



NITRO'S

Nymph

—•••••—
Last Judgement
Voodoo Kings New Orleans Book 2

CANDI FOX

NITRO'S
Nymph

Candi Fox

OceanofPDF.com

Copyright © 2023 by Candi Fox

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, except in the case of brief quotations in critical reviews, without permission of the author.

This book is a work of fiction. The characters, names, events, and places are fictitious and products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any similarities to actual persons, living or dead, places or events is entirely coincidental.

Edited by: Lily Luchesi

OceanofPDF.com

Special Thank You

A shout out to cover model Tony Brettman who helped me with the development of Trigger. I hope you enjoy the character as much as I enjoyed working with Tony.

OceanofPDF.com

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[NItro's Nymph \(Voodoo Kings MC\)](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[Chapter 42](#)

[Chapter 43](#)

[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Chapter 47](#)

[Chapter 48](#)

[Chapter 49](#)

[Chapter 50](#)

[Chapter 51](#)

[Chapter 52](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Note from the Author](#)

[More Books by Candi Fox](#)

OceanofPDF.com

Voodoo Kings New Orleans

The Brothers

Gambit President
Papa Vice President
Nitro Sgt At Arms
Smoke Enforcer
Decker Road Captain
Dakota Treasurer
Wizard Hacker
Blue Secretary
Outlaw
Boomer
Saber
Wrath
Brick
Angel



Old Ladies/Dames

Stormy Queen/Queenie
Beatrice Red



Prospects

Ito
Pinky
Half-Pint
Trigger



The Dolls/Sweet butts

C hardonnay
Kelsi
Athena
Tawny

P.S. I added two positions to the normal leadership crew. I wanted the roles separated for writing dynamics.



Voodoo Kings Baton Rouge *The Brothers*

C hief President
Trinity Vice President
Bug Hacker
Hammer SGT At Arms
Triton Road Cptn
Sentry Secretary

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

With my President in the hospital holding vigil over his fiancée, I took it upon myself to get the Lafayette children enrolled in school. It appalled me when Bastien told me the children hadn't been at school for months.

My brothers and I took the children in after their no-good father betrayed us and met his demise. At sixteen, Bastian is the oldest of five children. Since his mother's disappearance three years ago, the boy's been both mother and father to his younger siblings.

I called in a few favors from friends and got them transferred to Willow Park, the school system nearest the club. A quick check of my watch revealed I had fifteen minutes until my meeting with the school principal. Bug, the tech guy for the Baton Rouge Chapter, forged documents naming Gambit and his old lady as the kids' legal guardians. When I say forged, the guy still does occasional jobs for the government. He originated documents, added them to the system and back dated it two weeks.

I nodded to the guard, who looked apprehensive about my approach. I gave him a friendly smile.

"Afternoon, Officer. Cash Dawson to see Eileen Jeffrey."

The officer nodded. "Step through the metal detector, Mr. Dawson."

With a smile, I stepped through the metal detector. When I didn't set off the alarm, he waved me through. The brightly lit halls were painted white, while the floor was blue. A large glass display case sat on one side of the school's office doors. Trophies of various types filled it.

On the other side of the door, a bulletin board hung. They'd filled it with notifications. I had a few minutes before my meeting, so I scanned the board. Weekly menus, a list of holidays, teachers' days, and anything else a parent might need to know.



I sat across the desk from Eileen Jeffrey, a handsome woman in her late forties. She kept her salt and pepper cut in a short bob. Longer in the front. Shorter in the back. It framed her face well, giving her brown eyes

added warmth.

She closed the files I'd given her on Remy, Acadia, and Antoine.

"These children have been through a lot. The list you provided me with. Are these men all part of your club?" she asked, indicating my cut.

"Yes, ma'am. Beau Landry is the president of our club. My brothers and I will help take care of the children."

"The whole it takes a village theory?"

"Exactly."

"I'm happy to help in any way I can, Mr. Dawson. Let me give you a tour and introduce you to the children's teachers."

If Ms. Jeffrey was nervous about giving a tour to a biker, she hid it well. I stood up, opening the door for Principal Jeffrey, before following her. She led me to the third-grade teacher first. Mr. Delancy, a man in his early thirties, greeted me with a smile and a firm handshake. We exchanged greetings and chatted briefly before the principal led us to Miss Sowders' kindergarten room.

Daniel Keating, the school's secretary, hurried toward them in the hall. He reminded me of Clark Kent, glasses, smile and all.

"Principal Jeffrey, I'm so sorry to interrupt, but you have a phone call."

"Can it wait? I'm not finished giving Mr. Dawson his tour."

"No, ma'am. I'm sorry, but it's the superintendent. She said it's an urgent matter."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dawson, I have to take this. Mr. Keating can finish the tour."

"Thank you for your time today. Principal Jeffrey."

I turned to Daniel.

"Lead on."

I swear he blushed before he opened the door to the kindergarten room. Eighteen children sat, their backs turned to me, listening in rapt attention as a petite blond read the story of Stone Soup. An old childhood favorite of mine.

I sat in the back on a bench barely large enough to fit myself and Daniel Keating. As she read the story, she called the children one by one to add their ingredients to the soup.

The soup was a large, sturdy plastic cauldron. Each child had a felt ingredient they held in eager hands, awaiting their turns with great anticipation.

I might have a crush. The 1947 classic book was the subject of my first grade book report. Illustrated and written by Marcia Brown. I drilled those words into my brain, afraid I'd forget them. I still haven't.

Miss Sowders' voice and interaction with the children drew me in. I relaxed, leaning against the back wall.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I opened the door, pushing the metal trolley filled with snacks through it. I'd just cleared the doorway when I spotted visitors sitting along the back wall. I recognized the school secretary, Daniel Keating, immediately.

It took a few seconds longer for me to recognize the man beside him. My heart stopped before leaping to my throat. Cash Dawson, a few years older, a few more tattoos, but no less handsome.

I stood there like a deer caught in headlights for a few moments before my instincts kicked in. My eyes flew to the children seated around Miss Sowders, spotting my son's dark head immediately. How was I going to sneak him out of here before Cash saw him? Fuck! I pushed the cart toward the tables in back where the kids ate snacks. It gave me something to do before I screamed. I had to calm down and think of a plan.

If Cash saw EJ, he'd know he was his son. If that happened, EJ would be in danger. My family would be in danger. Even if they turned their backs on me. I wouldn't turn my back on them. I couldn't allow my little sisters to suffer a fate worse than death. All these things and more would happen if Noreen Dawson found out Cash knew.

Wait! If Cash was here, it meant he had a child enrolled. I grabbed the clipboard on the trolley and scanned down the list. There, printed neatly in black and white on the class roster. Two new names listed on the class roster. Acadia and Antoine Lafayette. Twins. Their names didn't match. Maybe he was only dating their mother. But boyfriends don't enroll their girlfriends' kids. No matter how nice they are.

Two invisible daggers pierced my heart. I knew he'd move on. I just didn't think I would have to witness it, much less be in the front row. I worked as an aide in Miss Sowders' class. Besides a paycheck, I got family healthcare and EJ went to school here for free. Books, food and any additional school-related items are all covered.

Oh my god, EJ. I had to get him out of here. Before I had time to do anything, my worst nightmare unfolded before my eyes. I watched as my son stood. He was the tallest kid in the class.

EJ walked to the front of the class, dropping his felt onion into the pot. I'd sewed it and the others for the story. The moment my son turned; I heard a

gasp from the back of the room. My head snapped in Cash's direction. His eyes were firmly glued to my son.

EJ almost made it back to his spot on the floor before he saw me. He raced through the room and threw his arms around me, whispering excitedly.

“Mamá me viste?”

“Sí mijo, estoy muy orgulloso de ti.”

He threw his arms around me, hugging me with all his might. My heart fell to my feet when a tall shadow crossed over us.

“Mijo, go to your seat.” I spoke calmly into my son's ear before standing, before standing and looking into Cash's eyes. “How may I help you, Mr. Dawson? Lisa won't be much longer if you're waiting to talk to her.”

Lisa Sowders, the kindergarten teacher, was in the middle of story time. I watched as emotions stormed across his face. Daniel appeared at Cash's elbow before he spoke. “Is everything alright, Mr. Dawson?”

“Yes, fine, thank you, Daniel. Miss Moreno grew up in my old neighborhood. I thought I recognized her.”

“Oh my, how wonderful,” Daniel gushed. “You two will have to catch up.”

Cash looked at me as he spoke, intent heavy in his voice, “Oh, we intend to.”

The statement made me swallow and take a step back. Lucky for me, Daniel only had eyes for Cash. Miss Sowders ended the story, and I ushered the children to the snack table.

I heard Daniel introduce Cash to Lisa. She was a nice woman. They were about the same age, with Lisa being only two years older, at twenty-six. She took me under her wing my first day here. Lisa is kind and generous. She invited EJ and I to have dinner with her and her husband many times.

I turned my attention to the tables. By the time I had the tables cleaned Cash left. Now I had to make it through the day and figure out where to go. I'd have to make a run for it after work.

There's no way I can let Noreen Dawson carry out her threats against me or my family.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

The next hour was a blur as I completed the tour and filled out the paperwork to get the kids enrolled. I repeated the process two more times before I could deal with the fact that I have a son.

Rage filled me. It was one thing for Lucia to run away from me. To disappear without a word. It's another that she kept my son from me for five years. Fuck! I shot off a quick text to Cosmo.

I need the Wagoneer and a new car seat for a five-year-old. Meet me outside the high school at noon.

His response was immediate.

On it.

My mind was only half on the next two tours. Gambit and Stormy would take the tour again, anyway. Today was just a formality. Plus, I'd be dropping the kids off next week.

Cosmo met me at noon at the high school.

"I need eyes on the elementary school." I pulled up a picture I'd snuck of Lucia and EJ. "Make sure this woman doesn't get out the door without a tail. I'm going to wait by the employee entrance. Hopefully she'll come out that door after school. School lets out at two thirty-five."

If Cosmo had questions, he didn't ask. "On it. I texted the others."

I nodded, handing him the keys to my sled. Not sure if she'd leave early or not, I drove through a fast food place and grabbed food. At two-forty-five Lucia exited the school's back door and headed toward her Toyota Camry. I had Wizard run a quick search with the DMV. I knew the make and model of her car. It now had a hidden tracking device. There was no way she was going anywhere with my son.

When she was halfway across the parking lot, I eased out of the Jeep and met her. Her face showed a mixture of surprise and fear. What was she afraid of? I've never hurt her. She's the one that hurt me. Ripped my fucking heart out to know I had a kid out there I knew nothing about.

"Mamá, what's Mr. Dawson doing here?"

"I'm not sure, honey."

"I'm an old friend of your mom's. A friend of mine has children starting school here on Monday. I thought maybe I could bring you to meet them. That way, they'll know someone in the class."

I'd arranged for Brick and Red to bring the Lafayette kids to a local indoor play area.

"Can we go, Mamá?"

Lucia studied my face, trying to figure out what I was up to. I could tell she was bulking at the idea.

"We're meeting at Mitzi and Earl's."

A new pizza place with an out of this world arcade and animatronic robots. The place was so popular it took months to get a reservation. Not only did we have a reservation, but the club bought the place out for the rest of the night. The Lafayette kids deserved some downtime, and I deserved some answers.

"Por favor, Mamá?"

I could tell the moment Lucia gave in. She sighed; her shoulders dropped in resignation.

"We'll meet you there."

"I can drive us. I even have a car seat for EJ," I said, putting my hand in the small of her back and guiding her toward the car. Her movements were stiff at first, but she kept walking.

Lucia

I thought we'd get away. Then I spotted Cash getting out of a Jeep. One of those fancy new four-door Wagoneers. That didn't surprise me. Cash came from a wealthy family. Wealth was part of the problem. It meant Noreen Dawson had a long reach and I had to figure out how to disappear.

She was a selfish bitch who called me trash. Told me I wasn't good enough for her son. And neither was the thing I was carrying in my womb. Her words rang in my ears.

How do you know it belongs to my son? We all know you spread your legs for every man that looks your way. Was this your plan all along? Getting hired here so you could seduce my son and pass along another man's brat as his? You're disgusting.

Those were her words to me the day I called and asked for my last paycheck. I needed it to get out of town. *Take a deep breath, Lucia*, I chide myself. Maybe he just wants to talk. After all, it's not every day you come face to face with a son you never knew you had. My heart aches for him. I hadn't wanted to keep his son from him.

Maybe if I was older, I could have fought back. Barely eighteen and pregnant with an older man's child out of wedlock, my parents kicked me out as soon as they found out. Marcela, my youngest sister, found my positive pregnancy test in the bathroom trash. She'd accidentally knocked it over and took the strange object to my mother. She was only seven.

"Mamá, what's Mr. Dawson doing here?"

"I'm not sure, honey."

"I'm an old friend of your mom's. A friend of mine has children starting school here on Monday. I thought maybe I could bring you to meet them. That way, they'll know someone in the class."

Fuck. How was I going to get out of this? EJ rarely got to go to indoor playgrounds. Unless you count the ones at the fast-food restaurants. The others all charged. It was an extra activity. We didn't have money to do those things often.

"We're meeting at Mitzi and Earl's," Cash added with a knowing smile.

"Por favor, Mamá?"

And that was the final nail in my coffin. There was no way I could tell EJ no. I'd never afford to take us to Mitzi and Earl's. Inspired by two of the old

Showbiz Pizza characters, the original animatronic ones. I heard another teacher talking about it at lunch yesterday in the lounge. Apparently, it has a waiting list, but the place is phenomenal. They had new animatronic puppets that were designed by a group of former Disney employees. EJ would love it.

“We’ll meet you there.”

“I can drive us. I even have a car seat for EJ,” Cash said with a smile.

Damn the man, he thought of everything. Then again, he always did.

“Okay, mijo, let’s get you buckled in.”

Before I could help my son into the Jeep, Cash had the door open. EJ climbed in with no help, handing his backpack to Cash. My heart ached at the simple gesture. I knew it was unfair to keep EJ away from his father, but what could I do? It’s not just my life on the line. The fate Noreen has planned for me is worse than death. Who knows what she would do to EJ?

Conflicting emotions race through my mind. Cash has our son strapped in the seat in short order and I have no choice but to climb in the passenger side door. He surprises me by closing my door before he gets in the driver’s side.

I wait until we pull out on the road to ask the question.

“Are your twins going to be there?”

“I don’t have twins.”

“Weren’t you at school today to enroll twins in the kindergarten class?”

“Yes. Also, one in the third grade, one in middle school and two in high school.”

“Wait what?”

“It’s a long story. I’ll tell you sometime. Short version, they’re my brother’s kids.”

“You don’t have a brother.”

“Biological, no, but I have several brothers.”

“Does it have something to do with the vest you wore earlier?”

“Yes. It’s called a cut. I’m a patched member of the Voodoo Kings’ motorcycle club.”

“A motorcycle club like the Hell’s Angels or the Mayans?”

He shook his head, a smile turning up the corners of his generous mouth.

“No, those clubs are one-percenters. They’re typically outlaw clubs.”

“Why aren’t you wearing your vest, mean cut, now?”

“We don’t wear them in cages.”

“Cage?”

“It’s what we call other vehicles.”

OceanofPDF.com



OceanofPDF.com

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I spent the rest of the ride explaining about the Kings and fielding questions from my boy. My boy, that thought still blows my mind. I have a five-year-old son.

Lucia seemed skittish about something. I thought at first it was because she didn't want me to know about EJ. That doesn't seem to be the case. Something more was going on here and I planned on finding out what it was.

We arrived at twenty after three. The parking lot held several sleds and another cage. One big enough to fit the Lafayette children, Red, and one of the prospects.

Half-Pint drew kid duty, more often than not. He embraced his duties to the fullest. I even caught him watching episodes of *Little House on the Prairie* with the younger kids. That's how he got his nickname to begin with. Papa caught him watching the show, crying his eyes out when the dog died. We'd razzed him about it for weeks.

I opened Lucia's door before she had a chance to, before getting EJ out of his seat.

"I have a question, little man?"

"Okay, Mr. Dawson."

"How about you call me Nitro?"

"Is that your question?"

I shook my head, smiling. "No. I want to know what EJ is short for?"

"Elijah Javier. Mom says I'm named after my dad and my grandfather. But I haven't met either of them."

My son said those words in such a solemn manner. It broke my heart. That brokered a whole new wave of questions. Questions I needed answers to, and I intended to get them as soon as possible.

"That's a good strong name."

EJ smiled, walked to his mother's side, and took her hand. I saw her give his hand a squeeze.

"Are you ready to go play, mijo?"

"Yes!" my son exclaimed excitedly. The little boy's body vibrated with energy.

I offered to take EJ's other hand. Without hesitating, he put his small hand in mine. At that moment, I understood what pure love was like. I'd do

anything to protect him. To take care of him. I planned to do just that.

Lucia didn't object as I led them inside. EJ's eyes went wide as saucers when we stepped inside the door. The carpet was black with brightly colored planets interspersed to break up the color. A massive ball pit and rideable games set off to one side. On the other side of the room sat the most video games I've seen in one place since the eighty's arcades were in style.

In the center, a few robots rolled through, stopping occasionally to light up. Before moving on. What looked to be a three-and-a-half-foot teddy bear walked toward them. It waved a greeting before saying, "Welcome to Mitzi and Earl's. Please follow me."

The animatronic bear turned and walked toward the center of the building. It led to a room full of tables. At the back of the large room was a set of stages. The curtains were currently down. I knew they'd be up later. The kids needed time to play first.

And I needed to introduce everyone. Not the way I wanted to. Not before I had time to reveal my identity to EJ.

Red and Brick met us half-way across the room. Red smiled, greeting us first. The older woman is good at putting people at ease.

"Nitro, good to see you. Who did you bring with you?"

The warm smile never left Red's face as she looked toward Lucia and EJ. She'd been one of my phone calls earlier. Red had become like a big sister to me over the past month. I respected her opinion. Earlier, I needed ideas on how to talk to Lucia about EJ. I didn't want EJ to overhear anything. This spot was perfect.

"Red, this is a friend of mine, Lucia, and her son, EJ."

Red stepped forward, offering her hand to Lucia. "Pleased to meet you, Lucia."

"Nice to meet you as well, Red. Thanks for letting us tag along."

"Any friend of Nitro's is a friend of ours. This is my husband, Brick."

She bent down toward my son. "You must be EJ."

"I am. Did you see that bear? It talked and walked."

"I did. There are a few more cool things walking around here, too. Would you like a snack before playtime? The other kids are having one now. I can introduce you."

EJ turned his attention to Lucia.

"Please, Mamá. May I go with Miss Red?"

Lucia smiled, ruffling his dark hair. “Yes, you may. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

I watched as Red and Brick led EJ to a side room where the kids were eating a snack before heading to the arcade.

“The place seems a little empty. I heard there’s a waiting list.”

“There is. The club rented out the place for the night.”

“For the Lafayette’s?”

“In part.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

“What do you mean?”
“It’s for the Lafayette children. Those kids have been through hell and back. But It’s not just for them. It’s for EJ. For us.”

“I don’t mean to repeat myself, but what do you mean?”

He gave me a quick half-smile before walking toward the room where the children were eating.

“We needed time to talk. A place where EJ is safe and can’t overhear our conversation.”

My shoulders sagged. I knew this was coming. I needed to tell him something. But what? I sucked at lying. Plus, I didn’t want to lie to him. How could I tell him both his parents threatened me when they found out I was pregnant? A warm hand on my shoulder made me jump.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you, Cia.” His deep bass voice rumbled near my ear. “Are you alright? You looked scared.”

“That’s because I am,” I said, walking away from him and into the room.

