



MONSTER

MYHEM



MAKERS

ROAD MONSTERS MC

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
MORGAN JANE MITCHELL

MONSTER



USA Today Bestselling Author

Morgan Jane Mitchell

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*From USA Today Bestselling Author,
Morgan Jane Mitchell comes,*



Road Monsters MC

Read as a sequel to

[Catchin Levi, Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN](#)

And Finding Treasure

Monster

They always called Leviathan, Enforcer of the Royal Bastards MC in Nashville, Tennessee, a Monster, so he became one.

Not sure if he's a member of the Road Monsters MC or not, Levi is certain of one thing: His quest for revenge has only just begun after what the club did to his Treasure. Being fooled by his ex-President, he doesn't know who to trust on his new mission. His daughter Haven's life in the balance, Levi is faced with choices no man should ever face. Trouble that only a monster can handle.

Acknowledgement & Note

A big thank you to models **Alfie Gordillo**, along with photographer **Jean Maureen Woodfin** for the beautiful photo for this cover.

Thank you, Sapphire Knight, for inviting me to **Motorcycles, Mobsters, and Mayhem Author Event** years ago and for hosting such an amazing event. This will be my third year and they just keep getting better.

Alfie has graced all three books for my biker character, Leviathan

in

[Catchin Levi, Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN](#)

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Finding Treasure and Monster are both Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN crossovers, where the Road Monsters MC was first mentioned.

Finding Treasure can be read as a standalone novel but is better after Catchin Levi.

Chapter 1

Monster

The fucking handcuffs were digging into my skin, feeling like they were slicing my wrists open as I tried to break free from them. Treasure was right next to me in the back of Kingpin's SUV, in the same shitty situation. We were both captured by my old club, the Royal Bastards MC, after Kingpin had pulled a dirty trick on us. The fucker set us up, and now my brothers were gonna make us pay.

I glanced over at Treasure, my woman, the President of the Asphalt Gods MC in Galveston, Texas. Real name, Maren, the dancer who my old brothers thought betrayed our club. Running away with me, she had also gotten caught up in this mess. She had also left her club behind.

Therefore, I wasn't sure what to call her now besides MINE.

Small and blonde, Treasure had a glint of fear flashing in her big blue eyes. And who could blame her? She was in danger because of me. But at least she was with me. We had been running for two days straight since I found out she was pregnant with my kid. Potentially, anyway. I had to keep her safe, and I was determined to rescue my daughters from the clutches of my old club.

Maren, as nibble as she was managed to slip out of her cuffs, thank fuck. She pulled the hood off my head so I could see her pretty face, even if it was full of fear. And she had a gun. And another pistol which she slipped into my pocket. It didn't do much good with my hands cuffed behind my back, though.

The bastards expected me to bring Treasure back to them so they could torture and kill her, but I couldn't let that happen. Not once I found out she hadn't betrayed me.

Maren didn't cause the ambush that Halloween night.

I had to protect Maren and our unborn baby, but now we were both in deep shit. My little girls were still with those Royal Bastards, and I had to figure out a way to get us out of this mess.

I had thought I was being slick when I turned to the Road Monsters MC for help, but Kingpin, my old President and the leader of the Royal Bastards MC in Nashville, was always one step ahead. He played me like a fiddle and set us up at a supposed safe house near Nashville. But it was a damn trap. And now we were stuck in the back of his SUV, getting closer to Royal Road, their clubhouse in Nashville, where they would be more than happy to punish us to death.

I couldn't see much through the tinted back window, but I could hear the revving of motorcycles trailing behind us as we sped down the deserted road. We were almost at Royal Road. Maren and I would have to make a run for it as soon as those Royal Bastards opened the back hatch. It would be a long shot, but we had to try. Even though we would be surrounded.

All I could think about was Treasure and the baby growing inside of her, and my daughters still in the hands of those goons. I had led Treasure straight into a trap, and now we were both paying the price. I had hoped to save my little girls from the clutches of the Royal Bastards MC, but it seemed like an impossible task now. But I had to believe that Kingpin wouldn't actually harm the girls. He may be a ruthless

biker, but he wasn't a monster. At least, I didn't think he was. I had been his Enforcer.

I was his Monster.

I tackled the stuff he couldn't stomach.

As we drove by trees that looked like a blur, I felt the weight of Kingpin's gaze on me and Maren in the back. The slick biker was probably watching our every move, ready to pounce on us if we tried anything stupid. I couldn't believe that I had been so damn foolish to think that we could outrun my own club. I knew better.

And I also knew if we didn't run now, they would be dragging us to our old barn, with its rusty metal roof and bloodstained walls.

Fuck.

The SUV screeched to a halt in front of the old barn, and my heart sank. This was it. We were at the mercy of the Royal Bastards MC now. I expected them to take us to Royal Road, their flashy club where they threw parties and made money. But instead, they brought us to this shithole where we would die.

As soon as the doors opened, I tensed up. The air was thick with danger, and I knew we had to get out of here, and fast. I was ready to fight, to kick someone in the face. But before I could even react, my brother Villain grabbed Maren. I rolled toward her to stop them. But I felt a hand on my shoulder as one of my brothers pulled me out of the vehicle. I was thrown to the ground, and I could feel the dirt and rocks digging into my skin. Horror lifted me back up, and that's

when I saw Treasure. She put her hands behind her back to hide the gun she held. And the very fact she had gotten out of her shackles.

My woman was a badass. Yes, my Treasure was a fighter, had killed men.

But even she looked scared in this situation. I knew it was my job to protect her, to get us out of here. So, when my brother Pagan approached us, I head-butted him. It was a risky move, but it gave Maren a chance to bolt. I watched as she ran away, her small figure disappearing into the night. Three bikers chased after her, and the rest of them piled on me.

I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride in Maren. She was a tough cookie and could handle herself. At least she had a chance now. But as I watched her disappear into the darkness, dread settled in my gut. I couldn't bear the thought of anything happening to her. She was my world, my everything.

I knew I was in deep shit, and there was no way out. My old President, Kingpin, had me cuffed and was grinning like a Cheshire cat. I could feel the rage boiling inside me as I faced him. I spat at his feet, but he just laughed it off.

He had won.

But I wasn't going down without a fight. I tensed my muscles, ready to take on anyone who dared to touch me. Pagan and the rest of the boys were just itching for a fight, too. I could see it in their eyes.

"You ain't gonna get away," Pagan grunted out as we struggled.

They dragged me towards the barn, but I wasn't making it easy for them. I became a heavy boulder, digging my heels into the earth. The smell of hay and manure assaulted my senses. Kingpin housed a few retired racehorses from the time he debated breeding them. I could hear the sounds of buzzing tools being prepared, of chains being rattled and ropes being tightened. I knew what was coming, and my heart ached for Treasure and her unborn child if they were to catch her.

I didn't care what happened to me.

Suddenly, a gunshot rang out, and we all froze. Was that Treasure? Had she managed to escape?

The Royal Bastards spun around at the noise, looking uneasy, and I could see Kingpin's grip on his gun tighten. I took that as my chance. I rammed Pagan again, and he stumbled back, giving me an opening. I ran towards the woods, my mind set on escaping.

But it was no use. The Royal Bastards were on me in a second. I was surrounded, my fate sealed. They dragged me into the barn, and I could smell the sweat and leather of my old brothers. So many Royal Bastards were gathered around, watching me with a mix of anger and amusement. It was their turn to spit at the ground at my feet as they hauled me over to Kingpin.

I was outnumbered and outmatched.

Kingpin was waiting for me, his face twisted into a cruel smile. I knew then that I was done for. The only source of light came from a few bare bulbs hanging from the rafters,

casting harsh shadows over his face. Made him look evil as hell.

The only thing I could do now was pray that Treasure had made it out alive.

In the center of the room was a rough-hewn wooden table, scarred and stained from years of use. Chairs and stools surrounded it, and I spent many hours sitting at that table, drinking, laughing, and sharing stories with my brothers. But now, the space had taken on a more sinister tone. After all, this place was where my club carried out their most brutal punishments and initiations. An unsettling feeling of danger and dread seemed to linger in the air. I knew I was facing a long and excruciating experience.

All sorts of instruments hung from the walls, and it was not the kind that you'd see in your regular doctor's office. Chains, ropes, knives, scalpels, and even saws that could slice through flesh and bone. These tools had been used to torture and maim. The stains on the blades ain't just from animals, and the rust had come from human blood. The sight of those blades brought a chill down my spine, knowing what they were capable of.

It was chilling reminder of the danger I was in, evidence of the many victims who had suffered out here. Some at my hands. I shuddered at the sight of the other carving instruments.

A spotted a curved blade used for skinning animals. Its sharp edge was stained as well. I had wrapped the handle in rough leather. And many hands in this very room had gripped it tightly over the years.

A pair of metal shears, with long, sharp edges that glinted in the light, caught my eye. I could see the notches and marks on the blades, signs that they had been used to cut through more than just paper.

Beside the shears was a set of rusty scalpels, and I knew firsthand their thin, pointed blades could slice through skin with ease. I imagined the sharp sting of the blades as they cut through muscle and tissue, the blood pouring out in a thick, dark stream.

Then I noticed the small, circular saw with a serrated edge, like a miniature version of a woodworking tool. I knew it was used to cut through bone, the teeth leaving jagged edges behind. They were all reminders of the brutal methods that we Royal Bastards used to maintain our power.

I was about to face a nightmare that I might never wake up from.

Chapter 2

Monster

Kingpin, with his arms folded across his chest, looked like he was ready to kick some ass. The bastard was always smirking like he had the upper hand, and in this situation, he did. I knew that he enjoyed the power he held over us, the way he could make us suffer. But I refused to let him win. I could feel the anger and frustration boiling inside me, and I didn't fight to keep it from showing on my face.

I had to find a way out of this, for the sake of my daughters and for the sake of Treasure and our unborn child. Yet, I could see the faces of my brothers, burdened with anger and disgust. I knew that they viewed me as a traitor, and that there was nothing I could say to change their minds. I wouldn't even try. As it was, they still gagged me. I couldn't say a word in my defense if I wanted to.

Prez surprised me by sitting on a throne made of old motorcycle scrap. That was new. He had one in his clubhouse, not of old parts but a proper one of dark wood and red velvet. Biker was dramatic to say the least. The fucker probably had this one made for this very occasion.

Kingpin was a big biker with a thick black beard and a wicked grin. Not nearly as big as me, though.

Still, he had an intimidating presence, with broad shoulders and well-defined muscles that strained against his leather cut. Biker never liked to wear a shirt under it but wore one now. He pulled at the collar like it imprisoned him. Patches and pins, each one a symbol of the Royal Bastards MC's power and influence, covered his weathered motorcycle vest.

His neck, thick and corded, had tattoos crawling up it. They peeked out from beneath his sleeves. I knew black crows, skulls and gothic imagery covered every inch of his skin. Almost as black as his tattoos, his dark hair was slicked back, revealing a prominent widow's peak. His matching beard was well groomed but tangled with bits of gray hair. A few of his black painted nails were filed into sharp points that could easily be used as weapons, giving him an almost demonic quality.

Thick, weighty silver chains hung around Kingpin's neck, glinting in the dim light of the barn. Each ring on his finger was unique, some enhanced with precious stones, others with intricate patterns telling a story. The rings were a testament to his power and status within the club, if not his vast wealth, each one representing a significant event or achievement. A stack of leather and metal encircled his wrists. Leather cuffs studded with metal spikes and metal ones etched with gothic imagery that matched the tattoos on his body.

Kingpin's face was just as imposing as the rest of him, rough and pockmarked in places, the scars and wrinkles evidence of his hard life in jail and on the road. He had a ton of piercings from his nose ring to his gauged ears. And he wore black eyeliner that was smudged around the edges, giving him an almost feral look that only added to the menacing aura that surrounded him.

He was not a biker to be trifled with.

The leader of this bunch rarely got his hands dirty. He didn't have to. He had men like me for that. And bikers who lined up to replace me in a heartbeat. I used to be his Enforcer, so had done his bidding plenty. Kingpin could be cruel when he decided to be.

In a fight, I could take him and most of my brothers any day. But that fact didn't matter. Twenty bikers surrounded me. At least four of them had their hands on me. They had me restrained.

You had to control a Monster like me.

Kingpin stared at me with his beady, dark eyes, and I knew he was enjoying this.

I glared at him, refusing to give him the satisfaction of seeing me scared.

“Well,” he said, his voice echoing through the barn. “Look who's home. Leviathan, our brother who thought he could betray us and get away with it. Our dear ol' Monster brought us a little gift, but she ran off. No matter. We will catch her and unwrap her. We will have our new toy.”

My mouth muffled, I couldn't utter a word. Hanging my head, I looked at the ground.

Kingpin stood up from his throne and walked over to me. Reaching out, he roughly took my chin, forcing me to look up at him.

“Y'all know what we do to traitors here, don't you?” he said, his breath hot on my face as he spoke to his men.

There were murmurs from the Royal Bastards MC members all around, and I felt a cold sweat break out on my forehead. My situation was dire. A shiver of fear coursed through my body. Prez's haughty attitude made me dread whatever he had planned for me.

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside the barn.

Fuck.

Had they captured Treasure?

Villain came in hollering, “Fucking whore, shot me!” He held his shoulder. Bleeding, he went to Kingpin and whispered in his ear.

“She’ll pay for it,” Kingpin announced, his eyes shining with malice.

My heart sank as I heard his words. They had her. She was in their grasps, at their mercy. I was about to hurl. The fucker had played me for a fool. And now, my woman was paying the price. I felt sick to my stomach, my mind racing with thoughts of how I could save her.

Kingpin’s smirk made my blood boil. He was the one who had tricked me into bringing Treasure to Tennessee, the one who had planned to torture her all along. He thought she caused the death of his members, my brothers, so I couldn’t even blame him. Hell, I had planned to take part before I knew the truth.

I tried to scream, to beg him to spare her, but the gag in my mouth prevented me from speaking. My eyes pleaded with him, but he only laughed, enjoying my agony.

“You should have known better than to cross us, Levi,” he sneered. “But you made your bed, and now you have to lie in it.”

Kingpin signaled to his men, and they grabbed me. I could hear the sound of chains rattling, and I knew that they were gonna restrain me further. I braced myself for the worst as they chained me to a steel pole. I could feel the cold metal biting into my skin, and I knew that there was no way to break free. I put all my strength into it, but I couldn't budge the chains. I was trapped, at their mercy. And all the while, my mind was filled with thoughts of Treasure and the life inside of her.

Kingpin walked over to me, a sick smile on his face. He casually lit a cigarette. "I hope you enjoyed your little adventure with Treasure," he said, his voice thick with sarcasm while saying her name. "Because it's gonna be the last time you ever see her."

I wanted to scream, to tell him she was pregnant with my baby, but the restraint at my mouth made it impossible. All I could do was stare at him, my eyes filled with rage and hatred.

He leaned in close to me, his breath smelling like whiskey and smoke. "You were my monster," he whispered. "You will pay for your disloyalty." He pulled back and spoke to the larger crowd that formed as the men who ran after Maren were back.

I frantically searched for her amongst my brothers, but she wasn't with them.

"We'll deal with him in the morning," Kingpin said. "There's more fun to be had."

His words about killed me. They were leaving me for a bigger prize, Treasure. I wanted to shout, to beg him to free her.

Hours passed as I was left alone in the dark with only the sound of the occasional squeak of a mouse. But all I could think about was Treasure and what my brothers could be doing to her. That and of the tiny life growing inside of her. Kingpin, that sadistic bastard, had been playing tricks on me from the start. He knew I was in love with Treasure and that we were preparing to release my daughters from here. But he didn't know something else, something I had only just discovered. Treasure was pregnant with my baby. I could barely contain the rage inside of me as I thought about what they might be doing to her right now. Torture? Rape? Worse?

I could imagine her slight frame huddled in a corner, trying to stay alive. My mind was a dark and dangerous place, and I couldn't help but imagine the worst.

Chapter 3

Monster

My brothers began their torture bright and early the next morning. I tried to steel myself, knowing what was about to happen, but nothing could prepare me for the pain that was about to come. Even in the daylight, the barn was a dimly lit, dusty space with a dirt floor and wooden walls that looked like they had seen better days.

Villain laughed as he selected his tools, each one more brutal than the last. He taunted me as he worked, asking me where my loyalties lied and how much I was willing to suffer for them. But I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of breaking me. I gritted my teeth and endured, knowing that I had to stay strong. For my daughters, for Treasure, for myself.

As the torment went on, a new brother came to take his turn, one after another. I felt my body weaken and my mind blur. But through it all, I clung to the hope that my Treasure would make it through. Wherever she was. Wherever they had taken her. That I would be able to see her again. My thoughts never strayed from her. They kept me going. Gave me the strength to endure the pain and the suffering my brothers put me through. I was out bad for betraying my club. Not only had I gotten brothers killed, I had pledged myself to another club.

My punishment was more than justified.

But I had to stay alive for her, for our child, and I wasn't gonna let these bastards take that away from me. My body battered and broken, my mind was consumed by thoughts of her. I wondered if she made it out okay, if she was safe, if she was still pregnant with my child.

But my thoughts are soon interrupted by Kingpin's arrival.

He looked down at me, his expression unreadable. "Leviathan," he said, his voice cold. "We need to talk."

I tried to sit up, wincing as the pain shot through my body. I could not move.

At some point I had lost the gag, but I couldn't remember when.

"What do you want?" I tried, but even I couldn't make out my own words.

Kingpin crouched down beside me, his eyes piercing. "We know that Treasure was working with you. Her betrayal got our men killed. And then you planned to defy me again."

"She didn't betray us," I protested weakly. "She was just trying to help."

Kingpin scoffed. "We have proof. We have her phone."

His face was a mess, covered in blood and sweat, as he glared at me with fury in his eyes. Blood was streaming down his face, and I realized it was my own.

"Why did you bring her here?" he demanded, his voice filled with anger.

I didn't answer, refusing to give him the satisfaction. I knew he wanted to break me, to make me beg for mercy, but I

was a Monster. I was stronger than that.

Kingpin grabbed me by the bald head and pulled me towards him, his grip tight and painful. "Answer me!" he roared.

I clenched my teeth, refusing to show any sign of weakness. "I won't betray her," I spat, my voice low and dangerous.

Kingpin's eyes narrowed, and he raised his hand, ready to strike me.

"Please," I pleaded.

My warbled mind focused. What was I protecting her from? They had her. The pain had taken me far away. I no longer knew what was real.

"If you spare her, I'll do anything. I'll do whatever you want. Just please don't hurt her."

Kingpin considered my offer for a moment before standing up. "We'll see," he said, before turning and walking away.

Left alone in the barn once again, I felt a sense of dread wash over me. I knew that the Royal Bastards MC was capable of anything, and I feared for Treasure's safety. All I could do now was wait and pray that they would show her mercy. As I drifted in and out of consciousness, I could hear the sound of Kingpin's voice in my mind, telling me they planned to remove my back tattoo, the one with the club logo on it.

My backpack had been a mark of my loyalty to the Royal Bastards MC, something I had earned like my patch. It was a reminder of everything that had happened, everything that had been lost. And I wondered if I could ever escape this barn, this world of violence and betrayal. I thought about death as I ached.

“Leviathan,” Kingpin’s voice, cold and calculated, came from nowhere and everywhere at once. “We need to talk about Treasure.”

I tensed up at the mention of her name. I knew that the Royal Bastards MC was planning to capture her and torture her for her betrayal, but I couldn’t let that happen. Or wait. That had already happened. I was being tortured by my club. I had been in their shoes many times, slowly chopping away at my victims. Taking a little bit more each time.

“What about her?” I asked, straining to keep my voice even.

Kingpin leaned down, so that he was eye level with me. “We have evidence that she was working with you, that she betrayed us.”

I swallowed hard, knowing that my words would have to be convincing if I wanted to save her. “She was just trying to help me get my revenge on the gods,” I said, hoping that my desperation didn’t show. “She didn’t betray us.”

Kingpin raised an eyebrow, clearly skeptical. “And what do you suggest we do with her?”

I paused for a moment, weighing my options. “I’ll do anything,” I said finally, desperation creeping into my voice. “Anything you want, if you save her life.”

Kingpin looked at me for a long moment, and I couldn’t tell if he was considering my offer or just toying with me.

“You know I like to gamble, Leviathan,” he said finally, a hint of a smile on his lips. “So, I’ll make you a deal.”

He trailed off, letting the implication hang in the air.

I nodded, knowing that I had no other choice. “I’ll take the bet,” I said firmly, not even knowing what it was.

Kingpin stood up, a small smile still playing at the corners of his mouth. “I’ll think about it,” he said, before turning and walking out of the barn.

As the hours passed, I had more visitors. The pain became unbearable, and I could feel myself slipping away. But even as darkness closed in around me, I clung to the hope that Treasure was still out there, somewhere, fighting to stay alive. And I knew that as long as she was alive, I would keep fighting too.

I was a Monster, and I wasn’t gonna let anyone take my family away from me. Not now, not ever.

My heart stopped when Memphis came into the barn, holding something in her hands. The blonde whore practically ran the clubhouse at Royal Road. Whatever she held, it bled. Fresh blood gushed out of her fingers, streamed down her

arms as she cackled. Memphis walked over and bent down as she brought it to me. Opening her hands, she revealed a piece of meat.

“I’m only a messenger,” she said, her voice full of remorse.

I swear the meat moved. It beat. She held a goddamn heart. I knew in that moment that My Treasure was gone.

My mind couldn’t even begin to process the words Memphis spoke. She told me they had caught up with Treasure, that they tortured her for hours, and that she hadn’t lasted long. She described the gruesome details of what they did to her, but I could barely hear her over the sound of my own agony. I didn’t want to hear it. I vomited in my mouth as she uttered every excruciating detail.

“She cried for you, begged for you to save her Levi,” Memphis whispered. “Why didn’t you. This is your fault.”

I felt like a part of me had died with her. My Treasure, my love, the mother of my child. And now she was gone, and I was left alone to suffer.

Memphis was still talking, but her words were distant and hollow. All I could focus on was the organ in her hand, cut from the woman I loved. I tried to scream, to lash out at her, but when I tried to move, even my mouth, the pain was unbearable, both physical and emotional. I had lost everything that mattered to me, and there was nothing left but emptiness and despair.

Memphis walked away, taking the heart with her. My strength drained away with each step she took. I was left alone

in the barn, bound and helpless, with only my thoughts and my memories of Treasure to keep me company. But even in my darkest moment, I knew that I had to keep fighting. I couldn't let her death be in vain. I had to find a way to escape, to seek revenge, to honor her memory in any way I could. I struggled against my restraints, pushing through the pain and the despair, determined to survive and to make those who had taken her pay for what they had done. I would kill my brothers, all of them.

Then things got worse. Underneath my mourning for Treasure and our baby, I remembered my daughters. For the first time, I actually truly feared what my club would do to them.

I barely registered Kingpin's words when he returned to the barn, while I was still in shock over Treasure's death. He told me they planned to take my tattoo of the club logo from my back, the symbol that I had worn with pride for years.

At any other time, this news would have filled me with rage and defiance. But now, in the depths of my grief, I found myself strangely numb to the prospect of pain.

What did it matter now? Treasure was gone, and with her, any sense of purpose or belonging in this world. The tattoo, the club, they were all meaningless now.

The pain of losing Treasure was too great for me to care about the hurt I was about to endure.

"Take it," I said, my voice hoarse with grief.

Kingpin must have seen the resignation in my eyes, because he smirked and gestured for his men to approach me.

They unfastened my chains. I didn't fight. They had broken me. I felt the cold metal of his blade against my skin. But the pain was distant and unimportant compared to the agony in my heart. As he cut away at my flesh, I barely even flinched. The club symbol, the one that had once meant so much to me, was now just a meaningless mark on my skin.

I thought of Treasure, of her laughter and her warmth and her love. I thought of the life we had planned together, the children we would have raised, the adventures we would have had. And I knew that without her, none of it mattered. Maybe I would escape and seek revenge on those who had taken her from me. Honor her memory in everything I did. But the pain of losing her would never truly leave me. For now, I was being skinned on my outside, and on the inside, I was dead.

Too bad it was only the beginning.

Chapter 4

Monster

The guys from the Royal Bastards MC had me strapped down to a table in the middle of the barn. They were gonna tear my club tattoo off my back, and it was gonna to be a nasty, excruciating process. Kingpin was just getting started with his razor blade, drawing lines around the edges of the emblem. I was screwed.

I knew from experience the method could take days.

Now I was the one who had betrayed my club and couldn't wear their brand anymore.

I lay on my belly, arms and legs tied down, while the gang members gathered around, watching with dead eyes. They looked ready to party. Kingpin was the ringmaster, his face twisted in an evil grin. He took his time, slicing into my skin with surgical precision.

“This is gonna hurt like hell,” Kingpin warned me, as if I didn't already know that.

