



MAYHEM

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

JENIKA SNOW

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BLEEDING MAYHEM MC, 2

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MAYHEM (Bleeding Mayhem MC, 2)

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First E-book and Paperback Publication: 2016

Second Edition Publication: 2023

Cover Designer: Cormar Covers

Editors: All Encompassing Books

Beta Reader: Jill Reading

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CONTENTS

[Content](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[About the Author](#)

CONTENT

For a list of TW/CW, please check out the author's website:

<https://jenikasnow.com/books/mayhem-2/>

Reader Note: *This was previously published under the same title. Although it has been re-edited and minimal content added and removed, if you read the original it is the same story. For a list of TW/CW, please check out the author's website.*

The Bleeding Mayhem MC... where blood, violence, and being an alpha reign supreme.

Mayhem had always been used to getting what he wanted. But when the one woman he craved like no other wouldn't give him the time of day, he was bastard enough to use her troubles to his advantage.

Butters couldn't be bought, or so she thought.

When her brother got himself in trouble with the mafia, it seemed her only way to help him was to take the twisted offer Mayhem offered.

Mayhem never said he was a good guy. And if Butters wanted his help, it would come with a price.

All she had to do was to be his for a week in any way he saw fit, and he'd make her current problem disappear.

It started off as only sex and turned into him falling hard for her. Butters belonged with him and he wouldn't let her go.

If that meant going up against the mafia to ensure she was his in all ways, he had no issue bringing out his violent beast.

PROLOGUE

“I can’t keep bailing you out, Nathan,” Butters said, but she knew that was a lie. She’d always be there for her brother.

“Renee, you know I wouldn’t ask if it wasn’t really important,” Nathan said with worry in his voice so thick she felt it through the phone.

Butters was only ever called by her given name by her younger brother Nathan, and he only called her that when he was desperate. So even if she didn’t hear the strain in his voice, the clear fear, she would have known it was serious.

Breathing out slowly, she leaned back in the bed and closed her eyes. “How much do you need this time, Nate?” She rubbed her eyes with her hand, hating that her little brother had his problems, ones that he pulled her into. It was just the two of them, though, and she couldn’t leave him stranded, not when turning her back on him would mean Nathan would be out in the cold, so to speak.

There was silence for a long while, and she knew whatever Nathan was going to tell her would be heavy.

“Ten grand.”

She nearly choked at that figure. “I don’t have that kind of money.” She could have cried for the shit her brother continuously got into. “You have a problem. A big problem.”

He exhaled. “I know, but if I don’t pay them, they’ll kill me, Renee. These guys are dangerous. They don’t fuck around.”

“Who is it? Who do you owe money to?” He was silent for another second. “Another corrupt group, a loan shark?” There had been many times Nate got into shit, and she’d had to bail him out, but he had never been this deep in the hole.

More silence. She heard Nate shuffling around, even heard him sniffing.

“Are you crying?” *God, what the hell has he gotten into? This has to be bad.*

“I’m in with the Cardona Family.”

Her lungs seized, her heart stopped, and she sat up in bed. “Nate,” she gasped out his name. She’d heard about the Cardonas. They were a newer group of men who had only been around for about five years. They had the reputation of beating someone just for looking at them the wrong way. They might not be the most dangerous or even the biggest group out there, but for her and Nate, they were pretty fucking bad.

If her brother was in with them and they didn’t come up with the money, he wouldn’t just be beaten and have his legs broken. They’d torture him before making him dig his own grave and then shoot him between the eyes.

She could have cried. The other times her brother had been in trouble had been with small, petty groups. But the Cardona’s didn’t fuck around.

“I know, Renee.”

She wiped away her tears. “Nate, you realize that if we don’t come up with that money they’ll...” She couldn’t even say the word, couldn’t even think about Nate getting killed. “You’re so fucking stupid,” she said, crying now because she had no idea where in the hell she’d get the money. She also didn’t want her brother dead or hurt. He fucked up, had always had money problems, gambled, and even had a drug addiction before he’d gotten help for it in high school. But he was still her only family, and she loved him.

Pushing her emotions back, she knew she needed to be strong, if not for him then for herself. Butters needed to figure out how in the fuck to handle this, and she knew if they were

dealing with the Cardona Family, they didn't have a whole lot of time.

CHAPTER
ONE

Mayhem sat at the poker table and stared at the cards in his hands. He tossed them down, showing the other patches he had a flush. “Fuck you, assholes,” he said and grabbed the pot of money in the center of the table.

Fury, the club’s president, Shorty, their sergeant at arms, who also looked like his big fucking frame would crush the chair he sat in, and Dirty all sat around glaring at Mayhem. Mayhem grinned as he collected his winnings.

“You’re a cheating bastard,” Fury said. He pulled a joint out of a pocket in his cut, lit the end, and inhaled deeply. Within a few minutes, the rest of the guys were getting high, the thick, sweet smelling smoke surrounding them.

The club was mostly quiet aside from the low hum of music and Dealer getting a lap dance from one of the club whores.

“You’re just pissed ‘cause you fucking suck at poker, yet you still play and lose.”

The rest of the guys started laughing. Ash, Woods, and Stone were out doing a little club business, and a prospect had gone with them. There were another two prospects that were on bitch duty, cleaning up the bathrooms, shining up the Harleys, and earning their keep.

One of the sweet-butts, Baby Girl, came up to Shorty, leaned down, and started giggling at whatever she’d said. Shorty groaned, looked over at Baby Girl, and then faced them again.

“Got to take care of business.”

And by that, Shorty meant he needed to go fuck.

Baby Girl didn't fuck anyone else, even if she had the title of sweet-butt. Whatever went down with Shorty and the woman was on a level Mayhem wasn't into.

Mayhem just knew whatever the hell they did behind closed doors had been loud enough on several occasions to have him hearing her shouting out “Daddy” and a lot of other age-play related shit. To each his own and all that, but it's not something Mayhem had ever wanted to experiment with.

TA, another club whore, walked by, and Dirty grabbed her around the waist. Tits and Ass, or TA as the club called her, had been with every patch, him included. Not the best sex he'd ever had but she was good to warm a bed for a few hours because she knew exactly what the guys liked. Dirty got up and took TA with him down the hall, and then it was just Mayhem and Fury.

“You look like shit,” Mayhem said, grabbed his beer, and downed the rest. He lifted the empty bottle, and within a few moments, a sweet-butt set two new ones in front of them.

“Thanks, motherfucker.”

Mayhem grinned. “Saying it like it is, prez.”

They both drank at the same time, and when they set the bottles on the table, the silence stretched out.

“You want to go with me to a bar close to Claire's place?”

Even with his twin recently coming to the club and staying here for protection because of one punk ass ex, Mayhem still went to the bar that was a few miles from where her apartment was.

He could have said it was mainly because he was keeping an eye on his sister and what was going on with her, but that was a fucking lie.

He grabbed his beer and finished it off.

“Kind of a drive to get lit. You going there just because of that bastard, or is there some ass you want down there?” Fury asked, leaning back in the chair and kicking his leg out. He took on a relaxed position, but Mayhem could see the president was drunk and high.

“Both,” Mayhem said, not bothering to lie.

Fury cocked a dark eyebrow. “So, you either want more or she ain’t putting out.” Fury started laughing, and Mayhem glared.

“Fuck you.”

Fury laughed harder. “Okay, so she ain’t putting out.” He shook his head. “If she hasn’t spread for you by now, I doubt she will, man. Not every bitch is as easy to fuck as the club whores.”

“She’ll put out, because if she knew me at all, she’d realize I don’t give up on what I want.”

Fury tipped his beer bottle toward Mayhem. “Well, good luck toward that. Sounds like you’ll need it.”

CHAPTER
TWO

Mayhem pulled his Harley into the gravel parking lot, cut the engine, and stared at the neon sign on the bar door that read “Open”.

Dismounting and removing his skullcap helmet, he looked around at the few drunken guys groping women up against the side of the building. This bar was in a shitty part of town, and the smell of alcohol and piss filled his nostrils.

It had been weeks since Claire had come to the club. They were in the works to take care of Steven, Claire’s piece of shit ex, but here Mayhem was, driving out of his way to try to score a piece of ass from one smart-mouthed, shoots-me-down-every-damn-time bartender.

He made his way up to the front doors, his cock starting to get hard at the thought Butters was in there. Yeah, he’d found out her background and anything that could be used to his advantage. Mayhem never said he was a good guy.

The sound of low talking around the corner almost went unnoticed, but he knew that voice, had thought about it enough when he’d jerked off. Walking toward the side of the building, he leaned against the brick, not looking around the corner so he wasn’t seen.

“Nathan, I’m trying my best to figure this out, but I’ll remind you you’re the one who fucked up, and I’m the one that has to clean it up.”

Butters sounded strained, a little pissed, too. She exhaled loudly.

“I love you, okay. You’re my little brother, but you have a problem. I want to help you because even thinking about you hurt breaks my heart, but I need time.”

Another long moment of silence, as Mayhem assumed, her brother spoke. His voice was distant, and he realized she was on the phone.

“Ten thousand dollars is not something I have just lying around, Nathan,” she said with a snap in her voice. “I need time, but if you have any suggestions on how to figure this out and get your ass out of the mess you’re in, I’m all ears.”

More silence filled the air.

“Listen, we’ll talk later. I’m at work.”

Mayhem turned away and started walking inside, while grabbing his cell. He needed to have Nathan’s situation checked out so he could use it to his advantage.



BUTTERS WAS EXHAUSTED, and she knew that until she figured out what to do with Nate it would only get worse.

“Baby, give me a shot of scotch, and make it the good stuff, not that watered down well liquor you play off as real.”

She grabbed the bottle of scotch, made her way over to the asshole grinning at her, and filled up his glass.

“I’m not your baby, and you’ll drink whatever the hell we have.”

Butters didn’t give a shit if she talked back to the customers. In fact, a lot of them came in here because she didn’t put up with their crap. Her life didn’t revolve around them. She worked at a rundown bar to make ends meet.

With just a high school education and a few credits for the college night classes she’d taken, her options were limited. Moving away was out of the question seeing as she was barely paying her bills as it was, and she also couldn’t leave Nathan.

She dished out a few more shots, turned her back to the bar, and closed her eyes. She felt this tingling on the back of her neck, felt a tightness on her skin. Looking over her shoulder, she scanned the bar.

There were only a few empty tables, and since it was a Saturday night, it was getting packed. But as she trailed her gaze over the interior, not seeing anything out of the ordinary at first, she still felt that intensity surround her. Someone was watching her. She'd know that sensation from anywhere.

And then she stopped, stared at a corner table tucked in the back, the lights not quite reaching it.

It was lit up enough she could see the man that leaned back, his leg out in a relaxed position under the table, his arm slung over the back of his chair. He was smirking as he stared at her, and she didn't like the fact he had this air of arrogance that surrounded him.

But she knew that man, had seen him several times over these last few weeks.

Mayhem. He'd called himself Mayhem that first time he'd asked her to go home with him.

He was a biker. She knew that by the Harley he'd always ridden in on and from the patch tattoo she'd seen peeking out from under the collar of his shirt. He might not wear a cut when he came in here, but she knew the type of guy he was.

He was big and muscular, resembling a lot of the bikers that came in here, but what set him apart was the fact he was quiet, laid back and observant, and the power and danger that came from him was controlled.

He might be the most dangerous man she'd ever met, and she didn't even know him that well.

What this man didn't do was hide the fact he wanted to fuck her, and his blatant offer to do just that had her resolve firming. She sure as hell didn't screw anyone because they snapped their fingers, and she could tell just by looking at him that he probably wasn't denied if he wanted something.

But he'd made offers to her over the last few weeks. He wanted her in his bed and had the balls to bring it up, to all but demand she put out.

She didn't fuck a guy because he seemed scary and she was afraid. Butters might have a strong composure, might wear her courage on the outside, but she got frightened just like anyone else. She just knew how to hide it when the time called for it.

When she was alone, all bets were off, and she let that wall crumble, let her emotions and the feelings churning inside of her come out in all their ugly, tormented glory. It wasn't often, but it did occur.

He stood and walked toward her, and Butters felt her heart start to race, felt her hands shake. She hated that this man who shouldn't affect her was doing just that. He sat on one of the barstools, staring at her with a hard look on his face.

His dark hair was short and kind of messy, and his eyes were a vibrant blue. It was a contrast to his dark hair and olive skin tone.

Whoever this man was and whatever he wanted this time, Butters knew she would have one hell of a time trying to keep her composure.

CHAPTER
THREE

Mayhem never said he was a good guy, a knight that would ride in on a fucking white stallion and rescue some chick in distress. He never claimed to be anything other than what he was, and that was a bastard who had a cold heart.

Blame it on his upbringing or the fact he had a shitty childhood, but whatever it was, it's how he was shaped into the man he was today.

The one person who ever meant anything to him before his club was his twin, Claire. But then he saw Butters, and he wanted her like he'd never wanted another woman before.

He based it on the fact she was hot as fuck, that she had a smart mouth, and didn't take shit from anyone. She also had some tattoos showing, and that turned him on like nothing else.

But he knew his need to have her, to own every fucking part of her body, was also because she didn't give him the time of day. She wasn't like the sweet-butts, wasn't a club whore who spread her legs just because some fucker in leather called her over for some ass.

And when he'd found out she was in trouble, being the bastard he was, Mayhem didn't think twice about making her an offer that would solve her problems.

He wasn't ashamed he'd overheard her on the phone talking to her brother, telling him everything would be okay because she'd figure something out.

And he sure as fuck wasn't ashamed to admit he'd looked her up, found out what kind of trouble her brother was actually in, and found out everything about her.

Mayhem was a dirty bastard, and he had no shame when it came to getting what he wanted. He was a coldhearted killer, and he got off on it all. He got what he wanted because anyone who denied him knew he'd fuck them up. But then there was Butters ... fucking Butters.

She wouldn't give him the time of day, and the only thing that accomplished was making him want her more. If she wanted a hero, she'd be disappointed in him.

He wasn't a good guy and wouldn't be one for anyone, not even her. She was why he was making this move in the first place, about to put her in a corner with what he had to offer. And if she wanted someone to take care of the problem she was in, well, Mayhem could be the violent motherfucker she needed. But it came with a price ... and that price was her.

He motioned her over for a shot, and although their eyes connected, she didn't even bat a lash at him. She could keep her cool that was for damn sure.

It pissed him off, annoyed him, but most of all, it made his dick so fucking hard. Mayhem was used to getting pussy on demand, used to just giving a bitch a look and she would all but crawl her ass over to him, ready to take his dick. But Butters? No, Butters was locked up tighter than the damn reserve bank.

She was tense, didn't even want to look at him, but he could read a person just by their body language and knew this woman wanted him, no matter how much she fought it. He had to give her props for turning him down. For all she knew, he could be one of those bastards who just took what they wanted from a woman.

Of course, Mayhem was a lot of things, but he wasn't a rapist.

"You going to turn me down again?" He got right to the point.

She lifted her gaze and glared at him, her eyes narrowing.

He grabbed her wrist before she could turn away.

“How many times do I have to tell you to fuck off before you understand I’m not interested?”

He would have laughed at that if Mayhem had been the type of man to find shit funny. “What if I said I can make it worth your while?”

She pursed her lips and pulled her hand out of his grasp. “You’re clearly not the kind of guy who hears the word no very often, but I’m not a fucking whore and, therefore, not for sale. Go fuck yourself.”

His cock jerked even harder, his balls drawing up. Damn, this woman would give him a run for his money, would probably fuck his brains out. He had to have her, and he had no shame.

She turned her back toward him, and he took a moment to appreciate the view. She had a nice, big ass, round and juicy, and had enough meat on it that when he had his cock deep in her cunt he had something to hang on to.

“Not even for, say, ten grand?”

He could see her tense, knew he’d gotten under her skin. Mayhem picked up his shot and tossed it back, watching as she turned around slowly to face him.

“What?” She sounded like she had to force that word out.

“You heard me.” Despite the loud music, laughter, and talking all around them, he heard her clearly and knew she heard him just fine, as well.

“Who the hell do you think you are?” she said between her clenched teeth. He spotted her hands tightening into little fists, and he smirked again. She wanted to hit him.

He’d give her credit for having the strength to want to go up against him, but no one got a hit in on Mayhem. Now, if she wanted a little slap and tickle, he wouldn’t mind leaving some handprints on that pretty skin of hers, but it would be on his terms and his alone.

“It doesn’t matter who I am because I’m pretty fucking sure I’m the only one who can help you.”

Her face turned red with anger. She looked around the bar, and he saw her throat move as she swallowed. “I don’t need your help, because I have a feeling you’re the type of man that wants something in return I’m not willing to give.”

“How do you know I’m not just a nice guy and would give you the money? Maybe I just want to help out a damsel in distress.”

She snorted and crossed her arms under her breasts. Her tits popped out, her cleavage on display. “You must think I’m a fucking moron.”

No, he thought the farthest from that. Mayhem leaned forward, his shirt riding up his biceps and looked at her right in the eyes. “You’re right. Ain’t nothing for free in this world, baby.”

She swallowed again and shook her head. “I don’t need it that badly.”

Liar.

He could see the hesitation on her face, see the way her mouth parted, her pulse beat rapidly at the base of her throat. “You’re a fucking liar, but if you want to pretend it’s all good...” he said, not finishing the sentence.

He might be playing it off like he didn’t give a shit, like he didn’t care if she didn’t want to take him up on his offer, but the truth was, Mayhem wanted to demand she give it up to him, order her to take the deal. Like he said, he was a real piece of work, and that wasn’t a good thing.

“You don’t know anything about me.” She tried to sound strong, but he caught the tremor in her voice. “I’m not some whore who can be bought.”

He shrugged, finished off his shot, and looked her right in the eyes. “Not even for your brother?” He let those words hang in the air between them. “And you wouldn’t be a whore. You’d be mine. Only mine.”

“Because you bought me. Paid for the chance to fuck me?” Butters stated it like a question, but he could tell she already knew the answer to it.

“Yes.”

She gaped at him. Mayhem didn't mince words, didn't dance around things. He made his point, and that was the end of it, like it or not.

“You want the money, it comes with a price.”

“And what price would that be exactly?” Despite the fact people were all around them, it felt like it was just the two of them, like they were in some kind of showdown and he was waiting for her to draw.

She shook her head. “I can't be bought.”

He grabbed a napkin and reached out and took the pen from the pocket on her apron, which had her eyes widening and her taking a step back. He smirked again and wrote down his number on the napkin.

“You smarten up and change your mind, hit me up,” he said and pushed the napkin toward her. Mayhem looked at her for another second and got up and left.

She was strong, but he'd seen the hesitation in her eyes. He knew she was desperate.

He just had to have patience until then.

Desperation made people do things they wouldn't normally agree to, and that's what he was counting on.

CHAPTER
FOUR

The bar was closed, the last drunken asshole having been kicked out by Jorro, the bar's bouncer who was usually just as drunk as the customers by the end of the night. Butters hated that all she'd been able to focus on was Mayhem's offer.

She hated that he'd made her that desperate, that he'd given her his number like he'd known she would take it.

And she had.

After he'd left, she'd looked at that napkin until customers started hollering at her for more drinks. Butters had grabbed the napkin, shoved it in her pocket, and finished the night.

But now, it was going on three in the morning, and for as exhausted as she was, all she could think about, feel, was that little slip of paper in her pocket. It felt heavy, felt like it would burn a hole right through her jeans.

She had her keys in her hand, heard Jorro shouting at a guy who was leaned against the side of the building puking, and hurried to her car. Butters weaved the keys between her fingers, ready to jab a fucker's eyes out if he messed with her.

She knew how to take care of herself, knew that this shitty part of town was dangerous, and she was a target simply because she was a woman, and men thought she was easy prey. They'd be wrong, because she'd tear an asshole's balls off before he had a chance to hurt her.

Once in the car, she locked the doors and rested her head on the back of the seat. The streetlight cast a swatch of muted

yellow light, covering the front interior of the car and making everything look even shittier.

Breathing out roughly, she lifted her ass enough to reach down and pull out the napkin from her back pocket. Looking at the number scrawled on the paper, she had the urge to crumple it and throw it away. But even if she wouldn't fuck Mayhem or at least tell herself she wouldn't be his slut, something inside of her wouldn't let her throw it away.

"Dammit," she cursed and put her key in the ignition. But before she cranked the engine, her cell went off. Grabbing her phone, she saw her neighbor's number flash across the screen. It was late as hell, and the fact he was calling her had warning bells going off.

"Hello?"

"Butters?" Frankie said, his voice strained, almost urgent.

She'd known Frankie for the last year since she'd been living in her duplex. Her place wasn't as shitty as it could be, not given the fact she didn't live in the best part of town to begin with, but she occasionally spoke with Frankie.

He was a decent guy. Frankie was one of the only "normal" people in her life. How fucking sad was that?

"What's wrong?" she asked, trying not to panic. The only reason Frankie would be calling her was if something was wrong.

"Your brother is sitting on your front porch, and he's in pretty bad shape."

She choked back her tears and hysteria. "I'm on my way." After hanging up, she turned the car over and headed home, speeding, and not giving a shit if she was pulled over. She should since it would waste precious time, but she was too worried and frightened about Nathan.

When she finally reached her place, she pulled into the cracked driveway, barely put the car into park before cutting the engine, and rushed out of her car. Frankie's lights were on, and as she ran up the steps, he pulled the door open and held it open for her.

She didn't have to ask where Nathan was. As soon as she stepped inside, she saw him lying on the couch. His face was busted up with fresh and dried blood covering his nose and mouth.

His eye was swollen shut, already black and blue, and she saw bruising on his neck, disappearing beneath his bloody, torn shirt.

Butters felt pain in her chest at the sight of her poor brother.

"It took him a few times to agree to come inside my place. I couldn't leave him out there," Frankie said, standing back.

"Thank you, Frankie," she whispered. "God, Nathan," she wheezed out and moved toward him. She was aware Frankie shut the door behind him, but it made her feel trapped.

Her brother opened his good eye and looked over at her, and despite the damage to his face, she could see the emotional pain etched on it. Sinking to her knees in front of him, she took his hand and kissed his knuckles. "What happened?" He tried sitting up, but she shook her head. "Just relax." She looked at Frankie. "Can you get me some ice? Maybe rags and some water or peroxide if you have it?"

Frankie nodded, and that's when she noticed the bloody rags on the table. It looked like Frankie already tried to clean up her brother. Her tears spilled down her cheeks, and she brushed them away with her free hand.

"I tried to work things out with them." He started coughing, and she saw the wound on his split lip open further. Frankie came back with the items, and she started cleaning Nathan's wounds, wiping away the blood and putting the ice wrapped in towels on his face.

"Why would you go there, Nathan? They could have killed you."

"I know. I didn't say it was the smartest move. I hated that I'd put you in this situation again, Renee. Hated that I put you in danger."

“What do you mean put me in danger?” she asked as she continued cleaning him off.

“When I went there and talked to Marco—”

“Which one is Marco?” she asked, her throat tight. She’d heard of the Cardonas, of course, as did anyone who was smart and lived within a three-state radius, but there were a lot of people working with them.

“Sal’s son.”

Her throat tightened, and her heart seized.

Sal, the head of the Family.

If Marco had been the one to issue the threat, who was most likely next in line to be the leader of their organization, shit was even worse than she had thought.