EJ sat around a table with five other children. Two men sat back in one corner. They both wore cuts like the one Cash had on earlier. Both a boy and a girl about his age talked to him animatedly. I was pleased to see he had fruit and vegetables on his plate, along with a cookie. A tall glass of milk sat in front of him.

I sat next to him. “Can you introduce me to your new friends, mijo?”

He smiled at me; his blue eyes filled with joy. “Mamá, this is Acadia and Antoine. They start school on Monday. Guess what?”

“What?”

“They’re going to be in Miss Sowders’ class. I told them about Stone Soup.”

“That’s very good, mijo. It’s nice to meet you, Acadia and Antoine. I’m Lucia. I work as Miss Sowders’ room helper. I’ll be seeing a lot of you. “

The twins were shy and said little. I sat and listened to the three of them talk as they finished their snack.

Red, followed by the men in the back, swept all the children outside. They ranged from high school age to the twins in kindergarten. I wondered what their story was.

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I waited patiently, my mind racing through reasons for her fear. She had no reason to be afraid of me. I'd never given her one, nor would I. While I waited for the kids to finish their snack, I watched Lucia interact with our son and the twins.

She impressed me by getting the twins to answer a few questions. Acadia almost never spoke. Antoine spoke for her most of the time. He was protective of his sister. My heart went out to all the Lafayette siblings. Their life had been far from easy. It made me wonder what EJ's life had been like.

Why were he and Lucia in New Orleans? Far from her family. Their family lived not far from mine in Boston. The similarities ended there.

My family was from old money. Something mother never failed to remind me of. Lucia's family was working class and barely kept above water. The biggest reason I kept my relationship with Lucia from my parents. They were both ruthless snobs.

I repeated the last thought again. *They were both ruthless snobs.* Fuck! I wonder if Rickard Dawson had anything to do with my current situation. Thankfully, Red, Half-Pint and Pinky ushered the children out of the room.

Luci looked at the wall. I watched her shoulders stiffen. She knew the time had come. I stopped by the table and loaded a plate with fruit kabobs before sitting it down in front of her.

"Thank you," she said, her eyes downcast.

I couldn't help my need to touch her. Reaching out, I gently cupped her chin. "Look at me, Cia. Please."

Her dark eyes were filled with uncertainty.

"Please don't hate me."

"I could never hate you, but I do need to know why. Why did you leave? All I got was a note that said you fell in love and ran off with some rando I've never heard of."

"What? What note? I didn't leave a note, Eli."

That one word hit me in the gut. Harder than a blow from our enforcer, Smoke. No one called me Eli. Except Lucia. She loved my first name. Hell, my club brothers don't even know Cash is my middle name, not my first, name.

I pulled the note out of my pocket and handed it to her. Earlier, I'd stopped by my room at the compound and retrieved it. She took the paper and read it. Her eyes widened in shock before sorrow filled them.

"I didn't write this. It's not even my handwriting."

She broke down in tears. "It's da minha mãe."

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

Her mother's. No fucking way. I know a few words in Portuguese. Lucia taught me when we were seeing each other.

"Alana wrote this?"

She nodded. Fat tears streamed down her face. "Yes."

I pulled her onto my lap, wrapping my arms around her. Whatever happened, it wasn't pretty. At that moment, I realized it would take time and trust for Lucia to feel safe enough to tell me her story.

I held her while she cried, then wiped her tears with a napkin.

I whispered huskily into her ear, "Marry me."

"What?!"

"Maria eu."

She cracked a smile. Some of the tension left her body.

"When did you learn that?"

"Earlier today, while I waited outside the school."

"Stalker much?"

There's her fire. I was getting worried. Lucia was sweet and calm most of the time. When pushed too far, she had one hell of a temper.

"You haven't said yes. Shall I ask in Spanish?"

Her face turned serious. "I can't marry you, Eli."

"Can't or won't?"

"I, uh..."

"Are you married?"

"What? No!"

"Then you can marry me."

She shook her head, looking down again.

"Cia, look at me."

Lucia kept her gaze downward.

"Lucia, look at me now," I commanded.

Her eyes flew to my face.

"I don't know what happened. I do know you need time and trust to tell me. Whatever it is, I'll protect you. Marry me, Cia. I'll protect you, and so will the Voodoo Kings."

I could tell she was thinking about it. She started to speak several times, then stopped herself.

Finally, she whispered, "It's not just me."

My eyes narrowed. "Who else?"

"EJ and my sisters."

Fuck! I kept the comment to myself.

"I'll take care of them if you marry me. I promise."

"Why?"

"Why will I protect them, or why do I want you to marry me?"

"Yes."

I wanted to say *it's because I love you and I've never stopped*. That trust thing works both ways. Until I know everything, I don't know if I can trust her with my heart.

"EJ needs a father and I need my son. We had something once. Let me take care of you while we get to know each other again."

"Isn't this doing things a bit backwards?"

I smiled. "Maybe. You know I've always forged my own path."

"Okay."

"Okay, you'll marry me?"

"Yes."

"Good, we'll leave tonight."

"Tonight?"

I chuckled, "Yes. You, me and EJ."

"I can't miss work."

"You won't. Plus, Monday is teacher's day."

"I do work there, you know."

"I'm aware. Principal Jeffrey said you don't need to be there on Monday. In fact, she encouraged you to take a day off and catch up with an old family friend."

Lucia slapped my chest. "You charmed her, didn't you? Turned on the old Dawson charm."

"Maybe. Now, why don't we get packed while EJ plays?"

"I don't know any of these people, Eli. I can't leave EJ."

"You know me. Trust me."

"Only if we hurry, and I need to tell him in case he comes looking for me."

"You talk to EJ. I have a couple of calls to make. Meet me by the front doors in ten?"

"Okay."

I reluctantly let her crawl off my lap and head out into the arcade. My first call was to Gambit.

“Nitro, everything okay?”

“Everything’s fine, Prez. I need to make a trip out of town for a few days. We’ll be back Monday morning.”

“We?”

I explained briefly about Lucia, EJ and my suspicions. He gave me the okay to leave. Papa was on his way to help Red and Brick with the kids.

The second call was to my friend Alessandro Grimaldi.

“Cash, good to hear from you. To what do I owe the honor?”

“I’d like to take you up on that plane ride you offered earlier. If you don’t mind two additional guests.”

“I don’t mind. Who are you bringing?”

“My son and his mother.”

“Son? Did I miss something?”

“Only my parents pulling shady shit.”

I told him the story with a few more details. He knew both of my parents. They’d done business together on multiple occasions.

“Did she tell you they were involved?”

“No, she didn’t have to. She’s terrified. I have a gut feeling if I don’t nail her down and protect her, she’s going to take off. She told me earlier the threats weren’t just against her. Whoever it is, they threatened my son and her younger sisters.”

“I’ll look into that for you. In the meantime, you can stay in the penthouse suite at Il Paradiso. My treat.”

“Thank you, Ale.”

“My pleasure, friend. See you soon.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I knew I shouldn't go through with this, but my heart overruled my head. I convinced myself EJ would be safer if he had Cash's name and protection. Should I warn my family? I wouldn't know how, even if I did want to.

My parents cut off all communication with me the day they threw me out of the house. None of my sisters could contact me. My parents were fanatical about checking my sisters' phone for calls and texts. My mother even went online and checked the call and text logs.

I found EJ playing in the ball pit. I let him play for another few minutes before calling him over.

"Mijo, can I talk to you?"

He climbed out of the pit and straight to me.

"Is it time to go?"

"No, not at all. Is it okay if I run an errand with Mr. Dawson while you play some more?"

"Will Acadia and Antoine be here?"

"Yes, they will. Miss Red and Mr. Brick will watch over you. I won't be gone long."

"Okay, Mamá."

I hugged him, kissing him on the cheek before letting him get back to the ball pit.

Red caught my eye and waved me over.

"I'll take good care of him. If you give me your phone, I'll send you a text, and you'll have my number."

"Thank you, Red. We shouldn't be gone long. An hour."

"No problem, the kids are playing. They have plenty to snack on if they get hungry."

On impulse, I hugged Red. She immediately hugged me back. I felt better as I walked toward the building's entrance.

A little over two hours later and I'm boarding a private jet with Cash and EJ. A handsome man in an expensive handmade suit greeted Cash.

He stood up and crossed the jet, shaking hands with Cash.

"Good to see you, my old friend."

“Ale, thank you again for letting us tag along. This is Lucia Moreno and her son, EJ.”

“Pleasure to meet you Lucia,” he said, taking my hand and brushing a kiss across my knuckles. “EJ, it’s nice to meet you as well. Is this your first time flying?”

EJ nodded his head. “Yes, sir.”

“You can call me Mr. Ale if you want.”

“It’s my first time, Mr. Ale.”

Ale offered EJ his hand. “Why don’t you come sit next to me? We need to get buckled up so the pilot can take off.”

I watched my son walk across the jet with Ale. He climbed up in the seat beside him and let Ale help him with the seat belt. Cash put his hand on my lower back, guiding me to the chairs directly across from Ale and EJ.

A flight attendant came out to make sure our seat belts were fastened shortly before the pilot announced takeoff. We were on the runway and in the air in no time. I watched the joy and wonder on my son’s face as we lifted off into the sky. Once we could take off our belts, EJ turned to look out the window.

A few minutes later, he turned towards her again.

“Mamá, I’m hungry.”

In the rush, we’d missed mealtime, which was around six.

Before I could answer, Ale did. “I have a chef on board, little man. What would you like?”

“Could I have a chicken quesadilla?”

Ale looked at me and I nodded.

“You may. I’ll order it for you.”

Ale surprised me by leaving his seat and walking into the galley, rather than call the attendant.

“Eli, how do you know Ale?”

“He’s a business associate. We met at one of Mom’s shindigs. Later that evening, I overheard my parents try to push him around on a deal they wanted. He told them to fuck off and left the party.

“I hurried to meet him outside. After I introduced myself. I told him he was my new hero.”

“We’ve been friends ever since,” Ale added, taking his seat.

“Young man, your quesadilla will be out in a few minutes.”

“Thank you, Mr. Ale.”

“You’re welcome, piccolo,”

“Mamá, what does picalo mean?”

I chuckled, repeating the word slowly. My son spoke three languages.

“Piccolo. It means little one.”

“Very good, Lucia. How many languages do you speak?”

“Seven.”

“That’s impressive.”

I shook my head. “There are over seven thousand languages spoken in the world. I only know seven of the top twelve.”

Ale laughed. It was a deep, rich sound that touched his dark eyes and made them sparkle.

“Oh, Cash. She’s a keeper.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I took Lucia's hand, squeezing it gently. "I couldn't agree more."
EJ? My attention turned to my son. "How many languages do you speak, EJ?"

"Three, but I want to be a fast pollywog like Mamá."

I took a breath to keep from laughing. "Fast pollywog?"

Lucia smiled at her son. The love and pride radiating from her gave her a glow. God, I bet she was radiant during pregnancy. Suddenly, I wanted to see it. I wanted to see her round with my child.

"He means hyper-polyglot. I learn languages easily. When I have time, anyway," she said with a smile.

The attendant brought EJ a quesadilla, a small salad, some sliced fruit, and a glass of milk.

She sat a large quesadilla in between the adults on the table along with plates and bowls. The bowls were filled with salsa, guacamole, and sour cream.

After the attendant left, I leaned across the table toward EJ.

"Do you think you can eat all that, bud?"

He smiled. His grin widened. His blue eyes were shining. "I can try."

"Do a good job and we can ask Mom if you can have dessert."

"Dessert! Oh, Mamá. May I please?"

"Do what Cash says, mijo. Finish all you can."

"But not until I explode, right?"

Lucia laughed. The sound was beautiful. I'd forgotten what that unguarded laugh sounded like. My chest tightened. A crack formed in the wall around my heart.

"Right, mijo. We don't want you to explode. It will make Mr. Ale's plane very messy."

EJ laughed, digging into his meal. We spent the next four hours in easy conversation. EJ finished most of his plate, all of his dessert and passed out an hour into the flight.

My son, fast asleep, lay on the couch in our suite. While I watched, Lucia gazed around in delight as she took in our rooms for the next few days.

"This is beautiful, Eli. I feel like a princess."

I walked up behind her, taking her in my arms. Her back is against my front. “You deserve beautiful things, Lucia?”

She shook her head. “Things like this don’t belong to people like me, Eli.”

“What do you mean?”

“People from the wrong side of the tracks. Gutter trash. Unworthy.”

I could hear the catch in her voice.

“Who called you those names?” I demanded.

“Many, many people.”

“Cia, where are your parents? Why did you move?”

She stiffened before she sagged against me.

“Let me order room service, then you can tell me. I want to talk about tomorrow, anyway.”

“What’s tomorrow?”

“Our wedding day.”

“I’m going to take a shower. Will you order for me?”

“Of course.”

I waited until I heard the shower running to order food. I ordered a dry aged ribeye with all the trimmings for myself and braised beef lasagna for Lucia. She loved pasta and trying new dishes. The dish should be right up her alley. I also ordered a few different desserts and a bottle of their best merlot.

I checked on EJ. He was still fast asleep on the couch. I wanted to move him to his room, but not until I spoke with Lucia. As I looked down at him, I thought about all the memories I missed out on. It was a knife to the gut. Anger churned in my gut. I just needed to know who to direct it at. The more time I spent with Lucia. The more doubt I had, that it was her idea to keep EJ from me. That meant it was on my parents. Question is, which one?

Fuck! I can’t help but think this whole thing begins and ends with me. Lucia was eighteen to my thirty-two. Never in my life would I have imagined being attracted to someone so young. She’d been a light in my darkness. I had less than a year left of my last tour when my grandfather, Gerald. I was devastated enough to let my father pull strings and got me an extended leave of absence. Gerald and Gigi were the one who raised me. Neither parent could be bothered with the needs of a child. Poor little rich kid with a slew of nannies and no one to love me. Until Gigi stepped in on my fifth birthday.

She swept in one day, insisting my nannies pack my bags. While she was having my things packed, grandpa Gerald cornered my parents in their office

and told them they were taking me.

Lucia was a balm to my wounds. She was sweet. Wouldn't know how to play a game even if she wanted to. Honest to a fault. Didn't give a fuck about my money. Achingly beautiful from the inside out.

The sound of soft footsteps brought me out of my thoughts. My mouth watered when I spotted Lucia walking toward me. She wore a spaghetti strap tank and sleep shorts with Minnie Mouse on them. Her nipples pushed against the thin material, and I could tell they were hard. I drank in her curves. Long legs, curvy hips and ass, and a beautiful rack.

My cock hardened, pressing painfully against the zipper of my jeans.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I took a quick shower, though I wanted to stay in here until the hot water ran out and I started to make sense out of this day. To say it was a whirlwind was a gross understatement of facts. It had been nearly six years since the last time I saw Cash.

The only man I've ever loved. He's here, in the other room, and we're getting married. *He's only doing this to protect you and EJ*, I remind myself. Then again, I knew Cash would want to be a father to EJ. We'd talked about having kids together in the future. Before he left.

Neither of us knew I was pregnant when he was suddenly deployed. He was on bereavement leave and was suddenly recalled. I would have waited. I loved him with all my heart. Tears slipped down my cheeks. I quickly washed them off in the hot water. Could he protect us from his parents? Could I trust him? Tell him everything. Maybe I'm making a mistake.

Maybe I should've run. I thought about it earlier. I thought about telling Miss Sowders I didn't feel good, and I was taking EJ with me. Instead, I finished out the day. I'd planned to figure out my next move after I tucked my son in for the night.

Here we were in Las Vegas. EJ was sound asleep on the couch, and I was stalling. I hurried through my shower, dressing in my favorite sleep set. It was pink, soft, and ultra-comfortable. It also had Minnie Mouse silkscreened on the front. What I didn't count on was the look in Cash's eyes when he spotted me. My nipples instantly hardened when I saw the fire in his eyes. Things low in my body tightened in response.

My breath caught in my throat as Cash closed the distance between us, taking me into his arms. His lips crashed down on mine in a kiss that stole my breath and made my knees buckle. His hands came around to cup my ass. A knock sounded out the door.

Cash tore his lips away from mine, swearing. He opened the door to find room service. The bellhop unloaded the cart laden with domed dishes on the suite's table before leaving.

Cash turned to look at me, hunger still plain on his face.
"You must be starved."

My stomach chose that time to growl loudly in response before I said anything. He held out his hand to me.

“Come eat, Cia.”

I sat in the chair he indicated. Cash pushed me in before taking a seat next to me. He poured us a generous glass of wine. Then uncovered all the dishes. It smelled amazing.

“This smells delicious.”

“It’s braised beef lasagna. Do you still like trying new dishes?”

“I do. Thank you.”

We ate in silence for the next few minutes. I was starved and grateful for the time to stuff my face. After I polished off my dinner, I noticed he’d ordered three desserts. I’d had at least half the bottle of wine and I was feeling it. But I had a killer sweet tooth.

“Which one is yours?”

“Whichever one you don’t want.”

“Will you split the chocolate cake with me?”

We finished the chocolate cake and wine before Cash carried EJ to the second bedroom. He woke up as we tucked him in. I crawled beside him to get him back to sleep and fell asleep beside him.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I got four hours of sleep before I closed my bedroom door and started planning a new surprise. Until I saw Lucia in her Minnie Mouse sleep shorts last night. I'd forgotten she always wanted to go to Disneyland. She and her sisters kept a Disney dream journal.

By six in the morning, we were on Ale's private plane on our way to Anaheim, California. The flight was a little over an hour. We made early check-in and character breakfast by eight. I'm not sure who was more excited, EJ, who bounced around to all the characters, or Lucia, who had her picture taken with Minnie Mouse half a dozen times.

After breakfast, a young woman in a staff uniform approached us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dawson?"

"That's us."

She handed me a thick manila envelope. "This arrived at the front desk for you. I wanted to make sure you got it as soon as possible."

I looked at her name tag. "Thank you, Mandy."

I spotted an empty table, taking Lucia by the hand. I led us to the table. EJ had a hold of his mother's hand. Opening the envelope, I pulled out the contents. Two new Disney Visa cards, along with a new driver's license. Lucia's new social card would arrive back home in a few weeks. COVID slowed the process down to a near crawl. Thankfully, I still had a few contacts in the government. What I didn't have, Chief's, the president of the Baton Rouge chapter, hacker had. Bug still did the occasional job for Uncle Sam.

I tucked one card in my wallet before handing the other two items to Lucia. Her eyes grew wide when she looked at the card and new I.D.

"How did you do this? I don't need a credit card, Eli."

"We're in Disneyland on our first vacation together. Use the card. We have all kinds of perks for the next couple days. Let's make the most of it, Cia. Let's make memories."

"How did you get this?" She indicated the license.

"I have a few friends."

"But we aren't married yet."

"You're marrying Mamá?" EJ asked excitedly.

Well, the cat was out of the bag now. I smiled at my son. We needed to tell him soon. Tonight, after he went to sleep, I'd talk to Lucia about it.

"I am if it's alright with you, EJ. I'd like to marry your mom and take care of both of you."

EJ looked from me to his mother a few times before he answered.

"Do you promise to make her smile? She's sad sometimes. And I can't make her feel better."

My heart broke, and I looked at Lucia. Unshed tears shined in her dark eyes.

"I promise to do my best, okay?"

"Okay, you can marry **Mamá.**"

We headed to *Pirates of the Caribbean* first. Apparently, my son is in love with pirates. He wants to be Jack Sparrow when he grows up. Minus the rum. We skipped the Haunted Mansion, took the train ride, and headed to Critter Country.