He pressed the scalpel against my skin and began to cut, slowly but surely, tracing the outline of the club's logo on my back. I tried to focus on my breathing, tried to find some kind of inner peace, but the pain was overwhelming.

I tried to keep my cool, but the stinging was killing me. I bit my lip so hard I drew blood, and my fists clenched until my knuckles turned white.

The other members of the Royal Bastards MC stood around me, watching as Kingpin cut away at my flesh. They made crude jokes and laughed, relishing in my agony. I closed my eyes and tried to tune them out, to focus on anything else but the searing pain of the razor.

I heard Kingpin's voice, but it was muffled, distant.

I had done this too many times before, to a biker we were throwing out of the club. But now, I was on the other end of the blade. I tried to keep my breathing steady as I lay on my stomach, while my brothers removed my tattoo. I tried to talk to them to distract myself from the horror, but my voice came out hoarse and weak. They didn't seem to care, their faces expressionless as they continued their work. The pain was almost too much to bear, but I knew that showing weakness in front of my brothers was not an option.

It took days.

I ground my teeth together and tried to push away the awful anguish as they worked to take away the symbol that had once represented my devotion to the club. My mind kept drifting to Treasure and our unborn child. I couldn't believe she was gone. The thought of never seeing her again was unbearable. I wanted to scream, to rage against the injustice of it all, but I couldn't. My throat was raw, and the ache was all consuming. I closed my eyes, and tears streamed down my face.

Brothers cheered and jeered as they continued to cut away at my flesh. Soon the sound of my own screams were ripped from my throat and echoed off the walls of the barn, drowning out the laughter of my once fellow club members. Hot blood trickling down my skin as they sliced and dug at the ink, their rough hands gripping me tightly to keep me from

moving. I couldn't help but wonder if I would even survive the ordeal.

Several days.

Determined, my brothers continued their work, cutting away at my tattoo with precision and care, as if they were performing a ritual. My mind was blank as I endured the torture. I didn't feel the pain anymore, only a numbness that spread throughout my body. I wondered if this was what death felt like - a slow, painful removal of everything that made you who you were.

I tried to focus on anything else, anything to take my mind off the pain. But Kingpin was talking to his men, telling them about how he had done this before to another biker they had thrown out of the club. I was no longer the powerful, fearsome biker they had once known. I was broken, both physically and mentally. As they worked, I thought of Treasure and our unborn child. I wondered if they were watching over me, if they knew what was happening. I wished I could see them again, to hold them one last time. But that was not to be.

Suddenly the pain was piercing again, and I could barely breathe as they continued to work on my back. My vision blurred with tears, and I could feel my consciousness slipping away as the room spun around me. But I didn't pass out. I couldn't. I had to endure the torture. I had to get past it to see what was next.

Kingpin approached me with a sadistic grin on his face. "You know, Leviathan, I ain't a cruel man," he said, his voice dripping with malice. "But I can't have someone wearing this patch after they've betrayed us."

I couldn't respond. The pain was too much. I could feel the tears streaming down my face as my brothers continued their brutal work.

Kingpin leaned in closer, his face inches from mine. "But there might be a way for you to earn your place back in my good graces," he whispered with a wink.

I looked up at him, barely able to focus through the pain. I tried to suppress the screams that threatened to escape me.

"What do you mean?" I managed to choke out.

He leaned back, a sly smile playing across his lips. "I need some help," he whispered. "And I think you might be just the man for the job."

I tried to shake my head, to tell him that I couldn't do anything in my current state. But my words were lost in a scream as my brothers worked on my back.

As my brothers almost finished removing the tattoo, I collapsed onto the dirt floor, gasping for air and clutching at my bloody back. The injury was agonizing, and I knew that I would carry the scars, both physical and emotional, for the rest of my life. I was left with a bloody, scarred mess where the tattoo had once been. Kingpin surveyed me with a pleased smirk, and I understood that I had paid the price for my betrayal. But my thoughts were still with Treasure, the woman I loved and who was now dead because of my actions.

I prayed for death until I remembered my daughters, Haven, Ivy and Angel. My mind was slipping away, the pain and the grief of losing Treasure and our child consuming me. I

couldn't hold on any longer. My body went limp, and I passed out.

When I came to, the Royal Bastards MC had cut away my tattoo, leaving only raw, bloody skin in its wake. I felt like they had stripped me bare, exposed me to the world without any protection.

Kingpin stepped forward, holding the cut-out piece of skin with the club logo up in his hands.

“This belongs to us now,” he said with an arrogant grin. “Gonna hang it in the throne room as a reminder to all.”

I didn't respond. I didn't have the energy or the will to fight back. I was a shell of the man I used to be, and I didn't know how I was gonna survive without Treasure by my side. I laid there on the hay, my back raw and searing with pain, as Kingpin paced back and forth before me. His face was twisted with fury, yet he spoke with a sickening calm.

“You really thought you could betray us, Leviathan? And for what? To join the Road Monsters MC?”

My mouth was dry and raw from screaming earlier. I said nothing.

They didn't bother to bandage me up. Instead, they just left me there on the ground, alone and in agony. As the adrenaline wore off, the pain intensified, and I passed out from the sheer trauma of it all.

Finally, Kingpin returned, holding a jar. He slathered something onto my back, rubbing it into the wounds with a

rough hand. The pain was so intense I screamed out, but he just laughed.

“That’s it, Leviathan. Feel the pain. It’s the only thing that’s real in this godforsaken world.”

Even the next day, I winced in pain as I lay on the dirt floor of the barn, my back raw and bleeding from the brutal removal of the tattoo. My skin tender and oozing, I struggled to move, but my limbs were numb. I lay there for what felt like hours, drifting in and out of consciousness.

At some point, Kingpin approached me, his heavy boots pounding on the ground. He towered over me, his expression dark and menacing. His cold eyes pierced through me as he spoke.

“I have some news for you, Leviathan,” he said, his voice cold and hard. “We’ve captured Treasure. And she’s gonna pay for her disloyalty.”

I was taken aback by his words. Maren was dead. My heart dropped at the mere mention of her name.

“I’ll make you a deal,” he said. “If you give yourself over to the Road Monsters MC as planned, I’ll think about sparing Treasure’s life.”

“What?” I murmured the question.

“You’ll be theirs for life,” Kingpin said simply. “But at least Treasure will be safe.”

“She’s not dead?” I asked, struggling to push myself up onto my elbows.

“Dead?” Kingpin asked in disbelief.

Had I imagined it?

Memphis laughed in the background, answering my question. Looking around, I saw only her and Prez were in the barn with me. She sat on a stool, a bucket between her knees as she wiped the various weapons they used to skin me clean.

“You told him she was dead?” Kingpin turned his head and asked her.

“It’s all part of the game, Prez,” she said innocently.

Kingpin looked at me, his expression conveying his honesty. “Maren ain’t dead.”

Air filled my lungs. The news that she still lived, breathed new life into me.

“Her child?” I asked, breathless.

“Child? There’s no kid with her,” Kingpin said.

“She’s pregnant,” I said, panted, finally explaining.

Kingpin’s expression dropped. “Then you’ll do whatever you can to save her.” It wasn’t a question but a cold hard fact.

Still, I hesitated for a moment, thinking about the consequences of my actions. In the end, I knew I couldn't let Treasure suffer for my mistakes.

"I'll do it," I said finally.

Kingpin nodded, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "You think you have a choice?"

I grated my teeth, attempting to keep my temper. "What do you want me to do?"

"Go on a run for the Road Monsters. Show them you're loyal to their cause. And maybe, just maybe, they'll spare Treasure."

"They have Treasure?"

I was confused, but I nodded, like I understood what he was asking me to do. But I couldn't help but wonder what the Road Monsters wanted with her, with me. And why was Kingpin so mysterious about their true intentions? When had he given her to them?

"You'll find out soon enough," he said, as if he could read my thoughts.

I didn't like the sound of that.

"Leviathan, you're gonna have to play nice with the Road Monsters MC if you want Treasure to live."

I winced in pain from the tattoo removal, but the thought of Treasure being in danger made me push through it.

“What do you mean?” I asked, trying to keep my voice stable.

“For starters, let’s just say you’re gonna be making a run for them,” Kingpin said, his tone cryptic. “And you’ll be doing it willingly.”

I looked at him skeptically. “What kind of run?”

“That’s for them to decide,” he said, his eyes glinting with delight. “But if you want to keep your lady alive, you’ll do it without question.”

Memphis started on my back, a cool cloth touching it. I cried out.

Kingpin was having a good laugh at my pain. “Don’t worry, Leviathan. You won’t be leaving right away. You’ll have plenty of time to recover.” He leaned in closer again, his eyes glittering with a cruel light. “If you want to see that woman you love so much again, you’ll be my Monster.”

I clenched my teeth, trying to stop myself from groaning in pain as Memphis continued washing my back.

“What’s your role in the Road Monsters MC?” I asked Kingpin, hoping to get some answers.

His expression turned dark. “I ain’t ready to tell you that yet,” he said, his voice low. “But know that you’re already

in too deep. You betrayed the Royal Bastards. You've sold your soul to another club, Leviathan."

I felt an icy shiver run down my spine at his words. I didn't want to believe him, but deep down, I knew he was right. The Road Monsters MC had me trapped, and now they had Treasure too.

"What about Treasure?" I asked, my voice strained. "Is she alive?" I still couldn't believe it.

Kingpin's eyes flickered with amusement. "For now," he said. "But let's just say she's in a bit of a sticky situation."

I clenched my fists in anger. I didn't know what to do. My mind raced with thoughts of how I could save her, but I knew I was in no position to do so.

Kingpin must have noticed the look on my face because he sighed heavily.

"Look, Leviathan, I know this ain't easy for you," he said, his tone softer. "But you have to understand, we can't just let betrayal slide. You know that. As for the Road Monsters, you made that call."

I nodded, knowing he was right. But it didn't make the situation any easier. I couldn't bear the thought of Treasure being tortured or killed because of me. His words had two meanings. I had actually called the Road Monsters and now knew for certain he had been on the other line.

Kingpin placed a hand on my shoulder, and I flinched. "Just do what they ask, and maybe we can work something

out,” he said, his voice reassuring. “I’ll see what I can do about Treasure.”

I nodded, feeling a glimmer of hope. Maybe there was still a chance to save her. But deep down, I knew it was a long shot. The Road Monsters MC was ruthless, and I had a feeling they wouldn’t let her go without a fight.

I was left alone in the barn for my back to heal, my wounds a constant reminder of the danger I was in. The danger Treasure was in. It hurt to move, and I was grateful for the painkillers that were left for me. As I lay there, staring at the floor, I couldn’t help but think about Treasure. She was alive. I had no idea about the Road Monsters MC, what they wanted or who they were. Or how Kingpin was involved.

Was this just more lies and tricks from my President, the trickster himself?

Chapter 5

Monster

The next week was a total haze. Memphis brought me some soup and painkillers, but I couldn't stand her guts. I loathed her for playing that twisted joke on me. So, when I heard someone approaching, I assumed it was her and tried to break free from the chains that kept me bound to the barn. I wanted to choke the whore to death. But then I looked up and saw my brother Riff walking in, accompanied by a small, tough-looking woman with a no-nonsense expression on her face.

Mary, Riff's girlfriend, was a nurse who had left her Amish community to join the biker lifestyle. Her long brown hair was pulled back in a tight braid, and she wore a simple black dress that looked out of place amongst the leather and denim of the bikers.

In her hands, Mary carried a small medical kit, which I knew was intended for me. I looked at her with a mixture of relief and apprehension. On one hand, I was grateful that someone was finally gonna actually take care of the wounds on my back, which were still raw and bleeding from the removal of the backpack tattoo. On the other hand, I was worried about what kind of treatment I would receive at the hands of a rival biker's girlfriend. Riff was a rival now. Memphis had not been gentle.

As Mary approached me, her expression softened slightly.

Riff looked different. He seemed more serious and determined than ever.

“Hey bro, how are you feeling?” Riff asked, coming closer.

I felt overwhelmed by his kindness. I tried to remember if he had taken part in last week, and I remembered he was there.

“I’m okay, the drugs are helping,” I replied, trying to sit up.

“Take it easy,” Mary said, gently pushing me back down. “I need to check your wounds.”

Mary inspected my back. She began to clean and dress my wounds with a gentle touch, her fingers deftly working to apply salve and bandages to the damaged skin. I winced in pain, but I didn’t want to show weakness in front of my brother and his girlfriend.

“You need to be in a hospital,” Mary said, finishing up.

I nodded, grateful for her care.

Riff looked at me with concern, and I knew he had something on his mind.

“Levi, there’s someone here to see you,” Mary said.

Riff brought in another girl who I recognized immediately. It was Haven, my daughter, whom I had been desperate to rescue. She ran to me, tears streaming down her face.

Mary and Riff moved to a corner of the barn, giving us some privacy.

Haven sat down beside me, and I could tell she was upset.

As much as it hurt to move, I found I could take my daughter into my arms. I held Haven close and felt a wave of relief wash over me. At least she was safe, and for the moment, that was all that mattered. But as I looked into her eyes, I could see the anger and resentment simmering just beneath the surface.

I deserved it and so much more.

As I sat there, bound by chains, my gaze fixed on my daughter, I knew that Haven was seventeen now. I had missed her birthday. Her wild red hair tumbled down her back in unruly waves, just like her mother's. Her freckles had multiplied since I had last seen her, and she was starting to look too much like a woman for my liking. It was hard to believe that the little girl who used to sit on my lap was now the young woman before me.

I could sense the anger emanating from her as she spoke. She informed me that her mother was taking Ivy and Angel away from the club and to her grandmother's house. The news gutted me. Those little girls were my world, and now they were being taken away from me. I had always taken care of Chloe's two daughters, Ivy, and Angel, as if they were my own, even though they weren't. But they were innocent and didn't deserve to be caught up in all of this.

Binding myself to the Road Monsters MC, it was possible I would never see them again.

Haven's wet eyes were a bright green, like the color of fresh grass on a sunny day. They sparkled with a mixture of anger and hurt as she spoke to me about it in a rush.

“I don't want to go, but mom wants me to go, too.”

I knew Chloe was scared, and I would have suggested the move myself, but it still hurt. Because of her past betrayal, having the two girls with another man while she was married to me, I hadn't loved Chloe for a long time. My heart belonged to Treasure, the woman who was now carrying my child. But for so long, I had tried to do right by Chloe, to be a good husband and father to her children, but it was never enough. And now, my daughters were paying the price for my mistakes, having to go into hiding.

I couldn't dwell on that now. At least my daughters might be safe. I had to focus on Haven. She was hurting, and it was my job to comfort her. I held her tightly as she cried. I knew I couldn't fix everything, but I could at least be there for her. Haven was growing up so quickly, and soon she would be out of my reach. But for now, I could hold her close and savor the moment. Try to be the father she needed me to be.

Suddenly, Haven pulled back. I wasn't prepared for the force of her emotions as she glared at me with a fierce intensity.

“Why did you do it, Dad?” she demanded, her voice cracking with passion.

“Do what?” I asked.

“Betray the club. Buzzard died because of you,” Haven said, her voice shaking. “Why did you kill Aden’s grandfather? He was a good man, and you took him away from us!”

I winced at the accusation, feeling a sense of guilt and shame wash over me. I had never wanted to hurt anyone, especially not Buzzard. When the Asphalt Gods MC ambushed us, he was killed in the battle, which was sort of my fault.

Grieving him myself, I thought of Buzzard. He had been our oldest member who still rode. His white skin was more leathery than his cut. Nearly eighty, he was bald as ever. His face was hard to look at, with a bulbous nose that he had broken more times than he could count and a crooked smile that revealed his missing teeth. He lost them in fights too, but that fact, combined with his stick thin figure, made him look like nothing but a meth head.

He had a tattoo of a buzzard on his neck that looked more like a smudge than a bird. He spoke in his own crude language, calling us all cunts while spitting tobacco juice as he talked. He was a mean son of a bitch. Despite that, he had a soft side for his seven grandkids. His plump wife Ida, twenty years his junior, would either want to kill me or throw me a party. Couldn’t tell with her. One day she loved him and the other she wanted to leave him. Regardless, I hadn’t wanted any of my brothers to die that night.

“It ain’t like that, Haven,” I said, trying to calm her down. In the chaos and violence of the outlaw life, sometimes terrible things happened without warning or reason. “I never wanted to hurt anyone. It was just...it was just how things turned out.” I sighed, knowing I couldn’t hide the truth from her. “I did what I had to do, Haven. I had to protect myself and my family.” That was why I longed for my revenge in the first

place, so Haven didn't end up like my sister. Dead by the hands of the Asphalt Gods MC.

"But Buzzard was family too," Haven said, her anger deep.

"I know, and I'm sorry," I said, feeling ashamed.

Haven's eyes narrowed, and I could see the fire in her gaze. "That's not good enough, Dad," she said firmly. "You need to take responsibility for what you did. And you need to make things right with Aden."

I sighed, feeling the weight of her words settling heavily on my shoulders. She was right, of course. But how could I make things right with her nineteen-year-old so-called boyfriend, when the entire Royal Bastards MC was out for my blood?

Haven wiped her tears away and looked at me with determination. "I'm seeing Aden, and you can't stop me," she said, changing the subject.

I frowned, not wanting to think about my daughter dating someone who was almost twenty years old. "He's too old for you. I don't want you getting hurt."

None of that mattered since Chloe would be taking her away.

"I ain't a little girl anymore, Dad. You can't control me," Haven said, standing up. "I plan to stay here," she said quietly, her voice barely audible over the sound of Riff and Mary talking quietly in the corner. "I ain't going with mom. I

want to be with Aden. He's... he's different from the other guys. He treats me like a woman, not just a kid."

My throat tightened up with fear. I couldn't let Haven stay here, not with all the danger and violence that surrounded us. I looked at her for a long moment, trying to find the words to express my fears and concerns. At this moment, Aden was the least of my worries. I feared what the club would do to her to hurt me.

But before I could say anything, she went on, "Aden and I, we need each other. We've been through so much together, and I can't just abandon him."

"Listen, Haven," I said, trying to reason with her. "I don't want you seeing Aden anymore. You need to go with your mom. Don't you see what the club has done to me?"

I didn't get the chance to convey to her the danger she was in before her eyes blazed with fury.

"You can't tell me what to do, Dad. You ain't in a position to stop me."

I realized then that she was correct. I was chained up like a dog, and there was nothing I could do to stop her from seeing Aden or staying. I watched Haven walk out of the barn without saying goodbye.

I couldn't help but wonder if I would ever see her again.

Riff came to me, and I asked him, "Does Kingpin know Haven came out here?"

“Yes, his orders,” he said.

“So, he wants me to know my little girl is staying here with you boys.”

“Guess so.” Riff looked at me with a serious expression. “He’ll use it as leverage over you, man. You know that.”

Chapter 6

Monster

I stared at the chains that bound me to the old steel beams, my mind reeling from everything that had happened. They skinned me, but Kingpin hadn't killed me. I agreed to do a job for the Road Monsters MC to save Treasure. I knew it would come at a cost. I just had to heal first. And I learned my daughter would also be collateral.

Kingpin stormed into the barn, alone, his eyes blazing with anger and his fists clenched tightly. I tensed up, ready for whatever he was about to dish out. The dim light of the barn flickered across his face, giving him an even more menacing appearance. I could feel the heat radiating off him like a oven.

“Looks like you can finally have an actual conversation,” he said, fuming.

I nodded my head. I finally felt I was in my right mind.

“You’ve betrayed me, Leviathan,” he growled. “You made a deal with the Road Monsters MC without my permission.”

I fought back the urge to spit in his face.

Kingpin continued, his voice low and dangerous. “You’re a dead man,” he snarled, leaning in closer to my face. “But we ain’t killing you. Not yet anyway. We’ve got other plans for you. You’re still useful to me. You joined the Road Monsters MC, Leviathan. Or should I say, Monster?”

I stared at him, bewildered. “What the hell, Kingpin? You’re sore that I went behind your back and made a deal with you?”

The biker lit a cigarette and left to go perch on his throne.

“You ain’t just the leader of the Royal Bastards MC, are ya?” I asked, trying to piece everything together.

He laughed, the sound sending a shiver down my spine. “No, I ain’t.” Kingpin’s lips curled into a savage smirk. “Because I’m one of their four leaders, Levi. And fucking with me, you’ve made an enemy out of us all.”

“Four leaders?” I asked.

“I’m one of the four aces from our patch.”

I pictured the Road Monsters MC logo in my head, the flaming motorcycle and skull with the four aces over it as plain as day, laid out like cards in a hand. I couldn’t believe it. This biker had his hands in so many pots, it was impossible to keep up. But the playing cards more than suited him. Then he dropped another bombshell on me.

“I’m the ace of spades, also known as Fish,” Kingpin explained. “Because the spade looks like a Fish. The four aces are four MC Presidents who control the nomads, one in each in the four corners of the US of A,” he continued.

So, it was him I talked to. “Did Merc set me up?” I asked, thinking of the old biker I had trusted for years.

“No, I set him up to set you up,” Kingpin said, proud of himself.

“None of this makes any damn sense. Four Presidents?”

“We’re like a super group. Like Jane’s Addiction or Velvet Revolver.” Kingpin confused me.

I had no idea what he was talking about, but I listened anyway. Kingpin had a way of rambling on that was both fascinating and terrifying.

“You remember them, right? They were one of the biggest bands in the world. Perry Farrell was the front man. He was a genius. He knew how to put together a band like nobody’s business. And that’s what the Road Monsters are. They’re a group of the best MC Presidents in the country, myself included, naturally, recruiting the best bikers. Not bikers who come together, ride together, and cause chaos together. Ones who can ride solo and dispense order and justice.”

I nodded, not really sure what to say.

Kingpin continued, his voice growing more intense. “Remember Velvet Revolver?” he asked me, a glint in his eye. “They were a supergroup made up of members from Guns N’ Roses, Stone Temple Pilots, and Wasted Youth. They’re the perfect example of how a bunch of talented guys can come together and create something fucking incredible.”

“What in the hell are you talking about, Kingpin?”

He waved his hands. “I forgot you’re a meathead, not a metal head. There are four of us, notorious leaders of our own gangs, leading a shadowy group of nomads. The Road Monsters MC, you know of them? Fuck. You joined them as soon as you got the offer.”

“I’ve heard of ‘em. I’ve seen ‘em. Yes, apparently, I joined ‘em.”

“You signed on to an infamous group of rebels who roam the highways and byways of America, living by their own code and answering to no one. Well, no one but me and my fellow Aces. And our Road Monsters ain’t just any bikers. They’re the most dangerous, the most ruthless. They’re the ones who will stop at nothing to get what they want. As for the four Aces, no one knows who we are. Sure, I recruit sometimes, but men don’t know I give them their orders. I decide their fate. Other than you. And the Road Monsters ain’t in any way affiliated with our other motorcycle clubs. They don’t answer to any other authority but us four, by proxy, while in our respective areas. I’m the Southeast of course.”

“And why are you telling me everything?” I didn’t understand why Kingpin chose to reveal his secrets to me.

“We go way back. You’ve been working for me for a long while. Being my Monster out on the road. I need you to be my eyes and ears now. I have a job for you.”

I knew I didn’t have a choice. I was in too deep. “What kind of job?” I asked reluctantly.

“A list of things, actually,” Kingpin started.

“Things? Multiple?”

“Things that will ensure my control of the Road Monsters,” he said. “Things that will benefit both of us in the long run. And if you do them well, you might just be able to keep your woman alive.”

I clenched my jaw, feeling the weight of his words. “Fine,” I said through gritted teeth. “I’ll do anything. But only for Treasure’s sake.”

Kingpin smirked, as if he knew he had won. “That’s all I need to hear.” He turned on his heels and started to walk away, but not before throwing a parting shot over his shoulder. “Listen up, Leviathan. Joining the Road Monsters, you gotta give up everything. Your identity, your past, your connections. You can’t have any contact with anyone you ever knew before.”

What the fuck? I felt a pit form in my stomach. I had always been a lone wolf, but the thought of cutting all ties with the outside world was daunting.

“Whoa,” I said, stopping him.

Kingpin continued, “Your daughter will be protected at Royal Road. She decided to stay, and that was a smart choice on her end. But as for you, once you cross that line and become a Road Monster, there’s no going back. You gotta be all in.”

“Wait,” I said. “I didn’t know all of this when I agreed. Giving up my identity and my past, that’s a big sacrifice. And what about Haven? My daughter... how will I see her? How will I be with her?” I questioned, trying to stay calm. I was not calm.

Kingpin's eyes narrowed at my question.

"How will I see my daughter? How will I be with Treasure?" I asked, the desperation in my voice appearing.

"You won't be able to do either, officially," he said sternly.

I felt my heart sink. Was all of this sacrifice for nothing?