“He said there was no negotiation. He said if I didn’t come up with the money he’d start coming after everyone I held close, starting with you first.”

Of course, there was no negotiation, and her brother had been a stupid fool to think going there and bargaining would help. But he’d done it to try to save her from this, and that made her cry harder.

Her heart started beating faster. She knew Nathan was in danger and wasn’t stupid to think the Cardonas wouldn’t use any means necessary to get their money back. She’d known they would go to any lengths, but she’d been more focused on trying to get the money to save Nathan than worry about anything else.

“I’m so sorry,” he said and started crying.

She pulled him in for a hug and just held him, not knowing what to say or do to make this better. That wasn’t true, though. That little piece of napkin was burning a hole in her pocket, and as much as she didn’t want to be bought, didn’t want to be someone’s whore, she had to save her brother.

She had to save herself. He was weak, had been his whole life. His vices made him a target, easy pickings, and he’d gotten into trouble because of it most of his life. But at heart,

he was a good guy, cared about her, and she knew that although he had his addictions, he also knew what he did was wrong.

He just couldn't stop.

"Come on. Let's go to my place so you can get some rest and so Frankie doesn't have to deal with this drama." She helped him off the couch but didn't miss how he winced and groaned.

They left Frankie's house and walked into hers next door. Once Nathan was in bed, she went back out to the front porch. Frankie was outside, a joint in his hand.

"You think he should go to the hospital?"

"I don't know. I'm kind of scared to take him, though, given..." She glanced at him, knowing he'd heard everything that Nate had said. "Given all of it, you know."

He took a hit off the joint and nodded, passing it over to her. "It's probably safer not to take him there. They'll ask questions you probably wouldn't and shouldn't answer."

Frankie was right. She took the joint from him and inhaled off the end, needing something to calm her nerves, although she knew pot wouldn't really help her, not with this situation.

They stood side-by-side, looking at the rundown duplexes and houses across the street, at the trash blowing down the cracked sidewalks, the smell of the weed surrounding them.

"Nate's in deep, Butters."

She nodded, not looking at him, but taking another hit from the joint. Holding in the smoke for several seconds, Butters exhaled, a cloud swirling in front of her face for a second before dissipating. "It's really bad, Frankie."

He placed a hand on her shoulder, and she closed her eyes, feeling the weight of all of this press down further on her. "How deep is he in with the Cardonas?"

She handed the joint back and stepped to the side, his hand falling away. "A lot, Frankie. A lot more than I can get on my own."

“How much?” he asked again.

Butters looked at him, holding her breath for a second. “Ten thousand dollars.”

He didn’t answer, just brought the joint to his lips and inhaled. “That’s a lot,” he said while holding in the smoke. “More than I have to give.”

“Yeah,” Butters said and looked at the street again.

“You know if I had that kind of money, I’d give it to you.”

Butters smiled. “I know, because you’re a decent person, Frankie.”

“I’m sorry, Butters.”

She turned and faced him. “I’ll figure it out.” She looked at the ground. “Even if I have to sell my soul to the devil, I’ll figure it out.”

For another ten minutes, she stayed outside with Frankie, but they didn’t really say much. The air was too heavy with what was going on. Frankie said he’d help in any way he could, but the truth was, she was cutting ties with him, not because she didn’t trust him but because she thought of him as a friend.

Getting involved with her right now would mean he’d be thrust into the whole situation, and she didn’t want him involved with the Cardonas.

She went inside after saying goodnight and thanking Frankie again. Butters closed the door. She breathed out as her emotions rose to the surface again. The pot had made her slightly mellow, but the reality of what was going on was too overwhelming.

She went into her bedroom and leaned against the doorframe, staring at Nate. She’d given him her room for obvious reasons. Besides, she wouldn’t be able to get much, if any, sleep tonight.

When Nate wasn’t out all night gambling or getting into some fucked up trouble or crashing at the places of the few friends he had, he stayed on her couch. They were it for each

other, and as strong as she tried to make herself out to be, Butters was weak when it came to her brother.

Maybe most people would have cut ties, kicked him to the curb and been done with it. But when the only thing in her life was her brother, how could she just discard him? He had problems, but she wouldn't leave him to the proverbial wolves.

Turning from him and shutting the door, she made her way into the living room and sat on the shitty, tattered, and old as hell couch. She grabbed the napkin out of her pocket, looked at the number for long seconds, and then picked up her cell.

Her heart was beating rapidly, and her palms were sweating. All of that had nothing to do with the fact her and her brother's lives were in danger or that Nate had just gotten the shit kicked out of him.

Sure, she was nervous and afraid for all those reasons, but right now, as she held that napkin, her hand shaking, her throat feeling tight, all she could think about was how she was really going to call up Mayhem and offer him the one thing he'd been after. Of course, Butters didn't know why he had this fixation on her, or why he was willing to give her so much money just to fuck her.

It seemed a little unbelievable, but in this world and the life she led, Butters had come across, on more than one occasion, that things didn't always make sense. Sometimes, people were just crazy enough to do fucked up things, herself included. Right now was one of those times.

Looking over her shoulder at her closed bedroom door, she took a deep breath and faced forward again. After dialing the number that was scrawled in front of her, she put her cell phone to her ear and listened as it rang only twice.

"Yeah?" the deep voice said on the other end. She instantly knew it was Mayhem. She had his scratchy, gravelly voice engrained in her brain.

"I'm ready to talk about what you want." She didn't know what else to say, but she swore she could feel his grin through

the receiver and knew that she had, in fact, just sold herself to the devil.

CHAPTER
FIVE

Mayhem hadn't gone far after he left the bar. He'd rented a motel room for the night, knowing Butters would call him. Desperation made people do some crazy shit, himself included.

He could admit he was obsessed with her, could even admit that coming here, watching her at the bar, and thinking about her while he fucking jerked off was straight up stalkerish behavior. He wasn't some sociopath, didn't get kicks out of fucking with people and their emotions. In fact, Mayhem was to the point and didn't play games.

He was too old for drama, had lived a hard enough life that trying to pussyfoot around what he wanted was not something he did.

He was sitting on a small chair by the window, one of his guns on the table, his leg kicked out, and his cock hard. Truth was, he'd been planning on rubbing one off while thinking about Butters turning him down, but then she'd called. Hell, he could jerk off just hearing her voice. It had that smoky quality to it, that seductress tone that had his balls drawing up tight.

"You're ready to talk?" he asked, pulling the curtain aside and seeing his Harley parked in front of the room.

This was the closest motel to the bar Butters worked at, and although he had no business staying here, could have headed back to the club and waited for her call there, he knew that her life was too fucked up right now for her to hold off on calling him.

“Yeah.” Her voice was tight.

“What made you change your mind, aside from the obviousness that you need the money?”

“Does it matter? I’m calling you, and we’re both getting what we want.”

He could agree with that, but Mayhem was the type of guy who liked shit up front. “I like to know what I’m in with.” He let the curtain fall back in place and leaned back on the chair he was in.

The plastic and metal creaked from his weight and the age of the shitty furniture.

“I’m not into fucking surprises showing up on my doorstep. So, tell me what the problem is that you have.”

There was a moment of silence, and then she exhaled long and slow. “My brother was either dropped off or somehow managed to walk to my place. He was beat to shit, and it was because of the group of people that he’s in trouble with.”

Mayhem stayed silent, let her tell him everything on her own time. He might have done some digging on her and her brother, wanting to know what he was dealing with because he’d wanted her that much, but she also needed to trust him, even if she had no reason to.

“I want you to know the only reason I called you and the only reason I’m even telling you any of this is because you offered up a lifeline, and I am desperate. I think you’re still a bastard.”

He grinned even if she couldn’t see him. Hell, he knew it was lowdown what he was doing, but nothing in this world came without a price. That was reality, and if she didn’t know that by now, that was on her. When he didn’t respond, she exhaled again and started speaking once more.

“My brother is involved with the Cardona’s. Have you heard of them?”

Mayhem shifted on the seat, becoming more alert. “Yeah, punk ass group that thinks they’re the next Godfather?”

“They’re dangerous, especially to people like my brother. He has a gambling addiction, and that’s what has him in this current situation. They want ten grand for his debts.”

“Is his time up?”

“What?” she asked.

“Is that why they clocked him out?”

She cleared her throat. “No. He wanted to try and work things out with them.”

Mayhem shook his head and ran a hand over his eyes. “Your brother is a fucking idiot.”

“He may not be the smartest out there, may have problems up the ass, but in his heart, he’s a decent guy. He’s also my brother and my only family.”

“That decent guy is going to end up getting killed and buried in a cornfield but not before they make him watch you eat a bullet, baby.”

He could practically hear her grinding her teeth and feel her anger.

“And that’s why I called you. I have no resources, no friends or family to turn to aside from Nate. Believe me, this is a last fucking resort, but I’d do anything for my brother.”

“Weakness only gets you pulled into other people’s shit.” Mayhem grabbed the bottle of whiskey sitting across from him, didn’t bother with a glass, and unscrewed the cap. He took a pull right from the mouth of it, staring at the wall and waiting for her to continue.

“And there isn’t anyone that you’d die for? That you’d do anything to make sure was safe?”

Mayhem took another large swig of whiskey, then set the bottle down. He wiped the back of his hand over his mouth. “There’s plenty of people I’d lay down my life for, but they would also do the same for me and wouldn’t fuck up repeatedly. You screw with me and what’s mine once, and that’s it. I don’t do second chances and don’t let someone

continue to pull me into their problems. That'll get you killed.”

“Then I guess you're better than me, aren't you.” She didn't phrase it like a question.

“No, baby, I'm not better than you. You're just not as strong as you think you are.” He wasn't saying that to piss her off or cut her down. This world would eat up anyone who couldn't hold their own. Because she was there for her brother, he was still alive. But Mayhem could tell the little prick was weak, and if not for his sister bailing him out, he'd be rotting six feet under already.

“This is a transaction. You're giving me something, and in return, I'll—God, I don't know what I'm supposed to give you.”

He felt his cock jerk at the thought of exactly what he wanted from her. “You know what you're supposed to give me.”

“But I have my own rule.”

Really, he could have said fuck that. Without his money, she and her brother were screwed. Mayhem was a bastard, but he wouldn't be a dick to her. If she wanted to negotiate with him, he'd hear her out.

That didn't mean he'd agree with it all. But just the thought of finally having her, getting that itch out of him because he'd have her in any and every way he saw fit, had Mayhem so fucking juiced up.

“You want to talk, you can come to the motel I'm staying at.” He had to grin after he said that, because he knew she wouldn't agree to being in a private, closed off space with him, not if she was smart.

“Um, nope. We talk in the open.”

If Mayhem was the laughing type, he would have done so right then. She was smart, had a fire inside of her, and that was one of the reasons he was so hard up for Butters. Mayhem didn't bother reminding her that when she was his, he'd do a hell of a lot of things to her in private.

She'd find that out soon enough. If she wanted the feeling of having the upper hand, of having some control, he'd give it to her but only this one time.

CHAPTER
SIX

Butters twisted her hands together. After she'd gotten off the phone with Mayhem, she'd been able to sleep for a few hours, but it had been tossing and turning with a mixture of nightmares between them.

She looked out the window again, waiting for Mayhem to show up. It was the following evening, and with Nate still at her house sleeping off and on, more in pain today than he was last night, she needed to get this handled.

"Can I get you anything, hun?" the waitress said, pen and pad in hand. She was an older woman, looking like she'd had a rough life but was still pushing through.

Butters shook her head. "I'm fine with the water, thanks."

"Just wave me over if you change your mind."

"Okay." She watched as the waitress nodded and turned, leaving Butters to sit there and think about all the shit in her life once again. She didn't know how long she sat at the table waiting, but she finally saw the gleam of chrome as a big ass Harley pulled into the graveled parking lot.

Mayhem sat on it, parking the beast of a vehicle, his body looking huge, covered in denim and leather, and sporting that vest that advertised he was in a dangerous biker club.

Butters started feeling twitchy. She bounced her leg under the table and was tearing apart the napkin in her hands as she watched him. He dismounted the bike, took off the skullcap helmet, and looked at the diner. He had on a pair of sunglasses,

his dark hair short but messy, and she felt like her world was falling apart.

He was attractive in a dark, dangerous way, and she wasn't blind to the thought or excitement of being with him sexually. But he scared her more than she admitted. She didn't think he'd ever hurt her, but it was the way he looked at her, the fact he was going to these lengths just to sleep with her.

It seemed unreal.

Who in the hell would give someone ten grand to fuck them? Not even the best of whores made that kind of money, at least not in this town.

He started making his way toward the diner, and she turned her focus to the front door. It opened a few seconds later, the little bell above it making noise as he entered.

This diner was shitty, as were many of the businesses within a ten-mile radius, but she'd been here countless times after getting off work. The people were friendly, most of the time, and the food was palatable.

Butters could have stood and motioned him over, but instead, she sat squirming nervously in her chair, and watched as he looked around the restaurant, and finally stopped as his gaze landed on hers.

For a second, they just looked at each other. Mayhem moved toward her while slipping his sunglasses in the collar of his shirt. The dark lenses hung on his shirt, and an emotionless mask covered his face.

They were still holding each other's gazes when the waitress came by again.

"You want any—"

"I'm good," Mayhem said in a monotone, never taking his eyes off of Butters, and cutting off the waitress.

"Okay." The waitress drew that word out a little longer than comfortable, but she left them alone.

They sat, staring at each other, the silence thick enough it felt like a second skin.

“You wanted to talk, so talk, baby.”

She gritted her teeth. “I’m not your baby.”

He didn’t move, didn’t show any expression after she spoke. The fact he stayed silent, his focus on her, intense, searing, made her feel like she was under a microscope. She didn’t have time to fuck around, though.

Taking a deep breath, the sooner she got this out of the way, the sooner she got the cash to save Nate and could be done with this deal.

“Going through with this, how long do you see it lasting?” She just knew he probably wouldn’t be a one-night type of guy.

“Does it matter?”

She clenched her teeth. “It does. This is my life.”

“It shouldn’t, seeing as I’m giving you ten grand.” His bright blue eyes were still focused on her. “If I want you for one night or one month, you should be ready to do whatever the fuck I say, right?” He lifted a dark eyebrow again.

“A month?” she seemed to gasp out. Thinking about being his sex slave for that length of time was inconceivable. “I have a life and a job. I can’t just be on my back for you until you’re finished using me up. I need to know what I’m getting into here.”

He didn’t respond, and she felt twitchy, feeling like she had bugs crawling on her body for as close as he was.

“I need to know, Mayhem. I need to be prepared, because believe it or not, this is really hard for me. I’ve never degraded myself like this.”

“This is really hard for me, too, Butters,” he said in a deep, thick voice, and a smirk covering his mouth. She felt warmth fill her that this man had said something filthy, yet it sounded normal almost.

She knew what he was referring to, knew he was talking about his cock. That should have pissed her off, but instead, it

had arousal rising up in her so swiftly she didn't know how to handle it.

But she didn't respond, didn't even move.

“Okay, you want some specifics to make this easier for you?”

Of course, she'd do it no matter what, because she had no other options, and she wasn't about to let Nate die. She nodded, not wanting to go into this blindly.

“I want you for a week. I want to be able to have you in my bed doing whatever I say for that time. You'll be mine. Only mine, Butters.” He leaned in close. “If I say get on your knees and suck my cock until you gag and start to cry, you'll do it.”

Her heart was thundering. His words should have frightened her, but the reaction her body was having was the opposite.

“However you want to think of this to make it feel right for you, do what you need to do. The end result is still the same. Your body will be mine. Your pussy will be sore by the time I'm done with you. Your ass, too.”

Her throat tightened.

“You won't be able to walk comfortably when I'm with you, but I'm not a selfish bastard, baby. I'll make sure you get off just as many times as I do, if not more.” He smirked again. “I'll make it good for you.”

For a long while, she couldn't speak, and she was very aware of the outraged gasps coming from the people beside them, obviously hearing the filthy things Mayhem said.

She knew she had to be strong, knew she had to show this biker that she could give as good as she got. Butters was not about to be his doormat, even if she was going to be his whore.

“I have a little stipulation on what will happen for this deal and what I'm willing to do.”

He kept his smirk in place, leaned back against the booth, but otherwise stayed silent.

Trying to act like this didn't bother her was easier said than done.

"I won't be shared by anyone. You want me and are willing to pay that kind of money to fuck me, I only want to be yours for that time." Of course, he'd already said as much, but saying it again wouldn't hurt.

He made this low noise in his throat, and she leaned back, slightly startled by the noise. It wasn't a warning, but one that was of...pleasure. "I don't want anyone knowing about our deal, either. I don't know how I'm going to explain any of this. But what I will say is that this is all a transaction. If that means making everyone think I'm there to work at the bar, so be it."

He crossed his arms over his chest, his muscles clenching and bunching, the power clearly there and not even trying to be hidden. She could see the definition of his pecs and strength through the material of his shirt, and she swallowed at the heat that moved through her.

Butters stared at those tattoos that lined his arms from his wrists to disappear under the sleeves of his shirt. "And I want my brother to come with me. I want to make sure he's safe while I'm gone."

"Fuck no." Mayhem didn't move as he cursed out. "My club ain't no damn shelter. Your brother got himself into this, and I'm helping to get his ass out, but he's not coming with us. The MC will never allow that."

She breathed out, knowing he was probably going to say no to that.

"They want their money. Once they have it, they could care less about him. Well, not if he's smart enough not to screw up again."

She knew he was right. She supposed she'd just wanted Nate with her for her own comfort.

"He'll be fine as long as he keeps his shit in order until the money is paid."

For some reason, she believed Mayhem, even if she had no reason to.

“Yeah,” she said but not knowing what she was really agreeing to. “I want this strictly between us. So, I know asking this, demanding these things, is probably crossing the line, but I need to have my own rules, even just a few, Mayhem. Surely, a man like you knows what I mean.”

“You know, baby, I could say fuck this and find pussy elsewhere.”

She swallowed but kept her composure. “You could, but you’ve been hard up for me for a while now.”

And I have no clue why, but I’ll go with it.

“If I was the type of guy that found things funny, you giving me demands would have me laughing,” he said with a straight face. “I want you, no doubt about it, and I won’t lie. But the truth is, you need me and the money I can give you more than I need to fuck you.” He leaned forward, and although the words were harsh, they were true.

Butters breathed out and nodded. “You’re right.” This was worse than she’d imagined.

“But I didn’t say I wasn’t on board for your demands in order to have a piece of you.” He smirked, just the corner of his mouth lifting, but it wasn’t humorous in the slightest. It reminded her of a predator knowing he’d get exactly what he wanted from his prey.

She smoothed her hands over her jeans, feeling them shake with her nerves. It didn’t matter how he had ten grand just lying around as long as this was legit and she could save her brother.

“I really want to fuck you, Butters, so I can be that guy who lets you think you have the upper hand right now.” Mayhem hadn’t said the words low, and she saw a few people glance over, their shocked faces clear.

The tension, intensity, and thickness surrounding them grew until she felt like she’d suffocate.

“When do you need the money by?”

She didn't know, because she hadn't even been smart enough to ask Nate. "I don't know."

"I would assume you need it pretty damn soon."

"You'll give me the money before we...do this between us? You trust me like that?" He didn't seem like the type of guy to trust anyone.

"Butters, you taking the money and running from me won't happen. It doesn't have anything to do with trust, baby girl. I can find you anywhere you go."

And she had no doubt that he could deliver on that tenfold.

"But I won't just be handing shit over to you, either."

"What?" Panic set in.

"I have one rule about the money."

God, what now?

"What?"

"I'm the one who delivers it. I won't have you going up against the Cardona Family, payment in hand or not. They'll deal with me and my club."

"But why? Why care if I go to them on my own?"

He looked at her right in the eyes, and she swore it was like he was reaching out and touching her. "Think of it as watching out for my investment."

CHAPTER
SEVEN

One week later

A week had passed since he'd spoken to Butters and she'd agreed to be with him. He'd had to postpone things with her because of issues arising with his twin, Claire, and the motherfucker ex of hers.

Although that was getting taken care of, Butters had been on his mind the entire time.

Mayhem had never gone up against the mafia, even if said "mafia" was some incompetent group that used violence to try to get the upper hand on everyone around them.

Although this was all new to him, he wasn't about to let Butters meet them alone. Hell, he'd heard about the Cardonas even though he lived hours away, knew they were slimy, fucked-up assholes, and they might want to mess with her just for shits and giggles.

They may be small-time in the sense that they weren't a country-wide known name, but in this state, they were getting a fast reputation for being bastards.

They were also newer, trying to establish themselves, and trying to gain a reputation that involved dishing out a lot of pain. They were idiots, if anyone asked Mayhem, because violence didn't equal power.

He shouldn't get involved aside from giving her the money and letting this go, but he couldn't just do that, and he didn't know why. Mayhem didn't want to see her hurt.

He stood by the front door, his arms crossed, staring down at Butters and her brother as they spoke softly. He took in her home, trying not to focus on their conversation.

He didn't need to hear what they were saying. This wasn't about wanting to help them out because he cared. This was about him being selfish.

Yeah, but Butters does mean something to you, even if you don't want to acknowledge that.

He might have told her he wasn't a selfish bastard, but that was in regards to fucking. When she was in his bed, he'd make sure she came just as many times as he did. Her pleasure would get him off, and that's why he was doing this. For himself.

Keep telling yourself that.

"Why are you doing this?" Her brother addressed him.

Mayhem looked at him, the little asshole that had gotten himself and Butters into this mess. Mayhem wasn't the type of guy who gave people second chances. He gathered enough from what he'd dug up and what Butters had told him to know Nathan had done this so many times it was hard to even keep track.

"What difference does it make? I'll be getting your ass out of deep shit from the Cardonas."

Nate's eyes grew wide, and he glanced at his sister. There was a silent conversation happening. Maybe Nate saw the truth of what was going on in his sister's eyes. Either way, he kept his mouth shut.

"Everything will be okay, Nate," Butters said.

Despite Mayhem trying not to eavesdrop, because frankly he didn't fucking care, he couldn't block out her voice. Knowing she was going to be his and that he'd agreed to her ridiculous "demands" only made him harder.

She wanted to pretend that they hadn't done this, that she hadn't agreed to fuck him to save her brother? That was fine with him. He didn't care if anyone knew. All he cared about

was her in his bed and him finally getting his need for Butters fucked out of him.

“When does the drop-off need to be made?” Mayhem asked.

Nate looked at Mayhem again. “They said I have until the end of the month. After that, they go after Renee.”

“Renee?”

“Me,” Butters said. She stood. “That’s my real name, and Nate is the only one who calls me that anymore.”

“I can’t have my sister hurt because I’m a screw-up.”

“I agree,” Mayhem said without any emotion. “No one should have to take the fall for another person’s mistake, but it’s a little late for worrying about that, right?” He glared right at Nate. “You already got her into this, so I have to make sure it’s cleaned up.”

“But why?” Nate asked again.

“Not your business, son. Butters wants to save you, and I want to help her. That’s the end of it.”

“What did you agree to?” Nate whispered, looking at Butters.

“Everything will be fine,” she said in response.

“This family time is nice and all, but we need to go. I need to talk to the club president again about this so we can get it cleared up and finalized.” He needed to let Fury know, so that he at least knew what the fuck was going on.

This was Mayhem’s own cash, so it wasn’t like he needed the club’s vote on how to spend it. He wanted Butters and had enough money saved that this was feasible.