After lunch, Lucia wanted to head back to the hotel and let EJ take a nap. The plan was perfect. I had set up a few spa treatments for her. A facial and massage. They'd also do her hair and makeup for tonight. I had reservations for dinner and a judge meeting us at Paradise Pier

Lucia agrees to let me stay with EJ while he naps and goes to the spa. She knows we're getting married tonight, but she doesn't know the details. I wait until she's going before calling Gambit.

He picks up on the second ring.

"How's Vegas?"

"We're in Anaheim now. I need to marry her, Gambit, to protect her."

"When?"

"Tonight."

"I'll let Stormy know."



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I feel like I'm living a dream. Maybe I should ask the massage therapist to pinch me. Just to make sure I'm not dreaming. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop. For Cash to be angry with me for keeping his son from him.

He had to be angry with me. How could he not be? How could he not hate me for keeping EJ from him. But I had to. I had to protect him from Rickard and Noreen Dawson. I shivered.

"Are you cold, Miss?"

"No, I'm fine, thank you."

The massage and facial were heavenly. When they finished. They ushered into a chair where a makeup artist and stylist began working on me. By five, I headed up to the room. EJ and Cash were watching cartoons.

"Mamá, I like your hair."

"Me too," Cash added. "There's something for you on the bed in our room."

I heard Cash speak with EJ. "Will you be alright for a few minutes, little man?"

I walked into the bedroom I should have shared with Cash last night. I was beyond exhausted when I fell asleep behind EJ. A large dress box sat on the bed along with a shoe box and a gift bag.

Cash stood behind me. He placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Go ahead, Cia. Open it."

I walked to the bed with him behind me. I pulled the lid off the dress box. I'd only ever seen other people do this before. The tissue paper was ivory with a gold foil sticker holding it closed. With quick movements, I broke the foil seal and pulled back the tissue paper. A gasp tore from my throat. In the box lay a white satin dress with gold embroidery on the bodice.

Large arms wrapped around me to help me pull the dress from the box.

"This is the most beautiful dress I've ever seen. Where did you get this on such short notice?"

"It's Gigi's. Her gift to you since she couldn't be here."

"Your grandmother Gigi?" I asked in awe and not a little shock.

"The same."

"Is this the dress your mother wanted to wear on her wedding day?"

Cash's smile increased. "It is."

I quickly wiped the tears from my eyes. The mascara might be waterproof, but the rest of my makeup was not.

Cash grabbed a Kleenex from the bedside table and handed it to me. “Hey now. I don’t want you to cry.”

“Happy tears. I’m shocked. Surprised. Stunned.”

“Gigi’s always liked you. She can’t wait to get to know you better. And she’s over the moon about EJ. Now, do you need help to get dressed?”

“I guess we don’t have to worry about you seeing the dress before the wedding.”

Shortly before six p.m. we walked down to the lobby, Cash and I each holding one of EJ’s hands. We strolled through the lobby and to the front doors.

“Look Mamá, a horse.”

Parked in front of the doors, a Cinderella carriage pulled by four white horses.

“Oh, Eli,” I said as tears pricked my eyes. “I can’t believe you remembered.”

He remembered me telling him I wanted a princess wedding. I don’t understand. I thought he was marrying me to protect me and EJ. My family had little money. I went to work when I turned thirteen and could get a permit. I worked my way through high school. A fairytale wedding was just that, a fairytale. Something I could never achieve.

A Disney wedding, only in my wildest dreams. Until today. I’ve dreamed of getting married in a big princess gown with all my friends and family surrounding me. A familiar ache begins in my chest. My family’s not here to see me married. Then again, they disowned me. The carriage took us down main street, people waved and smiled. A few children tugged on their parents and pointed out the carriage.

I felt like a princess in Gigi Dawson’s designer gown. It was not only stunning, but in nineteen fifty-seven it would have been risqué.

The strapless gown left my shoulders completely bare. The dress hugged my curves, flaring out in a dramatic fishtail with a small train. The gown was entirely white satin with the cold embroidery on the bodice and going down each side. Several minutes later, the carriage stopped in front of Sleeping Beauty’s castle. A man dressed like a nineteenth century footman opened the door of the carriage.

Cash got out first before helping EJ next, then finally me. EJ walked in between Cash and I holding our hands. He and Cash had on matching dark suits with wine-colored ties and vests.

He led us to the castle courtyard. It was set up for an intimate ceremony. White fairy lights sparkle everywhere, lighting up the courtyard. As the sun fell, and gave way to darkness. Angel's trumpet hangs down from an arch. White lights twinkled in between the flowers' soft petals, giving them a soft glow. Arrangements of peonies, white city Spanish bluebells, and chrysanthemums, mixed with white tulips and roses.

The path lit softly with white candles. A handsome black man in his mid-fifties stood under the arch. He greeted us with a smile and a nod as we approached. He was two inches over six feet. With wide shoulders. His close-cropped hair had a little gray around the temples. He wore a dark suit similar to Cash and EJ's only he wore a gold vest and cummerbund.

"Cash, good to see you again. Who is this enchanting creature and handsome young man?" the man said, extending a hand.

Cash took his hand. "Judge Jenner, thank you for coming on such short notice."

The judge smiled at me when my curiosity may have gotten the best of me.

Cash put his arm around me, pulling me closer. "Rudy, this is my fiancée, Lucia Moreno. Lucia, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, Judge Rudolph Jenner. And this is her son, EJ."

The judge offered me his hand. I shook. Then he offered his hand to EJ.

"Pleasure to meet you both. Are you ready to get married?"

"Yes."

We stood facing the judge. Cash on my left and EJ on my right. The words were all a blur. I didn't even look at my ring until after he said *you may kiss the bride*.

Cash pulled me in for a kiss. It wasn't a small peck, either. He devoured my mouth, sending waves of fire shooting through my body. By the time he finished, my legs were jelly.

He wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me to his side. With his other hand, Cash reached out for EJ, pulling him to our side before addressing the judge. He handed the man an envelope.

"Would you care to join us for dinner, Rudy?"

"I'd love to, if I'm not intruding."

“Please, I’d love you to join us,” I added.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

There's a change of clothes waiting for Lucia inside the castle, and an armed guard waiting to take Mimi's jewelry back. I helped her out of the dress while EJ played on a Leap pad. Lucia was big on education and limiting game time. She quickly changes into the dress waiting for her. It's a wine-colored replica of Marilyn Monroe's famous dress.

I have a golf cart waiting to take us all to Catal, where we have dinner reservations. I thought Lucia would appreciate it more than a fancy sit down dinner for four. When we're all seated. Lucia leans toward EJ as he holds the large menu in his hands. His eyes light up when he lands on something.

"Mamá, they have paella. Will you share it with me?"

"Of course, mijo."

"He eats paella?"

"A friend of ours is an aspiring chef. She tests all her new dishes out on us. Plus, I have a family recipe for paella. It belonged to my abuelita."

EJ impressed me. I watched him dig into carpaccio with a pungent goat cheese and pickled mustard seeds. He also ate grilled octopus and crispy calamari. When we finished, the server brought out champagne for the adults and sparkling cider for EJ. Along with a bolo nuvem de coco cake. A Brazilian delicacy. Lucia's father Ramon is from Southern Spain while her mother is from Rio.

Lucia's eyes lit up, but EJ's eyes went wide. A smile splitting his handsome face.

"Coconut cloud cake!"

I walked Rudy outside while Lucia took EJ to use the bathroom and wash his hands.

"That's a beautiful family you have there, Cash."

"I plan to keep it that way."

"I'll put the papers through the official channels in the morning. I'll text you as soon as it's in the system."

"Thanks, Rudy."

"No need to thank me, Cash. It's what friends do for each other. Now, go enjoy your wife. That little one is all but asleep."

"It's past his bedtime."

An hour later, I'm drinking a glass of sangria, waiting for Lucia. She excused herself to change ten minutes ago. I wonder if she's getting cold feet. I've seen the way she looks at me. I'm confident my wife is attracted to me. My wife: I need a minute to take that in. It was easy enough to ask, plan and hell, even marry Lucia. But now that it's done, I don't know what the fuck to expect. That rubs me the wrong way on many levels.

She denied writing the letter and I believe her. Her mother betrayed her. That's fucked up on so many levels. Noreen is no angel, I know that. Did my mother force Lucia to leave knowing she carried my child? Is my father part of this? Rickard is a dick, but he'd been far more of a father to me than Noreen a mother.

I had Wizard and Bug doing a deep dive on both my parents. I need to know how to protect my wife and child from all dangers. Including them.

The sound of a door opening caught my attention. Lucia stood in the bathroom's doorway. Her lush curves illuminated by the light. My breath caught in my throat as I took her in. She wore a white nightie with thin straps that brushed the top of her thighs. It was made from a sheer white mesh with tiny polka-dots. It was completely see-through except for her breasts. Each one cupped in an embroidered water lily. A duplicate lily cupped her pussy, the patch held up by thin straps.

My cock tried to push through my zipper. Lucia stood shyly in the lit doorway. I motioned for her.

"Come here, Mariposita."

I didn't think my dick could get harder, but it did. I devoured her with my eyes as she closed the distance between us. Her eyes cast down as she stopped before me. I gently lifted her chin until our eyes met.

"Why so shy, Cia?"

"My body has changed, Eli." She breathed. Her lower lip trembled.

I brought my lips down on hers, taking one hand and placing it on my crotch. I wanted her to feel what she does to me. When I broke the kiss, I could still see shadows of doubt on her face.

"Baby, I don't care if you have stretch marks. Or if your boobs aren't as perky as they were before; you had our son. You brought life into this world. Fuck, I don't even care about the men. I want you. Just as you are."

"What men?"

"The ones you've been with since EJ was born."

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I grasped his face with my hands, making sure our eyes met. Much as he had mine earlier.

“There are no other men. You’re the only man I’ve ever wanted. The only one I’ve been with or will be with.”

I watched the information sink in. Cash grabbed me, lifting me in his arms. He carried me to the bed. After he placed me on the bed, he brushed a kiss across my lips before trailing kisses down my chin. The kisses continued down my throat to the hollow.

He bit down, not too hard, but enough to elicit a gasp.

“You fucking amaze me, Lucia Dawson. One day, my sweet wife, you will trust me with what happened.”

I started to protest. He kissed my lips, silencing me. “Let’s worry about it later.”

To prove a point, he palmed one breast while nibbling on my neck. Two things he knew drove me crazy. I arched my back, pushing into his mouth and hand. My body ignited at his touch. I’d craved his touch for almost six years. He invaded my dreams at night. But this is much, much better than my dreams.

“It feels like I’ve waited forever for you to touch me again.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I woke up deliciously sore after a night of lovemaking with my husband. I had to pinch myself to make sure this wasn't a dream. *Ouch*. Okay, not a dream. I sat up, looking around. Cash wasn't here. Listening, I heard voices coming from the main part of our suite. He must have gotten up with EJ and let me sleep in. We had plenty to do today. I swung my legs over the bed and hurried to the bathroom.

My thoughts were going a million miles an hour. The last few days were a blur. EJ and I went from being alone in the world to becoming a family with the one man I never thought I'd see again. He said he'll protect us but will he once he finds out his mother is the one that put the fear of God in me? I knew Noreen Dawson would carry through with her threats. The woman had no scruples. Not when it came to protecting her precious boy. And I was not good enough for him in her eyes. No, she wanted Cash to marry an heiress or some other important person in their world.

I hurried through my morning routine before joining the men. Cash rolled a trolley filled with serving dishes toward the dining table. EJ saw me first.

"Morning, Mamá."

"Good morning, mijo."

Cash placed a kiss on my brow, sitting a domed covered plate in front of EJ and me.

"Eat up. We have a lot to do today."

I lifted the dome, revealing a stack of Minnie Mouse pancakes. My eyes met his. Cash winked at me before removing the dome covering his plate. EJ eagerly dug into his own Pluto pancakes complete with sliced strawberries and fresh cream. I reached for the syrup, pouring a generous amount on the pancakes before taking the first bite. Flavors exploded across my taste buds. The sweetness of the pancake mixed with dark chocolate and banana.

"You remembered my favorite?"

"I remember a lot of things, Cia."

Cash's blue eyes were filled with a mixture of emotions. Among them pain. Pain I caused. He may have married me, but will he ever forgive me for keeping his son from him?

"Thank you, Eli. These are amazing. This whole weekend is amazing. Crazy, but amazing."

He chuckled.

“This is the best weekend ever, Mamá. Thank you, Mr. Cash.”

That shadow of pain that darkened Cash’s blue eyes was like a dagger straight to my heart. I did that. I caused pain to the only man I’ve ever loved. The only man I’ve ever been with. I took his hand in mine. My eyes question his. He shook his head. We needed to tell EJ soon. I’d wait until Cash and I talked about it. Honestly, I had no idea how my son was going to take the news. Part of me wants to do it now. Rip the band aid off.

“You’re welcome, EJ. I’m happy for all of us to be here together.”

“I like you, Mr. Cash. You’re nice and you make my mamá smile. I’ve never seen her smile like that.”

“Thank you. That’s quite a compliment.”

“Mamá, where are we going first?”

“Where do you want to go, mijo?”

“Frontierland!”

“Is that alright with you, Eli?”

“Fine with me. You finish eating. I’ll get EJ cleaned up and dressed.”

“I can dress myself, Mr. Cash. You can help me pick out what to wear. Mamá always helps me corinate.”

“Coordinate, mijo.”

“Yeah, that.”

Cash laughed. “I’d be happy to help you coordinate.”

I watch them walk away from the table. EJ slipped his small hand in Cash’s much larger one. My heart ached again for their loss. Neither one can ever get back what I’ve stolen from them. Unbidden, tears slipped down my face. I’m a horrible person. I should have fought harder. Found a way around Noreen. I was terrified and not thinking. It’s no excuse. I stole too many moments from the two people I loved most in the world.

All these years, I pushed the feelings aside. Justified them with our safety. Seeing them together, I wasn’t so sure I made the right choice. Could Cash have protected us then? EJ’s giggles brought me out of my pity party. I put a cover over my unfinished pancakes and went to the bathroom to wash my face.

On our way to Frontierland, EJ begged to visit the shops on Main Street. After the third shop, Cash made me go outside before they rang up the total. I kept insisting he was spending too much. He said he had caught up to me and shooed me outside. After the whirlwind shopping spree, he had all the bags

taken back to our room and we finally made it to Frontierland. Our first stop was a ride on Mark Twain's riverboat, then almost two hours in the shooting gallery.

Cash finally called it quits when EJ's stomach growled loudly.

We made a beeline for River Belle Terrace. I read over the menu a third time, helping EJ with words when he needed it. He decided on the Mark Twain. A scrambled egg skillet with bacon, sausage, and potatoes. I chose the Hot Honey Fried Chicken Benedict. And Cash ordered two lobster rolls.

"I like breakfast for lunch, Mamá."

I laughed, brushing the hair from my son's forehead. "You love breakfast anytime, mijo."

"Do you like breakfast food when it's not breakfast, Mr. Cash?"

"I do, EJ. I love breakfast food for any meal. What's your favorite?"

"Pancakes."

"I love pancakes," Cash says, smiling at my son.

The easy conversation continues as we wait for our food and through the meal. I push back my plate.

"I'm stuffed."

"Me too," Cash says.

"Me three."

"Where to next?" Cash asks EJ.

"I want to go to Tom Sawyer's Island and see the pirates."

EJ walked between Cash and me, all holding hands. Cash maneuvered us through the crowd with ease to our next destination. We boarded a large raft with a dozen other people. The raft, an eighteen-minute ride, took us to Tom Sawyer's Island. I'd read the books to EJ since he was a baby. They'd been a favorite of mine growing up and I wanted to share my joy with EJ. I was thrilled he enjoyed the stories as much as I did. Not to mention the new addition of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* theme. They even have someone dressed as Captain Jack Sparrow to take pics with.

The next two hours flew by as we explored the Island. My boys got sidetracked first at the shooting gallery. Then the canoe boats. It easily held twenty people. It was fun though we got turned around a few times when the wrong side rowed and turned us backwards.

From there, we headed to the area with caves. I followed EJ through the caves with ease, but Cash couldn't fit through all the tight spots.

EJ's laughter bounced off the cave like walls and filled my heart with happiness. I hurried after him, thankful I was small enough to fit. My son hurried ahead through the smaller spaces. Cash said he'd meet us on the other side of the cave with some drinks. For the next several minutes, EJ and I explored the cave. Sometimes together, sometimes with him a little ahead. He got excited and managed the smaller spaces better than me. We were nearly outside. My sides hurt from laughing so much. What an incredible day. These past two days with Cash were like a dream.

"Mamita, can I run to Mr. Cash? I can see him."

I chuckled. My son was a little farther from me than I thought.

"Si, mijo. I'll catch up."

Rough hands grabbed me from behind. A large hand went over my mouth.

"Say a word, bitch, and I'll slit your throat."

I nodded, pretending to go along with my attacker for a split second. The man relaxed his grip. I dropped using my elbow to smash the man in the nuts. As he bent over in pain, I came back up, using the back of my head to smash his nose. I heard a sickening crack and felt sticky drops of blood on my neck.

Flight mode kicked in as the attacker roared behind me, both in pain and chase. I dodged into the smallest hole I knew I could easily fit through. Cursing and heavy footsteps followed behind me.

With a nimbleness I didn't know I possessed, I dropped through a small hole to a landing before tucking headfirst into another passageway. Seconds later, I was on my feet and headed out of the cave. Tears flowed down my face as I spotted EJ standing beside Cash. I didn't slow down until I wrapped my arms around them.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I smiled as EJ led Lucia into the Pirate's Lair cave. After they disappeared from my sight, I found a stand selling frozen pineapple whip. By the time I stood in line to grab three cones, I just made it to the exit before EJ came running out giggling.

"Are you having a good time, EJ?"

"Yes, Mr. Cash. So much fun. Gracias."

"I'd like it if you would just call me Cash. Would you like a pineapple whip?" I ask, offering him one.

"Yes, please Mr.— I mean, Cash."

"Where's your Mamá?"

"She's not far behind. We were playing and she said I could go ahead when I saw you. The holes are too small for her where I came through."

Lucia had done an amazing job, so far, of raising our son. EJ was polite, thoughtful and nothing like I was at his age. I was a holy terror who went through half a dozen nannies by the time I reached my son's age. Both my parents made sure I knew who I was and how important our family was.

My son wasn't even five yet. His birthday was December eleventh. I wondered if Lucia had anything planned yet. I had five birthdays to make up for. Not to mention Christmas and vacations. All the things I'd missed with him. A fresh wave of anger passed over me. I missed out on so much because my parents were fucking controlling assholes. Well, that stopped now. I'd already made sure my marriage was leaked to a certain someone. That person no doubt wasted no time in reporting to his mistress, my mother. Any minute now, I expected a phone call from her. She'll be losing her shit, no doubt.

Movement from the exit drew me from my thoughts. It's Lucia, exiting the Pirate's Lair. Her face filled with terror. She sprinted to us, throwing her arms around us before bursting into sobs.

"Cia, what's wrong."

"Men." She tried to draw a breath to answer but didn't get the chance before a group of three men rushed out. They stopped to look around before spotting us and heading in our direction. I gently untangled myself from Lucia's arms.

"Stay behind me, Cia."

I glanced around, relieved to see we were alone. Other tourists could walk this way. I had to make this quick. Without time to dispatch these dirtbags, I pulled the gun from the small of my back. As soon as they spotted the gun, the goons froze.

“I suggest you boys move along.”

I noticed one of them had blood dripping from his nose. His movements were ginger as if he were in a great deal of pain. As they made their decision, I scoped each of them out for telltale bulges. Before they could answer, a family came out of the attraction between them. I slid the gun away quickly, covering it with my shirt. My eyes never strayed from the three goons as they left with the crowd.

Another group followed the family. I could hear others approaching the exit as well.