"But there's always a way when you have an ace in your pocket," he continued. "And lucky for you, I'm the Ace of spades. As long as you stay on my good side, you'll be able to see them in the future."

"But what about Treasure?" I asked. "Can you at least tell me where she is?"

Kingpin shook his head. "Not yet. Once you have your new identity and complete your first mission, I will tell you what the Road Monsters did with her."

I was frustrated and angry, but I knew that I had to go along with this plan if I wanted to save Treasure. I agreed to Kingpin's terms, but I couldn't shake the feeling that I was making a deal with the devil.

"Like you were told on the phone, you can't tell anyone about this. Not your brothers in the Royal Bastards MC, not even your daughter. Nobody. Do you understand?" Kingpin was as serious as ever.

I nodded, feeling a wave of apprehension wash over me. What had I gotten myself into? But I knew I had to see this through to save Treasure.

“Memphis knows,” Kingpin continued. “She helps me out with things from time to time... Junebug knew.”

I nodded again, still feeling uneasy about the whole situation. Junebug was dead now. “So, what happens next?” I asked.

“Next, Memphis will make all the arrangements for your new identity,” Kingpin replied. “And once you’re healed up, we’ll make it look like you escaped the barn. That way, nobody here will be suspicious.”

I didn’t like the sound of that, but I knew I didn’t have much of a choice.

“Then you’ll be on your own for a while,” Kingpin said. “You’ll have your first mission to complete for the Road Monsters, and once you’ve proven yourself, I’ll tell you what they did with Treasure. Basically, you work for me as long as you are in my territory. Not much will change for you in that regard.”

“You let me go. I’m liable to kill you, Kingpin. I can take my daughter from here and find Treasure on my own. I did it once before. I can do it again,” I said, thinking of all the possibilities.

“Good thing Aden’s taking Haven on a little trip for a while,” Kingpin said, smiling big.

“What are you talking about?”

“You don’t think I thought about what could happen when I unshackle my Monster? Levi, you’ll find out soon enough that we Aces think of everything.”

“Where is Haven going? Somewhere with that boy?” I asked, almost growling.

“Aden has been ordered to keep his hands to himself. He’ll do it to earn his patch. And he’ll keep her away until I see you’re following my orders.”

Fuck. I knew that boy Haven was seeing wanted to prospect.

“Would you’ve given Treasure over to the Road Monsters if you knew she was pregnant?” I asked Kingpin before he left.

Kingpin’s face grew serious, and he looked at me with a hint of regret. His wife had nearly lost her babies. I knew Sky’s twins were due any day now.

“I’m sure you can empathize.”

“It’s a real shame. I didn’t know,” Kingpin admitted.

“Would it have made a difference?”

He didn’t respond.

“Did anyone hurt her?”

Kingpin looked away. “Not anyone here. There was no time for that. The leader I gave her to demanded to have her back unharmed,” he said, his voice low. “I didn’t have a choice in the matter.”

So, he gave her back to the Asphalt Gods MC?

I clenched my fists, feeling a surge of rage. “You always have a choice,” I said through my teeth. “You could have found another way to handle it. You could have protected her.”

Kingpin’s expression hardened, and he stepped closer to me, his eyes narrowing. “Why would I? Maren betrayed us. Don’t you ever question my choices, Leviathan,” he said sharply. “I did what I had to do to protect my club and my people. And now you’re gonna do what you have to do to protect yours.”

Kingpin left, and it was my turn to smile. He had messed up. He told me where Treasure was. As soon as I got out of here, I planned to find her. Fuck Kingpin’s Road Monsters and his goddamn list of shit.

Chapter 7

Monster

I opened my eyes, feeling confused and weak. The hospital room was sterile and bright, a stark contrast to the dark and dusty barn. As I tried to sit up, pain ripped through my body like a hot knife. I let out a low groan, and Memphis, of all people, appeared at my side, offering to help me.

She spoke in a gentle tone that I wasn't used to hearing from her. She told me that I had undergone surgery to graft skin onto my wounds, and that I needed to be careful not to move too much. It was strange to hear her being so caring, but I appreciated it nonetheless.

The last thing I remembered was passing out in the barn after I talked to Kingpin. I surveyed my surroundings. It was a small hospital room. A monitor beeped rhythmically next to me, and an IV drip was hooked up to my arm. I felt like I was in a daze, trying to piece together what had happened to me.

Memphis must have sensed my confusion because she started to explain everything to me. She told me I was in the hospital because Kingpin had cut off the tattoo on my back. But he had also saved my life by getting me medical attention after I had passed out.

“He did it not just to punish you, but to protect you,” Memphis said. She was always Kingpin's cheerleader. “To give you a new life, a new identity. You're no longer Leviathan. From now on, your road name is Monster.”

Fuck. I knew that much. I grimaced at the memory, Kingpin and my old crew carving the Royal Bastards MC

symbol from my flesh. It was like erasing my entire identity, my entire life. But then again, that was the price I had to pay for joining the Road Monsters MC. Then I remembered, I had to save Treasure.

“You lied to me, bitch,” I said, my voice shaking with anger. Remembering Memphis holding that severed, beating heart caused all my previous emotions to resurface. I felt like I lost Treasure all over again. “You made me believe Maren was dead.”

“Pig heart. Got it from the farm out in Franklin,” she explained, flashing an evil smile.

Fucking bitch.

I had known Memphis for a long time. We were never friends exactly, but I was Kingpin’s Enforcer and she acted as his personal guard forever, back when they were lovers. She wasn’t a brother, more like a co-worker. We were at least cordial all these years when we weren’t intimate ourselves. On a completely physical level, of course.

She was a total bombshell, like a supermodel, with features that were impossible to ignore. Her looks would usually instantly draw the interest of any man in the room. Her hair was a white blonde, often styled straight as a board. A stripper who bared all. She was tan, well-toned, with all the right curves in all the right places. Her clothing was always fitted to show off her huge rack.

Despite how hot she was, there was an icy vibe that made folks uneasy. Rightfully so. Like Memphis was so poisonous, she came with a warning. And her ability to manipulate men with her looks and charm only made her more

dangerous. Ruthless in her dealings with anyone who crossed her, her loyalty to Kingpin was unwavering.

I had always been wary of Memphis, and our interactions outside of the bedroom were always brief and business-like. I knew she was obsessed with Kingpin. I guessed her chilly attitude was partly because she was jealous of anyone who got too near him.

Essentially, Memphis was a total badass biker bitch. A top bitch in a world of predators. Knowing better, I never messed with her.

“How could you?” I asked anyway, knowing she was more than capable of such cruelty.

The blonde looked down at her hands, a small smile playing on her lips. “I had to break you,” she said, shrugging. “It was the only way to ensure your loyalty to Prez.”

“You didn’t have to lie about something like that,” I protested anyway.

She finally looked up at me, her painted eyes distant. “I did what I had to do,” she said. “And it worked, didn’t it? I would do it again in a fucking heartbeat, Leviathan. Hell, if Kingpin hadn’t been there, I would’ve let you believe forever.”

Memphis was merciless.

“I don’t regret it,” she continued, firmly. “You’re a Road Monster now, and that’s all that matters.”

Still, I couldn't believe how callous she was being. "I thought we were better than this," I said, trying her.

"Better than what?" she asked, a sneer on her face. "We're bikers, outlaws, Monster. We do what we have to do to survive, you and I."

I knew that. But Memphis wasn't a biker. She was a sweetbutt, a whore, officially. Unofficially, I suspected she was much more.

"What do you care about the Road Monsters?"

"It's Kingpin's baby, and I care about everything that biker touches."

"Like his new wife?" I shot back.

Memphis rolled her eyes. "Sky won't last," she said, sure of herself. "This is Kingpin's nest egg. His way out of the Royal Bastards if he ever needs it. I don't think he will, but the biker always has a plan. I love that about him. "

It was useless talking to Memphis about Kingpin.

"How long was I out?" I asked, wincing as I tried to shift my position.

"About a week," Memphis replied, her eyes as emotionless as her voice. "But you're healing well. You'll be able to move around in no time."

I nodded, feeling a bit relieved. At least I wasn't completely useless. But then Memphis handed me a leather cut with the Road Monsters MC emblem on it. I couldn't put it on if I wanted to.

The Road Monsters logo was a sight to behold. The center of the patch featured a flaming motorcycle, with intricate tribal flames that wrapped around the edges. Riding the bike was a menacing skeleton, its bony fingers gripping the handlebars tightly. The four playing cards Kingpin spoke of, all aces, were positioned over the bike and the skeleton, laid out like a poker hand.

"This is your new identity," she said, her voice serious. "Your new name is Jake. Jake Monster. And you have a job to do."

"My last name is Monster?" If I could move, I would scratch my head.

"You know Kingpin's sense of humor." She lifted a shoulder. "I'm just a messenger."

My mind returned to Treasure. "Where is she?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

Memphis gave it a thought before answering. "She's safe, for now. But you need to focus on healing and completing your first mission for the Road Monsters MC. Kingpin's got a doozy for you. It won't be a walk in the park."

I raised an eyebrow, wondering what kind of job she was talking about. But then she handed me a piece of paper with a whole list of addresses on it, and I knew this was gonna be something big.

“The first one on that list is Alexander Getty,” she said, her voice filled with contempt. “He’s the head of the Nashville mafia, you know him.”

“I do,” I said. My voice gave away my surprise.

“He’s been giving us lots of headaches lately. Kingpin wants you to take him out.”

I stared at her in disbelief. Taking out the head of the Music City Syndicate was an impossible task, even for someone like me. But then again, Kingpin didn’t really give me a choice. If I wanted to save Treasure, I had to do whatever it took.

“How?” I asked, trying to hide the fear in my voice.

Memphis handed me a file, and I opened it to reveal a detailed plan of the mafia’s operations. It was clear Kingpin had been gathering intel for a long time, and he knew everything about Getty’s business.

Memphis spoke in a low, grave tone as she said, “That’s all up to you.” She continued, sounding more chipper, “You’ll need to meet up with the club in a few months when you’re fully healed.”

“Meet up? I thought they were all Nomads.” I was confused.

“You have a lot to learn,” Memphis said, hiding her smile. “Until then, you’ll be staying at the safe house in Cotton Town, and one of our members will take care of you there.”

I knew exactly where the safe house was. It was the same place where the Royal Bastards MC captured Treasure and me when Kingpin tricked me. I had a feeling that Hob, Eve's brother, was still there. He claimed to be one of them.

I turned to Memphis and asked, "Is Hob still there?"

She hesitated for a moment before responding, "That's not his name anymore. He's one of the Road Monsters, now, and he goes by a different name."

I gave a look of surprise. "Really? What's his new name?"

"He goes by Chigger now," she said.

That was fitting. Hob was a boy. A nuisance at best.

"And he's taking care of me at the safe house?"

"Yes," she confirmed. "Chigger will be there to take care of you while you heal."

Memphis leaned forward, her expression serious. "Kingpin does a lot of favors for a lot of people, Monster. He's not just running a motorcycle club. He's got connections in places you can't even imagine."

I huffed. "You think Hob has what it takes to join?" I knew he didn't. "Kingpin just recruits anyone?"

“Kingpin wouldn’t have let him in if he didn’t have what it takes. And besides, he’s got a personal connection to him now.”

I frowned, unsure of what she meant. “What personal connection?”

Memphis sighed, her eyes flickering with a hint of sadness. “His sister, Eve. Like I said, Kingpin does a lot of favors for folks,” she said cryptically. “And in return, he expects loyalty and trust. He’s doing you a kindness by not killing Treasure, and he expects you to repay that compassion by doing whatever he asks. Not to mention, he’s sparing sweet, young Haven.”

I felt a knot form in my stomach as I remembered the gravity of the situation. Kingpin had me under his thumb, and there was no escaping his grasp. But I had to try.

“What if I refuse?” I asked, my voice unwavering.

Memphis looked at me with that same sad expression. “Even if you didn’t care for your woman and your daughter, you’d be on your own,” she said. “And I don’t think that’s a place you want to be. No chance with the Road Monsters out and about, all over the lower 48. They’ll find you and finish the job we should have in the barn.”

I walked out of the hospital, wincing as pain shot through my body with each step. Memphis had left me a new Harley, sleek and shiny, but I couldn’t help longing for my old bike. I had pawned it to get to Tennessee, but I couldn’t have it now anyway, not with my new identity.

My new Harley was a beast, just like me. It was a 2019 Harley-Davidson Road King, matte black with chrome accents. The engine was massive, a Milwaukee-Eight 114, with enough power to make my heart race just thinking about it. The seat was wide and comfortable, perfect for my size.

The handlebars were raised high, giving me a commanding view of the road ahead. The saddlebags were spacious enough to carry all my essentials, and there was even a small trunk behind the passenger seat for additional storage. The wheels were thick and sturdy, able to take on any terrain.

I couldn't help but wonder if Kingpin had used the money from my old Harley to buy this one. If he did, at least it was money well spent. This was the kind of bike that would make heads turn, and I couldn't wait to take it out on the open road. But it was also made for long journeys. I knew I had one ahead of me. I had signed up for a life out on the road.

I gingerly lowered myself onto the seat, the leather creaking beneath me, and started the engine. The Harley's rumble was like music to me, blocking out my own heavy breathing. I gunned the engine, feeling the buzz in my bones, and then flew down the road.

The wind rushed past me, whipping around my bald head, and I felt freedom I hadn't felt in weeks. The road lay ahead, a white slate ready to be filled with my tire tracks. But my mind was not entirely focused on the ride. I couldn't help but wonder where exactly Treasure was, whether she was safe, whether she was still carrying my child.

As I rode, the pain in my back intensified, a constant reminder of what I had lost and what I was fighting for. But I refused to let it stop me. I had a mission, and I would see it through to the end.

And I wasn't worried about killing the mob boss. Alexander Getty was the furthest thing from my mind. Kingpin had given me a hopeless task. He didn't expect me to accomplish it.

No, I had a more important undertaking. Finding Treasure, again. Even if I couldn't stay with her after I made sure she was safe.

When I arrived at the safe house in Cotton Town, Hob, aka Chigger, a member of the Road Monsters MC now apparently, met me. But I knew he used to be a member of the Asphalt Gods MC before Kingpin granted him asylum. I asked him to find out where Treasure was within their club. Actually, I ordered him to figure it out. Wet behind the ears, Chigger was the sort to order around.

Because I knew Kingpin had given Treasure back to the Asphalt Gods MC. He said one leader wanted her back. After all, he spoke of four leaders, and I suspected the Asphalt Gods' Mother chapter's President must be one of them. That would explain why Kingpin never let me inflict my revenge on that club. Now I knew why. The biker was in bed with our greatest enemy.

Chapter 8

Monster

Still healing, I sat in the farmhouse two weeks later, staring at myself in the mirror. My head was covered in stubble. With the tattoos that wrapped around my usual bald head, I debated shaving. After all, I wasn't Levi anymore. I was Jake. Jake Monster, thanks to Kingpin's idea of a sick joke.

Monster would do just fine. Did Monster have the same tattoos as Leviathan? Would I have to grow out my hair and cover my body? My back was still tender. I didn't think I would survive any more tattoo removals.

Memphis had made more than one trip to check on me. As if she could read my mind, she walked into the room, holding a razor and shaving cream. I watched her approach, her big bosom bouncing with each step, her blonde hair flowing down her back. With a sly smile, she offered to shave my head for me.

As it was, it hurt me to move my arms. I took her up on her offer. I sat in a chair as Memphis straddled my lap, holding a straight razor in her hand. She ran her hand through my stubble, and a vibration ran down my body at the touch of her manicured nails.

As she lathered the shaving cream onto my head, I asked her how my tattoos would fit into my new identity. I had tentacles and sea creatures all over me. There was no way to hide them.

Memphis just tilted her head and said she thought that was the point. Kingpin wanted everyone to question if he was the power behind this wicked group of outlaws, the Road

Monsters MC. And what better way to show that power than by having me, a former member with such distinctive tattoos, someone everyone knew as his Monster involved.

She shaved my head, her hands working with practiced ease. I closed my eyes, trying to block out her presence as she leaned closer to me, her breath hot against my neck. I tried to clear my mind as I felt the familiar sensation, the razor glide. It was a comforting experience, unlike my last encounter with a blade.

I was stunned by how much my life had changed so fast. I had gone from being a member of the Royal Bastards MC to being a supposed prospect for the Road Monsters MC. I had also gone from a man who would usually want to fuck Memphis silly right now to one who loved and longed for only one woman.

But I couldn't think for long. Thoughts of finding Maren, my Treasure and reuniting with her fabulous body combined with a small blonde moving on my lap caused a hardness in my jeans. Memphis drove her crotch dangerously against mine. The whore flirted with me like only she could, telling me how handsome I looked with my smooth head and how I could have any woman I wanted. All the while, she was methodical in her shaving, carefully removing each strand of hair from my scalp like a pro. Sealing my eyes, I pushed away her advances, but her touch was electric.

Even Memphis's voice took on a seductive tone. "You know, with Chigger gone today," she started.

I thought she would ask me where he was. He was still finding out where Treasure was. Memphis couldn't know I planned to go behind Kingpin's back. I tensed up.

She went on, “I could always show you a good time. I always had an amazing time in your bed. God, you’re so tense. You need it.”

My eyes were still shut. I chuckled. “I appreciate the offer, but I ain’t interested. I’m in love with Treasure,” I said easily.

Memphis smirked, bumping into my chin with her chest.

I opened my eyes to see more of her cleavage than I wanted to.

“Treasure, huh? She’s not here, is she? You know I don’t get attached. Letting me ride that Monster of yours again won’t mess up your relationship.”

“That doesn’t matter. The answer is no,” I said confidently.

She gingerly rubbed my shoulders. “You’re healing, I know. I’ll do all the work, big guy.”

Memphis started a lap dance, but instantly took it further, grinding on my erection. My mind was underwater with memories of our past encounters. Of course, I had sex with her many times before at Royal Road. Who hadn’t? I remembered the way this whore moved, the way she tasted, and the way she made me feel. Memphis had a way of making a man feel invincible. She stroked a biker’s ego as hard as she fucked. And boy, did she fuck hard. And she had no problem with my massive size.

But then, I thought about Treasure, and all those memories faded away.

Yet Memphis moved on me, her eyes filled with desire.

And she talked about how she was the real brains behind the Road Monsters MC and that Kingpin once did whatever she asked. She even hinted that one day, I could take over as leader if I played my cards right. I listened to her, but I didn't want any part of her plans. But nonetheless, I couldn't believe what the whore was suggesting. She was basically offering me a way to take over as one of the Aces of the Road Monsters MC. Take over Kingpin's role.

I didn't want that kind of power. I just wanted to find Treasure and be with her. But Memphis was insistent, telling me that Kingpin wouldn't have anything to do with her anymore and that she needed someone to love her. She thought I could be that biker. And if I agreed, she would help me take Kingpin down.

Shaking my head, I didn't even want to entertain it. I just wanted to find Treasure and start a new life with her. Whatever that looked like. But I couldn't deny that Memphis's offer was tempting. After all, I didn't know what a life with Treasure would be like with my life tied to Nomads I couldn't even speak of.

Fucking Kingpin had a hold over me and I longed to break free. The idea of having that kind of power was alluring, but I knew it wasn't the life I wanted. And not just her offer, Memphis body was nearly irresistible in the present.

"I can't," I said firmly, pushing her off of me. "I'm in love with someone else."

Memphis shrugged and handed me a mirror to inspect my newly shaved head. “There you go, Monster. Looking as badass as ever.”

I got up from the chair and started to make my way out of the room. I had to get away from her before I did something I regretted. Memphis was a bad bitch, talking about doing bad things, and found myself wanting to be bad with her. Bad inside her.

Fuck, no. I wouldn't.

Memphis's face hardened at my rejection. “Fine,” she spat. “But don't expect me to help you when you need it.”

Memphis made herself scarce after my refusal. And Chigger came back in a couple of days later with the news. Treasure was in Arkansas, shacked up with Ax, and pregnant with his child. Fuck that. Her baby had just as much chance of being mine. And I knew Treasure didn't love him, and she would never willingly go back to him.

Then I realized Ax was holding her captive. Anger and worry washed over me. What did the Road Monsters MC have to do with that?

I needed to get to Arkansas and rescue Treasure. But I knew I had to be cautious. I didn't want to risk making things worse for her. I needed a foolproof plan, but I needed to act fast.

Taking a deep breath, I ignored the pain in my body. I had to rescue Treasure. Fuck, plans. I no longer had a club at

my back. All I had was me and this boy. Having spent plenty of time on the road, playing Nomad for Kingpin before now, I knew what I had to do.

Say fuck it. We would just go get her. Simple. Effective.

Chigger tried to stop me, reminding me I wasn't supposed to leave the safe house, and that I wasn't even initiated into the Road Monsters MC yet. But I was determined, and I made it clear to him we were going to Arkansas to save her, no matter what.

Chigger was hesitant about our plan, knowing how dangerous it could be. But I told him we needed to be alert and not get ourselves killed in the process. We had to be smart about it, but I was going in and he was coming with me. We talked for a few minutes, going over our plan of attack, which was basically to catch them off guard. Two guys riding into a clubhouse full of bikers would definitely throw them off their game.

Having been a prospect, Chigger knew their clubhouse like the back of his hand. He gave his approval, and then we jumped on our Harleys and cranked up the motors.

Flying down the highway towards Arkansas, I had Treasure on my mind. It made me sick to my stomach to think that the biker who raped her had her. He had her for nearly two months now. I knew we had to act fast.

Chigger and I rode for hours, stopping only to refuel and rest. The whole time, I couldn't get Kingpin's deal out of my head. I joined the Road Monsters MC and would have to give up my old life. It meant leaving behind my old club, those

brothers, my daughters and Treasure. It was a tough pill to swallow, but I had to do it to save her.

As we rode through the winding roads, my mind raced with all the what-ifs. What if she wouldn't understand? What if she hated me for it? Once I truly became a member, I didn't know when I would see her again, if ever. But I had to go through with it. For her. How else would I protect her?

We finally reached Arkansas and made our way towards the Asphalt Gods MC clubhouse. When we rolled up, I saw a dozen motorcycles parked outside, and I knew we were in for a fight.

The moment I stepped off my Hog, I was ready. The Asphalt Gods were a disgraceful group of bikers, but they weren't gonna let me just walk in and take what they felt was theirs.

But Treasure was mine.

I swaggered up to the entrance with my piece strapped to my side, ready for anything those ugly bikers could throw my way. They all poured out to face me, a bunch of heavily armed sons of bitches with their logo sewn onto their leather cuts. The same one that I hated with a passion. These bastards not only had Treasure but also took out my own sister. I felt a hot fury building up inside me, but I knew I couldn't just go and kill them all.

I could feel their eyes on me, sizing me up. They knew who the hell I was. But I didn't recognize any of them. Distancing himself from the late Killer, their new Prez, Phobia had new men already.

“What’s a bastard doing here?” One of them asked.

“Committing suicide,” one answered.

“Not a Bastard anymore. I’ve come for what’s mine. No one has to die today,” I said, reluctantly.

Though I longed to kill the lot of them. I hadn’t completed Kingpin’s mission. His list. I wasn’t even in the Road Monsters yet, though I wore the cut Memphis had given me.

Without another word, the first biker charged me, throwing a punch that I easily dodged. I returned the blow with a swift kick to his stomach, sending him spinning backwards. The other bikers immediately joined the fray, and soon I was surrounded by a sea of fists and boots.

Somehow, I fought my way through the mob, throwing punches and kicks with all the skill I had. Next, the gunfire began. Adrenaline surged through my body, and I felt alive like I hadn’t in months. But I couldn’t let myself get too caught up in the moment. I had to find Treasure.

Thankfully, Chigger proved his worth and took over the fight, shooting back with incredible skill, so I could slip away.

Finally, I made it inside the clubhouse. The place was a dump compared to the last time I saw it, with broken beer bottles and cigarette butts littering the floor. Looked like wild animals took over. But I didn’t have time to take it all in. I had to find Treasure.

As I searched the back rooms, I could hear the sound of shouting and arguing coming from down the hall. I recognized her voice. I knew I was getting close. And then I saw them.

My eyes locked on the man who had held Treasure captive for so long. The one from the alley in Texas. The one who raped her. The one I didn't get to kill last time.

Ax scoffed at me, his hand resting on the gun at his hip.

“You shouldn't have come here,” he growled.

I didn't waste any time. Wanting to tear him apart, I leaped at him, my fist connecting with his jaw. He stumbled back, but quickly regained his footing, drawing his gun. I dodged out of the way as he fired, the bullet missing me by inches.

I attacked him and our fight wore on as Treasure retreated down the hall. I relished every blow I landed. But I was also weak from my time in the barn, with my injury on my back still healing. Ax got the better of me more times than I wanted to admit.

Treasure was worried at first, yelling at me to be careful.