But there was something deep down inside of him that wanted to do this to make her happy.

He couldn’t understand it, didn’t even try to figure it out. Since the moment he saw her, he’d wanted her, and each time he looked at her, that need grew until it was this obsession, until it was this desire eating him away inside.

He'd never paid to have pussy and never even thought about dishing out the kind of cash he was willing to give to Butters just to save someone's ass, not unless he cared about them.

He didn't know Butters from the next woman, but there was something about her that had him coming back, watching her, wanting her.

It was that obsession that had him doing this crazy as fuck stunt and dealing with a pretty dangerous mob family.

CHAPTER
EIGHT

“I can’t let you do this for me,” Nate said in a low voice as Butters was getting ready to leave. She felt this pang in her stomach at the look on his face. If possible, he looked even worse today than when he’d shown up at her house.

“I love you, and I know if the roles were reversed, you’d do the same for me. You’ll be safe. The Cardonas want their money. If they wanted you dead, well...” She didn’t even want to finish that thought or sentence.

“I promise I’m going to get better and get my shit together. I’ll get help and do whatever it takes to be the brother you need and deserve. I can’t have you in this kind of situation anymore.”

She smiled and grabbed his hand, giving it a squeeze. “I think that sounds like a good plan.” What she didn’t comment on was they’d gone down this route before. Maybe after this she should move?

Maybe they should pack their shit and go to another town. She didn’t have money saved up, but they would make it work. They just needed a fresh start.

She gave him a hug, and before she let her emotions get the better of her, she turned and left. She may not have said how she was getting the money, but Butters could tell from looking at Nate’s face he knew.

“Come on,” Mayhem said with his characteristically hard voice. He led them over to his Harley. She’d only packed a

backpack filled with a few outfits, and when she had the straps over her shoulders, she climbed on the back of it.

She may be doing this for her brother, may even desire Mayhem, but she highly doubted she'd enjoy it. She didn't even care that he'd said he'd make sure she liked it. Looking at him, she saw a man who was rough all the way around. He spoke his mind without caring what others thought and would probably just be looking out for himself.

“When we get back to my club I'll speak with the president and then go about contacting the Cardonas. We'll handle things from here on out.”

She nodded, not saying anything, because truth was, she was afraid. What if Sal and the mafia didn't like that the MC had gotten involved? What if they retaliated on the club?

Butters didn't want anyone else getting hurt because of this, even if the MC could probably handle their own. The Cardona Family could be really dangerous, especially to a lowlife like Nate. They might be a new organization, but they were ruthlessly violent.

“I can tell you're worrying,” Mayhem said. He was looking at her, and she'd been so lost in her thoughts she hadn't even realized he was staring at her. “There's nothing to worry about, okay?”

For some reason, she believed him, and that was foolish in itself. Nodding, she watched as he climbed on his bike, his big body fluid despite the Harley's impressive, powerful size.

The scent of leather and something very manly filled her nose when he sat in front of her, and when he started the engine, her entire body vibrated from the force.

“You're going to actually have to touch me, Butters,” he said and looked over his shoulder, his sunglasses already in place. “That or you can fall off the back of the bike.” He flashed her his straight, white teeth, and it was not a pleasant smile but one of hard masculinity. “And that would be a damn waste, so hold on tight, baby girl.”

She hated the fact he kept calling her “baby” and “baby girl”. She wasn’t *his* anything. Of course, every time he did call her that, this little tingle started taking root in her belly.

Wrapping her arms around his waist, she instantly tensed when he placed his big hand over hers and pushed it lower. She felt the cool metal of his belt buckle and wondered if her body was just so damn hot that it felt like a startling contrast to her skin.

Through his T-shirt, she felt the ridges of a six-pack, the rolls and hills impressive and very noticeable. The vibrations from the bike had her clit swelling, that humming engine heightening her arousal.

It was insane to want anything like this, not just from Mayhem but also because of the shit going on in her life. She felt a bit of guilt over having these desires, even if she couldn’t help it.

Butters felt like she should only be focusing on Nate and worrying about making sure this all played out the way it was supposed to—the way that would save their lives.

“You gotta hold on tight,” he said over the rumble of the bike.

Butters tightened her arms around him, but before she could move more than an inch toward him, he used the hold he had on her hands to pull her toward him.

Her body collided with his back, and the scent of leather and that spicy, masculine aroma filled her nose even more.

Her hands slid down a little more, and she bit her lip as she felt the very evident and defined bulge of his erection through his jeans. He obviously didn’t care as he didn’t apologize for the fact he had to know she felt it, but then again, this was Mayhem. After putting her hands safely on his lower abdomen, she looked up at him.

The back of his head was turned slightly, just enough that she could see the corner of his mouth. The asshole was smirking.

Yeah, he was pretty aware she'd just come in contact with his cock, and he definitely liked it.

Pushing all of that aside, she focused on other things. But damn, that was hard. Butters felt every hard outline of his back to her chest, closing her eyes because she just couldn't hold them open any longer, she tried to focus on what was really important here.

Looking over to the side after opening them again, she saw Nate by the door, his arm wrapped around his stomach and his body hunched over slightly. She knew he was in pain, not just physically but over the situation, too.

She hated he wasn't strong enough to live his life without falling into the wrong situations. It had been like this for so long, but maybe she was the weak one for not making sure he didn't get into these problems?

What's done is done. Time to move on, put this behind you, and then see about getting Nate help again.

Mayhem pulled the Harley out onto the road, and she kept her focus on Nate as they sped away. Desolation was about three hours away. She'd never been on the back of a bike before, but she could assume this would be a long ride and that her ass would be sore by the time she was finished with it.

But as he accelerated and time passed, she realized being pressed up against him, the only stability she had on this machine, and the open road rushing beneath her had this freedom filling her.

Butters closed her eyes, and for just a moment, just this second, she imagined herself not being paid to have sex with Mayhem, that her and her brother's lives weren't in danger, and that the world in general wasn't as screwed up as it was.

CHAPTER
NINE

Mayhem and Butters had arrived at the club an hour ago, and he'd set her up in one of the empty rooms. He hadn't spoken to Fury yet, but the president wasn't at the club anyway.

Mayhem didn't even know where to start with explaining this, because even if Mayhem was footing the debt for Nate, he'd brought her to the club and was keeping her here for the time being—well, until he told her she'd be bunking at his place—and that put the club in the middle of this.

The MC was dead as the patches and prospects were either in the back garage working on bikes or taking care of business in town, which meant collecting the fees of some of the local businesses to make sure things ran smoothly and no one fucked with them. Desolation was their town, was Bleeding Mayhem territory. They had contracts, so to speak, with businesses like bars and garages, bike shops, and even restaurants.

Those places gave a cut to the club to make sure they weren't fucked with, that others knew if they were messed with the MC came down on them.

It was one form of revenue for them, and the other was they had a small gun running business on the side. Meaning, the transportation and delivery of ammunition and weapons. The club was very well off.

But Mayhem had saved his money, had a nice nest egg, and what he was giving to Butters wasn't depleting what he

had. But if he was only being honest with himself, and despite this being a total fucking sex agreement, Mayhem wanted to make sure she was safe.

The very thought of her hurt, of someone threatening her, pissed him off. It was the kind of anger he felt when the ones he cared about were put in danger.

Mayhem didn't know if he liked that or not, but it didn't matter because it was a fact, and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

Just then, the front door opened, a swatch of light coming in. Mayhem turned and saw Fury walking in with Dirty and Dealer. Dirty was holding a part for a Harley. All three were equally filthy.

"When'd you get back?" Fury asked, heading straight for the bar.

"About an hour ago." Mayhem clapped Dirty and Dealer on their backs, and the two patches walked to the bar. Fury grabbed some beers and set them on the counter. Dirty and Dealer grabbed the beers, started talking shop to each other, and then went to the back of the club.

"I need to talk to you," Mayhem said.

"Yeah?" Fury asked, taking a long pull from the bottle and watching Mayhem. The president set the bottle down and wiped his mouth with the back of his forearm. He was dirty with grease, smelled of pot and motor oil, and looked like he hadn't slept all night.

"I got a woman I brought back from where Claire used to live."

Fury cocked a brow but didn't say anything.

"I made a deal with her."

"A deal?"

Mayhem nodded. "Her brother is in some trouble, and I'm bailing them out, but she's paying me back in ass." He didn't have to be so crude, but the fact was, that was who he was, and that's why Butters was here.

“Trouble?” Fury sounded more alert now.

“Her brother got mixed in with the Cardona Family.”

Fury didn't respond right away, didn't even show any emotion after that.

“And how is that your problem?” Fury finally asked. “Last I heard, that was some punk-ass group trying to seem like the next big mafia family.”

Mayhem ran a hand over his face, breathing out. “It's not, but I fucking want her, so I offered to pay his debt.”

“Why the fuck would you do that?”

“I told you.”

Fury shook his head. “So, because you're so damn hard up for some pussy, you offered to get in the middle of a mafia debt? Man, you're stupider than I thought.” Fury turned around, grabbed two shot glasses and a bottle of scotch, and faced Mayhem again. They didn't speak as Fury poured them both a shot.

Mayhem picked it up and tossed it back. He gestured for another.

“She's different. Makes me feel different.” Mayhem couldn't even explain it himself.

“Ain't no pussy worth that kind of drama, man,” Fury said. They stared at each other for a second. “Unless you're claiming her as an old lady, I'm not sure why you're telling me this. The club doesn't get involved in personal matters, Mayhem. You know that.”

Mayhem looked at the bar. Yeah, he knew that. He was the VP of the club, second in command, but whatever it was about Butters that made him go out on a limb with her and her business had him acting out of character.

He was obsessed with her, with having her, he admitted that, and the thought of anyone else touching her, fucking her, had this rage moving through him.

“By the look on your face and what you’re doing with this girl, sounds like it ain’t just about ass, Mayhem.” Fury poured them round three, and without responding, he took his glass and tossed the alcohol back.

“I’m not asking anything more from the club than letting her work the bar for the next week.”

Fury knitted his brows.

“She doesn’t want anyone thinking she’s a whore. Not sure why she gives a fuck,” he shrugged, “but I agreed.”

“Hey, she wants to be the club bitch and serve drinks, I don’t care.” Fury stared at him for a long while.

“What?” Mayhem asked.

“You want her as an old lady, you know the club has your back.”

Mayhem nodded. “I know, but I don’t know how I feel about all this shit.” He ran a hand over the back of his neck. “I just want to get the money to the Cardonas and be done with them.”

Damn, Mayhem was already thinking about Butters as more than just a lay, and he didn’t want to go down that road. He didn’t need a woman in his life, didn’t need an old lady. He was content fucking females. Pussy was just that and nothing more. He didn’t need a woman who had his back.

If a brother wanted a woman, treated her right, and knew that having an old lady meant a hell of a lot of responsibility, then more power to him. But Mayhem had never seen himself with anyone like that in his life.

His twin and the club were the only things important to him.

Yeah? Then why the fuck are you going to such great lengths to help Butters out? Why give her that chunk of change just for some pussy?

“How do you plan on getting a hold of the head of the Cardonas?” Fury asked.

“I got the information I needed from Nate, Butters’s brother.”

Fury nodded and clapped him on the back. “Well, I’m here, and so is the club.”

Fury finished off his shot and left Mayhem alone, thinking about all the shit he was getting himself into and exactly how far he was willing to take this with Butters.

CHAPTER
TEN

“This is your place?” Butters asked, knowing she sounded shocked but not able to help herself. It had been a full day since she’d been taken to his MC.

Although she’d thought she’d be staying within the club, had assumed as much, Mayhem had told her to “grab her shit” because she was going to his place.

They’d driven about twenty miles away from the club, and when he’d pulled onto a dirt road and stopped in front of a one-story house, she was surprised that it was actually very nice and homey in appearance.

“Yeah, why? Not expecting me to have something that didn’t have the ground littered with beer bottles and used condoms?”

She felt her face heat but would answer honestly. “Yeah, actually.”

He grunted and climbed out of the driver’s seat of the truck they’d taken. Her backpack was in the back of the truck, and she climbed out and rounded the tailgate to grab it.

“I should have brought more,” she said to herself as she grabbed her bag.

“Why?”

She looked over at Mayhem, who leaned against the side of the truck, no emotion on his face. “Because I have, like, two changes of clothes in here for an entire week.”

He moved closer to her. “Baby, you aren’t going to be in many clothes, if any, when you’re at my place anyway.” He took the bag out of her hand. “I wouldn’t worry about that too much.”

She stared at him, her mouth hanging open in shock at how blunt he’d been.

“Baby, if you’re shocked about that, this week is going to ruin you,” he said and looked over his shoulder, his sunglasses still in place and that damn smirk on his face.

Clenching her teeth because he kept calling her baby and even more so because she liked it, she followed him into the house. It smelled a little stale, like the windows hadn’t been opened in far too long. The curtains were drawn, and when he walked over to them and pushed the material open, dust floated in the air.

“Looks like you haven’t lived here in a while.” She’d been mainly talking to herself, but he gave a grunt, which seemed to be the caveman response he liked to give more often than not.

“I rarely come here. I normally stay at the club.” He tossed her bag on the couch, and a wall of dust puffed up. She left the door open, didn’t move from her spot, and wondered, as they looked at each other, if he would start with the whole fucking her against the wall routine.

“Where will I sleep?” Of course, it may have been dumb as shit to actually think he’d give her a room to herself, but she figured it wouldn’t hurt to throw the question out there.

The corner of his mouth kicked up, and he lifted his hand to remove his sunglasses. “Sleep? Well, Butters,” he said and tucked the sunglasses into the collar of his shirt, walking toward her in the process. “There won’t be much sleeping going on, just to let you know.” That smirk rose to a full grin. “But, when we do find ourselves sexually exhausted, you’ll be right next to me in my bed.”

He was so close now that the scent of the cologne he wore, or maybe it was just his natural, potent aroma, filled her head.

She felt slightly intoxicated, a little dizzy, and placed her hand on the door behind her.

The act caused the wood to slowly close until the click of it firmly being shut was the only thing she heard.

“You seem scared,” he said in a low, deep voice. “Do I frighten you, pretty girl?”

The way he said that last part, the endearment, had her feeling this weird kind of pleasure, this tightness at the base of her spine. It was a strange feeling, something she couldn't quite describe.

Butters felt bared for him, every part of her just out in the open. Mayhem looked down at her, stared right into her eyes, as if he saw every part of her, as if he knew exactly who she was and what she was made of.

“Well?” he asked again. “Tell me.” He took another step closer, and she felt his body heat slam into her even harder.

“No,” she said and licked her lips. “You don't frighten me.” It was a lie, an outright one at that, but she wasn't about to let this man intimidate her.

“Bullshit, baby.” He held her gaze with his for several more seconds, but then looked at her mouth, holding there for a moment before lifting his eyes back to her face. “You can lie to yourself,” Mayhem said and placed a hand on the door by her head, caging her in, “but I want you to know I can read you like an open fucking book. Ain't nothing getting by me, Butters.”

She panted, her mouth parted, her breathing ragged. Why was this man affecting her so much? She'd held strong those times he'd tried to get her in his bed. She considered herself a badass.

But having him so close, being essentially locked away with him at his sexual mercy, had arousal moving through her. She thought he'd kiss her given how close he was, how intently and hard he was staring at her mouth. But Mayhem pushed back and smirked again.

“The bathroom’s down the hall. You can clean up, if you want. I have some shit to do at the club and will be there pretty late.”

She wasn’t stupid enough to think he’d leave her here.

“Ready to get this party started, baby?”

CHAPTER
ELEVEN

Mayhem watched Butters behind the bar, and like a fucking creep, he stayed in the corner of the club, the shadows hiding him. Fuck, ever since seeing her that first time a few months ago at the bar she worked at, he'd wanted her.

Mayhem didn't ever admit to any weakness, but only to himself did he admit that Butters was his fucking weakness.

His desire, possessiveness, and obsession for her had been instant.

Mayhem had fucked his fair share of women, a lot of the club whores who hung around, and, really, any woman who didn't want a commitment or relationship.

He wasn't into the whole old lady bullshit, didn't want someone clinging to him, expecting to have him watch her back.

What Mayhem wanted was a good screw, the best fuck he'd ever had, and looking at Butters, hearing her sass, seeing the badass attitude she had, and knowing she was probably so sweet between the thighs, he knew she'd be fire in the bedroom.

Mayhem had grown obsessed thinking about it, thinking about her. But keeping that shit deep down was the façade he'd play, how he needed to act.

Showing he cared at all would make him look like a pussy, and being in the MC meant he had to be strong at all times.

He didn't show anyone his emotions, not even Claire. That shit was for the weak, a male who wasn't prepared to kill with his bare hands to watch over his club and his family.

But, he supposed, coming in and helping her with the debt for her brother wasn't exactly acting like he didn't give a shit.

He continued to watch her, his cock hard as he followed her around the bar. She fit in, even after only being here for a few hours. She knew how to play the part, that was for sure.

Butters grabbed a bottle of whiskey and tilted it in her hands. She had on a crop top, her tits big and bouncing as she moved. After she'd taken a shower, he'd told her to change into something slutty, something revealing.

Of course, that had been for his benefit alone. He could have fucked her right there against his front door, not waited, but he was a patient guy, knew how to bide his time. Waiting would make being with her even better.

There was no doubt Butters knew how to tempt a man, to tease and arouse the crowd, even if he could see in her eyes she was detached from it all. She was the type of woman who, if one of them got too close to her without an invitation, she would cut their balls off.

He'd seen her anger before, and fuck, did that turn him on. He didn't want a weak woman. He wanted a partner, even if only between the sheets, who could hold her own.

He might have agreed to have her here to work, to keep a low profile, keep the guys liquored-up, entertained, and to give him some eye candy, but the fact remained...he watched her, obsessed about her, more times than he should.

She was his, whether she wanted to be or not, and he'd have that sweet ass sooner rather than later.

Hell, he didn't have to pay for pussy. But as much as he wanted this to just be about sex, the truth was he felt something more for her.

It had only taken her denying him, her smartass mouth, and his growing obsession for her that had him willing to do whatever the fuck she wanted. Of course, he'd never admit

that to anyone, didn't even really like admitting that to himself.

He'd used her situation at home, the fact she was desperate for money as a tool, a pawn, in getting what he wanted. And because of that, he was willing to bend for her. He was a sick fuck, determined to get what he desired, and what he lusted after with a fierceness that rivaled anything else was her.

When he finally had her in his bed, he'd fuck Butters until she couldn't walk straight for the next week.

Mayhem grabbed his beer and finished it off, watching her the entire time. He could hear Bishop and Cricket laughing drunkenly. They were from another charter and were passing through but were crashing at the clubhouse for the night.

"I need some pussy and whiskey," Cricket hollered out.

"Give us pussy. We've been riding all damn day. I need my dick to be so worked over it's fucking numb," Bishop yelled out, both of the bikers drunk. A couple of the sweet-butts walked up to them, and they grabbed the women around the waist and hauled them onto their laps.

Cricket started motor-boating the club whore's tits he held, and Bishop had his hand snaked up the skirt of the bitch on his lap.

Mayhem turned his attention away from Bishop and Cricket and looked at Butters again. She was now on the bar, dancing for the guys, making the sweet-butts jealous. Most of the club whores who hung out at the MC were only after getting their pussies filled with dick, but there were a couple that he'd seen who wanted more, wanted to be an old lady.

But a biker didn't want some used up cunt, at least Mayhem didn't. He didn't want an old lady who his brothers all had their dicks shoved up inside.

"Hey, Mayhem."

He turned his head and saw Easy, one of the sweet-butts who had gotten her name for obvious reasons, walking toward him. She was in some high as hell "fuck-me" heels, a skirt short enough he knew if she bent over he'd get a prime shot of

her pussy and ass, and a shirt that was white enough he could see her nipples and areolas as clearly as if she hadn't worn anything at all.

Mayhem turned back and looked at Butters, and when Easy walked closer, he knew she clearly wasn't taking the not-so-subtle hint that he wasn't interested.

"Mayhem, when are you going to let me have some of that cock?" she said without having any kind of shame. Easy leaned against his table, her ass knocking over his empty beer bottle.

"Get lost." He continued to watch Butters dance, his dick hard but only for one woman. He could see out of the corner of his eye that Easy looked toward the bar, and he knew she was watching Butters as well.

"She dances like she's the shit. Like she's got the tightest pussy around."

"She probably does," he said without emotion, without hesitation. *And I'll be sampling that pussy real soon.*

Butters grabbed the whiskey bottle Ash handed her, and he growled out low when he noticed the interest in Ash's gaze. If that fucker thought he'd get some of Butters's sweet ass, Mayhem would have no issues setting the man straight, patch or not.

Butters brought the whiskey bottle to her mouth and tipped it back, taking a healthy swig from it. She'd been doing this since she stepped behind the bar, and he could see she was getting wasted.

Maybe she thought if she was drunk and passed out, he'd leave her the fuck alone. Mayhem didn't rape women.

"Come on, Mayhem. I've had almost all of the patches. I have a few left, you and Big, even Dirty is on my list. My pussy gets so damn wet with just a snap of your fingers."

"If you haven't had those patches by now, that should be an indication they don't want you." He still looked at Butters.

Easy reached out and was about to touch his cut, but he grabbed her wrist and glared at her.

“Don’t fucking touch my cut. You know the rules.” He let go of her hand, glaring at her, and not hiding the menace in his expression. “Now get the fuck away from me. I’m not interested. Never have been. I don’t like dirty, loose pussy, and you stink of it, Easy.” Mayhem was suddenly in a foul mood and having Easy here only made it worse.

Easy snorted, started murmuring something under her breath, and when she left, he focused on Butters again. Butters wasn’t a loose lay. She didn’t even want him. She, in fact, wanted nothing to do with him and was only here because she needed his help. He was a sick bastard because that had his dick jerking in arousal even more.

Yeah, he’d be hitting that real soon, and then once he was done, he’d get her out of his system and move the fuck on. At least, that’s what he told himself.

CHAPTER
TWELVE

Butters should have gone to Hollywood to act. That's how good she was, especially under pressure. Or maybe, it was the fact she was getting trashed that had her not giving a shit right now?

She stood behind the bar, acting natural, like she wasn't in deep shit and here to pay off a debt...a debt that hadn't even been dealt with yet. Her mind was full of images of her brother getting hurt, of the Cardonas coming after them.

But the one currently at the forefront of her mind was the fact she felt Mayhem's gaze on her.

They'd gotten to the club a few hours ago, but she hadn't seen him do any of the "work" he'd said he had to do. No, she'd seen him take a seat at the corner table. She was trying her best to ignore him, but every once in a while, she found herself looking at him, not even realizing that she was until their gazes locked.

"Girl, you are fuckin' rocking it," Ash said from right below her.

Butters looked down from where she stood and saw Ash staring up at her. The biker was big with a head of shaggy dark hair, his eyes a light, almost unnatural blue color.

He was an attractive man in a savage, brutal way, as were all the bikers she'd seen in the club. But he didn't make her feel this heat, this intense warmth move through her like Mayhem did. But then again, no one knew why she was really here, or at least, Mayhem had assured her of that.

Butters didn't know why she even cared what anyone thought. She wasn't in the best situation to begin with, and these men were hardcore, doing illegal things to make their living.

The women who hung around were all but whores to the bikers, so she supposed she was no different from them.

