minds as to what works for them.

With it being summer, our orders increased tenfold, not that we are complaining, It's money in the bank, and by bank, I mean Prez's safe in his office.

We don't stop; we piss before we leave the club and we drive right through, not even stopping for food.

This was a big order, so the three of us had to get creative. Not only are the packages inside of the car door frames, they are now in the bumper at the back. The spare tyre has been filled too. The seats are lumpy as fuck if you sit on them as they are packed to the brim also.

We arrive at the location to do the handover. Thanks to a prospect, we know no fucker is scouting the place out. You never know these days; the cops are getting creative in their surveillance.

We have our bikes in the back of the rental truck we use so we can ride home, letting the tension float away while experiencing the joy of being in the money.

This run could buy us a small fucking island.

Working with this guy has kept us busy. His name is Émile, and he is a son of one of the French mob. He is flamboyant to fuck and gay as they come, but do not let that deter you. He is a cunning cunt who will slit your throat in a heartbeat and not think twice about it.

To get him on board with buying our shit, I had to party with him, and fuck with him. Well, I fucked a chick and he watched while getting his cock sucked by some bloke he

picked up. Let's just say, I was wrecked after the weekend I spent with him. I had to detox big time.

Shutting down the engine, I climb out, seeing Émile walking towards me in a purple fur coat that is slung over his white suit. Me and the guys are melting as we are having some sort of fucking heatwave in the UK right now, and this motherfucker is wearing a damned fur coat.

“Oh, Kinky. I have missed your handsome face.” He grips my cheeks and kisses both.

This little shit loves to test me. He's always finding a way to touch me, but he has always had one condition when we work out a deal.

“Émile, how nice of you to be here. I thought you were sending one of your men.” I scan the area to see if I can see the usual guy I work with, but he's not here.

Émile waves his hand in a dismissive way, and his eyes turn hard.

“Oh, that prick did me dirty. He was getting his cock wet with one of my toys. You know I don't share, baby, unless I invite you in. So he had to go.”

By 'he had to go', he means he killed the fucker and he is now swimming with the fish in the English Channel. Poor bastard.

“You will find another to have your back. I have no doubt, man. So, shall we hand over? I have shit to do,” I edge.

“Oh, yes.” He looks to Dutch. “The sexy, broody brother is getting married next week. I see I will have to move my affection on to another Royal Bastard.” He winks at me.

“Yeah, not happening. You know this. Cash.” I hold my hand out, beckoning him with my fingers.

“Oh, I like a little finger action before the fun begins,” he teases, but he steps closer to me, and I know what is coming.

“Émile,” I say in a deep, warning tone.

This fucker does it every time we do a handover.

“Such a grouch, Mr. Huskins. You are lucky that you are sexy, and that I enjoy looking at you very much.”

“Let’s get this over with. I have shit to do,” I tell him again.

With a grin of excitement on his face, he drops the bag at my feet and closes the gap between us. My heart hammers in my chest as he looks me in the eyes, his own shining with lust.

I fucking hate this part. I have nothing against people who are gay or trans—be whoever the fuck you want—but respect my boundaries.

Émile leans in, brushing his lips against mine. I feel his lips twitch, then he deepens the kiss. His hands go to my waist, holding me to him while he kisses me, and it pisses me off that I have to kiss the fucker back, but I do.

My tongue invades his mouth, taking control of the kiss. Émile might be a cunning twink, but he likes to submit to me. I kiss him hard and fast, then I’m pulling away, leaving the man breathless and craving more. And that is what has him coming back, willing to work with us.

He licks his lips, and I smirk.

“Until next time.” With that, I pick the duffle bag up off the floor and walk over to the van that’s carrying our bikes. Tossing it through the window, the duffle bag lands on the passenger seat.

“Get that to Prez. I need to ride,” I call to my brother, who nods.

I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, needing to get his saliva and taste off me. Fuck me, the only person whose lips I want on mine can’t fucking stand the sight of me right now, but that will change soon.

Pulling my phone out of my pocket as I stand by my bike, I send a text.

Me: All delivered. Flowers were appreciated.

That goes to my father, letting him know everything went smoothly.

“We riding?” Dutch asks, mounting his own bike.

“Yeah.”

We mount up, and Boost walks over to us.

“I will follow the van back and make sure the cash gets handed off to Prez. You two go for a ride.”

With a nod, and knowing my brother is at my side, we ride.

Fuck knows how long we hit the road for, travelling through small towns, hitting the countryside roads that are nearly empty, where we can open up the bikes, letting the roar of our engines fill the surrounding areas.

We come around a corner, entering the next town over from ours, and it’s like everything happens in slow motion. A young child runs out in front of me.

Even with my helmet on, I can hear her mother screaming at her to stop. With a quick jerk of my handlebars, I send myself and the bike careening toward a small brick wall.

My body braces for impact because this is going to hurt like a motherfucker. The sound of crunching metal scraping along the asphalt hits my ears, and my bike comes to a stop with a thud as both it and I collide with the wall.

I moan, falling onto my back.

“Fucking hell,” I pant out, my lungs feeling like we just finished a 10km run.

“Stay still, brother. I will call for a prospect to bring a van and have the doc meet us at the club,” Dutch says to me.

I believe I nod, before the darkness takes over.

CHAPTER SIX

ADELE

Slinging my bag over my head so the strap lands across my body, I pull my hair up into a ponytail and leave the room. My shift is done for the night, and all I can see in my future is a glass of wine—maybe two or three—some leftover cheese and potato pie that I made last night, and a book with a sexy cowboy.

“Night, Adele,” someone calls out to me as I walk past the front reception desk.

“Night, hun.”

Walking to my car, I hit the fob, unlocking my baby.

I worked damned hard for this car. When I saved the money that the club gave me to help out their members, I was able to pay for this in cash. My shiny red Audi Q2.

As soon as my arse hits the seat, my phone rings. I groan. All I want is a peaceful night, and this one stupid fucking phone call tells me my plans are ruined.

Pulling my phone out of my bag, I see Tag is calling me.

“What can I do for you, Tag? Not that I want to do anything tonight, except go home and drink wine,” I rush out while starting my car.

“Kink came off his bike. He is hurt. We need you at the club.”

My heart stops in my chest. My body becomes heavy and numb.

“Adele, are you there?” he calls, his voice full of concern.

I blink. “Yeah. Sorry. I’m on my way.”

He ends the call and I start my car up, but as soon as I reach for the steering wheel, I notice my hands are shaking.

Things may be in a bad place for Kink and me, but I don’t wish him harm. Fucking hell. Closing my eyes, I grip the

wheel, then breathe in deeply, holding the breath in my lungs then releasing it slowly. I do that a few times to calm myself down before I drive.

It's not going to do him any good if I crash my bloody car while trying to get to him.

Images of how badly he could be hurt flash through my head as I finally drive to the clubhouse. I have treated him before when he got into fights, or when he came off his bike before, but each time it still makes my heart go crazy thinking the worst.

It takes me nearly thirty minutes to arrive at the club. The prospect is there ready to open the gates for me, giving me a chin lift as I drive past. I make my way to the front of the building, parking my car and shutting down the engine.

My door is pulled open by Solo, who helps me out.

"He's pissed that he was hit off his bike. So be warned. Also, he has been drinking since we got him here to help with the pain." I can hear the annoyance in his voice, which tells me he doesn't like whatever Kink is doing.

"Great. So he's going to be a knob, then. How bad?" I ask.

Some of the care I had for him dissipates when I hear he is drinking. It must mean he's not that badly hurt. This could be a complete waste of my freaking time.

"See for yourself."

Not liking the way he grinds his teeth, I sigh internally, getting the feeling that it is bad with Kink. Solo always made it known that he hated what Kink did to me in the past.

We walk into the main room, and I see Kink half lying, half sitting up on the sofa over by the window. A club girl is hanging off him, rubbing her hands over his crotch, no doubt making him hard so she can ride him and help him forget his pain.

My stomach twists painfully. I fucking hate seeing this stuff. This is why we will never work. He will never put a stop to this shit.

“For fuck’s sake, brother,” Solo bellows at him.

He jumps, then winces in pain, which I have to say makes me grin.

“Oh, look, the doc is here,” he slurs.

My medical bag is dropped at my feet. I give Boost a smile in thanks.

“Yeah, here I am, wasting my time coming to see you when you clearly don’t need my help.” I nod to the bitch smirking at me. “Maybe I should just go.”

“Adele, we think he dislocated his shoulder and cracked a few ribs. Also, he has road rash on his back,” Nadine chirps in.

I turn my head to look at her and wince when I see the concern on her face.

“If he wants me to treat him, the bitch has to go,” I say to Tag.

“Move it,” Tag snaps at her.

“But, Prez, he wants me here,” she whines.

“He wants everyone here, sweetheart. You are not special to him, believe me,” I snap at her.

“It seems like that’s a you problem, Adele, not mine. If you knew how to keep Kink satisfied in bed then he wouldn’t have gone looking elsewhere,” she smarts off to me.

I take a step forward but stop myself, my fists clenched tight at my thighs. Kink is really not worth fighting some slut over.

“We never had a problem in the bedroom, honey, it was all in the heart. Something Kink doesn’t have.”

I hear him growl, but I keep my eyes focused on the club girl.

“Leave. My girl needs to patch me up,” Kink says, suddenly sounding less slurred.

I can’t stop the scoff that leaves my lips. *His girl*—that’s a big fucking joke.

“No joke,” he says, looking at me directly in the eyes.

Fucking shit. I said that out loud.

We stare at each other for what feels like hours, both of us lost in the connection flowing between the two of us, like he is trying to convey what he wants to say. I watch as one side of his mouth tilts up in a smirk. It’s what he does when he knows he has me.

Shaking my head, I cough and drop to my knees next to the sofa.

“I like you on your—” I cut him off, bringing my hand up.

“Do not finish that sentence,” I command.

“Why not? You know it’s true.” It is unreal how quickly Kink can sober up.

Breathing in deeply through my nose, I get to work. I help him sit up and remove his cut. He hisses at the pain, and I have to force myself to keep my facial expression neutral and not smile in his face. I love that he is hurting.

Is that mean of me? Maybe. But it makes me feel better.

I gingerly remove his t-shirt, which is bloodstained and dirty from the road. I wince when I see the bruises that are already forming on his ribs and around his back. I close my eyes when I spot all the gravel and blood on his side and back. His skin is torn up, and I know it must bloody hurt.

Tingles cover my skin at how close we are, and how his musky scent slips into my senses, making my body react. Damn it.

My heart aches at seeing him like this because I know it could have been so much worse. He could have been the one who was brought into my A&E department on a gurney. It could have been him we worked on to save his life.

“Look at me, baby.” His voice is smooth and soft.

Biting my lip, I refuse his command and keep checking him out. I poke at his side, checking his ribs.

He hisses when I hit a certain spot, and again just above.

“They don’t feel broken, just bruised. I will strap them up once I’ve cleaned the gravel out of your skin. We need to take him into the medical room, where he should have been, but I see him lining up his next fuckbuddy was more important to him,” I say as I push to my feet and look to Tag.

I see Solo shake his head out of the corner of my eye, but I refuse to look at him.

“Boys, move him into the medical wing,” Tag commands.

Reaching down for my bag, a rough hand beats me to it. I look up to see Boost winking at me.

“I’ve got it, doll face.”

“Thanks.”

“Back the fuck off, brother,” Kink growls, making some of the men laugh.

Shaking my head at the immature act he’s pulling, I walk ahead of him, knowing the guys will help him. Pushing open the door to the medical room we use at the club, I flick the light switch on, basking the room in bright white lights.

My bag gets set on one of the tables, not that I will use any of its contents as the room here is fully stocked. That’s how many times I have been called here to patch up one of the members or the women.

I even have a fucking draw full of pregnancy tests, which Tag made me supply just in case any of the club girls needed them, and believe me, there have been a few times. It’s the one occasion I hate because they like to rub it in my face that one of the potential fathers could be Kink.

“Oh, fuck,” Kink moans as they set him on the table.

“I need him lying on his good side,” I instruct.

Washing my hands and putting on latex gloves, I set out all the equipment I need, including tweezers, saline, and some ointment to add to his skin. This is going to hurt him, but it needs to be done so no infection sets in.

Moving over to the locked cabinet, I use my personal key to open it and take out a bottle of antibiotics for him to start taking. Turning back to the room, I see everyone has cleared out, leaving me alone with the man who has hurt my heart too many times to count.

“Just the two of us. Just how I like it,” he says.

Ignoring him, I add some ice-cold chill to my attitude and refuse to engage in a conversation with him. For fucking hell’s sake, I was called here to help him, and he had a slag draped all over him.

I need to harden myself against him, but deep down, I know it will be a challenge because sometimes I am gone for this man and he makes me weak.

“You can look at me. Hell, you need to, to fix me.” His voice takes on a serious tone, and it makes me pause.

Moving close to him, I start working on cleaning him up. He hisses and arches away from my touch. It’s painstaking work removing the pieces of gravel from his skin. There are some big chunks embedded in there. Some parts of his skin I will need to add stitches to, but he will be just fine.

“Adele, look at me.”

Sighing, I look at him. His eyes shine with the alcohol and painkillers that are swimming in his system. His choice, not mine, but I can’t tell a biker what to do.

“Let’s not do this, Kink. I have to finish cleaning you up, then I’m going home.”

He sighs again, his body relaxing, though he tenses up again when I remove some gravel.

It takes nearly an hour, and it’s excruciating having to listen to him breathing, moving away from his touch when he keeps bringing his uninjured hand up to touch my thigh.

“Just stop, Kink. Fuck,” I bitch, stepping away.

“Why? You know you like my touch as much as I like touching you,” he states, looking me dead in the eyes.

And I am done. I let it all out. I am sick and tired of not giving him a piece of my mind and ignoring shit between us.

“Maybe, Kink, but you love the touch of many other women. You will never learn to be with just one woman. That is why we are done. You will never, and can never, commit to me. I deserve more than what you are throwing my way.”

“My head wasn’t in the right space other times. I told you that. Every time I did something, I knew that I fucked up, and hated myself for it. Seeing the pain on your face killed me.”

“And yet you did it again and again. Yes, the sex between us was incredible, but I told you that if you were getting into bed with me, you were not to touch anyone else, and again you went and fucked some whore. Tell me I’m overreacting, I fucking dare you,” I growl at him.

He shakes his head, looking down at his jean-covered thighs.

Moving to add the antiseptic ointment to cover his skin, I do that before he can speak any more. He may piss me off, but I don’t want him to get an infection. Once that is done, I cover his skin and wrap his ribs.

“I need to numb up your shoulder.”

“Just pop it back in.” His voice is low and pain-filled, and I try to push down the need to soften towards him.

Sighing, I turn to him, instructing what I need him to do. “Lay down. You know how this goes.”

He does as I say, keeping his eyes closed, but I can see his jaw clenching in pain. Well, this is about to get a whole lot more painful.

Cracking my knuckles, I step closer.

“You ready?” He nods, keeping his eyes closed so he can focus.

Gripping his shoulder, I move it slowly, wincing when he hisses and groans low in his throat. I know how painful it is to dislocate a shoulder because I have done it before. I also know how painful it is to pop back in, even with painkillers.

With a little manoeuvring, the bone pops back into place. Kink lets out a long sigh, his body losing all tension.

He doesn't open his eyes, just lays there for what feels like the longest time. I keep looking down at his handsome face, taking in his flawless skin and designer stubble that he loves.

I feel like a creeper watching him like this, so I decide it's time for me to bolt.

"I will leave instruction with Solo on your road rash."

Stepping away, I go to remove my gloves, but his hand snags my wrist. Looking over my shoulder at him, his eyes are open and he's looking at me with an intense stare that settles deep in my soul, hooking me like a fish on a line and reeling me in.

I step to his side. "What?" I whisper.

"I know what you saw when you first arrived. For that, I am sorry."

"What, sorry that I actually had to see it? I have seen it before, Kink. It's nothing new," I reply, my voice coming out a little harsh.

"No. That you had to see it at all. It should never have happened. The whiskey got into my system quicker than it usually does. I am done with all the random fucking around, babe. It is fucking tiring fighting with you."

I notice how his words have started to get a little slurred again. No doubt due to everything in his system, and his adrenaline crashing.

Brushing my hand over his head, I lean into my touch a little, and my heart flips in my chest.

"I wish I could believe that, Roman. I really do."

I love how he smiles sleepily when I use his government name. He is a fucking handsome man, but he is also jaded when it comes to women, thanks to Solo's ex-wife and other shit he has seen in the club.

"Believe it," he slurs.

Leaning down, I kiss his forehead before stepping back. Once I have washed my hands, I see that he has passed out, making me smile softly. He looks like an angel.

Stepping out of the room, I see Dutch and Solo leaning against the wall.

“He passed out. The solution is on the side for his road rash. Clean it again tomorrow and use the gauze to cover it. His ribs will take a few weeks to heal. You all know the drill. The same with his shoulder. The sling is on the side with his other medication. I’m going home and sleeping.”

“Thanks, babe,” Dutch says, leaning in to kiss my cheek before stepping into the room with his brother.

I nod to Solo and leave, but his voice stops me.

“He will see sense one day, sweetheart. Just have a little patience.”

“He has taken so much from me already, Solo. I am done waiting for him to see what he is throwing away. Time to move on.”

With a nod, he steps into the room to join his brothers. I sigh and turn to leave. Walking through the main room, I ignore the sex activities that have already started up. I have no doubt that one of these women will go and help Kink for the night.

“Here you go, sweetheart.” Tag’s voice stops me as I push through the door to the outside.

He hands me a padded white envelope. I don’t bother counting the money inside, just slide it into my bag.

“He will be fine, Tag. He must have someone looking down on him.”

“That he does. His mum wouldn’t let her baby get hurt. Thanks for coming.” I get a kiss to the forehead and leave, needing some space to catch my breath.

It isn’t until I’m in my car that I let go of all the built-up tension that has been crushing my chest whilst in there. Fuck me, this man and his family will be the death of me one day.

CHAPTER SEVEN

KINK

I wince when I shift in my seat at the clubhouse. It has been three days since I laid my bike down. My body aches like a bitch, and my skin stings like a million bees attacked me, but even with the pain I've been feeling, it's still fucking better than hitting that kid.

Who the fuck lets their kids run around the road like that with no adult supervision?

To say I'm pissed is an understatement. My bike was all scratched up, so it needs to be repainted. The leather on my seat got torn up too, so that needs to be reupholstered.

I should find the mother of that child and send her a bill for the repair.

Downing the rest of my beer, I turn my head as my brother and his bride-to-be sit in the seat next to me.

"Drowning your sorrows, brother?" Dutch says, making Una snicker.

I flip them both off, not bothering to answer him.

I whistle, signalling to the prospect to bring me another beer.

"Should you be drinking while on the antibiotics you are on?" Una asks me, and I shrug.

"Don't give a shit," I strop.

I know I sound like a fucking petulant child, but I'm in no mood to give a fuck right now. Why can't they fuck off and let me wallow in my self-pity and drink myself into a vortex of darkness so I forget all the fucked-up shit I did to hurt Adele?

She still won't return my calls or texts.

I even called around to her house, but she didn't answer, even though her car was in her drive. Do you know how fucking humiliating it is to have a fucking prospect drive you

around in a fucking cage because you're too hurt to drive?
And she wasn't even fucking there.

So I had to threaten the fucker to keep his trap shut.

"Mature, Kink," Una replies, rolling her eyes at me.

We will be family soon, yet she's always backing Adele.

"So much for family loyalty, Una. All I see is you sticking with the whole sisterhood bullshit," I snap at her.

"Watch it, brother. That is my wife you are talking to," Dutch warns.

"Not your wife yet," I gripe back. See—petulant child.

"Jesus fuck, man, you need to sort your head out. I will not have you ruining shit at the wedding. The day is for Una," my brother bitches, scowling at me.

"It's for us, babe. To make sure all these sluts know you are off the market." She kisses his lips, and I have to look away because Una and Dutch don't just simply kiss. No, they fucking eat each other alive.

Fuck me, I want Adele to eat me alive in public.

"Get a fucking room. We do not need to see that shit." I wave them off.

"Oh, fuck off, man. You would be all over your woman if she was fucking talking to you, but hey, you get what you deserve, right?"

I look to my brother as ways to plot his death and get away with it flit through my mind. Maybe I could kick his bike off a motherfucking cliff on the next ride, or do him Jax Teller style and push him in front of a huge-arse lorry.