“As soon as I’m sure they’re gone, we’re heading back to the hotel, then home.”

I drew Cia to my side. She nodded in agreement. I drew her to my side. She was shaking.

“It will be alright, Mariposita. EJ, can you hold your mom’s other hand on the way back?”

“Si. Is something wrong?”

“Yes, there is, but it’s complicated.”

“Grown up stuff?” my son asked. His eyes are so like mine and filled with emotion.

“Grown up stuff. I’ll explain what I can as we walk.”

“Alright.”

“Those three men that came out after your mamá. Can you help me keep an eye out for them?”

“Si. Did they do something bad, Mamá?”

Lucia started to answer. I squeezed her hand.

“I think they scared her, EJ. Let’s give her some time to calm down before she explains what happened.”

“That’s a good idea. Mamá always lets me cálmate before we talk.”

“Your mamá is wise.”

I scanned the crowd as we headed back to the raft. The ferry boat is the only way on and off the island. We kept with crowds keeping us in view of as many people as possible.

As soon as we were safely on the raft I pulled out my phone and reached out to a friend.

“Ale, we need some protection to meet us at the hotel. I’ll need them to stay with us until we reach the airport.”

“Consider it taken care of, my friend.

We landed at a private airstrip not far from the clubhouse. Four of my brothers waited for us on the tarmac. Smoke, the club’s enforcer, waited along with Boomer, Wrath and Outlaw.

I stopped at the bottom of the steps with my new family. “Brothers, good to see you. I’d like you to meet my wife Lucia and this is her son EJ. Lucia, this is Smoke, Boomer, Wrath and Outlaw.”

Each of my brothers stepped up and shook hands with Lucia before bending down to greet EJ with a fist bump, or high-five.

“Pinky drove the cage. He’ll get your luggage loaded into the back,” Smoke said. “The Hen and Rooster parties are tonight. Since you’re back, you’ll need to show your face. Lucia’s invited to the hen party. Kids are covered if EJ doesn’t mind a sleepover with the Lafayette kids.”

“Acadia and Antoine? Oh, can I, Mamá? Por favor?

“Si, mijo.”

I guided us to the SUV. We were loaded and on the road in five minutes. Outlaw ran point with Smoke directly in front of us. Boomer and Outlaw brought up the rear of our small entourage.

“Cia, will you be okay at the Hen party?”

“I don’t know anyone, but I’ll do my best.”

“It will be low key. Stormy, the bride, got out of the hospital this afternoon.”

“Poor dear.”

“I’ll shoot off a text to the groom’s sister, Nola. She’ll know what the details are for the party. I think it starts in an hour and a half.”

“I don’t have anything to wear.”

I smiled, reaching out I took her hand in mine. “You have some things at the compound. I sent Nay a picture of you and your sizes. She and Kelsi bought you some things. They also helped the prospects pack some things for you and EJ.”

“Who are Nay and Kelsi, and what are prospects?”

“Prospects are guys who want to become patched members of the club. They prospect for us for a year. In that time, the tasks we give them should

test their limits and their loyalties. We take our brotherhood seriously. Every man in the Voodoo Kings would lay down their lives to protect me. To protect you and EJ. I'd do the same for any of them. Not everybody that wants it is a fit. Not all have what it takes to forge another link in our chain."

"They basically do everything you tell them to do?"

"Exactly."

"Pinky, the young man in the back seat, is a prospect?"

"That's right. He's yours for the night to boss around. He'll drive you and the girls tonight as well."

"Who's joining you tonight, Pinky?"

"All of us, Nitro. We're all on duty."

"Makes sense. Where's the party?"

"It's set up at the clubhouse. They transformed one of the secondary meeting rooms. Stormy went straight from the hospital to rehearsal dinner. Gambit's only giving her two hours before tucking her in for the night. Doesn't want her to overdo it."

"What about the Rooster party?"

"It's in the Woodshed."

The Woodshed? The piece of shit that kidnapped and drugged Stormy must still be breathing. Gambit's plan is to torture the guy a day for every year he tormented Stormy. The Woodshed is where we take our prisoners. A place where we can interrogate them. Then take care of the bodies. Men like Tyler Barnes the third, or turd as we liked to call him. The man was a rapist, a kidnapper, and helped his father run a human trafficking ring.

"Eli, who are Nay and Kelsi?"

"They're two of the club girls."

"Club girls as in las hija de puta?"

"This is a conversation best left for adult ears."

"Are you trying to shush me in front of my own son?"



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I can't believe he expects me to live under the same roof as the women he's slept with. Not only that, but those women had also been in my home. They packed my belongings and shopped for me. I didn't want to seem like an ungrateful bitch but in what world is it okay for his past conquests to be a part of our life?

I didn't want to disappoint EJ or derail Stormy's wedding plans. I didn't know the woman, but it sounds like she's been through the ringer. She deserved the wedding of her dreams to the man she loves. We arrived at the compound. An old art déco hotel that's been turned into a clubhouse slash home for the Voodoo Kings, their family, the prospects, and the bunnies.

The way Cash talked about the living situation; everyone is one big family. How am I expected to smile and be a family with the women's my husband's fucked. He'd introduced me to his brothers as his wife earlier, but they were keeping their marriage low key. Neither of us wanted to upstage Stormy and Gambit's wedding.

My family disowned me because I had sex before marriage. Because I became pregnant out of wedlock. Yet, Cash expects me to be cool with women he's fucked. Women he still may fuck for all I know. It's not like he married me, because he loves me. He married me to protect us. EJ and me. While I hadn't come out and named his parents as the blackmailers, I suspected he knew.

When we were together before, Cash wasn't blind to his parents' machinations. They tried to set him up with one socialite or another the entire time he was home on leave.

He left half an hour ago to meet with Gambit while I got ready for tonight's party. According to the text Nola sent to Cash, most of the women were wearing casual dresses.

I'd rifled through all the purchases the club girls had gotten on my behalf, surprised to find everything to my taste. I settled on a beautiful beige cashmere sweater dress. I'd never had anything cashmere before. It feels like heaven against my skin. I paired the dress with black boots. The lace-up boots ended a couple inches above my ankles with the heel and toes exposed. I had just enough time to paint my toenails black. It looked better with the boots than the previous color.

“Lucia, Nola has arrived,” Pinky called from the living room.

Cash had a two-bedroom suite on the third floor of the remodeled hotel. I hurried out of the bedroom. A young woman with dark hair and blue eyes dressed in a dark blue long-sleeved tee-shirt dress waited for me. She smiled when she saw me closing the distance between us. I found myself in a hug. I returned the embrace. Some of the tension left my shoulders.

“I’m Nola, pleased to meet you. Your pictures do not do you justice, girl. How did a slouch like Nitro land a hottie like you?”

“Thank you, Nola,” I said, red coloring my cheeks. “I’m Lucia. I know Cash, um, Nitro from way back.”

“Really? Any good blackmail stories? You know him naked in the tub at three?”

I laughed and shook my head. “No, Nitro is fourteen years older than I am.”

“Between you and me, if you were the same age, I was going to beg for your skin care routine.”

“Let’s find a good one now and we’ll both look good in fourteen years.”

“I like the way you think. But first we drink.”

“Lead on.”

Nola led us out of Cash’s apartment to the elevator at the end of the hall. The third floor housed seven of eight of the club’s board members. Brass is the word Cash used.

Gambit’s, the club’s president, quarters took up one end of the hall. Three apartments went down each side of the hall. On the left, there was a library. To the right, a lounge area with big screens and recliner chairs. A commercial sized glass door refrigerator and a well-stocked bar were along one side of the room.

Nola chatted as we went. “The party’s not big. Stormy hasn’t lived in the area very long. Plus, Beau, I mean Gambit, doesn’t want to stress her out.”

“You’re Gambit’s sister, right?”

“Yeah. You’ll learn everyone’s name soon. Nitro must be crazy about you if he moved you into his rooms.”

I smiled and nodded, filing that information away to digest later. The elevator ride to the first floor didn’t take long. Nola guided us through the first floor to the party.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I found Gambit, Papa, Boomer and Blue already at the Woodshed. Gambit's pop Chief, who is president of our mother chapter in Baton Rouge, is here along with his V.P. Trinity.

Brick, originally from the mother chapter, moved down here with his wife red, is currently behind the bar.

Only patched members were invited tonight to Gambit's Rooster party. We knew we were visiting our prisoner at some point. Gambit waved me over as soon as he saw me.

"Welcome back early. Everything alright?"

"Looks like my mother already took the bait. Thugs tried to nab Lucia at Disney."

"Are you sure your mom is behind running Lucia off and today's incident?"

"Lucia hasn't come out and said it, but I have little doubt. First the forged letters. The letters Noreen gave me from Lucia were forged by Lucia's mother."

"Damn," Papa said, shaking his head. "That's cold. If it's true, she kept you away from your son."

"She's slated to run for Lieutenant Governor. Mother wouldn't want any skeletons coming out of the closet. Lucia and EJ are safe here at the compound. We'll already have eyes on the school to keep an eye out on the Lafayette children."

"Yeah, we're working on tying up those loose ends. Turd's given us a few names, but he's not as high on the food chain as his daddy."

"And we're not ready to ride into Indiana just yet." Papa added. "Still, we have a couple names we're looking into around here. We don't want any sex traffickers in our backyard."

"Agreed." I spoke.

"Fuck me!" Wrath exclaimed. "Yo Nitro. Why didn't you tell us Kim Kardashian is your old lady?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

Wrath flipped his phone around for me to see. It was a picture of Lucia in a sweater dress. It hugged her generous curves and small waist.

"Where the fuck did you get that?" I growled.

“Willow.”

Gambit grabbed the phone before passing it along.

“Damn, she does look like Kim.”

“Nah, Lucia is Spanish-Brazilian while Kardashian is Armenian.”

“Fuck man, they do look alike.”

“They might look alike, but Cia doesn’t have a sex tape or a handful of ex-husbands.”

Smoke slapped me on the back. “Good thing you put a ring on it. Good god damn, she’s smoking.”

“Good thing I like you, Smoke, or I’d pop you in the mouth for talking about my woman.”

Smoke laughed. “You’re welcome to try, pretty boy.”

“Let’s take it to the ring, old man.”

“Come on, boy. I’ll show you who’s old.”

“Boys, you can flirt later. Let’s drink to my woman and go fuck up that asshole.”

I slapped Smoke on the back. “Let’s get a Thorogood.”

We walked up to the bar. “Thorogoods for everyone.”

I hurried behind the bar and grabbed a bottle of *Gentleman Jack* and *Macallan*. Brick set up the shot glasses before opening the beer bottles. Soon the bar top was filled with bourbon, scotch and beer.

Grabbing a bottle of beer, I raised it in the air.

“To our fearless leader and his queen.”

“Yo, Gambit. It’s not too late to back out, man. You sure you want to be tied to one woman for the rest of your life?” Boomer said. His words had a slight slur to them.

“Shut the fuck up, Boomer,” I said, hoping to calm the situation before Gambit planted a fist in his brother’s face.

“It’s a trap, man. Just a ball and chain you’ll wear forever,” Boomer spat out.

“I don’t know who fucked you over, brother, but let’s not rain on Gambit’s parade.”

I handed Boomer a glass of bourbon. “Drink up, we get to go beat the shit out of some loser.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Sorry, man.”

Gambit patted Boomer on the back. “No harm, man. Just don’t let it happen again. Heh.”

We spent the next hour drinking before heading down to the lower part of the Woodshed. I overheard Smoke say he'd sent the prospects in earlier to clean up.

"String him up," Gambit said.

Smoke and Papa drug Turd from his cell. He was naked. His body was covered in cuts and bruises. They tied his hands in front of him before hanging them from a hook.

"Line up, boys," Smoke bellowed. He slammed his fist into Turd's side. "For our Queen."

One by one, we took turns beating on the man that made Stormy's life hell for over a decade. When the man lost consciousness, Gambit washed up and headed to the clubhouse. He planned on tucking his woman into bed.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

The week passed in uncomfortable silence. I was pissed I'm living under the same roof as the women Cash had sex with. He insisted it was not safe for me to go home. There have been no further incidents. Maybe the attempt to grab me was random and had nothing to do with me marrying Cash.

We'd barely spoken since Sunday night, much less had sex. I'd lie if I said I wasn't worried he won't go elsewhere if we didn't have sex. Plus, if I was honest, I loved having sex with Cash.

I'd gone on a few dates over the last few years. Kissing is as far as I got with any of them. There was no spark. No one set me on fire the way he did. There are times I hated him for that. Lonely moments when I ached for his touch. Now, I slept beside him every night. He was so close, yet so far away.

I arranged for EJ to spend the night with the twins for a sleepover. Acadia, Antoine and their brothers and sisters were spending the weekend with Gambit's father, Chief. He rented a house nearby. Brick and Red were spending the weekend with him to help. EJ was thrilled to spend the night away from home.

I came straight home from work and started cooking dinner. Cash was at the Kings' old clubhouse overseeing renovations. Stormy told me he planned on turning the building into a burlesque venue. The extent of my burlesque knowledge was a video I watched of Dita Von Teese.

Earlier, I made a note of a couple questions to ask him about the club. We needed to talk about telling EJ about Cash. Poor kid had enough secrets to keep since he couldn't tell anyone his mom is married. Not yet anyway. I hadn't even filled out the paperwork at the school.

Nitro

“Fuck me!” I yelled, throwing my phone across the room. It smashed against the wall.

If one more fucking thing goes wrong, this week I’m going to lose my shit. First, the building materials were stolen. Then a water leak on the second floor took out an entire bathroom floor. The entire bathroom would have to be rebuilt from the studs up. Earlier that day, I received an email saying our liquor license was denied. I couldn’t find a fucking club manager to save my life and to top it all off, I got off the phone with Noreen.

My mother called to remind me I promised to attend a fundraiser dinner in her honor in a few weeks. The governor of Louisiana was hosting a dinner for my mother on the Mark Twain, a brand new paddlewheel steamer. The boat hosted parties, gambling, and dinner events.

How she got the governor to throw her the party was the real question. I didn’t have time for my mother’s bullshit. She already threatened to bring me an appropriate date. What the fuck was her game? She knows I’m married. Noreen’s goons were the men that tried to take Lucia.

I hadn’t told my wife it was my mother’s men. Things were bad enough between us. I didn’t need to add that I’d baited my mother to my list of sins. Lucia was furious with me for moving her under the same roof with other women I’ve slept with. We have our own apartment on the third floor, but the bunnies live on the first floor.

There’s no way to avoid running into them. None of the bunnies have hit on me since Lucia moved in. Even if they didn’t know we were married, after talking to Gambit, I felt it best we wait a few weeks, maybe a month, until we tell everyone we’re married.

After everything Gambit and Stormy went through, I didn’t want to steal their limelight. The hardest part of waiting is not telling the world that Lucia is my woman and EJ is our son. Not telling people ate at me a little each day. Lucia, being pissed at me, ate away more of my soul.

Her parents ingrained so much bullshit in her head. It’s going to take years to reverse their indoctrination. Yes, I’d fucked every single one of the bunnies. Even the two new girls. We had a hell of a three-way. The moment I saw Lucia again, my lust for all other women died. She needed to understand I only had eyes for her and when I give my word, I keep it.

Still, I asked Gambit to move into one of the cottages on the compound. I also offered him my apartment. Bastien could use space of his own. He'd raised his siblings since his mother mysteriously disappeared shortly after the twins were born.

Geni, the twelve-year-old, acts more like she's thirty. The twins treat her like she's, their mother. It's heartbreaking to imagine what those kids have gone through. Gambit readily agreed. I'd tell Lucia and EJ tonight that we can move into one of the cottages over the weekend. I plan on letting her choose which cottage.

Gambit mentioned at Church last night he was planning on having Jackson and Sons break ground on a house for him, Stormy and their new family. Jackson and Sons was owned by three of our brothers Decker, Saber and Wrath. Decker is our road captain. Wrath and Saber, both Marines, go on most of our overseas jobs. Most members of the club are former military. We take side jobs that are dangerous but pay well. Even Black Ops on occasion.

With the array of military talent we possessed, the club amassed a small fortune. Over the years, we used the money to build businesses and fund a few of our favorite charities.

Most of the funding for La Poule Rouge, my new club, came from the club. I wanted a personal stake in the club, so I invested a quarter of the cost from my own pocket. I still had plenty of funds to build a house for my family. Money, I made. None of it belongs to my family.

A big house with plenty of bedrooms and bathrooms. Bedrooms I intended to fill with more children. The sooner the better. Another thing I need to talk to Lucia about. When we were together before, she said she wanted a big family.

I still did. I wonder if raising EJ on her own changed her mind.

My mother doesn't know it, but I had plans for her. Carefully laid plans that will come to fruition on the night of her fundraiser. Fuck, I needed to get shit done.

"Pinky, get in here!"

The prospect hurried in. "What can I do for you, Nitro?"

"I need you to pick me up a new phone. Just bring it to the clubhouse. I need to get home."

"I'll get it done." After he left, I locked up and headed to my sled. I fired up my Softail Fat Boy. Then I winced when I noticed I was already twenty minutes late for dinner.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

It was thirty minutes past dinner time. I hadn't heard from Cash. Luckily, I'd wait until he came home to cook the steaks. Everything else was in the warming tray.

He probably got held up at the nightclub. Cash didn't know EJ was spending the night somewhere else. Or that I made him all his favorite foods. With a small variation on the lobster mac and cheese. I used blue crab instead. I almost went with the lobster tail I'd spotted at the seafood market. Instead, I used blue crab to give the dish some New Orleans flair.

I needed to keep my mind busy. I refused to spoil the evening by giving into my fears and insecurities.

"Lexi, play Alegria radio."

Enrique Iglesias' newest song poured through the surround sound. I'd left my hair to dry naturally earlier. The long, loose curls reached the small of my back. I pulled it back into a ponytail and began cleaning the already clean kitchen.

I danced around the kitchen to the next few songs, rearranging the cabinets and cupboards to my liking. I had to get a chair to get a few things from the top shelf and move them to the middle shelf. Even that's a stretch for my petite stature. On the way home Tuesday, I asked Pinky, our driver, to stop at my house. I grabbed a few things from the kitchen, including my step stool.

When there was nothing left to do in the kitchen, I headed to our small living room. It had a small leather couch, a matching love seat, two end tables and a coffee table.

I'd added a couple of throw pillows from my house earlier today. I fluffed the pillows, then rearranged them a half a dozen times. Frustrated, I glance at the clock again. Cash was forty-five minutes late. Fuck! *If he's sticking his dick in one of those women, I swear I'm cutting it off before I pack my shit and leave.*

No Lucia. Don't think like that. He just got held up at work. FUCK! I need a drink. After I picked up groceries earlier today, I stopped by the liquor store and purchased a couple bottles of tequila. A bottle of Teremana Blanco. I tried it at Stormy's hen party. It was smooth. Cash loves tequila. I also splurged on a bottle of Patrón Extra Añejo 10 Años.

It took all the mad money I had. But I wanted to make things work with Cash.

EJ bloomed the moment Cash entered his life. Yesterday he asked if I could buy him jeans, t-shirts, and a leather vest.

I poured myself two fingers of the blanco. Instead of sipping it, I slammed it back before drinking another one.

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I backed my sled into my spot in front of the clubhouse. *I'm forty minutes late. Fuck my life. Lucia's already on edge this week. She's going to be pissed about me being this late for dinner.*

I pushed the kickstand down, turned her off, and took my key from the ignition. I hurried toward the clubhouse's double doors. Tawny and Athena greeted me as soon as I hit the foyer. I dodged away from their hugs.

"Sorry ladies. I'm already almost an hour late. If I come home smelling like another woman, my hot-blooded Latina bride will slit my throat."