She grinned down at Ash, still playing the part. She could be sexy, sultry, and tease everyone. But if anyone put their hands on her, she'd have no problem kicking their balls into their guts.

You wouldn't do that to Mayhem, though.

He was arrogant, overbearing, and thought he could have her at any cost.

And he will.

Closing her eyes and drinking more of the whiskey, she felt the world tip and reached out to steady herself. The wall was close to where she stood at the end of the bar. Opening her eyes and breathing when her vision focused again, she looked at where Mayhem sat.

She'd seen a club whore go over to him, but he hadn't looked interested. She hated that she even cared. The alcohol was making her more emotional than she needed to be. This was just a sex deal, something to help save Nate's life.

Mayhem meant nothing to her, was nothing more than a means to an end.

"Come on, sweetheart, before you fall and break your neck." Ash held his hand out to her, and she took it. Before she was even fully off the bar, he had a glass of ice water for her and some pain pills. "For later, because you're gonna need them." He grinned, flashing a set of white, straight teeth. He certainly was the pretty boy of the bunch, even if he had that savageness going on.

"Two shots of scotch, Ash," a club whore said, her gaze on Butters. There was this nasty scowl on her face, and Butters recognized her as the bitch that had been all up on Mayhem.

The bitch? Really? Simmer it down, girl. You don't care, remember?

"I got this, Ash," Butters said and set two shot glasses in front of the skank, grabbed the scotch, and poured the glasses full. "Bottoms up." *Bitch*. Butters grinned.

The woman glared even harder, took the glasses, but before she turned around and left, she grinned at Butters.

"You see that biker over there?" She pointed to Mayhem, but Butters didn't say anything. "I'm going to ride his dick so hard tonight he won't be able to get it back up for a week."

Butters was pissed, hated she felt any kind of jealousy, because it was all misplaced. She'd turned Mayhem down on more than one occasion, and no matter how attractive he was, how much she actually did want him, she kept her wall up. "Have fun with that," Butters said, her smile in place and not showing any emotion. "Ash, I need some fresh air." Before Ash replied or the bitch could respond, Butters turned and made her way out from behind the bar, headed down the hall, and slipped out the back door.

Outside, she leaned against the brick wall of the club, closed her eyes, and wished she hadn't drunk so much because having this buzz meant she was having a hard time shutting off how she felt.

She rubbed her hand over her chest, feeling the tightness control her body, the alcohol making her overly emotional. Why did she care what anyone in this club did?

It's not just this club or Mayhem. It's everything.

Yeah, it was a little bit of everything, but the whiskey had made her feel things she'd tried to keep hidden deep inside of her.

Butters could hear some of the club members, even a sweet-butt or two talking just on the other side of the corner. The lighting was dim back here. The only thing illuminating this part of the building was a light attached to the massive, two-bay garage door across the way.

The yellow glow didn't quite reach where she was, but that was okay because how she felt right now matched the shadows that surrounded her.

"Just get through this and everything will be fine." She closed her eyes. "Nate will be fine, and you'll go back to your boring life." She could feel the music from the club thumping through her veins. Wrapping her arms around her waist she stared up at the sky. The moon was full and seemed so bright and large above her, slightly blurred from the whiskey she'd consumed. "It could be worse," she whispered to herself.

She didn't know how long she stood out there, but it felt like hours. In all reality, it was probably only a few moments, but it was the sound of boots hitting the ground right on the inside of the door that had her straightening.

The door opened, the shadows obscure so she couldn't see anything but a big, dark figure, but she knew who it was. Butters didn't move from her place, but the longer she stared at him, the more Mayhem's form came into view.

The sound of a lighter going off, followed by Mayhem inhaling, told her he was smoking. A few seconds later, the scent of marijuana filled the small space around them. She was afraid to move, afraid to even breathe.

"You're drunk," Mayhem said, his back still to her.

When she didn't respond, he slowly turned around, the joint between his lips, the end lit up orange as he inhaled from it. He pulled it away from his mouth, and after holding in the smoke for a few seconds, he exhaled.

The sweet cloud wafted around her, relaxing her.

"You didn't answer me."

"You didn't ask a question," she responded. He didn't move, didn't speak again right away, and didn't show any emotion.

"I saw Easy talking with you. I can only imagine what the bitch said."

She licked her lips, not about to show him that Easy had gotten under her skin, and it was all because she'd made the comment about fucking Mayhem. He had his eyes trained right on her, the joint between his lips again.

He inhaled, pulled it away, and held it out to her. Butters had her fair share of partying. She didn't touch the hard shit, but pot always helped her relax.

She took the joint and brought it to her lips, taking a nice long pull from the roach, holding in the smoke, and trying not to make eye contact with Mayhem.

Right now, especially with her being so buzzed, everything seemed ultra-sensitive, and she was highly aware. Even his body heat seemed more pronounced, slamming into her until sweat lined between her breasts and down the length of her spine.

They stood there, neither speaking as they finished off the joint, and Butters tried not to focus too hard on Mayhem. He flicked the butt away, the scent and lingering haze of the smoke still surrounding them.

Butters cleared her throat, that familiar burn and dryness, that slight tingle and tightness from getting high taking root.

“You don't seem like the type of person to run when confronted with something or someone.”

Surprise filled her at his accusation, or more so, his observation.

“I didn't run.” But she had. No way she'd admit that to Mayhem, though.

He now had his hands in his pants pockets, and the light was behind him, casting the front of him in deep shadows.

Why had he come after her? It wasn't like he cared about her emotions, about how she felt. Butters was nothing to him but a piece of ass—an expensive piece of ass—so the fact he actually came after her made that tightness in her chest ease but only marginally.

She wrung her hands together and looked down, not knowing what else to say. The awkwardness was there, but for her, it was the arousal that was most pronounced.

She certainly couldn't and wouldn't tell him she had been slightly jealous, that the woman had gotten under her skin... that *he* had gotten under her skin.

"No more lying, Butters," Mayhem stated without any room for negotiation.

"I'm not." She wouldn't budge from this or how she'd responded. She licked her suddenly dry lips and noticed he watched the act.

"Some club bitch got under your skin, and you hauled ass out of there." His voice had dropped an octave, and the normally rough timbre now seemed like a low growl.

Her heart was beating so fast. *Can he hear it? Does he know the effect he causes within me in just this short time? Do I want him to notice how much emotion he's making me feel?*

Because the alcohol and pot were making fast work through her body, she started talking. "You want to know the truth?" she challenged.

All he did was cock a dark eyebrow.

"Yeah, the bitch got under my skin. I don't like it, don't like she did it because of you, and don't like that I allowed myself to care one iota." She felt brave right now, even if that was a foolish move.

But when the gaze between them got too intense, she dropped her focus to the ground, trying to breathe easy.

His finger under her chin brought her head up, and she was looking into his eyes once more. His gaze searched her face, and she felt stupid over the whole situation. No doubt at any moment he would laugh her off, tell her that her sole purpose was to spread her legs.

Maybe he'd say that in just a week's time she'd be dismissed and he wouldn't give her a second thought.

That's what you want, too. You want your time with him to be over with, want to go back to your life.

Instead, his response was leaning down and capturing her mouth with his. A gasp left her at the feel of his powerful kiss, of his strong lips on hers, stroking, taking what he wanted.

His kiss was hard, demanding, and when his hands landed on each side of her face, tilting her head, controlling her so that she was helpless against him, Butters felt herself melt even further.

She didn't care about anything except letting Mayhem do this to her, and he was the one with the power, with the control.

Mayhem was every kind of bad for her, but all she could think about was how his mouth on hers was doing wicked things to her body, making her feel lost, submissive...making her not care that she should keep her distance emotionally.

He shoved her back against the wall; the cold, rough surface of the brick greeting her as he pressed his chest against hers, sandwiching her between him and the building. Mayhem cupped her hips, his big hands on her making Butters feel small, petite even.

She was never considered small, not now and certainly not while growing up. With wide set hips, thighs that were thick but firm, she'd always been considered "plus sized". But it seemed Mayhem liked it, liked her extra cushioning.

He slid his hands down her hips, over the base of her spine, and cupped her ass. For a second, he just held the globes, but then he let out this low groan against her mouth, curled his fingers into the short skirt she'd worn, and hauled her fully against him.

He was forceful with his actions, but she fucking loved it. Mayhem stroked his tongue along hers, took possession of her mouth like no other man had ever done, and made her a weak-kneed mess. She was so wet the thong she wore soaked clean through from her arousal. It probably didn't help that she was slightly drunk.

And then, he was moving his hands down only far enough so he could grab the edge of her leather skirt and pull it up and over the curve of her ass. He panted hard against her mouth. His long, thick and huge cock dug into her belly as he ground himself into her.

It was like something snapped in him, something making this controlled man break and become this animal.

“You like my hands on you. Like that I’m taking what I want.”

He didn’t phrase it like a question, but she found herself nodding anyway, felt herself grow even wetter. But her strength, her resolve, rose.

“You want this. Want me. Tell me. Admit it.”

She would never admit she wanted this, never actually say the words. That would give Mayhem too much power, and she was too stubborn to let any man have that kind of control, even if her body betrayed whatever she said, however much she tried to deny it.

“Tell me,” he demanded, his voice hard, unyielding, and serrated. He grabbed on to her ass even harder, made her gasp out from the pain he caused. But the pleasure that followed was surprising. Welcome, almost.

“I’m not telling you I want you because that’s what you want,” she breathed out, trying to sound like he wasn’t affecting her as much as he really was.

He grabbed the string of her thong, pulled it taut until it snapped away from her, and brought the tattered remains of the material up so she could see.

The fabric that had been pressed to her pussy was soaking. And like a lewd bastard, like a man who knew how to turn on a woman without even saying anything, Mayhem brought that thong to his nose and inhaled deeply.

This low, animal-like sound came from him.

“You fucking lied to me, Butters, and I’m done with letting you get away with it.”

CHAPTER
THIRTEEN

Mayhem shoved her panties in the pocket of his jeans, placed his hand between her thighs again, right over her now bared pussy, and added pressure.

“Your cunt tells me you like what I’m doing. You’re fucking drenched, Butters,” he growled out her name.

“It’s the alcohol,” she whispered. *God, you’re a damn liar.*

He pushed her against the wall again, held up his hand, his fingers glistening from her wetness, and gripped her chin with his other hand.

“Open,” he demanded.

She felt her eyes widen but parted her lips. He slipped his fingers into her mouth, made her taste herself, taste her lies.

“Lick them clean.”

She ran her tongue along the digits, sucking the cream off of them, and couldn’t help but make a small noise in the back of her throat.

“Yeah, you like it,” he said almost to himself. Before she knew what was happening, he had removed the fingers from her mouth, took a half a step back, and dropped to his haunches in front of her.

Mayhem pushed her skirt up even more, so it was now resting on top of her hips, her pussy on display, his face right there seeing it all.

“Mmm, I like that your cunt is all bare for me.”

She licked her lips, placed her hands behind her on the rough brick, and tried to steady herself. She got Brazilian waxes, preferred herself smooth, and it was clear Mayhem liked that.

His warm breath blew across her bare folds, and when he framed her pussy with his big hands and pulled her lips apart, she felt even more exposed. His swallow was audible, and the groan that followed was deep and filled with frantic desire that matched her own.

“Spread your legs for me, baby. I’m going to mouth-fuck you until you come all over me.”

Oh, God.

She did as he ordered and then felt him grip the back of her knee and bring it over his shoulder, her pussy spread obscenely wide. His mouth was suddenly on her cleft, his tongue parting her folds as he ate her out almost violently.

Knowing that there were bikers just around the corner was surprisingly erotic and turned her on even more.

He had one hand back on her ass, keeping her pressed to his mouth as he did exactly what he said he would ... mouth-fucked her. He squeezed the flesh at the same time he dipped his tongue into her body.

He fucked her with his tongue and lips, his teeth scraping along her sensitive flesh.

The rough scrape of the brick on her back added a hint of pain to the unbelievable ecstasy he was bringing her. The hand that had been gripping the back of her knee snaked between her thighs, and as soon as his thumb touched her clit, she came, not able to stop herself from flying over the edge.

A low, keening cry left her, and she couldn’t help herself from spearing her hands in his hair and shamelessly grinding her pussy into his face, against his mouth. His deep groan sent vibrations through her clit, and little shock waves of pleasure slammed into her.

The grip she had on his hair was hard, and she knew it had to hurt him, but his groans spoke differently, told her he liked

it. Besides, she didn't think she could have let go in that moment even if she'd really wanted to.

He gave her pussy one last long lick, like he was sucking on a lollipop, making sure he withdrew all the flavor, and then stood. He grabbed her ass again and pulled her forward, letting her feel the hard length of his erection press into her belly.

He felt huge, monstrous even.

He pressed his lips against hers again, ran his tongue along the seam before plunging into her mouth. She tasted herself and the hint of the alcohol and pot on his tongue.

It was a potent mixture that had her moaning on his lips and wrapping her arms around his neck, not able to stop this.

But before her hands could connect, he was taking a step back, breaking the kiss and all contact.

He stared at her, his face partly hidden by the shadows, but she could *feel* his gaze on her. "I need you, Butters. I really fucking need you." He reached down and palmed himself through his jeans, an obscene gesture, but one that had her hotter than fucking hell. "You want me to fuck you? You want my big cock plowing into you, making you mine?"

His?

"Yes," she surprised herself by saying that one word automatically, instantly. The high and drunkenness she felt were almost too much, almost so intense she didn't even feel like herself.

Or maybe you really do just want him. Maybe you want to surrender, to submit.

God, she really was pathetic. When she heard the sound of his zipper rolling down, she opened her eyes, not even realizing she'd closed them in the first place. She looked at his face, but of course, there was no expression covering it.

There was just deep-rooted need.

He rubbed himself through his jeans for several long seconds, just watching her, not moving or speaking. But then, he reached between his fly and pulled his cock out. She

lowered her gaze to the monster he unleashed, the massive erection that was long and thick, and the biggest damn cock she'd ever seen.

The sight of him stroking himself and running his hand up and down the huge length transfixed her.

The tip was bulbous, slightly wider than his length. The slit was wet with pre-cum, and when he shifted on his feet, a swatch of light moved over his shaft, giving her another prime, illuminated shot of it.

But it was the piercings he had that had her more turned on than anything else. Yes, *piercings*...plural.

He had the crown of his cock pierced, an apadravya right through the bulbous head of his dick.

But every time he stroked his hand down the length, she caught a glimpse of a frenum piercing, a barbell that went right through the underside of his shaft.

"I want you on your knees. Hands behind your back." His command was rough and left no room for argument.

Butters swallowed, feeling her pulse increase and her pussy flooded again, despite the fact he'd already gotten her off. Her inner muscles clenched for something substantial, for the thickness of his cock, for something that only Mayhem could give her.

She knew he'd stretch her so good, so much that it would hurt, but only in the best kind of way. She looked to her left because she could still hear people just around the corner, not sure why she cared if anyone saw them, because in all honesty, she didn't.

Just the thought that they could walk around the side of the building and see what they were during aroused her.

"Don't think. Just do as I say."

She should loathe him for the way he was talking to her, for the situation she was in, but he was saving her and Nate's lives, and if he wanted her to be his whore, then fucking hell,

she'd be the best whore he'd ever had. Butters would make him addicted to her.

She dropped to her knees and felt the gravelly ground dig into the tender flesh of her unprotected knees. The thick jut of his cock was right in her face, the slick tip begging to be sucked, to be cleaned off.

She tilted her head back and looked up at him.

“Hands, baby. Put your hands behind your back and suck my cock like you need it to survive.”

She brought her hands behind her back and clasped her fingers together, her palms sweaty, her fingers shaking. Her whole body started to tense.

The way he looked down at her, how he ran his fingers along the edge of her face tracing her cheekbones and chin, and moving lower to open her mouth with the digit and slip it inside, had her pussy clenching down harder.

It was like he could see right into her, like he knew what she was feeling, thinking. It was like Mayhem knew what she wanted, and he'd give it all to her until she was suffocating from it.

He was wrong for her, so very wrong, but even though she knew that, here she was doing this shit anyway, and not because he paid her but because she wanted to.

He took himself in hand again, stroked his cock from root to tip, and then brought the head to her mouth. “You want my dick, don't you?”

She nodded, being the whore he wanted, the sultry seductress he craved.

“You want to suck me off until I fill your mouth with my cum. Make you gag on all my seed.”

Damn, he had a filthy mouth.

The tip brushed against her lips, and he commanded her to open with that small touch. In this dirty alley behind his club where anyone could see them, Butters closed her eyes,

breathed out through her nose, and got ready to suck his dick like a pro.

She'd make him know with this one act that, even if he thought he had power, she held quite a bit of her own.

She used gentle pressure at first, dragged her teeth along his length on the upstroke and then used a hard suction on the down stroke.

She used her tongue to tease the crowned head, the piercings that adorned him, and ran the muscle back down the thick vein that ran on the underside.

He groaned and grunted and gripped her hair as he steadied her and started thrusting in and out of her mouth. His actions spurred her on until she was bobbing her head because she wanted his cum in her mouth and down her throat.

He may have her on her knees submitting before him, but at this moment with his cock in her mouth, she held the power.

His hands were tangled in her hair, keeping her head immobilized as he slowly thrust his hips in and out of her mouth. "That's it, Butters. God, you're such a good fucking girl." She lifted her eyes, her mouth still wrapped around his dick.

His head was downcast, his eyes half-lidded and completely focused on her mouth. His hands tightened in her hair to the point of pain, but she loved that. Humming around him, she sucked with more enthusiasm.

"Yes," he hissed right before he buried his shaft all the way in her mouth, his cockhead hitting the back of her throat and gagging her. He groaned after that happened, her eyes watering but her pussy wet because she was so turned on.

His balls rested against her chin, and with one guttural sound, he came. His cum spilled down her throat, and she greedily swallowed it all.

When he pulled his softening cock from her lips, neither of them moved for several long seconds.

He gripped her arms and helped her to stand, pulling her into an embrace and kissing her hard.

He pulled back only long enough to say against her lips, “I need you in my bed and my cock buried in your tight, little cunt, Butters.”

CHAPTER
FOURTEEN

Butters was honestly in a hazy cloud and didn't even know how they'd made it back to Mayhem's place as quickly as they did. It was all a blur of colors and shapes, her mind processing everything at a mile a minute, and nothing made sense.

She was pretty buzzed still and felt that last guzzle of whiskey intoxicate her more. The weed combated it slightly but for right now she was in this foggy, pleasure-filled haze.

Or maybe it's because Mayhem got you off harder with just his mouth than you've ever come before?

"I want you in my room, lying in the center of the bed, and naked for me, Butters," Mayhem said with this commanding voice. She was standing by the door, her hands flat on it, and the remembrance of just earlier that day, when he'd been so close she had thought about being the one to kiss him, consumed her mind.

Moving on shaky legs down the hallway, she looked over her shoulder and watched as he walked into the kitchen.

She should have just kept moving, but she was transfixed when he grabbed a bottle of bourbon and a bottle of chocolate sauce.

Really? He was going to go there?

But the thought of him licking anything from her body had her pussy clenching almost painfully.

She made it into the room, quickly stripped as anticipation and nervousness slammed into her, and lay in the position he'd ordered.

She was sweating, so aroused at this point she was nearly shaking just lying there. He walked in but leaned against the doorframe, one hand holding the bourbon, the other holding the chocolate syrup.

She'd never had a guy lick anything from her, because frankly, it had always seemed kind of silly. But the very thought of Mayhem pouring that on her flesh and licking it off had every single one of her erogenous zones on alert.

"You know what I plan to do with these?" he asked and lifted both bottles. Butters licked her suddenly dry lips and nodded. She assumed, but with Mayhem, she supposed anything was possible.

He pushed off the doorframe and stepped into the room, kicking the door shut with his foot.

He was still fully dressed, his dark boots the epitome of "shit-kickers". His jeans were a little loose, but they fit him to perfection, showing off the powerful size of him, the strength in his muscles.

He was just so big, at least a foot taller than her own five-foot-four-inch frame. With his thighs looking like tree trunks and the impressive but a little frighteningly sized bulge pressing against the material, Mayhem had everything in her awakening.

Butters started to pant the longer she stared at him. He met her gaze with a dark, penetrating one. The lights were off in the room, but she could see him well, could see every part of him.

He walked over to the dresser and set the chocolate and bourbon down and then proceeded to remove his cut. The T-shirt he wore looked well worn, molding to his muscles. His biceps were huge, pronounced, and she couldn't help but think about all of that power holding her down.

His whole body would be flexing, tensing as he took what he wanted from her.

The sweat coating her body had the sheets sticking to her skin, but she loved the sensation, loved the way she felt.

“I wanted to wait and hold off for a little bit before I finally fucked you,” he said in his deep, purely male voice. “Because I’m a masochist in that way. Because I knew it would be so fucking good. I don’t want it to end, baby.”

He started taking off his belt while never taking his focus off of her. He set it on the dresser beside the bourbon and went for his jeans next.

Mayhem unbuttoned them, pushed the zipper down, but he didn’t take them off right away. She was transfixed watching him undress, getting more turned on by the second.

“But I can’t wait. I want that sweet ass and pussy of yours, Butters,” he almost growled out the words. Shivers wracked her body at the sound.

He reached behind him, over his head, and took his shirt off that way. It was so damn sexy the way he removed the material and tossed it aside. And then the chest that was revealed rivaled any other she’d seen before.

Arms that were huge, rippling with muscles, defined pecs, an abdomen that didn’t have just a six-pack but a full on eight-pack, and narrow hips that pointed right down to the monster between his legs.

All of that was wrapped up in hard, golden skin covered in tattoos.

From his wrists to his shoulders he had ink, and even on his upper chest and parts of his abdomen he had tattoos that were both colorful and dark. Skulls, guns, knives, and an array of other designs graced his male physique.

“You like looking at me?”

She nodded, not even about to deny it.

He then went to work on getting his boots and jeans off, and when he stood in front of her totally nude, all she could

focus on was his big cock jutting out toward her.

His piercings caught the light, and the silver metal glinted momentarily. He turned, his back to her now, and she saw he had many tattoos covering the wide expanse of that part of his body, too.

It wasn't until Mayhem turned back around that she saw he held the belt and bottle of whiskey in each of his hands. He moved closer to her, and she felt her heart start to pound faster, felt the perspiration on her body become more pronounced as anticipation filled her.

“Turn around and let me see that ass,” he ordered.

She did as he said and when she was on her hands and knees, looking over her shoulder, he said, “bow your back.” He took a swig of the bourbon.

She did as he said, and a soft sound left her when she felt the cool liquid gather in the line of her spine.

Mayhem was on her in the next second, licking and sucking off the alcohol, running his tongue up and down the length of her back, and having her so on edge she probably could have come from this act alone.

But he was off of her before things got too intense, and a sigh of disappointment left her. God, she felt so drunk right now, but it wasn't just from the whiskey she'd had at the club.

It was because he elicited all of these sensations in her.

The sound of him setting the bottle down on the ground seemed excessively loud, but then again, everything was heightened for her...sight, smell, sound, and even touch. The sheets beneath her felt rough against her overly sensitive flesh.

“Look at this ass,” he said, but it was uttered low, so softly, that it was as if he had spoken to himself. And before she could even inhale, the whipping sting of his belt hitting her ass had a cry leaving her and her back arching even more.