He is right about Adele though. I need to get back in her good graces, show her that I am ready for the next step with her. All she sees when she looks at me is some prick who cheats on her, and she's right. Over the years, I have been a cunt to her, never seeing what she wants and needs. It was always about me.

Watching what went down with Solo and his ex-cunt, and what Dutch went through with Una, confused my shit. Solo was cheated on by his ex-wife, who began fucking one of his army buddies while he was off fighting for our country. She blamed him for it, saying he wasn't home enough, leaving her to seek attention from another man.

It was ironic really, since the other man was also on active duty with the army. Dumb cunt.

Then all this shit with Una. Dutch treated her like a piece of shit to keep her at arm's length but fucked her six ways to Sunday. It made no fucking sense to me, and I told him often that he was going about things the wrong way with her.

I know what he was doing, but it was shitty if you ask me. He could have told her what was going down, but the stubborn prick refused.

“What can I do to get her to speak to me then? You know, since you're suddenly the king of relationships.”

Dutch smirks at me, kissing Una's neck.

“Actually speak to her,” Una says before Dutch can reply.

My gaze flits to hers. “We talk.”

“No, Kink, you flirt with her. You say snide and sexually inappropriate things. But you never actually sit and talk to her.”

“How do you know we don't talk when we fuck?” I sit up, wincing at the shooting pain in my ribs.

“Because women talk, fucker,” Dutch states. “I know you think with your tiny head, brother, but if you want this thing with Adele, you need to think with the head on your shoulders and not the one between your legs.”

“I have tried talking to her. She won't answer me. What else am I supposed to do?”

“She's been working like crazy to get her hours in because she's taking the weekend off for the wedding. Maybe have something delivered to the department for her. Some snacks and treats,” Una offers.

“Not flowers?” I ask. “Don’t women love flowers and shit?”

“No, Kink. Not all women like flowers. Are they nice? Yes. But I know Adele, and she would love some chocolates or sweet treats. There’s a place over by the pier that does share boxes. They do all kinds of things. Check them out and have a box delivered. With coffee,” she adds.

I nod and pull my phone from my pocket. I bring up Google Maps and find the place she’s talking about, then click on their website. Seeing all the options they offer, it makes me realise that I really know fuck-all about Adele. Even when we were dating, I was clearly only interested in her pussy. Fuck me, I am a prick.

Does she have any allergies? What if I order the wrong thing and cause her more harm, or worse?

“Fuck,” I growl, shutting down my phone and tossing it onto the coffee table in front of me.

My heart slams against my chest, and my gut tightens. I’m so angry with myself. My fists clench on the arms of the chair, and the need to drink to stop the shitty feeling eating at me takes over.

I can feel my brother and sister-in-law looking at me, but I call to the prospect.

“Bring me a bottle of vodka.”

“Kink, what the hell?” Una gasps.

“Brother, what the fuck just happened?”

“You’re right. She deserves more than I can give her. Fuck, even when we were together, I learned nothing about her. Not her favourite colour, or her favourite TV show. Nothing. I have no fucking clue what she is allergic to. I don’t know what she fucking loves, besides my dick,” I growl, my frustration taking over.

The bottle of vodka is placed on the table in front of me. I reach for it and unscrew the bottle, but before I can take a long pull, Dutch speaks up.

“You can’t keep doing this, Kink. Drinking until you feel nothing. You need to speak to her. Clearly being apart is hurting you both, but you always do stupid shit, and you always end up hurting her more when you drink.”

“Can’t hurt her any more than I have, brother. Fuck, she won’t even speak to me, so what I do doesn’t make a blind bit of difference, does it.”

“Roman, please.” Una’s voice softens. Her eyes fill with tears as she takes me in. She hates seeing me fall apart, but I’m also the cause of her friend’s pain.

Not wanting to see her pity or concern for me anymore, I push to my feet and collect the bottle and my phone, gritting my teeth at the pain the movement causes.

“I’m going to my room. I will be ready for the ride out.”

In a few days, it’s the Huskins pre-wedding ride out. I will be sober for that, but for that only. I need to drink to forget that I will be seeing Adele and won’t be able to touch her.

Not waiting around for them to say anything else, I leave. I trudge to my room, vodka bottle in hand, with only one intention: to get piss-arse drunk, enough to block out any images of Adele.

“Want some company, Kink?” one of the club girls asks.

I can’t for the life of me remember her name.

“No.” I shrug her off and keep walking to my room. With my hand on the door handle, I turn to the half-naked chick standing there, biting her lip, trying to entice me into her bed. My cock twitches behind the denim of my jeans. Licking my lips, I close my eyes and push all inappropriate thoughts away.

“Tell all the club girls that I am off limits from now on. No joking. I fucking mean it. Pass the message along,” I snap and push into my room.

Putting the bottle on my bedside table, I strip out of my clothes, then climb onto the bed and take a big swig of the clear liquid. I suck through my teeth at the burn.

After the third drink, I open my phone and pull up the photo album labelled, 'Adele.' Scrolling through photos of her from when we were on the good side of our shit, my cock hardens when I see an image I took of her after I fucked her in a red corset. Her tits are hanging over the top, and her thong is pushed to the side.

She looks just fucked, and it makes my cock harden. Gripping my shaft, I tug on him a few times, pre-cum leaking from the little slit. Using that drop as lube, I wank my cock up and down, feeling the tightness of my balls right off the bat.

This is what Adele Watson does to me.

She makes me blow my fucking load in five seconds flat.

"Fuck, baby," I growl, as I flick to another image of her naked, smiling down at me, after she had just come from riding my dick.

With her naked and that smile aimed at me, my balls explode. Streaks of cum land on my chest, stomach, and abs. I'm thankful I shave all my pubes off because that shit can get messy.

With my body lighter after coming all over myself, I drink more of the vodka and settle into my bed, knowing this is the best place for me right now. I can drink until I black out, and hopefully it chases away any nightmares I have of Adele.

Maybe one day I will dream of her and it will be a happy fucking dream.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ADELE

Sipping my coffee, I love how the deep, rich liquid slips down my throat, hopefully giving me the boost I need to finish my shift. Three hours to go.

Leaning back in my chair, I read over the notes I just typed up for a patient who came in. He is an older gentleman who has no family. He took a fall at home and had to sleep on the floor for over six hours because he didn't have his emergency alarm around his neck. He had to wait for the care nurse to come to visit.

I don't want to take away his independence, but sometimes I feel like I need to step in and take that choice away. I wouldn't forgive myself if he went home and something else happened to him, and he didn't get the help I could have gotten him.

Claire, a department nurse, walks past the desk, tapping it with her knuckles to get my attention.

"Incoming, Adele."

"What is it?" Her face tells me it's grim.

"Female fell down some stairs and against the door at the bottom." The tone of her voice tells me she doesn't believe the story that has been given to us.

"Is she a repeat?" I ask her as I follow her to the cubicle the woman was taken to.

At her nod, I sigh. I fucking hate domestic abuse cases because it's hard to understand what these women are going through. All you can do is offer advice and hope they survive long enough to get out.

Pulling back the curtain, I hold my gasp in.

On the bed is a young woman with two children at her side. Both kids have been crying, their faces all red and puffy. Their mother, on the other hand, looks like she went ten rounds with Anthony Joshua.

“Hi, I’m Doctor Watson. Can you tell me your name?”

“Elsie. These are my twins, Ricky, and Ruthie. They are nine.” The raw emotion in her voice breaks my heart.

Looking to Claire, I ask. “Can you go and get the twins some snacks, please?”

“No, they have to stay with me.” Elsie’s voice is panicked. She winces as she tries to sit up, so I rush closer.

“No, no. They will stay here. Claire will go and bring them something back. They will be by your side, alright,” I soothe her.

She nods and relaxes against the bed. Both twins sob, the odd hiccup leaving their lips. Claire leaves, and I know that when she comes back, she will have an armful of treats for these two.

They don’t deserve to see their mum like this.

“How did this happen, Elsie?” I ask, looking over her face.

Her lip is busted in two places, her eye is swollen shut, and there are bruises on her face and along her collarbone. I see bruises on her wrist that look like finger marks. A large bruise covers the upper part of her arm also.

“I fell. I slipped on the stairs and hit the door at the bottom.” Her eyes flit over to her kids, who are holding each other, looking towards the floor.

Submissive children. Either their father made them this way, or she did so they wouldn’t need to be punished. I have seen it way too often throughout my years working in this department.

Mothers will train their children to be seen and not heard, so their fathers have no reason to hit them, but in my experience, men don’t need a reason to hit a child. Hell, neither do women.

It’s a sad and cruel world they have to live in.

“Okay. Let me take a look at you.” She does, then answers my questions when I ask them, but each one feels like a slice

to my skin because I know they are lies. She has been trained to respond the way she has. All flat tones and robotic-like. It's automatic for her.

"Elsie, I need to remove your top to check out your ribs and stomach. I think it would be best for the children to go to the playroom," I state when Claire comes back into the cubicle.

Her uninjured eye widens, and she winces in pain at the other eye.

"Hey, listen to me. They will be safe, I promise you." I look her in the eye so she can see I'm telling her the truth.

At her a nod, Claire leads the kids out of the room.

Helping Elsie out of her top, I sigh when I see the black and blue marks that cover her body. She closes her eyes, not wanting to look at me. I get it. I see the shame abuse victims feel.

Feeling along her tummy, she hisses in pain, and I cringe. "Sorry. Almost done."

I finish my exam and cover her back up.

"I don't think you have any internal bleeding, and no broken ribs, but you are a little tender from the fall." I sigh.

"Don't, please," she whispers, her hand finding mine.

"I can help you, darling. I know people will be happy to get you and those beautiful kids away from whoever is doing this."

"He will find us. He always does. It's safer to stay."

"Safer? How is this safer, Elsie? You know he will do this again. What makes you think he won't turn on the kids?"

"No. I take their punishment. He never touches them," she hurries to say, her voice laced with panic.

"Okay. Okay, calm down." Her heart monitors go crazy. "We can help you, honey. I promise you he will never find you or the kids."

“We can’t. He made threats to my family. He had my brother beaten up the last time we tried to leave. I can’t risk them anymore,” she cries, and my heart breaks all over again for her.

Images of dismembering some faceless guy rush through my head. How can people think it’s okay to hurt people for the sake of hurting them?

Both men and women suffer domestic abuse. It’s a coward’s way of living to cause someone harm like that. Anyone who hits either their spouse or kids deserve to have rope tied around their ankles and be dragged through town, making sure everyone sees them for what they are.

Fucking cowards.

“Please, Elsie, let me help you. It breaks my heart seeing you like this. And looking at your records, this isn’t the first time. How many more times is he going to hit you and get away with it? I fear the next time, you won’t be conscious to talk to me like this.”

One of the most important rules of being a doctor in the Accident and Emergency is to not get attached. Every patient is different and will leave your life just as quick as they came into it.

If you get too attached, it can hurt you mentally and then fuck with your daily way of doing the job. But seeing Elsie like this, remembering how her children were, it makes me fucking pissed that some lowlife scum bag would do this for shits and giggles.

“We can’t.” Her voice is barely a whisper as she turns her head away from me, ending the conversation.

I sigh and step back. “Okay. I’m going to order x-rays of your ribs and face. I don’t like how swollen your eye is. I need to rule out a fracture to your cheekbone as well. Someone will come in and clean you up.” Taking her hand in mine, I give her a little squeeze.

A tear falls from her uninjured eye, and I have to hold back my own emotions.

“I really hope this never happens again, Elsie. For your sake and the kids’. Take care.”

I breathe in a deep breath and leave her lying there on the bed, looking broken and battered, literally. Walking away from her makes my heart hurt, but there is nothing I can do until she is ready to leave the prick who did this to her. I can only hope that he doesn't touch those kids, because then the next time she comes in, all deals are off.

Walking down the corridor that leads to the canteen, the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. Before I can turn around to see who is behind me, I'm slammed against the wall. My head bounces off the concrete. I let out a cry and try to move back, but a body presses against me as a forearm settles across my shoulders.

“Stay the fuck away from my wife. She will never leave me if she knows what's good for her. If I find out you have been sniffing around her again, I will make you bleed like a stuffed pig. You hear me, bitch?”

I nod, my fear stealing my voice. Tears run down my face, and my head throbs from the contact with the wall.

He gives me one last shove and leaves. Resting my forehead against the wall, I breathe in and out, trying to cool my breathing down. My body shakes as his threat sinks in. I have been threatened before but never physically assaulted.

With one last shuddering breath, I open my eyes and slowly look both ways. I know he's gone. The vibe of him is gone.

I slowly breathe out and straighten up, then start walking back to the nurse's lounge to gather myself. Down here, there is no CCTV, so it would be my word against his, not that I truly know who he is because I never saw him, but I can only assume he is Elsie's dick of a partner.

Once I reach the room, I step over to my locker and pull out my Rescue Remedy drops that help with anxiety and calming me down. With shaky hands, I twist open the tiny

bottle, and with the droplet applicator, I place four drops under my tongue.

Fuck me, I am a strong woman, but even we can be shaken to the core.

CHAPTER NINE

KINK

The wind whips around us as we bomb it down the country roads. Tonight is the Huskins ride out before Dutch gets married tomorrow. All the women at the clubhouse are having their frilly drinks, food, and some karaoke or some shit, which Dutch organised for his old lady.

We are riding in the direction of an old pub Prez used to venture to from time to time when our mother passed. It was along that road that he found Nadine, whose car had broken down. He stopped to help, and the rest is history, as they say.

The pub is a place where bikers from all over stop and take time to recharge, so there will be plenty of booze and babes. I won't be touching anyone, but I know Solo is looking forward to getting his dick wet.

We had a joint party at the clubhouse last night, where we all drank until we couldn't possibly drink anymore, and we had food that was brought in by a local caterer. They had all of Dutch and Una's favourite foods.

Una got to spend time with her brother, Ollie, who arrived with his new wife, who has a fucking banging body. No way is she in Ollie's league. She is hot as fuck. They are staying at the club since the wedding is tomorrow and they are only here for a few days.

Adele stayed away from me.

It pissed me off, but I kept my distance from her out of respect for my brother and future sister-in-law.

Tomorrow, though, she is mine. Her arse will be in my bed, riding me until we both come so fucking loud, the whole clubhouse will hear us.

I did what they said and had a chocolate treat box sent to her at work. Since I wasn't sure about allergies and shit, I just made sure no nuts of any kind were added.

Following Prez down a dirt road, we arrive at an old building that looks like it has seen better days. If an inspector came down here, they would shut this place down.

Parking my bike next to Solo, I remove my helmet and stow it in the saddle bag on the side.

“Right, boys, let’s get the drinks flowing.” Prez smirks, rubbing his hands together.

I sling my arm around Dutch’s shoulders and lead him inside. Once we all breach the door, the cheers go up.

“Looks like good old dad let his friends know we were coming,” Solo mutters.

“Fuck yeah. Bring me a drink,” Dutch calls out.

The room inside is a typical English pub. Old wooden beams, white walls, and a wooden bar that has old tankards hanging on thin gold hooks. The smell of smoke, stale beer and sex fills the air.

“What can I get you boys?” A pretty redhead smiles at us from behind the bar.

“Four beers and four shots of Fireball,” I call, winking at her.

She gets our drinks, and we all pick up a shot glass.

“My boy is getting married tomorrow, so wish him all the luck because his old lady is a ball buster and he is going to need all the luck he can get,” Prez toasts.

Everyone calls out their congratulations and good luck wishes while saluting him with their drinks.

We down our shot before taking a pull of our beer.

While the drinks flow, Solo walks off to get his dick sucked by some chick who barely looks legal, but Prez guaranteed that this place may look like a shit hole, but the owner is a stickler for all the legal shit. Hell, he doesn’t even allow drugs in the place.

“You ready, brother?” I ask Dutch, who’s watching the girls dance on the stage.

He may be watching, but I know he would never touch. He loves Una with every piece of his heart.

“So fucking ready. This has been a shit run for us both, mostly on my part, but fuck me, I am ready for every motherfucker to know that Una belongs to me.”

“I’m happy for you, man. I wish—” I don’t finish what I was going to say because a chick stops by my chair, her tits swinging freely and her pussy barely covered by a thong.

“Hi, boys. Need some company?” She bites her lip, giving us a seductive look.

“Nah, babe, I’m getting married tomorrow,” Dutch informs her.

Her eyes widen before she smiles and leans forward, her hands on the arms of my chair, keeping her gaze locked on my brother. Her tits are in my face, and her blueberry scent invades my senses.

My cock twitches in my jeans because come on, I am a red-blooded male after all. We can look but we do not touch. Well, I don’t anymore, but fuck me, she is tempting. Prez chuckles beside us, drinking down his beer before pushing to his feet.

“I see an old friend. Later, boys.” The bastard leaves us.

“But she’s not here, is she? No one will tell her. It will be our little secret,” she murmurs, leaning into me.

I lean back so her tits don’t touch me.

“No thanks. I’m a one-woman man, and believe me, if you knew my old lady, you would be running scared right now rather than propositioning me,” he tells her.

Swinging her gaze to me, she turns her charms in my direction. Spreading her legs, she drops into my lap, grinding back and forth. My fucking cock responds to her touch, making me grit my teeth.

“What about you, big boy? You want to take me for a ride?”

Shaking my head, I look to Dutch, who is smirking at me, not bothering to help a brother out.

“Not tonight.” I move my hands to her and lift her off me.

She takes her own initiative and drops to her knees between my legs, her hands reaching for my belt buckle.

“Whoa. Whoa. I said no. No means no, even for men,” I tell her.

Her smile widens as she rubs her palm over my hard cock in my jeans.

“You may be telling me no, but your cock wants me, baby. Let me have him.”

Pushing her away with more force, I snap at her. “I said fucking no. Don’t touch me unless I give you permission to do so. Fucking hell, what is with bitches these days? They see a biker or a leather cut and think they can take what they want because we are dirty, horny fuckers.”

“Because we usually are, brother,” Dutch laughs.

I flip him off, unable to keep a serious look on my face. I laugh with him.

“Prick.” I shake my head at him. “Go find someone else to fuck with. I have a woman.” She pouts but thankfully walks away.

Dutch whistles over to the bartender and signals for her to get us more drinks. With a nod and wink, she gets to it.

My gaze drifts back to the stage where three girls now dance with a pole, all acrobat-like. Sliding up and down, while hanging upside down, doing a routine that no doubt took fucking weeks to perfect to get the men salivating over them. They are wicked, and it looks hard as fuck to do.

All three are dressed like schoolgirls, which isn’t a kink for me, but they look sexy. Thank fuck they are of legal age.

“So, what’s this about you having a woman?” Solo asks when he joins us.

I frown, and he nods to the side of the bar. “Little naked arse and tits over there is bitching that you’re a biker yet faithful to your woman.”

“She made a move on Dutch. He told her no. Then she tried to get her mouth around my dick. I told her no, that I had a woman. She was pissed and stormed off.”

“Does Adele know you’ve claimed her?” Dutch asks.

“Fuck no, but she will tomorrow. No more fucking around. Her arse is mine.”

“I think she may have something to say about that, brother. You have treated her like shit. I guess brothers are alike, huh?” Solo nods towards Dutch, who flips him off.

“I did what I had to do. My woman knows that now,” he tries to defend himself, but we laugh.

“Yeah, but you knew deep down that she would have played along if you pulled her in on the plan. It hurt my fucking soul seeing that look on Una’s face that day.”

“That whore is gone now, so we don’t need to hash this shit out anymore. Una is mine and it all worked out,” Dutch states proudly, taking another shot from the tray on the table.

The fireball has been fucking flowing, and I can feel my vision start to blur. We will drink until we need to be carried out of here by the prospects. We have a prospect who has already loaded our bikes into the back of a van and taken them back to the club.

We will all ride home in a cage, so thank fuck we are filled with liquor.

Prez has rejoined us and is keeping up with the three of us. He likes his drink as much as we do. He’s a right old laugh when he’s not in full president mode for the club.

Damian ‘Tag’ Huskins is a ruthless motherfucker, but he is a teddy bear to his people. Do not say that shit to his face though.

“Laying my bike down has made me see how much I’ve fucked up.” Damn, the fireball is giving me loose lips.

“Throwing Adele away was the most stupid, fucked-up thing I ever did. I will make her see that she can have me. All of me.” I slur the last few words.

“Fuck, are we on Jermery Kyle or some shit?” Solo burps when he speaks. “I need me a woman too. Tired and sick of sticking my dick in nameless women.”

We all laugh at him and his slurred words.

We are all fucked right now. Thankfully, the bitches have stayed away and let us be. Our drinks have been topped up and we have finished every one off.