Ax locked me in an embrace. “She's mine,” he said, right in my ear.

I didn't believe him. “I'll kill you,” I said.

“Spooky’s with me willingly now.” He used her old road name. “You’re too late.”

There was no way I believed that.

“She’s carrying my baby,” he complained as we wrestled.

I didn’t need the reminder that he raped her. I was gonna slaughter him.

But when I got the upper hand, Treasure was yelling at me to stop, begging me not to kill Ax. I paused, debating whether I should heed her words, searching for her reasoning. But then I remembered all the pain he had caused her, and my resolve hardened. I wouldn’t make his death quick. I drew my knife on him. Holding it to his windpipe, I planned to make him suffer.

Suddenly, she came to his rescue.

Treasure pleaded with me. Somehow, she stepped between us, her eyes filled with tears. I really looked at her for the first time. And for the first time, I could see evidence of her pregnancy. My heart swelled at the sight. She was glowing, beautiful.

“Please, don’t,” she whispered.

Don’t? What was she talking about?

As I tried to make a choice, I could feel my hand shaking. This was the woman I loved. She was pregnant with

what could be Ax's child or could be mine. She begged me to stop. To not kill him? I couldn't bear to look at her, to see the disappointment in her eyes.

My eyes fell to Ax, and he smiled at his victory.

I lowered my knife, feeling defeated. Ax instantly got to his feet and ran off.

Treasure looked put out. Fucking hell. It dawned on me. She was in love with this biker. With Ax. She was his. Just like he said. I was too late. She had chosen him over me. I turned and left the hall as fast as I could, my heart breaking into a million pieces.

As I mounted my bike, I heard her calling out to me, but I couldn't bring myself to turn back. I rode away, knowing I had lost her forever.

Chapter 9

Treasure

Creeping quietly through the dense forest, I tried to muffle the sound of my footsteps. But the sound of my heart thudding in my chest was thunderous as I kept my eyes peeled for any sign of danger. I shot one of them but dropped my gun after that. I had fled from the control of the Royal Bastards MC, but I knew they would be searching for me.

As I ran deeper into the woods, my mind raced with thoughts of Leviathan. I couldn't bear the thought of leaving him behind, but I knew I had to escape. After all, he had given me the chance. I knew this was what he wanted, but it killed me.

Sadness flooded me as I thought of him, wondering if he was still alive. But I couldn't dwell on those thoughts for long. I had to focus on surviving and staying one step ahead of my pursuers. I pushed myself to run faster, my feet pounding against the damp earth as I weaved between trees and ducked under low-hanging branches.

The bikers fired off shots seemingly randomly as they followed me, scaring me to death each time. But soon the shots ceased.

Had I lost them?

Hunkering down, I rested for hours until I couldn't shake the feeling of being watched. I knew that the Royal Bastards MC was hot on my trail before they disappeared. I had to stay alert if I wanted to stay alive. Suddenly, I heard the unmistakable sound of motorcycles approaching. I hid behind a tree and watched as a group of bastards rode past.

I thought I was safe, but then I felt a powerful hand grab me from behind.

“Gotcha,” the biker said with a simper.

He stood tall and strong, his piercing blue eyes and chiseled jawline making him appear almost statuesque. He looked like a Disney prince, but I knew he was anything but. I knew this asshole from my time with their club.

Fucking Villain.

“Let me go!” I screamed, struggling against his iron grip. But he was too strong. He threw me over his shoulder and carried me to the back of his Harley as if I were nothing.

“Abracadabra, bitch. You won’t escape this time.” The biker wrestled my arms behind me and zipped plastic ties on them.

Fuck.

I fought against the restraints, struggling to break free. I had managed to escape before, but it seemed my freedom was short-lived. Villain and his crew had tracked me down, and now they were dragging me to a seedy motel room. I was totally devastated when I grasped what was about to happen. They were about to have their evil ways with me before they took me to my death.

We entered the room, and I discovered my situation was worse than gang rape. Ax sat on the bed, a superior look on his ugly mug. He was the ex-boyfriend who had raped me

the last time the Asphalt Gods captured me. He had been my ex-boyfriend in the circus, and a member of the biker club I had run away from. Now I was back in his clutches, and I didn't know how I was gonna get out of this situation. I shuddered at the thought of what he might do to me this time.

Him waiting for me was my worst nightmare come to life. I hated him for what he had done to me, for how he had violated me in every sense of the word. And yet, there he was, looking like any other standard biker with his long beard and tattoos covering his body. I couldn't help but wonder why I had ever found him attractive.

Back when he threw axes in the circus, I used to think he was so handsome, with his jagged features and wry smile. But now all I saw was the asshole who haunted my thoughts because this baby might be his.

Fear pulsed through me as his eyes met mine.

When I broke up with him, he followed me from the circus to the biker club, stalking me like a predator. He had tried to grab me in Galveston, too. And now, here we were, face to face once again. I knew I had to stay strong, to keep my composure and not let him see how scared I was. But it was hard, so hard, when every fiber of my being was screaming at me to run, to get as far away from him as possible.

Ax just sat there, a wicked grin on his face as he looked me up and down. I could see the desire twinkling in his eyes, the hunger that he had for me. I recognized it, having seen it many times before. But I wasn't gonna let him have me again. I would fight him with everything I had, no matter the cost.

Then he got to his feet. “Oh, Spooky.” Ax laughed as they pushed me towards him. “Looks like someone’s in trouble.”

I glared at him, my anger boiling over. “You’re sick,” I spat at him.

“How can you just pretend like you ain’t thrilled to see me?” Ax’s grin turned into a sneer. “Oh, come on now,” he said, taking a step closer to me. “You love me. You and I both know what you like. You enjoyed every hot minute of it.”

I recoiled at his words, feeling sick to my stomach. This was my absolute worst nightmare. Knowing what he was capable of, the thought of being in his hands again sent tremors through me. Not the good kind.

“Welcome back, babe,” he sneered, grabbing my chin and forcing me to look up at him. “You thought you could just run away from us? You’re ours, and we ain’t letting you go.”

But then Kingpin spoke up, drawing my attention away from Ax.

“We have a proposition for you, Treasure,” he said, his voice cold. “Your President Scar has been causing us a lot of trouble lately. We want a truce, and you’re the price for that.”

I stared at him in disbelief. I couldn’t believe they were using me as a bargaining chip. Ax grabbed me by the arm, pulling me towards him.

“Looks like you’re coming back to Arkansas with me, baby,” he said, his grip tightening. “And this time, I ain’t

letting you go.”

I struggled against his grip, but it was no use. He butted his gun against my side. I was trapped, with no way out. The thought of going back to that life made my stomach turn. Especially since when I left Texas, I thought I would be safe with Leviathan. I had to come up with a plan, a way to flee again. But for now, I had to play along with their game.

“What will you do if I don’t accept?” I asked Kingpin, trying to sound strong and in control. “If I run away?”

Kingpin smirked, shaking his head. “We will kill Levi.”

So, he hadn’t killed him.

His face contorted into a scowl. “I know you like to escape. You’ve got one shot at this,” he snarled, his voice quiet. “If you don’t go with Ax willingly, I will have Leviathan killed.”

Thinking of nothing but Levi, I did just that. I went with Ax without a fight.

Despite what Kingpin said about Scar’s involvement, I found myself in a small, windowless room at the back of the clubhouse, the only way in or out being the single door guarded by none other than Ax. The room had just the basics: a bed, a tiny table, and a chair, like a prison cell. My hands were bound with zip ties, making it impossible for me to use them. Even if I could somehow free myself, there were bikers outside in the clubhouse who would be watching my every move. I had no choice but to stay put.

Ax sat on the edge of the bed, a menacing look on his face. He had just finished tightening the zip ties around my wrists, making sure I was secure like he did daily.

“You ain’t going anywhere, baby,” he said. “I’ve missed you too much to let you go again.”

I glared at him, my heart racing with fear and anger. “You can’t keep me here forever, Ax. Someone will find me, and they’ll come looking for you.”

He laughed, a cold, cruel sound. “Who’s gonna find you? The Royal Bastards MC? That Monster you were with? They don’t give a damn about you, Treasure. You’re just a pawn to them.”

Shaking my head, tears streaming down my face. I didn’t want to show any weakness to Ax. But I was off my medication that helped keep me sane. “Leviathan will come for me. He won’t stop until he finds me,” I chanted, wanting it to be true.

Ax’s face darkened. “Leviathan is dead, baby. You need to accept that and move on.”

“You’re lying. I know he’s alive, and I know he’ll come for me. Kingpin said he won’t kill him.”

“Kingpin is the biggest liar out there.”

That was true, but I couldn’t believe Levi was dead. “You’ll pay for what you’ve done when he comes.”

Ax just smirked, his grip on me tightening. “We’ll see about that. But for now, you’re mine, and I’m never letting you go.”

The asshole slept beside me, his arms around me. I expected the worst each time.

“I could take you by force again. But you’re carrying my child,” Ax said, relieving me of that worry.

I didn’t dare tell him there was a chance the baby wasn’t his.

“You’ll learn to love me again, whether you like it or not. And if you try to run, I’ll make sure you regret it,” he warned me.

The thought of being trapped with him forever was too much to bear. I had to find a way out, for myself and for my baby. “I need to lie down,” I said, feigning exhaustion. “Can I please go to bed?”

Ax hesitated for a moment before finally nodding his head. “Fine, but don’t try anything stupid. I’ll be right outside.”

As he left the room, I collapsed onto the bed and tears ran down my face. I had to come up with a plan, and fast.

Chapter 10

Treasure

Most of the time, I was just sitting on the bed, staring at the wall, or lying down, trying to sleep. But damn, sleep never came easily. My brain was always going nuts, thinking about Levi and whether he was okay, and if he was out there searching for me.

At first, Ax would come in periodically to bring me meals. He would feed me, making the process as horrible as possible. Every time, I tried to plead with him, to reason with him, to let me go, but he wouldn't listen. Then the asshole was spending even more time with me. And he loved to talk.

I found out how he was keeping me here.

“You lied to Scar about us being together?” I was pissed.

Ax smirked. “Yeah, I had to do what I had to do to keep you here with me. He wanted you back at your post in Texas. I told him you're carrying my baby. There's no way I'm letting you go.”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. “You can't force me to be with you, Ax. I don't love you. I never did.”

Ax's face turned red with anger. “You will love me again, Treasure. I won't stop until you're mine.”

Scar had wanted me back in Texas, but Ax had convinced him I was in love with him and carrying his baby. I

was furious that he would lie, but I knew there was nothing I could do about it.

While Ax rambled on, I was looking for a way out. I knew it wouldn't be simple, but I was set on getting out of there and returning to Leviathan. Somehow.

Ax seemed to sense my restlessness and leaned in closer. "You ain't going anywhere, Maren," he said, his voice threatening. "I know you're a contortionist, but you can't escape these zip ties. I've made sure of that."

I gnashed my teeth in frustration. He was right. The zip ties were stronger than anything I had escaped from before. But I wasn't going to give up.

"I'll figure it out," I said decisively. "I'll practice and perfect the trick, just like I did in the circus."

Ax chuckled, a cruel gleam in his eye. "All the best with that. But no matter what you do, you ain't leaving here until you agree to be with me again. We can leave this hell hole together."

"We'll see about that," I said, my voice steady. "I'll never be with you again. And I will escape, no matter what it takes."

"Treasure, you know I've always loved you. We go way back, all the way to our circus days. Just a couple of dumb kids. You were always the most beautiful and talented performer out there. And then, when you joined the Asphalt Gods MC. I couldn't let you go."

“I don’t love you anymore,” I tried.

Ax’s expression turned dark and dangerous. “Don’t lie to me, Treasure. I know you still feel something for me. And now, we have a child together. You can’t deny that bond. I won’t let you go until you agree to be with me again.”

How could he be so delusional? “Ax, just because we might have a child together doesn’t mean we’re meant to be together. You can’t force me to love you.”

Ax stood up and towered over me, his fists clenched at his sides. “Might?”

Oh shit.

“I didn’t mean... this baby has to be yours,” I said, hanging my head.

“I’ll do whatever it takes to make you mine again, Treasure. You can try to resist all you want, but you won’t be able to for much longer. You’ll see.”

As the days turned into weeks, I felt more and more hopeless. I longed to see Leviathan again, to be back in his arms and away from this nightmare. But my mind was also slipping away. I was seeing things. Imagining things, I was once sure weren’t there.

Ax let my wrists loose but kept the closest eye on me. I knew he would never let me escape, but I had my plan. I would play nice, like I was warming to him. Only long enough so I could run. And it would have to be soon. My baby bump

had grown. I was showing. Soon, I would be too pregnant. I would not be able to escape easily.

My drifting sanity helped me play the part. I was a great actress again, like I was so many times before in my life, taking on a new personality. I became Spooky again. The girl he fell in love with at the circus. Ax was pleased as punch.

But even as I submitted more and more to him, he treated me like a possession, not a human being. I was his prisoner, and he made sure I knew it. The biker wouldn't let me go anywhere alone, not even to the bathroom.

Despair slowly replaced my anxiety. I lost hope that anyone would find me, or that anyone even cared. Growing weaker and more desperate, I didn't know if I could escape in my condition. I tried to keep my spirits up, to remember the good times I had shared with Leviathan, but it was getting harder and harder to hold on to hope. Those memories were fading and being replaced by misery.

I resigned myself to a life of captivity.

The only thing that kept me going was the thought of my unborn child. I knew I had to stay alive for the baby's sake, to give it a chance at a better life. I talked to my belly, telling the baby how much I loved it and how I would do anything to protect it. Visions of my daughter, who I lost, became more and more real. They comforted me when I was at my lowest.

Not only was I pretending to be Spooky again, I was seeing ghosts like she had. They were too many to count at the Asphalt Gods' roadhouse. One I murdered in cold blood, the late President here, Killer, being the freshest soul, a demon to trouble me.

Killer liked to tell me my Monster wasn't coming. That he was dead.

Then one day it happened, the sound of chaos started outside my room. I got up from the bed, put on a robe, and walked to the window. I looked outside and saw Leviathan, my baby's father, and the man I thought might be dead, riding in with another biker. Like they were ready for war. My heart leapt with hope as I watched them take down the guards and storm into the clubhouse.

I knew Leviathan had come for me, and I felt tears of joy welling up in my eyes. I knew that this was my chance to escape. But I stayed in my room, trying to come up with a plan. Also, I could hear the sound of gunfire and screams outside, and it terrified me. I didn't want to die. I didn't want my baby to die.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and Ax stormed into the room. He looked different, angrier, more determined than I had ever seen him. I recognized the pure hatred in his eyes.

He grabbed me by the arm and dragged me out of the room. Fighting with him, I screamed. Then I couldn't believe my eyes. Leviathan was standing right in front of me.

My Monster was here, in the flesh, looking as fierce and powerful as ever.

But as much as I wanted to run to him and leave with him, I knew it wouldn't be that simple. Ax was still here, still holding me captive in his tight grip. Just as I took a step towards Leviathan, Ax stepped in front of me.

“You shouldn’t have come here,” Ax snarled.

Levi didn’t hesitate. He launched himself at Ax, and the two of them crashed, fists flying. I stood there, frozen, unsure of what to do. Then I thought of my baby and ran down the hall, far away from the action.

I watched in horror as the biker I loved and Ax engaged in a brutal fight. I could see the anger and determination on Leviathan’s face as he fought for me. But Ax had his gun drawn and almost killed Levi right off.

It only made Levi fight harder. Ax landed a powerful punch, causing him to stumble backwards. I screamed to tell Leviathan to be careful. The two bikers circled each other, each waiting for the other to make a move.

I could see the hatred in Ax’s eyes as he flew at Leviathan, aiming a vicious kick at his head. But Leviathan was quick, and he dodged the attack. They were locked in a battle for too long, before Levi got Ax by the arm and twisted it behind his back.

Ax let out a cry of pain as Leviathan tightened his grip, and I could observe the terror in his gaze as he comprehended, he was no match for my lover. Leviathan continued to twist Ax’s arm, his face contorting with rage as he held him in his grasp. Then Levi drew his blade and held it against Ax’s neck.

I knew if Leviathan didn’t stop, he would kill Ax, and I didn’t want that.

I wanted to be the one to kill Ax.

A manic need ran through me, shouting, I must kill him! I wanted him to suffer. I didn't care if my child was his. My Monster was back. I was rescued. Ax would die by my hands.

I shouted at Levi to let him go. "Levi, please stop! You're gonna kill him!" I yelled.

He turned to look at me, his eyes filled with fury. "He raped you, Treasure! He deserves to die!" he spat.

"Please, I don't want you to do this," I begged, tears running down my face. "Don't kill him!" I shouted, trying to intervene.

I found myself between them. My biker looked at me, confusion and hurt written all over his face. But I wanted nothing more than to slaughter my rapist myself.

Leviathan stalled, and I noticed the struggle in his eyes. But then he released Ax, letting him fall away from him.

Immediately, Ax ran off, and I lost my chance.

Pissed, I looked back at Levi. And he stormed away.

What the hell?

My eyes zoned in on the back of Leviathan's cut, where it said "Road Monsters MC" in bold letters. I called after him, but it did me no good. He was on his Harley and gone before I could stop him to explain.

I crumbled to the ground when I realized. He must have thought I still loved Ax.

As time passed, I couldn't stop thinking about Leviathan and how he must have felt when he left. Free from Ax, I tried every which way to contact Levi, but he seemed to have disappeared off the face of the earth.

Chapter 11

Monster

After six long months, I finally had my patch and was definitely in the Road Monsters MC. I remembered the day I got my backpack, got patched into the club like it was yesterday. I pulled up to their only clubhouse in the middle of bumfuck nowhere, Lebanon, Kansas. Apparently, that was the geographical center of the lower 48 states. Fields for miles around surrounded the place.

I heard the sound of bikes revving and men yelling from outside. As I walked in, a group of rough-looking bikers greeted me. They were all covered in tattoos and looked like they hadn't seen a shower in days. But they all wore their colors with pride.

One guy, a beefy man with a long beard and a leather vest that read "Sarge," approached me.

"You Monster?" he grunted.

Before I could answer, another biker, a lanky fella with a thick red beard, came up to us and introduced himself as Stumpy.

"We've been watching you for a while now. We like what we see. You're tough, you're smart, and you're loyal. We hear you're ready to earn your patch."

Memphis had given me a list of tasks, and I was about halfway through. I nodded, feeling a lump in my throat. This was it. The moment I had been waiting for. I was about to become a Road Monster.

“Alright, kid, here’s your first job,” Sarge says, handing me a piece of paper. “Take care of this and then we’ll talk.”

“I already have a list. I’m about done,” I explained.

“I got my orders to patch ya, but ya still gotta do something for me to earn your ink, though,” he said, like that explained anything.

I read the paper and saw this job was to get rid of a rival club’s meth lab. Compared to the shit Kingpin had me doing, this was a piece of cake.

I headed out on my bike, feeling like a total badass. I found the meth lab within the week and did what I had to do. I headed back to the clubhouse.

Sarge met me at the door. “Good job, kid. Welcome to the club.”

He led me to a back room where the tattoo artist was waiting for me. The artist, a skinny guy with a neck tattoo that read “Ride or Die” handed me a beer and got to work on my back. Introduced himself as Taz.

I took a deep breath as Taz started working on my flesh. It hurt like a bitch since the other one was ripped off, but I gnawed my teeth and tried not to make a sound. I glanced over at Sarge, who was standing in the corner, watching me with a smirk on his face.

After hours, Taz finally finished. I looked in the mirror and saw the Road Monsters MC patch on my back for the first time. I could hardly believe it. I was a fucking Road Monster.

I barely remember the wild party we had after my patching ceremony. The place was packed with Road Monsters from all over, their women, and some locals, too. There was music blasting and people drinking like there was no tomorrow.

I was feeling like a real badass now that I was officially a patched member. I met a bunch of the other members that I hadn't gotten to know yet. There was Tank, a huge guy with a beard that could rival a grizzly bear. He was someone you didn't want to mess with. But he welcomed me with a handshake and a smile, telling me he was glad to see some fresh blood in the club.

Then there was Tiny, who wasn't so tiny at all. He had to be over six and a half feet tall and built like a brick shithouse. But he had a big heart and welcomed me into the club with open arms.

There was a guy named Hammer, with arms as thick as tree trunks and a beard that reached his chest. He kept joking that he was gonna "hammer" me if I didn't drink fast enough. Then there was this woman, Ruby, with bright red hair and a devilish grin. Drunk and high, she kept asking me if I was ready to party.

They welcomed me into the fold, passing me joints, and pushing drinks my way.

As the night went on, the party got wilder. Bikers were dancing on the tables, and women were stripping down to their

underwear. The air was thick with smoke and sweat. It was one hell of a party.

And of course, I met some of the women too. There was Bonbon, a stunning blonde who was a regular at the clubhouse. She offered to show me around and introduce me to some of the other girls. I also met Pep, a fiery redhead who was the queen of the dartboard. She challenged me to a game and kicked my ass, but we had a good laugh about it.

I met a lot of women that night, but the one that stood out to me was named Charlie. She had long brown hair and a raspy laugh that sounded like music to my ears. We talked for hours, and she told me about her life on the road. I could see the freedom in her eyes, and I wanted that too.

The next morning, I woke up with a hangover and a sense of belonging. Charlie was long gone.

The Road Monsters being nomads, no one stayed at their clubhouse long.

Now that I was back in Tennessee, it was time for me to ride my hog back to Royal Road to retrieve my daughter. As I pulled up to the gate of Royal Road, I felt a knot in my gut form at the thought of facing Kingpin again. But I was determined to get my daughter back, even if it meant dealing with that scumbag.

Gunn and Cricket were posted up at their usual spots, looking tough and giving me the cold shoulder. They acted like they didn't even know who I was.

“What’s the matter, boys? Forget who your old brother is?” I said with a smirk.

Cricket let out a snicker and whispered something to Gunn. I knew they were making a call to Kingpin, telling him about my arrival.

Suddenly, Kingpin appeared in front of me, sizing me up with a cruel grin on his face.

“Look who’s back from the dead,” he sneered.

I shot him a glare, my fists clenched tight. “Enough with the bullshit, Kingpin. You know why I’m here.”

“Oh, I have a pretty good idea. But let me remind you, you’re in my territory now. You’re lucky I don’t have you killed on the spot,” he spat.

I balled my hands into fists, ready to strike. But I had to play it cool if I wanted to get my daughter back.

Then that fucker winked at me, and I realized it was all just an act.

“Don’t worry, boys, I got this. I can handle this monster,” Kingpin barked as he dragged me off to the clubhouse.

I followed him inside, my eyes scanning the room for any sign of my daughter. It had been over six months since I had seen her, and I missed her like hell.

Kingpin motioned for me to sit down, and I did so reluctantly.

“Now listen here, Monster. You may have come back for your kid, but you’re still in my territory. You play by my rules, or you’re out,” he growled.

I gritted my teeth, holding back the urge to punch him in the face. “Fine. Just give me my daughter.”

Kingpin smirked, obviously enjoying his power trip. “Alright, alright.”

We were alone in his throne room.

“But why should I?”

“Because I did what you asked, man. I finished your goddamn list,” I replied. “I’m a full member of the Road Monsters MC now.”

Kingpin chuckled. “You didn’t take care of number one, Alexander Getty.”

“Why kill one of them when another takes his place.” The mob was all about family. Kingpin wouldn’t get rid of them by cutting off the head. But that was no matter. It was my turn for threats. “I know all about you now, Kingpin. I could talk to anyone, to everyone.”

“You think that gives you power over me? You’re still a tiny fucking fish in a big pond, Levi.”

I ground my teeth, feeling my anger flare. Submitting to him, I said, “Whatever, Kingpin. Look, I did what you

asked. I want my daughter back.”

Kingpin smirked. “Fine. We made a deal. You can see Haven, but you have to meet in secret, under my watch.”

I nodded, knowing I had no other choice. “Agreed.”

I waited in the big conference room for him to make the arrangements. When Kingpin said she was ready, I took off my motorcycle vest to go see my daughter. After we talked, I planned to take her to my estranged wife Chloe and to her sisters at her grandma’s house. I would make the trip in plain clothes, so they didn’t find out who I worked for now.

Kingpin led me to a newly constructed house in the back where Haven waited for me. It had been so long since I last saw her, and I didn’t know what to expect. Inside, Haven sat on the couch, her long red hair falling over her shoulders. She had put blonde highlights in it like her mother never wanted her to.

“Dad!” she exclaimed, jumping up to hug me.

I hugged her back tightly, feeling the warmth of her embrace. “I missed you so much, Haven.”

“I missed you too,” she said, tears in her eyes.