That pain started to fade and warmth took its place; she felt a tingling pleasure fill her. He brought the belt down on her ass

again, not as hard as the first time but still with enough force it had a gasp leaving her.

Mayhem was meticulous as he spanked her, catching her ass cheeks and upper thighs, making her flesh feel scorching hot, raised even. But as the sting dissipated, ecstasy took its place, having her want more, needing more.

He didn't speak as he stood behind her, spanking her until she was biting her bottom lip hard enough she felt the skin open and tasted blood.

He was panting, made small grunting noises as if he were having a hard time controlling himself, and continued to torment her in the best of ways.

The sound of leather and metal hitting the floor told her he'd dropped the belt, and then she felt his hands running over her ass, teasing her erotically abused flesh, smoothing the sting away and heightening the pleasure even more.

"I fucking love how red your ass is, Butters." He ran his tongue over her left cheek and then did the same over her right. "I bet this big ass is nice and tender, isn't it?"

"Yes," she breathed out that lone word.

"Mmmm," he hummed against her flesh and continued to lick her skin, ran his teeth over the curved flesh, and then spread the cheeks. Cool air wafted along the crease of her ass and her pussy. "I can see a little pain makes your cunt nice and juicy. All primed for my big, fucking cock."

She bit her lip even harder, the pain a little reprieve from the intense pleasure vibrating through her.

"Tell me how much you like my belt on your ass," Mayhem all but demanded. Butters realized he was the type of man, the type of sexual partner, who wanted things done a certain way...his way.

"You can see I liked it." It was hard to get those words out, and her stubbornness was rising up more now. She wished he'd just fuck her already.

“Tell me,” he ordered and spanked her ass with his open palm.

She gasped for air, closed her eyes, and felt like a slut for how much she wanted his dick in her. “I fucking like your belt on my ass,” Butters said with just as much determination as he spoke with.

He chuckled behind her, but it wasn't humorous in the slightest. With one final smack to her bottom, he flipped her onto her back, her breasts shaking from the force.

He started running his hand over the mounds, pulling at her nipple, making the need crest inside of her.

She opened her eyes, not realizing she'd closed them in the first place. He had his mouth on her nipple and ran his tongue around her areola, tracing her flesh until it puckered.

“You're going to do whatever I want, aren't you, Butters.” He didn't state it like a question.

He had to be a sadist for as much erotic torture he was giving her.

“Yes,” she said, partly because she knew that's what he wanted her to say but also because she was so needy to be fucked she would have said anything.

“Yeah, you fucking will,” he said to himself. He slid his hand down her belly and between her thighs, cupping her pussy with so much pressure she gripped the sheets beneath her.

She was so sensitive down there, so wet and swollen.

“So damn juicy.” He slipped his fingers through her folds, rubbing her up and down. She was ready for him and didn't bother trying to pretend otherwise.

“Open those big, juicy thighs for me.”

She spread her legs as wide as they would go, so much so her muscles protested slightly. He started stroking her harder, with more passion. One of his fingers found its way into her pussy, the long, thick digit working her from the inside out.

He pulled the digit out and slowly slipped it between the cheeks of her bottom, rubbing the wetness all over her asshole.

With his mouth still suckling her breast, he said, "I want you here, Butters, and I'll have you."

Her breathing increased as he slipped the slick finger into her ass. A few pumps into her body was apparently all he could handle, because a second later, he pulled it out and urged her onto her belly.

But he was off the bed once her ass was presented, and she looked over her shoulder to see him grab the chocolate sauce. He was back on her seconds later, spreading her ass cheeks with one hand and pouring the chocolate syrup down the crease of her bottom.

The slightly chilled liquid was thick as it made its way down her ass and covered her pussy.

"Fuck yeah," he groaned, dropped the chocolate bottle to the ground, and held on to her ass cheeks. He then licked at the chocolate sauce, lapped it from her pussy, licking it all clean, and moving up to her ass. She was panting by the time he was finished.

"Beg me for my cock, because I'm a fucking fiend when it comes to hearing your pleas." His mouth was on her back, his tongue sliding down the length of her spine. She felt his lips at the top of her ass again, his nails digging into her cheeks.

He squeezed the flesh like he couldn't get enough.

"Give me your cock."

He made a strangled noise against her back, and the heat of his body left her. She heard a drawer open and close. His chest pressed against her back, and he pushed the hair off her neck, kissing the skin that was exposed.

His hand squeezed one cheek of her ass, and then he pushed away from her. A moment later, he was spreading her to reveal her anus. He smoothed something cool and slick over the puckered hole with his finger, and she bit her lip as flames of pleasure shot through her.

“God, baby.” He slipped his finger inside of her and groaned. “You have no idea how hot it is seeing you spread like this. You take my finger like you were made for me.”

She made a muffled noise and buried her face in the sheets as he pushed the lube in and out of her hole. He removed the digit and replaced it with the thick crown of his erection.

“Your cunt is tempting me, but I want to take your ass this first time. I want to spread you and stretch you until all you feel is me. Give me your hands.”

She complied right away, and he gripped her wrists with one of his hands at the small of her back, pain there as he added pressure, as if he were afraid she’d try to move away.

He held her immobile as he placed the tip of his dick at her asshole and then started to push in. He did this several times, shallowly thrusting into her, getting her ass ready for his big cock.

A low moan left her, and she squeezed her eyes shut. She wasn’t an ass virgin, but she’d never had a man who was as thick and big as Mayhem.

“Bear down for me. Open up that hole.” He started to slide into her body. There was resistance as he pushed through the tight ring of muscle, and then he was fully inside her, his balls pressed right to her slicked pussy.

He didn’t wait to give her time to adjust to his massive size. He just started plowing in and out of her, easy at first but still fucking her like she was made for him.

“*Christ.*”

Turning her head to the side, she sucked in a lungful of air. The way he was moving in and out of her was driving her mad. It wasn’t painful, but the discomfort was there because of his size.

“Fuck me.” Butters didn’t care if he was the one in charge, because right now, he was driving her mad.

“You don’t make the demands,” he said and smacked her ass hard.

She cried out, and he did it again. He started fucking her then, hard, fast, making her take all of his dick until she felt her eyes roll back and her orgasm crash through her.

“Yes.” He had her wrists at the small of her back again, restraining her as he ass fucked her. He was crazed in his movements, pounding into her body like he owned it, but she supposed he did in every sense of the word. The way his balls slapped against her cunt, rubbing her clit, was driving her insane and making her climax peak.

She tightened her ass around his pounding dick, and although she’d seen him don a condom quickly before he lubed her up, a part of her wanted his seed filling her.

“I’m coming,” she screamed out as the pleasure was almost too much. She lifted her ass, trying to make him go deeper although she knew it was impossible.

He let go of her wrists and snaked his hand up her back to grab a chunk of her hair. Mayhem pulled her head back until her neck was exposed. She turned her head so she could see him as he came—as she got off.

His gaze was heavy-lidded as he watched his cock disappear into her ass. Sweat glistened on his body, and she wanted to lick it all off, wanted it covering her. As if he sensed her stare, he lifted his gaze to hers and started really pounding into her, his mouth open as he grunted out every time he was balls deep in her.

It was like her orgasm was never-ending.

Her ass tightened around his cock on its own this time, and he growled before thrusting several more times into her and then stilling.

His roar of completion sounded like a feral animal. He tightened his hand in her hair so hard tears pricked her eyes.

“Motherfucker.” That word spilled from his mouth in a rush as he came in her ass. He braced himself on his hands on either side of her head and stayed still, buried in her, breathing hard.

They stayed in that position until she felt like she couldn't get any air into her lungs and might pass out. Mayhem finally rolled off of her, and she collapsed on the bed face first.

For several long moments, nothing was said. The only sound was their erratic breathing. She turned just her head to face him, saw his eyes closed, and one arm slung over his forehead.

He was still breathing hard, his muscles contracting and rippling from the force. His cock, now semi-erect, lay on his thigh, glossy from the lube covering the latex.

"I'd fuck you again, but my cock is depleted." The corner of his mouth kicked up, and she couldn't help but snort.

"I couldn't go round two anyway. I can't even move right now."

He looked over at her and cracked an eye open. "Well, baby, you better get some sleep because the next week is going to leave you bowlegged and sore."

He gave her a full force grin then, and she swore her heart skipped a beat at those words and that smile.

Why is this man getting under my skin so much?

CHAPTER
FIFTEEN

“What’s the word?” Fury asked, sitting at the head of the meeting table, his face a mask of indifference.

Mayhem was tense all over, just getting off the phone with one of the guys in the Cardona family.

He would have preferred to do this business and meetup with Sal or even Marco, since they were the leaders, but as long as shit got taken care of, it didn’t matter.

Everyone was gathered around the table, the patches all watching Mayhem intently.

“I’m meeting up with them at Monstello’s.”

“Kind of stereotypical to be meeting at that Italian coffee shop, isn’t it?” Dealer asked in all seriousness.

“Listen, they tell me where to go, and I listen because I want this shit done.”

“I still don’t understand why in the fuck you’re doing this for some random bitch,” Shorty asked, his focus on Mayhem as he inhaled from his joint. “I mean, who the fuck cares if her brother got into shit with some punk-ass mafia?”

Mayhem had told Fury about what was going down, for obvious reasons, and had no intentions of telling the club.

It would have had the patches wanting in on it when they didn’t need to be put in the middle of shit that didn’t concern them. He didn’t want them in with the Cardonas when it was Mayhem’s decision to do this.

“Why I’m doing this isn’t anyone’s fucking problem but my own, and that’s why I didn’t want any of you knowing.” He looked at Fury, not meaning to snap at the other patches but he was on edge lately, even after finally fucking Butters.

He might not have sampled that sweet pussy of hers, but he’d had her in some way, and even that hadn’t eased this tension in him. Maybe once the drop-off was done he’d feel better about it all?

“But the prez thought it best that everyone was up to speed with it, just in case there is blowback, which I don’t want with the club.”

“You’re seriously doing this alone?” Dirty asked.

“No need for everyone to be there when it’s just a drop-off.”

“That’s fucking insane and dumb as hell,” Dirty replied and leaned back in the chair. “You know things can change like that.” Dirty snapped his fingers.

“Well, it might be, but it’s my dumbass move to make.”

Dirty didn’t move but did keep staring at Mayhem. “She your old lady or something?”

Mayhem clenched his hands on his thighs and glared at Dirty. “No.”

“Then why risk so much?” Shorty asked.

Hell, Mayhem didn’t even know. He’d thought, at first, it had been because he’d been so hard up for her, but then, after a while, something changed. He wasn’t in love with her, didn’t want an old lady—at least he didn’t think he ever would—but he certainly didn’t think of her as just a piece of ass.

But thinking of anyone else having Butters annoyed him, had this heat moving through him that wasn’t good. He knew getting involved with this, with her, wasn’t the smartest move, but Mayhem had never been one to think rationally when he wanted something as badly as he wanted Butters.

“Because,” was all he said, because he didn’t have an answer that would sit well with the guys, not unless he was

claiming her as an old lady. If he did that, then they'd know he was serious about her, and risking a hell of a lot would make sense.

“Man, ain't no pussy worth this shit,” Shorty said.

Mayhem growled out, curled his fingers into his palms, and glared at the patch. “Watch your mouth.” The room was silent, the tension clear. The guys started shifting on their seats after he and Shorty stared at each other.

“For someone who doesn't want her as an old lady, you sure are possessive and ready to tear a brother's head off.”

Some things didn't need to be discussed, and when Mayhem didn't even know how he felt for Butters more than what this week would entail, he also knew that he was acting out of character.

If he was asking the club for backup, he would have wanted to tell them how fucking confused he was with this shit, but as it was, the only reason he told them about any of this was because Fury thought it best to keep the club in the loop.

“You might not want the club's help, but you know, no matter what or how little information you want to give us, we got your back.” Shorty said.

Mayhem knew this, even if he didn't deserve it because he wasn't forthcoming with any information. He breathed out and leaned back in his chair, looking around the table at all of his brothers in arms.

Being truthful and loyal was high in the club's view. Being there for each other and making sure the club was always protected was a priority.

“Truth is, I have no idea what the fuck I'm feeling for Butters.” He didn't tell them about the deal he'd made with her, about how he'd paid her the money in trade for her pussy and time for the next week. All the club knew was that he was helping her out.

Maybe they thought her working at the MC was her way of being square with him? Either way, what's done was done, and

he knew he couldn't change any of it.

“When's the drop-off?” Fury asked.

Mayhem ran his hand over his hair and glanced at the president of their club again. “Tomorrow night, I'm heading down there.”

“Well, we're here, brother, but we'll let you do your thing. We know where you're at and what time, so if shit goes down, we'll know who fucked with you.”

Mayhem grunted and nodded once. Damn, he felt like a piece of shit for having the club involved in any way, but he couldn't lie and say he wouldn't have done this all over again for her.

If that's the case, you need to think long and hard about what Butters really is to you.

CHAPTER
SIXTEEN

“You’re doing okay, though?” Nate asked on the other end.

Butters sat on Mayhem’s couch, stared at the big screen TV that was off, and tried to sound like she wasn’t missing her brother and worried every second of the day.

“I’m okay.”

She didn’t miss how weird Nate sounded. It had only been two days since she’d been gone, and although Nate didn’t know exactly what kind of deal she’d made with the biker, she’d seen the expression on his face that told her he knew enough.

“You sound weird. Are you sure everything is okay?”

There was amount of silence, and then Nate cleared his throat. “I’m fine, Renee. I’m just working on getting things cleared up.”

That had her sitting up straighter on the couch. “Getting things cleared up? What does that mean?”

“It doesn’t mean anything,” Nate said and sighed. “It just means I’m tired of being the shitty brother who gets his sister put in crappy situations.”

She closed her eyes. “You have an addiction, Nate. A lot of people have a hard time fighting those.”

“Yeah, well, I hate it, and I hate myself.” A moment of silence passed. “What if that biker hadn’t come along and had the money to bail me out?”

She didn't respond, because she honestly didn't know what would have happened.

"Yeah, exactly. I would have been dead, but they would have made sure you were hurt, as well. They would have made me watch, Renee. I hate myself. You're all I have in this shitty world, and all I do is make things worse."

"We'll get through this, Nate. Everything will be okay." Maybe she should try to figure out a way to move, to just pack her crap and take Nate with her. The Cardonas, hell, anyone threatening her or her brother, scared the shit out of her. They might be paid off, but that didn't mean she wanted to have a front row seat to seeing them.

"It will be okay. I'll make sure of it," Nate said. "Listen, I have to get some sleep. I've been up all night and am dead on my feet right now."

"Get some rest." She didn't bother asking why he'd been up all night. Maybe he'd been in pain or his thoughts had been too twisted—like hers had been.

"I love you, Renee."

She smiled. "I love you, too, Nate. I'll see you next week." He hung up without responding, and she looked down at her cell for a second before setting it on the table.

She leaned back on the couch, trying not to let her thoughts control her, but it was so damn hard. It was only a few minutes later that she heard the rumbling sound of Mayhem's Harley.

Rising, she walked over to the window, pulled back the dusty old curtain, and saw him park the Harley next to his SUV. Since staying at his place, she'd come to realize that the man didn't like to clean.

Hell, she'd noticed that right away, but actually having to live in a house where Mayhem clearly had never dusted, vacuumed, or even cleaned the toilet had made the ick factor kick. So, today she'd been cleaning.

He didn't own a vacuum cleaner, so that had been out, but she'd been able to clean everything else. If she had to be here

for the next week, she wanted it to be livable, at least.

He dismounted from the bike, but his cell went off and he stood there for a few moments talking to whomever was on the other end. She took that moment to really look at him, because honestly, Mayhem was not hard on the eyes.

He may not be classically handsome, but she liked the brutal, hardcore persona that radiated from him. She thought about last night, about how he'd fucked her ass, how he'd made her his for that short time.

She might have been slightly high and drunk, but she'd been fully aware of what was going on, of what she was doing and allowing him to do.

He ran his hand over his dark hair, his bicep flexing from the act. He wore his cut, the dark leather loose as it covered him.

He turned and faced the house, but with the sunglasses he wore still in place, she didn't know if he could see her watching him. It wouldn't have mattered anyway, because she hadn't moved, didn't try to hide the fact she was gazing at him.

Even though he wasn't hard and even from the distance, she could see the impressive bulge at his crotch, knew exactly how big he really was. The memory of last night still played through her head, and images of their sweaty bodies pressed together as he ass fucked her had her pussy soaking wet.

It was crazy to have this instant arousal for him when she had so many other problems, bigger worries, on her mind. But it was like he was this drug to her, and every time he was near, even if he didn't touch her, she felt the effects of him.

She craved his touch, and especially after last night and the fact she knew exactly how it would be with him, Butters couldn't think of anything else she wanted to do than be on her back for him.

He got off the cell and shoved it in his front pocket, and for a second, all he did was stare at the house. Stare at her.

Yeah, he definitely saw her, and the hard, fierce look on his face told her he wasn't in the best of moods.

He started walking toward the house, and she moved away from the window, staring at the door. It opened a few seconds later, and he shut it with a resounding slam.

For a moment, they looked at each other, neither speaking nor moving, but Butters felt that pull to him, that intense desire that had all common sense leaving her. She saw him inhale, a slight flare of his nose.

And then this low sound left him.

"It's like I can fucking smell how wet you are for me," he said in a gravelly voice.

She felt her pulse race. He was visibly breathing hard, the same as she was. His chest rose and fell, and he moved closer to her, every step making her heart race more, her palms sweating harder the closer they got to one another.

When they were mere inches apart, she looked deep into his eyes. Intensity was reflected back.

Take me now, Mayhem.

In a swift move, Mayhem gripped the back of her neck and pulled her toward him. He had his mouth on hers, his tongue thrust inside. The feel of his lips on hers, moving rough, hard, and demanding, had every rational thought leaving her brain.

The way he held her, kissed her, made her feel wholly feminine and possessed. She felt the heat, the need in his touch as well as the way he ran his tongue along the inside of her mouth. She was helpless to stop it.

His other hand pressed against her lower back, and she gasped from the searing heat of that lone touch. When he pulled her closer, she groaned when his erection pressed against her belly. He was so hard already, and she swore she felt her inner muscles clench with the need to be filled by him.

"I want you naked for me," he demanded against her mouth.

She moved back a step, not sure why she felt so frantic but also not wanting to stop it. Being with Mayhem had everything else vanishing, including her worries.

Being with Mayhem helped her forget about her troubles.

Once her clothing was removed, he yanked her back toward him, her breasts shaking from the force. He latched his mouth back on hers, taking control.

Eyes closed, body lost in feeling, Butters brought her hands to the front of his jeans and fumbled with the button, needing his cock out.

But Mayhem stopped her by placing his hand over hers. He released the button of his pants and pushed the zipper down. Mouth still latched in a demanding kiss, Mayhem backed her against the wall.

After what felt like forever, Butters finally felt the scorching-hot length of him press into her belly, the tip slick with pre-cum.

A moan ripped from her, and she was unable to stop it.

She was overheated, and not even the chill in the air could help combat the sweat that started to line her body.

She wanted to feel his bare skin against hers, feel his strength against her softness. She pushed at his cut, and before she could get it off, he was moving a step back from her and shedding the leather. She was back on him, pushing his shirt up almost frantically.

The air whooshed out of her when she glanced down at his exposed chest. Of course, she'd seen this glorious masculinity last night, but in the daylight, he looked so much more powerful.

Butters let her gaze travel down to the erection she felt throbbing against her, not even contained by his jeans. Before she could try to get the denim fully off, Mayhem pushed his pants down and kicked them aside.

He grabbed his cock, stroked himself while he watched her, and all she could do was place her hands on the wall to

stabilize herself.

He stood before her like a god or maybe the very devil himself. Yes, the latter sounded more like Mayhem. And that turned her on. Knowing he was this dark angel, this dangerous male who could take the life from someone as easily as he breathed, had her so wet she felt uncomfortable from it.

Even though his size certainly was startling, and she'd already seen it and felt it deep in her ass, it was still shocking to see him completely bared. The piercings had all coherent thoughts leaving her.

She remembered what it felt like inside of her, even through the latex. Before she could drag her eyes from the sight, he grabbed right below her ass and lifted her, pressing her fully against the wall.

The coldness met her overheated flesh, and she bit her lip. His gaze tracked the movement, and then his tongue was running over the tender spot she had just abused.

A surprised gasp left her as he bathed her sensitive flesh in liquid heat. He tasted so good, and she was shamelessly leaning into him, seeking more, needing more like a fiend looking for her next fix.

The metal that adorned his body was heated as it pressed between her thighs. Butters was completely soaked, embarrassingly so, but she didn't give a damn. A small, annoying voice inside told her she shouldn't be enjoying this so much, but she didn't care and told that voice to shut the hell up.

Right now, she couldn't think of anything better than having Mayhem inside of her, erasing the grime of her life.

His hands on her body made her feel weak with need, womanly in her passion. For long seconds, they just kissed, but then surprising her, he turned with her in his arms and was striding over to the couch.

Once she was flat on the cushions, the fabric scratchy on her flesh, he leaned back on his haunches and stared right

between her thighs. He didn't touch her, didn't even look like he was breathing.

She felt crazed when he was this near, yet Mayhem looked so calm and in control right now. The air sawed in and out of her lungs as they exchanged gazes.

“Spread your thighs more. Make your pussy lips open up for me.” His voice was commanding and sent a thrill of dark desire through her.

Butters did what he said, felt the chilled air along her parted pussy lips, and held her breath as a choked sound left him. Her nipples felt so hard and tight, protruding obscenely the longer he watched her, took in every part of her.

She felt flushed, and even lying down, she could see how her skin was painted red along the top of her thighs, over her belly, and even along her chest. Every erogenous zone in her body tingled as the seconds passed.

He was aroused, most definitely, but he didn't make a move to touch her again and, instead, touched himself, stroked his cock, and rubbed the pre-cum that dotted the top along the shaft.

She swallowed. Did he like what he saw? Although that was foolish because he certainly looked like he did, she couldn't help the thought. His cock straining forward should have told her how much he did want her, but she wondered where all his composure and restraint was coming from.

If the look on his face hadn't kept her rooted to her spot, the dominance pouring from him having her submissive side heeling, she would have moved toward him and touched him.

“Run your fingers over your pussy. Rub your clit for me.”

She licked her lips and placed her fingers along her belly and moved them down until she was touching the engorged, little bundle of nerves at the top of her mound.

His gaze was scorching, and it took everything in her to breathe as he watched her with half-lidded eyes that reflected exactly what he wanted to do to her.

“That’s it. Touch that pretty pink cunt.”

His coarse language and crude demeanor sent her reeling, but also turned her on, inflamed her. The commands did something to her insides. She felt weak with need. As crazy as it sounded, she wanted to please him, wanted to do anything he said. Still, a part of her hated she was giving in so easily.

“Do it.”

She knew by his tone and his look that if she obeyed him, he would make it worth her while.

“Don’t make me ask you again. You’re here for me, for my pleasure, to get me off. You be a good girl, and I’ll make you scream with pleasure.”

Her heart thundered hard, and she really started to touch herself, spread her fingers through her pussy and between her lips, circled her hole, and finally dipped the digit into her body. Was this really what she wanted? To be ordered to do whatever he said?

Yes.

Mayhem was a force all in himself. He was powerful, strong, and took no shit. He was a dominating man, and at that moment, Butters knew what he wanted from her.