“Try keeping your cock in your pocket then, Kane,” my father says with a slight slur to his voice.

Solo looks down at his fly and tugs at it, then frowns at us all.

“It is tucked away.”

Oh, fuck me.

I laugh so hard, I almost choke on the air I’m sucking into my lungs. Dutch falls off his seat, my father has his head thrown back, and even some people around us join in.

“Oh, shit. My sibs hurt. I mean ribs.”

“Mmm, ribs. BARKEEP,” Solo bellows across the room.

“What, Solo?” she calls to him.

“Bring me sibs. Fuck,” he mutters. “I want ribs. Bring me ribs.”

She waves him off but walks into the kitchen to get his order.

“Good call, brother. We need something to soak up the Fireball.”

We eat ribs and drink more beer, and before long, we are crawling towards the van that arrived to collect us. We stagger inside, Solo staying on the floor, not making it to the actual seat. Dutch leans against the window and is asleep within seconds.

My father winks at me. “One down. We will soon see if there will be another one.”

I frown. Well, at least I think I frown at his words, but soon, the darkness takes over, and I can't think of anything else besides Adele wearing nothing but my cut.

CHAPTER TEN

ADELE

Standing off to the side, I watch as my friend marries the love of her life. The ocean air and the sound of the waves surround us, giving the perfect view and atmosphere for a wedding.

Una and Dutch didn't have a smooth path to their coupling, far from it, but they got there in the end.

Some say that if you have a rough start to something, things can only get smoother from here on out.

I truly hope they get that. They deserve it.

My gaze moves over to Kink, who is watching his brother say his vows to Una.

Una won when she got the men to wear black trousers, a white shirt, and their leather cuts. The only difference is that Dutch is wearing a black tie. All the men look dashing with a hint of biker thrown in. It suits them and it fits the wedding well.

Looking to the happy couple, I take in Una, who is looking stunning in her ivory gown, which has an A-line bodice and spaghetti straps. The lace drifts from the bodice down to the chiffon skirt that reaches the floor. Una opted out of wearing a train and instead chose to have some flowers in her hair, which match the vibe she has created for their wedding.

The hairs on the back of my neck stand on end, and I get the feeling that someone is watching me. Moving my gaze across from me, I see Kink looking in my direction. The corner of his lips turn up when our gazes connect.

My own lips twitch, even though I know it's misleading for me to smile at him. I'm still pissed at him for all the shit he did to me. I need to keep that in the forefront of my mind. Even when he has a huge share box of chocolatey goodies delivered to me at work. The girls swooned. Hell, even Niall, one of my favourite people to work with, did when he saw the box and the message.

'I will beg on my hands and knees just for you to talk to me. Meet me at the clifftop after the ceremony.'

My heart flipped and flopped when I read that. So far, I have kept my distance from him. My head and heart are at war over what to do. Niall told me I need to at least hear him out. See what he has to say.

He winks at me, then licks his lips. Oh, damn him to all bloody hell.

He knows what that does to me.

I love Kink's lips. They are always so soft and warm and feel oh so good on my body. A shiver rushes through me, making his grin widen.

Shaking my head, I turn my gaze back to Una and Dutch just in time to see Tag announce them both man and wife.

"By the power of the road gods and the supreme spirit of the Royal Bastards MC, and all the bullshit that comes with this wedding shit, I present to you my son, Miles, and his beautiful wife, who decided his prickly arse needed another chance, Mrs Una Huskins." He turns to his son. "You may now kiss your bride."

Dutch, being the showman he is, takes Una in his arms, bends her backwards, and kisses her hard. The family goes wild. Everyone cheers and claps as whistles fill the air around us.

Tucking my flowers in my armpit, and holding Una's bouquet in one hand, I use my free hand to slap the inside of my forearm, to join in on the celebrations.

Dutch finally lets Una up for air, her face flush with delight. She is absolutely glowing. Turning to face their family, Dutch raises their joined hands in the air.

"She is my wife, motherfuckers."

More cheers go around as they walk down the aisle. I hand Una her boho style bouquet, and the smile she sends me reveals how happy she is.

"Happy for you," I mouth to her.

With a wink, she walks off with Dutch, her new husband.

My heart twists as I suddenly remember Elsie and her husband. I have been waiting for her to come back into the department beaten again, or far worse. A cough pulls me from my thoughts, and I blink. Looking to my left, I see a frowning Kink.

“Oh, sorry.” I plaster a smile on my face, but going by the look on his, he’s not buying it.

With my arm hooked through his, we walk down the aisle, then change direction to walk over to the side of the cliff for photos. There’s a slight breeze, perfect for photos. Una’s hair and dress will swish in the wind beautifully.

The rest of the wedding guests leave and head over to the large white tents we erected a few days ago. Fairy lights are everywhere, as well as flowers and feathers. The whole place looks so magical.

It makes me think of my wedding—if and when it ever happens. I want mine on the beach. No fuss. Just me, the man I love, and family surrounding us.

Sneaking a look at Kink, my heart aches for loads of different reasons.

We stand and wait to be called while the photographer does photos of the bride and groom with his father and stepmother. Una has no family as they passed years ago, but her brother, Ollie, and his new wife are up there with her.

Kink stays by my side, making my body build into a frenzy of pulses of sexual desire.

“You look beautiful.” His breath brushes over my ear and cheek, and my body shivers.

Turning my head to look up at him, I see him smiling. “Thanks. You look good too.”

“Did you like the treats I sent?”

“I did. So did everyone else.”

His smile makes my knees weak. Shit.

“When the photos are done, you’re mine. We need to talk,” he states, losing his smile.

“Kink, I don’t think—” His index finger covers my lips, stopping me from saying more.

“No thinking. This needs to happen.”

“Okay, bridal party, you are next,” the photographer calls out.

Sighing, I take a step back, moving over to where we are being directed to stand. I can feel his eyes on me, except for when he has to look forward for the photos. The entire twenty minutes, my heart thumps in my chest like a happy Thumper from the Bambi movie.

The photographer finishes up and then says he just needs the happy couple. This is my time to make a break for it, but these damned heels are making it hard for me to move fast.

Stupid fucking shoes. Why do us women have to feel so much happiness when it comes to pretty shoes?

An arm snakes around my waist, and I’m pulled back against a hard chest. The scent of leather, oil and coconut hits my senses, making my stomach twist.

“Not so fast, baby. Come on.” He moves me away from the group, his hand sliding from my stomach to my hip as he guides me over to a wooden bench that sits on a small concrete patch that overlooks the water.

“It’s beautiful,” I comment.

“It is.” His voice is husky, causing me to look at him.

He’s focussed on me, not the view. My cheeks flush, and I feel giddy.

What the hell?

This is not me. I never get shy around Kink. Hell, he has fucked me six ways to Sunday and back again. I’m someone who will mouth off and tell him like it is. But I think he has scarred my heart, and it’s still deciding how we feel about him, so we’re being cautious.

“What did you want to talk about? We need to get back to the wedding,” I state, straightening my spine and drawing on all my girl power to deal with him.

He grins at me and rests his arm over the back of the bench, his fingers toying with my hair.

“They know what we’re doing. They’ll wait. For fucking years, I messed things up for us. You left, and I lost my shit and dived into booze and easy women.” I wince at his words.

“You’re an adult. You can do what you want. It no longer concerns me, Kink. I told you this. I told you what would happen and you did it anyway.” My voice gets stronger the more I speak.

“I know.” He sighs. “I can make excuses all day, but at the end of the day, it was my own dick taking the lead. They were my decisions. It was my responsibility to let you go before I even thought of touching another woman.

“Yet you did time and time again, and like the fool I am, I kept taking you back.” I sigh and look back out to the water. “I guess I was fucked up in the head and a glutton for punishment to keep coming back to you.”

His fingers hook under my chin and turn me to face him. I’m shocked to see pain on his face, his eyes showing remorse. His hand gently cups my jaw, before he leans in, planting a soft kiss to my lips.

My heartrate picks up speed, to the point I’m sure it could keep up with a Formula One car. I know I should pull away, but his lips hold me captive. They’re something I have loved for so long.

He breaks the kiss, resting his forehead against mine.

“Give me another chance. I swear on my patch that I will never mess around on you again. My heart hurts when you’re not with me, baby.”

I gasp. His voice is so sincere, and he just swore on his patch, something he has never done before. My skin is alive, like all nerve endings are firing.

Bringing my hand up, I cup his jaw, mirroring what he is doing to me.

To anyone watching us, we look like a happy couple in love, not a couple that has lived through pain and heartache, and are at a point of making another trip down that path to happiness, or locking the gate, never allowing it to be opened again.

“I’m scared, Roman,” I whisper.

“I know. Me too. But I promise you, I—” My phone ringing from my clutch breaks our connection.

“Shit, that’s my work ringtone.” Pulling my phone out, I see the number, and my heart sinks.

“Hello?” I answer.

“Adele, I am so sorry to call you at the wedding, but I thought you should know that Elsie was brought back in. It’s bad.”

“How bad?” I lean forward, resting my head on my palm.

“She is still unconscious. There’s more,” Niall adds.

“What?”

“The son has a black eye.” I can hear the anger in his voice, but also the anguish.

“Fucking shit. I will be there as quick as I can. Try and keep her husband, Nigel, away from her.”

“Will do.”

I’m already on my feet and moving towards Una, Kink hot on my heels.

“I’ll drive you. You’ve had a few glasses of champagne; I’ve only had one beer.”

Looking at him over my shoulder, I suddenly see a grown man, not a playboy.

“Thank you.”

We reach Una and Dutch, and I explain what has happened. She knows all about Elsie and her kids.

“Take Solo with you,” comes Tag’s command.

With a nod, we leave. Me and two huge bikers are heading to the hospital, where I am really fucking hoping and praying I can get this woman away from her abusive fuck of a husband.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

KINK

The ride to the hospital is quiet but tense. Adele's leg bounces next to me. Reaching over, I lay my hand on her thigh, feeling the soft material of her dress under my palm. Her hand rests on top of mine but she doesn't look at me, keeping her gaze on the surrounding area flying by as Solo drives us at speed to the hospital.

She has been on edge since we left the wedding, her thoughts focussed on the woman she is going to see. Judging from her reaction and what I heard on the call, this woman is a frequent flyer at the hospital. No doubt her cunt of a husband lays his hands on her.

The Royal Bastards MC men may be a bunch of law-breaking fucks, but we do not ever lay hands on innocent women and children. My blood boils whenever I find out about men doing this shit. They deserve to suffer the pain they caused, only ten times worse, and any brother of the club would be happy to dish it out.

"How many times has this chick been brought in?" Solo asks from the driver's seat, his voice tight, his shoulders bunched in anger.

"I only met her one time. Her eye was badly swollen, she had two cracked ribs, and some other marks on her body. The other nurses know of her. When I checked her records, that particular visit was her sixth time in. So far, he has never hurt kids. She told me she takes their punishment."

"Motherfucker," I hiss.

"He is dead," Solo crows from his seat.

"She's scared. Her husband, Nigel, is a nasty piece of work." Adele's eyes widen, like she didn't mean to say what she just did.

"Have you met him? What did he say or do to you, baby?" I ask her.

Her eyes are locked on me, and I see the answer before she even speaks. We stare at each other, the tension between us growing. She knows that whatever she says to me, I'm going to flip my shit.

"He accosted me after I treated Elsie. He must have heard me trying to get her to leave him."

"Did he touch you?" I growl. She nods, looking down to her lap.

She takes in a deep breath and brings her gaze back to mine, and the look in her eyes gives me the answer.

"I will fucking kill him."

"He bent my arm around my back and slammed me against the wall. I banged my head, but it wasn't that bad," she explains, which makes my blood boil.

"Did you report it?" Solo asks her.

"No. There are no cameras in the area he grabbed me. It would be his word against mine. Right now, my main focus is Elsie. She needs our help. I know I will fight tooth and nail, but, Kink, she can't go back to that monster."

I'm already nodding in agreement. Taking her hand in mine, I make her a promise.

"She will be safe. We will make sure of it, baby."

We arrive at the hospital and park in the staff parking, thanks to Adele's ID. Before we leave the car, Adele reaches inside her little bag and pulls out a black ball of material. It shocks the fuck out of me when she unrolls it and it turns into a pair of flat shoes.

"Fucking hell, you women are strange as fuck. What the hell is that?" I gawk at her.

With a small smile, she drops her wedding shoes into the footwell and slips the black material over her feet.

"They are God's gift to women. They are ballet flats that roll up so you can carry them anywhere. Perfect for a night out when our feet hurt after wearing heels all night."

It rattles my brain the shit women buy.

As soon as we enter the hospital, Adele goes into doctor mode. We weave through the waiting room and head into the treatment area.

“Oh, thank God. She is in room four. They are looking to take her upstairs soon. She’s finally awake. The husband hasn’t turned up yet. I think he knows he fucked up this time,” a male nurse rushes out in greeting to my woman.

He looks at me and Solo over her shoulder.

“They are with me. They’re good. Niall, meet Solo and Kink, my friends,” she introduces.

Solo gives him a chin lift but I step closer.

“Her man.”

His eyes widen, Solo chuckles behind me, and Adele scoffs.

“I am in no mood to fight with you on this. I need to see Elsie and the twins.” She walks away, but Solo and I are hot on her heels. The nurse walks off, letting Adele handle shit with this beaten chick. I hear Adele’s gasp as she steps into the room.

“Oh, Elsie. What did he do to you? Hey, kids, are you both okay? Ricky, let me look at you.” She steps over to the kids, who are both huddled together in a chair.

They look so bloody scare and it hurts my heart to see children like this.

“Daddy came home drunk. He was falling all over the house. Ruthie cried when he hit the chair into her leg, so he started shouting at her. Mummy told him to stop, then he hit her.” The boy’s bottom lip quivers, and his eyes fill with tears. “I tried to stop him. I promise I did,” Ricky cries. Ruthie hugs him closer.

“Oh, baby. It’s not your job to stop him. You are a child; it is not your responsibility. Ruthie, how are you, sweetie?”

“I’m okay.” Her quiet voice breaks my heart.

Adele pushes to her feet and steps closer to Elsie, who is locked in a stare-off with my brother. My gaze bounces between the two. My brother looks intense and ready to commit murder, but Elsie is looking at him with fear in her eyes.

My brother is a big, scary motherfucker.

“Elsie, you know this is enough. You need to leave him.”

“I can’t.”

“Yes, you can, and you will. He hit your boy,” Solo speaks up.

“Y-you can’t tell me what to do,” Elsie stammers with wide eyes.

Her face shows signs of older yellow bruising, evidence of previous beatings.

“Not giving you a choice, darlin’. Me and the club will protect you.” Solo steps forward, leaning over the bed, his hands resting on the mattress either side of her hips. She leans back, whining in pain.

The kids whimper, fearful of their mum getting hurt again. Solo looks to them, his face softening.

“I will never hurt your mum. Me and my brother here, and our brothers back at the club, we will keep you all safe. Do you want that?” Both kids nod. “Good. Now, how about my brother and Doctor Watson take you guys for a drink and some chocolate?”

“Solo, I don’t think—” Adele starts, but his gaze snaps to hers, silencing her.

She cocks an eyebrow at him, but he isn’t deterred.

His gaze flicks to mine, and I nod. This is his way of getting them out of the room so he can speak to Elsie and tell her how things will go. It’s also our way of getting all three of them out of the hospital without anyone knowing.

“Come on, you two. I bet you guys would like some chocolate. I know I do. Do you have a favourite?”

“I like KitKat,” Ruthie whispers.

“I like Twix.” Is Ricky’s choice.

“Oh, man, I love a Twix.” I reply to the kid.

Ricky slips his hand into Adele’s while Ruthie places her tiny one in mine.

With a nod to my brother, I look to a scared and shaking Elsie.

“Mum, they will be fine with us. I swear it on my life. You don’t know me from Adam, but I will protect them with my life.”

She looks at me for a second, then to Adele, who is nodding with a smile.

“Okay. You be good,” she tells her children.

We walk the kids down to the canteen area, where there are a few different vending machines. We let them get anything they want and sit with them, letting them both take in the moment and absorb what happened tonight.

“Do you think she will listen to Solo?” Adele asks me as we watch the kids.

Her focus is on the two children in front of us, her eyes scanning over their faces. She’s waiting for them to flip out. I know from experience that kids bounce back pretty damned good, but I’ve also seen kids take a nosedive and choose the wrong path.

“Can we go and look at the artwork on the wall?” Ricky asks.

“Of course,” Adele replies, and the kids run off, staying within sight.

“Do you think she will listen to Solo?” my woman asks me again once they’re out of earshot.

“Honestly, I’m not sure. I’ve seen women like her before. She’s scared that if she runs, he will track her down and do worse than she has already endured, or he will take the kids. It could go either way.”

“I hope she listens.” Her voice is low and full of emotion, which I hate hearing.

Moving closer, I quickly check on the kids, then look back to Adele. “It will be her choice, baby. You can’t force someone to do what they don’t want to do.”

When she cocks an eyebrow at me, I can’t help but smirk at her. “Unless it regards you being in my bed and on the back of my bike again. You don’t have a choice about that anymore, baby.” I lean in and give her a soft, quick kiss on the lips before she can object.

She shakes her head, and we go back to watching the kids, until a text comes through on my phone.

“Fuck,” I mutter.

Adele looks to me, and I shake my head.

My brother couldn’t do what he set out to do. Elsie refused to leave.

CHAPTER TWELVE

ADELE

I slam the car door and storm up to the clubhouse, anger bubbling through my veins. Elsie refused to run with the kids. Solo and Kink offered her the chance to leave, to get away from her cunt of a husband, but she rejected it.

Her fear was evident on her face and in the way her body shook when we arrived back in the room. She told us to leave and never come back. Elsie is scared of the unknown, for herself and the kids. I could see the fear shining back at me and it broke my heart, that that she feels that she needs to stay with Nigel for the sake of the kids.

We simply do not know how and what she is feeling, because we are not going through it. She is.

From what we could get out of Solo, it was him pushing too much, and giving Elsie some home truths that had her locking herself down tight.

It broke my heart to see the fear and pain on her and the kids' faces, but I had to respect her decision to stay with her husband. I will, however, be there every time she returns to the hospital broken and bruised.

I put a call in to social services and the police. I set them on a path to help Elsie and the twins. But I know how busy they are, and people, mainly kids, slip through the cracks and aren't helped in time. This is why I am hoping the club will help me, or Elsie leaves on her own.

Solo heads around the back to join the wedding party and no doubt fill everyone in on what happened, but I storm through the main room, ignoring everyone in their various stages of fucking, and head to Kink's room.

"Adele, come and have a drink with me. It will help cool you down," Kink calls to me, but I ignore him, keeping up my pace.

My heart is pounding, and my skin is buzzing with so many different emotions.

Reaching Kink's room, I twist the doorknob, shocked to find it locked. His body presses against my back, his heat soaking into my bare skin.

He slips a key into the lock and twists. Within seconds, we are in the room, and he is locking the door behind him. Stepping closer to his bed, I take in the space I'm familiar with but haven't been inside for months. The dark grey walls, the dark-stained wooden bed, the framed pictures of vintage motorcycles and some family photos. I don't miss the ashtray with a half smoked blunt on the desk.

"You need to be fucked hard, baby? I know what you need. Use me." His intense, dark-eyed gaze hits mine, and I nod.

"I do. I need you to take this deep-seated anger and fuck me hard. I can take it."

The moment I say those words, his gaze darkens, and my dirty Kink comes out to play.

"Strip. I want you naked and on all fours, arse facing me, ready to be devoured." His voice is deep and husky, and it makes me shiver.

He knows that I love to be commanded in the bedroom. Our sex is always dirty.

"Do we need someone to watch or do you want just me?" he asks, stripping out of his cut and laying it carefully over the back of the desk chair.

Shaking my head, I inch closer. "Just you. But I need it hard and dirty, Roman." My voice is thick, my arousal clear as day.

He removes his clothes, tossing them to the side. He stands before me naked, in all his glory. My mouth waters and my pussy weeps with need as my gaze moves over his stunning body, trailing over every muscle.

I could stare at him all day and never get bored.

I see the skin on his side is healing, but there is still some scabbing there. I am grateful that he is still here with me, because his crash could have ended so differently.

“See something you want to taste, baby?”

Nodding, I lick my lips. “You know I do.”

He gestures to his thick cock, which is jutting out from his body. It twitches under my gaze. “Then suck it.”

I drop to my knees, my hands going to his thighs for balance, before leaning in and kissing the tip of his engorged cock. Kink shivers at the little touch, his eyes blazing down at me.