We sat down and talked for nearly an hour, catching up on everything that had happened in our lives since we last saw each other. I couldn’t tell her anything important. But I told her I had been on the road and about the things I had seen in the big cities I wanted to take her to someday. She told me about her trip to Colorado with Aden, her boyfriend, and about

how much she loved him. Then, thankfully, she talked about her friends and her busy life in Nashville. She said she had a job at the Mall. I could see the sparkle in her eyes when she talked about her life without me, and I knew she was happy.

“Dad, can I stay here?” she asked me, her voice hopeful. “Here in Nashville. I don’t want to go to Oklahoma with mom.”

I froze, my heart pounding as I clung to the sight of her. But I recognized she had grown into an independent woman, capable of making her own decisions. Besides, she was almost eighteen. I sighed, knowing that she didn’t need my permission for anything much longer.

“You need to promise me you’ll finish high school and if anything bad happens, you’ll go to your gran’s and find your mom.”

“I promise,” she said, hugging me again.

“Okay, you can stay,” I said finally.

Chapter 12

Monster

I stepped out of the house, feeling the heat of the sun warming my skin. Kingpin was waiting for me, leaning against his bike. I could see the smug expression on his face as I approached him.

“Is that all settled?” he asked, his arms folded across his chest.

“Yeah, I guess you’ll still have my daughter’s life hanging over me,” I replied, my voice heavy with resentment.

“If that makes her happy,” he said, shrugging.

“And what about you, Kingpin? You think you can just get away with what you did to me, to my woman?” I barked, fists my balling up.

Kingpin chuckled, as if he found my anger amusing. “I did what I had to do, Levi. Always.”

“You gave her to Ax. Her ex. He’s no good.”

“And instead of running off with her when you had the chance, you chose the Road Monsters MC, I hear. And you’re better off for it. The road gives you freedom beyond measure.”

I scoffed at his words. “Freedom? You call this freedom? Living in constant fear of my own brothers, never knowing when they’re gonna turn on me? That’s not freedom, that’s fucking slavery.”

Kingpin lifted a shoulder. “You’re free to leave anytime you want. But you learned the consequences of that.” He spoke of them ripping off my tattoo.

Then he slapped my back. I winced in pain. Fucker knew I had another tattoo now, a fresh one tying me to the Road Monsters MC.

“Treasure.” Kingpin’s expression turned sour as he mentioned her name. “She’s back in Galveston, as President of the Asphalt Gods MC. And she has a little baby boy now, I hear,” he said thoughtfully, rubbing his beard.

My heart soared at the news. Treasure had her baby. But maybe a child with another man. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

“And what about Ax?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

Kingpin shook his head. “He’s long gone, disappeared. Probably ran back to the circus where the freak belongs.”

“I’m going to Texas to find her,” I said firmly, my mind already racing with plans.

Kingpin laughed, but there was a hint of respect in his tone. “Sure, you are. But remember, you can’t stay long. You have prior commitments. You ain’t supposed to have any contact with your past.”

“Fuck that, Kingpin. I’m here, ain’t I? I’ve been your Monster. I’ve killed twenty people. Not all men. I’ve been

your fucking spy. You promised me you would look the other way. That I would have privileges.” He said he was my ace in the hole. That I would be allowed to see my daughter and Treasure if I obeyed him.

“I can look the other way, but folks ain’t blind. You’re on R&R for a week, but then you have to hit the road.”

“A week?” I sucked in my lips. “That baby could be mine, Kingpin.”

“Six weeks. If you need longer than that you’ll have to figure it out yourself.”

As much as I wanted to ride off right away, I had to go back to Kingpin’s throne room to wait until it was safe for me to leave. No one at the club could see me and besides, I had to retrieve my cut.

I plopped down on Kingpin’s throne, my brain on overdrive, thinking about Treasure and the kid who might be mine. I couldn’t believe that I had left her all those months ago. I regretted it every day since. Even if she loved Ax, I should have taken her with me.

As I sat there lost in thought, the door opened and Memphis strolled in. She was wearing a low cut, tight leather outfit. She pulled her long blonde hair back in a ponytail, making her look like a dominatrix.

“Hey there, handsome,” she said, her voice dripping with conquest. “Long time, no see.”

I scowled at her, still angry at the role she had played in keeping Treasure away from me. For making me think she was dead. “What do you want, Memphis?”

She strode over and sat down on the edge of the round table in front of me we used for church, crossing her legs in front of her as if she was in that movie where the woman flashes her pussy. But thankfully, her pants weren't crotchless.

“I just wanted to check in and see how you're doing. I heard you're a full-fledged member of the Road Monsters MC now. Congratulations.”

I nodded, not wanting to engage in small talk with her. “Yeah, I am. Whatcha getting at?” I was impatient.

“My point is, I still think we could take Kingpin down together,” she said, leaning in closer to me. She ran her finger along my jaw.

“I love the beard, by the way.”

I touched the new addition to my face, wanting to shave it off. However, I found the bushy beard suited Monster like it never had Leviathan. The gray in it also gave me automatic authority I had to fight for before.

I sighed, knowing that Memphis was still trying to manipulate me. “I ain't bitin'. I don't want any part of your games.”

She pouted, her full lips turning downward. “Come on, Monster. Don't be like that. You know you want revenge against Kingpin for what he did to Treasure. Giving her to the

Gods. After what they did to your sister. After what Ax did to her.”

I gritted my teeth at the mention of her name. Memphis seemed to know everything. “I’ll handle things my own way, Memphis. Stay out of it.”

“I never knew of a monster that would just roll over and play dead.”

“What do you have in mind, Memphis?” I asked, deciding to bite, just to hear her plan.

“Kingpin married Eve.”

The last thing I knew, he was married to a young thing named Sky and had twins on the way. “Eve. She’s nobody.”

“They have a baby together and another on the way. Her father was an Asphalt God. Kingpin is tied to them now. Our enemies.”

“So what?” Maybe Memphis didn’t know the biker was already associated with them. Maybe I knew more than she did.

“You wanted to kill her for her connections,” Memphis said, reminding me. That was old news. Treasure was a fucking chapter, President. I was over it.

“He’s consolidating his power, and I don’t like it. He’s getting too comfortable, too confident. He thinks he’s untouchable.”

“That’s nothing new. Since when has that bothered you?”

“He has big plans in the underground. Not just the Road Monsters but something else.”

“How do you know if you’re no longer fucking him?”

“I have my sources. And I’ve been monitoring him still. He’s been making moves, talking to the other MCs, trying to expand his influence. He’s a dangerous man, Levi. And I don’t want to see him destroy everything I’ve worked for.”

I looked at Memphis, studying her face for any hint of deception. She seemed to believe her own words, although they were contrary to anything she had ever said before. “What do you propose?” I asked.

“That you and I work together,” Memphis said, her voice firm. “We both want the same thing, to take down Kingpin. And we both have skills and resources that we can bring to the table. With my knowledge of the Royal Bastards and your connections in the Road Monsters, we could be unstoppable.”

I considered her offer for a moment, weighing the risks and rewards. Memphis was a loose cannon, unpredictable and dangerous. But at the same time, she was also fiercely loyal and determined, usually to Kingpin. But she claimed before to have pretty much created the Road Monsters herself. And now she needed me. Her words weren’t adding up.

The fact that Kingpin was married with children made her a woman scorned. Maybe she did really want to bring him down.

“All right,” I said, finally. “I’ll consider it. But next time, you need to have something ready for me. Something tangible. A plan, intel, something. Not just empty words.”

Memphis smiled, a glint of excitement in her eyes. “Don’t worry, Levi. I know what I’m doing. Together, we’ll take down his whole damn empire.”

I shrugged off her hand and watched as she walked out of the room, leaving me alone with my thoughts once again. I didn’t give a damn about her plans. But I would use whatever she gathered to get out from under Kingpin’s thumb.

But for now, I was eager to get on the road. I had to get to Treasure and make things right, but I wasn’t sure where to even start.

Chapter 13

Monster

I hopped on my motorcycle and made my way down to Galveston, Texas. The whole ride, I couldn't stop thinking about Treasure and her newborn baby. Questions were swirling around in my mind: Was it really Ax's child? Could it be mine? I had to know the truth. When I arrived at her house, I spotted a girl outside, tending to a stroller with an infant inside.

"Is that Treasure's baby?" I asked the girl.

She nodded, looking a bit uneasy.

I left my cut in the hotel like before, but I was sure I still looked scary as hell to a little girl.

"Yeah, I'm just babysitting for a bit," she said, her voice tiny as she was.

Looking at her, I missed my two young daughters. I would have to find a way to see them next.

"Ain't you a bit young to babysit?" I teased her.

"The mom is just inside," the girl explained with attitude.

I stared at the baby, my mind racing with questions. With one quick look, I gathered he looked just like Ax, her ex.

Seriously.

The biker was of Cuban descent with a warm, golden-brown complexion. There was no mistaking the resemblance.

A powerful wave of anger rushed through me, leaving me feeling helpless. Noticing the door cracked, I headed inside, searching for Treasure.

As soon as I stepped into the house, my eyes fell upon her. She was tidying the living room, looking tired and worn out. Wearing her leather cut, adorned with the patches of her club, the Asphalt Gods MC, she was clearly still President. Despite her weakened state after giving birth, she still exuded a commanding presence.

But there was something different about her, something that made her seem more vulnerable than I had ever seen her before. There was fatigue and pain in her posture. The way she clutched at her stomach every now and then gave away her discomfort.

Her blonde hair was tousled and messy, probably from lack of sleep. But she tried to hide her exhaustion by framing her eyes with thick lashes and dusting her high cheekbones with a light pink blush. Even in her weakened state, she was still stunningly beautiful.

Nevertheless, her eyes were cold and hard as she glared at me. I tried to reach out to her, to touch her, but she stepped back, keeping her distance.

“What the fuck are you doing here, Levi?” she snapped, hands on her hips. She clearly wasn’t happy to see me.

“I came to see you,” I said, trying to keep my voice even.

“Well, you found me. What do you want?” she said, arms crossed defensively.

“I fucked up. I should have been there for you,” I said, my voice filled with regret.

Her expression softened a bit. “It’s too late for apologies. You can’t just come back here and expect everything to be okay.”

“I need to know about the baby,” I said, my gaze locked on hers.

“What about the baby?” she asked, still guarded. “He’s perfect.”

“Is he mine?” I blurted out, feeling angry at the universe.

She hesitated for a moment before shaking her head. “No, Levi. He’s not.”

The baby started to cry, and Treasure zipped past me to the porch and picked him up. Following her, I watched as she cradled him close, her eyes filled with love and tenderness. The baby had a head full of dark curly hair, the type that seemed to defy gravity. He had a tiny button nose and fat cheeks that added to his adorableness. The tiny guy had a curious and alert expression in his brown eyes, as if he was trying to take in everything around him at once. Wrapped up in

a soft blue blanket, he looked content and peaceful in his mother's arms.

Treasure looked at me, her expression of love turned pained. "You left me when I needed you the most."

"I thought that's what you wanted," I said, my voice growing softer.

"What I wanted was for you to fight for me. To protect what you promised would be our family. But you ran off instead."

She looked at me with such hurt in her eyes it killed me.

I went over that day in my head, thinking of what Ax said. "You begged me to spare Ax's life. Where is he now?" I looked around.

Treasure huffed, putting the baby back in the stroller.

"Run on home," she told the little girl that had been watching him.

We both watched the girl leave, her pigtails bouncing away as she did. I had a feeling Treasure was about to chew me out, and she didn't want little ears to hear it.

I was right.

"Looking around like you might find him here? With me... What the hell? Fuck you, Levi. I wanted to kill Ax for

what he did to me. That's why I begged you to stop."

The weight of her words threatened to bring me to my knees. "Why didn't you say," I started when I wanted to ask her about Ax's words. He had said they were together again, sexually.

"You didn't stick around for me to explain a damn thing. You ran off. Luckily, the sicko never came back, or he would still have me locked away in a room with him."

"I didn't..." I started, but there was no use making excuses. "Did he hurt you again?"

"No. But just know I had to get close to him. I had to do things I didn't really want to, so he wouldn't hurt me." Frowning, she lifted her shoulders. "I wasn't in my right mind at the time."

Her words hurt. Not that she gave any of herself to him, but that she felt she had to. And hearing about her other issues pained me as well. Shame flooded me. Her suffering had all been my fault. I found her and dragged her to Tennessee, thinking I could protect her when I couldn't. I failed her.

Hanging my head, I tried to explain my rash actions. "I had already sold my soul, and that was part of it. I think part of me wanted to believe you chose Ax. It made it easier. If you came with me, I would only have to leave you again. Possibly in more danger. And I've not been faithful," I said, speaking of my time out on the road. Over the last six months, there were random women. Not a whore in every town, but there were plenty of times my bed wasn't empty. "In my defense, I never thought I would be standing here. I thought I lost you to Ax."

Treasure touched my arm and smiled briefly. “You did rescue me. After that, I was able to talk to Scar myself and have my old job back, as you can see.”

“I wondered about that. Why did Kingpin give you back to the Gods in the first place?”

“He said it was for a truce. Remember, we let my club think you took me by force. Then Ax told Scar I was in love with him, and we were having a baby together. Therefore, I didn’t come back to Texas. Ax kept me locked up in Arkansas, so I couldn’t tell my side of anything. And his President, Phobia, didn’t mind. In fact, he loved to see me suffer because I was the one who murdered his President, Killer.”

“Can you ever forgive me?” I asked.

Treasure wrung her hands. “I’ve been seeing someone again.”

My heart shriveled up and died at her words. “Who is he? Is he good to you?”

“Doctor...” she started.

“He’s a doctor?” I asked, my voice full of shock. It was just my luck. A fucking doctor.

“Of course, I’m seeing a doctor. Who else would I be seeing?”

“Not a biker like me,” I said, still reeling.

“No. Why the hell would I be seeing a biker? What good would that do me?”

Leaning on her door frame, I felt I might topple over from the immense disappointment.

It took me a minute to find the words. “It’s for the best. If you were with me again, you would only get hurt when I have to leave again.”

“What are you talking about?” Treasure asked me, her face twisted in confusion.

“I’ve got six whole weeks off. I wanted to spend it with you and our baby when I thought it might be mine. Now, hearing you’re seeing a doctor... It changes everything. I’ll be getting back on the road.”

I pushed off the door and started to leave.

Treasure stepped in front of me. “I thought you would be happy that I was getting some...”

“I don’t want to hear it...” I started. I took hold of her arms. “Why would I be happy some doctor is fucking my woman?”

“Fucking? I’m seeing a therapist. What are you talking about, Levi?”

Realizing my error, I snorted. I let go of her and rubbed a hand over my bald head. “Fuck, I can’t stand the thought of

you with another man.”

Treasure looked to the sky, her amusement showing. “Doctor Branson is gonna get a real kick out of this.” Then she grew serious. “What I was saying is that I’ve been seeing him and he’s finally convinced me to let you go.”

“What?” My anger returned full force.

“When you left... hell, before you got to Arkansas, I was depressed. With Ax holding me hostage, how couldn’t I be? But after you left me, it got worse. So, the truth is, it’s been hard, but I thought I just got over you. And here you are.”

Treasure broke down in tears. She sank to sit on her porch steps.

Sitting beside her, I put my arms around her and held her close. She cried against my chest. I didn’t know what to say. I was here. Selfishly, I was here because I wanted to be with her. I loved her. But if was gonna kill her when I had to go away, I couldn’t go on like this. I would have to let her go.

Quickly, Treasure wiped her eyes. Looking up at me, she asked, “What’s with the beard?”

“You like it?”

“No. You need to shave it off if you’re gonna see me later tonight.”

“Later tonight?”

“Yes, I’ll catch up with you later. The baby is going down for a nap and I need one, too.”

“I can stay and help,” I offered.

Treasure shook her head. “No, we’ll talk later.”

“It’s a date,” I said.

She shrugged. “If you say so.”

Chapter 14

Monster

Later, in the Asphalt Gods Galveston clubhouse, I checked my watch. Treasure said she would meet me here at eight. When I got here, it immediately struck me how cozy it felt. Nothing like Royal Road or most of the places I had been. I hated to say so, but the place had a woman's touch. After all, the Gods had quite a few women amongst their members.

Motorcycle-themed artwork and vintage posters covered the walls, but in a thoughtful way. Along one side ran a long, polished bar, a big burly biker behind it, busily slinging beers. However, the bottles behind it were organized, the display dotted with more themed décor. A large pool table dominated the center of the room, refinished in red felt. I remembered it too well and wondered what had come of Poison and her big ass after Treasure shot her.

Their clubhouse had clearly undergone some major renovations since the last time I was here. Clean as a whistle, the place was almost unrecognizable now, with new light fixtures and cream paint giving it a modern feel. A chalk wall ran along the bottom of the wall with hundreds of signatures, but even they were neat and tidy.

Nevertheless, the patrons had the same gritty vibe. Almost seemed out of place as they drank and smoked and spoke loudly over the music.

Without my motorcycle gear in jeans and a t-shirt, I sat nervously at the bar, feeling completely out of place myself. Like a fucking hang around. Earlier, I shaved off my bushy beard, hoping to impress Treasure, the President of this club, on our date. But as I looked around the room, I realized I was just one of many men vying for her attention.

Treasure walked in and damn, she looked good in her leather cut. The woman had just given birth, but still looked fucking fantastic.

She brightened as her members greeted her with fist bumps and side hugs. Hardly able to tear herself from them, she finally made her way to me, her eyes scanning me up and down, taking in my clean-shaven face.

“You’re a tall drink of water.” Her voice was low and seductive as she complimented me, making my pants a little too tight.

“You look amazing in that leather. But I know you look even better out of it.”

Treasure smiled, her lips curving into a small, knowing grin.

“So, what do you want to drink?” she asked, taking the stool beside me.

Looking at my glass of whiskey, I ordered a beer, remembering the time we got so drunk we went skinny dipping in Kingpin’s pool.

Treasure asked for a ginger ale. “I’m pumping,” she explained.

“Oh, milk,” I said, my eyes shooting to her breasts that were spilling out of her tight leather top.

“My eyes are up here,” she said, gesturing and laughing.

Damn, she looked fine in that all-black leather gear. Her biker cut hugged her curves in all the right places, showing off her slim waist and those sexy hips. Her hair was styled in some beachy waves that framed her pretty face. She didn't have much makeup on, just enough to highlight her natural beauty.

As we had our drinks at the bar, I couldn't help but notice her nervousness. She kept fidgeting with her hands, and her eyes darted around the room. But she also had a sense of assurance about her. She was still the same woman I had fallen in love with, even with everything that had happened between us.

I leaned back and looked at her, admiring her beauty. “I'm serious. You do look amazing in that leather,” I said with a smirk. “Really badass.”

Treasure raised an eyebrow and gave me a sexy smile. “Oh, so you like it?”

“I like it a lot.” I was dead serious. The monster in my pants liked it, too. A whole hell of a lot.

“Well, I'm glad to hear that,” she said, running her hand down her tight pants. “But don't get any ideas, Levi. I'm still the President of this club.”

I raised his hands in surrender. “Hey, I ain't trying to cause no trouble. Just enjoying the view.”

Treasure rolled her eyes, but a small smile played at her lips. “You always were a smooth talker.”

“I try,” I said, taking a sip of my beer. But I didn’t want this night to be just about sex. I changed gears. “How does it feel to be a new mom?”

Treasure’s expression softened. “It’s been tough, but it’s also the most rewarding thing I’ve ever done. I can’t believe I created this little life.”

“I’m sure you’re doing a great job.”

Treasure blushed and looked away. “Thanks. It’s been a learning curve, but I think I’m getting the hang of it.”

“I’m sure you’re a natural at it. You’re good at everything you do. Like escaping handcuffs.”

Treasure’s cheeks flushed even deeper, and she looked up at me, her eyes meeting mine. “You always knew how to make me blush.”

“That’s because you’re beautiful when you blush.”

That was when Poison interrupted us. Her eyes fixated on me.

“Hey, Dick,” Poison purred, running her finger down my chest. “It’s been too long since we last met.”

Though I chuckled inside at the reminder of the nickname Treasure had given me before when I was here, I

stepped back, trying to distance myself from the bitch who betrayed my woman.

“Have we met?” I asked, playing dumb.

“Yeah, for a long and hard time over on that pool table,” she said with a satisfied smirk. “I think my ass is still raw.”

Scratching my chin, I said, “I really don’t recall. Must’ve been nothing.”

Poison ignored me, leaning closer. “I see you got yourself a new woman. Prez doesn’t seem like your type, though,” she said, eyeing Treasure up and down.

Treasure stepped forward, her eyes blazing. “He’s mine, Poison. You need to back off,” she warned, her hand going to her hip.

Poison just laughed, undeterred. “I don’t see any rings on his finger,” she taunted, moving closer to me. She made a show out of licking her upper lip.

I felt Treasure’s hand grip my arm tightly as she stepped in front of me, facing Poison. “He doesn’t need a ring to show he belongs to me,” she spat, her eyes never leaving Poison’s. “He’s mine.” I could feel Treasure tensing up beside me, ready to defend her claim on me.

Poison just shrugged, her eyes still fixed on me. “I don’t see what you see in her, Dick,” she said, turning to leave. “If you ever change your mind, you know where to find me.”

As she walked away, I couldn't help but feel a little flattered by all the attention.

Turning to Treasure, I put my arm around her waist. "Thanks for protecting me," I joked, kissing her forehead.

"Always," she replied, resting her head on my shoulder. "I ain't lettin' anyone come between us."

Her words touched me. I wasn't sure until this moment how she really felt. If she was willing to give us another chance.

And it sure as hell felt strange being on the other end, a biker bitch staking a claim to me. However, I didn't hate it.

"What's that bitch still doing here?" I asked. Her Road Captain set a trap for her last time I was in Texas.

"You wouldn't let me kill her, remember? I'm keeping my enemies close," she whispered. "But that's how all the women are here, combative. Catty. Actually, Poison and I are on pretty good terms, considering. When I got back we ended up going to that book signing together. The Motorcycles, Mobsters, and Mayhem Author Event."

"That was actually a real thing?"

Poison had used it as a ruse to get Treasure to Houston before.

"Yeah, real, and it was fun. I ain't much of a reader, but it inspired me to write. Not fiction, but about my time in the

circus and in the nuthouse.”

Then she inclined her head, and we went to a booth in the back of the room, away from the other members so we could talk more freely. All smiles, we chatted for a long while, catching up on what we had missed in each other’s lives. She said she had given birth about a month and a half ago via C-section and recovering alone has been hard.

I told her I was out on the road as a nomad, but I couldn’t say much more about it. I didn’t want to reveal all the shady stuff I did for Kingpin and the Aces, especially when I didn’t know the reasons behind it all. I felt like a monster, blindly carrying out someone else’s twisted version of justice.

Though our words flowed easy, it was strange being around Maren again after so long. We had been so close, once upon a time, but so much had changed. I longed to hold her, kiss her. Hell, I wanted to fuck her right here on the table. Even though Treasure had declared I was her guy, she was being distant. However, I could still detect the connection between us, just under the surface.

As the night wore on, the sexual tension between us grew, fueled by our lingering glances and the flirtatious banter.

“I’m doing alright,” I said, my gaze fixed on her. “I love seeing more of the country. But I think I’d be doing even better if I had a beautiful woman like you on the back of my hog.”

Treasure laughed, but there was a hint of shyness in her expression. “Is that so? And what would you do with a woman like me?”

“I’d take her for rides on more than my hog.” I raised my eyebrows.

Treasure’s cheeks flushed pink, but she didn’t back down. “Well, maybe I’d be willing to ride you later, if you play your cards right.”

Hell, yeah. Treasure made me feel alive. “I’ll do my best to impress you, then.”

“You can try.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you,” I blurted out, unable to hold back my more serious emotions any longer. “I should have stayed. I should have fought for you.” The liquor was getting to me.

Treasure was completely sober. Her expression softened. “I know you tried.”

I felt a pang of guilt in my chest, knowing that she had suffered because of my mistakes. “I should have been stronger. I should have protected you.”

She reached out and took my hand, her grip firm and reassuring. “It’s not all your fault, Levi. We were captured. We both made mistakes. And we can’t change the past. We can only move forward from here.”

Treasure intertwined her fingers with mine, giving me a sultry glance.

“It’s getting late, and my babysitter is leaving soon,” she said, a hint of mischief in her voice. “Would you like to come back to my place for another drink? That ride maybe?”

She clamped down on her lip.

Fuck.

A deep longing surged through me. I couldn’t resist her suggestive offer.

“I’d fucking love to,” I replied.

Chapter 15

Monster

We made the quick trip to her house on my Harley. I found I did love having her back on my motorcycle again, her arms tight around my toned middle, dangerously close to my boner. The stiffness made it damn near impossible to walk as I followed her inside and waited as she relieved her babysitter. The girl was much older this time, reminding me of my daughter, Haven. In a hushed tone, she told Treasure her baby was fast asleep.

“For now,” Treasure murmured under her breath, giving me an impatient look.