I hurried around them, getting into the elevator. The sound of bass music thumped down the hall. I recognized Pitbull's "Further Up". I twisted the knob, finding it unlocked. The sight that beheld me when I opened the door captivated me. My cock became instantly erect. Almost painfully so, pressing against the zipper of my jeans.

Lucia's back was to me. She moved her body to the beat of the music, her juicy ass bouncing as she twerked. Fuck me. I was completely mesmerized watching her curvy body move to the music. My balls ached, giving me a painful reminder, I hadn't relieved myself since Lucia and I got into a fight.

The song finishes. Another pulse pounding beat starts. No fucking way I could make it through another song without fucking her in the living room. EJ could walk in any minute. I cleared my throat. Lucia turned around, startled.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. Where's EJ?"

Her eyes narrowed.

She looks me up and down before answering.

"EJ is spending the night with Chief. I'll throw the steaks on."

Pinky's arrival prevented any further conversation.

"Here's your new phone, Nitro. Wizard has all your data loaded. He says you should be ready."

"Thanks, man."

After Pinky left, I headed to the kitchen. The smell of food made my stomach rumble. I watched as Lucia laid huge steaks on the grill. The gas stove had an area you can grill on.

"What happened to your phone?" Lucia asked me as she began pulling food from the warming drawer.

“I threw mine against the wall.”

“Bad day?”

“The worst. Everything that can go wrong with the club has gone wrong. Water damage from a leak, the liquor license was denied. Our building supplies were stolen from the warehouse.”

“I’m sorry, Eli. That sounds like a rough day.”

“We have the place to ourselves for the night?”

“Until tomorrow at dinner when we pick up EJ. Chief asked for dinner.”

“The food smells amazing. What did I make?”

“We’re having ribeye steaks, clam chowder, blue crab mac and cheese, and fresh baked bread. For dessert I made Boston Cream Pie.”

“You made all my favorites.”

“I did.”

When Lucia finished flipping the steaks, I turned her around and pulled her into a kiss. My tongue plundering her mouth. I poured a week's worth of pent-up frustration into the kiss. She moaned and leaned into me, completely surrendering to the kiss.

We were both breathing hard by the time I pulled away.

“The steaks.”

“They’ll be perfect, babe. Let me pull them off the grill.”

I pulled the steaks from the grill, putting them on a plate before helping Lucia move the rest of the food to the table.

The table set, I grabbed a bottle of wine and poured us each a generous glass. As soon as the food was plated, I dug in.

“This is amazing, Cia. It’s been years since I’ve had clam chowder. This is as good as Gigi’s. Maybe better, but don’t tell her I said that.”

“Your secret is safe with me. I won’t tell.”

“You look beautiful tonight, Cia. I love that skirt.”

The skirt in question fell nearly to the floor but had a slit up each leg that ran up each thigh. Her long bronze legs showed to perfection with every movement. The sweater she wore dipped low enough it showed the edges of a black lace bra. I suddenly wondered if she wore a matching set.

“Do the panties match the bra?”

A slow smile spread across her face. She looked at me with hunger in her eyes.

“I’m not wearing any panties.”

I worked to swallow the mouthful of mac and cheese. My spoon fell out of hand and hit the table with a clatter. As I finished my bite, I pushed back my chair and moved toward Lucia.

One hand reaching for her long hair. She'd pulled it up in a high, bouncy ponytail. My fingers dug into the curls, pulling her face to mine. I devoured her mouth, pulling her bottom lip into my mouth. I sucked on it before biting it gently.

Lucia moaned.

I stood up, pulling her with me. With one arm on her ass, supporting her, I shoved the dishes out of the way and sat her down on the table. She protested all of two seconds before I was on my knees with my face between her legs.

“Fuck, you smell amazing.”

I plunged my face into her wetness, flattening my tongue to take broad swipes at her wet folds. She tasted as fucking amazing as she smelled. And I ate her like a starving man at a buffet.

Her moans spurred me on. Lucia's fingers found their way into my hair. She pushed my face further into her folds while she bucked her hips. Her whimpers were making my already hard cock even harder.

I could tell she was getting close. Fuck, I'd missed this. Missed her moans and whimpers. Missed the way her body reacted to my touch. I never had better sex than when I'm with Lucia. She does something to me that no one else ever has or ever will. As I tongue fucked her, I realized I've never stopped loving this woman, and I want to show her until she believes me. Until she has no doubts left.

To be honest, her faith in me was a huge fucking turn on. Knowing she trusted me was the ultimate aphrodisiac.

My thumb is pressed against her clit, rubbing it in circular motions while I fuck her with my tongue. Her breaths came in sharp pants. Lucia dug her fingernails into my scalp, arching her back to press closer to my face.

“Cum for me, minha Mariposita.”

“Ay Papi!” Lucia screamed, her cum drenching my face.”

“Fuck, you're tasty. I've missed this.”

I stood up, capturing her lips in a kiss. She kissed me back eagerly, not caring, her taste still in my mouth. **Fucking Hot!** I gently pulled away.

“I've missed you, Cia. I've missed us.”

I saw uncertainty paint her features before she spoke.

“What about the bunnies?”

I almost told her I was proud of her for asking without a look of disgust on her face. In my experience, women of certain cultural upbringings were possessive of the men in their lives.

“The bunnies are my past. You are my future. The mother of my children.”

“Children?”

“Yes.”

I pulled her off the table and sat down in a chair with her on my lap.

“I know a talk is long past due, Cia. Do you mind if I go first?”

“Before you go. I have just one question.

“Are you done with all other women?”

“I am.”

“We can talk tomorrow, Eli. Tonight, I want you to make love to me. Then fuck me until I lose my voice from, screaming your name.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I want you to make love to me. Then fuck me until I lose my voice from screaming your name. Her words bounced around in my head for all of fifteen seconds. I growled, crashing my lips down on hers. I devoured her mouth. Eating at her mouth. I plundered her sweet depths with my tongue. The taste, a mixture of tonight's dinner and Lucia's natural flavor.

“You taste delicious. But these aren't the only lips I want to devour.”

Lucia squealed as I set her back on the table. I moved her skirt out of the way, running my hand along one bare leg. She shivered, gasping. I could see her nipples puckered, showing through her sweater.

I pulled her sweater off before unfastening the skirt and pushing it down her hips to the floor.

“Lean back and let me look at you, baby.”

Lucia leaned away from me, supporting herself on her elbows.

“Good girl. Now spread your legs wide and let me see that pretty pussy.”

She spread her legs, giving me the prefect of her glistening wet pussy.

“You have the most beautiful pussy I've ever seen. Do you know what I want to do to this pussy, mariposita? First, I'm going to eat it. Like I'm a starving man that hasn't eaten in days.

“After I make you cum on my tongue, I'm going to fuck you. Right here, on our dining room table. I'm going to fuck you so hard who ever has gate duty will hear you scream my name.”

I kissed her again, sliding one finger to stroke her wetness. Lucia moaned into my mouth as we continued to kiss. I added a second finger, stroking her faster. When I pulled my lips away from her, she whimpered.

“Don't worry, baby. I've got what you need.” I started kissing the inside of one knee. My fingers are still stroking her wetness. I kissed up the inside of her thighs. When I reached the apex of her thighs, I repeated the process with her other leg. This time, when I reached her core, I sucked her swollen bud into my mouth and curled my fingers.

Her inner walls spasmed around me. Lucia's bucked her hips, crying out my name. While her inner walls spasm against my fingers.

“That's it, Mariposita. Cum for me.”

I kept sucking on her clit and stroking her wetness until the orgasm stopped. Without giving her a break, I removed my fingers and replaced them

with tongue. Lapping at her juices. I drank her in. God, she tasted sweet. I fucking loved eating my wife out. My hard cock could pound nails. I was so fucking turned on by the whimpers and noises she made. Precum leaked from my cock and made a damp spot on my jeans.

Without stopping my feast, I placed her legs one at a time over my shoulders. She's on the very edge of the table, riding my face. Lucia ground her hips against my face. Her hands entwined in my hair. Long nails scraped my scalp. I liked a little pain with my pleasure.

I could tell by the noises she made that my wife was getting close to cumming for a second time. I used the heel of my hand to rub her clit. The added sensation sent her careening over the edge. She came with a scream.

“Fuck me, Eli!”

I smiled at my wife. “Your wish is my command.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I carefully extracted myself from Lucia early in the morning. Before I tell her about the houses, I have a couple of errands to run. With military speed and precision, I showered, shaved, and was out the door in five minutes.

The hallway was empty. So was the lobby. I headed to my sled and fired her up. Pinky waved at me as he opened the gate to let me leave. Someone was at the gate twenty-four hours a day. It's normally a prospect, but once a week, each brother took a shift.

It took me a couple of hours to get everything ready. When I finished, I hurried back to the clubhouse and my apartment.

I spotted Tawny and Athena coming out of Boomer's room. He's two doors down from us.

"Morning ladies."

"Morning Nitro," they said, in tandem.

Tawny smiled up at me. "You're up early."

"I had some things to take care of. You two have a nice day."

"See you later, Nitro." Again, in tandem. I shook my head and passed by them to my apartment. I unlocked the door and headed inside.

Thank fuck, Lucia is still asleep. I forgot to leave a note or send a text. *Saint Priscilla, thank you for your help.* A man could get used to the sight before me. My wife was fucking beautiful. Her silky dark tresses laid on my pillowcase. Our pillowcase.

I never stopped loving her. A part of me had always held hope the letter was fake.

When I looked for her and couldn't find her, I knew she had help. My mother was finished meddling in my life. She didn't know it yet. But she is. I leaned over, kissing Lucia's cheek. Dark lashes fluttered open. Equally dark eyes regarded me for a few moments before breaking into a smile.

"Eli. I had the best sleep. Maybe, ever."

I captured her lips in a sweet kiss.

"I can fuck you to sleep every night, Mariposita. If you want me too."

A blush spread across her cheeks. "I'd like that." She breathed.

It took every ounce of willpower I possessed not to pull the sheet off her luscious body and ravage her again. My desire for my wife burned like it has

for no other.

“As much as I want to ravish every inch of you. I have a surprise for you. I’ll wait in the living room while you get ready.”

She chuckled. “Afraid you can’t keep your hands off me?”

“Exactly.”

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

The hot shower feels amazing against my sore muscles. Honestly, I'm surprised I'm not walking bow-legged or with a limp today. We fucked for hours last night, taking naps in between sessions. I think we finally passed out around four.

I hurried through the shower and rushed to get ready. Excited about my surprise, I wonder what he had in mind? It took a few minutes to decide what to wear. I chose a short-sleeved shirt, jeans and boots. Pulling my hair back into a ponytail before I applied clear gloss to my lips. Satisfied with my appearance, I headed to the living room.

Cash sat on the couch reading something on his phone. He got up as soon as he saw me crossing the room in long strides until he wrapped me in his arms. The kiss was brief but passionate.

“Ready?”

“Yes.”

Cash took my hand, leading us through the clubhouse. Everyone else must still be sleeping. On our way outside, we didn't encounter anyone else. He led us behind the clubhouse, past the picnic area.

Instead of heading to the gardens where Gambit and Stormy were married, he led us in the opposite direction. Three houses came into view. Two of them were roughly the size of the house EJ and I were renting. The third, a larger house, is the house Cash led us to.

“What are these?”

“They were already on the property when Chief bought it.”

“Chief bought it? I thought the property belonged to Gambit.”

“It belongs to the club. We bought it off Chief. The Jackson brothers just finished the remodels.”

New dark green shutters stood in stark contrast to the fresh coat of white paint. The roof looked new as well. Three steps led to the roomy porch. Cash opened the door and ushered me inside.

I walked past him into a large living area. Its wooden floors were polished to a shine. There was a door to the left, a hall to the right, and directly ahead, a large fireplace. We explored the rest of the house hand in hand.

It had three bedrooms and two baths. The master suite was on one side of the house. The two bedrooms on the opposite side of the house shared a Jack and Jill bathroom.

“There’s a large utility room off the kitchen.” Cash said, as he led us toward the last part of the house. I gasped, realizing the fireplace was double-sided. One side in the living room and the other in the dining room.

“This is beautiful Cash.”

“It’s small, but I thought you might like it better than the clubhouse.”

It took my brain a minute to catch up.

“We can live here?”

“Yes, baby.”

“I need to see the kitchen.”

Cash laughed. “This way.”

He led us into the kitchen. The first thing I spotted was a small table laden with food, fresh flowers, and two unlit candles. I turned, throwing my arms around my husband.

“When did you do this?”

“While you were sleeping. Hungry?”

“Starved.”

After we finished the sumptuous breakfast spread, Nitro coaxed me into taking a ride on his bike.

“Where are we going?”

“You’ll see. Hold tight.”

We bobbed and weaved easily through traffic, navigating the busy streets with ease. I keep meaning to ask him to take me out on the open road. I wanted to get away from the city and feel what it’s like to ride the open road.

Cash pulled to a stop in front of a furniture and home decor store. He helped me off the bike before putting down the kickstand. I watched as he swung one long denim-clad leg over the bike. I was a lucky woman. My man was hot. So damn hot.

Wetness pooled between my legs, soaking my panties. I pushed those thoughts out of my head. What’s wrong with me? I don’t normally have sex on the brain every second of the day. Since the first night in Vegas, I can’t get enough.

Cash took my hand, pulling me to him. He swept a brief kiss across my lips.

“Penny for your thoughts.”

My cheeks bloomed scarlet. Cash tilted my chin up, gently searching my eyes.

“Fuck, baby. Now I’m hard.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

We walked hand in hand into the large furniture store. After a few minutes of browsing, I went in search of the ladies' room. Thrilled to find it was a large, single use space. I locked the door and quickly pulled out my phone, sending a text to Cash.

All clear. In the southwest corner.

A few minutes passed before my phone dinged. A text from Cash.

Outside

I quickly unlocked the door. Cash stepped into the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind him, before drawing me into his arms and bringing his lips to mine for a punishing kiss.

When he broke the kiss, he murmured. "You're so fucking sexy."

"I want to suck you off."

A look of surprise crossed his features. It was soon replaced with a look of desire.

"Fuck. How did I get so lucky?"

I dropped to my knees, reaching for his zipper. After unbuttoning his fly, I pulled the zipper down. His long, thick cock sprang free. Cash never wore underwear. Fisting his shaft in one hand, I began stroking. My other hand reached for his balls, massaging them.

Cash moaned when my lips wrapped around the head of his cock. His hands found their way into my hair. I slid him further down my throat with each stroke until he hit the back of my throat. I worked to swallow him, fighting my gag reflex. My panties continued to get soaked. If I kept this up, I was going to leak through my jeans.

I had never been so turned on in my life. We were in a public bathroom having sex. Maybe my mother was right, I am a vadia. A slut, but only for Cash. He did things to me. Things I can't control. Things I didn't want to control. He brought out my base urges, then gave me a safe place to act them out.

"Fuck Mariposita, your mouth is like heaven. Where did my sweet little Catholic school girl learn how to suck cock like that?"

I hummed in response, sending vibrations down the length of his cock. He growled in response.

"Keep that up and I'm going to fuck that pretty little mouth."

Encouraged, I picked up the pace. His hips began thrusting into my mouth. At first, he was slow, then he wrapped his hands more firmly in my hair and fucked my mouth. Hard and fast, it was all I could do not to gag. It turned me on. I was so close to my own orgasm. If only I had a little friction.

“Baby, I’m cumming.”

I grabbed his ass with both hands, encouraging him to cum down my throat. When he’d drained his balls, he gently pulled out of my mouth and brought me to my feet. He kissed me passionately before picking me up and setting me on the counter.

Cash made quick work of boots and jeans. When he got to my panties, he sniffed them before putting them in his pocket.

“You’re so wet.”

He growled again before entering me in one swift motion. Cash had amazing recuperative abilities. He was already hard and pounding my pussy. His thumb grazed my swollen bud and sent me over the edge. Cash crushed his lips to mine. Our kiss swallowed the screams of my orgasm.

He pulled out, cleaning us both up with damp paper towels before readjusting both our clothes. His still-hard cock was clearly outlined in taut denim.

“I’d love to finish, but first we need to pick out something outrageously expensive. Buy as much as you want but choose at least one pricey thing.”

“What happened?”

“I saw several employees look down their noses at us. I thought I’d give them something to think about.”

“I’ll meet you in the antique section,” I said, slipping out of the bathroom.

I took my time finding the antique section of the store, now keenly aware of eyes following my every move. Did they think I could stuff a bed in my back pocket? Stares are nothing new. As a person of color, it’s something I’ve dealt with my whole life.

Cash caught up with me as I reached the antique section.

My eyes were immediately drawn to a small section of eighteenth-century Spanish furniture. I stopped in front of a large armoire. It was six feet tall and five feet wide. The inside had three sturdy shelves. A tag on the front said it was made from Spanish Oak.

“This and that table.” I said, pointing to the one I wanted.

“It has a match,” Cash said, pointing to a matching table. “And how about those brass candlesticks?”

“They’re beautiful. They’ll look amazing in our new home.”

The look on the sales associate’s face was priceless when Cash paid with his debit card. Over twenty-five thousand dollars. I held in my surprised reaction, secretly thrilled to put a few snooty people in their places.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

Two weeks later

The stretch limo pulled to a stop in front of the red carpet. *How cliché, Mother.* Our arrival punctuated with the roar of motorcycles. Two in front of us and two behind us.

Papa, the club's VP, rode in front with Smoke, our enforcer. Blue and our newest prospect, Trigger, rode behind us. We needed a prospect to replace Cosmo. His patch ceremony is next weekend in Baton Rouge.

Trigger was new to the club, but I knew him for years. We served in the Navy together. He was a few years younger than me but had plenty of experience. He was currently working as an undercover cop for NOPD. Of all things, they had him working as a server.

The flash of cameras brought my attention back to our arrival. Our driver hurried around the limo to open the door. I stepped out of the limo, offering my hand to Lucia. I pulled her out gently before whispering in her ear.

"Make sure one of us is with you at all times and smile, no matter what Noreen says. Never let her know she affects you."

She nodded and smiled as dozens of flashes went off in our faces. My brothers pulled their sleds into a row just off the red carpet and hurried to surround us. We walked up onto the boat surrounded by a wall of tattooed muscle. All wearing jeans, shit kickers, black t-shirts and cuts. Trigger's was generic, with the word *prospect* on the back. The name tag was Velcro and changed with each new prospect. I smirked when I caught my mother's face. Papa's face was painted to resemble Papa Legba, guardian of the crossroads. The top half was painted white with black around his eyes to make them look sunken. A tall black straw top hat complete with skull headband perched on his head.

When our group arrived in front of my parents and Governor Ellis, the governor looked pale before my brothers peeled off to flank us. His eyes landed on me, then Lucia; a look of relief crossed his face. My mother looked positively apoplectic long enough for several photos.

My father stepped in to fill the spot. "Elijah, it's so good to see you, son, and who is this beauty on your arm?"

He didn't recognize Lucia. Good to know. "This is Lucia. Ramon and Alana Moreno's oldest daughter."

I could see the moment my father recognized her. He surprised me by stepping forward to embrace my wife in a genuine hug.

“Little Lucia, you’ve grown into a stunning young woman.”

“Gracias, Mr. Dawson.”

“I’m glad you approve, Dad,” I said, raising our clasped hands to show him Lucia’s rings.

Flashes went off again as one reporter spotted the enormous antique engagement ring. Noreen looked like she swallowed a frog. The pics from tonight would haunt her forever. I couldn’t have planned this better, and we were just getting started.

“Is that Gigi’s ring?” my father asked in awe.

“It is. She loves Lucia.”

Noreen interrupted, putting her hand on her husband’s forearm. “Dear, we’re holding up the line.”