“Like this?” I ask, spreading my lips and taking his thick cock into my mouth, all the way until the head hits the back of my throat.

“Fuck yeah. I’ve missed this,” he growls.

His hands sink into my hair and begin guiding me and up down his fat shaft. I have no gag reflex, so Kink does what he does best and goes to town on my mouth. He fucks it hard and fast, slipping down my throat just like he used to. He loves deep throating me.

Harsh pants leave his body as he fucks my mouth. I slide my hand between my legs, catching some of my arousal on my fingers, then I offer said fingers to him. Bending his head forward, he sucks them into his mouth, groaning deep when he tastes the essence he loves.

“Fuck, I need to be deep in you.”

He hooks his hands under my armpits and lifts me off the floor, then carries me to the bed and positions me on my knees. He pushes me forward, onto my hands, and when he growls, I know it’s because he approves of the view.

“Fuck, my pussy is a greedy little bitch and in need of my cock.”

“Not yours,” I pant.

He chuckles darkly. “Oh, but, baby, it is.”

He runs his fingers over my soaked pussy, spreading my arousal over my flesh, before I feel the head of his cock press into me.

He grips my arms and pulls them behind my back, then leans some of his weight on me. My breasts press against the silk sheets he has on his mattress, and I thank God that they smell clean.

With his hands holding my arms in place, he starts to move.

“Harder, Kink.”

He uses his grip on my arms as leverage as he fucks me like a rabid animal. He growls when his skin slaps against mine.

His grip on my arms tightens, but it doesn't hurt.

He fucks me with abandon.

We both pant and moan at the intense feelings rushing through the both of us.

Our connection is always this deep and potent. It sparks like a live wire.

“Yes. Deeper. Harder,” I cry out.

He slams into me, and I cry out with every thrust.

“Turn over. I want to see your face when you come.”

He pulls out of me, and I flip onto my back. My tits bounce, drawing his attention to my chest.

“I need to fuck these babies again one day, but not right now. Right now, I need to be back in that dripping, greedy cunt.”

Sweat covers his skin, making him look like a Greek god standing before me.

“Do it,” I tell him, leaning back on my elbows. I need him to take me hard, to make me come like I never have before, to help me feel something other than the anger and helplessness Elsie has placed on me.

Stepping between my thighs, he lines his cock back up and pushes into me. I let out a deep groan, dropping my head back.

Grunting, he hooks one of my legs over his shoulder, then grips the back of my neck, holding me in place. His other hand rests just below my breasts.

His thrusts pick up in pace as he fucks me deep, fast, and hard.

I love it.

I fucking need this from him.

He knows it. I know it.

“Fuck. Yes, Kink. Oh, God, you feel good,” I call out.

My heart is alive and beating like crazy. The familiar sensation of our connection surrounds me.

“Come, baby. I want to see your cum all over my cock, Adele. Do it.”

At his words, my pussy convulses around his cock. I scream out his name, my body going tight as each and every part of me surrenders to the orgasm. I feel the warmth of my climax as I squirt all over him. It’s only when I experience a strong orgasm that I squirt.

“Oh, fuck yeah, I have missed that,” Kink grunts while fucking me through the after ripples.

“Oh, shit,” I whimper, my leg dropping off his shoulder, but he stays wedged between my thighs, his cock still buried deep in me.

He slows his thrusts as I come down from my high, drawing out every ounce of my climax. My nipples tingle like they always do after an orgasm, and his hand moves up my body, pulling on my right breast.

It does silly things to my heart that he remembers what makes me feel good.

He gives me a salacious grin as he tugs on it. My back arches, and a throaty moan leaves my lips.

“I fucking live for that sound, baby.”

Licking my lips, I drop my gaze to where his cock slips back and forth inside of me, my cum all over his dick and his abs. He is dripping in me.

“I like seeing that.” My hand trails over his skin, making him shiver. I use my finger to collect some of my cum and bring it to my lips, licking it off.

“Damn, that is sexy,” he mutters.

The combined flavour of us makes my pussy twitch for more of him. He growls at the movement, his cock still fucking me slowly.

“My turn,” he states, and my excitement ramps up again.

His hands move down to the apex of my thighs, and he grips me tightly as his hips start to move at a fast pace.

My breasts bounce with each thrust.

Each breath is becoming harsh with each thrust.

Kink grunts, muttering things about owning me, that I am his.

Over and over his hips slam into mine. His balls are hitting my arse with each thrust. We are both covered in a layer of sweat, and we're panting and breathing heavily. He doesn't take his eyes off where his cock slips inside of me until he's ready to come.

One of his hands moves over to my clit, and I see his wicked smile and the glint in his eyes.

“Come with me. Drench my cock, Adele.”

With that, he double his efforts, fucking me harder, faster, while his thumb presses on my clit and rubs in tight circles, making me come in a flash.

“Roman!” I scream.

Then I feel him stiffen. His cock pulses inside of me, adding to the ripples of my orgasm.

“Fuck, yeah.” His thrusts slow as he draws out every ounce of his orgasm.

My body is spent beneath him. He drops his weight, but not enough to crush me. The skin-to-skin contact is something I crave from him. Hell, from anyone, since it’s been months since I’ve had sex.

My hands go to his ribs, feeling his chest expanding with each deep breath. His skin is hot and damp to the touch, and I love it. The heady scent of him slips into my senses, and I commit it to memory, because I’m not sure when me being with Kink will, or even if it will, happen again.

With a gentle kiss to my neck, Kink rolls off me. When his semi-hard cock slips from me, his cum begins to leak out. Shit.

“Kink, we didn’t use a bloody condom. I swear to fuck that if you have given me anything, I will chop your dick off and pickle it in a jar to keep on my fireplace.”

Pulling me to him, he laughs, then kisses me, leaving me breathless once again.

Damn him.

“I got tested two weeks ago and I haven’t fucked anyone since.” His voice sounds so genuine, I need to see his face to make sure he’s not playing me.

With my hand on his chest, I push myself up and look down at him. His smile is soft, lazy, showing that he is satisfied. Seeing the look of determination, I can tell that he is telling me the truth.

Shit.

“For real?” I ask. “I can easily find out.”

“Go ask. I haven’t fucked anyone. I was serious when I said I wanted to try this again.”

My gaze bounces between his eyes, looking for a lie, but I see nothing.

Unsure how to process any of this, I lay back down and snuggle into him. Wrapped in his warmth, the sound of his

heartbeat soon lulls me to sleep, but in the back of my mind, I can't help but wonder what is next for us.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

KINK

Stretching my arms above my head, I groan when my muscles ache. In a good way. Smiling, I turn my head to look at Adele, but I find an empty bed.

“What the fuck?” My hand slides over her side of the bed, finding cold sheets.

Fuck. She’s been gone a while.

“Motherfucker. She bolted,” I mutter. Flinging the quilt off me, I walk over to my bathroom to take a piss. I’m going to have a shower, then I’m going to track my woman down.

I thought something changed between us last night. Everything we did felt different from all the previous times we’d fucked.

Maybe that’s why she bolted. I know I came on strong, but she needed to know that I am all fucking in with her.

My past fuckups are just that—in the fucking past.

It’s time for me to make a move to fix the past and make sure that the future is smooth sailing from here on out.

After taking a quick shower, I dress in my usual faded blue jeans and black t-shirt and put on my black boots that have seen better days but are soft and moulded to my feet. Adding my cut, I collect my wallet, phone, and keys, and leave my room, making sure to lock the door so no fucker can creep in there when I’m gone.

Making it down to the common room, I spot Prez sitting in his chair, Nadine at his side while they eat breakfast one of the club girls made.

“Kink, would you like breakfast?” Toni asks.

She’s one of the good club girls. She doesn’t do any of this drama shit and will only fuck the single members, and Prez made sure that any attached member respected that.

“Yes, please, darlin’, and some coffee.” She gives me a smile and slips back into the kitchen as I walk over to Prez.

“Morning, son,” Prez greets.

I lean down to kiss Nadine on the head, before taking one of the other chairs.

“Morning. Have either of you seen Adele this morning?” I ask.

Both shake their heads. “I was up early to help with the clean-up. I didn’t see her. You can ask the prospect at the gate,” Nadine says between sips of her tea.

“Thanks,” I say to Toni when she sets my plate and mug down, then leaves.

I’ve fucked her a few times over the years, but she’s not the clingy type. She is happy to get fucked and have a safe place. Her backstory is a fucking scary one. I’m surprised she’s not any more damaged than she is.

I take a sip of my black coffee. “I will ask him after this.”

“So, did you two sort your shit out?” Prez asks.

“Not a fucking clue. She was gone when I woke up. I thought we had a moment last night, but clearly, I was fucking wrong. Maybe it was all the adrenaline and emotions that had her emotions heightened and she let me fuck her. Then it all came crashing down and she ran. Fuck knows, but I intend to find out.”

“She’s a good one, son. You know my feelings about how shit went down before.”

“I know. You can all stop telling me that I fucked up. I know what I did.”

“Roman, I can only speak from what I have seen and heard from Adele, and some things from Una, but Adele is scared that you will lure her in and hurt her again. You have done it twice before, and it crushed her. When she left after the first time, I believe it was for the best for both of you. You were just starting to prospect and she wanted to go to medical

school. It was hard for you both to understand what everything would mean for you in the future.

“You, being around the club, fell into the way the club brothers work, and sex and booze became a coping mechanism. You hated the idea of her going to school and doing the placement, being gone a lot of the time, and she was scared of the club girls who hung around here, and she was right to be.” Nadine throws her two pence in.

I chew the food in my mouth but it has lost all flavour. Swallowing it down, forcing it past the lump in my throat, I chug some steaming hot coffee, before I speak.

“Do you not think I know all of this? It plagued me for years, then she gave me another chance, yet I still managed to hurt her. I can blame it on the club or the drinking all I want, but at the end of the day, I am an adult, and it was my cock-up. I let my mind overthink things and got scared of committing to one person.

“Seeing some of the other members cheat on their old ladies made me think I could have Adele and something extra on the side, but little did I know that would cause me to lose her for a long fucking time. Then she came back, all strong and sexy as fuck, way too good for me, and we made a promise to each other, but that party was fucking crazy. I ended up sharing some coke with Boost and lost all sense and logic, and it ruined my relationship with her.”

“I hope you’ve learned your lesson.” Nadine gives me a stern mum look.

“I have.” I nod and shovel more food into my mouth. We all finish eating before sitting back to enjoy our morning coffee, or tea for Nadine.

“Listen, son, we have something we would like to run past you. It involves Adele and the club working together,” Prez explains.

Now my interest is piqued. Sitting up in my seat, I focus on the man who gave me life, someone I’ve looked up to my entire twenty-six years. He taught me everything I know.

“Okay. What is it?”

They look to each other before Nadine focusses on me. She takes a deep breath and speaks.

“I had a sister.”

“Had?” I cut her off. She nods.

“Yes. She was older than me. We all missed the signs—she hid them well. There was something off with her husband, but she would brush it off, saying he had a stressful job and it caused him to be angry and rude at times. We believed her. Plus, we never saw a single physical sign of the abuse she was sustaining. Then one night, my father called me and told me my sister had been killed.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah. Her husband hit her so hard, she fell back and hit her head on the edge of the cabinet. She died instantly.”

“Please, tell me he is six feet under.”

She nods. “He is now.” Her eyes flit to my father’s.

“Good. So why do you want to work with Adele?”

“My sister left their very large house to me when she passed. It was in her will, and since her prick of a husband went to jail, everything came to me. The house has been sitting empty for years. I have been too scared, so to speak, to go back in, so after speaking to your father and hearing what happened to that woman you went to see, I decided I would like to convert the house into a safe house for abused women.”

Tears fill her eyes by the time she has finished explaining to me.

“We will have contacts at the hospital to reach out to us. We, as a club, will help that person get away from their abuser and get them any medical or legal help.”

“I’m in. I know the club will be in to help too. Solo was even more invested than the rest of the brothers,” Tag chimes in.

“I know Adele will definitely want to help. This thing with Elsie has really shaken her up.”

Prez knocks his knuckles on the table, pushing to his feet.

“Good. Let me know what she says and when she wants to sit down and hash any details out she thinks we need to know. Nadine will sit down with Boost and Woody to go through details on changing the layout of the house to accommodate a few people. We need rooms for single women and families.”

“Got it.”

I take my empty plate and mug into the kitchen, giving Toni a chin lift as I place them in the sink.

“Thanks, darlin’.”

I leave, walking to my bike with every intention of going to visit my woman and getting this shit between us sorted.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ADELE

Locking my car, I hook my bag over my shoulder and stroll down the street to the cafe I'm meeting my sister at. Mel is three years older than me. She has a fiancé who is a rich fucker and dotes on my sister.

Pushing through the door, I spot my sister sitting in the back corner, reading a paperback. I smile when I see the half-naked man on the cover and the pretty teal writing down the spine, stating the book's title.

"Hey, bitch," I greet, sitting opposite her.

"Hey. I hope a salted caramel latte is okay," she replies, gesturing to the drink she ordered for me. I nod and take a sip.

"So, how are things going with the wedding planning?" I ask.

Her and her other half are going to Bora Bora to get married. We are all flying over there for a week to celebrate. It will be huge, and it will be fantastic.

"They're going well. I've finally booked us in for a dress fitting, so thank you for letting me know when you are free. I've decided on a colour for you and the girls."

I clap my hands. "Oh, yay. Tell me."

"It's this." She turns her phone screen to face me, and I smile.

"Oh, I love it." It's a dusky blue and will look amazing with my hair and complexion.

"I thought you might." The smile on her face makes my heart twitch with both pain and jealousy.

She has found a man who worships the ground she walks on. He will do anything for her; drop any business deal to be there for her. My heart swoons whenever I see them together, and I had high hopes that I would get the happy ever after with Kink, but that soon got squashed.

“How are things at work?”

I give her a run-down of what’s been happening, then add in all the crap with Elsie.

“It’s awful that she’s living through that. I would imagine it’s hard to drag yourself away from that life. I mean, she has two kids to think of. We can’t really put ourselves in her shoes because she’s the one dealing with it. We have no idea what she’s actually going through, only what we see.” She gives me a supportive smile. “So things with you and Kink are...?”

She leaves the question hanging wide open.

Biting my lip, I look out the window, trying to find the words to describe what we are right now. When I woke up this morning and found Kink wrapped around me like a snake, I freaked out. His arm was clamped around my waist, his hand on my breast, and his leg was entwined with mine. I have no clue how I managed to remove myself from him without him waking up, but I did. I got dressed, then stood there for a few minutes and watched him sleep. His face was all relaxed, making him look younger and more handsome.

With regret heavy in my heart, I left, thanking the gods when I found the common room was empty and my car was still there from when I brought my things with me. I had enough time to rush home, shower and change, before coming here.

“Adele?”

Turning my attention back to my sister, I find her frown firmly in place, showing her concern.

Sighing, I fill them in. “Things are up in the air. When we got back from the hospital, I slept with him. Everything was so confusing. It has been for a while, what with him touching me when he can and saying things like he’s done with other women and that he wants to be with me only. My emotions are all over the place.”

“Let me ask you this.” I nod to her. “What happens when you decide enough is enough and you end things for good, then a few months down the line, he finds someone else to

move on with, someone he falls head over heels in love with? Will you be able to cope with seeing him all loved up with someone else?"

My heart constricts and my stomach twists into a knot as I think of another woman sitting on his lap, smiling at him as he kisses her neck. I imagine him claiming her as his old lady, marrying her, and putting a baby in her belly.

"Oh God." I cover my face with my hands as tears fall freely. I sob at the images of Kink with someone else. It makes my heart hurt so much.

"Adele, please. Don't cry. I know this is hard for you. Remember, I saw what his cheating did to you, and then I saw how angry you got when he went back on his word. In most cases, I would say once a cheater, always a cheater, but seeing how Kink looks at you, I can see it could be different. I think maybe this time, something has pushed him to realise that he's ready, but there's only one way to find out."

Using the napkin, I dry my eyes.

"You look like a fucking deranged racoon right now. Here," my sister comments, making me giggle.

She digs out a compact mirror. I smile when I see it's a Royal Bastards MC one that Nadine had made. She gave me one as a gift, and my sister stole it from me.

"What do I do, Mel? It hurt so bad the last time, and I can't help but get this feeling that this time, if or when it happens, it will kill me. It will be something I won't come back from."

"We all feel pain, honey. It's what makes us, us. You wouldn't be this strong, fierce woman who takes no shit from unruly patients if all that shit with Kink didn't happen. Yes, you were a loud-mouthed teenager, and I loved that about you, but when he cheated, you grew in a way that made you stronger, that made you ready to take on the world. I would say you were like Captain Marvel, but I know how much you hate her. So ..." She winks at me.

"So... basically take a chance on him and deal with whatever happens?"

“Yep,” is all she says, before smiling at me over the rim of her glass coffee mug.

When the words ‘mine’ flash into my head as I think of Kink, it’s like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. Sinking back into my seat, I pick up my own glass mug and give my sister a grin.

“Fine. I will give him yet another chance. But when it all falls apart—”

“*If,*” she jumps in.

“*If* it falls apart, you and that amazing soon-to-be husband of yours will pay for me to go on a two-week cruise.”

She holds her hand out above the table, her wide grin brightening her appearance. My sister is one beautiful woman. She took after our mum in the complexion department.

“Deal.” We link our pinkies on a promise.

“I love you, Adele. You are my favourite sister.” She smiles at me.

“I’m your only sister, bitch.”

“True. True. So what are the plans for my hen party?”

“Oh, good Lord.”

We delve into plans for her hen night. Both Una and I have come up with a great evening for us and Mel’s friends, while also accommodating Mel’s future mother-in-law, who wants to be involved.

It will be a great night when the time comes around.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

KINK

Climbing off my bike, which I've parked next to Adele's car, I remove my helmet and run my fingers through my hair. I'm still pissed at her, but after speaking to Prez and Nadine, my anger has simmered some.

Looking up at her house, I smile because it's a similar vision to what she used to dream about when we were younger. It's half white and half stone, with a new roof and a white front door, which has windows either side of it. She has a shared drive, which she shares with two other homes.

I see a guy step out of his house and look at me with narrowed eyes. He's big and bulky, like Solo.

"Can I help you?" he calls to me.

"Nah, man. Just here to see my woman." I point to Adele's door.

"Adele doesn't have a man. So try again." He steps over to me, which makes me chuckle.

"Oh, but she does." I walk over to her door and rap it with my knuckles.

"Listen, man, step back from her door."

"Don't think I will," I reply to him.

He's a few feet away from me, his shoulders bunched, fists clenching at his sides. He's ready to pounce, but I'm relaxed, arms loose at my sides, a smirk on my face.

His gaze drops to the patch on my cut, and his eyes widen a fraction. Recognition flashes across his face, and his nostrils flare, but just when he goes to speak, Adele opens her door. Her gaze bounces between the two of us, assessing what the fuck she just opened her door to.

"Hey, baby." I move in close and kiss her, and thank fuck, she responds.

She looks to me, her gaze tracking up and down my body like she's checking I'm definitely in front of her.

"Adele, do you know this man?" Bulky asks.

She blinks, looking at him with a smile.

"Oh, um, yeah. He's my, umm..."

"Her man," I answer for her.

"She didn't say that."

I scoff at his reply. "You have a hard-on for my woman. Need I remind you who the fuck I am, bitch?" I growl, my anger showing this time. My relaxed posture is long fucking gone.

"It's okay, Barry. He is my boyfriend. Thanks for looking out," Adele butts in, then looks to me. "Shall we go inside?"

With a nod and a wide, cheesy smile on my face, I flip the fucker off.

"We are going to leave now, Barry, because I'm about to fuck my woman into the mattress. You might want to listen in, so you can learn what it sounds like when a woman gets fucked by a real man."

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Kink, get inside."

Adele pushes me through the door, and I chuckle at her reaction, but as soon as the door is closed, I change my demeanour, turning to face her.

"You left my bed," I state.

"I know," she says as she takes a seat in one of the oversized chairs she has facing a large window that overlooks the ocean.

The place is light and airy, typical for Adele. Two sets of windows overlook the water, dressed with light pink curtains, no blinds. She has a cream, oversized couch that matches the two chairs, and a TV mounted to the wall, a log burner fire beneath. Just behind the couch is a six-seated wooden dining table. The kitchen is small, quaint, and perfect for Adele. I also

know that down the short hall, she has two bedrooms, one with an ensuite, and an extra bathroom for guests.

I hear things, and I take note. Not all men have selective hearing.