I was impatient too. I couldn't wait to get her alone and release the monster from my jeans on her.

“Levi's out like a light,” the girl whispered, assuring her.

“Levi?” I asked, discovering the baby's name.

Holy shit. She named him after me.

My voice had become too loud. With a deadly glare, Treasure shushed me, her finger on her lips.

The babysitter rolled her eyes and spoke softly. “Yeah, like the blue jeans.”

Treasure's words were barely audible. “It's a beautiful name. Even if I don't know anyone who has ever had it.”

The teen left after that.

We were alone in the quiet house. I was still reeling at the fact she had named her baby after me. All my promises to her came rushing back to me. I promised to take care of her and the child regardless of the father. I promised to love her and make her my ol' lady, but so much had happened since then.

And it had been so long since we were alone like this.

As Treasure poured us each a drink, me some whiskey from her stash and her some sweet tea. We were stalling. The tension between us was palpable. Watching her fingers move up and down her wet glass, I shivered. Her lips parted, and I could see the faint outline of her teeth as she bit down nervously. Haunted blue eyes caressed mine, searching for some hint of what was going on in my mind. I found myself getting lost in her seductive gaze. Maren looked so vulnerable. It made me ache to see her like that.

Before I knew it, we were inches away from each other, where I could feel her breath on my skin.

“I’ve missed you, Levi,” she whispered.

“It’s just Monster, now.” I told her.

“As it should be,” she said, smiling. “My Monster.”

“I’ve missed you too, my Treasure,” I replied, my heart racing with anticipation.

Without another word, we closed the distance between us, our lips meeting in a fiery kiss that reignited the passion between us. As we fell into each other's arms, I knew that there was no turning back. And when I pulled back, I saw her lips open, her breathing heavy with the same anticipation that coursed through me. Instantly, I scooped her up in my arms and carried her to her bedroom honeymoon style.

Gasping, she wrapped her arms around my neck, pressing her body tightly against mine. I felt the heat of her skin through my ordinary clothes. I wanted to drown in it.

As I lay her down on the bed, she looked up at me with a mischievous gleam in her eye. Her light hair was a mess, and her leather top had slipped off one shoulder, revealing the creamy skin of her collarbone.

I leaned in closer, my lips just inches from hers. I felt her breath hot against my lips and let out a shaky sigh. The feeling of her soft body against my hard muscles was intoxicating.

I wanted to ravish her right then and there.

Treasure was thinking the same thing. "You know, you don't have to be so chivalrous," she teased, her fingers trailing lightly over my chest.

"I can't help it," I replied, my voice gruff with desire. "You deserve it."

Her eyes sparkled with delight as I lowered my lips to hers. As we kissed, I could feel her body responding to mine,

arching into me, her fingers caressing my bald head as we explored each other's mouths like we were starved.

Eventually, we separated, desperate for breath.

"I've really missed my Monster," she whispered, her hand running down my tight abs.

"It's missed you, too," I replied, talking about the creature in my pants. "More than you can imagine."

Flashing a smile, her fingers traced the enormous bulge, gripping lightly.

I shuddered at her touch.

"Then show me," she whispered, pulling me down for another kiss.

As much as I wanted to release my monster, I worried. I tore myself from her greedy lips.

"Are you sure you're up for this?"

She had just given birth, had surgery over a month ago, after all. And I knew I was a big guy. Maren had such a tiny frame, she had trouble fucking me before.

"I wouldn't have invited you over if I wasn't," she replied temptingly. "Yes, Levi, I'm sure. It's been months, and I've been cleared by my doctor."

“Cleared?” I stressed the word. “Who else did you plan on fucking?” I asked, getting angry.

“No one. No one but you,” Maren said, her tone desperate.

I couldn’t resist her any longer. “ I don’t want to hurt you. I ain’t exactly small.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time, Levi.” She looked up at me with a mix of annoyance and amusement. “I know I’m petite, but I can handle you. We’ve been through this before, remember? I have experience.”

Remember? Fuck, did I ever. I had dreamed about ramming my cock in Treasure too many times to count in these last six months that I was away from her. But I stripped her of her leather with the greatest of care. Treasure was a tiny thing, with curves just where it counted. An ex-gymnast, her flexibility was the real highlight. A contortionist in a traveling circus, her body was like nothing I had ever seen before.

She could arch her legs back and bend her body in unbelievable angles. It was like watching a sexy snake move. And when we were together, she would show off her unbelievable skills. The way she moved mesmerized me, her body gracefully curling and twisting in ways I had never before imagined.

It was one of the many things that drew me to her in the first place. Her body was a work of art, and I couldn’t get enough of it. Plus, her talents made sex with her fucking wild. But tonight, she made no move to impress me. It was obvious she still recovered and couldn’t.

My hands trembled slightly as I reached out to touch her. Her body was so small, delicate, and fragile in comparison to mine. It made me nervous, scared even, to touch her in her state. Afraid I would take things entirely too far. But I couldn't help the crushing yearning I had to hold her, to be close to her.

As I explored her body with my hands and lips, I felt my own body responding with desire. My dick was ticking like it would soon explode. As I was being gentle with her, I couldn't help but notice how much her body had changed since I last saw her. Her skin was soft and supple, her curves more pronounced. Her breasts were full and heavy, and wet, evidence of her recent motherhood.

My lips fell to her nipples and tasted the sweet nectar her body created on my tongue.

Fuck, it really turned me on.

My hands roamed while I took a mouthful. I marveled at the changes that had taken place since I left her. I felt her shiver under my touch, her skin so sensitive to my every move. She arched her back, inviting me in closer, her breathing ragged and uneven. I kissed her neck, savoring the taste of her salty skin. I took things slowly, kissing her softly and tenderly all over, making sure she was comfortable and enjoying herself.

Treasure was becoming putty in my horny hands.

She was still the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on. Her body still fit against mine perfectly, and every inch of her skin seemed to beg to be touched. She encouraged me with soft moans and whispered words of praise.

“Oh, I love it when you use your teeth,” she panted out as I scraped them against the soft skin of her navel.

Under there, she had a new scar, shiny and tender, reminding me not to lose control.

In the dim light of the bedroom, I faltered as Treasure lay there naked in front of me. Her eyes, dark with desire, she looked up at me, ready for me to make a move. But I couldn't bring myself to do it. I was so big, and she was so fragile, with what she had just gone through. I was worried to death I would hurt her.

“Levi,” she whispered, reaching out to touch my smooth face. “What's wrong?”

“I can't do this,” I said, my voice heavy with regret. “I don't want to hurt you.”

“Never stopped you before. You know I like it rough.” Her expression softened as she sat up, taking my hand in hers. “Please, Levi. I want this. I want you.”

“I know, but I can't risk hurting you,” I replied, my voice low.

The truth was, I promised not to hurt her again, and I had. The emotions that stopped me were about way more than my big dick being too much for her in her state.

“You won't hurt me,” she said, her voice full of conviction. “I trust you. We can take it slow, okay? Just be gentle with me.”

I looked into her eyes, seeing the desire and trust there, and felt a pang of longing in my heart. I wanted her too, more than anything, but I couldn't bring myself to risk hurting her. Not just in the bedroom. I didn't want to cause her the pain I had.

"I don't know," I said, my voice wavering. "I'm just so damn big." I couldn't even voice my true worries. That I would break her heart again. But even more, my reluctance was more selfish than that. I didn't want to have her just to lose her again. My heart was breaking.

She took my hand and placed it on her chest, her heartbeat steady beneath my palm. "I'm strong, Levi. I can handle it. Just be gentle with me. Please? I want you so badly," she whispered, her fingers leaving me and wrapping around my dick.

I groaned, my body reacting to her touch regardless of my reservations.

"You don't understand, Treasure. I'm too big for you. I'm afraid I'll hurt you," I said, my hands shaking with the effort of holding back.

She shook her head, determination in her eyes. "I can handle your big dick, Levi. I know it's been hard for me before, but I want you. I need you," she said, her voice becoming more insistent.

I shook my head, my doubts still swirling in my mind, and it had nothing to do with the size of my dick. "But I don't want to break you."

Torn between my lust for her and my fear of hurting her, I moved to get away. Treasure came after me, pressing her lips to mine in a hungry kiss that begged me to take her.

I couldn't hold myself back any longer, so I kissed her harder and pushed her down. My hands wandered over her curves, spreading her legs and getting her ready for me. The sensation of pressing the tip of my dick against her dripping pussy was such a rush.

But as much as I wanted her, the fear was still there, gnawing at me. I withdrew from her kiss. "I'll be gentle," I murmured against her mouth. "I won't hurt you ever again."

I could feel the heat radiating from her pussy as I positioned myself on top of her. Her hands grabbed onto my shoulders tightly as I slowly pushed the head of my dick into her wetness. Her breathing grew heavier and more ragged with each inch I pushed inside of her.

I could see the fear in her eyes as I entered her, and I knew I had to be careful. Her hands tightened on my shoulders as I pushed further inside her. I could feel her tense up, and I knew I had to take it slow. My dick was just too damn big for her to take it all at once.

But for me, there was no turning back. I took it slow, enjoying every second and feeling as I penetrated her. Her pussy was so soft yet tight and scorching hot, enveloping my dick.

I could feel her body resist me as I tried to push in deeper, and I knew I had to be patient with her. So, I slowed down even more, giving her time to adjust to my size.

My body tensed with the effort to stay gentle and controlled as I worked my way in. Every muscle in my body was coiled tight, ready to snap at any moment as I moved. I was aware of every inch my dick conquered, every motion of hers in response, every noise she made in answer.

Her grip on my shoulders was tight, and I could tell she was in pain. But I also knew she wanted this, and I didn't want to disappoint her. Eventually, she relaxed, and I was able to slide in deeper. The pleasure on her face was worth the wait, and I began to move, thrusting into her with long, slow strokes.

Being inside her again felt like coming home after a long journey on the road. That was all my life in the Road Monsters was now, long stretches on the road. I longed for a home. For her.

I found it hard not to lose myself in her completely. Not to let loose. Her deep moans and the way she clung to me egged me on. But I held back. I had to.

Despite the cries that fell from her lips as my dick carved a path forward, I knew for certain she was loving it. I could feel her getting wetter and wetter as we found our groove. Her pussy responded, its walls becoming slicker as we were able to find a rhythm that allowed me to move.

Still, I tried to be as gentle as possible, taking care to read her body language and adjust my movements accordingly as we fucked. I wanted her to feel pleasure, not pain.

But once I was fully inside her, I began to move, slow at first, but then faster and harder. I couldn't get enough of her. The way her body responded to mine, the way she moaned and writhed beneath me. It was like nothing else existed. I felt like

I was on top of the world, with her beneath me, her legs wrapped around my waist, and her nails digging into my back.

Maren was already getting off. Her screams of pleasure did me in, and I shuddered inside her. I exploded, filling her up with my hot load.

In the aftermath, Treasure and I lay in her bed, entwined in each other's arms. We were both panting heavily, our hearts beating in unison. I was afraid to break the silence, afraid to say something that might ruin the moment.

But eventually, I mustered up the courage to speak.

“What does this mean for us?” I asked, my voice barely a whisper.

Treasure shifted slightly, turning to face me. “I don't know, Levi,” she said, her voice just as quiet as mine. “I still have feelings for you, but I don't know if I can trust you again. You just left. I was devastated.”

“I know,” I said, my voice charged with remorse. “I made a huge mistake. But I want to make it up to you. I want to be there for you and our son.”

Treasure looked at me, her eyes filled with doubt. “He's not your son.”

“But you named him after me. I said before...”

“Don't even start,” she said.

“I have no right to make more promises,” I said.

“Can I trust you... that you won't leave me again?” she asked, but like she was talking to herself.

“I'll do everything in my power to protect you and our baby,” I promised her.

We lay there in silence for a few moments longer, lost in our own thoughts. I could feel Treasure's body relaxing in my arms, her breaths slowing down as she drifted off to sleep.

I realized then that I didn't want to leave her side. Not tonight, not ever.

“I'm staying the night,” I said, breaking the silence.

Treasure smiled, snuggling closer to me. “I'd like that,” she murmured before drifting off into a peaceful sleep.

And so, I stayed, holding her in my arms, feeling her body rise and fall with each breath. As I drifted off to sleep, I knew that I still had a lot of work to do to earn her trust back. But for the first time in ages, I was feeling good about what was ahead of us.

Chapter 16

Treasure

At the crack of dawn, I woke up and found Monster next to me in bed, his beefy arm draped over my waist. But my baby boy's soft cries echoed from the other room. With a heavy heart, I slipped out of the big guy's embrace.

I left to take care of my baby boy, changing his diaper and feeding him. While I pumped milk, I gave him a bottle and managed to soothe him back to sleep. After a while, I returned to bed, where the biker lay naked beside me. The room was slowly filling with sunlight, giving it a warm glow.

Seeing my Monster there made me want him all over again. I ran my fingers along his broad shoulders, feeling the hard muscles beneath my touch.

My eyes roamed over his powerful, chiseled body, decked out with black tentacle tattoos. They were a stark contrast against his light skin, making him look even more dangerous and mysterious. The very things that had drawn me to him in the beginning.

As I explored the intricate lines with my fingertips, I heard the whisper of stories that each tattoo carried. That meant it was time to take my medicine. I got up for a glass of water to do just that. And thought about how Levi had always been tight-lipped about his past. I knew he had seen and done things that most people couldn't even imagine.

Monstrous things.

I felt his new name was more than appropriate, although I had rarely seen his monstrous side outside of the

bedroom.

I wondered what secrets lay hidden beneath his dangerous exterior. What was he doing now on the road? What club was he running with that he claimed to have sold his soul to? What demons was he battling, and could he ever let them go?

Crawling back into bed, I ran my fingers over his shoulder to his back. The sleeping biker winced in pain.

What the fuck?

He woke to a gasp as I shoved him to get him to turn over. I felt it first, a rough and uneven surface. But it didn't prepare me for seeing it. The scar on his back was long and jagged, stretching from the nape of his neck all the way down to the small of his back on both sides. Over the scar was a new tattoo, giving away his secret.

“What happened to you, Levi?” I asked softly.

Groggy, he told me the story of how Kingpin sliced the Royal Bastards MC logo from his back. Ugly and brutal, the scar served as a reminder of his betrayal.

Then he spoke of the Road Monsters MC tattoo that he had gotten in its place, explaining that he had switched allegiances. It was very detailed. Every line and curve of the design etched into his skin had to hurt. I said as much. And he told me it probably wouldn't have if he hadn't had his back repaired first. But without having surgery, he admitted he would have died.

I couldn't help but feel responsible. He wouldn't have gone through any of it if it weren't for me.

In his half-awake state, Monster was so open. I prodded him for more, listening to his tale of agony from when I left him behind at Royal Road. His expression darkened, a shadow crossing his face as he became lost in the painful memories. It was clear that his wounds ran deep.

As he bared all, I ran my fingers along the raised, disfigured skin, picturing what he spoke of. It made me sick. Studying his marred flesh, I couldn't help my hatred towards the Royal Bastards MC growing. And they said we were ruthless.

I was also shocked to find out he was with the Road Monsters. They were a tough club, to say the least. As much as I wanted to focus on the present moment, the scars on his back were a painful reminder of the dangers that came with being a part of the biker world, and the Road Monsters were by far some of the most dangerous. I didn't want to cross one, not even with my whole crew with me.

Like he finally woke up, Levi opened his eyes fully and gave me a sleepy smile. "Good morning, beautiful."

"Morning," I replied, biting my lip. "Last night was amazing." My cheeks burned with a smile.

He leaned in to kiss me, and I melted into his embrace. "I want you again," I whispered against his lips.

Levi pulled back and looked at me, concern etched in his features. "Are you sure? I don't want to hurt you."

I sighed, frustration creeping in. “Levi, not that again.”

His eyes softened, and he cupped my face in his hands. “I just don’t want to hurt you.”

“I’m fine. I promise. I didn’t get to ride you,” I said, pulling him closer to me.

He rolled onto his back and held his erect dick up straight. “Then hop on.”

I stared at his massive dong, and I knew I couldn’t just jump on it like a pogo stick. But, hell, I was gonna give it my best shot, anyway. I climbed on top of him, straddling him as I slowly lowered myself onto his throbbing member. I let my weight do some of the work, hoping it would slide in smoothly.

I could feel Levi’s rough hands as he lifted them to my breasts, eager to touch and taste me. His mouth closed around my nipple, and I gasped as he suckled and licked. He didn’t hold back, squeezing and massaging my engorged breast, lapping up every drop of milk that dripped from me. The sensation was intense, and I found myself moaning with pleasure as he continued.

I moved my hips, grinding down on his shaft. Levi took my other nipple in his mouth and sucked hard, making me gasp. He then reached around and grabbed my ass, pulling me down on him. It was a slow process until he was fully inside me, and I couldn’t move.

I couldn't handle it anymore. Monster held my knees and lifted me up, spreading my legs wide. He pulled me towards him with his hands on my back and slowly started moving his hips underneath me. My pussy was making squelching noises as he thrust inside me, the sensation driving me crazy. I came quickly, unable to hold back any longer.

We spent the rest of the morning tangled up in each other's arms, exploring each other's bodies. Monster was insatiable. He would come and want more right away. Five orgasms seemed to be my limit, I complained. My body was spent.

"I could do this forever," he moaned. "I can't get enough of you."

As we lay there, breathless and content, we had a serious conversation about what it meant for our relationship going forward.

"What's gonna happen now?" I asked.

"Breakfast. So, you can go again."

"No, I mean with us."

Levi paused for a moment, staring deeply into my eyes. "All I know is that I still love you and I want to be with you. But I understand if you don't feel the same way."

"I do," I said decisively. "I still love you, too. But we need to figure out how this is gonna work. You're a Road Monster, and I'm the President of the Asphalt Gods MC. It's not gonna be easy."

He whispered, his breath catching as he said, “I know it won’t be, but I’m willing to try if you are.”

I nodded, my heart beating faster at the thought of us trying to make this work. “And what about the baby? Are you ready to be a father again?”

Levi’s softened as he looked at me. “I want to be there for our child, Treasure. I want to be a part of their life and help you in any way I can.”

Tears welled up in my eyes as I realized how much he truly cared for me and the baby.

He smiled at me, his eyes filled with love and warmth. “But...” he started.

My stomach knotted as I wondered what was wrong.

Chapter 17

Treasure

“I wanna be here for you and our kid, Treasure,” he said sincerely. “And waking up like this every day? It sounds like a fucking dream.”

“But what?” I asked him.

“I’m a Road Monster. I’m ain’t even supposed to be here. I ain’t allowed to have any contact with my past life,” he replied.

“Then how come you’re here?”

“My boss allowed it. Six weeks before I hit the road again.”

“Six weeks?” I repeated, surprised. “Then what?”

He shrugged. “I’ll find a way to see you. I’ll come back when I can. And there’s something else.”

“What?”

“I wanna have another baby,” he said, looking at me with hope in his eyes.

His words caught me off guard, and my heart skipped a beat. “Another baby?” I asked, astonished.

I had just given birth two months ago and the thought of going through that again so soon was daunting. But at the same time, the idea of creating another life with Levi was enticing. I knew he was disappointed little Levi wasn't his after all. As much as I loved my baby and felt he could, too, I wanted to give him a child. More than wanted. I had a primal need to be bonded with him.

His expression was serious, but his eyes were full of warmth and affection. "I know it might seem soon, but I can't help but think about the family we could have together. I want to see you pregnant again, to feel our baby growing inside of you."

As I considered his words, a wave of feelings seemed to rush through me. I had always dreamed of having a big family. I thought of the daughter I lost. And there was a time I had wanted little Levi to be his.

As it was now, I wouldn't change this baby for the world. But the reality of being a mother again so soon was scary. But at the same time, the love and connection I felt with Monster was so strong that the idea of being so linked to him in that way was more than appealing.

His green eyes were so intense. "I don't know what the future holds. But I do know that I want to wake up like this every day, with you and the baby by my side. And... I want us to have another baby."

"I don't know," I said hesitantly. "I need some time to think about it. It's a big decision to make."

"I know it is. And I ain't saying we have to decide right now. I want to be here for the baby we have now. But I

want you to know how I feel, and that I'm ready to take on that responsibility with you."

We held each other close, basking in the warmth of our bodies as we talked about our future. As much as I loved the idea of having another child with Levi, I knew it was a decision that needed careful consideration. We were talking about bringing another life into this dangerous world on purpose.

Later, I felt a rush of pride and admiration as Levi cuddled our baby, cooing and humming softly. This mean looking biker was tenderly caring for my son, making sweet sounds and talking to him in a gentle voice. It was a sight that melted my heart.

As we sat there, watching our son sleep, I couldn't help but imagine what our future might hold. Maybe one day we would have another child together, a little brother or sister for little Levi. But for now, I was content just watching Levi hold our baby, feeling like our little family was complete.

We had a glorious couple of weeks. Then, as if on cue, my mind wandered to more serious matters that threatened to ruin it. I had to bring up the elephant in the room, his estranged wife. I knew he was still technically married to her, and I couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. Insecurity took over.

I took a deep breath and finally asked, "Levi, what's the deal with Chloe? Are you two planning on getting a divorce?"

He looked up at me with a solemn expression, as if he knew this conversation was coming. "Treasure, it's complicated," he began, pausing for a moment before

continuing. “We’ve been separated for a while now, but we ain’t officially filed for divorce. I don’t know if we ever will. I ain’t even technically Levi anymore. I have a new name.”

I felt sick to my stomach as I digested his words. “What does that mean for us, then?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

Levi set down the baby and turned to face me, his eyes locking onto mine. “It means that I’m here, with you and our son. That’s what matters to me right now. I want to be here for you, for as long as you’ll have me.”

I smiled, displaying contentment, though I felt the opposite. It meant he had no intention of ever marrying me. I feared when he left again, he would never return.

Me and Monster spent all day together for the next few weeks, looking after the baby and having a good time. We fell deeply in love all over again, and it was as if we had never been apart. We talked about everything, from our past mistakes and regrets to our hopes and dreams for the future.

We enjoyed simple moments, like sitting on the couch and watching movies while the baby slept peacefully in his crib. We also went out for dinners and long rides on Monster’s motorcycle. I had club business and a constant babysitter with Levi at my home. When he met me at the clubhouse, he acted like he was just some guy, not a member of a club meaner than mine. The whole time this biker called Monster was anything but. He was patient, kind, and loving towards me and my baby, and I felt grateful to have him by my side.

As the day of his departure approached, I dreaded the thought of Levi leaving. We had grown so attached over those weeks and me and our baby not having him around was

unbearable. I knew he had to leave, but the thought of being without him made me crazy. We talked about our future and what it would look like, and I found myself hoping that somehow he would stay.

But we both knew it was impossible. He said his boss knew exactly where he was and if he didn't get back on the road, he would be out bad from a club again. He didn't think he could survive it.

One night, as we lay in bed together, I asked him about his schedule.

“Levi, what are you gonna do? Are you gonna stay with me and the baby?”

“Treasure, I want to, but I have obligations to the Road Monsters MC. I made a deal with my boss, and I don't know when I'll be back.”

I felt a lump form in my throat as he spoke. I couldn't take the idea of him being gone for God knows how long.

“But what about us? What about our future together?”

He took my hand in his and squeezed it gently. “I don't know what the future holds, Treasure, but I do know that I love you and our son. And I'll do everything in my power to come back to you.”

I felt tears pierce the corners of my eyes as I listened to him. I knew he wanted to keep his word, but the uncertainty was madness.

“I love you, Monster,” I whispered, my voice choked with emotion.

“I love you too, Treasure,” he replied, pulling me close to him. “And I promise you, I’ll be back.”

Before we knew it, the six weeks were over. I couldn’t imagine my life without him. I was sad to see him go, but I also felt hopeful about our future together. I knew that our love was real, and that we would find a way to make it work, no matter what challenges came our way.

Chapter 18

Treasure

I was chilling with Falcon, discussing the new goods that came in, not our own, but the ones we were hired to protect. Suddenly, I heard some heavy footsteps and looked up. Monster sauntered in, and my heart skipped a beat. It had been almost two months since I last saw him, and I had been waiting for his return. I missed my guy a lot. I didn't hear a peep from him during all that time, but now he strolled in like he owned the damn place.

I couldn't help but notice he wore his cut. He wasn't hiding the fact he was with the Road Monsters MC. But before I could even say hello, or ask what was going on, he barged over to me, getting between me and the other biker. His eyes were filled with jealousy as he started ripping into Falcon, accusing him of trying to make a move on me. I couldn't believe it.

“Hey man, I was just talking to her,” Falcon protested.

“She's mine,” Monster growled. “You need to back off.” He turned to me, his eyes blazing with anger. “He was getting too close to you, Treasure. I don't like it.”

“Hey, what's going on?” I asked, trying to calm him down.