“We wouldn’t want to hold up the line, Noreen. Why don’t you introduce us to the governor, and we can be on our way.”

She tensed, putting on her polite face. “Governor Ellis, this is my son Elijah and his wife, Lucia.”

The word *wife* came out in a grimace. Like she sucked on a lemon. It was all I could do not to laugh. Instead, I shook the governor’s hand with a smile on my face.

“Governor Ellis, pleased to meet you.”

“Pleasure is all mine. You and your wife outshine everyone here tonight. That necklace she’s wearing. Is it a Harry Winston vintage piece?”

“It is. It belongs to my grandmother. It’s on loan tonight, along with the matching earrings and bracelet. The set’s been passed down the last three hundred and fifty years.”

“Is the ring on loan too?” Noreen said tersely.

“No, Gigi gave me the ring for Lucia. I had the band made to match it.”

I placed my hand in Lucia’s back, guiding her past my parents and toward a photo area. It came complete with backdrop, a reporter, and a camera crew. The reporter stepped forward with a smile on her face. “I’m Viviane Vax with E! News. I’d love to interview you.”

I nodded, guiding Lucia in front of the backdrop.

“This is Viviane Vax with E! News I’m here with Elijah and Lucia Dawson. Son and daughter-in-law of Noreen Dawson, Governor Ellis’ special guest for tonight’s festivities.

“Mr. Dawson, can you tell us who you’re wearing?”

“I’d be happy to. I’m wearing Tom Ford, and my stunning wife is wearing Vintage Valentino.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

Cash's Tom Ford tux was deep navy blue with black collar, lapels, and cuffs. My Valentino was a vivid red silk. Thin straps held up my ample cleavage, defying the laws of gravity. The neckline dips into a sweetheart style, displaying the swell of my breasts.

Red silk with a red floral pattern hugged my hips, ending at my ankles. A plain red wide silk swath hugged my waist, making it seem impossibly tiny. I credit the shape wear. Just below my left hip, the dress split into a leg displaying a slit that ends at the hem. I wore six-inch matching silk stilettos that tied in the back with bows.

Cash's brothers were here to do more than annoy Noreen. They were here to guard Gigi's jewelry. The set was valued in the hundreds of millions. I wasn't sure the exact amount. Just that three of the men guarding me served in Delta Force.

Cash started out in the Navy before becoming a Seal. Specialized Explosive Ordnance Disposal technician before becoming a member of Delta Force. Where he met Papa, Smoke, and Blue.

"Mrs. Dawson. You look stunning tonight. How do you feel about wearing half a billion dollars in diamonds?"

My brain sputtered for a few seconds. *Dios mio!* Half a billion dollars.

"Honored. It's an incredible honor and gift Elijah's grandmother gave me tonight."

"You both look amazing," the reporter gushed. "Thank you for stopping by."

Thankful to step out of the spotlight. I was happy when Chase led us away. Our hands intertwined. His thumb played with my wedding rings. He leaned down to whisper in my ear as his brothers once again engulfed us in a sea of leather and tattoos.

"This is going better than I planned. Stay alert."

I nodded. "I'd love a glass of champagne."

"Your wish is my command, Mariposita."

I knew everyone in our party heard me. We all wore a tiny wireless earbud in our right ear. Wizard, another of Cash's brothers, fit the devices last week. He started by making ear molds for each of us before having a friend manufacture the bud to match our skin tone.

Cash told me he suspected his mother of keeping us apart. He was right, but I wanted to get through tonight before we had that conversation. I planned to tell him everything. Then we could move forward with telling EJ Cash is his father. In the few weeks we'd been together, Cash stepped up to the fatherhood plate. He's hit a home run. Two nights ago, I had to stay late for teacher conferences. By the time I got home it was past EJ's bedtime. Instead of waiting for me, Cash tucked our son in. He was reading him his favorite bedtime story, complete with character voices.

That was a pivotal moment for me. That moment, I gave Cash my heart. Fully and completely. Even if I hadn't told him yet. I trust him. I trust him with our lives.

"Here's your champagne, love."

I took the glass Cash handed me. "Thank you, baby."

"You seem distracted."

I blushed. "I was thinking of the other night."

His face softened. "Yeah. Let's find our table. They have a ton of appetizers and dinner is in twenty minutes. We can eat and talk, then ditch this place."

I nodded my head, laughing. Our fingers entwined together while our team expertly guided us to the table reserved for us.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I escorted Lucia to the table before heading off to find some food. Trigger accompanied me while Papa, Smoke, and Blue. Uniformed servers mingled through the crowd that had gathered in the large foyer that led into the dining hall.

One side of the hall had multiple food stations with hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. I piled two plates with a variety of food, while Trigger did the same. By the time we arrived back at the table, a server was refilling Lucia's champagne glass.

In front of each brother sat their non-alcoholic drink of choice. Lucia was the only one drinking tonight. The rest of us wanted to be on our toes in case Noreen made another move.

She immediately grabbed a goat cheese stuffed strawberry and bit into it. Her lips around the juicy red berry had my cock at full mast in zero point two seconds.

I leaned my lips to brush her ear. Before I pulled back enough to whisper, "If you keep teasing me like that, I'm taking you to the bathroom and fucking you right now."

Her eyes grew wide with surprise. "I'll do my best not to tempt you, husband. No promises. I'd also like to take a dozen of those strawberries home."

I eyed the other three strawberries on the plate. "I'll get you two dozen if you let Blue eat those."

She laughed, nodding her head. "Anything else I should steer clear of?"

"I have no fucking clue, Mariposita. You do things to me. What did you want to tell me?"

A blush spread across her lips. She looked at my brothers and came back to me. "If we were in any other company, I'd wait. But this is family."

My chest swelled with pride. She called my brother's family.

"Do you remember last weekend when we watched *Avatar* with EJ?"

I nodded. "It's a cute movie. He loves it."

She nodded, tears shining in her eyes. Her next words took my breath away. They would have brought me to my knees if I hadn't been seated.

"I see you."

Lucia paused; I could tell she was fighting emotions to speak. I squeezed her hand. “Te amo, mi pequeña Mariposita. Tú eres mi corazón.”

“I’ll tell you everything,” she blurts out.

“Right after we leave here my love. I don’t want to go into a murderous rage in front of this many witnesses.”

“I love you, Eli.”

I picked up her hand, brushing my fingers across it.

“I’ve never stopped loving you, Cia.”



Menu

Hors d'oeuvres- wild mushroom purses, fried green tomatoes with aioli sauce and duck breast Crostini.

Soup- Hunter’s Gumbo with quail, duck, and pheasant. Served with popcorn rice.

Fish Course- Crab Pithivier

Palate Cleanser- Lemon Sorbet or Apple Brandy

Main Course-

Prime rib served with wild mushroom ragout in port wine sauce over grits.

-or-

Moroccan Style Smoked Lamb shoulder served with peas & asparagus, pita bread, and yogurt sauce.

Vegetarian Options-

Bowtie pasta with wild mushrooms in a brown butter sauce with fresh sage.

-or-

Roasted tomato stuffed with brown rice, onions, zucchini and herbs.

Salad Course- organic mixed greens with crispy sweet potato fries, candied pecans with a cajun vinaigrette

Dessert- Hummingbird Cake or Bananas Foster

Papa said, “We’re going to be here forever, brother.”

I shook my head. “We can bow out after the fish course.”

“Won’t mommy dearest be upset?” Smoke asked.

I shrugged. “Don’t give a fuck. We did what we needed to do. I mean, we can stay if you want to eat a stuffy dinner.”

“Fuck no. Stormy and Lucia were in the kitchen all day.”

“You were, Mariposita?”

“Yes, we spent all day making food for tonight. The brothers are watching the game. The Dolls helped too.”

“Dolls?”

Lucia laughed, “Stormy decided we’re calling the bunnies Dolls now. As in Voodoo Dolls.”

My brothers and I laughed loudly, not caring we were drawing attention.

“I vote we ditch after soup,” Papa said.

“I vote we ditch now. They made beer cheese, Bavarian pretzels and Brazilian dumplings,” Blue added.

“Cia, what did you use in the stuffing?”

“I made three. Alligator, crawfish, and spicy chicken.”

“I need to make a quick stop. Brothers, will you take my woman to the limo please?”

“One of us is staying with you.” Smoke said.

I nodded my head in agreement before dropping a kiss on Lucia’s forehead. I watched as my brothers led her away.

Once she was out of the dining hall, I stood and approached the head table. My mother saw me coming first; as I’d hoped she got my father’s attention. He stood up, meeting me half-way.

“Is there anything you need, son?”

“Yes, I’d like you to come with me and meet your grandson?”

“My what?”

“You have a five-year-old grandson. His name is Elijah Javier. We call him EJ.”

“Does your mother know?”

“We both know she does.”

My father followed me off the ship and into the limo. Lucia looked surprised to see my father, but didn’t say anything.

“EJ doesn’t know I’m his father yet. You can’t say anything to him tonight.”

“When are you telling him?”

“This weekend.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

The ride to the clubhouse was quiet. My father was lost in his thoughts. And I'd thrown Lucia for a loop. She kept her hand in mine. Her body relaxed against me in the limo. I watched Rickard Dawson's face run through a gamut of emotions the thirty minutes it took us to get to the clubhouse.

I got my looks from my dad. We both had dark, wavy hair. I kept mine much shorter than his, preferring my near military cut. Our eyes were both bright blue. A trait my son shared.

Dad's eyes widened when we pulled in front of the massive gates. As soon as Pinky saw Papa and Smoke, the gates began to open.

"This all belongs to the club?"

"Yes, but it's not all the club owns. We have several businesses we either own or have partnerships in."

"I'd love to hear all about it sometime, son."

My father was different when away from Noreen. Always had been. Question was, what would it take to get him away from her more often? I'd have loved for him to get to know EJ. Noreen was not welcome. I wanted her as far away from me and my family as possible.

My father opened the door as soon as the car pulled to a stop. He turned around, offering his hand to Lucia. By the time I got out, he had her arm tucked in his, ready to escort her inside. I chuckled.

"Pops, she's spoken for," I said with a pretend growl.

My father laughed. A real laugh. The first one I'd heard in decades.

"I figure the quickest way to my grandson is by following his mother."

I walked ahead of them, opening the door wide. Lucia led us to the elevator, then to our old apartment. The kids were having a sleepover in our old rooms. Brick and Red offered to keep all the kids while the brothers enjoyed football night. I heard a couple of the club girls talking about matching outfits earlier in the week.

Lucia knocked on the door. Brick opened it before he could usher us in. I heard my son.

"Mamita. Ven a ver mi dibujo."

He wants her to see his drawing. Our little guy loved to draw and paint.

"I'd love to see, mijo."

She picked up her long dress skirt in one hand, holding EJ's other hand as he walked excitedly to the dining room table. Acadia and Antoine were at the table, each working on a drawing of their own. Large sheets of white paper lay in front of each of them. Another sheet sat on the table. The chair in front of it is empty. EJ hopped up in the chair.

"Mira, mamita, es nuestra casa."

I leaned over the back of Lucia, leaving room for my father. Our son had yet to notice the newcomer. EJ did an amazing job. I recognized our little house immediately. He'd drawn the three of us standing on the porch holding hands.

The windows were lit. He'd drawn flowers in the flower box. I chuckled. Lucia had immediately found fall plants and succulents for the flower boxes and beds around the house.

"That drawing is excellent. How old are you, young man?" my father asked, bending down to EJ's eye level.

"I'm five," EJ proudly exclaimed. "So are Acadia and Antoine. They're my best friends and twins. Who are you?"

Dad chuckles. "I'm Cash's dad."

EJ's eyes widened. "You are? Are you a grandpa? You'd make a cool grandpa; you've got silver hair. I've always wanted an abuelo with silver hair."

It's like a punch in the gut and a proud parent moment at the same time. My son is going to love my father.

"I'm not a grandpa yet. I hope to be, someday soon." My father's voice cracked with emotions; his eyes shiny with unshed tears. Maybe he regrets his part in running Lucia off. Question was, did he do more?

"If you're Nitro's dad and he's married to EJ's mom, you're already his abuelo," Geni, the twins' twelve-year-old sister, said.

"She's got you there, old man," I said, patting my father on the shoulder.

EJ's eyes lit up. "Can I call you abuelo?"

"Yes, you may. May I call you neito?"

"Si!" EJ threw his arms around my father, toppling them both to the floor.

A knock on the door interrupted us. Brick opened the door. I heard Trigger's voice.

"I have clothes for the lovebirds."

I turned to meet Trigger, taking the clothes.

"We'll be right back, Dad."

Lucia shook her head. “I have to meet the guards downstairs and give them the jewels. I’ll do that, then change and meet you in the Media room.

I kissed her. “Trigger is going with you. I’ll be down in five minutes. “I’ll see you in ten.”

I head into the master bathroom and change my clothes. I had Trigger bring an extra set for Dad. We were about the same size. When I was finished, I headed back to the dining room. Dad was sitting at the table with the kids, telling them a story. I remembered this guy. Why in the fuck was he with Noreen?

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I'm so freaking thrilled we left that stupid party early. If Noreen Dawson stared at me one more time, I'd have lost my mind. After tonight, Cash would know everything. I just hoped he'd agree to keep my sisters safe, too. I hated to ask, but I couldn't in good conscience leave them at Noreen's mercy.

I changed into my outfit. The Dolls, former bunnies, and the Dames, us old ladies, had matching outfits for tonight. The Dames' were sexy but not as risqué as the Dolls' outfits. I couldn't wait for Cash to see me in this. And the other ladies, too. He had no idea what we planned for tonight. I was just happy to be back in time to take part in the fun.

Trigger followed me to Gambit and Stormy's apartment. She said I could use her place to change. I'd sent her a text in the limo. I confided in Stormy a week after her wedding about mine and Cash's nuptials. She said that Gambit told her about it before the wedding. Stormy was thrilled I'd confided in her.

Now she wasn't the only old lady in the club. Red came down with Brick a few weeks prior to our whirlwind wedding. The three of us have become close. We spent a lot of time together between the kids and cooking.

Two armed men in suits waited for us just inside the apartment. I knew they'd be there. Honestly, I'm happy to not have to worry about the jewelry. Wearing that much money made me nervous. Even with all the extra muscle.

Eight minutes later, I stepped out of the bathroom dressed in a Voodoo Kings' cheer outfit. I'd modeled them after the Dallas Cowboys tops, short-shorts, and boots. My hair was up in high pigtails that bounced as I walked.

My four-inch suede boots ended over my knee. I feel like a million bucks as I head into the living room. Trigger stands by the door waiting for me. His eyes widened as he took me in. Then he quickly schools his face.

"You look amazing, Mrs. Dawson. Nitro is going to love the look."

I smiled. "Good. All the ladies are wearing them tonight. Only the Dolls' costumes are a little skimpier. Mostly see-through."

"Dolls are off-limits to Prospects. I'm going to need a long, cold shower after the party."

"There are always hang arounds. They're not off-limits. They just won't be in cool uniforms."

"Good to know. Are you ready to roll?"

"Yes, Stormy said I can get my things tomorrow."

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

My dad and I headed downstairs. The old man looked good in jeans and a black Harley shirt. He even wore a pair of my shit kickers. We walked to the media room, following the smell of food.

Along one wall sat four six-foot long tables. All laden with food. From the smells coming out back as we passed the patio doors, there was BBQ too. The opposite wall's high-definition movie screen played the Saints versus the Rams game.

Soon after we walked in, Tawny and Athena approached us. They were wearing identical cheer uniforms. Black see-through crop tops with white trim to match the white skeleton hands that seemed to cup their breasts. The black shorts were barely strips of satin that covered their pussy lip and ass crack with black lace made up the rest of the garment. Black high-heeled combat boots that lace to the knee completed their fetching attire. I cast a side glance at my dad to see him appreciating the view.

"Is this normal?" he asked, quietly.

"The uniforms are new. Dad, this is Athena and Tawny. Dolls, this is my father, Rickard Dawson."

"You called us Dolls." Athena squealed in her French Creole accent.

The two girls, a couple, came to work for us in October. They were a good fit with the family. Neither causing drama. Athena was about two inches over five feet without the six-inch heels. Her dark hair pulled into low pigtails and tied with black ribbons. Dark eyes flashed mischievously as she greeted my father with a kiss on the cheek.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Dawson."

"Please, call me Rick."

"Rick," Tawny said, looping her arms through his. "Let me get you something to drink. Find you something good to eat."

Tawny stood four inches taller than her girlfriend without the heels. Her long blonde hair was done in pigtail braids. Before I checked out the buffet, a soft hand landed on my arm. I looked down at my wife. Her outfit, a more modest version of the cheer uniform, caused an instant erection.

My cock presses painfully against my zipper.

"Fuck, Cia. Do you have any idea what you're doing to me?"

She laughed and licked her lips. "I know what I'd like to do to you later."

Fuck me. I pulled her into my arms, crashing my lips down on hers. I devoured her mouth. I palmed her ass cheeks with both hands, pulling her closer then up off her feet. She wrapped her legs around my waist and continued the kiss. A chorus of catcalls and suggestions finally broke the spell.

“Don’t stop now,” Chardonney said.

“Yeah, it’s just getting good.” Kelsi added.

Lucia unwrapped her legs and I lowered her to the ground. Kelsi and Chardonney were two of our club girls. We had four in all and were looking to replace the fifth. Last month we booted two of the girls because they caused drama with the Prez’s old lady, Stormy. The kind that nearly got the Prez into an altercation with a member from one of our colleague clubs.

“Sorry ladies, the rest of the show is private. You ladies went all out with the football theme.”

Chardonney smiled. “It was Lucia’s idea. She made the uniforms for us, too.”

I didn’t try to hide the look of surprise on my face. Lucia smiled up at me.

“I trust you, Eli. Now that I know the girls, I trust them too.”

I pulled her back into my arms, brushing a kiss on her lips. “I’m so proud of you, Lucia. Now let me feed you.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

Lucia dragged me to the back patio. A Dat Dog truck was parked next to our smoker. Ito was manning the smoker. He gave us a wave.
“Hey, Nitro. Lucia.”

“Hey, Ito. Is it safe to put you out here next to the Dat Dog truck?”

The big man smiled down at me. Ito was two inches short of seven feet and weighed about two-sixty. Guy was solid muscle, loved to eat and had an easygoing personality. Until you pissed him off.

“Score for me, but you better get one before I eat them all.”

“What have you tried so far?”

The big man’s smile widened. “All of them.”

In the end I ordered a crawfish sausage, alligator sausage and classic beef hot dog. Lucia went with an Italian sausage smothered in onions and peppers.

By the time we got back inside, the game was at the end of the third quarter. I’d sent off a text to Gambit earlier, letting him know Lucia was ready to talk. She didn’t know we were having church after the game, and she was going to be front and center. Normally church is for fully patched members, only. This way Lucia only had to tell the story once. I sat down in one of the theater style seats. Stormy got the kind that nearly lays into a bed. I pull Lucia down in my lap and flag down a prospect and order drinks.

Lucia got pulled into the game immediately. I’d forgotten she loves sports. For the next little while, I watched her watch the game, her eyes sparkling with laughter. The shadows I’d seen that first day were gone. She finally trusted me to protect her and our son. If I knew my woman, she’d ask for me to protect her sisters. I had no problem with that.

The game had five minutes left and we’re up twenty-seven to twenty. Lucia’s on her third Pink Señorita.

“Mariposita, when the game is over, we’re having Church.”

“Okay, baby. I can sit out here with the girls.”

“About that. I’d like you to tell your story in Church.”

She swallowed.

“Do you trust me?”

Her face softened. “Yes.”

“I thought it might be easier if you told the story once.”

“Thank you. Telling this once is hard enough. I can’t imagine repeating it.”