“Care to tell me why?”

She sighs and pulls her knitted cardigan tighter around her body, tucking her feet under her arse. Moving closer, I sit on the coffee table, which is made out of an old wooden chest. Resting my forearms on my knees, I look at her.

She looks tired, worn down.

“I freaked. Panicked. You’ve been saying things like, I’m yours now. You’ve made mistakes that you plan on never making again. You touched me like you meant it. I got overwhelmed. You can’t blame me for that, Roman.”

Fuck me, I love it when she uses my birth name. Nadine is the only other person who does.

“No, I can’t, babe. However, don’t you think that warranted a talk and not you running? I would have listened to what you had to say.”

“Yes, but you wouldn’t have listened because you are the type of man who takes what he wants. I have seen the change in you, Kink, and it’s scary to think about. In your mind, you’ve already claimed me. Tell me I’m wrong,” she challenges me.

I can’t stop the corner of my mouth from lifting. She shakes her head at me with a smile, knowing she’s right.

“Maybe. But I would have listened. I can only fix what I know, Adele. I want to try this for real between us. No more getting hurt, no more running. We talk shit out. There will never be enough time to say ‘sorry’ for all the pain I caused you, baby. I am so fucking sorry for hurting you. For cheating on you. But that will never happen again.”

“Do you promise me, Roman?” Her voice is low and unsure.

I can hear her heartache from here, and I fucking hate that I am the cause of it. My Adele is loud, mouthy, and will put you in your place.

“I promise on my patch, baby,” I promise.

She gasps, her eyes going wide as I drop to my knees in front of her. I pull her legs out from under her and rest my hands on her bare thighs.

“Will you be my old lady, Doctor Watson?”

She giggles. “You just had to, didn’t you?”

“Why yes. Yes, I did.” Staying on my knees, I reach up and pull her to me for a kiss. My hand firmly on the back of her neck, I hold her there while my lips take what they want.

She breaks the kiss, resting her forehead against mine. “I’m scared, Kink, but mark my words, no Royal Bastards MC member will ever find your body if you hurt me.”

“Oh, baby.” I shiver dramatically. “I love it when you talk dirty to me.”

“Little shit.”

I jump up and pull her to me, before taking her hand and leading her over to the couch. I settle her down next to me because what I have to say next is serious and fucking important.

“As much as I want to bury my fat cock inside of you right now, to claim you rightfully, I have something really fucking important I need to speak to you about.”

A frown mars her gorgeous face, so I brush it away with my thumb.

“I spoke to Prez and Nadine this morning.”

“Okay.”

“Nadine told me about some stuff that happened to her family years ago, more so her sister. I’ll give you the cliff notes. Her sister got killed by her abusive husband. The family didn’t know until they got a call from the police. Her sister left Nadine a very large farm-style house that sits back in the

countryside, as well as the land surrounding it. They have talked to Solo and a few other brothers, and now me, but they want you on board also.

“Baby, they want to set this house up, do a complete renovation on it to accommodate and hide people in abusive situations. With your help, and possibly other doctors and nurses, we can make people disappear, or simply get them medical and legal help to get away from their abusers. It will take time to get the house ready, maybe a few months, but we will also have outer houses built on the land. That part, I will bring to the club.”

She looks at me with watery eyes, her mouth parted, and I just want to fucking kiss her. Instead, I give her time to let it all sink in.

She looks at me like I have given her the world, and I see the moment she falls.

“So, what do you say, baby? You in this with me? With the Royal Bastards MC?”

With her gaze locked on mine, Adele crawls into my lap, her knees on either side of me, then brings her hands up to cup my jaw.

Her eyes blaze with arousal, but also adoration, and fuck me, my cock likes it. Hell, my heart does too.

“I am all in, honey. With you. And with the Royal Bastards MC.”

“Oh, thank fuck.” With that, I take her mouth and fuck her with my tongue. My cock thickens even more in my jeans because he knows what’s about to happen.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

ADELE

Kink's tongue toys with mine as I rock my hips against the bulge in his jeans.

With the conversation with my sister, and the little time that I got to think on my own, my head was spinning in different directions. Unable to focus on things.

Then Kink arrived at my house, throwing his weight around with Barry, then fucking me like he owns my body, then offering the safe house. It seems like Kink is a different person, like he is truly trying to make things up to me.

The only thing I can do going forward is hope and pray that he doesn't hurt me again.

"I need you to fuck me, Kink," I tell him.

We breathe each other in.

My hands move up, pushing his cut off his shoulders. He helps me remove it, and I take it off him, before placing in on the back of my couch. My body hums with anticipation as my nipples pebble beneath my thin top.

Since coming home from coffee with Mel, I declared it a 'fuck it' day, where anything goes, hence why I was eating junk food and wearing a thin strapped crop-top and my cotton shorts that I have owned since college. My whole outfit has me looking like a scruffy teenager.

"I love that you let my babies hang free." His thumbs graze over my hard nipples, which are barely hidden behind my top.

He loves my breasts. He loves to use them as stress balls and pillows.

"I had no plans to leave the house today. I booked today and tomorrow off so I could relax after the wedding," I tell him, then let out a yelp when he tweaks my nipples.

“This needs to come off.” He tugs at my top. I shrug off my cardigan and pull the cami over my head.

“Fuck,” he rumbles.

Reaching around to the back of his neck, he tugs his t-shirt over his head, leaving his chest bare to me. My hands find their way to his heated skin, and I mirror his actions, brushing my thumbs over his nipples. He grits his teeth.

“I want to taste you on my tongue,” I inform him.

“He’s all yours, baby.”

Smirking, I shuffle back, dropping to the floor as he spreads his legs for me. I reach for his belt and unbuckle it, then get to work on his zipper and button.

“Up,” I instruct.

He lifts his arse off the cushion so I can pull his jeans down his thighs, pushing them to his ankles. It doesn’t take me long to remove his boots, socks, and then his jeans and boxers, pushing everything clear of us.

My hands smooth up his thighs, my gaze locked on his heated eyes, which make my pussy quiver with delight. I move my gaze over him, taking in every inch of his body that he works to keep in shape. He always used to say that he needed to stay in shape so he could fight the biggest fucker in the room.

His cock lays heavy against his abs as a bead of precum drips down onto his stomach, leaving behind a string of clear liquid. Licking my lips, I drop my head closer to his cock. His gaze focused on me, he watches as I drag my tongue up his shaft. I tightly wrap my fist around the base of his cock, squeezing, as I part my lips and move over him. Then I swallow him whole, until he hits the back of my throat.

“Oh, hell. Fuck yeah,” he murmurs.

Closing my eyes, I speed up my actions, my head bobbing up and down his cock. My hand twists and tugs, following the path of my mouth.

His hips buck off the couch, his hands move to grip my hair and hold me in place, and then he starts to fuck up into my mouth. I take everything he gives me.

This is what I love when we come together.

He knows my limits, and I know his.

“Fuck, baby, I will come if you keep sucking me so good. But I want my cum in your pussy. Get that arse up here and ride me,” he hisses, pulling my mouth off his cock.

With his hand still tangled in my hair, I move my body up and straddle him, my legs either side of his. My hands go to his chest, and his smooth, hot skin under my palm makes me tingle because I know it’s me making his body feel this way.

Kink’s hands settle on my thighs, his touch hot. He looks at me with a gaze that is intense and filled with desire.

“I need my cock in you, Adele. Ride me, baby. Make us feel real fucking good,” he gruffs.

Rising to my knees, I take his cock in hand and guide him to my entrance, before sinking down without further thought. We both need this.

“All the way down, baby,” he grinds out as I take him all the way inside of me.

I gasp when he fills me to the hilt. My nipples tighten so hard they become painful.

“I love that these are pierced. They make you so sensitive to my touch, babe. Maybe we could do your clit,” he adds, his thumbs brushing over my nipples, making them tighten around the tiny bars.

“We both know you would never let anyone else touch my pussy.” I cup my breasts, offering them up to him.

Leaning forward, he swipes his tongue over each nipple in turn, before sucking one into his mouth. I arch my back as sensations flood through my body, our overwhelming chemistry making my body come alive for him.

“You know me well, baby, but I also know that I can do it.”

I frown at his words, then moan when he bites down on my nub.

“Roman, what the hell?”

“I have my piercing licence. The club is looking to open a tattoo shop in town, and I want to manage it.”

For years, Kink has been into drawing, and I always thought that with his skill and eye for detail, the club would push for him to open a tattoo studio.

“Will you be tattooing?”

He nods, a childlike grin on his face, one that shows his happiness for what he has achieved.

“Holy shit.”

“Yep, but enough about that shit. I need to fuck you.”

“Then fuck me.” I lower my voice, moving my face closer to his, then lick his lips, causing him to shudder.

I place my hands on his shoulders for leverage and start to move. I roll my hips, dragging my pussy over his cock over and over again.

“Fuck,” he hisses as his gaze drops to where we are connected. He watches as my pussy takes his cock. “Fuck, that’s hot.”

“I’m close,” I whimper. I always come quick this way. It’s my favourite position to fuck.

My breasts bounce with each movement, my fingers clinging to his shoulders as he cups my tits. He squeezes them and pinches my nipples as I fuck him to climax.

“Oh, yes. Roman,” I pant out.

My head drops back as my hips roll, pushing me closer to coming.

His hands quickly move to my arse, guiding my speed as I fuck him.

“Yes. Come, baby. I can feel your tight pussy fluttering. Do it, Adele. Come all over my cock,” he growls.

“Yes!” I cry out as my orgasm hits.

With my body shaking with ecstasy, I fall forward onto his chest while he holds my arse and fucks into me, riding out my climax as he chases his own.

“Oh, fuck. Yes, baby. Fuck, I’m coming.” He follows me over after a few more thrusts, howling my name and spilling his seed inside of me, which makes my pussy flutter around him. Gone is the worry about a condom and pregnancy because I know we are protected from both. I hope.

We both sit there, saying nothing. Both panting. Both covered in a layer of sweat.

After what feels like an hour, I sit up, my hands still on his shoulders, and look at the man who has made me feel beautiful and worthless all at the same time.

He looks at me while I study him.

I feel like this may be too good to be true. He has fed me lies before to get what he wanted. I need to make sure once and for all that this is what he wants, so I ask.

“Do you really want this?” I cup his jaw, making sure he doesn’t look away from me.

He mirrors me, his hands slipping up my body and cupping my face. “I want it all, baby. The good, the bad, and the ugly. Most of all, I want the intense, the sexy, the smart mouth, and all the motherfucking orgasms.”

“You hurt me, Kink, and that will be it. No more chances. I may be a fool for wanting this too, but I swear on my life that I won’t forgive you again. You will never see me again. I will move away, and you will *never find me.*”

I drive that point home to him, making sure he knows how serious I am this time.

“I will never do anything to fuck this up again, Adele. I swear on *my patch*. I’m keeping you for good this time.”

I kiss him, the overwhelming feeling to seal what was just said between us taking over me. We kiss for a long time, and eventually, his cock thickens inside of me again, so we go another round—or three—before we climb into bed and sleep the night away peacefully.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

KINK

My back aches, but I keep quiet about it. We're working on getting this house ready for it to be a safe place for women who need it. It has been two weeks since Adele and I settled shit between us.

We have texted and called in between working, but all that stopped two days ago. I know her hours have been fucking crazy, and that she lives for this shit—she loves her work and helping people who need it, and she enjoys the mystery of someone coming into the A&E with no clue what is wrong with them—but she isn't returning any of my calls or texts now, and it pisses me off. She knows I don't have time to go chasing her, since between the club business, doing this fucking house, and looking for properties to start a tattoo studio, I'm run off my fucking feet.

Most days, I shower and fall into bed, my body giving in from all the hard labour we're doing. I do it because one, I know it will be worth it and these women need a place like this, but also because I saw how Adele reacted to the news.

We have stripped the house back to its bare walls. Thank fuck it was a home that was built in a hurry many years ago, because it's easy to tear walls down and rebuild, as the whole thing is made from wood beams and plasterboard. I have no fucking clue how the hell this building is still standing, but it is.

We have booked for the plumbing and electrics to be redone next week, then we can put the new walls up and get shit moving properly.

While working on the house, we had a company come in to add a fence around the property, and we hired a construction company to come in to build five other smaller homes behind the main house.

When Prez and Nadine came to me with the plan, I thought they were crazy, but they wanted it. They want to help as

many as they can. Also, Nadine's old friend from school is coming on as a legal representative for anyone who needs him.

"I need a break," I call out to my brothers.

Murmurs of agreement follow me as we all make our way out the front of the house and find a place to sit.

I pull my phone out of my pocket and call my woman again.

It rings and rings, but she doesn't pick up.

"Fuck."

I try again, and it rings off. My anger boils, and I feel like throwing the fucking thing across the yard.

"You okay, man?" Solo asks as he lights up a cigarette.

"Adele has been dodging me for two days now. Fuck knows why."

"Did you piss her off or something?"

"Not that I know of. We were talking when she got off shift, text every day, then nothing."

"Maybe she figured out there are men out there with bigger cocks than you," Boost chimes in, making every fucker laugh.

"Fuck off. I'm bigger than any of you here," I boast, though I see Solo cock an eyebrow at me. "Yeah, yeah, alright, fucker, bigger than everyone except Solo."

"Well, boys, I am fucking done for the day. I'm ready to go back to the clubhouse and have a beer and some pussy," Woody calls out, pushing to his feet. He winces at the aches and pains in his body. Hell, we are all feeling it, but this fucker has twenty years on all of us. We all agree and pack up for the day, the prospect taking the club van back to the clubhouse.

Slinging my leg over my bike, my baby, my Valarie, I fire her up. With Adele on my mind, I get pissed all over again as we ride back home. Over the last two days, I have been running everything through my head, thinking what the hell I could have done that would have her ghost me.

We arrive at the clubhouse and park our bikes side by side. Solo gives me a chin lift and nods to the side of the building, where my brother is fucking his wife against the side of the clubhouse.

“Get a room, fucker,” I call out.

In true Dutch style, he flips me off, turning so that we see his white arse and no more of Una.

“Get some, brother,” Woody calls to him. This time, Una flips him off over Dutch’s shoulder, making everyone laugh.

Una is a wicked chick and gives as good as she gets.

We all walk into the club. The room is packed as it’s Thursday night and Tag lets the locals come in and enjoy the biker parties. The single brothers love it because it’s when some of the local women let loose and spread their legs easier than if we tried on a normal day.

It’s like they’re Jekyll and Hyde.

Guns n Roses are blasting through the speakers, and I see Tag and Nadine huddled in the corner, kissing and acting like teenagers. Most kids don’t want to see their father get all hot and heavy with his woman, but fuck it, you’re only as old as you feel, right?

I was brought up around sex and fuck knows what else, so it’s all natural to me.

After following Solo over to the bar, the prospect hands me a beer and I down it in one. Another one is placed in front of me.

One of the women steps up to Solo. He grins down at her but doesn’t move to pull her to him, which shocks the fuck out of me.

I swear to fuck I hear him mutter, “Another time” to her. With slightly wide eyes, I take the stool next to him.

“You, okay?” I ask him.

“Yeah, brother, just tired,” he replies.

Solo has been working the hardest because he's hoping that with this house and safe place, as well as some backing from the club and other officials, Elsie will leave her husband.

"You've been working hard as fuck. Hell, we all have. I'm sure this place will help people. I know we can be fuckers at times, but we know when people need help."

"A lot of people see the Royal Bastards MC as bad people who like to hurt others and break the law, and yeah, they're right, we do. I am no fucking saint, no member is, but fuck me, some of the clubs around the world do so much good."

"I agree. The brothers from Ankeny, in Iowa, have done some pretty good shit with the black-market bullshit they had to deal with. It's a jammy fucking thing that those fuckers got powers to help them too," I state.

"We need a fucking toxic spider or some shit," my brother jokes.

"Oh, some voodoo shit. I'm sure we can find the market stall that sold herbs and scented candles and summon some demon that will give us something. We can offer him free pussy," I joke.

I see some of the tension leave his body as we joke around. When it comes to the dark arts, and spirits and shit, I am not one to fully believe in it. Don't get me wrong, I will watch any horror film or ghostly TV show. I love that stuff. But summoning the Devil...

Nah, mate.

"Kink?" someone to my right says.

Turning my head and twisting my upper body, I see a hot blonde standing next to me.

My gaze scans her body, taking in her dress, which is five sizes too small and barely contains her tits. Her glossy red lips pull into a seductive smile that I have no doubt has cocks twitching at the sight of them.

Mine included. Hell, I'm only human.

"Can I help you?"

“I think you can. I was told you’re the best here at fucking dirty, and after the day I’ve had, I need dirty, handsome.” Stepping closer, one of her hands goes to my chest while the other settles high on my thigh.

“Is that so?” I can’t stop myself from asking, slipping into my old ways. I know I’m backing myself into a corner here, but I’m pissed at Adele for ghosting me.

She bites the corner of her lip, and my cock twitches in my jeans, but I feel nothing else. Images of Adele naked in my bed flash through my mind. I may be pissed at her but that’s no fucking reason to cheat on her.

This is what she was talking about. I always slip into my old ways and fuck shit up.

“Sorry, I’m not the man for you. Go and find a single brother to play with.”

“Good call,” I hear muttered behind me.

Slipping off my stool, I go to step to the side, but her hands grip my waist and she leans into me.

“But I want the best. That’s you.”

Solo scoffs, then mutters something I can’t make out.

Suddenly, the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.

“What the fuck, Adele?” I hear my father roar.

Turning my head, I see my woman standing just inside of the main door, looking roughed up. Her hair is a mess and her eyes are red from crying, but it’s the split lip that has me moving.

I stop in my tracks when I see her eyes bounce between me and the woman. The look on her face tells me she saw enough to tell me to ‘fuck off’ again.

I cannot catch a fucking break.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

ADELE

Finally finished with the paperwork for my last patient, I walk down to the lounge to change out of my scrubs and into my leggings and black hoodie, which has a big, lime green number 4 and the letters LN on it—the initials of my favourite driver.

I'm a huge Formula One fan. Big Team McLaren supporter.

“Do you have plans tonight?” I look over my shoulder as Liv enters the room to change. Her shift ended the same time as mine.

“Not really. I might pick up a takeaway on the way home and settle in to watch some TV and read a book,” I explain.

“I'm going home to a bunch of kids who are overly excited because they won a footy game this morning.” She smiles while telling me.

“Oh, the joys of parenthood.” I smile at her, even though it's forced.

“Yep. One day, you will have a little one running around,” she says, completely blind to how much that statement makes my stomach twist.

My period is four days late, and it is never bloody late. My menstrual cycle is perfect. I always get my period on time every month and it only lasts for five days. I am like clockwork.

I know it's wrong for me to not respond to calls or texts from Kink, but I have been freaking out over this. There is a test sitting for me at home, but I have been too damned scared to take it. He will freak the hell out when I tell him. I just need to wrap my head around what could be a possibility.

“Right, I'm off. See you next shift.” Liv waves goodbye.

Hooking my large bag over my shoulder, I lock my locker and leave the lounge, waving to the nurses and doctors.

It's not quite dark yet when I get outside. Still, as I head for my car in the staff car park, I find myself glad the area is well lit. I feel like someone is watching me.

My body shivers with the creeps as I get closer to my vehicle, and the feeling sinks deep into my bones.

When I look over my shoulder to check I'm not being followed, I see a shadowy figure behind me. I scream, just as I'm slammed against my car. My head is ripped back by my hair, and I cry out, tears filling my eyes and falling freely, as he punches me in the stomach.

"Bitches never fucking listen. She gets what is coming to her because she can't keep her fucking mouth shut, but I will fucking end you if you keep coming for her. Stop trying to get my wife to leave me. I see that house that you and the bikers are building. You will never take my wife from me. Oh, and nice try with social services. They found nothing; I have my bitch trained."

It dawns on me that this is Elsie's husband who is attacking me. Rage builds in my blood, giving me the strength to fight back. He's bigger and stronger than me, but I give it a good go. Twisting, I scream as my hair is pulled from my head.

"Fuck you. She does nothing wrong. You are fucked in the head and see things that are not there. You need help, or a fucking jail cell."

He glares down at me, his eyes black with rage. His nostrils flare, and I know I should be scared. Inside, I am petrified, but I won't show it.

"Fucking cunt." He punches me in the face, and I get a coppery taste in my mouth.

I swing my arms out, hoping I hit him at least once. His grip on my hair tightens, making me hiss. My scalp is stinging.