Complete submission.

But also the desire to *want* to please him.

CHAPTER
SEVENTEEN

Nate couldn't say he wasn't nervous as hell, because that would have been a lie. He was scared and knew that doing this could very well get him killed.

But he couldn't be the piece of shit brother anymore, couldn't have Renee in danger because he had problems and couldn't control his addictions.

If this didn't work out and he was killed, at least his problems wouldn't be Renee's issue anymore.

His hands shook as he drove his piece of shit car toward where he knew Marco hung out. His car made this death rattle as he came to a stop, and when he cut the engine, the only thing he could hear was his own ragged breathing.

The gates of the Cardona's main home were large, imposing, and surrounded by a massive, wrought iron gate. There was a small building just right inside of the enclosure, he saw as two men, armed with rifles, stepped out of the building and came closer to the gate.

They didn't make it any secret that they were armed, not when they lifted the guns so Nate could see them. He felt lightheaded, like he was having a panic attack, but he knew he couldn't back out of this. He'd come this far already.

Nate got out of the car so they could see him, and both guards started laughing. Nate remembered seeing them when he'd first made the deal with Sal and Marco.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" one of the guards asked.

“You grow a set of balls?” the other one said and started laughing.

“I’ve come to speak with Marco about my situation.”

They both looked at each other, and under the circumstances, Nate thought he was holding up well. He wasn’t a big guy, had never been the “strong” type. Butters had always been the type of person who had his back no matter what.

But he wanted to end this, and end it now, and he needed to do this for his sister.

One of the security team went back into the small building, but the other one, the larger guard, stayed at the gates, eyeing Nate down.

A few seconds later, the guard who had disappeared came back.

“Marco says to let him in.”

The gate opened a moment later, and Nate got back into his car and pulled through the gate. Both guards stared him down as he drove up the cobblestone driveway, up a slight incline, and finally stopped in front of the door.

There was one more man sitting on the steps of the porch, a gun beside him and a cigarette hanging from between his lips. Despite the Cardonas not being some high-profile mafia, they did have a statewide reputation.

Nate took a step forward, but before he could take another one, a guard grabbed his arm. He was frisked quickly, and then he was being pulled toward the entrance. Nate kept his head down as he was led inside, down a hallway, and finally shoved through an open doorway.

The door closed behind him, and he looked up to see Marco sitting on the couch in front of a fire. He held a clear, crystal cut glass filled with amber liquid and had a cigar between his lips.

Marco was next in line after Sal, his father, or at least Nate assumed that’s how these things worked. Nate knew enough

about the Cardonas that Marco was even more brutal than Sal.

“You better have my money, because you showing up here empty-handed is pretty damn stupid,” Marco said and took a sip from his glass.

“I want to clear this up. Just you and I. I don’t want anyone else involved.”

Marco didn’t say anything, but he did set his glass down and stand. He took a puff from the cigar and blew the smoke out after only keeping it in his mouth for a second or two.

“You don’t want anyone else involved?”

Nate shook his head. “I don’t want my sister hurt because of my mistakes.”

“That’s pretty honorable,” Marco said without emotion and moved closer. “But you are at least smart enough to know how this works.”

Nate felt the tightness in his body increase.

“You don’t have my money to me by the date it’s due, and I’ll make sure I find your pretty, little sister and fuck her until she bleeds.” Marco grinned, a grisly display of his distorted power and violence.

He stepped closer until Nate smelled the cologne he wore.

“And I’ll make sure you watch and know you’re the one who brought it on her.”

Nate wasn’t thinking clearly, not after what Marco just said. He would have done anything to make sure Renee was protected.

“I want her safe,” he whispered.

“You know,” Marco said, “I might have some fun with her even after I get the money.”

Nate snapped, something inside of him tearing in two. He pulled out the blade, minus the handle, he’d had tucked at the front of his pants. It had been flat, undetectable.

When they'd patted him down and because there hadn't been a handle, they hadn't felt it or had overlooked it. If they'd found it, Nate wouldn't have made it inside and, instead, would have either been shot dead or been incapacitated and then taken to see Marco and Sal.

When Marco started laughing again, probably envisioning what he would do to Renee, Nate didn't think, just reacted.

He plunged the blade into Marco's gut and heard the man howl in pain. He stumbled back, not knowing if any of the guards would come in since they were probably right outside the door or if Marco would kill him.

Nate stabbed him again, not even thinking anymore, because he realized what a bad idea this had been. But all he had thought about was trying to make things right for his sister, to keep her safe.

But Marco slapped Nate's hand away, the blade skidding to the ground.

"You stupid motherfucker," Marco said and reached behind him to grab a gun. Nate tensed, thinking he'd die right now. But Marco took the butt of the gun and slammed it against Nate's head.

"I should kill you, but I'm going to make sure your sister knows how you fucked things up."

Darkness was the last thing Nate saw.

CHAPTER
EIGHTEEN

Butters knew her eyes were large as she stared up at Mayhem. He looked so powerful and dangerous, all in the same breath. She was so wet for him. Could he see her arousal glistening, smell her like he'd claimed?

He still didn't approach her right away. Instead, he just watched her while jerking off.

He moved closer to her, and she swallowed. Her breasts were thrust out, not so much as she was trying to tease him but because of the position she was in on the couch. But she supposed it looked a little sultry, a little tempting.

He placed both his hands along her outer thighs and moved them under to cup her ass. Their eyes locked for a heartbeat.

The feel of his warm breath skating across her pussy could have made her come right then. He smirked, a hard slash across his mouth that was not one of amusement but one that told her he knew exactly the effect he had on her and was relishing in it.

"You want me sucking at your cunt, don't you?"

"Yes," she breathed that lone word.

And then he had his mouth on her, his tongue along her lips and clit. The feel of it on her exposed flesh had her eyes involuntarily closing and her head falling back against the cushion.

He used that muscle to run up her center, sucking and lapping at her wetness, causing more cream to spill from her.

He was so incredibly slow with his ministrations, licking her like he was savoring a lollipop.

Butters found herself pressing closer to him, trying to tempt him to give her more. Given the situation she was in with him, her actions had her slightly mortified. Here she was pressing her pussy against his mouth, fucking herself on him.

Her hands seemed to have a mind of their own as she reached out and gripped handfuls of his hair. As if that had been the wrong move, Mayhem removed his mouth from her and leaned back.

She opened her eyes and blinked several times, reality slowly returning. Desire still pounded through her bloodstream crying out for more.

“Put your arms above your head and keep them there while I eat you out.” His tone brooked no argument.

She did as he said, because she needed his mouth on her desperately. When she clasped her hands together above her head, resting them on the top of the couch, he moved back between her legs and resumed licking her.

His tongue moved up and down her slit, teasing her clit on the upstroke, and pressing back into her cunt hole on the downstroke.

She was close to coming.

Mayhem was torturously slow, bringing her close to climax but not exerting enough pressure on her clit or finger-fucking her hard enough to actually push her over the edge.

Perspiration coated her skin even more as she tried in vain to come, as she tried to reach that precipice. She silently begged for him to suck on her clit again by rubbing her pussy on his mouth with more fervor.

Her fingers hurt from the strain of keeping them together. All she wanted to do was grip his head and shove it harder into her pussy.

Air left her lungs in moans and gasps. She couldn't stop thrashing her head back and forth as the pleasure seemed to

build.

“God, I’m so close.”

“Beg me to let you come. Let me hear your pleas.”

He was such a sadist torturing her like this.

At this point, she would have done anything to feel that crest of pleasure wash over her.

“Please, Mayhem. Please let me come.” The words left her on a whoosh of air, and she locked gazes with him. The look he gave her had her entire body tightening. As if he wanted to prolong her torture, she watched in rapt shock as he held her pussy lips apart with his thumbs and ran his tongue up her center.

His tanned, tattooed hands seemed so dark against her flesh.

When he reached her clit, he sucked on the engorged bundle of nerves. The rhythmic motions had her grinding herself against his mouth over and over again. He ever so gently ran his teeth along her clit.

Butters threw her head back as her whole body tensed. The orgasm that moved through her was intense and heady, just like him. He never stopped sucking on her but magnified the feeling by thrusting two thick fingers into her opening as she writhed.

When the tremors started to dissipate and her high leveled out, she breathed out a contented sigh. The blissful feeling was short-lived as she was lifted into strong arms.

A gasp escaped her, and she instinctively wrapped her arms around Mayhem’s neck and her legs around his waist. He was walking seconds later, and before she knew it, she was in his room with the door shut.

“I’m about to fuck you so hard, Butters.” His voice was so rough and deep, like sandpaper moving over her skin. Things were going to escalate, and she had no intention of stopping it.

Mayhem set her on the ground but kept his hands around her waist. They were so close that she felt the cool metal of his

cock piercings press against the heated flesh of her belly. She swallowed and searched his face with her gaze.

Butters could see the redness of his mouth, the slight glossiness from eating her out. She even smelled herself on his mouth, a heady scent that seemed to make what they were doing even filthier.

When they'd first kissed in the living room, he had seemed as frantic as she was, but as things progressed, he'd grown more controlled. She couldn't deny that she liked it, craved it even.

Never had she thought being dominated and controlled by a man would please her so much, but Mayhem's rough commands, the way he seemed to hold her in a purely proprietary way, nearly undid her all over again.

He moved forward so she was forced to step backward. When she felt the bed behind her, she didn't stop from sitting down on it. He stood over her, darkly handsome and pleasingly dangerous.

He used his upper body to push her back until she was sprawled beneath him.

"Once I start, I'm not going to fucking stop." His voice never wavered, and the stoic, controlled expression stayed on his face.

She knew what she was getting into, and whether it was a bad idea or not, she wouldn't tell him to stop.

CHAPTER
NINETEEN

Mayhem had to grit his teeth and force himself not to slide into her hot, wet cunt right then and there, but he knew he wouldn't last, had no self-control when it concerned Butters.

For some sick reason, he needed her to tell him she wanted this. Her body's reaction wasn't enough. All he could think about was what her sweet pussy would feel like wrapped around his cock, how she'd grip him like a vise.

The smell of her cream still covering his mouth and blinding all other senses made it harder with each passing moment to keep himself from losing control. But fuck, he didn't really want to keep himself in check.

He just wanted to claim her in all ways and wash away the shit he'd have to do. Using his hands on her inner thighs, he pushed her legs wider apart until he got an unobstructed view of what he ached for.

Mayhem could see how swollen she was, and the sight alone almost had him coming right then. He couldn't stop himself from kneeling between her legs and bringing his face close to her pussy.

He pressed his hips into the mattress, hoping to stem off his impending orgasm. For that one lone moment, he let himself marvel at her.

Her slit, so ready for him, made his whole body tighten with need. Her breasts, huge and round and all natural with

tight, pink nipples poised at the tip, had his hands itching to caress them.

A groan ripped from him as he watched her gently bite on the flesh of her bottom lip. It was erotic yet innocent. It nearly drove him over the edge.

Again, he pressed his hips into the mattress, feeling the sheets scrape along his throbbing cock, heightening his arousal instead of stemming it.

“God, baby.” He groaned the words, and she let out a mewling noise. She was close to getting off again.

But he wanted her to come with his cock deep in her pussy. Yeah, he was going to fuck her good and hard.

And then he'd figure out what in the hell was going on with him and how he really felt about her.

CHAPTER
TWENTY

Butters couldn't breathe, couldn't even concentrate as she tried to get her bearings.

Mayhem rested his head on her inner thigh, his warm breath teasing her flesh. He'd devoured her. There was no other way to explain what he'd done between her thighs, but she needed him filling her.

She needed to come again with him in her pussy.

"Fuck me." Those two words were a mere whisper out of her. He settled his body on top of hers and placed his hand on the back of her neck, bringing her head closer to his mouth until their lips were inches apart.

"I don't care if our deal was for a week. You're mine." He ran his lips lightly across hers, not really kissing her but tempting her all the same. She tasted herself on him and found herself leaning in more, wanting more. "You're the only one who makes me feel like I have no control." His tongue peeked out and teased hers. "Just being next to you makes me so fucking hard I can't even think straight."

She trembled as he spoke softly, his words, admission, sounding so truthful.

He had replaced his lips with his tongue and ran it across her bottom lip. She closed her eyes briefly and absorbed the sensations. No other man had ever made her feel this way, had ever made her crave to be touched.

And even if she enjoyed being with him, this whole situation seemed so abhorrent because of the fact he'd paid her

to be here. After this was all said and done, he'd probably never want anything to do with her again.

Isn't that what you want?

“Your pussy is the sweetest fucking thing I've ever tasted, and I feel like if I don't swallow your arousal, and make you come again on my mouth, this beast inside of me will escape.”

She felt a flush spreading throughout her whole body. Her eyes had closed of their own accord as she let his words sink in while he ignited every part of her to a fever pitch.

Before she could even open her eyes, wanting to see him, Mayhem slipped his fingers between her legs and stroked her cunt, running the digits on either side of her labia, and then rubbed her clit.

“I want to savor this. Bring you as much pleasure as you're bringing me. But I also need my dick inside of you too fucking much.” He moved his mouth to the pulse point at her throat while he continued to run his finger over the opening of her pussy. “You're so damn wet for me, baby. So ready for my big cock.” His finger dipped inside of her, and she bit her lip. “I bet this slick, little pussy will be the tightest I've ever felt. It'll suck me like it needs my jizz.”

He slipped another digit into her body and then another until he was thrusting three thick fingers inside her. “Damn, my whole hand is drenched because you're so wet. Because you want me so badly.”

She gasped as he twisted his fingers, scissoring them until she was squirming, trying to thrust into them and move away at the same time.

“My dick is going to stretch this little cunt so much that you scream out for more.” He finger-fucked her faster, harder, and the sound of her flesh sucking at him seemed to fill the room.

She wasn't lost to the fact Mayhem was dry humping the mattress, this low growl leaving him, as well.

She was unabashedly gripping on to his arms, her nails digging into his flesh as she tried to reach that pinnacle of

pleasure. Butters wasn't ashamed to start fucking herself on his fingers, twisting herself and pushing her pussy down on him.

She needed to go over the edge. She knew if he kept this up, she would get off again.

Mayhem brought his thumb to her clit and started rubbing it back and forth, not hard but with enough pressure she knew she'd soon be falling over that ledge of ecstasy. For as hard and rough as he was, right now, he was making sure she found her pleasure.

And then he brushed up against something deep inside of her, something that had a spark of electricity moving through her body. She felt that crest peak, and she was falling into the haze of erotic torture as she came.

Butters cried out and pumped her pussy faster and harder on his fingers. He grunted in pleasure against her ear. When her body became lax, she rested her head on his forearm, breathing roughly.

There were no coherent thoughts running through her mind. Despite just getting off, she wanted him still. It was like that last orgasm inflamed her to the point she would have begged him to fuck her over and over again.

She peeled her eyes open and stared at him. Mayhem hovered over her, his face a hard mask, the desire clear on his expression. She could feel his massive erection against her thigh, and she knew what she wanted to do.

Butters flattened her hands against his chest and gently pushed. She thought he might fight her on this, because Mayhem was a dominant man in all things, but he let her exert this strength, if only for right now.

When he was on his back, she pushed herself up, staring down the length of his body, at the hardness of his muscles, definition of his power even though he seemed semi-relaxed.

Mayhem seemed like the type of man to never fully be calm, to never really be content. He seemed like he'd always have this tension about him.

She lowered her gaze to his cock, her pulse jumping at the base of her throat. The piercings were what really turned her on at the moment, because she remembered how they'd felt in her ass, how they'd rubbed along nerve endings she hadn't even known existed.

Tearing her eyes from the hard length before her, she looked into his eyes. Of course, he held an unreadable expression, one that had nothing to do with the shadows playing in the room. The man before her was hard in more ways than one.

"You want to think you have some control, baby?" he asked in a deep voice.

She licked her lips but didn't answer, didn't know how to respond.

"Suck the cum from me." The gleam in his eyes spoke loudly. His erection strained forward, and she grabbed the root as she leaned in, wanting to ride him but also wanting to taste him for just a moment.

Mayhem hissed when she tried to wrap her fingers all the way around him, adding a little pressure, but not getting all of him in her grasp. There was a huge part of her that wanted to please Mayhem as much, if not more, than he'd pleased her.

"You want my cock in your mouth?" he asked, but it didn't quite sound like a question. "Open that pretty mouth of yours, and do it, baby."

A shiver ran up her spine at his dominant tone.

Not wasting any more time because, honestly, she wanted him to fuck her pretty damn badly, Butters leaned down and brought her mouth to the tip of him. She could feel his heat and parted her lips to flick her tongue over the ridge of the tip.

He tasted salty and masculine, a weird combination but the reality of everything that was Mayhem.

Steeling herself, she knew she had to up her game and make him grunt out from the pleasure. She needed to not only have him on the edge but to hear his pleasure, as well. Butters

ran her tongue over the flared edge, licked at his piercings, and then engulfed him.

His flavor exploded in her mouth again, even more potent this time as she tasted pre-cum. Salty, sweet, and a faint taste of metal from his piercings nearly undid her right then. She groaned around him.

Despite her earlier orgasms, her pussy was drenched, and her clit throbbed.

Butters sucked him hard and deep, and he gripped the back of her head and started thrusting into her mouth, skull-fucking her.

“Hell yeah, baby,” he groaned.

She knew she had won this small battle, if only for a moment.

His whole body was strung taut, and she knew he was going to come very soon if she kept this up. His fingers tightened in her hair, but before she could taste him fully, he pulled her head back.

His breathing was haggard, and the look he gave her heated her entire body.

“On your back with your legs spread, Butters. It’s time that I claim that pussy of yours.” When she did what he said, she watched his gaze dip between her spread thighs. “Damn, baby.” He ran a hand over his mouth, the sound of him rubbing over his stubble loud in the room. “I want to be inside of you so fucking bad.” He flicked his eyes to her, and a mask of composure covered his expression instantly. “Tell me you want my cock in you. Tell me how much you want me to fuck you.”

Damn, Mayhem has a dirty, commanding way with words that shouldn’t turn me on. They should piss me off, but all I can think about is being with him.

His words were like gasoline on a fire. She had never been with someone so incredibly compelling and forceful with his words. There had been a few times she’d been with a guy and he’d tried to be dominating, but it fell flat.

Butters had always had some kind of control over her sexual situations, but having this biker take the reins, be the one who called the shots, made her tough exterior crumble. It was like he knew exactly what to say to have her on the precipice of climax. In the next instant, his hard body was blanketing hers.

His mouth took hers in a searing kiss, and she wrapped her hands around his neck.

He pulled back with a scowl on his face.

“I want your cock. I want you to fuck me, Mayhem.”

“We do this my way, because I know you like that, Butters.”

She nodded.

Yes, she so wanted to do it his way. He clasped her wrists in one of his hands and brought them above her head, binding her there, restraining her for his mercy. The headboard was made up of wooden slats, and she wrapped her fingers around them, doing what he wanted, even if he hadn't actually said the words.

A ghost of a smile flittered across his face, as if her act of submission pleased him.

Mayhem then moved his hands down her throat, skated his digits over her collarbones, and cupped her breasts. The heavy weight of his hands on her had her closing her eyes and moaning, arching up to his touch.

Yes, that was what she needed. Butters needed to feel his callused hands scrape over her flesh, commanding her body like he knew exactly what would get her off.

He tweaked her nipples, massaged the mounds, and brought a flush of heat to her chest. His hands were rough, worn, and all she could think about was how powerful he was when using them, how dangerous that simple part of his body really was.

A wave of lust slammed into her so hard it took her breath away. She was surprised at the intensity of desire that her

thoughts caused.

The feel of his shaft straining against her slid had her rubbing against him, needing him to just thrust into her already. She was so done with this foreplay, because anymore, it seemed like torture.

But for some reason, she knew that if she was patient and obedient, he would bring her to a place she had never been before, make her feel a kind of possession that wasn't wrong.

While she looked into his face, she felt a tightness in her chest. His focus was on her breasts. He lifted his head and looked at her in the eyes. Butters didn't know what she was feeling at this moment, didn't know if she liked it, but it was there, and she couldn't stop it.

He leaned in close to her ear, his warm breath moving across the shell right before he whispered, "Are you ready?" He squeezed her breast hard enough she cried out. "Are you ready to have my monster cock thrusting inside of you?" He pinched her nipple.

"Yes. God, yes."

He hummed in approval.

Butters didn't know if he was trying to shock her, and although it might have worked, she was far too gone in her need to pay it much attention.

His mouth was still by her ear, his breathing ragged. The feel of him lightly pressing his dick between her thighs, not penetrating her but teasing her all in the same breath, had her mouth opening and a small sound leaving her.

She gripped the headboard tighter.

"You're mine," he said that phrase again. He thrust against her again, emphasizing his words. Another mewl escaped her. "No one else will have you. Or touch you."

She wanted *him* to touch her already. "Then fuck me, Mayhem," she said with a slight twinge of desperation. She rose up, trying to kiss him, needing his mouth on hers. Fortunately, he leaned down and claimed her mouth with his.

His tongue slipped into her mouth at the same time he reached between their bodies and placed the head of his cock at her pussy hole.

“I’m about to fuck you so hard you won’t be able to sit comfortably tomorrow,” he growled out the words. He pulled back enough to look in her eyes, and in one hard, intense, and commanding move he buried his cock all the way inside her.

Butters curled her toes, arched her back, and cried out at the burning and stretching feeling that consumed her.

He grunted. “Your pussy is so fucking tight. So wet and hot.” He started pulling out and thrusting back in, not giving her time to adjust to his huge size.

It was then, as she felt the slight chill and pressure of his piercings, that she realized he hadn’t put on a condom.

“Oh, God.”

“What, baby?” he said through clenched teeth, still thrusting into her, having her pleasure heighten all over again.

She’d been so inflamed with her desire she hadn’t used common sense and remembered protection. “A condom.” She gasped out when he slammed into her deep and hard.

“Fuck,” he said but didn’t stop thrusting into her. His arms were on either side of her head, and she could see the way his biceps were flexing from the force it was taking him to hold himself above her. “I can stop and put one on, but I’m clean. I’ll pull out.” He was shallowly thrusting into her, looking right into her eyes, and she knew she should have been smarter.

Instead, she wrapped her arms around his waist, her heels at the small of his back. “I’m on the pill to regulate my period, and I’m clean.” It felt weird to be talking about this with him when he already had his cock in her. She should have told him to put one on, but dammit, she needed to have him keep moving inside her.

He groaned again and renewed his pumping efforts.

Mayhem was like a wild man as he thrust into her, bringing her so close to the edge and then stopping right before she went over. Her hands ached from holding on to the headboard, but she'd keep them there because she knew Mayhem liked it.

Her pussy was so wet for him, and the sound of his skin slapping against hers reverberated in the room.

“So wet and tight.” He growled against her neck and picked up speed.

“Come for me, Butters. Squeeze that pussy on my cock and milk the jizz from me.”

Soon, she was falling over the edge into mindless, blissful completion. She cried out as another smaller orgasm wrought havoc on her body and mind. Just as the high started to slowly dwindle, she found herself flipped on her belly.

She shouldn't have wanted any more, but she couldn't deny that when it came to Mayhem, she felt like she was addicted.

Palms flat on the mattress and legs spread wide, she waited for him to make his next move. Her pussy still convulsed from the after-tremors of her orgasm. With her chest still on the mattress, her ass was high in the air for the taking, and she wanted him to take her from behind.