Monster ignored me and kept on ranting. His muscles tensed as he got right up in the other biker's face. It took me a moment to realize that he was just trying to protect me, but it was still frustrating to be treated like I couldn't take care of myself. I was fucking President here.

Finally, he stepped back and turned to face me. “I’m sorry,” he said, his voice softening. “I just couldn’t stand seeing another man talking to you like that.”

I rolled my eyes, but deep down I was touched by his protectiveness. “It’s okay,” I said. “I can take care of myself, you know.” I crossed my arms, trying to hide my smile.

“You couldn’t even pick up the phone to call me?”

Monster’s face fell a little at my words. “I’m sorry. I didn’t have a phone for a while. But I’m here now, right?” He glanced over at the biker I was talking to before, a scowl forming on his face. “Who’s this fucker?” He growled, his eyes flicking between us.

I placed my hand on Monster’s arm. “Relax, he’s just a member,” I said, giving him a reassuring smile.

Monster didn’t seem to be convinced. “I don’t like him talking to you like that,” he said, his voice laced with jealousy.

“We were just talking about club business. It’s nothing.”

“I don’t like the way he’s looking at you,” he hissed. “I don’t trust him.”

“He’s one of my bikers,” I exclaimed. “I’ve got him under control.”

Monster let out a deep sigh, running a hand over his tattooed head. “I’m sorry. I just missed you so damn much,”

he said, pulling me into a tight embrace.

It felt like it had been ages since we'd been together like this, and I melted into his hold.

"I missed you," I whispered.

"I missed you too," he said, pulling away to look at me. "I brought you something."

He handed me a smart phone with a cracked screen, and I raised my eyebrows. I had a brand-new phone with no cracks. "What's this?"

"It's a burner phone," he explained. "I promise to call you on it every chance I get."

Having a few burners, myself, I understood. But he had said before I couldn't contact him on mine. I grinned, feeling a rush of excitement at the thought of hearing his voice again.

"You better," I said, slipping the phone into my pocket.

We spent the rest of the evening catching up, talking about everything that had happened while he was gone. Well, not everything. Monster could hardly tell me anything except for the different sights he had seen on the road. But from the way he walked in here, so pissed off, I could only imagine the shit he's been up to. From what I gathered, he was part hired gun and part hitman.

Regardless, it felt good to have him back, even if he was getting a bit too possessive. I knew that was just part of

who he was, but I hadn't really seen that side of him before.

Later that night, I felt a strong hand grab me and lift me off my feet. I looked up and saw Monster's smirking face.

"Looks like I have to remind you who you belong to," he said, chuckling.

Before I could protest, he had me over his knee, pretending to spank me. I laughed and squirmed, enjoying his playful dominance. He knew just how to make me feel wanted and loved.

"You still want that tattoo, Treasure?"

I thought of how we talked about me getting his property patch before. I nodded eagerly. It was something I had been thinking about for a while. Getting inked with his name would make me feel even more a part of him.

"Alright, we'll do it. But it's gotta be perfect."

"I know a guy near here. He's discreet. We can do it tomorrow," he said.

"What about tonight?" I asked.

"Tonight, I plan to punish you for making eyes at that biker."

"I wasn't," I protested.

Monster tangled his hand in my hair and pulled my head back. “Bullshit. I saw you laughing and being sweet to him. Are you sweet on him? You don’t even wear my brand yet. I can’t fucking stand it.”

“But I would never,” I started. “We should get that tattoo tonight.”

I had gotten a babysitter. Little Levi went to Jenny’s house this time so I could have time with Monster. I wanted a family day tomorrow. I told him as much.

“I’ll be here until Tuesday. We will have plenty of time for family. The baby’s not here tonight and you can scream freely.”

The thought of all the fun we could have fucking, fucking excited me. It had been so long since I had been with Levi like that, with him being his rough self. The thought of it caused a trickle in my panties.

I guess Levi finally thought I was well enough to give me a spanking, because he really laid into my ass. But then he rewarded me by rubbing my wet pussy. And it only got hotter from there when we both got naked. I was even feeling flexible enough to twist and bend like I used to in the circus, at least a little bit.

The biker had brought presents and had me tied into a pretzel in no time. He loved to fuck me like that, and I loved giving myself to him completely. We enjoyed his other toys, too.

He had been all over the country and said he stopped and looked for anything to please me once he returned. One

thing was for certain, I was never gonna get bored. Seemed he wanted to give me a break from his monster dick. But really, he was just trying to warm me up for it.

On all fours, I felt him shove something cold and metal in my ass. Suddenly, I had a bunnies tail as he lay under me, eating my pussy. He insisted I wear it all night. If he thought he was preparing my backside for his big monster, he was crazy. Growling, he was ramming my pussy with his thick dick by the night's end.

The next night I walked into the tattoo shop with Monster, the sound of the buzzing needle filling the air. He swore this place was somewhere no one would see us because my club couldn't know. I was nervous, but I knew I wanted this tattoo more than anything. It was a symbol of my commitment to him.

Monster held my hand tightly as we made our way to the back room. The tattoo artist, a little guy named Taz with tattoos covering his arms and neck, looked up and greeted us with a nod.

I took a deep breath as I removed my pants and laid down on the table. The artist wiped down my left thigh with a disinfectant and started drawing the design. It was the Road Monsters MC emblem with the words "Property of Monster" underneath. I had wanted this tattoo for a long time, and now that I was finally getting it, I couldn't wait to see the finished product.

Monster sat next to me, holding my hand as the scrawny biker worked on my tattoo. I sipped on a half bottle of whiskey that he had brought for me, trying to ignore the pain. Monster joked around, telling me it was just like giving birth, and I couldn't help but laugh. I had done that before a couple

of times, and he had no idea. I also had a piece on my other leg. I wasn't a novice to pain.

As the artist finished up, I looked down at my new ink with pride. Monster bound his arms around me, kissing me full on with tongue.

“Looks good, baby,” he said as he pulled away, and I smiled.

Even though he called me his Treasure, I loved him calling me baby, too. It did things to me. Our love had grown. We had become so comfortable with one another.

We talked about my tattoo and how it meant that I was his in the biker world. Usually. As it was, I wouldn't be showing this one off. But he also talked about my lack of the Asphalt Gods MC tattoo on my back even though I was their president. My promotion was fast and unexpected and then interrupted. I was in no hurry to get a full back tattoo.

Monster was drunk too. He told me that it didn't matter, that I was his woman first, before my club, and that's all that mattered.

Then asked me a question that caught me off guard. “Would you ever want to leave this life, baby? Leave your club and just be with me?”

I was drunk and feeling vulnerable, so I blurted out the truth. “I would go anywhere with you, Monster. I love you.”

Monster smiled and kissed me again, holding me tight. “I love you too, Treasure. We'll always be together.”

Chapter 19

Treasure

A few days had passed since Monster left. My body was aching from the tattoo and the crazy nights we had together, but we also had some peaceful family time with little Levi at the park.

It wasn't long before he had to leave again. After putting our baby to bed for the night, the burner phone he gave me rang for the first time, and I couldn't help but smile at the sound. I already missed him so much.

"My Monster," I answered with a softness in my voice.

"My Treasure," he replied, his voice smooth and deep. "What are you wearing?"

I laughed at the question, knowing exactly where this was going. "Oh, you know, just my biker outfit."

"Your leathers, huh?" he chuckled. "Describe it to me."

I could hear the smile in his voice, and it made my heart flutter. "Well, I've got on my full leather with my cut that says I'm the club President. And, of course, my boots and gloves to match."

"What about your hair?"

"It's back and tied low so I can wear my helmet."

I was getting ready to go on a late-night run. Finding a reliable babysitter, I was able to show up for my club again.

“Mmm, that sounds sexy,” he murmured, making me giggle. “I can’t wait to see you in it again.”

“I can’t wait for you to come back,” I said softly. “I miss you so much.”

“I miss you too, baby,” he replied. “I wish I could be there with you and our little one. But I promise I’ll be home soon.”

“When are you coming back?”

“I ain’t sure,” he said, and I could hear the uncertainty in his voice. “The road is unpredictable, you know that. But I promise I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

I sighed, knowing that there was no use in getting upset about something he couldn’t control.

“Okay,” I said, trying to keep the disappointment out of my voice. “Just make sure you’re safe out there, okay? I worry about you.”

“I will, baby,” he said reassuringly. “And I promise I’ll call you again soon.”

Though I took in his words, I worried more. In the Road Monsters, he was all alone. If something happened to him, I would never know. I mentioned it in a rush.

“Don’t worry. Someone always knows where I am. I have to check in. We’re Nomads but we’ve got each other’s backs.”

“I’ve only seen them travel alone.”

“We do travel alone, but I promise you, if I needed help, someone would find me in a heartbeat. I just don’t need help.”

His confidence comforted me.

Monster and I continued to see each other about once a month, and with each visit, we grew even closer. Our weekends were filled with love and passion, but as soon as Monday rolled around, Levi was gone, leaving me feeling empty and alone once again.

Every time he came, it was like reliving our wild, passionate past all over again. It was hard to keep up with him, his insatiable sex drive, but I loved every minute of it. And by the time he left, I found I needed the break.

Then I would instantly miss him so much it killed me.

And when he had the chance, he would send me a dick pic, or a dirty video. Over FaceTime, we had amazing phone sex. Between the baby, the club and him, I was so busy that I didn’t have too many chances to be sad about him being gone.

Then something amazing happened. One day, I realized my period was late. I brushed it off, thinking it was just stress, but it kept nagging at me. Finally, I took a pregnancy test and found out I was expecting. My first thought was Levi. I had to

tell him. I was thrilled and terrified all at once. I knew Levi wanted another baby with me. At least, he had said so once before. And we hadn't been doing anything to prevent it from happening.

I wasn't supposed to, but I called him on the burner phone.

As soon as he answered, I blurted out the news. "Levi, I'm pregnant," I said, my voice shaking with excitement and fear.

There was a long pause on the other end of the line before he finally spoke. "Treasure, that's wonderful news," he said, his voice filled with emotion. "I can't believe it. I'm gonna be a dad again."

I could hear the joy in his voice, but I also sensed a hint of hesitation. I knew he was probably thinking about his estranged wife and their three children.

We talked for hours on the phone that night, discussing having another baby. Levi promised to be there for me no matter what. He said that he wanted to make things work between us, that he loved me and wanted to build a life together. But he meant more than we were already.

"I'm sorry, Treasure," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish I could be there with you right now."

My heart broke at his words. I had hoped he would be excited, but instead, discovered he was sorry.

“Levi, what does this mean for us?” I asked, my voice trembling.

“I don’t know,” he replied, his tone hesitant. “I want to be there for you and the baby, the babies, but I have commitments to the club. I can’t just leave whenever I want.”

I got choked up when he said that. I knew he was right, but I couldn’t help feeling hurt.

“Can’t you try to be here more often?” I asked, my voice pleading.

“I’ll do my best,” he promised, “but I can’t make any guarantees. Treasure, I care about you and the babies. Y’all mean the world to me. But this run is gonna keep me away for at least two months. And I want to see you now.”

Tears filled my eyes as I listened to him speak. I knew he meant every word, but I couldn’t help feeling scared and alone.

As the weeks went on, I began to feel more and more pregnant. My belly swelled. And I realized I was much more pregnant than I thought. When I went to the doctor, they told me I was four months pregnant.

Levi called me every day, asking how I was feeling and if there was anything he could do to help even though he was far away. I told him how pregnant I was, and he got upset that he couldn’t come right away again.

Finally, the day came when Levi was able to visit me. So excited, I felt the baby moving inside me. I was also

nervous about how he would react to my changing body. Before, he hadn't seen me so plump. As it was, none of my clothes fit me anymore. I had to unpack my maternity clothes already. When he arrived, he scooped me up in his arms and spun me around, laughing with joy.

As we sat down to dinner, I couldn't help but notice the way he kept staring at my belly.

“You're so beautiful, Treasure,” he said, placing a hand on my stomach. “I can't wait to meet our baby.”

Tears welled up in my eyes as I looked into his deep green ones. Levi said that he wanted somehow to remain closer to me, to be there for the birth of our child and to help me raise him or her. He said he was gonna find a way to make it happen.

I was filled with hope and excitement as we went to bed that night. But in just a couple days my Monster was gone again.

Chapter 20

Monster

Riding my Harley, I hauled ass to Galveston. I was gonna surprise Treasure. It had only been a week since I left last time, but I was already missing her like crazy. I thought about the last time I visited, when I got to see her with my baby bump. She had a doctor's appointment tomorrow that I didn't want to miss for the fucking world. We were going to find out the sex of our baby.

When I pulled up to the Asphalt Gods MC clubhouse, I could already sense something was off. The atmosphere felt tense. It was a strange feeling, something I would tell Treasure was bullshit when she said things similar. Maybe she was rubbing off on me, I thought. I tried to push the feeling away.

But as rounded the clubhouse to park my bike in the back, I saw Ax, Treasure's ex, standing outside. Seeing him with her made me jealous. I knew I shouldn't feel that way. Treasure was mine.

Then the proper emotion hit. Rage.

My blood boiled with jealousy and rage. That asshole Ax was here, trying to see Treasure. She was mine now, but I knew she had a past with him. His treatment of her disgusted me.

I hopped off my motorcycle and came around the building to see Treasure having a heated argument with Ax. She was trying to keep him away from our baby. The anger and frustration on her face was clear as she fiercely protected little Levi.

“Get away from me, Ax!” she shouted.

But Ax was persistent. He wanted to see his son.

I walked over to Treasure and wrapped my arm around her waist. “Everything okay, babe?” I asked, my voice low and menacing.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she said, leaning into me.

I caressed little Levi’s head and placed a kiss there.

Ax glared at me, clearly not happy that I was there. “Who the hell are you, again?” he asked.

I forgot he didn’t know about Treasure and me.

“I’m Monster,” I said, my voice rough.

Ax sneered. “What kind of a name is that?”

“It’s the name I fucking earned,” I said, stepping closer to him. “You don’t want to find out why.”

Ax looked at me, then back at Treasure. “You’re with him now?” he asked, disbelief in his voice.

I could feel Treasure tense up beside me. I knew this was a sore spot for her. She had always been independent and strong, but Ax had a way of making her feel small and powerless.

She looked up at me with a small smile, her voice resolute as she said, "I'm with him."

Ax got closer to Treasure, and I was getting more and more angry. I stepped in front of her, blocking his way.

"I ain't gonna let you near her or my son," I growled.

Ax scoffed. "Your son? He looks just like me."

"You have no right," I said, talking about how he took her by force.

"I had her before and after that time with consent."

I wanted to kill him right there, but little Levi was watching.

"You need to leave," I said between my teeth.

"I ain't gonna. Whatcha gonna to do about it?"

I could see the challenge in Ax's eyes. He was daring me to make a move. I knew I couldn't let him get the upper hand. I had to protect Treasure and our family.

I stepped back and pulled out my gun, pointing it at Ax. "I suggest you leave," I repeated myself, my voice cold.

Ax held up his hands, then backed away. He got on his motorcycle and took off down the street.

As I mounted my bike and roared out of the parking lot, I saw Ax speed further away. I twisted the throttle, and my bike leaped forward. I chased him, my heart pounding with adrenaline. I could see him in the distance, his bike's taillights glowing red. We weaved in and out of light traffic, swerving and dodging other vehicles. The wind zoomed past me, thrilling me.

This time, I was gonna kill him.

Ax's Harley was fast, but I was faster. I caught up to him and tried to get him to pull over, but he refused, shaking his head and flipping me off. I gunned my engine, and he rocketed away. We raced through the city, our bikes screaming as we flew down the deserted streets.

Finally, we reached a dark alleyway. Ax thought he could lose me here, but he was wrong. I followed him, my headlight illuminating his back. He glanced over his shoulder and saw me, and I could see the fear in his eyes.

I could almost smell his blood. That was how many low lives I had killed lately. The sick, sweet scent seemed to lure me. Snapping his neck would be so easy and rewarding. I longed for that crunch to hit my ears. And next, the thud of his body hitting the ground, lifeless and limp.

We both skidded to a stop, our tires screeching. I dismounted and strode toward him, my boots echoing on the pavement. Ax tried to back away, but I grabbed him by the collar and slammed him against the concrete wall.

“You stay away from Treasure,” I growled, my face inches from his.

The side of his head bleeding, he struggled, but I held him tight.

I inhaled.

“Her baby is mine,” he snarled.

I punched him in the face, hard. He slumped to the ground, his nose bleeding.

Taking in air again, I knew I was getting closer to my sweet reward.

But then I thought of Treasure. She wanted this. I wanted to share it with her, extinguishing him.

“They’re mine,” I roared, leaning down, right in his ear. “And if you ever come near them again, I’ll kill you.”

I let him go. Ax lay there groaning.

“I would kill you myself, but Treasure wants to have the pleasure,” I said, revealing my true intentions.

“Spooky, Maren, she’ll never kill me. She doesn’t have it in her,” he moaned.

“Bullshit. She’s killed men before.”

“Only during a mental breakdown. She and I go way back. She’ll always love me. She’ll be mine again. And I’ll see

the baby once I get the state involved. I'll get proof I'm the father."

"You raped her," I scowled. "You're a rapist, not a father."

"Rape? Maren loved it. She loves it rough."

Fuck. His words enraged me. I couldn't take the chance of letting him go. I didn't hesitate to pull out my Glock and shoot at his legs first. I saw the blood spatter as the bullets hit their mark. But that wasn't enough. I aimed higher, taking him out piece by bloody piece until I put a bullet straight through his damn forehead.

After the deed was done, I looked around, knowing I had to clean up my mess. Ax was unrecognizable. Regret surmounted. I should have done it with my bare hands.

In a daze, I called Kingpin and told him about my mess. That I needed some help.

"Why are you calling me personally? Call the number. Betty will arrange it." Betty was one of the pleasant women who pulled all the strings and seemed to fix all problems.

"I ain't in your territory," I told him.

"Where are you?"

"Texas."

“Again? You shouldn’t be,” he said, reminding me I wasn’t supposed to be seeing Treasure at all.

“I am.”

“Then call your Ace,” Kingpin said quietly, but sounded more than aggravated.

“No, I can’t,” I strained. I wouldn’t call the boss out here. That was Treasure’s big boss, Scar.

“Call Betty anyhow, then. I’ll give her a heads up,” he said, coming through for me.

“Okay, but I also need to talk to you. I need some time off.”

Kingpin shot back quick. “No. No time off. We can’t talk over the phone. Not this phone. And I can’t meet you in person. Not anytime soon.” He shut me down and hung up.

I couldn’t leave Treasure unprotected anymore. I would have to try another route.

Chapter 21

Monster

I rode up to where Memphis told me to meet her in Nashville, which was a pretty rough part of town. But I wasn't sweating it. I had been to much sketchier places before. I hopped off my bike and scoped out the scene, but I didn't see the whore yet. So, I figured I would take a stroll around the block. As I came around the corner, I saw her sitting on a bench, glued to her phone.

"Memphis," I called out as I approached her.

She looked up, a mean look on her face. "Don't say my name."

I sat down beside her, my eyes scanning the area to make sure no one was listening in on our conversation.

"So, what do you have for me?" I asked, getting straight to the point.

She pulled out a file from her bag and handed it to me. "Here's everything I know on Kingpin. I think you'll find some interesting things in there."

I flipped through the folder and found a lot of information right away. There were records of his illegal businesses, contacts, and even some financial records that looked shady as hell. But Kingpin was President of an outlaw biker gang. Royal Road was a front for all kinds of shit. None of this was news to anyone.

“This is shit, Memphis,” I said, closing the file and giving it back to her.

“Fuck. Don’t say my name,” she said, looking around.

I had never seen the woman so frightened.

“What else have you got for me?” I asked, my voice low.

She leaned in closer, her eyes shimmering with satisfaction. “I’ve got a plan, Levi. A plan to take down Kingpin once and for all. We’re gonna kidnap his baby and hold him for ransom.”

I felt a surge of unease in my gut. Kidnapping a child was not something I was comfortable with, no matter who their father was.

“That’s not the kind of plan I was looking for,” I said, my voice set.

Memphis’s smile faded a bit, but she didn’t back down. “Come on, Levi. You know we need something big to take down Kingpin. This could be it.”

I never intended to help Memphis take my old Prez and current boss down. I came here wanting something to hold over the bastard so I could have my way. So, I could be with Treasure. I didn’t want to make a mortal enemy.

“But kidnapping,” I started. “You’ll never pull it off.”

“He’s got a new Enforcer. But there’s no one with him at all times at the club like I used to be, except his woman, Eve. She’s not armed. And I’ve been watching their baby some. I have access.”

Her plan sounded more and more evil. She had been babysitting.

“Fuck. I wouldn’t trust you near a baby,” I said.

“I’m a pretty good actress. Got Eve wrapped around my finger.”

“What would it do for us anyway, a ransom? Make us some money? I don’t need money.”

In the Road Monsters, we had plenty at our disposal.

“Take Kingpin’s kid. We could arrange anything we want. For him to step down from Royal Bastards and from the Road Monsters. You could get out of the life completely.”

Getting out of the life sounded appealing, but I shook my head.

“No, I can’t do it. There has to be another way. You have to have more secrets on him.”

She handed me the file. “Take your time. Look it over more closely. My plan is in there too, in black and white. I’m trusting you, Levi. Can I trust you?”

“I will look it over, but I won’t take any part in this scheme of yours.”

“You won’t someone else will.” Memphis shrugged.

I didn’t like the sound of that.

As she got up to leave, I couldn’t help but feel a twinge of guilt. Memphis had been a sort of friend to me for a long time, and I didn’t like the idea of turning her in. But I knew that I couldn’t go along with her plan, no matter how desperate I was to be free of Kingpin’s control. And if I turned her in, she would surely die.

When I got back to my hotel, I paced. I struggled with my decision to take the information I had on Kingpin directly to him and turn Memphis in for her proposal. But I needed to get out from under his control, and I knew that turning in Memphis might be the only way to do it. And if I couldn’t get out from under his thumb, I needed to stay in his good graces. Hell, I just couldn’t let Memphis mess with Kingpin’s baby.

Knowing the risk I was taking, I called Kingpin on his personal line again. The biker picked up on the third ring, his voice gruff.

“Who’s this?” he barked.

“It’s Monster,” I said, my voice strong.

“Fuck. Leviathan. I was balls deep in my woman and now my ass is outside the room. It’s fucking cold. If you were here, I’d kick you in the goddamn nuts.”

I ignored his rant. “I have some information you might be interested in.”

“Fuck. Can’t this wait?”

“No, you’re gonna want to hear this.”

“Go on,” Kingpin said, his tone curious.

“I have a file on you,” I said, my heart racing. “Everything from your illegal businesses to your contacts to your financial records.”

A prolonged silence filled the line before Kingpin said anything. “And how did you come by this information?”

“I have my ways,” I said, keeping my tone neutral. “But that’s not all. I also have information about someone who is planning to kidnap your baby and hold him for ransom.”

There was a sudden intake of breath on the other end of the line. “What? Who? They’ll die tonight.”

“Someone close,” I said, almost coming clean. “She’s been formulating this plan for some time, and I couldn’t agree with it. I knew I had to tell you.”

There was a long pause as Kingpin processed this information. “Meet me at the Biker’s Brew in Nashville in an hour,” he finally said. “Bring the file.”

I hung up the phone and took a deep breath.

I arrived at the bar right on time, the file tucked under my arm. Kingpin was already there, sitting at a private booth in the back. He looked like he had just jumped out of bed, his hair disheveled and his eyes bloodshot. Drinking bourbon, he was wearing a simple black t-shirt and jeans under his cut, but even in his more casual attire, he exuded an aura of authority. He motioned for me to sit across from him.

“What the fuck is going on?” Kingpin demanded, slamming his fist on the table.

I held up a hand, trying to calm him down.

“Let’s see this file,” he said, his tone clipped.

I handed it over and watched as he flipped through the pages, his expression growing more and more serious.

“How did you get this?” He asked, his eyes glued.

I shrugged. “Let’s just say I have my sources.”

“It’s fortunate this hasn’t fallen into the wrong hands,” he finally said, looking up at me. It must’ve meant more to him than it did to me.

Then his face went pale. He must’ve gotten to her plan. He tossed the folder aside. “What’s this about my son?”

“Don’t worry. But we need to talk.”

He glared at me, his eyes narrowing. “Talk? You call me in the middle of the night and drag me out of my Ol’ Lady to talk? What the hell is this about? Who wrote this sick plan to steal Prince? What kind of sick shit are you playing at, Levi?”

“Nothin,” I said. “It’s not my plan.”

Kingpin wasn’t hearing me. “I spared your traitor ass. I made sure your brothers didn’t rape your woman and sent her back to her club unharmed. When I should have killed you, I gave you the best job in the goddamn world. And you are holding my pride and joy over me.”