"Stay the fuck away from my wife. Do not contact her again. She will never leave me. I give her everything she needs. If I find out you have, I will fucking kill you, bitch." He throws me to the floor and runs away.

My chest aches with me holding my breath. My lungs scream for air to be pulled in. Leaning on my forearm and hand for support, I breathe in and out, trying to calm my rapidly beating heart, which is thrumming with fear right now.

I've seen what he does to Elsie, so I know I'm lucky I only got a few hits from him. It could have been so much worse.

Looking around the car park, I see no one and wonder why none of the security team came to help me. Pushing to my feet, I wince at the pain in my stomach. I feel sick from his punch, but there's no other damage. The prick hits like a toddler.

Picking up my bag, I unlock my car and climb in. Before I've even decided where to go, I'm driving to the clubhouse.

I need to see Kink. I need him to hold me and tell me that nothing will ever hurt me again. He will flip his lid when he sees me in this state, and he will go fucking ballistic when I tell him I could be pregnant. Both him and the club will want to hunt this man down, and I can see Solo going all caveman and dragging Elsie to the club for protection.

I arrive at the club, and the prospect lets me in. He says nothing about my appearance, the quickly darkening sky helping to cover up the state I'm in.

After parking my car, I walk into the club, my hand pressed against my stomach.

"What the fuck, Adele?" is roared, making me jump.

I look up at Tag, who is rushing towards me. His fists clench at his sides and his jaw ticks. Fuck, he's mad.

Over his shoulder, I see Kink. Then I see her. A woman pressed against him. His hand is on her waist, and hers on his.

Pain, anger, and disappointment fill my veins.

"Fucking typical," I mutter as Tag reaches me.

"Tell me what happened." He cups my face, turning it gently from side to side to check the damage.

"Elsie, the woman I've been trying to help... her husband attacked me in the hospital car park. He threatened me, told

me to stay away from her and not to contact her again. He pulled my hair and punched me in the stomach and face. It will all heal.”

“Baby,” I hear from my left.

My body coils tight and my lips press together as I turn my head to look at him. His worried gaze, simmering with anger, scans my body, checking for injuries.

“You heard?” Tag asks him, and he nods, not moving his gaze from me.

“I want him found, Prez. He’s a spineless cunt for hitting women. He hurt my woman, he hurt Elsie and her kid. He needs to die.”

I can’t stop the scoff that leaves my lips, followed quickly by a wince of pain.

Both men look at me, then at each other, and a silent father and son conversation passes between them.

“Come on, let me clean you up while the men talk.” Nadine steps to me, but Kink is already taking my hand in his.

I snatch it back, glaring at him.

“Go back to your whore, Kink.” I let out a laugh that doesn’t carry a funny tone. “To think that I came here because it was you I wanted to see first, but fool me a million fucking times to ever think that you would commit after all the shit you said.”

Stepping back, I move my gaze to Tag. “I’m good to go home. Maybe you could have someone watch over Elsie. He sounded deranged. I think he will hurt her again, only worse this time.”

“You are not fucking leaving,” Kink growls.

“Oh, you see, I am, Kink. I’m exhausted.” My shoulders sag, my body suddenly feeling tired and heavy. “I am fed up of putting faith in you and what we could have. I want a man who will only see me. Someone who will love only me like I am his world. A partner who will put me first and bring me things that mean nothing but everything at the same time.

You...” I stop and look at him, really look at him, and see anger and concern. “You see many. You want the world to be on their knees for you. The only thing you give me is unwanted. I do not want you to give me pain; I want you to give me love and happiness. So no more, Kink. You were warned. This is the last time I come here. I will see Una and Nadine outside of the club.” I look to Tag, a lump forming in my throat.

“If one of the member’s needs treating, you can bring them to my place, but not him. I’m sorry, Prez, but I can’t let my heart get hurt again.”

He nods. “I understand, sweetheart.”

“Don’t I get a say in this?”

“No,” I answer Kink.

“Wow. I thought you loved me enough to at least call me on my bullshit and maybe let me explain what you saw.”

“I-I don’t love you,” I reiterate.

“Yeah, you do.” He steps closer to me. “You’re just too scared to admit it.”

That’s it. My anger bubbles over. My hands ball up at my sides as I fight to keep them there instead of ramming them into his handsome face.

“DO YOU BLAME ME?” I yell.

“Oh, fuck this.” He takes my hand and drags me away from the crowd. Ignoring the cheers and calls, Kink leads me down the hall and up the stairs to his room.

Once we’re inside, he sets me on my feet and locks the door before turning back to face me.

“We are going to fucking talk about all this bullshit.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

KINK

Seeing my woman hurt is making my blood boil over enough to rip that motherfucker apart. When she came into the room, I could see her hurt and disappointment at seeing that chick in front of me, but it pissed me off when she didn't let me explain again, so here we are, locked in my room. I have to force her to listen to me this time. I can't let her run again.

No more running.

Her arm is across her body, protecting her hurt stomach. My fists clench as I imagine them around this fucker's throat, choking him until I see the light fade from his eyes.

"I'm not going to drag this shit out because I want to get you in the shower, clean the blood off you, and get you to relax." She scoffs, looking away from me.

"Nope. Fucking look at me, Adele." I wait until she finally brings her gaze back to mine. "Nothing happened with that woman. I know you have every right not to believe or trust me, but trust in Solo. He has never lied to you. He thinks of you as a little sister. She came on to me and I told her no. She kept pushing, so I stood up to leave, but she grabbed my waist. That's when you walked in."

I see her eyes soften, fresh tears filling them. She gingerly lowers herself to my bed, sitting on the edge while looking at her feet.

"I am so fucking tired, Kink. I'm not sure I can take any more of this between us."

Moving across the room, I drop to my knees in front of her. My hands smooth up and down her cotton-covered thighs.

"Baby, look at me." I wait for her to bring her head up so I can see her stunning green eyes.

My heart stutters when I see the pain and tiredness that's looming in her gaze.

“Fuck, babe. I will kill his arse. Painfully and slowly. I swear, nothing happened downstairs. I’m not going to lie and say I didn’t look, or that my dick didn’t respond, because it did, but I would never touch another woman besides you.”

She shakes her head at me. “I’m not going to lie and say I’m not pissed that you got into yet another inappropriate interaction with another woman, but you not touching her shows that you’re trying to stay true to your word. Seeing you touch her, and her you, it made me want to rip her head off her body, and then yours. It’s not nice to see, Roman. How would you feel if you came into my work and saw me touching another man, and him touching me?”

“Fuck no. I will kill any cunt who touches you. You are mine.” She cocks an eyebrow at me, and I sigh, getting her meaning.

“See. It’s not nice.”

“No, it’s not. It won’t happen again. I love you, Doctor Watson.” I smirk at her when she rolls her eyes at me.

“Really? You went with that?”

“Yup. I am claiming you as my old lady. There’s no getting rid of me now.” I grin at her.

“It’s that simple, huh?” she asks me, and I nod. “After everything? You want me to just roll over and give in?”

“No. Well, yes, I would love for you to roll over and give me a view of your arse, but not right now. You’re hurt.” I sigh. “Baby, you are strong as fuck, and I need—no, I want that in a woman who will be by my side. I would never expect you to keep your mouth shut and do as you’re told. I want you to fucking shine, be strong, and yell at anyone who pisses you off, me included. You know your place, and it’s with me. I love you. I think I always have.”

She looks at me with watery eyes. Over the years, I have hurt her, and I know I’ve made her cry more times than I would like to count, but no more. Now, I only want her to cry happy tears.

I gently pull her to her feet and slowly remove her clothes.

“What are you doing?”

“You need a shower,” I tell her when she doesn’t stop me.

Once she is naked in front of me, I see the already purple bruise forming on her skin, over one side of her stomach.

“It’s just bruising. Nothing else,” she informs me, making me snap my gaze back to hers.

With a smile and a nod, she lets me know she’s not lying. I quickly remove my own clothes, making sure to put my cut on the back of the chair. That thing never hits the floor.

I help her into the shower, turning the water on. She lets out a yelp at the sudden cold temperature but relaxes when the water turns hot. Adele loves a hot shower. The hotter the better. Every time we used to shower, I would feel like my skin was being boiled off my body, but today, I brace through it for her.

I remove her hair from its ponytail and wash it, making sure to pay extra attention to her scalp. I smile when I hear her sigh, and she moans as I add pressure to my fingers.

“Turn around.”

She faces me, and I have to hold in my growl when I take in her bruised face.

“He is dead,” I confirm.

“We need to get Elsie and the kids away from him, Roman. He looked crazy when he came at me.”

“We will, baby,” I state.

Reaching for a washcloth, I wet it and move closer to Adele. Her eyes darken with lust, and my cock thickens to the point of being painful, but he will have to fucking wait because she is hurting right now.

Using the cloth, I clean off the blood from her lip and chin. She winces, jerking her head away from me.

“Sorry, baby.”

Tossing the dirty washcloth to the floor, I pick up another one and get to work on washing her body. I make sure to touch every inch of her. Her nipples are pebbled and right in my eyeline, begging for me to lick them.

“Touch me, Roman,” she pants.

“No, babe. Not tonight.” Her eyes flash with hurt, and I fucking hate it.

Leaning in, I kiss her, soothing the hurt. She is feeling really fucking vulnerable at this moment, and I don’t want to add to that.

“Baby, you’re hurting. Believe me,” I point to my cock, “I want to be deep inside of you. But you need to rest up. You’ve had a rough night. But you can bet that as soon as you’re feeling better, you will be taking my cock like you were always meant to,” I promise her.

Her eyes bounce between mine, looking for something. She must find what she’s looking for, because she nods.

“Okay. I think it would be best that I sleep. I’m back at work tomorrow.”

I growl again. “You are not fucking working tomorrow. You are calling in sick.”

“I can’t, Roman. I have to work; I can’t just call in sick.” She huffs, making me smile.

“Why not? Stay in bed with me all day. I’ll be your bitch for the day and bring you anything you need. Plus, just the reward of my presence is enough to call in sick.” I wiggle my eyebrows at her, making her giggle, then wince in pain from her stomach.

“Fuck, sorry.”

She yawns, and I feel like shit for keeping her from going to sleep.

I step out of the shower, pulling her with me, and dry her off in quick time.

“Do you want one of my t-shirts to sleep in or do you want to sleep naked? I know what I’d prefer.” I wink.

Rolling her eyes, she shakes her head. “A t-shirt please.” I pull one of the drawers open and pick up a dark grey shirt that has the club’s logo on the front. She wore it before, when things were good between us.

As I help her into the soft material, her eyes soften. I have worn this shirt to Hell and back. It’s faded and has a small hole on the shoulder, but I know she loves this one. It brings back memories for her.

“Sleep, babe,” I instruct before she can say anything. After helping her get into a comfortable position, I climb into the bed behind her. My arms band around her, holding her tightly, showing her she is safe with me.

Within seconds, her breathing evens out, and I know she has fallen asleep. Kissing the back of her head, I bury my face in her hair and let myself drift off to sleep feeling lighter than I have in fucking years.

CHAPTER TWENTY

ADELE

Waking up, I blink away the sleep trying to lull me back under. Heat is at my back, and my body is relaxed, more than it has been in a while. Moving my body gingerly, I assess my pain, and breathe a sigh of relief when I feel it's not so bad.

When I told Kink and Tag that my stomach was only bruised, I wasn't lying. It will hurt for a little while, but I have a high pain threshold so I should be okay to move around today.

Kink was right about me calling in sick for work. I think I need today to make sure I'm fully rested and healed up before I go back to work. I can't say if what happened will affect me mentally. It might hit me when I go back to work.

I will deal with it if and when it happens. Everyone responds differently to every situation, so no one should tell another person how they should respond.

Everyone is unique.

Slipping from the bed slowly, making sure not to wake Kink up, I move into the adjoining bathroom and empty my screaming bladder, which is full to the brim. I can't help but shiver at the relief.

Once I'm done, I wash my hands and splash some cold water on my face. My gaze slips over the vanity, looking for a spare toothbrush, but I see none. Bending slowly, I check in the cupboard underneath the sink but also find nothing. Shrugging, I go ahead and use Kink's.

Hell, his mouth has been on my pussy and his cock has been in my mouth. What's a few mouth germs between people?

Satisfied my teeth are clean, I move back into the bedroom and smile. Kink has flipped over onto his stomach, giving me the best view of his tight arse and the defined muscles of his lower back.

Damn, that's sexy.

Seeing my leggings on the floor, I pick them up, thanking the gods that my stomach doesn't hurt as bad as it did last night. I slip them up my legs before finding a pair of his socks in the top drawer. I pull them on and leave the room quietly.

My stomach grumbles, reminding me that I didn't eat after I finished work last night. Heading to the kitchen, I hear chatter. Someone is bitching about cleaning the bedding when it's covered with cum.

Pushing through the door, into the large kitchen, I come face to face with three club girls. I have never had a good relationship with them because I know Kink has shagged most of them. Fuck, even one of the women glaring at me is one of the girls he cheated on me with.

"Oh, look what the cat dragged in. Or should I say, she dragged herself in since she knows no other brother wants her here," Becky says in a catty voice.

Ignoring her, I move over to the coffee machine, add the pod to the top, and click the start button. I rest my palms on the counter and tap my fingers, waiting for my anti-murder juice to me made so I don't kill these bitches.

"You know you're not wanted here, right? That's why he cheats on you. You can't please him like we do." Her voice is like nails on a chalkboard.

"Obviously," another girl pipes up. Looking to her, I see it's the blond, who is pretty enough, who goes by Caitlin.

Closing my eyes, I breathe in deeply before turning to face them. I usually mouth off, and we end up having a bitching match, but I am over their bullshit. They need to be put in their place.

"Listen, because I am only going to say this once. Kink claimed me last night. He loves me, not you. So why don't you just back the hell off and get on your knees for the single members. Hell, there are still a few here. Stop being fucking sluts and making moves on the men who are taken. Back when

you were at school, was it your plan to become homewreckers? Such high standards,” I say dismissively.

When I turn back to the coffee machine, I hear a girly attempt at a growl, before my head is yanked back by my hair. My hands instinctively go to my attacker’s wrists, and I squeeze, but my feet slip, and I go crashing to the floor, taking her with me. Rolling over, I scratch at her hands and wrists, trying to force her to let my hair go, but she doesn’t, so I pull out the big guns. I move to straddle her thighs, then bring my hand back, aiming for the soft point below the ribs, knowing it will hurt like a bitch and knock the wind out of her.

She cries out in pain, so I do it again.

“You bitch,” Becky gasps.

“Oh, fuck you, cunt.” I punch her again, gaining the upper hand.

Her hold on my hair loosens, allowing me to flip it back so I can see better. Tears roll down her face, but she looks as angry as I do.

“He fucking hates you. He told the brothers that he never wanted to be tied down to you. Just fucking leave. He always comes to me when he is tired of you. I am his favourite, bitch. He loves how I fuck him, and how I allow him to fuck my arse.”

Her words hit their mark. My next punch misses, and she uses the opportunity to slap me across the cheek. Gritting my teeth, I ignore the pain in my face and stomach and bring my fist back up. This time when I swing, I catch her in the jaw.

Black fills my vision as my anger turns to rage.

She bellows in pain as I swing for dear life, hitting her over and over again. Her nails scratch at my forearms, and my skin stings, but my adrenaline has taken over. My heart is pumping so fast, I’m not sure it can keep up with my actions right now. Rage fuels my hits, making her hurt like she has hurt me over the years, like Kink hurt me.

My head is yanked back again by one of the other girls in the room, and I scream, bringing a hand up to try and pull her

off.

“Oh, hell fucking no,” I hear being screeched, and the hold on my hair is gone.

I turn my head to see Una flying across the room at one of the other club girls. Una punches and slaps the chick, while she tries to defend herself.

The cunt under me pulls my hair, and I almost fall sideways off her, but I slap her across the face, then grip her hair, pulling her head up and slamming it against the tiled floor. Her eyes roll back into her head, and I do it again, the black fog of rage completely taking over.

“Fuck,” I hear someone mutter, before I’m lifted off the bitch.

I kick out, catching her in the knee and making her cry more. I smile at her. No doubt I look like a crazy bitch right now, considering blood is filling my mouth.

“Calm it,” is whispered in my ear.

“Fuck no. I need to end that bitch. Let me at her now, Kink.”

“Baby, she is done. Cool ya beans, yeah?”

“Oh, wife of mine. Let her go, baby.” I hear Dutch say to Una in a calm manner, amusement in his voice.

“She fucking hurt my friend, babe. I want them gone.” Una makes eye contact with me, then looks over my shoulder.

Following her gaze, I see Tag leaning against the doorframe, grinning at us like a proud papa bear.

“I want them all gone. The brothers can go into town to get their cocks wet from now on. They have gone too fucking far this time, Dad.” Tag’s eyes soften when Una calls him Dad. She started that after her and Dutch got married.

“I will weed out the problematic bitches, but the good ones can stay,” he offers as a counter condition.

She’s silent for a few seconds, before she nods. “I can live with that. Not all of them are vipers like these toxic cunts.”

A groan comes from Dutch as he presses his front to his wife's back. "Oh, baby, you know it makes me hard hearing you talk dirty."

"Dutch," she whines, making the brothers chuckle.

"I need to be inside of you, wife." He takes her hand and marches past us.

Una holds her hand up for a high five when she stops in front of me with a big smile on her face. There's a red mark on her cheek. Looks like the skanky bitch got a hit in.

"Fuck, it is good to be home." She beams at me.

"Thanks for the back up." I hug her.

"Any time. Us old ladies need to stick together." She winks.

"Woman, come on. My balls aren't going to drain themselves," Dutch bitches.

He drags her out of the room. I lean back into Kink's embrace as he tightens his arm around my waist.

"You see that?" Tag asks the two women, and the one who is on the floor crying. "Kink has claimed Adele as his old lady. Do you know what that means?"

They nod.

"Tell me!" he roars when they say nothing else.

"Anyone who lays a hand on an old lady is out of the club," the blonde utters.

"There you go then. I suggest you move your arses fucking fast, before I have the boys throw you out with only the clothes on your back. You have thirty minutes to get gone," Tag tells them.

As soon as they leave, the tension in the room lowers.

"Now I have to fucking work for pussy?" Boost whines like a child, but I see the proud smile he throws my way.

"Only the bad pussy is going, brother. I know we have five good girls here. They will stay, but those two cunts, and

another two who are nothing but trouble, can fuck off.”

Tag starts listing the girls he wants out while Kink takes me back to his room. Once we're locked inside, I see the predatory look in his eyes.

“You hurting?” he asks in a deep, lust-filled voice.

Shaking my head, I pull the t-shirt over my head, and he pounces. He makes me scream his name twice before he has to go and deal with club business, leaving me with a smile on my face. Things are finally looking up for us.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

KINK

Looking across the room, I watch my woman, who's wearing shorts that barely cover her arse cheeks, and fuck me, my cock likes what he sees. It has been two weeks since she got attacked, and she is doing much better. She's had a few nightmares but nothing too bad. Her bruises are almost gone, and she is back to work, much to my chagrin.

Adele and Una are playing pool, laughing and joking around, having a great time. I love the fact that they get on so well. They are more like sisters than friends. They connected so quickly that I have to admit, and so does Dutch, we're a little scared they might plot shit together. Those women like to watch murder and crime shows together, and I swear I saw Adele taking notes one night this week.

Adele lifts a bottle of beer to her mouth, her lips wrapping around the glass top, and my dick twitches in my jeans. Who the hell gets jealous of a fucking glass bottle? Me, apparently.

"How's she doing?" Dutch asks, nudging his head in Adele's direction.

"Okay, brother. She's had some nightmares, but she's doing better. Happy to be back at work." I grin at him.

I made her take some time off after she was attacked. Her lip was swollen and split. Plus, the bruises on her stomach. After the fight she had with Becky, her body ached more, and her head got a little messed up.

I made her talk to me, and she finally told me what that bitch said to her. If I could drag that cunt back and make her clean every inch of this clubhouse with her tongue, I would, but only because the Royal Bastards MC don't hit women.

"How's married life treating you?" I ask Dutch.

"Fucking good, man. It's like she's a different woman in bed. My wife likes seeing a ring on my finger as much as I like seeing one on hers." He grins at me.

“I’m happy for you, brother.”

I’m happy for both him and Una. They are great for each other. He’s like a possessive fucker with her, but she also takes none of his shit, so it’s free entertainment for the club when they go at each other.

Solo steps into the room, scanning it until his gaze settles on Dutch and me. I watch as he walks over to us, his fists clenching at his sides.

“The fucker is finally back home,” is all he says.