All she felt was the mindless pleasure of wanting more.

Butters closed her eyes when she felt his fingers skate over her slit and gather her cream right before thrusting them deep in her body. There was no tensing, no worries about what was going to happen next as he fucked her with the digits for only a few seconds.

Finally, he placed the tip of his dick at her pussy, held on to her waist, and thrust inside in one fluid motion.

The sheets were tightly fisted between her fingers, and he started thrusting in and out of her hard enough she began sliding up on the bed. Then he covered her back with his chest, placed a hand on her shoulder to keep her stationary, and kissed the back of her neck.

He'd already ensured her pleasure above his by bringing her to climax numerous times, and he still had yet to find his own release.

"You're so responsive to my touch," he seemed to purr in that gravelly, hard voice of his.

A shiver wracked her body. She didn't answer, couldn't. The sting of his hand coming into contact with her ass had her gasping, but then he smoothed his palm over the hurt, making the pleasure rise. He continued to push into her and pull back out.

Over and over again, he pumped his cock into her pussy.

"Beg me for my cum." His voice was thick, aroused.

She felt herself blush, not because he was being crude but because she did want his cum.

"I'm so hard for you. Do you feel what you do to me?" He lifted off her back and pulled out so the tip was lodged in her pussy. He pushed back in hard enough a gasp left her. "You feel that? You feel how fucking hard I am? Like damn steel?"

"Yes." She wanted to tell him to do it, to beg him to end her misery. Maybe she spoke aloud because in the next second he was fucking her like a madman.

Tears stung her eyes, but they were the good kind. This was like nothing she'd ever felt.

She squeezed her pussy around him.

"You're tempting something very dangerous, baby."

Maybe she was, but right now, she didn't even care.

The burn of pain and being stretched soon vanished, and something far more pleasing and electrifying took its place. Each time he pushed into her, that desire heightened.

His groans were enough to have her nearing yet another orgasm, but it was his finger rubbing her clit that had her screaming out. She turned her head and closed her eyes, letting wave after wave of pleasure consume her.

One thrust, two pumps of his hips against hers, and on the third one, he buried himself balls deep and cursed loudly. His language was crass and vile, but it reflected the strong emotions she was sure he felt at that moment.

It seemed like a long time before he finally hunched over her, his big body warming her, suffocating her until she was panting for breath.

When he pulled out of her and rolled onto his side, he surprised the hell out of her by placing a hand between her thighs, rubbing her pussy hole, and pushing his jizz that had started to come out of her back in her body.

He rubbed the slick cum all over her pussy, labia, and even clit, as if marking her.

He finally wrapped his body around hers, holding her tightly to him. She didn't question the intimacy of it.

No, she just closed her eyes and let the post-euphoric haze consume her. She could worry about what this meant and what would really happen at the end of all of this later.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-ONE

Mayhem held the bag with the ten grand in his hand but didn't move out of his SUV. He'd left Butters at the club, ensuring she was protected, just in case.

Shit could get ugly real fast. He'd never dealt with the mafia before, but he was quickly realizing that when it came to Butters, he'd do anything.

Yeah, he had it fucking bad for her, and he knew there was no going back. He realized, in just the short amount of time they'd been in each other's company, that he wanted her, only her, and he didn't want any other assholes to touch her.

Fuck, he didn't want any other bastards even looking at her. The very thought sent him into a jealous, possessive rage.

His cell rang, and he picked it up. It was a burner, so the only people that had it were ones he'd given the number to. He saw it was Fury calling.

"Yeah?" Mayhem looked at the restaurant again.

"You know if there is trouble or you think shit is going down, we're here."

Mayhem breathed out and nodded despite the fact Fury couldn't see him. Even after that whole talk about how Mayhem didn't want the club involved and how Fury said they'd be there if he needed them, it seemed none of that mattered.

As Mayhem was getting ready to leave to go to the drop, Fury, Dirty, Dealer, and Shorty were all standing by his SUV

in the club's parking lot, waiting to go with him. They'd even gotten Birdie, the prospect, to come along.

Birdie was nearing his year as a prospect and was Fury's friend from back in the day. The prospect had been in the joint for the last ten years, and once he was out, he'd hit up Fury and wanted in on the club.

Of course, Mayhem had tried to talk them out of coming along, been a fucking asshole even, because he didn't want the club involved like this. He wanted to just get this bullshit done and be with Butters.

Because the truth was, he wanted to talk to her about this week not ending, about her being his. He wanted her and only her, and it had only taken this small amount of time to make the ice around his heart thaw.

"I know."

"We always got your back, brother."

"And I always got yours," Mayhem said.

"If we hear anything fucked up or you give us a signal, we'll be stashed away where they can't see us, but where we have eyes on you. We'll come busting in guns blazing."

"Hopefully it doesn't come to that."

Mayhem heard the guys in the background start to talk about if things went down what they'd do.

"You never know with this group. So be on alert."

"Always," Mayhem said. After he hung up, he took a deep, steadying breath.

Monstello's was just one of the many businesses owned by the Cardona crew. It was a front, for the most part, a place to clean their money.

Mayhem tightened his hold on the bag and got out of the vehicle. He wasn't afraid of the mafia, but he was man enough that he was afraid of what the mafia would do to Butters.

He made his way toward the restaurant, opened the doors, and immediately saw two men dressed in black leaning against

the pillars that separated the hostess stand from the dining area.

Mayhem knew they were part of the Cardonas, could see the way they tensed, brought their hands to their sides where they were packing. Mayhem knew they'd shoot his ass if they thought he was a threat, but he wouldn't be a threat if things went smoothly. If shit went down, he'd hold his own.

The guys guarding the front smelled and looked like they'd been partying all day. Seeing their bloodshot eyes and sweaty faces, Mayhem could tell they were three sheets to the wind.

He didn't have to say who he was or why he was there, because one of the darkly dressed men motioned him over. After he was patted down—and he could have given lessons to these assholes on how to really check for weapons—Mayhem was led through the empty restaurant.

It was a little bit odd that no one was in here, but he supposed if he was going to get taken out or if trouble started, they wouldn't want a full house.

He was led to a back table, one where the lighting was dimmer and where two men sat behind it. They were similar in appearance, and Mayhem assumed one had to be Sal and the other Marco.

He'd never actually seen them, although he'd heard plenty about them. He'd also never been told who he'd be meeting tonight, just where he was supposed to go and what time.

But seeing the older man, whom he assumed was Sal, staring him down, power emanating from him, Mayhem knew this had to be the head of the Family himself.

He stopped a few feet from the men at the table, but someone from behind pushed him forward. Mayhem turned around and growled out low.

“Watch it,” he said to the smaller man, not giving a shit if the guy held a gun. “Keep your fucking hands to yourself.” The guy lifted his gun in warning, but he clearly didn't realize Mayhem didn't give a fuck about that. He'd throw down with anyone, especially if they wanted to mess with him.

“Lorenzo,” the older man at the table said and started speaking a string of Italian. After a second, the guard turned and went back to stand at the front door. “My apologies for his behavior. They’ve been celebrating since this afternoon, and you can see they’ve had a bit much to drink.”

Mayhem turned back around and moved the last few steps it took to be right at the edge of the table. Both men stared at him. The younger one had a head of thick, black hair combed back from his face, and his dark eyes looked cold. Mayhem knew that look all too well.

The older man had hair that was slicked back as well but salt and pepper in color. Both of them wore suits, had half eaten plates of food in front of them, and empty wine glasses beside those.

“I’m Sal, and this is my son, Marco.”

“Yeah, I figured.”

“Please, have a seat.” Sal gestured to the seat in front him.

Mayhem set the bag on the table, the weight of it making the glasses shake slightly.

Sal smirked, but Marco stayed stoic.

“I have your money.” Mayhem pushed the bag closer to the men. “We’re all good? Nate is set with you two?” He just wanted this over with. Mayhem wasn’t about to sit here and have pleasantries with the motherfuckers who threatened Butters.

There was silence for a moment, and then Sal lifted his chin to a guard behind Mayhem. He looked over his shoulder and saw the prick that had put his hands on him walk toward the back and disappear behind a door.

“Would you care for something to drink?”

Mayhem faced Sal again. “No.”

Marco shifted in his seat, and for just a second, Mayhem saw the other man wince.

“You can count it, but it’s all there.”

Sal smiled wider. “I’m sure it is. You seem like the type of man who knows how to keep his end of the bargain.”

“I just want this shit done,” Mayhem didn’t mince his words. These assholes were trying to act bigger than they were, but all Mayhem wanted was for this fucked up shit to be over with.

Sal leaned back, his grin still in place. “I like you. It’s Mayhem, right?”

Mayhem nodded once.

“I like you. I can see you and I have a lot of things in common.”

Mayhem doubted that, but he kept his mouth shut.

“But even though I like you, I can’t let shit slide, especially when it concerns my family.”

Mayhem heard commotion behind him and looked over his shoulder to see Nate all but being dragged through the restaurant. He was tossed to the ground where he groaned and tried to rise.

But the motherfucking guard placed a boot right in the center of Nate’s back, keeping him on the ground. Mayhem didn’t much care about Nate since he’d gotten Butters involved in this shit, but he also knew his woman—and yeah, she was his fucking woman—would be devastated by this if she lost her brother.

He didn’t want Butters going through that.

“What the fuck is this?” Mayhem demanded, not caring or thinking straight right now even though men who had guns at the ready surrounded him. He’d counted the two men at the door, Sal and Marco, and probably another one or two hiding somewhere in this damn place.

He could take them or take out as many as he could before they got a hit in on him. But he had to play this smart.

Obviously, the rules had changed.

“This piece of shit had the balls to come to my home and stab me.”

Mayhem looked at Marco, the little asshole finally speaking. He then looked back at Nate. “You stupid motherfucker.” He should leave Nate here to die, but fuck, he couldn’t do that to Butters. Nate might be the biggest fucking idiot to walk the earth, but Mayhem knew family bonds, even if those family bonds were fucked in the head.

“And what the hell do you think I want with him?” Of course, Mayhem played it off, not about to let them know that he didn’t want Nate dying solely because of Butters.

“You want him alive because we know you’ve been spending a lot of personal time with his sister.”

Mayhem tensed. “What?” His heart beat faster. They may not know the deal he’d made with Butters, but they could guess. Besides, they knew he was with her, maybe even thought he held her close—which he did, but they didn’t know that for sure—and wanted to use this as leverage.

Marco smirked. “You think we don’t follow up on shit that concerns all aspects of our family?”

Mayhem curled his hands into fists on his thighs.

“You’ll bring us another twenty grand by tomorrow if you want this piece of shit to stay alive.” Marco smiled wider, but Mayhem saw him reach for his side, his expression showing an instant of pain. “And if you don’t get us the money, we’ll kill this worthless bastard and go after Renee next.”

Mayhem’s throat tightened, his vision tunneled, the world faded, and all he could think about was protecting Butters. These assholes thought they could take from him the only good thing in his life, the only woman he’d ever felt anything for?

Fuck. No.

Not even thinking straight, Mayhem slowly stood and watched the little prick in front of him flash a straight, white-toothed smile. Mayhem looked over at Sal. The older man

held no expression and, instead, picked up his now refilled wine glass and took a drink from it.

Mayhem nodded slowly, reached out for the bag before they could grab it, and unzipped it. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion, but in reality, he knew it was pretty damn fast.

He'd stored a handgun in the bag, and because Sal's men were complete idiots, they hadn't checked that. If they had, he would have dealt with it, probably in the form of violence, but Mayhem wasn't about to walk into this situation unprepared.

He pulled the gun out, aimed at Marco first, and fired. He wasn't thinking, just seeing red as he thought of losing Butters. Fuck, he had it bad for her, and that was clear by his actions right now.

He was aware of shouting, but he turned and fired a shot at the guard running toward him. He ducked when he heard a gun go off and a bullet slam into one of the pillars beside him. Plaster flew around him.

He turned and aimed at Sal, fired, and even though he heard the older man grunt in pain, showing Mayhem had shot him, Sal ducked below the table. Mayhem had to get the other men in the room, make sure they were taken out.

It was only a few minutes into this that he heard and saw the front doors burst open. Fury, Dirty, Shorty, Dealer, and even the prospect Birdie ran into the restaurant. Their guns were already out, and their faces were hard masks. Fury and Dirty took out two of the guards before they even fired their guns.

Mayhem turned to face Sal, but saw he was gone, probably ducking out when he saw shit was getting bad. But just when Mayhem was going to slip around the table and see if he'd killed Marco, the kitchen doors burst open, and a guy dressed in black came out, shooting and yelling out in Italian.

Shorty shot him between the eyes, but there was a round of curses and commotion. Mayhem turned and saw Birdie on the ground, the guys crouched beside him, Dealer and Dirty

scanning the room to make sure no one else came out shooting.

Mayhem wanted to go to Birdie, but he needed to make sure Marco was dead, because if not, he could come back swinging, so to speak.

He rounded the corner and saw Marco staring up at the ceiling, his lifeless eyes open and blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth.

The gunshot wound was right through his neck, and the pool of blood that was slowly growing around him had Mayhem taking a step back.

“Birdie needs a fucking doctor,” Fury shouted. “We need to get the fuck out of here.”

Mayhem moved over to the guys and saw that Birdie had been shot in the chest, his face already ashen, his eyes wide.

“Dirty and Shorty, you’ll ride with me to the hospital. I don’t want to risk our doc looking at him, not with all this blood loss.”

“What about the questions?” Shorty asked, obviously thinking the same thing Mayhem and probably the other guys had on their mind. Going to the hospital with a gunshot wound would mean questions.

The cops would have to be called because of the type of injury, and shit would probably hit the fan. But even their back alley doctor might not be equipped for this, so they wouldn’t try it.

Fury already looked enraged. Mayhem knew the president had known the prospect nearly his whole life, so this was probably a blow to him.

“Any survivors?” Fury asked as the other guys tried to pick up Birdie as easily as possible. The guy made a quiet, gurgling sound, and blood covered everyone, but they were out of the restaurant within seconds.

“Sal’s gone, but his little shit of a son is dead.”

Nate started groaning, and Mayhem turned to face Butters's brother. He hadn't even thought about the little shit during the hail of gunfire.

"Get up," Mayhem said.

Nate stood, looking shaky and beat to fuck, but he was alive, and that was all that mattered.

"How hurt are you?" Mayhem put his gun at the small of his back.

"I'm fine. Just a little scuffed up."

Mayhem nodded. "Come on, let's get you to the clubhouse and to your sister." He grabbed the bag of cash first, and together, they left the restaurant, on alert still, because he didn't know where the fuck Sal went.

Hell, he might have bled out for all Mayhem knew. He had gotten a shot in on him, heard his grunt of pain, but then he was just gone.

"Things getting cleaned?" Mayhem asked, scanning the perimeter.

"Dealer's working on the security cameras to make sure we aren't on them."

Mayhem knew their guns were unregistered with the serial numbers scratched off, so they couldn't be traced back to them.

"The bodies will have to stay where they are, but we should be good in that, too." Fury stopped and looked at Mayhem. "You touch anything? Leave any fingerprints?"

Mayhem thought back. "No." The doors had been opened for him, the chair he sat in already pulled out. He had the bag, which would be the only thing that he'd touched. "We should be good on all fronts."

Fury nodded in approval.

Dirty and Shorty were waiting for Fury in the parking lot, and once their president was in the back of the vehicle, they

took off. When Mayhem and Nate were in the other vehicle, they waited silently for Dealer to join them.

Finally, Dealer came out of the building, tech bag in hand, and climbed in the back of the SUV. “We’re good. It’s all been wiped clean.”

“You can do that? Just make it so we weren’t even there?” Nate asked.

“We can do whatever the fuck I want,” Mayhem answered, looking over at Nate.

“Let’s roll,” Dealer said, and Mayhem cranked the engine and left Monstello’s behind. He didn’t know what in the fuck would happen as a result from this, and in fact, nothing might happen.

Sal could be dead in some alley, and they’d killed any witnesses. They would be clean on this. But of course, that’s not how their lives worked. Shit always seemed to happen at the worst fucking times.

But the club would get through this. They had each other’s backs, would kill and die for one another, and that’s what mattered.

What consumed him now was the fact he wanted to get to Butters and tell her how much she meant to him.

He hoped he wouldn’t be left looking like an asshole with his dick in his hand after it was said and done.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-TWO

Butters had bitten her thumbnail almost all the way down, feeling anxious as news came through that things had gone very badly with the drop. She hadn't been able to get a hold of Nate either, and that had her nerves strained even more.

She didn't know what was going on, and aside from a clipped phone call from Mayhem to Claire telling her they were on their way back and bad shit had gone down, no one knew anything.

She tried calling Nate again, but his phone went straight to voicemail.

"Any luck, hun?" Claire asked, walking up to her and placing a hand on her shoulder.

Butters hadn't known any of these people but for a few days, but she felt close to Claire. The other woman was soft and sweet and cared about others. Her boyfriend, or old man, or whatever in the hell they labeled each other, was over by the bar.

He'd stayed behind, apparently, to make sure everyone was okay at the club.

Big was his name, and he fit that title perfectly due to the height and muscle mass he sported.

"Not really." Butters didn't try to lie.

Claire looked to the window Butters had just been staring out of and breathed out roughly. "Yeah, me neither."

There was more silence, more tension, and her worry escalated even more.

“You think someone got seriously hurt?” When Claire didn’t answer, she looked over at her. There was strain on the woman’s face.

“I’m sure someone did, but we won’t know anything until they come back.”

As soon as she’d been dropped off at the club by Mayhem, the gossip had started. Well, not really gossip as everyone pretty much just came up and asked her about what was going on.

Apparently, one of the club whores had overheard the patches speaking about what was going down tonight, or part of it, and that had the rumors starting.

Then, the sound of squealing tires pierced her thoughts, and she looked out the window again, seeing Mayhem’s SUV pulling to a stop. Dealer and Mayhem got out of the vehicle, but when a really beaten-up Nate crawled out of the back of the SUV, Butters felt her heart drop to her stomach.

“Oh my God,” she whispered and covered her mouth with her hand. She rushed out the front door, met Nate halfway, searching his body for the injuries, and felt her throat tighten at all of the wounds he had.

“I’m fine, Renee.”

“You’re not.” She was trying to stay strong in the eye of all the chaos, but she couldn’t even breathe right now. But her fear and worry was slowly starting to get masked by her anger.

Her brother had put everyone in danger.

“This is your fault, Nate. You could have gotten everyone killed, including yourself.” She felt her face heat from her anger and saw her brother’s eyes widen. She’d never really yelled at him and hadn’t blamed him outright when he’d been so selfish. But that’s exactly what he’d been.

“I’m sorry, Renee. I was trying to make things right.”

She shook her head, not even wanting to hear it. “Stop with the excuses. You’re selfish and have put yourself, me, and now this club in danger because you can’t fucking control yourself.” She was raising her voice, unable to stop herself. She was aware people were watching, but she didn’t care.

“I’m sorry, Renee,” he said again but in a smaller voice.

She closed her eyes and shook her head. When she opened them again, Nate was already walking inside, and the rest of the crew who had come outside were walking past her, their faces downcast.

She looked over at Mayhem, saw he was unharmed, and felt relief fill her. She moved over to him, not knowing what to say, how to respond. “You’re okay.” Butters looked all over his body but didn’t see any wounds.

That made her feel so good.

He gave a grunt of acknowledgment, his eyes hard, his focus on her.

“Someone got hurt,” she said, knowing this hadn’t been the end result, not with how everyone had acted.

He nodded. “Birdie, Fury’s longtime friend.”

Her throat tightened. “Will he be okay?”

Mayhem closed his eyes and exhaled loudly. “We don’t know. He’s at the hospital right now.”

Knowing someone got seriously injured had her chest squeezing painfully.

He lifted his hand and, surprising the hell out of her, cupped her cheek. A moment of silence passed between them.

“What’s wrong?” she whispered, seeing this softer side of Mayhem, even if it was raw and hardened still. Of course, a lot of bad things had clearly gone down, but the way he was looking at her was how she envisioned a man looking at a woman he thought he’d just about lost.

“Take care of your brother. I know you’re worried, even if you’re upset right now. We’ll talk later, baby.” He leaned in

and kissed her on the forehead, and then he was gone, leaving her standing there feeling open and bared.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-THREE

The following day

All night, Butters wanted to talk to Mayhem but by the time the guys had gotten back from the hospital, it was late; and then she'd stayed with Nate, making sure he really was okay although she was still so angry with him.

He'd talked to her, tried to soothe her foul mood. But although she was happy Nate was safe, she was still so angry to even think that he could have hurt other members of the club tonight.

They hadn't spoken much about why in the hell he'd gone to speak with Marco, but she had gotten it out of him that he'd just wanted to protect her in his own fucked up way.

Fury had called the club's physician to come check Nate out, but other than superficial wounds, he was okay and didn't even need her to be there with him.

Butters had found out Mayhem left early this morning to head back to his place for a while, and although she could have waited until he came back, she missed him and was desperate to talk to him.

This whole situation and how he'd looked at her last night had made her realize something was definitely changing within her where it concerned Mayhem.

Butters may not know what the future held, didn't even know if she'd read him right, but she was going to do this anyway. She needed to thank him personally for helping her

brother and her, in so many ways, like she'd done with the other patches already.

She needed to see his face when she admitted even thinking about him getting hurt was scary and made her chest hurt.

She'd taken one of the sweet-butt's vehicles and gone back to Mayhem's place. Pulling up to the house and cutting the engine, she just stared at the building for a second before finally crawling out of the car.

She was so nervous for some reason, but she also felt this relief fill her with the knowledge he was right on the other side of that door and that she'd finally say what she needed to say.

Butters stopped over-thinking all of this and just headed inside. She didn't see him at first, but she heard something in the back room and headed that way.

She stood in the doorway and watched Mayhem grab a shirt from his dresser. She was struck for a moment by the power of him. His back was to her, a towel slung around his hips, and water droplets slid down the hard expanse of his body.

The tattoos that covered his flesh were vibrant, angry almost.

"If you're trying to catch me off guard," he said and looked over his shoulder, "I can hear you breathing." He smiled softly, but it didn't quite reach his eyes.

Butters stepped into the room, feeling all kinds of anxiety because she honestly didn't know what to say about how she felt, how he made her feel. But she didn't say anything, just walked up to him and all but threw herself against his body.

Closing her eyes and resting her head on his chest, she just stayed there a moment, reveling in the fact he was here and she was allowing herself to feel these emotions for him.

"Baby? You okay?" he said and wrapped his arms around her. He inhaled deeply, and when he exhaled, she felt tendrils of her hair move along her shoulders.

“I’m okay,” she said and smiled, her eyes still closed, a warmth stealing over her.

“It feels really fucking good to just hold you, Butters,” Mayhem said softly.

Yeah, she knew exactly what he meant.

“I want to thank you,” she said to him, her voice low, her heart thundering.

“You don’t have to thank me.” He seemed relaxed, but she felt his muscles tighten slightly.

“Nate fucked up. He’s always been a screw-up. I’ve always been there to clean up his messes, but I was a fool not to really see his destruction until now.”

Mayhem cupped the back of her head.

“I mean, I knew he was destructive, but this whole situation with the Cardonas crossed the line, and then your club got involved. Someone is hanging on to his life, and all I can feel is this hatred for Nate, even if I’m worried about him.”