“I’d like my father there too.”

Lucia looked panic-stricken. She tried to jump from my lap, but I caught her, wrapping my arms around her.

“Cia, what’s wrong, baby?”

She froze in my arms. My love was fine until I mentioned my dad. I swallowed back bile at the thought.

“Cia, is my father involved?”

“Yes, maybe. I’m not sure.”

“Whatever you tell me, I believe you.”

“Can I say it in Church? It’s part of the story.”

My heart shattered for my wife and for me. I knew Noreen was a shady bitch, but I didn’t think my father was. Rickard Dawson was a hard ass, no doubt, but threatening my unborn child? That’s a whole different ballpark. Only one way to find out. The man himself sat to my right.

“Dad, after the game, the guys and I are having a meeting. I’d like you to be there. Cia is going to tell us what happened. Why she ran away when she found out she was carrying my child.”

My father didn’t blink or bulk.

“I’ve always wondered myself.”

Either he was a damned good actor, or his part differs from whatever Noreen cooked up.

“CHURCH IN FIVE MOTHERFUCKERS., Gambit yelled as the game ended.

I helped Lucia from my lap before getting up myself. “There’s a private bathroom in the church, Mariposita. You can use that while I talk to Gambit.”

“Thank you.”

I put my hand on her back. “Wait for her for a minute, Dad. I have to run it by Gambit.”

“Sure, son.”

Lucia

By the time I came out of the restroom, most of the large table was filled with Nitro's brothers. Gambit crossed the distance between us.

"You sure you're up for this?"

"No, but I know I need to."

He offered me his hand. "Come on, let's get this over with. He surprised me, guiding me to the head of the table and pulling out a chair. Cash sat to the left and the seat across from him was empty. Rickard Dawson sat toward the other end of the table in between Papa and Smoke.

I sat at the head of the table. Gambit called the meeting to order.

"Phones in the box, if they're not already. As you can see, we have a couple of visitors today. Before we get other business, Lucia has something to tell us. Nitro, why don't you get the ball rolling?"

"Six years ago, I was still in the service. I came home on leave when my grandfather passed and Gigi fell ill. We didn't think she was going to make it. When I was home, I met Lucia. Her parents worked for mine. She was only seventeen, so I fought the attraction for months.

"We started dating and I fell head over heels in love with her. Gigi was making a miraculous recovery, but I still had three months' leave left.

"Everything was perfect, then I got recalled a week later. They sent me on a mission to the sandbox. One that required I remain radio silent for weeks. When I got back, I had a Dear John letter waiting for me from Lucia.

"I searched for her, but her parents said she moved and left no forwarding address. Noreen convinced me Lucia met someone else as soon as I left. That she left town with him."

Cash reached across the table and took my hand. "In my heart, I knew it wasn't the truth. As most of you know, when I enrolled the kids at the elementary school, I ran into Lucia and found out I have a son."

Tears streamed down my face. *This is all so fucking unfair.* I watched Rickard's face the entire time. I could tell some of the news shocked him. Cash squeezed my hand, letting me know he was done.

"A couple months after Eli left, I suspected I was pregnant. I took a home pregnancy test. It was positive. I was terrified, Eli was deployed. I knew I'd have to go through the pregnancy alone, knowing when I started to show my

parents would kick me out. They're very religious and don't believe in sex before marriage. In my heart, we were married, but not legally."

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I paused, took a breath, and gathered my thoughts. After he found out he had to leave, we had a ceremony of our own under the stars. It wasn't legal, but it was true. That night, we made love. He's the only man I've ever been with and the only one I ever want. Eli wrote his name in my soul the moment he asked me out.

I knew he fought his attraction because of our age. I fought it too, because of his wealth. I worked for his family part-time cleaning the big house.

"After the home test confirmed my suspicions, I scheduled an appointment at the local clinic. I lucked out because they had a cancellation early the next morning.

"I was up hours before everyone. I couldn't sleep, so I made breakfast and left it in the warmer before heading to the clinic. Two hours later, I knew we were parents. The clinic ran late. I arrived at my job with the Dawsons with five minutes to spare.

"As quickly as possible, I parked the car, grabbed my uniform and headed to the servants' entrance. To my surprise, I found your father standing outside the door with his arms crossed. A set of folded papers held tightly in his hands. He looked angry. I'd never seen Mr. Dawson angry before."

I felt hand on each of mine. Tears stung my eyes as I smiled first at my husband, then the Kings' President, Gambit.

"Thank you."

"Take your time, chère. Do you need to take a break?"

"I could use some water, please."

I avoided making eye contact with Cash's dad. Doc handed me a cold bottle of water. I twisted off the cap. taking a drink.

"Before I could say anything, Mr. Dawson stepped forward, shaking the papers at me, his voice filled with anger. He said, '*How could you do this? We trusted you. You got pregnant so you could trap my boy. Get out and never darken our doorstep again.*'"

My hands shook. I grabbed the bottle and took a few sips. More to gather my thoughts than quench my thirst.

"I turned and ran, making my way home. I barely had it under control by the time I pulled into my parents' drive. My parents stormed out of the house

as soon as I had the car in park. My mother had the pregnancy test in her hands, waving it.

“I forgot to throw the trash away. They kicked me out. My father allowed me to fill two suitcases. I had to leave everything else. Shattered, I pulled over to the nearest parking lot and tried to get a hold of my friends. No one answered my calls or texts. I found a cheap Airbnb. It wasn’t much, but it was safe and clean.

“I felt blind-sided. I just left the clinic. How had Eli’s dad found out? Why did he think I got pregnant on purpose?”

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I squeezed Lucia's hand gently. It took all my control to keep my voice even. My blood boiled at my father's words. I watched him blanch when my woman recounted the story.

"Why don't you fill in the gaps, Dad?"

My father looked uncomfortable for a few seconds, but he didn't deny my request.

"Noreen gave me the report. It came in on the fax machine. I have no idea how she got it or who gave it to her. When I saw the papers, I became furious. I'd always liked you, Lucia. Thought highly of you. After Cash left, you started dating that thug.

"I knew there was no way the baby could belong to my son. Why, he wasn't even gone two days before I saw you with Renaldo. He was all over you."

I heard a quiet sob beside me. I was so focused on listening to my father, I missed Lucia's distress.

"He tried to rape me." She sobbed brokenly.

I was out of my seat with her in my arms before the unbalanced chair fell to the ground.

"What?" Rickard cried out, anguish in his voice.

"Lo siento, mi pequeña Mariposita. No tenía ni idea. I'm going to kill the bastard!"

Lucia sobbed harder, burying her head in my chest.

"Shh. Baby. It's going to be okay. How did you get away?"

"Luca saved me."

"Luca, as in Luciano?"

"Yes."

Luca is Luciano Grimaldi. Son of Allesandro. Fuck! I'm a dickhead. Luc, as most of us called him, tried to warn me not to believe the letters.

"I'm sorry, Lucia. Noreen had pictures. Fuck! I should have looked at those pictures closer."

"What else do you know, Father?" I growled.

"After I yelled at Lucia, she left. Tonight is the first time I've seen her since. Your mother told me she paid her to leave town."

"Did Noreen offer you money, Cia?"

“No. I never heard directly from your mother. Only those two Russian guys that worked with you.”

“Mother fucking bastards. I’m going to kill them!” My arms tightened around Lucia as I fought the urge to stand.

Ghost started humming “Bodies” by Drowning Pool. Several of my brothers joined in. I held my wife close and let her cry while the lyrics to the song ticked through my mind. My father sat back in his chair, looking pale.

My brothers stopped humming. The energy in the room, palpable.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I drew a deep breath, exhaling it slowly. I looked up as the men hummed. Each face promised death. Death to the men who dared hurt me. It gave me the courage I needed to go on.

“I went back to the motel. I found a large manila envelope stuffed under the door of my room. There was no writing. I opened it as soon as I was safely locked inside. Before spilling its contents onto the bed, I found a note. It said I had twenty-four hours to get out of town.”

“I had two hundred left after paying for the room. If I sold the car, I’d have no transportation. Panic hit and I missed my deadline. Two days later, I needed food. I left my little sanctuary. My stomach led me to the Dominican Kitchen. I’m halfway through the line when a familiar voice calls my name.

“It’s Luca. He says they have the best beef sanacho and insists on buying both our meals. He insisted on escorting me home. He even came inside my room to make sure no one else was there. I’d told him about the first envelope. After he knew I was safe, he left.

“I took a long soak in the tub, hoping it would help me sleep.

“By the time I came out of the bathroom, there was another envelope lying in front of my door.”

I swallowed and started to shake at the flood of memories. “Inside the envelope were pictures of my sisters with the Russians nearby. Close enough to make it clear they’d have no problem getting to them. There were also photos of my house, my parents and the girls’ school.

“By this time, I’m in panic mode. I grabbed my suitcases and began throwing my things in. When I got to the last drawer, I found a thick white envelope. It was full of hundred-dollar bills. Overwhelmed, I had to sit for a few minutes. I was too scared to count the money. I did hide it in several places about my person and the luggage. I was on my way out the door when I found another envelope. They must have slipped it under the door when I used the bathroom. I was gone for maybe five minutes.

“Terrified, I slid the envelope into my purse, grabbed my bags and ran to my car.”

I had a hard time breathing, remembering what was in the envelope. My breath came in short, sharp pants.

“Cia, baby.”

I heard Cash's voice. I felt his hands on me, but it felt distant. Fear coursed through me, and I trembled while I fought for breath.

“Mariposita, you're safe.”

I heard voices around me. Cash rubbed my arms soothingly, his hand on my chest. The other hand, lifting my chin until our eyes met.

“Eyes on me, mi corazón. Put your hand on my chest.”

I nodded, placing my hand in the center of his chest. “Now breathe with me. In, out.”

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I felt like a fucking ass making her relive this shit.

“Keep breathing. Nice and slow.”

Lucia’s breathing slowed. Her body posture relaxed. We weren’t there yet, but the panic attack lessened.

“Good girl. You’re safe, baby. My brothers and I will protect you.

Gambit stood to his feet, drawing Lucia’s attention.

“I swear to you, Lucia, that these men will pay.”

My brothers murmured their agreement around the table.

“Cia, do you still have the last envelope?”

“Yes.”

“Gambit, I’d like to get the envelope and tuck Cia in for the night.”

Gambit nodded, picked up the gavel, and banged it on the table.

“Adjourned. We meet back in sixty.”

I picked Cia up as I stood. “I’m taking you to the house. Doc, can you follow us?”

“Sure thing, brother. I’ll get my bag.

“I’ll be alright, Eli.”

“Doc’s going to check you over, Cia.”

She buried her head in my shoulder and remained silent while I carried her to my sled. Lucia wrapped her arms around and held on tight for the short ride to our cottage.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

The look on my brothers' faces said it all. Someone, no, a bunch of motherfuckers, needed to die. My woman dug out the manila envelope, her hands shaking when she gave it to me. We'd barely come to a stop when she dismounted the bike and ran into the house. I helped Lucia get undressed, then washed all the make-up off her face and brushed her long before putting her in one of my shirts and tucking her in.

Doc arrived shortly after and gave her a sedative. Cosmo and Trigger were on duty at the house. Pinky and Ito were upstairs relieving Brick and Red. Brick sat around the table with the rest of us. Filled with disgust at the contents of the envelope. Graphic photos of young women being brutalized. The enclosed letter was clear that she and her sisters would be sold to the highest bidder should she return to Boston. It further detailed that they would abort the unborn child. Or if the child was born, sell it as well. Rage filled me.

"Every mother fucker involved with this is going down," I thundered, slamming my fist on the table.

"There's a special place in hell for those pieces of shit, but first I get to send them there," Smoke added.

Smoke's dark eyes looked black. He did this fucking freaky thing where his eyes went all dead. Then he'd give a small smirk before asking, 'Have you ever danced with the Devil? 'Cause you're about to.' He'd give that dead stare again and his whole body would go still. Smoke's eyes showed the promise of pain, right before he'd laugh at the motherfucker's face and pick up a tool. Smoke loved his tools. He was always finding new uses for hand tools. I once saw him use a pumpkin carving kit on some poor slob's back.

Gambit banged the gavel. The room quieted and everyone took their seats. "All those in favor of sending every one of those sick sons a bitches to the Baron."

A chorus of Ayes rang around the room. When everyone settled, Gambit's gaze landed on me.

"Do you really think your mom's involved in this?"

"I wish I could say no. I knew Noreen wasn't a saint, but I had no idea she was in the human slave trade. It fucking disgusts me, I'm related to the piece of human filth."

“Do you think your dad will give her a heads up?”

I shook my head. “No, I don’t think so.”

My father left shortly before we started church. He’d apologized for his part in things and for not knowing what Noreen was up to. He promised to keep silent about everything he’d seen and heard tonight. He said he would never hear the end of it for leaving tonight anyway. Rickard planned on telling Noreen he came to snoop so he could report back to her. My father knew Noreen was furious about my marriage. She’d even brought another woman for me. I spotted the simpering socialite the moment we stepped onto the ship’s deck.

“Good. I like your dad. Not his part in things with Lucia.”

“I agree. At least his came from a genuine spot. He was trying to protect his son,” Smoke said. “Of course, living with your mother for forty years should’ve given him a clue.”

“True. He and I can work things out later. First, we’ll deal with Noreen and her hired trash.

We spent the next hour making plans. Wizard would create dossiers on each of the men, and Noreen. We’d reconvene as soon as we had more information. After church was dismissed, I called Alessandro.

“Cash, to what do I owe the pleasure of this late-night call?”

“Sorry. It’s late, Alex. I need to contact Luc.”

“What’s this about?”

“Nothing, but it still needs a face to face.”

“Understood. I’ll be there in twenty minutes. If you swear to me my son is in no danger, I will bring him.”

“He’s in no danger from me or my brothers.”

“What about relatives?”

“That’s part of the discussion. Short answer, I’m not sure. Possibly.”

I sent a text to Gambit, Smoke, and Papa, letting them know we’d have visitors. I quickly sent off a text to Trigger and Cosmo, telling them I’d be late. With time to kill, I walked to the gate. Ito waved at me from the gatehouse and opened the door.

“Sup, Nitro?”

“We have visitors coming. They’ll be three SUVs. Two of them can sit here near the gate. If anyone gets out, rolls down the window, or sneezes too fucking loud, you let me and Smoke know immediately.”

“Are we expecting trouble?”

“None actually. Letting our guard down is never a good idea. I know the guy coming, and his son. I don’t know his guys.”

“Makes sense.”

They arrived on time and as expected. I climbed in the back of the SUV with Alex and Luc after telling the other two vehicles to park. I had the driver pull to the front.

Alessandro whistled, “Nice refit.”

“Thank you. Offices are this way.”

I pulled a bottle of scotch from the shelf and three tumblers, pouring two fingers in each glass. Both Grimaldi men nodded their heads in thanks and took the scotch. Luciano broke the silence.

“Why did you want to talk to me?”

“Cia shared her story earlier. I’m guessing I have you to thank for the cash that got her out of Boston.”

Alessandro interrupted in rapid fire Italian. “Luciano, di cosa sta parlando?”

“Calm down, pop. One day when I was in Boston, I wanted to talk to Cash. I drove to his parents’ house and found some fucker was trying to rape Lucia. Coward ran away after I pulled him off her and hit him. The boys and I tracked him down later and found out Noreen had a beef with Lucia. I kept an eye out on your girl. After I spotted one of the Russians that works for your mom, I decided Lucia needed to get out of town.”

“So, you left the cash?”

“I did.”

“First, thank you, man. You saved my wife’s life.”

“Wife?”

I smiled, “Yeah, we were married on October twenty-ninth. We have a son. Luc, you saved more than just Lucia’s life. You saved my son. I owe you, man.”

“You don’t owe me shit, Cash. Lucia is good people. The few times we interacted, she was sweet and kind. No way I’d let someone like your mother sell her to the fucking highest bidder.”

“What! You knew Noreen was a sex trafficker?”

“No, I knew she was asking around.”

“Son, how the fuck do you know sex traffickers?”

Luc’s face went pale like he was feeling nauseous. “They took Mickey’s cousin. We were looking for her when we ran across the Russians. They were

at the warehouse we found Trina in.”

“You didn’t take them out?” Alessandro asked.

“They were gone by the time the boys arrived and we went in. I left there, cleaned up and went to find Lucia.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” I asked, more than a little pissed.

“You never returned my calls, asshole. I tried to find out where you were stationed after you left. Even left a few messages for your C.O.”

“FUCK! For future reference, Noreen is not my mom. My mother, or for that matter, anything but a dead woman.”

Alessandro gasped. “Surely you don’t mean that, Cash.”

“Under other circumstances, it would be unthinkable. But we both know Noreen was just a vessel. The moment I was brought into the world, she handed me off to a nanny. The only time she wanted me around was when she could gain some advantage from it. If she’s trafficking humans, she needs to meet the Baron like the rest of the mother fuckers involved in this.”

“Who’s the Baron?” Luciano asked.

“Baron Samedi, the aspect of death.”

“Is that who’s on your colors?”

“No, that’s Papa Legba.”

“Does your club practice Voodoo?” Alessandro asked.

“No, not as a club. But Papa, our VP, did grow up around it. His family lives in a community that practices Voodoo.”

“What’s the plan?” Luciano asked.

“Plan? What plan?”

“The plan to get the douche’s that fucked with Luciano and your unborn son. I want in.”

I looked at Alessandro. “You good with that?”

“He’s an adult. Besides, I want in, too. Anyone who would sell another human doesn’t deserve to breathe.”

“I’ll talk to Gambit. We can put it to vote next Church.”

“Luc, I can’t thank you enough. I owe you one.”

Luc smirked. “You owe me three. Let me in on this and we’re even.”

“If the vote passes, you’re in. Thank you both for coming. Anyone hungry? We have plenty of food left from our party.”

Luciano jumped up. “I could eat. Pops?”

Alessandro laughed. “I’m in.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

The last two weeks flew by in a blur. We spent Thanksgiving at the clubhouse with some of his brothers and a couple Dolls. Gambit, Stormy and Family went to Cabo for a much-needed break. Cash gave them the trip as a wedding present. We even kept the kids for two days so they could have a mini honeymoon. Truth be told, I loved having a houseful of kids. It was utter and complete chaos in our small three-bedroom home. I loved every moment.

In those two weeks, I've barely seen my husband. He either puts out fires at the burlesque club or takes care of Club business. We've had a handful of quickies in that time and frankly, I'm horny. I don't want to seem ungrateful, so I haven't brought it up. Maybe I could order a sex toy.

"Earth to Lucia."

I blinked. Athena stood in front of me with a smirk on her face.

"Sorry."

"Mmhmm girl, what were you thinking about?"

"I'm horny." I slapped a hand over my mouth. I hadn't intended to blurt it out.

The kitchen erupted in laughter. Thank fuck none of the prospects were in here. Stormy, Red, Sabian, Maddie, Chardonnay, Tawny, Athena and I were making food for tomorrow's big party. Food that we would pack and haul to Baton Rouge first thing tomorrow. Our mother club was having a Christmas party and Cosmo was being patched into the club.

"Isn't Nitro laying down the pipe?" Chardonnay asked.

"Between his club duties and getting the burlesque club going, we're lucky to get five minutes a day. He spends most of that with EJ. Ever since we told him Cash is his dad, EJ's been glued to his father's side."

"I was going to ask how it went." Stormy said.

"EJ's over the moon. He and Cash are inseparable."

It was a beautiful night. One that will be forever etched in my memory. A few nights after Noreen's launch party. EJ and I came home from school. Cash was waiting for us. He took EJ to play outside while I cooked dinner. I made his favorite meal. Fluffy Spanish rice with jalapeños, chicken flautas with cheese dipping sauce, feijoada, and fried bananas for dessert.