Pushing to my feet, I say, “Let me tell Adele I have to pop out for a while.” He nods, and both Dutch and I walk over to our women.

“Baby, me and the boys need to pop out for a while. Stay here in the common room with Una, where the brothers can see you.”

“Why? Where are you going?” Her gaze flicks over to Una, who nods at us, then accepts a kiss from Dutch.

“Just out on club business. I’ll be back soon, okay? Be a good girl for me.” I lean in to kiss her, and she grips the front of my t-shirt, pulling me closer. My hands drop to her arse, squeezing her cheeks. Her tongue dances with mine for a short time, before I pull back, leaving us both breathless.

“Fuck, the things you do to me...”

“Snap, babe.” Her voice low, her eyes seek my soul as she looks up at me. “Please, be careful. I don’t know what you’re doing, but come back to me in one piece.”

Giving her a wicked smile, I kiss her once more. “Always, baby. I love your pussy too much to get hurt. I can’t have it if I get injured.”

“Charming.” She slaps my stomach and steps back. “Go. Be good.”

We walk to our bikes and mount up, both Solo and Dutch looking to me for guidance, as it was my woman that was hurt.

“Fire up, brothers. Tonight, we hunt.” Out of the corner of my eye, I see Prez leaning against the wall, watching us. He sends us a chin lift when we pull out, giving us his blessing to go do what needs to be done.

With my brothers at my back, we drive through town, riding to the place where I will soon have bloodied knuckles and a tranquil soul. I’m going to teach this prick not to touch my woman, or his own.

It takes us nearly forty minutes to reach the house we know Elsie lives in with her kids and her prick of a husband. We park our bikes just down the road and walk the rest of the way. As we stop just outside the house, we see there’s a light on downstairs, but upstairs is in complete darkness. Since it’s after ten at night, I’m hoping to fuck that the kids are asleep in their beds.

“Let’s go.”

Elsie’s house is one of a few in a row, but a small alley leading down the side of it allows us to sneak around the back undetected. With leather gloves on, Solo opens the side gate then leads the way to the back door. He checks to see if it’s unlocked and nods when the handle gives.

Solo enters first, with me right behind him, Dutch bringing up the rear.

As soon as I step inside, Solo’s body goes stiff, and a soft gasp echoes around the quiet room.

I look over his shoulder and see a scared Elsie.

“Hey, honey. Shhhh.” I step around my brother and cup her face. “He did this again?”

When she jerks her head into a nod, I growl.

You can see the split lip, the fresh bruise on her jawline.

“He attacked Adele,” I tell her, watching as her eyes go wide, showing her worry and fear. “I’m not here to hurt you. You know that. But I can’t let him get away with hurting my woman.”

“He’s in the front room. He’s been drinking again.” Her voice wavers with fear.

“Baby, come here.” Solo’s body finally comes unstuck, and he steps over to Elsie.

He looks to Dutch and me. “Go. Give him a kick for me. I’ll dole out my punishment after I’ve got her away from him.” Elsie looks up at him like he has grown three heads.

We leave them to it and walk towards the front room, using the sound of the TV as a guide. I reach the open door first and see the motherfucker sitting in a large chair, in a pair of boxers and a t-shirt. His hand is inside of said boxers as he scratches his balls.

He’s a fit-looking bloke. Defined muscles, clean-shaven, and neatly styled dark hair. But he’s ugly as fuck on the inside.

“Hey, motherfucker,” I call out to him.

He jumps to his feet, his eyes bouncing between Dutch and me.

“Who the fuck are you? Why the hell are you in my house? Elsie!” he shouts.

“Only a fucking cowardly cunt would call for his wife when two men corner him. You really are a piece of shit.”

“Fuck you. You don’t know anything about me or my family,” he spits out.

His eyes flick down to the bat next to his chair. He must have a reason for it being there. The place is spotless thanks to Elsie, so it’s not just a misplaced item. He’s scared of someone coming here. Clearly he fucked off the wrong people.

“Try it,” Dutch encourages.

“You like to beat on women. You beat the mother of your children, like the piece of shit you are. Does it makes you feel like a big boy to put your hands on her? Do you feel big and manly when you see her bleed and her skin turn black and blue?”

“She is my wife; I can do whatever the fuck I want with her. She needs to fucking learn her place.”

I hear a growl coming from the kitchen at the back of the house. The fucker in front of me shakes with fear when he hears the sound.

“W-what was that?” he stutters.

I smirk, and Dutch chuckles.

“That was the man who is keeping your wife safe, while we deal with you, because you will be dealt with tonight.”

“You fucked with the wrong woman, you little shit,” Dutch growls, stepping forward.

He grips the man by the front of his t-shirt, slamming his fist into his gut. He is a lazy fucker who deserves everything he is about to get.

He cries out when Dutch hits him again, while I stand back, waiting my turn.

“Who are you?” he gasps, trying to pull away from Dutch.

“We are the men who are going to teach you that hitting women and children will not be tolerated,” Dutch snarls at him.

Folding my arms, I widen my stance. “We are the Royal Bastards MC, and you fucked with the wrong woman.”

“Who?”

“You know who.” Dutch hits him in the jaw, making him cry out.

Blood trickles down his chin from his mouth, dropping onto the white t-shirt he’s wearing.

“The doc from A&E,” I fill him in.

His eyes widen, then he smirks. “The cunt should have kept her nose out of our business. She tried getting my wife to leave me and take the kids. They belong to me.”

I snarl at him.

“She smelled so fucking good when I pinned her against the wall. I would do it again. Do you know why?” he boasts.

“Wrong thing to say, motherfucker,” Dutch tells him, pulling him to full height so I can see his face when I tell him who the woman he hit is.

“Tell me why,” I entertain him for a split second.

“You and your club are no threat to me. You and the doc are linked, the doc and my wife are linked. The police will find out it was you.”

“The doc from the hospital is my woman. *You* put your hands on my woman. We own the police, motherfucker.” Shaking my head, I step forward, watching as fear enters his eyes.

It fuels my anger. My fists curl into balls, my knuckles cracking from the pressure, then I strike, hitting the fucker square in the jaw. He lets out a moan and falls to the floor when Dutch lets him go.

I go for him, wailing on him. Punch after punch, I make sure the fucker knows he’s not allowed to lay a hand on women, much less a child.

“You will never touch your wife again. Do you understand me? Or I will come here, slit your throat, and watch you bleed while I drink your beer.” I spit in his face and push him away. He falls to the floor, and I stand to my full height of six-foot-two.

He looks at Dutch and me with fear in his eyes, his body shaking.

“If I find out that you laid a hand on Elsie or the kids, or anyone else, we will come back, and that beast of a fucker who’s in there with your wife will not be held back next time.” I turn to leave, then stop when I hear a loud gust of air leaving Nigel. Looking over my shoulder, I see Dutch pulling his foot back from kicking the prick in the gut.

“For Solo.” He shrugs like it’s an everyday thing.

We walk out of the room and into the kitchen. My eyes widen when I see Solo sitting on a chair, its chipped paint showing its age, Elise curled up in his lap, his big, thick arms wrapped around her protectively.

Solo hasn't shown any interest in a woman since his cunt ex-wife. He gets his dick wet and walks away. Seeing him like this is new. It could be good for him.

"She good, brother?" I nod to Elsie.

"She's fine. I'm not happy about taking her to her sister's house. I want her at the club," he gruffs.

"We will be fine at my sister's. I promise." Her voice is soft spoken, cracking with emotion.

"Are you sure you'll be safe there, darling?" I ask.

Nodding, she climbs off Solo's lap. "Yeah. Can you help me with the kids and our things, and keep him away from us?"

"Anything you need," Dutch chimes in.

Looking between the three of us, fresh tears spill from her eyes. "Thank you, for everything. You don't know me, yet you did all of this for me and my kids. Kane told me about the house you're building. I think it's an amazing idea. So many people would benefit from something like that."

She looks to Solo, her gaze softening on him, then she looks at me. "Kane made me see that we can have something better in our lives, and that the kids and me deserve more. So leaving now is the right time."

"We will do our best. Let's get this shit on the road. Solo, help Elsie with her and the kids' things. Dutch and I will grab the kids. Elsie, can you come with us and let the kids know not to be scared of us?"

"Of course."

Once we've woken the kids up, their mum and Solo fill bags with what they need while Dutch and I help the kids get into Elsie's car, then we follow Elsie to her sister's house, which happens to be closer to the clubhouse. I know that pleases Solo.

We leave her in the hands of her sister and head back to the club. By the time we get there, it's gone one in the morning. Adele is curled up in my bed, and I love seeing her there.

Stripping off my clothes, I take a quick shower before climbing into bed with my woman. I fall asleep with my heart happy and my woman next to me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

ADELE

With my arms tight around Kink's waist, my hands on his toned stomach, beneath his t-shirt, we fly down the road. He's taking me for lunch, to a place we used to visit years ago. It's a local fish and chip shop that sells the most delicious fish, which is freshly caught each morning.

The wind hits my face, and I smile as it whips through the hair that's not tucked into my helmet. My leather jacket is new—well, new to me. I got it at one of the charity shops in town. It fits me like a glove and cost me hardly anything.

Got to love a charity shop bargain.

What with having such a fun time on the bike, time flies, and before I know it, Kink is pulling into the car park. He shuts down the bike and we climb off. My legs feel a little wobbly, which makes him laugh at me. I slap my palm against his stomach.

“You know I love making your legs turn to jelly, baby. I would just prefer it if my cock was buried deep inside of you.” He wiggles his eyebrows, making me giggle.

“So bloody rude, Roman. Come on, you need to feed me.”

He slides his arm around my waist, holding me against him as we walk towards the chip shop. The salty air of the ocean invades my senses, and I smile, old memories flooding back.

“Fuck, it's been years since I've been here,” he tells me.

I frown, turning to look up at him. “What do you mean, *years?*”

“I didn't come back after shit went to hell and back with you. As much as I am a prick, babe, it hurt to come here without you.” He kisses the side of my head then leans forward to open the door for me.

Everything has changed since I was here last. Gone are the dark brown cladded walls. Now, the walls are a stark white,

with blue and white checked tablecloths. It certainly has a nautical feel to it. It's light and fresh, and it suits the setting.

“Well, well, well, I never thought I would see the day. My two favourite customers from way back when,” comes a smoky-sounding voice.

Smiling, the owner comes towards us. She looks older, which is expected. Her once short red hair is now grey and pulled back into a bun. Her smile is just as infectious, though, and I return it.

“Oh, look at you two. So grown up.” She sighs. “How have you both been? I've not seen you in years.”

She leads us over to a booth, and I slide in, Kink sitting across from me.

“I moved away to go to medical school. I now work in the emergency department at the local hospital.”

“The club takes up a lot of my time,” Kink explains, sharing little information.

She nods to us with a smile. “I'm glad to see you're still together. I always knew you would go the full hog. I see no ring yet.” She nods to my left hand, making me cringe.

“We only just recently got back together. I messed up years ago and she left my sorry arse, but my winning charm earned her back,” Kink explains.

She slaps him good-heartedly on the shoulder. “Remember how good you have it, kid.”

We give her our order, and she leaves to get it sorted for us. A young girl comes over with our drinks, saying our food won't be long. I have to hide my smile when I spot the way she looks at Kink. I mean, not that I blame her, but my man isn't into jailbait.

“We had some good times, didn't we?” he asks me, pulling my gaze back to his.

“We did. Over the years, I've had time to think about how things might have turned out—would we have kids or be married—but every time, I always circled back to you

cheating on me. The club was a big part of you, and you were finding your place in club as a prospect, so I understand that you wanted to keep up an image. I just wish you would have ended things with me first.

“Before you go off on me, I know it’s in the past, and we are moving on, but I think it’s good that we also have our say about things. One night, I met an elderly couple after they were in a car accident. The gentleman was taken to surgery, so I got to sit with his wife. She told me they had been together since they were fourteen, but separated when he went to war at eighteen. It was hard on her when he came back, then she found out that he had cheated on her when they got back together, after he came home. She said it broke her heart, and she struggled with the idea of him with someone else.”

“War is hard on people. I’ve seen Solo go through his shit.”

“It is. Anyway, they were apart for six years after she found out. He became a player among his army friends, and she went to her local college to become a teacher. They met one night for a milkshake, and they finally decided to make another go of things. To that day, they believed that they weren’t mature enough to have a solid relationship back then, and they needed some heartbreak and time away from each other to see that. They needed time to build themselves as adults.”

“Makes sense.” He nods to me in understanding.

“I think we had a lot of growing up to do, Roman. Deep down, I think we weren’t ready to be together fully. We needed time apart to grow and find our paths.”

“And look where it got us. Back in each other’s lives. I agree with you that we did need time to grow up. Fuck me, baby, I was a young lad living my life with my dick leading the way.”

“Oh!”

I turn to see the young girl dropping off our drinks, before she quickly scurries away.

We both laugh, before he turns serious on me again.

“I think I just scared her off boys and dicks,” Kink jests, and I giggle. “Fuck, I love that sound.”

“Weirdo.” I smile at him.

Our food is delivered, and I dive right in. The flavour of the salty, hot chips explodes across my tongue, and the crunchy batter contrasts beautifully with the softness of the fish on the inside, bringing back memories.

Tears fill my eyes, and I have to blink them back. Looking out the window, I watch the seagulls fly around, waiting for people to drop scraps.

When we used to come here, I thought I had him for the rest of my life, that I would wear his patch and his ring and carry his children. When he cheated, it was like a dagger to my heart, but my stupid, young self, took him back. Then my older self was desperate for his touch but not his heart, and that turned ugly also.

Things have never been smooth sailing for us, and it hurts my heart. It also makes me worry for our future, and whether we have one. I know we’re new, but it hurts my heart to have been claimed by Kink in front of the club, but he’s yet to give me my patch.

Maybe I’m thinking too much into this. I have heard that some bikers claim a woman but then find something better and toss them to the side. Is that what will happen between us?

“Hey, baby, look at me.”

I blink and drag my gaze back to his, only to find him frowning. He reaches across the table, avoiding our plates, and takes my hand in his.

“What’s with the tears?”

I sniff, drying my eyes with a napkin. “Thinking about us.”

“What about us? I thought we were good?”

“We are. It’s just that—” I stop.

“Just what?”

Shaking my head, taking a deep breath, I speak. “It’s stupid. Can we just eat our food and get back home?”

“Tell me.” His voice turns deep, dark even. The intense look he gives me tells me he’s not going to let this go.

“I just thought I would have my patch by now.” I drop my gaze to my food, using the fork to drag the batter away from the fish.

“Fuck,” he mutters.

“It’s fine.” My stomach tightens to the point I can’t eat any more food.

We sit in silence while he finishes off his food. We have mine boxed up, and then we are back on the bike. My stomach is in knots as we ride back to my house. He doesn’t touch me on my knee or thigh when we stop at a red light, and I feel my chest pinch at the tension between us.

He drops me off at home, but instead of coming inside, as had been the plan, he claims he has to get to the club to attend to some club business tonight. I nod, and he kisses me on the forehead, before leaving me standing on the doorstep with tears falling down my cheeks. I don’t move until his break lights disappear around the corner.

I lock up and strip, then crawl into bed, before sending Kink a text. When he doesn’t reply after half an hour, I send one to Una, telling her what happened. I ask her to let Kink know that I need space to clear my head for a few days.

To think about what will happen next.

Clutching my pillow, I let myself cry, which ends with me crying myself to sleep. I dream about catching Kink cheating on me with a line of endless women. What starts as a dream quickly turns into a nightmare.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

KINK

I blink awake and groan at the banging going on in my head. Cringing away from the sun peeking through my curtains, I reach for my woman, only to find cold bedsheets.

Pushing up onto my elbows, I look around the room, but I see no evidence of her being here. Then it hits me. She's not here.

"Fuck." I drop my head face first into the pillow.

When I got back to the club after dropping her off at home, my gut was still tight at what she told me on our date. Hearing her admission that she thought I would have claimed her officially to the club by giving her my patch was like a punch to the gut.

It knocked the wind out of me.

Of fucking course that would be on her mind. She's witnessed brothers claim their women with a patch. Hell, Una has one.

Instead of staying and explaining things to her, I felt like shit and all my shitty insecurities about us being together came flooding back, so I ran. I keep fucking up with her.

When I got back here, I picked up a bottle of vodka and drank until I couldn't see straight. The need to forget the way Adele looked at me when she brought up my patch, weighed heavy on my mind and heart. I remember Una shouting at me, and Dutch and Solo putting me to bed.

I make it to my shower, turn the water to hot, and climb in. I piss into the stream, not giving a fuck. My head is banging, and my stomach is rolling like bingo balls in a rotary cage.

I wash up, then climb out and get dressed. As I pull my cut over my shoulders, Adele's face flashes in my mind again.

Before I leave my room, I send her a text.

Me: Morning, beautiful. I'm fucking sorry about yesterday. I will explain when I see you.

Tucking my phone in my pocket, I walk down to the kitchen, needing to put food in my gut to soak up the alcohol. When I step into the main room, I see everyone is already here. Well, except my woman.

“Morning.” I kiss Nadine on the head, then move to do the same to Una.

One of the club girls who got to stay gives me a grin.

“Sit down, Kink. I'll bring you a plate and a gallon of coffee. By the look of you, you need it.” I flip her off, making her giggle.

“So, you want to explain what last night was?” Una asks from her seat, before sipping from her mug.

“Not really. What happens in my life isn't your fucking business,” I snap. I already feel like shit for what I did. I don't need her on my case as well.

She's going to berate me, and I'm not in the mood for her shit this morning. My head is pounding, my stomach is ready to revolt, and she wants me to spill my guts to her. Well, she can fuck off.

“Brother,” Dutch growls, a warning to his tone.

“What? It's not like you listened to us when you fucked up. You didn't say shit to us until after the fact, so fuck off, brother, if you think I'm spilling my shit to you all now. What happens between Adele and me, is that. Between us.”

I plateful of food is placed in front of me, and I dive right in, taking a big bite of my toast, then dipping it in my egg. Got to love egg yolk mixed with beans.

No one says anything for a short time. Everyone eats their breakfast, the sound of cutlery hitting the plates and people slurping their morning tea or coffee loud in the absence of conversation.

My gut is full to bursting because I ate every fucking thing on my plate to keep me from being spoken to, and to help with

my hangover.

I need to go to Adele today and have a talk with her. It's shitty how I left things yesterday. I promised I wouldn't run, and I fucking sprinted away like a pussy. She has every right to be pissed at me, so I see some grovelling in my near future.

"You didn't reply to her text, so Adele text me last night. She was upset and said that she needed a few days to clear her head." Una's voice brings me back to the table.

I nod but say nothing.

All this bullshit is because of me. Adele did nothing wrong. It was my head that got the better of me. Adele deserves more than a prick like me, but I'm too fucking selfish to let her go. The idea of her with another man sends my blood boiling.

"I'm going to see her this morning, so hold the firing squad, Una. Fuck."

"She won't be there, Kink."

"Why?" I ask her, leaning forward in my seat with narrowed eyes.

Pointing her finger at me, she bitches. "Do not look at me like that, Roman Huskins. Remember that you do not scare me. Adele was called into work. One of the other doctors was ill, so she's covering his shifts for the next two days."

"And how the fuck is it that you know that, and I don't?" I snap, slamming my fist down onto the table, making the cups and plates rattle.

"Watch the tone, brother." Another warning from Dutch.

Una is glaring at me because she's right. She's not scared of us. Hell, she doesn't have to be. No matter how pissed I am, I would never lay a hand on her.

Leaning back in her seat, looking casual as fuck, she sips her coffee. She looks at me over the rim of her mug before she answers. "She text me this morning. Give her time, Kink."

"No. I fucked up and we need to talk this shit out."

“You know she can’t see you or talk to you when on shift. The department is busy as hell. Let her have today. Go to her tomorrow and talk. That gives you both breathing room to calm down,” she says to me.

“Why did you run?” This comes from Woody.

Fuck, when did he join us? Looking around the table, I see Boost, Fritz and Tracer are here also, as well as Prez and Nadine.

Fuck me, it’s like a sideshow.

“She asked me why I hadn’t given her my patch yet,” I explain, sinking back into my chair, my anger deflating from my body.

“Why doesn’t she have it yet? We all know she’s your old lady. We have for fucking years, boy,” Woody returns.

“Honestly, I have no fucking idea. I told her she was mine. It never occurred to me to rush her patch.” I look to Nadine.

Her hair and make-up is done, and she is dressed for the day, the cut on her back showing how proud she is to be my father’s woman.

“Fuck,” I mutter.