Boy, Kingpin’s version of events was a lot different from my own.

Producing his weapon, he made sure I saw it before he slid it under the table, threatening me.

“Listen, I’m here because I heard that someone was planning to kidnap your baby,” I said, my tone serious. “And I couldn’t let that happen.”

Kingpin’s expression darkened. “Who?”

“I’m gonna tell you, but I need something in return.”

“I don’t play games. I’ll blow a hole in you first.”

“All you do is play games,” I said, ignoring his evil glare and the gun he pointed at me.

“I don’t play. I run the goddamn table,” he said, all too seriously.

“I have the information, Kingpin,” I said, my voice not wavering. “And I want to make a deal.”

Kingpin leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. “What kind of deal?”

“I want to be with Treasure,” I said, my eyes locked on his. “And I want her and our children out of danger.”

“Children?” Kingpin scoffed. “You’ve been busy.”

“So have you. You got two now with the God, Eve. I know why you never let me have my revenge now, even though they killed my sister Leia. You were in bed with Scar all along in this Road Monsters’ gig.”

“So, you must know she wasn’t carrying my child then, too?”

I nodded my head. It was always a worry that they killed her because of Kingpin.

“The Gods killed her because she killed the father’s woman, an officer. You know how they patch women.” He leaned over and spit at the thought. “They didn’t kill her on your account. It had nothing to do with you beating up Chloe’s man. Leia also stole a shit ton of drugs from them before. You don’t know the half of it. But I never laid a finger on her. Let me be clear, I never put my dick in that girl.”

I was floored hearing this about my sister. Kingpin could have told me this years ago. I said as much.

“Would you’ve hurt less?” he asked. “Did you really want to hear your sister was a drugged-up whore that loved to fuck the Asphalt Gods MC members because you didn’t want her with any of your brothers?”

Blowing out steam, I lifted a shoulder. Just hearing it now, I wanted to ring his fucking neck.

“And I ran them boys out of Tennessee. We did. I couldn’t let you go ape shit and kill them all. And part of it was my role in the Road Monsters, yes. But not all.”

Taking in his words, I took a big breath and got back to the business at hand. “My point was, you’re worried for you kid and I’m worried for mine. Treasure is pregnant. Chloe has Ivy and Angel, and Haven well, you have her at Royal Road. She’s sweet on that kid. Buzzards’ grandkid, Aden.”

“Oh, I know all about that,” he remarked.

I had to file that information away for later. Something to ask him about.

I continued, “I want to start my life with Maren.” Kingpin knew her real name. “About my deal?”

“What makes you think I can do that? You made a deal with the Road Monsters. Not just with me, but all four Aces.” He raised up four fingers dramatically. On the hand that wasn’t still clutching his weapon. “You don’t even know who you are messing with. Men crazier than me, I can tell you that.”

“You’ll find a way,” I said, not backing down. “You always get your fucking way.”

Kingpin’s face hardened.

“What if you couldn’t be with your woman?” I asked.

He sat back in his seat, his mind working. Finally, he looked back at me.

“Fine,” he said, his voice heavy with resignation. “I’ll make you a deal. I’ll give Treasure a new identity, and you can start a life together within the confines of your responsibilities. I’ll make sure it’s sanctioned. No more fear of getting caught seeing someone from your past. She won’t be Maren anymore. But she has to leave her club behind. You can’t leave yours. Not now, not ever. I am not a miracle worker.”

“And about her leaving her club?”

“I’ll make the arrangements. I’ll make a deal with Scar,” he said, waving his hand like it would be no skin off his teeth. “Is that enough for you?”

Nodding, I decided it would have to be.

“Now, tell me who is gonna die tonight.”

I swallowed hard while I sealed her fate. “Memphis,” I said, holding his gaze. “She’s been working on this plan for a while now. I didn’t want to be a part of it.”

There was a long pause as Kingpin took this in. He slammed the file down on the table, his hands shaking with anger. “I trusted her. I thought she was loyal to me.”

I leaned forward, my voice low. “She’s not loyal to anyone but herself. You need to take care of this, Prez. Before she does something stupid.”

I caught myself calling him Prez just like old times. I wouldn’t make it a habit.

“I’ll take care of it,” he finally said, his voice sinister. He tucked his pistol away.

I nodded, feeling a weight lift off my shoulders.

We talked a bit more about what he planned to do, how he was gonna handle Memphis, but my mind was already starting to drift. I didn’t want to know all the gory details. I was thinking about Treasure and our baby, and how I needed to get back to them as soon as possible. I knew that I couldn’t stay in one place for too long.

Kingpin got up from the booth. “You did the right thing, Monster,” he said, patting me on the back.

I flinched at the memory of the pain there. I grabbed his hand. Moving it, I said, “Fuck you, Kingpin.”

However, we parted ways on good terms. A sense of relief hit me. I had done the right thing. And I was thankful I could finally be with Treasure and our babies, without fear of the Road Monster’s retaliation. Now I had to convince her to leave her club and her position to be with me.

And since I was in Nashville, I called my daughter Haven. We made plans to meet in secret the next morning for breakfast. I couldn't wait to tell her about Treasure and our babies.

Chapter 22

Monster

Lying in bed, I gazed up at the ceiling, feeling the cool breeze coming in from the open window. My mind was running wild with thoughts about what our future held. With Treasure lying in the crook of my arm, her hand resting on her pregnant belly, I couldn't help but feel happy. I placed my hand on top of hers, and we both felt the baby kick. It was such a great feeling to know that I was gonna be a dad again, and this time with the woman I truly loved.

I turned to kiss her, lingering there for a long time, delaying the talk we needed to have. Pulling away, I looked at Treasure, taking in the way the moonlight danced across her face. She was beautiful, even in the dim light of the room. I took a deep breath and decided it was time to talk to her about the future.

“We need to talk.”

She turned to face me, a look of concern on her face. “What's wrong, Monster?”

She rarely called me anything else anymore. It was a good thing my name wasn't changing.

“It's not anything bad,” I reassured her. “I just need to tell you something.”

Not believing me, she sat up, her eyes locked onto mine. “What? Are you leaving soon?”

I took a deep breath, trying to gather my thoughts. “No. I made a deal with the Road Monsters.”

Her eyes widened in surprise. “What kind of deal? What about?”

“About us,” I said, simply with a sideways smile.

I paused, concerned about her reaction.

“I told them I would leave the club if they didn’t let me be with you and our babies,” I fibbed, sitting up next to her. I couldn’t tell her how I made the deal with Kingpin. “They agreed to give you a new identity and let us move to a safe house.”

Treasure looked at me for a moment, her eyes searching mine. “And you’re okay with that?”

I nodded. “I’m more than okay with it. I want to be with you, Treasure. I want to build a life with you and our family.”

She smiled, a softness in her eyes. “I want that too, Monster. More than anything.”

“But are you okay with leaving your club?” I reached out and took her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“How can I?” she asked.

“They’ll arrange it.”

“You’ve already made the choice for me?” she asked, her voice high.

I couldn’t tell how she felt about it.

“Yes. And I’ve decided,” I admitted. “I won’t take no for an answer. You’re having another baby. My baby. It’s too dangerous for you here. Too dangerous for the babies for their mom to be the leader of outlaws.”

“Levi,” she barked. “Don’t think you can go making decisions for me.”

I took her cheek, getting nose to nose with her. “You’re mine, Treasure. It’s already been arranged. Scar’s on board. We leave within the month.”

She didn’t say a thing.

“I know it’s a lot to ask, but it’s the only way we can really be together. I can’t keep coming here. I ain’t supposed to. I don’t want to lose you and the babies.”

Treasure closed her eyes. “I don’t care,” she said firmly. “As long as we’re together, that’s all that matters.”

I leaned in and gave her a kiss, feeling so relieved. I was concerned about how she would take it, but she was all in. We talked all night about where we were going.

“There’s a safe house we can go to for now. I have all the details already.”

“How long do we have to stay there?”

“Until it’s safe for us to move again,” I said. “It could be a few months, or it could be longer. We’ll have to play it by ear.”

As the sun began to rise, we drifted off to sleep, wrapped in each other’s arms.

Kingpin’s suggestion of a safe house for Treasure and me to start a life together was the answer I had been searching for. We would stay in Kingpin’s territory. Or rather Fish’s territory. The Ace of Spades. And I found I didn’t mind. I had a direct line to power, an ace in my pocket.

With my loyalty to the Road Monsters MC, I couldn’t just leave the club behind, and I couldn’t take Treasure with me on the road without putting her in danger. The safe house seemed like the perfect solution. The club was nomadic, but there would be a brother guarding the safe house while I was on the job.

In a cage that pulled a trailer, hiding my Harley and all of our earthly possessions, we found the house. It was a beautiful and secluded cabin in the woods. As soon as I saw it, I knew it was the perfect place to hide out. When I got inside, I was met with a familiar face.

His jaw dropped as well. Immediately, I took his outreached hand. Come to find out, Hallow, my old brother from Royal Road, was also a member of the Road Monsters MC now. It was a surprise to see him. Right off, he told me all about his journey to becoming a Road Monster. He has spent some time in Alaska on a commercial fishing rig and then met

up with the Road Monsters in California. It was apparent, he had no clue Kingpin had anything to do with this club by the way he talked about him.

“I’m sorry, man,” he said.

He was at Royal Road when I was out bad, when the Royal Bastards tortured me. Hell, he probably took part. I couldn’t recall his face being in the barn, though. I had pushed those memories down deep.

He went on, “Brother, we’re Road Monsters now. Maybe we can team up and give the Bastards hell. Fuck Kingpin.”

“Maybe,” I said, not revealing anything.

But the real surprise was meeting Sky, Kingpin’s ex-wife, who was now with my old brother Hallow. They had changed their names and were living a peaceful life in the woods running this safe house. Like us, they had a baby and another on the way.

Instead of Hallow and Sky, they were Owen Black, aka Maverick, his new road name, and Savannah Miller Black. Mr. and Mrs. Black since they were married now. And their baby, once Beau, Kingpin’s real name, was named Caden now. I had heard the child hadn’t belonged to Kingpin, but to a mob boss in Nashville. But I didn’t bring that up.

It was bizarre to see Hallow so satisfied. Relaxed. He had always been on my shit list. But he said since he was no longer with Eve, our former bad blood no longer mattered to him. It certainly no longer mattered to me.

And I could tell he had found what he had been looking for. Sky was kind of welcoming. She had always had a chip on her shoulder that matched Hallow's that had disappeared. I didn't think she liked me none. Maren, on the other hand, Sky remembered fondly and warmed to right away.

Glancing around the big cabin, I felt peaceful. I could imagine Treasure and I living there, starting a new life together away from the chaos of the motorcycle club world.

I spoke to Sky and Hallow about my plans, and they assured me that the safe house was secure and hidden from prying eyes. They even offered to help me set up a new identity for Treasure, so she could start fresh and leave her past behind. Evidently, that was their role in the club. It was almost too good to be true.

Treasure loved the idea of a secluded life with me, away from the danger of the biker world. This safe house was our ticket to a new life together.

She chose the name Jade for her new identity, and I found I loved it. I still called her my Treasure and sometime even Maren. She settled easily into the safe house with Sky and her baby. It was comforting to know that she was with another mother, in a secure environment.

I was on the road in the beginning, but I called and checked in on them every chance I got. It was hard to be away from them, but I knew Hallow was there and my other brothers were only a call away.

I knew that even though Treasure, and I were leaving everything behind, we couldn't just disappear without a trace. We still had to have some connection to the outside world, and I trusted Kingpin to make sure that connection was secure. He was my direct line to Haven, who was still living at Royal Road with that boy. And Haven kept me connected to her little sisters.

In the coming weeks, I took some time off and spent my time helping out around the cabin and taking care of our baby. After all, Jade was about to have our new baby any day.

Chapter 23

Jade

I was laying in bed next to Monster, my big belly almost taking up the whole space between us. We had been arguing about baby names for what felt like forever, but we still couldn't come up with anything we both liked.

"I don't know," Monster said, rubbing my belly. "I just want something badass, you know? Something that fits her personality."

"But we don't know her personality yet. I don't want it to be too out there," I replied. "I want her to have a name she can be proud of."

"What about Phoenix?" Monster suggested. "It's strong and has a sick meaning. It could be dope for her."

I thought about it for a moment. "I don't hate it," I said. "But what about something a little more feminine, like Lily or Rose?"

Monster shook his head. "Those are too basic, Jade. Our daughter is gonna be a badass."

We kept throwing out ideas and vetoing each other's suggestions until we finally agreed on a name.

"I think we got it," Monster said, grinning at me.

"What is it?" I asked, excited to hear the final choice.

“Juniper,” he replied. “It’s unique, strong, and beautiful, just like our little girl will be.”

I smiled, feeling a sense of relief and excitement wash over me. “I love it,” I said. “Juniper. It’s perfect.”

Our baby girl was born before it happened.

Thankful I could ride again, I straddled the back of Monster’s Harley, feeling the familiar rumble of the engine between my legs. The wind ran through my hair as we sped down the winding roads, the sun setting behind us casting a golden glow on the landscape. I held on tight to Monster’s waist, my cheek resting against his leather jacket. As Jade, I could be seen like this with him, with the Road Monster. I could show off my property tattoo too and wore jean shorts that practically went up my ass crack to do so.

It was moments like this that we lived for.

Monster would be going on the road before we knew it. We savored every moment we had.

As we reached the lake, I almost gasped in awe at the beauty before me. The still water reflected the colors of the sunset like a painting. A mix of green and yellow, the trees surrounded the lake and their leaves rustled in the gentle breeze. We parked the bike on a grassy patch near the edge of the water, and Monster helped me off.

He took my hand and led me to a small picnic table, where a blanket was spread out with a basket of food and a bottle of wine. Having to set it up beforehand, it was clear he put a lot of effort into this evening. It made my heart swell. Our days and nights had been filled with taking care of a

newborn and a toddler. Monster had been given a sort of paternity leave. He said it was a reward for doing his new boss a big favor. But now, it was great to get away. I was thankful to have a constant friend in Sky who watched our babies.

“Jade,” he said when my mouth was full of the most delicious cheese. “I know we’ve been through a lot together. I want to spend the rest of my life making you happy.”

Tears welled up in my eyes as he reached into his cut and pulled out a small box. Opening it up, he revealed a stunning diamond ring that sparkled in the remaining light.

Leaving the bench, he got down by my feet, on both his knees.

“Jade,” he started, taking my hand. “Maren, my Treasure, the mother of my sweet babies, I want you to be my ol’ lady. Will you marry me?”

“Yes, of course!” I exclaimed, throwing my arms around his thick neck.

He chuckled happily, pulling away to slip a ring onto my finger. It was a simple, yet impressive ring with a big diamond in the center. It was gorgeous.

Before the sun disappeared, Monster led me to the water’s edge, and started to strip. I followed suit. We waded in until the water reached our chests. I shivered a bit from the cold, but he tugged me close and wrapped his arms around me, keeping me warm.

Then suddenly, he dove underwater and came up a few feet away, grinning at me.

“Race you to that rock!” he shouted, pointing to a large boulder in the middle of the lake.

I laughed and started swimming as fast as I could, which was slow as a snail. He was already ahead of me. So fast and smooth in the water, he was gliding effortlessly through it until he noticed I was far behind. He hung back on purpose.

Therefore, we reached the rock at the same time, him laughing but me panting. He pulled me up to sit next to him on the rock.

We sat there until the sun was gone, just enjoying the peacefulness of the water. In the dark, Monster spoke up.

“I can’t wait for you to be Mrs. Monster.”

When we named our new baby, he explained that his new name was Jake Monster, some mistake on some paperwork, so she took that last name and became Juniper Monster. Once we got married, I would be Jade Monster. We would be Mr. and Mrs. Jake Monster. The idea made me laugh, but it also felt right.

Then we discussed our daughter’s name. Juniper. It was a name we both loved, and we felt it suited her perfectly. But we also realized that Levi would be left out with his old name, so we talked about changing it as well. We wanted to keep our identities safe, especially as the kids got older and went to school.

“We’ll have to come up with something good, though. We can’t just call him Baby Monster,” he said.

That was what we had been calling him in the meantime. It was growing on me.

“Another Jay name,” he suggested. “It will look great on Christmas cards.”

“How about that, Jay?”

“I like it,” he said, and it was settled.

He took my cheek and kissed me, his hands moving my wet hair back. My hands wandered and quickly found his erection. Crawling on to him right on the rock, I practically attacked him, going for his Monster sized dick. Gingerly, since I had just given birth, we fucked out in the middle of the water, a thrill running through me as I realized I was going to spend the rest of my life with this biker. My monster.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, we made our way back to the shore, ready to start our new life as the Monsters.

The End For Now

**Watch out for more Road Monsters MC to read more
about Hallow and Sky**

&

Check out the next in the RBMC: Nashville, TN series:

[Royal Pain, Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN](#)

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Royal Bastards MC 5th Run

From USA Today Bestselling Author Morgan Jane Mitchell comes the next installment of her Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN Chapter series, Royal Pain.

Biker Prince of the Smokey Rollers MC, Riff was born bad. A biker rat, he was set to inherit the Presidency. But after his father's motorcycle club disbanded, his prospects of ruling one day all but disappeared. That was until he found the Royal Bastards MC in Nashville and quickly became Road Captain. Dead set on taking over for Kingpin one day, Riff has become a Royal Pain around the club. ***All that changes once Mary arrives.***

Finally free of her childhood prison, Mary knows nothing of the outside world, let alone the biker lifestyle at Royal Road. After choosing to leave her Amish family, being offered a job as a live-in nurse seems like a dream come true. She quickly finds out how different things are at Royal Road. Not only different but depraved. The more she learns the more she

questions leaving her Godly home.

Thankfully there's a hot biker around, more than willing to show her the ropes.

Can Riff convince her it's not all bad when the outlaw biker life is all he's ever known?

Riff having something he wants more than becoming President of an MC couldn't come at a worse time as Kingpin's disaster comes to a head. Will his focus on not only showing Mary around but also protecting her from the evils of the club make him miss the perfect opportunity to take the reins from his President?

Pushing Mary away puts her in unknown danger.

Can she ever forgive him? Can he forgive himself? More importantly to Riff, will she stay at Royal Road?

Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN Chapter

Reading Order

[Hallow's Eve \(Hallow\)](#)

[Kissin' Irish \(Irish\)](#)

[Royal Road \(Kingpin\)](#)

[Royal Surprise \(Kingpin\)](#)

[Catchin Levi \(Leviathan\)](#)

[Pagan's X-Mas \(Pagan\)](#)

[Valentines' Eve \(Eve\)](#)

[Royal Pain \(Riff\)](#)

TBA (Opry)

TBA(Villain)

TBA(Thorn)

To read more about the Asphalt Gods MC start with Scar for FREE

[Scar, Asphalt Gods MC](#)

Scar, Asphalt Gods MC

Emery wants to die. Good thing she just ran into a killer. *“They say what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, but that’s bullshit. What doesn’t kill you leaves a scar. More than the eyesore down my torso, I was a scar, the jagged, fucked up remains of a tragedy.”*

Scar’s Nomad status gives him a chance to fulfill his one wish, but his lonely mission is interrupted when a possible one-night stand goes horribly wrong.

“They say what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, but what if I can’t live with myself anymore?”

Finding the blonde face down in a puddle of her own blood jeopardizes everything. Saving her and keeping her quiet could get Scar killed, but when Emery wakes up, her shocking proposal for him to kill her starts the ride of his life.

About the Author

Award winning, USA Today Bestselling Author Morgan Jane Mitchell spent years blogging politics and health trends before she rediscovered her love of writing fiction. Trading politicians for bloodsuckers of another kind, she's now the author of bestselling post-apocalyptic fantasy novel, Sanguis City. Her action-packed series of vampires, witches, demons and zombies is paranormal romance, dystopia, urban fantasy and erotica in one bite. When Morgan Jane is not creating the city of blood or conjuring up other supernatural tales, she's dreaming up erotic and dark romances including her latest bestselling erotic suspense, Asphalt Gods' MC series and bestselling romances, Royal Bastards MC: Nashville, TN series.

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Reading Order

Asphalt Gods' MC

SCAR

Seven Sunsets

Hell on Heelz (standalone)

Sunrise

Cowboy, Take Me

Picking Bones

Lucky Stars

Bone Daddy

Mud

Trax

Snakebite

Hawk

Freedom

Slayer (standalone)

Asphalt Gods' MC series

Hell on Heelz, an Asphalt Gods' MC novel

Morgan Jane Mitchell An Asphalt Gods' MC Novel.
Full length, Stand Alone.

“They say time heals all wounds, but my time’s done run out. I’m no spring chicken, but it’s more than that. I’ve been mad as hell for far too long. It’s made me a different woman, a bitter woman. No, they don’t call me Rage for nothing—I’m a twisting bitch tornado and that’s before you make me mad. When I’m not fuming, I’m secretly festering in suffocating smog of self-loathing. A man did this to me, and now that I’ve finally met another man, one who calms my storm, one I might let break through the thick thorny vines I’ve wrapped around my heart—I fear there’s nothing left of me.”

Edie Pearl better known as RAGE never thought her decision to leave her cheating husband and join the Hell on Heelz would land her as the potential President of the female outlaw motorcycle club when the Banshee is killed. Rage has spent the last two years mad as hell, nursing her broken heart with booze and fast men. When she’s pitted against her fellow heel, Dixie, in a race to track down the Banshee’s killer, she meets the man of her dreams. Mud may be the only man to get her motor running, but he’s also her sworn enemy. Will Rage do the unthinkable and choose a man over her club? Or is time really up for her?

Mud’s been a mess since his twin brother left the Asphalt Gods’ MC. He’d hate to have to kill his own kin. When Scar shows Mud mercy by sparing his brother, he thinks everything will finally be back to normal. He’s proven wrong. A ride to California is interrupted with by the Heelz. After he

leaves his brothers and catches up to his enemy, he finds a beautiful woman, one he cannot resist. Him showing her the same mercy puts him in even more jeopardy. His heart on the line with his life, which road will he choose?

Cowboy, Take Me, Asphalt Gods' MC

Morgan Jane Mitchell

“I’ve been waiting all my life for a Cowboy.” When Cowboy finds Halley outside of the Devil’s Den, it’s a damned dream come true for her, but she’s not alright. With all the double-crossing going down within the Gods, Cowboy hides Scar’s sister away until she’s well and he can get a hold of Scar. He never expected to fall in love. When the two arrive in Tucson, they aren’t alone, and Scar is beside himself.

Picking Bones, Asphalt Gods' MC

Morgan Jane Mitchell

“Suzi was a bone. Like when I hunted one, a piece of my enemy, a substitute would not do... Nothing could satisfy me until I had her again..”

Can a one-night stand lead to a lifetime of love?

Bones heads to California not only to help Cowboy rescue the woman he loves, he’s left something in Texas. Suzi has something that belongs to him. Not his heart. His unborn child means more to him than she can ever know.

Her life finally on track, Suzi doesn't want a thing to do with an outlaw, let alone to raise her baby around one.

Bones, not used to hearing no, does the unimaginable. At least Suzi couldn't imagine being kidnapped and hauled back to Louisiana, especially in her condition.

When they're done picking bones, will Suzi pick Bones?

Bestselling Erotic Romance Table 21 Series In Too Deep (Table 21, Book #1) Morgan Jane Mitchell

25-year-old Loraine Wynters has always been in control. She takes what she wants, from a new man every night -and leaves.

Too bad this has cost her last job and landed her in the local sex addict's support group where she is certain she doesn't belong. Within this group of weirdos, she sees a familiar face. Richard Mahoney may be the gorgeous 30-year-old, successful owner of Table 21, but he has lost more than Loraine could ever imagine because of his obsession. After learning all her secrets, Loraine's new boss Rick is determined to fix her with his own brand of therapy. After digging deeper, Loraine finds that her boss needs more than just physical healing.

Can they repair each other so they can be with other people? With both Loraine and Rick longing for a normal life, will a pact between them be the answer to both their problems? Or are they getting in too deep?

**Bestselling Paranormal Romance, Sanguis City Series
Morgan Jane Mitchell**

Ever wonder what happens *after* the world ends?

Lilanoir Rue did. A mere by product of the destruction, she never knew what had happened before hand either. Banished from the only place she called home, the Human Reservation, she wipes her tears and never looks back.

In a world gone dead, life has never been so good, for some. While others live in chaos, the chosen call Sanguis City home. The rich and powerful found a way to survive The End and to enjoy every minute of it, for eternity. On the brink of a gruesome death from starvation, disease or a hungry mutant, humans flock to sell their blood for peace.

The city of blood, made for and by vampires welcomes Noir, her kind are in high demand. Neither Human nor Vampire, Bleeders take care of the city in the daylight. Draining humans by day and dating Vampires at night leaves Noir little time to think about her past, or much else, until it finds her.