She squeezed her eyes tight.

“I’m sorry about getting you involved and getting your club mixed up and hurt because of my brother and his issues.”

“Shh,” he said, and pulled back to look down at her. “You don’t need to apologize. I knew what I was getting into when I gave you the money, and my club knew what the fuck they were doing when they insisted on coming with me last night.” He smoothed his thumbs over her cheeks. “Your brother is one big fuck-up. I won’t lie about that, but I can understand loyalty and love, even in the face of carelessness and selfishness.”

“As much as I’m so angry with him, he’s all I have.” She rose on her toes and kissed him softly, and she saw the way his nostrils flared and a brief flash of surprise covered his expression. “But the apology and thank you wasn’t the only reason I wanted to talk to you.”

“No?” He sounded harder, his voice thicker.

She took a deep breath, knowing she wanted to be totally honest, even if it would sound a bit crazy. “We hardly know each other aside from the sexual aspect of this situation.” She swallowed past the lump in her throat. “But when I’m with you, I feel something else. Something stronger. It started to become more than sex with me, if that even makes sense.”

She saw him open his mouth as if he was about to say something, but she shook her head, stopping him.

“Let me finish, please,” she whispered. “And then last night when I didn’t know if you’d been hurt, I got so worried. I felt like there was this tearing in my chest at the thought that something had happened to you.”

“Butters,” he groaned out her name and closed his eyes for a second. “Baby, I am so fucking glad you said that.”

She was a bit surprised, because honestly, she hadn’t known what he would say, but she hadn’t thought he’d be happy about this. Mayhem seemed like a man who didn’t like surprises, and she thought admitting how she felt would have been one big shock.

“You are?”

He nodded. “I have wanted you from the very beginning. It might have just been about fucking when I was trying to get at you, but I realized I would never have offered to help you in the way I did if I didn’t feel more for you. You’re something special, and I don’t want you to leave after this week is over.”

Her heart started beating faster.

“Call me a selfish bastard or a sentimental fucker, I don’t care, but it’s the truth. Thinking about any other asshole touching you, hell, just talking or looking at you makes me feel so possessive, and I know that means something. You mean something pretty fucking special to me, baby.”

Her breath left her in a whoosh, and she threw her arms around his neck, holding herself close to him.

“I want you as my old lady. I want you as my woman.”

Until he'd said those words, she hadn't realized how much she'd wanted that.

“Do you want that, baby?”

She nodded and smiled. “Fuck yeah.”

He started laughing, and then leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. The kiss started off slow and easy, but it took no time at all to become heated and intense.

Mayhem grabbed Butters behind her head, tangled his fingers in her hair, pulled her impossibly closer, and groaned against her mouth.

They were really doing this, just jumping in head first.

He pulled back, breathing hard, heavy. They stared at each other for several seconds, the heat and arousal bouncing between them and intensifying until she was suffocating from it.

She pulled back another inch, trying to breathe, trying to get more air into her lungs.

“I want you so badly right now, baby.” His voice was low, hoarse, and there was a touch of dominance in it. There was a part of Mayhem—a massive part—that commanded people without having to do much more than give them a look.

She supposed that's what made him such a badass VP in the club, that had people afraid of him and what he could do.

“Tell me again you want to be mine,” he said and looked down at her lips.

“I want you. I want to be with you,” she said without hesitation.

He closed his eyes and breathed out. “Butters, baby,” he said softly. He brushed the pad of his thumb along her cheek again.

His eyes were so blue, so vibrant. Butters felt herself leaning forward, felt his warm and sweet-smelling breath brush along her lips and shivered.

He tightened his fingers into her hair even more until the pain mixed with her already climbing and repressed arousal and then broke free into an explosive tingling sensation along her entire body.

He searched her face with his gaze. “Ever since that first day I saw you talking shit to a customer, I knew I had to have you.” He was shirtless and, hell, didn’t even have anything on aside from his towel.

He was covered in ink and so damn big and muscular. She wanted him now and didn’t want to stop this.

His lips were close to hers again. If he just leaned forward an inch, he could kiss her. She was so desperate for him.

“No one will ever have you but me, Butters.”

She closed her eyes and exhaled a stuttering gust of air. Butters was filled with lust, need, and desperation. Her heart was thundering, and she swore her wetness was soaking clean through her panties.

She stared at his body, at the sheer power he exuded. He was so much bigger than her five-foot-four frame, at least a foot taller.

Lowering her gaze to his crotch, she felt her heart pick up at the massive looking bulge pressing against the material of his towel almost demanding to be free.

“I need you, baby. *Christ*, I need you.” And then he had his mouth on hers, and his tongue speared between her lips. She wasn’t kissing a biker, a killer, or a dangerous man. No, she was kissing Mayhem, the man she’d realized she wanted in her life for more than this deal they’d made.

He slid his hands down her shoulders, over her arms, and gripped her waist tightly, clenching his fingers into her hips and releasing them again. Tilting her head to the side, Butters deepened the kiss.

He groaned, and she loved that she’d been the one to bring that out in him.

He started walking them backward until she felt the cold, hard wall greet her. He hadn't broken the kiss, and the deep rumbles that left him had her inner muscles clenching almost painfully.

Mayhem opened his mouth wider and then moved his hands to the edge of her shirt and started to slowly lift it up.

She wasn't about to stop this and, in fact, wished he'd be more frantic, just tear the material away. He was grinding his erection into her belly now, and a gasp left her at the huge feel of it.

Butters may know what it felt like to have him in her ass and pussy, but that didn't mean she still wasn't surprised by the sheer size and girth of him.

She let her head fall back against the wall and closed her eyes. Butters placed her hands on his pecs and gently pushed him away, something that was hard as hell. He took a stumbled step back, his head downcast, and his blue eyes trained right on her.

He was breathing so hard.

They stood there several more seconds, neither speaking, but the sexual chemistry and electricity bounced between them. She'd pushed him away not to stop this but to progress it, to be more wanton.

She grabbed her shirt and pulled it all the way up and over her head.

"I want you to fuck me. To really make me yours," she breathed out, knowing this was exactly what she wanted and needed.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-FOUR

Mayhem stared down at her chest, and she saw him clench his hands into tight balls at his sides. He moved his gaze up and down her body.

“Fuck, look at you, baby,” he said and ran a hand over his mouth. “Your body is so fucking gorgeous.” And then he was right in front of her again, kissing her, licking her lips, and sucking her tongue into his mouth as he ground his erection into her bare belly.

They shared a passionate kiss, and Butters wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer.

“I want to be inside of you.”

They slid their tongues together, and she felt like he wasn’t just kissing her but mouth-fucking her. She started shifting on her feet, the pulse between her thighs intense.

He broke the kiss and started dragging his lips up and down her throat, murmuring along the way. He sucked at the base of her neck, and she let her head fall back against the wall, hearing it thump from the contact.

She breathed out his name because that was as far as her voice would travel. He pressed his erection into her belly again, harder this time. She moaned low in her throat.

God, I want this.

“I want you inside of me.”

“Fuck, Butters.”

She swore she felt his cock jerk behind the towel. It seemed they wouldn't be making it to the bed, but that was fine, because being fucked against the wall was erotic as hell. In the next second, Mayhem tore off his towel.

His black hair was wet and disheveled, and his blue eyes were still half-lidded.

All Butters could do was stare at the hard outlines of his muscles, at the way his shoulders were so broad, at how his pecs were so defined.

His abdomen was rippled from his six-pack and framed by that V of muscle. And then there were his hard, bulging biceps and the colorful and dark ink that covered every inch of him that she could see.

She swallowed the hard lump in her throat and saw that he looked the epitome of controlled and dominating. This time felt different. This wasn't about his need to control her, to fuck her because he'd gotten her out of her brother's debt.

This was about him claiming her as his own, and it felt incredible, made everything more heightened.

He took a step closer to her, and she lowered her gaze to his erection. He was close enough to her again that when he finally reached out and gripped the back of her neck, pulling her closer, he didn't have to lean in to kiss her.

But that soft, slow kiss started to become frantic, hard, and almost violent in its eroticism.

He cupped her breasts, clenching and unclenching the mounds through the material of her bra, and in the next instant, he had it pulled from her.

She felt the tug of the elastic and underwire on her flesh as he ripped it from her and heard the sound of fabric rending.

Her jeans and panties were next to go, and then they were pressed together naked, his cock hard on her belly, his piercings warming with each passing second as they rubbed on her overheated flesh. The tip of his dick was slickened with his pre-cum.

He grasped her breasts, almost painfully so, squeezing and releasing her flesh. He then slid those hands down her sides, moving one to grab her ass and the other to cup her pussy.

A gasp left her when he speared his fingers through her soaked folds, and the gruff sound he made had her heart beating faster.

“Fuck, you’re so wet for me,” he murmured against her throat as he continued to move his fingers up and down.

He teased her for several more seconds, rubbing her clit every time he stroked up her cleft, teasing her hole on every downstroke, and leaving her so thoroughly on edge that she was ready to beg him to fuck her.

He removed his hand, brought it up to his mouth, and smeared her wetness, which was clearly visible on the digits, across his lips.

He made her taste herself on him, almost demanding she surrender as he gripped her hair behind her head and tugged at the strands. She stroked his tongue with hers and moaned at the musky flavor of her wetness on his lips.

And with one last drag across her soft lips, Mayhem stepped away only long enough to grab a condom from his wallet tucked in the back pocket of his jeans on the floor and slide it on.

At least, he was coherent enough to think rationally and use protection.

He gripped the cheeks of her ass in a painful hold and lifted her with a strength that made her feel petite and small.

Mouth parting on its own when she felt his length press to her slit, Butters wrapped her arms around his neck, thrust her breasts against the hardness of his chest, and was now the one brutally kissing him.

It was like a floodgate was opened, and all of her passion, desire, and need for Mayhem came bursting through.

Never breaking the kiss, Mayhem lifted her into his arms, grabbed his cock, and placed the tip at her entrance. With her

legs now wrapped around his waist and her back pinned to the wall, he was able to thrust into her in one fluid, savage motion.

Butters had to stop the kiss and gasped at the feel of being stretched so fully by him. When he started thrusting in powerful strokes, Butters knew she would come within minutes.

“Christ, baby,” he panted against the side of her neck and never stopped pumping in and out of her. “Yeah. That’s it, baby. That is so fucking it. Squeeze that pussy around my cock. Suck that cum from me.” He grunted and groaned against her.

Their flesh was already becoming slick with their combined sweat, and she held on to his shoulders tighter as he became frantic in his motions.

“You feel so fucking good, baby.” He scraped his teeth along her neck, and a shiver worked its way through her whole body before taking root in her clit.

Every time he thrust into her, the base of his erection rubbed the hard bundle of nerves and had her silently crying out.

“Yes.”

“So good. You’re so fucking tight and hot and so damn wet for me.” He took control of her mouth with his once more, but this time, it was a sloppy, heated, and almost angry kiss.

He held her weight up effortlessly, his strength immense.

Neither of them could control themselves, and as their bodies grew damper from perspiration and their touches became painfully good, she knew she’d come harder than she ever had, because her emotions were in play, as well.

With his cock still buried inside of her and his mouth on hers, he moved them away from the wall once more. Butters knew she had to be hurting him by digging her nails into his back, but all he did was grunt against her mouth, tighten his hold on her ass, and fuck her harder.

He turned and carried her to the bed, dropped onto his back, and then she was the one on top of him, taking control.

With her legs on either side of him now straddling his narrow hips and placing her hands flat on his chest, Butters started riding him. Up and down, faster and harder she rode him, slammed her pussy down on his thick cock until her breasts were bouncing almost painfully.

Mayhem stared up at them with a hooded expression, his fingers on her ass cheeks, his nails digging into her flesh. He was helping her along by lifting his hips in time with her pressing herself down on him. The sensations were incredible.

He spread the cheeks, slipped his fingers between them, and touched her anus. Everything inside of her tightened, heightened. "That's it, Butters. I want you to come. Cream all over my dick."

And just like that, she was getting off, giving herself over to all of this, to Mayhem, and not wanting to look back.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-FIVE

Mayhem was going to fucking come just watching his woman get off. She wanted to be his, to be his old lady, and fucking hell, did that make him feel like he was high.

His gaze was glued to the sight of her breasts bouncing up and down as she rode the hell out of his cock, as she came and let herself go.

He touched her asshole, rubbed that tight little hole, and loved that she was so receptive to his touch.

He was trying hard not to get off just yet, because he wanted to savor this moment, wanted to wait until she was sated, until her pleasure faded slightly and she could breathe.

Her inner muscles clenched rhythmically around his dick, and he had to grit his teeth so he didn't come right then. When her face relaxed and he could see her orgasm was fading, he wrapped his arm around her waist.

Mayhem grabbed on to her ass cheek with his other hand, and he rose up just enough that he could shift so she was the one on her back now.

Pushing her thighs apart, Mayhem slid all the way back into her. He groaned gutturally. Sweat lined his brow and dripped down his face to cover her belly. He leaned back on his haunches and looked down where their bodies connected.

“Fuck, Butters.” Those words left him on a strangled groan as he saw the way her pussy stretched around his cock.

She was all pink and soaked flesh and stretched so wide around the girth of his dick that the member actually jerked on its own. His balls drew up tight with his imminent orgasm. He wouldn't last.

He placed his thumb right on her clit and rubbed the hell out of that little bud. He couldn't drag his eyes away from her face, not when she looked like she was in so much pleasure.

When she arched her back, thrusting out her big breasts and mewling as she came again, finally had him letting himself go.

"I need to feel you bare." She cried out and he pulled out of her, ripped the condom off to throw it aside, and leaned forward once more. Mayhem braced his hands on the bed beside her head, and grunted as he came hard, filling her up with his cum.

His muscles hurt from how hard he was shaking as he came. When the pleasure receded and he was able to breathe again, he opened his eyes, not realizing he'd shut them, and saw Butters staring up at him.

Without thinking because all he wanted to do was kiss her, Mayhem did exactly that. With his cock softening inside of her and their tongues pressing back and forth against each other, he sighed contentedly.

He was a hard man, violent when he needed to be, and had a past that was tainted and dark. But Butters made him feel sane in an otherwise insane world. He couldn't describe it, couldn't even rationalize it.

Mayhem just accepted it. With her, he felt like he didn't have to keep his walls up, that he didn't have to block everything out, hide his emotions.

She licked her lips. Leaning down and kissing her once more, he pulled out of her tight, hot body with a grunt. He could have been buried inside of her all night.

He stood, helped her up, and pulled her into a hug before she could move away. She was soft where he was hard. He liked her curves, loved they were only his.

“So, I’m yours,” she said without question. She pulled back and looked into his face. She bit her lip, and he reached out and pulled the flesh out from under her straight, white teeth.

“You’re all mine, baby.”

“Good, because I want to be with you, Mayhem. Whether that will end in fire or be the best damn thing, I want to take that chance.” She smiled and lifted her hand to cup his cheek. “We can take one day at a time.”

He closed his eyes, nodded, and knew this woman owned him, every part of him, just as much as he owned her.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-SIX

Weeks later

Things had been both quiet and still since shit had gone down with Sal and Mayhem.

They hadn't heard from the Cardonas or knew if Sal was even alive. But Mayhem had a feeling if things were going to get shitty it would have by now. If Sal had been alive, wouldn't he have retaliated already?

He didn't know, but he was enjoying this.

The club had done some digging, but they hadn't gotten any information. It was like the family went silent after everything.

Monstello's had been closed up, the police not called for obvious reasons. The more the silence stretched, the more Mayhem knew Sal had to be dead. With the leader and his heir gone, the family was probably setting into motion what they were going to do next.

Of course, Mayhem wasn't such a fool as to think they wouldn't eventually come looking for whoever killed off their leaders.

But he could be wrong. They might not even know what in the hell happened. The security cameras had been wiped clean, and there hadn't been any evidence left behind.

But he also knew Sal might have told others what he'd been doing at that restaurant and whom he'd been meeting. But the growing silence had Mayhem relaxing slightly,

because two weeks was a long fucking time for nothing to happen.

He pushed all those thoughts away and focused on his woman. She was curled up on the couch and sleeping soundly. In the last fourteen days, she'd left that shitty bar she'd been working at, packed her things from her equally crummy apartment, and moved into his place.

Of course, it might be rushing to move her to Desolation and to have her in his place, but when things felt right, he latched onto it and didn't let go.

Nate was working for the club, getting his life on track, and Mayhem was surprised at how well he was doing. Although, threats from the club on how they'd break bones if he didn't keep on the straight and narrow and attend his support groups probably helped play a big part.

Birdie was making a recovery, but it was slow and hard to watch. The prospect was still in the hospital, the patches getting him there in time. He would have bled out if they hadn't left when they did.

Even now, Fury seemed angry, enraged. Mayhem knew the two men were close, knew that Birdie had saved Fury's life one time, and that was the reason why.

But Birdie was alive, and that's all that mattered.

Mayhem kept staring at Butters, wanting to hold her, but he didn't move, didn't want to wake her. In fact, he liked watching her sleep, seeing the peace on her face. It was nice to have her here, to be able to touch her, hold her whenever he wanted.

His life was pretty messed up, dangerous and violent at times, but having Butters here, knowing he could come home and she'd be right beside him as he slept, made Mayhem feel like the luckiest bastard in the world.

He just needed to make sure he didn't fuck this up, because Butters was it for him.

CHAPTER
TWENTY-SEVEN

Fury watched her.
Angelina.

She was nervous, that was clear by the way she kept looking over her shoulder as she walked down the street. She wore a long jacket that reached her knees, and the hood from the coat was covering her head.

But she was who he was looking for.

And then he'd seen someone watching the club from across the street, a dark car that screamed it belonged to that punk-ass and ignorant mafia family they'd dealt with. It could have been Fury's paranoia and tension waiting for the other shoe to drop, or it could mean something more.

But then he'd seen other dark vehicles around town whenever he'd gone out. This all may be in his head, but Fury knew from a lifetime of fucked-up shit happening that if he had a bad feeling about all of this, then something was going to go down.

And if something was going to go down, he would be ready with his guns held high. So, he'd done some of his own research, made sure he was prepared to have a bargaining chip of his own.

It was twisted and screwed up, but it was what he was going to do to ensure his club and the men within it were safe, that no one was going to get the upper hand on the MC.

Fury had never been one to jump headfirst and think later, but he was certainly doing it this time around.

If nothing came from this and it was all in his head, he would deal with that.

But until then, until he knew for sure what in the hell was going on, he was going to fucking do this.

He needed leverage, backup, and she would ensure that if shit got dark, he'd have a pawn. The woman would be what he would use.

Hell, everything he'd been feeling, seeing, could be totally unrelated to the Cardonas and be all about someone from Fury's past coming to get payback, which was a possibility given the life Fury led. There were plenty of people who wanted a piece of him, to get back, get even.

He'd burnt a lot of bridges in his day.

Or it might all be nothing.

He'd already taken off his cut, but he put a baseball cap on his head, pulled up the lapels on the jacket he'd thrown on, and walked across the street, following the woman. He couldn't lie and say she wasn't easy on the eyes.

She was. In fact, she was fucking gorgeous, with a curvy body that had him thinking pretty dirty fucking thoughts.

He might not know exactly what he'd do with Angelina Cardona once he had her, but he wasn't thinking that far in advance.

The only thing he was focused on was making sure he had leverage if her father, Sal, somehow came back from the dead.



ANGELINA SLOWLY OPENED HER EYES, her mascara feeling like it was clumped in her eyelashes, like she couldn't get her eyes opened wide enough because of it. The first thing she realized was that she was in a bedroom.

The shades were closed, but she could see the sun shining through them. She tried to move, but when she realized she was immobile, she looked down. Her legs were bound together, and her hands were above her head, tied to the headboard.

She struggled to get her hands free, but a gasp of pain left her as the rope that was used to bind her hands dug into her skin, abrading the flesh.

“Hello?”

Silence greeted her.

“Help,” she screamed out, struggling harder, gritting her teeth against the pain. Angelina tried to recall what in the hell happened and how she’d gotten here. “Help,” she cried out again. She glanced around, but aside from the bed and a worn looking dresser, there wasn’t anything in the room.

She tried to think of how she’d gotten here, and it was during that mind strain that she remembered someone coming up from behind her, placing a rag over her mouth, and then everything had gone dark.

She heard the sound of heavy boots coming closer to the closed door. She held her breath, her entire body tensing.

Sweat started to drip down her face and the back of her neck, also sliding down the valley between her breasts.

Had her father found her? Was it his men who had done this to her? It wasn’t Sal’s normal move, but it had been months since she’d spoken to her father, and she knew desperate times made people do twisted things.

She could hear the thumping of her heart beating wildly, and as she watched the door handle turn, she felt the rise of fear.

Angelina had lived a life that was filled with violence and danger. She was used to knowing fear was something that held people in check, but she’d always been surrounded by others who wouldn’t let anything happen to her.

But Angelina had hated that life, and that was why she'd left, run from it all and was laying low.

The door pushed open, and she felt her eyes widen at the beast of a man standing in the threshold. She thought her father and his men had been big, but this man, who wore a pair of loose fitting worn-in jeans, a dark T-shirt, and a biker leather vest, was by far the largest man she'd seen.

On his vest, the name "Fury" was stitched into a patch on one side of the leather.

The power and strength that came from him frightened her to the point she felt her hands shake in their bonds.

He didn't say anything but did bring his bottle of beer to his mouth and take a long drink from it as he watched her intently.

Angelina started to hyperventilate when he took a step closer. He set the bottle on the dresser, watching her the whole time.

"What do you want? Why am I here?" She tried moving back on the bed, but being bound only allowed her to bend her knees.

"You're here because of your father." His voice was so deep she felt it vibrate throughout her whole body. He stopped at the head of the bed, and she couldn't do anything but look up at him.

He reached out, and she flinched, not knowing if he'd hit her. But instead, he grabbed a lock of her dark hair and lifted it up, rubbing it between his fingers.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she whispered.

"No?"

She shook her head, and he dropped the lock of her hair.

"Your father isn't Sal Cardona?" He lifted a brow.

Her throat was closing, and she knew lying at this point might only make things worse, if that was even possible.

“I don’t want anything to do with my dad. I haven’t spoken to him or anyone in his organization in months.”

He smirked, but it wasn’t humorous.

“If you’re trying to get even with him, I’m the last person who can help. My father doesn’t want anything to do with me.” That last part was a lie, because she knew her father wouldn’t let her just leave the family.

She was blood, in the organization for life, and her running had only made things worse. But she couldn’t turn back, even if she wanted to. She didn’t want that life, but it seemed even running couldn’t keep the darkness from surrounding her.

“Believe me, if Sal’s alive, he’ll want something to do with you, especially after he realizes what I plan on doing.”

If Sal’s alive?

She swallowed again, not knowing if that information should have made her happy or slightly unnerved. Her father was a hard man to kill, and she knew since she’d witnessed three attempts to take him out.

“What do you plan on doing with me?” Angelina was afraid to ask, but she found herself posing the question anyway.

He smirked again. “Baby, you’re what I’ll be using in case shit goes ugly again with the Cardonas. And if it’s nothing,” he said almost to himself, “then I’ll still have some fun with you.”

She felt her eyes widen.

“I deserve my vengeance because your father and his men hurt someone close to me.”

She shook her head, thinking of all kinds of frighteningly horrifying things this man planned on doing with her, to her.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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