Adele had every right to ask me, and to be upset. She has been around the club for years, so she knows what it means for an old lady to wear her man’s patch.

“Did you mean to claim her or was it a way to get her back into your bed, riding your cock?” This comes from Boost.

“Fuck off. You know it isn’t that shit,” I hiss at him.

“So, do you want to me to order a cut for her and get your patch sewed on?” Nadine asks me in a gentle voice.

Licking my lips, I nod to her. “Please.” Pushing to my feet, I step over to her and give her another kiss on the head.

She pats my hand and smiles. “I will get that done today for you, Roman.”

“Thanks.” Looking to Prez, I carry on. “I’m going for a ride. I need to clear my head.”

“Keep your phone on you,” Prez tells me.

With a nod, I leave the room and walk out to my bike, thanking the gods for a nice morning. I’m not usually one to get up stupid early, but clearly my body needed to today.

I mount my bike and start her up, but before I pull away, I decide to send a text to Adele.

Me: Morning, beautiful. Can we meet up after your shift to talk?

I don’t wait for a reply because fuck knows when she will have time to look at her messages. I tuck my phone away and ride off the club’s property, hitting the road.

I stop at a food truck for lunch before heading back to the club hours later. The ride did my head good, and I’m smiling when I get back, but a phone call from my woman instantly turns my mood from light to fucking pitch black.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

ADELE

My name gets yelled down the hall.

Jumping to my feet, I rush towards Denise, who is calling me. I see the grim look on her face, and my breath gets caught in my chest.

Is it Kink? Did he come off his bike? Did he get hurt doing business for the club? All the questions bounce around my head.

“What?” I call as I reach her.

“It’s Elsie. She was just brought in via ambulance.” Oh no. “She’s in a bad way. Unconscious, and both her eyes are swollen shut,” she explains as I follow behind her. My heart speeds up in my chest in a painful way. I knew it. I fucking bloody well knew he would beat her again, to the point of nearly killing her.

Kink told me the guys helped her move her things to her sister’s house after they paid a visit to them the night he left me at the club with Una. I was so grateful they were there to help her.

Seeing doctors and nurses hustle and bustle around Elsie, my heart aches. I step into the cubicle, seeing her laying there lifeless, her eyes all swollen and covered in blood. Her lips are split, her face almost unrecognisable.

She’s stripped down as they check her for other injuries. Dark bruises cover her torso, and I see a footprint on her thigh.

That motherfucker...

“What do we have so far?” I call out to the room.

The other doctor on duty looks to me.

“I want to get a full body scan done. She had a collapsed lung, which they are sorting now. As for her face, I don’t think she has any facial fractures, just swelling and minor cuts.”

I look at the two police officers who are standing guard. One is an older gentleman, while the other one is younger and fresh looking, with a baby face. “Did you catch him?”

The older officer gives me a look of regret, shaking his head. “No. He was long gone by the time her parents found her. They told us she left her abusive husband.” I nod to him. “We have a warrant out for him. We will find the bastard.”

I’m not one hundred percent happy with his reply, but I know how these things work. It takes time. I nod to him, because the look on his face says that he will track the fucker down.

Stepping away from them, I walk over to Elsie’s head. Brushing her hair back, I speak softly to her.

“It’s Adele. You’re okay, honey. I’m here. The kids are safe. Your parents are here and they are with the police. You are okay. You have to pull through this, honey. I will get the club here, and they will help you. It’s time.”

I see Denise nod to me, letting me know she will help me in any way I need.

“I’ll be back,” I tell Elsie. Stepping from the room, I pull my phone out of my pocket and dial Kink’s number.

“Baby?” he answers.

“I need you, Solo, and whoever else you want to bring, to come to work. Elsie was brought in. Roman, she’s unconscious. She’s in a bad way.”

“On our way. Are you okay?” he asks, and I hear him calling the club to arms.

I breathe out a shuddering breath. “Yeah, I’m okay. Just get here.”

“Be there soon, baby.” Before he hangs up, I hear bike engines firing up, and my heart settles a little. It’s comforting knowing they are on their way.

The wait is excruciating. It feels like hours rather than minutes. Then I see Niall leading Kink towards me, the club hot on their heels. My heart stutters when I notice the

determination on his face, not only to get to me but to help Elsie.

“Fuck, babe.” He pulls me into his arms, not caring who is around us.

“Where is she?” Solo grunts, trying to move down the corridor towards resus.

“She’s being worked on right now. You can’t go in there, Kane. They’re sending her for a scan to check for any internal bleeding and possible broken bones.”

“The police?” Tag asks.

“They’re guarding her right now. Her husband was gone by the time her parents and kids got home. There’s already a warrant out for him. They’re looking,” I tell him.

He looks over his shoulder, and I see the brothers nod before heading out. Only Kink, Dutch, Solo and Tag stay. They have been given their orders, and that’s to hunt the piece of shit down.

“Nigel was watching her. He made a few threats and became belligerent when Elsie wouldn’t go to him. The police said they couldn’t do jack shit because it was her word against his,” comes a gruff voice from behind us.

I turn to see an older, angry-looking man, but I also see pain in his eyes.

“That is fucking bullshit,” Solo snaps.

“It is, son. My baby girl is in there, fighting to come back to her babies, and that weaselly prick is out there, hiding,” he hisses. “I’m Elsie’s father. My wife, Mary, is with our grandkids right now, and they are scared out of their minds. Elsie and Mary told me about the club. They said you helped her. Well, I need your help now. I want that fucker found, and I want a piece of him.”

“You will get it,” Tag promises.

“We need to get the kids and Elsie out of here,” Solo snaps.

“Can she be moved, sweetheart?” Tag asks me.

I’m already shaking my head. “Not until we know if there’s any internal bleeding, internal damage, or broken bones. Right now, she’s still unconscious. It could be days before she’s well enough to be moved.”

“Fuck.” He runs his fingers through his hair in frustration. It’s better than him punching the wall.

“Doctor Watson?” Looking over my shoulder, I see the on-duty emergency doctor calling me over.

“She is awake and asking for you.” I nod to him as he eyes the men around me.

“I will be right back,” I tell the group of men.

Entering Elsie’s room, my heart hurts seeing the state she is in. Her face is black and blue; blood coats one side of her face and hair.

“I’m here,” I tell Elsie.

“Adele?” she whispers. “Are the kids okay?”

“They are. Your mum has them. The club is here, and we’re going to do what we should have done from the beginning. Okay?”

She nods in agreement. “Okay.”

The room erupts into a hive of action as Elsie is moved to get her scans and x-rays done. I fill her father in on what is happening, and I see Tag talking to the police.

Kink winks at me when I pass him, while I go about my work and treat other people coming through the doors. The nurses give me updates on Elsie, and thankfully, she has no internal bleeding, just a broken wrist. Everything else is cosmetic. She will take weeks to heal physically, but mentally, she has a long road to travel.

Kink slaps my arse when I walk past him on my way to the walk-in cupboard where we keep basic supplies, like gloves and aprons. Just as I pull the door open, I feel something hit the back of my head.

Before I can let out a scream, a hand covers my mouth,
just as things go black.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

KINK

My fist connects with the wall again, my teeth baring like a rabid animal. My heart's pounding to the point of being painful. Sweat covers my body from me flipping the fuck out.

We found out an hour ago that Adele was taken. How the fucking hell security missed her being hit and dragged out of the fucking hospital is beyond me. It was minutes, seconds, after I slapped her arse while she walked past me. The fucking cunt was waiting for her. We had men out looking for him when the chicken shit was hiding at the hospital.

Click, an old lady of the Unforgiven Riders MC, is sat at the bar in the common room, tapping away at her laptop. Override, who is her old man, is also here, as well as EC, another member of the URMC. They are all good with computers and hacking and shit.

"Typical of a man," Click mutters. Override smirks at his woman.

She winks at him, then looks around the room as the men watch her. "What? I'm right. Do any of you turn off your location when you do club business?"

I reach up and scratch the back of my head. The others look around the room, silently admitting she's right about the location thing.

"Fucking men," Click mutters while tapping on her laptop.

It takes a few minutes of them doing their shit, before Override pipes up.

"Okay, I have him," Override calls out.

I look over his shoulder. There, on his screen, is a group of images, and the same car is in every one.

"He was seen on the traffic cams going down Vine Street. It looks like he was heading to the harbour," he says.

"Has he stopped?" I ask.

“He has. I’ve sent you a link that will take you to a pinned location,” Click says. “Go and get your girl.”

I kiss the top of her head, which causes Override to growl. I just smirk at him.

“Thank you both. I fucking owe you. So does the club.”

“Again. Just remember that you owe us after the whole unnecessary Una debacle,” Click calls out, making Dutch groan.

“I am never living that fucked-up mess down, am I?” he gripes as we race out of the building and mount our bikes.

“Prospect, follow us in the van. We don’t know what condition the doc is in,” Prez calls over the roaring engines, making my gut twist painfully.

We ride to the harbour, where his phone stopped. It takes us over forty minutes to get there. The entire ride over, all I can think about is draining the blood from this man’s body and watching the life slip from his face as I send him to meet his maker.

Images of a beaten Adele flash in my mind. I saw what the cunt did to his wife, so I can only imagine what he will do to my woman. This man doesn’t deserve any mercy. He deserves pain, lots of fucking pain, and I plan on giving it to him.

Prez pulls over and we shut the bikes off and dismount near a dirt road. Placing my helmet on the handlebars, I pull my gun from the waistband of my jeans.

“We spread out. The plan is to get Adele out and capture this fucker. I want him back at the club to do some damage.”

We all nod, and I give free rein to the rage I’ve been feeling for the fuck who hurt my woman. With each step I take around the run-down buildings, my heartrate picks up speed. My body vibrates with hate for this man.

I see his car at the same time Dutch does. We inch closer and peek inside the windows, only to find it empty.

“He’s already taken her into one of the two buildings,” Dutch whispers, and I nod.

There are two old buildings that used to be used for storage by the people at the harbour. Now, they are abandoned.

“Let’s go.” We see some of the brothers heading to one building, so we take the one closest to us.

With our guns drawn, ready to pull the trigger, I push the door open, wincing when it creaks. But I hear nothing from inside.

Please, let her be in here. Unhurt, I pray silently. I don’t believe in God, but I do know there must be a higher power out there watching over the good ones. My birth mum was very spiritual and believed in crystals and herbs.

“Kink,” Dutch says.

I turn around to look at him, and he points to the door he’s next to.

“In there,” he mouths.

Moving over to the door, I hear soft cries, and it breaks my fucking heart.

“You should have stayed away, bitch. Elsie is mine to own, mine to love, and mine to kill. I hope she is fucking dead. I can take my kids away from this bullshit town,” Nigel snarls.

Gritting my teeth, I poke my head around the doorframe to get a better view. Adele is tied to a wooden chair, her hair is a mess, and fucking tears are streaking down her face.

“How could you hurt someone you love? That’s not love,” she cries. “A man is supposed to protect his woman, love her, worship everything about her, be there through all the ups and downs. You don’t know how to love,” she yells at him, which earns her a slap.

The fucker looks rancid with his greasy hair and dirty clothes, like he hasn’t slept or showered in weeks.

I move to pounce on him, but a loud bang echoes around the room, and the guy’s head explodes. Adele screams.

I run towards her, not caring if any more shots come my way. I just need to get to her to protect her from being hurt any

more. Once I've untied her hands, she wraps them around my neck while I struggle to reach down to do the same with her ankles.

Once she's free, I pick her up. Her arms wrap tightly around my neck, her legs around my hips.

I tuck her head in the crook of my neck, so she can't see Nigel with his head blown off as blood pools around his body.

"Fucking hell, son. I said nab the prick, not kill him," I hear Prez say.

Turning around, I look down at the floor and see a pool of blood seeping out of the man's head. "Fuck."

Solo is standing a few feet away, gun in hand, staring unblinkingly down at the dead man.

"I wanted him to suffer, fuckface," I snarl at him.

After a beat, my brother finally looks up at me, his gaze flicking over to Adele, then back to me. His eyes seem hollow yet full of rage. He gets like this; has done since he came back from the army.

"She okay?"

"I'm okay, Kane," Adele whispers, making sure he knows she's okay.

"Good. Your woman is fine, while mine is still connected to fucking wires and tubes in a hospital bed. So he needed to be dead. No fucking around. He has used up too much fucking good air already. The world is a better place without him."

With that, he walks out.

"Get her to the hospital and have them check her out. We'll make sure Solo is good," Prez says, then Dutch slaps me on the back.

"Solo will go to Elsie," I say, and with a nod, he leaves.

With my woman in my arms, I carry her to my bike and help her on.

“You okay to ride?” I cup her face. I hate seeing her eyes all red and puffy from crying, but she still looks beautiful.

“Yeah. I have a headache from when he hit me, but that’s it.” She rests her forehead against my chest. “I knew you would come for me.”

“Always, baby. Always.”

“I love you, Roman.”

“Fuck, babe. I love you too.”

I get her to the hospital and they give her the all clear, not that she didn’t know that, since she’s a doctor herself, so she rolled her eyes at everyone around her. They do say that doctors are the worst patients.

We get an update on Elsie, and thank fuck, she is doing much better. Sitting up and talking. Some cracked ribs, and broken fingers, along with her bruises. She will need plenty of time to heal mentally as well.

Once we know about Elsie, I take my woman home, where we make love and fall asleep in front of her little log fire. If I was that type of man, I would say it was sweet and romantic, but for me, it was making sure my woman was safe and okay, then getting her to whimper my name with my cock buried deep inside of her.

Once she falls asleep, I watch her for a time, and it settles in my heart and soul that she has claimed me.

This new life is my redemption, and I plan on making the best of it.

EPILOGUE

KINK

With my woman on my lap, wearing her patch proudly, I can't think of anything that would make this a better time in my life. Well, unless Adele was carrying my kid.

She told me that when she thought she was pregnant, it freaked her out, and she wanted to clear her head and find out for sure. I was pissed, but Adele informed me that she never would have kept the pregnancy from me. I believe her.

When we were at the hospital and she told me, they ran a blood test to check for pregnancy, but there was nothing. They put her late period down to stress. I could see the disappointment in her eyes when they told her, because she had gotten used to the idea of possibly being pregnant. So I told her that one day, we will have kids running around the club causing mayhem.

“You okay, babe?” I ask her, kissing her bare shoulder.

She looks to me with lust in her eyes. Licking her lips, her gaze drops to mine before bouncing back up. She smiles. “I'm good. I would be better if your cock was inside of me, but this will do.”

I groan. “Fuck, my dirty baby. You know what they're about to do.” I nod to my brother and sister-in-law. “But after that, you are mine, and I want you spread eagle naked on my bed, dripping wet for me.”

“Oh, I like that idea.” She leans down to kiss me, and my hand slides into her thick hair, gripping and holding her in place while my tongue slips into her mouth, dominating the kiss. Being able to touch, kiss, and fuck her whenever I want is a feeling I never want to lose.

Her hand rests on my chest, where her name is now permanently tattooed into my skin. Thanks to a private conversation, Prez looked into a property in town, and he found a great place to officially open *Inked Royal*.

What Adele didn't know at the time, was that I trained as a tattoo artist years ago, and learned to do piercings. We added three other artists and a front of house manager who takes no shit from anyone.

"You happy, baby?" I say into the crook of her neck, breathing in her sweet blueberry scent.

"I am, Roman." Her lips touch mine again, before she pulls back, resting her forehead against mine. "We needed our time apart. I believe that. Going forward, we come to each other when shit gets bad. No more running."

"Got it, baby. No more running. But plenty of fucking, right?" I reach up and tweak her nipple, making her gasp and arch her back.

My woman likes it dirty, and I fucking love it.

With a breathy tone and a sultry look in her eyes, she makes my dick hard and my heart stop in one sentence. "Definitely plenty of fucking. I need you to plant a baby in me, handsome."

"Christ, baby."

"Okay, listen up, fuckers," Prez bellows, and everyone quietens down.

When the President of the Royal Bastards MC tells you to shut the fuck up, you button those lips.

Adele adjusts herself on my lap so she can watch what is about to play out.

"Being the *president* of this club comes with a fuck-ton of responsibility, trust, and respect. Being a *husband*, an *old man*, comes with great responsibility. Being a *father* comes with great responsibility. We may not be blood, even though we have spilled plenty, but we are family. When Dutch came to me and gave me the news, it made me feel old as fuck, but my heart felt full.

"You all make up the Royal Bastards MC. You all play a part. Now, with *Inked Royal* up and running, more money is coming in. Plus, over the last few weeks, *Royal Peace* has

helped over twenty women get out of their abusive relationships. We, the Royal Bastards MC, are growing, and we will dominate in the places we need to. I am motherfucking proud to wear this patch and call you all my family. Now, with all that sappy shit out of the way, over to my son, Dutch.”

They hug, and I smile at how happy my father and brother are. Solo sits next to me as we wait for the announcement. Una steps up, hugging Prez, before standing by Dutch’s side.

“Like Prez, I’m not one to lay it on thick with the mushy bullshit, but I am fucking proud to be a Royal Bastard. I bleed for this club, as I know you will bleed for me. Now, you will bleed for my wife, Una. My old lady, my fucking world.”

Cheers erupt, claps and whistles sounding in agreement.

A wide smile takes over Dutch’s face as he looks down at Una, who is staring up at my brother with so much love and adoration.

“You, my brothers.” Dutch looks to Solo and me. We each give him a chin lift. “You will now bleed for my child. Una is pregnant. Fourteen weeks.”

The noise is off the fucking charts. Everyone rushes forward, including Adele, even though she already knew about the pregnancy.

We are all celebrating, congratulating the happy couple, and the drinks are flowing. Suddenly, the hair on the back of my neck stands on end. With Adele tucked to my side, I turn my head towards the door, just as it opens.

My eyes search out Solo when I see who it is. He makes it clear he’s noticed the newcomer when he moves forward.

Elsie comes into the room, her twins by her side, shaking. Her eyes are red and puffy from crying. Her lip is split.

“Baby?” he reaches for her.

Since we ended her prick of a husband, Solo has kept his distance, at her request. She needed to get her head around what happened and find her place in the world. She told him

she needed to make sure her kids were happy and healthy before she could even think about dating other men.

Got to respect her for that.

“He’s coming for us,” she cries, falling into his arms. “He came to the house and attacked me. He blames me for my husband’s death. He hit me, but I got the kids, and I ran. I didn’t know where else to go.”

“You did good coming here,” Prez tells her.

“Who is coming for you? Who attacked you, Elsie?” I ask, stepping forward.

Adele, Una, and Nadine have already crowded the three new arrivals, offering support. Elsie looks around the room, taking note of her kids shaking with fear as they huddle against their mum’s body. Her gaze connects with Solo, who is looking at her with concern and worry.

“My dead husband’s brother.”

Well, fuck me, and here I thought we would get a few happy, quiet months. Evidently not.

Welcome to the world of the Royal Bastards MC.

THE END

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Always be you.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Amy lives in South Wales with her husband and 3 children. Their family dogs and musk turtle. Besides writing Amy is very fond of photography and a lover of music. She is also a big fan of Supernatural, Sons of Anarchy, plus The Medici. Amy is also a huge ice hockey fan, mainly the Cardiff Devils. She loves spending time with her family and friends, plus meeting new people. From bad boys to rock stars and bikers, Amy's books cover them all.

BOOKS BY AMY DAVIES

Standalones

Let Me Love You

What Are The Chances

This Time Around

Defeating The Odds

Christmas at Paradise Meadow

Found for Christmas

The Phoenix Boys

Rafe

Ryder

Reeve

Castle Ink

Dex

Jay

Ivy

Unforgiven Riders MC

Claiming Mine

Protecting Mine

Taking Mine

Getting Mine

Keeping Mine

Reckless Angels MC

Part 1 - Twisted Tales of Mayhem

Part 2 - Twisted Steel

Santa's Naughty Helpers – Unwrapping Mine

Twisted Steel Second Edition: NOMAD

Twisted Steel Third Edition: Preacher

Rebel Hype

Creed - Heart Beats Anthology

Rugged Skulls MC

Slade(prequel)

Magnum

Opal

Slide

Sarge

Rookie

Edge

Rugged Ink

Zeb

Lee

Rugged Skulls MC – Next Generation

Royal

Finan

Travis

Lennox

Riot: **Road Wreckers MC #4** (Multi-author series)

Fighting for Una: **Royal Bastards MC #1**

Collide: An **O'Rourke Brothers** novel #1

Locked on Her: **Three Kings MC #1** (Mayhem Makers world collection)

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