After dinner, Cash and EJ helped me clean up. We played in the suds as we washed dishes. Danced around the kitchen as we put them away.

“EJ come sit with Cash and I on the sofa.”

He took my hand. His little hand is warm and sure in mine. His dark eyes looked at me with complete trust and I wondered if it would be the last time he looked at me like that. I was a fucking wreck inside, biting the inside of my cheek to keep the tears at bay. I only hoped when we were done, he wouldn't hate me.

EJ sat between Cash and me on the couch.

“Mijo, I have something important to tell you.”

“Am I in trouble?”

“No, you're not in trouble.” Cash injected.

I saw his little shoulders relax and had to smile. He was rarely in trouble, but I can see how he might think he is. This feels so serious. Who am I kidding? This is serious.

“Do you remember asking me where your name came from?”

“Si. I'm named after a great soldier and my abuelo. Even if he doesn't talk to us.”

I reached out and ruffled his hair. A fat tear slid down my cheek.

“That's right mijo.”

“Do you know what my first name is?” Cash asked our son.

“I thought it was Cash.”

“Nope.” Cash shook his head, smiling. “It's Elijah.”

“Your name is the same as mine? That's crazy.”

I watched my son process the information and saw his face light up.

“Are you the soldier?”

“I am.”

“I'm named after you?”

“You are. Do you know why?”

EJ shook his head.

“Your Mamá named you after me because I'm your father.”

A myriad of emotions crossed over my son's face. I waited with bated breath while he processed the news. He stood up and launched himself into his father's arms.

“I wished you were my Papá. And you are!”

Cash spent the next hour answering rapid-fire questions from EJ before reading him a story and tucking him in. It was a good night and one I'm

forever grateful for.

“Lucia, what does EJ short for?” Tawny asked.

“Elijah Javier.”

“Elijah is Nitro’s first name?”

“Yes.” I laughed. “Think he has enough names?”

The ladies laughed with me.

“Who’s the Javier?” Sabian asked.

“And why doesn’t Cash go by Elijah?” Stormy inquired.

“Javier is my father’s middle name. He hates the name. His mother named him after her father. Who was a hateful ass.”

“But you call him Eli, and is that where that gorgeous ring came from?” Athena asked.

“He loves it when I call him Eli. It used to piss his mother off to no end. Yes, my engagement ring belonged to Gigi. Another thing that pissed Noreen off. She wanted the ring, but Gigi hates her.”

“I haven’t even met Gigi and I already love her.” Stormy sighed. “When is she coming for a visit?”

“We’re going there for Christmas, I think. Either there or Disney.”

“Really?” Kelsi said.

“Yes, that’s where we got married. I LOVE Disney. I always wanted to go, but my family didn’t have money for vacations.”

“He took you to Disney. I thought you went to Vegas,” Stormy said.

“Originally, we went to Vegas, then Cash surprised me with Disney. EJ loved it. Cash said something about going back for Christmas. And inviting the Lafayette children.”

“EJ and the twins are thick as thieves,” Stormy added.

“He loves them. They are inseparable at school.”

We spent the next few hours cooking and talking. The Dolls started telling stories and had us all in stitches. Tomorrow, we would load the food in one of the SUVs and head to Baton Rouge. We were celebrating Christmas at the mother chapter and Cosmo would get his color. It took me an extra hour to get EJ to settle down enough to sleep. Cash was on club business. I don’t know which club at this point. Tired from a long day of work, then hours of cooking, I turn in without my husband.

“Mamá, wake up.”

I open my weary eyes to find my son bouncing on the bed beside me.

“I’m awake.”

“Dad’s cooking breakfast. He’s going to take me for a ride after breakfast.”

EJ continued with rapid fire conversation for the next few minutes while my brain woke up. Cash came to collect him, and I headed to the bathroom. After a quick shower, I joined my boys for breakfast. Our son barely contained his excitement throughout breakfast. My husband produced a brand-new helmet in EJ’s size with his name painted on the side. EJ squealed with renewed excitement, talking a million miles an hour as Cash led him out the bike.

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I took EJ through the streets of New Orleans, around Jackson Square, and back to the compound. Lucia hid her nerves well, but I could tell she was scared. It was EJ's first ride on a sled. Hard to believe how much my life has changed in a few short weeks. I have the only woman I've ever loved back, and we have a son together. Lucia has done an amazing job raising our son. He's intelligent, polite, and well-mannered. EJ continually surprised me.

We rode for over an hour before pulling up in front of our home. Home: I realized Lucia made this tiny house a home in a few short weeks. As soon as Jackson and Sons had a free crew, they would break ground on a house for us. Which reminds me, I need to talk to Saber about getting blueprints drawn up.

They broke ground on Gambit's house last week with hopes to have it done by early spring. Louisiana's mild winters would allow them to keep building. Whereas many construction companies had to close during the harsh winter months. The Lafayette children fit into the club's life seamlessly. Those kids had one hell of a hard road before my brother and his bride took them in. I have to give props to Stormy for taking on five children ranging in age from five to sixteen. She and Gambit were also expecting their first child. She's only a few months along at this point.

Stormy was good for our club president. Much like Lucia was good for me. She tempered me in ways no one else could. My woman and child were my whole fucking world. Anyone who threatened that would cease to breathe. No exceptions. Wizard had compiled files on everyone we knew to be involved in terrorizing my wife. The file on Noreen held few surprises. I knew she was a bitch, but she's just evil. I can't wrap my head around Dad standing beside her all these years. Wizard did a thorough analysis on both my parents. Rickard came up clean. Not squeaky, but he wasn't into trafficking humans or drugs. He wasn't a murderer or rapist. His biggest crime was being married to my incubator.

Soon after our ride, I helped my brothers load the food into one of the SUVs. Stormy and the kids were riding in SUVs today. Our prez's old lady couldn't ride because she's pregnant. She took it in stride and a smile on her face while she climbed into one of two SUVs making the trip to Baton Rouge today. The ladies planned to help set up dinner before they got dressed for the

evening. I thought Lucia looked fine in her jeans, boots and a Henley. She assured me that her clothes were not suited for a Christmas party.

The ride took a little over an hour. The sun was shining the whole way there. I loved the feel of my woman wrapped around me. Her hot little pussy pressed up against my ass. Only a few layers of cloth separating us. Work and club business had kept me too busy to see to my woman's needs. I had a bad case of blue balls and hoped to rectify that tonight. All the kids were crashing at Chief's tonight.

Chief was the President of our mother chapter in Baton Rouge. He was also Gambit's dad. Like father, like son. Maybe, one day, one of Gambit's sons will start their own chapter. Hell, maybe one day my son would lead the Voodoo Kings. New Orleans or New York City, anywhere he settled. No matter what EJ chose when he grew up, I'd be proud of him. I'd also be sure to tell him every chance I get.

We just crossed over 61 on I-10W when I felt eyes on us. I checked the mirrors. I didn't see anything, but I signaled my brothers to be on alert. We were riding in the middle of the pack. Eyes farther up front and in back would be better served to spot a tail or upcoming issues. The ride was uneventful, but I couldn't shake the feeling someone had eyes on us. I'd have Wizard run the cameras later.

Large iron gates rolled back as we approached. Decker, our road captain, led us through the gates and to the clubhouse. We parked our sleds while Cosmo and Ito pulled the SUVs to the front door to unload. Lucia and I hurried over hand in hand to help unload. We left the ladies in the kitchen while the brothers headed to Chief's, dropping off the kids.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

We got ready in Stormy's room. Her father-in-law was club president and assigned her and Gambit a suite in the clubhouse. I chose a black cashmere sweater that left my shoulders bare and ended at my ass. I paired it with faded skinny jeans and knee-high black leather boots. Silver earrings there were a series of silver loops matched my silver belt. The four strands of silver circles linked, hugging my hips. My hair spilled loose down my back. I wore a smokey cat eye with a red lip to match my nails.

The kids were staying at the club president, Chief's, house. Three of his prospects were in charge of the evening. Trinity, the club's VP, had his restaurant cater for the kids. Chief even bought each of the kids a few presents. They were watching movies all night, or as long as they lasted.

When the last of us were ready, we headed down to the club's big banquet room. I scanned the room for Cash in the throng of people. There must be close to a hundred people here. Our chapter had twenty-five adults and six children. I spotted him with Blue, Dakota, two men I didn't know, and some skank with her hand on his biceps.

I marched through the crowd with singular intent. I stepped to Cash's other side, standing on my tiptoes I drew him down into a kiss. My tongue slipped into his mouth, tangling with his. One hand on the back of his neck, with the other I palmed his growing hard on. Hands wrapped into the back of my hair and pulled.

"I saw him first," Skank said.

"Put a, you better let go before I put you on your ass."

Skank laughed. She had a few inches and thirty pounds on me. When skank didn't release me, I came down with my stiletto heel on her instep and threw back my head against her nose at the same time.

Skank screamed. "You broke my nose. You broke my fucking nose!"

I turned on the sobbing woman. "I'll break more than that if you lay your paws on my husband again."

I felt hot breath on my ear before my husband whispered, "That was the fucking hottest thing I've ever seen."

Turning on heel, I gave him a glare before breaking into a smile. "Thank you for letting me handle that. Now, why was that bitch's hand on your arm?"

“I wasn’t paying attention to her. She put it there seconds before you stormed across the room and tried to suck my tonsils out.”

“I have blood all over the back of my head, Eli.”

“Let’s go get you cleaned, tigresa.”

I laughed and let him lead me to our room for the night. As soon as the door closed, he pinned me to the wall and kissed me until my knees were weak. It took me a few seconds to relax into the kiss. I knew we were smearing blood all over the wall.

OceanofPDF.com



OceanofPDF.com

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I tugged at Lucia's sweater, impatient to get her naked. Frustrated by my attempts, I reluctantly pulled lips from hers.

"Off," I growled.

"I have to get the belt."

I stepped back enough to unfasten the belt around her hips, letting it fall to the ground before pulling the sweater over her head. She had on a red silk bra. The half cup held her breasts high. Her pert nipples were covered by a small red heart. The top completely exposed save two thin decorative ribbons high on her breasts.

I drew the swell of her breast into my mouth, taking in as much of the delicate flesh as possible. I ran my tongue along her flesh while I sucked hard enough to draw a gasp. Lucia's back arched as she cried out my name.

The rest of our clothes flew off and landed in a heap on the floor. Lucia's matching panties were a few thin ribbons and scraps of red cloth. I ripped them off in my haste to taste her. Burying my face between her thighs while she stood against the wall. Inhaling deeply, I could smell the bloom of her arousal. Wanting to taste her, I put one of her legs on my shoulder before burying my face in her pussy again. I licked from her taint to her clit in long, slow strokes. Lucia's hips bucked beneath. She cried out my name, her hands clutching at my hair. Her breath came in pants, and I knew she was getting close. I sucked her clit into my mouth and thrust two fingers inside her at the same time. Curling my finger to hit her g-spot.

Lucia's whole body trembled; she screamed my name as the orgasm crashed into her. Her pussy walls clamped around my fingers. Her juices ran down my fingers. I pulled them out, licking them off.

"Damn baby, you taste good. Now let's get you cleaned up and back to the party. We have a brother to patch in."

"But you haven't come yet."

I put her leg down and brought our lips together, kissing her thoroughly.

"I'll get mine later. Come on, love."

We were showered, changed, and back downstairs thirty minutes later. Everyone was eating. I kissed Lucia on the temple.

"Why don't you find us a seat and I'll get us some food?"

She wrinkled her nose. "You always put too much on my plate."

I laughed, “Of course I do. So, I can finish the leftovers.

Lucia shook her head, laughing as she went to find us a place to sit. My mouth watered as I surveyed the tables laden with food. I might need three or four plates for this feast. It didn’t take long for me to heap to plates with the delicious smelling food.

My wife was sitting at the head table with Chief and Trinity, eating out of her palm.

“Promise you’ll give me that pavê,” Trinity implored.

“And the roscos de vino,” Chief added.

“Tell me how such a beautiful princess wound up with Nitro’s ugly mug,” Hammer, the Baton Rouge enforcer, asked, a smirk on his face as I set our plates down.

“Don’t mind, Hammer,” Cherry, one of the club girls, implored my wife. “He’s been hit in the head a few dozen times too many.”

“I see these dogs found your desserts.”

Lucia blushed. “Yes. They’re a big hit. My recipes were handed down by my abuela and my avó. Recipes handed down through my family for generations. While I do consider you, my family. The recipes are only handed down to the females in the family. I could make them with you sometime. I just can’t provide measurements.”

Chief laughed. Trinity smiled and offered his hand to Lucia.

“Shake on it?”

She laughed and shook his hand. We talked and laughed until it was time to give Cosmo his colors. Chief slipped onto the stage microphone in hand.

“Hello, family. Let’s give a round of applause to all the ladies for the incredible spread.”

A loud chorus of cheers broke out. Along with whistles, yells and boot stomps.

“We’re here tonight to have a Christmas celebration. Family is the reason we’re here. It’s my honor to welcome a new member to our ranks. Cosmo, come up here.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

Cosmo stood up, with a look of shock on his face as he made his way up on stage. One by one, the brass of both clubs made their way to the stage. I only knew three of the Baton Rouge members' brass. That's what Cash referred to the club's officers.

Gambit, Papa, Ghost, Blue, Dakota, and Decker stood beside Nitro. Chief gave a nod to Blue, who stepped forward producing a cut he'd been holding behind his back.

"Cosmo, you've served our club well. Proving many times, you will lay down your life for us."

Chief took the cut, offering it to Cosmo. "Son, we'd be honored to call you brother."

Cosmo wordlessly took the cut looking at the left pocket.

"Angel."

While Angel slipped on his cut for the first time, a fully patched brother, the club went wild. A party to end all parties ensued. I talked Cash into taking me upstairs as soon as one of the guys whipped out their cock. I knew bikers didn't care if people watched when they had sex.



We'd been back to school two weeks after Christmas break when odd things started happening. I'd find my personal things moved or missing from the office. Our classroom had an old supply closet attached to it. Lisa and I turned it into our personal workspace.

It wasn't just the office. I found my car unlocked three times. Each time, there was something different in my car. A small feather, a flower petal, and a leaf. All things that could have gotten inside my car with no explanation. Yet I knew that wasn't right. I didn't want to worry Cash.

La Poule Rouge was set to open in two weeks. He'd been up to his eyeballs in finishing the club and staffing it. Everything from cleaning staff to dancers needed to be hired for the club. I'd helped him go through the resumes several times. I'd also watched most of the dancer's auditions.

My favorite so far was CJ. Her stage name was Nova Reign. She had gorgeous cherry red hair and gray eyes. She was also super friendly and answered my incessant questions about burlesque.

After school, I dropped EJ off with my bff Maddie. He was spending the weekend with her at their request. Maddie and I met the first day we moved to New Orleans. In the envelope with cash, I found an address and a key. The address turned out to be in Mid-City. A small, brightly painted house that was half of what once was a much larger house. It had two small bedrooms and a bathroom. A little over eight hundred square-feet of living space.

Maddie had moved to the city six months earlier to pursue a career in the culinary arts. She was originally from Kona, Hawaii. Her mother is native Polynesian, and her father is African American. It was brown girl love from the first moment I stumbled into her. Terrified by the last envelope, I drove straight through, stopping only to refuel, use the bathroom, and eat. Nearly forty hours later, I was exhausted and dehydrated.

She helped me into her house. Gave me water and fed me. I spilled my guts to her that night. Maddie insisted I crash in her spare bedroom until I had time to get furniture. She went with me to every doctor's appointment and was in the delivery room with me when EJ came into the world.

I used most of the cash that first year paying for doctor bills and my hospital stay. I got a job at the elementary school the fall after my son was born. Maddie worked nights at a local restaurant, so she kept my four-month-old son while I worked.

Unfortunately, I got stuck in traffic on the way to the clubhouse. Which meant I didn't have time to wash my hair. That's what braids are for.

I made it to La Poulet Rouge with five minutes to spare, thanks to Trigger's quick driving. Cash is taking me on a ride to one of our growing fields. Then we'll have a romantic dinner, and I'll rip his clothes off and ride him like a borrowed mule.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

We got caught in late afternoon traffic on the way out of the city, but once we broke free, it was smooth sailing. The temperatures were in the high sixties and would drop around ten degrees before we made it home tonight. I'd instructed Lucia to dress warmly.

The club owned a few grow fields of medical grade marijuana. We sold it in our store, The Baron's Best. Last year, the club purchased an old plantation. We built a large hydroponic grow house. It allowed us to grow all year, keeping our overhead down. Besides our home-grown flower, we also carried several celebrity strains including Jay Z, Tommy Chong, Snoop Dog, and Willie Nelson.

Papa was already there when we arrived. He co-owned Baron's. We ran most of our businesses the same way. One of the brothers owned twenty-five percent. The club owned the remaining part. They would get their part of the profits and an equal share shared between the patched members.

He greeted us with a smile. "It's about time you showed your ugly mug around here. Lucia, are you sure you don't want someone better looking? I mean your ol' man is UGLY."

Lucia laughed. "I'll suffer through it. He makes pretty good-looking kids."

Papa threw back his head, laughing. "I like you, girl. You're good for this ugly son of a bitch."

"Stop yapping and show us around."

"Fuck you, Nitro."

"Papa, never flirt with a Latina's partner in front of her. We will cut you."

Lucia delivered the line with a straight face. Papa's eyes got round for a few seconds.

"Do you have a twin?" he asked my wife.

She laughed and shook her head. "No, I do have younger sisters, but my parents have likely ruined them."

We spent the next hour touring the operation from the grow house to production. Papa gave us a large bag filled with samples of everything we produced. I'd have to keep it locked up in our bedroom to make sure EJ didn't mistake any of the edibles for candy.

After the tour, we headed to dinner. A home cooking place with some of the best fried chicken I've ever tasted. We pigged out on fried chicken, biscuits, mac and cheese, and butter beans. For dessert, we split bread pudding smothered in rum sauce.

The wind was sharper than I'd hoped. We had a forty-minute drive ahead of us. I pulled out the extra jacket in my saddlebags and put it on Lucia, zipping her up before throwing my leg over the back.

"Huddle in tight, Mariposita."

She laid up against my back with her head tucked in as we sped down the highway. Half-way into our drive, I noticed headlights approaching fast. Too fast. Every nerve I had come instantly on alert. The last few weeks, I'd thought someone was tailing me, but they were never there.

Wizard hacked into the city's cameras and couldn't find anything that stood out. Gut instinct told me something was off. I had my helmet on tonight so I could talk to Lucia on the drive. With care, I maneuvered my phone out of my vest pocket and hit the speed dial. Ghost picked up on the second ring.

"What's up?"

"We're twenty minutes out and being tailed. At least two trucks approaching fast."

"Fuck. We're on the way, man, hang in there."

After we hung up, I activated the com.

"Cia, hang on tight, baby. We have a tail."

She responded by clutching me tighter.

"I want you to call Wizard and leave the line open. No matter what happens, you keep your helmet on and the line open."

I opened the throttle on the bike, increasing our speed and creating a gap between me and the trucks. It didn't take long for the trucks to increase speed and pursue us. I didn't know if we'd make it home, but I was damn sure going to do my best to get my woman to safety.

I leaned down, Lucia followed suit, and pushed the bike's engine into the red zone. The fucking trucks must be souped up. The distance between us quickly closing. One truck moved to pass us. Fortunately for us a spot of oncoming traffic prevented them from succeeding.

Traffic bought us a few precious minutes of time. I wove the bike through traffic with as much care as I could, given the circumstances. Then we hit a stretch of open road with no one else around. I heard the gun before I felt the sting of the bullet as it grazed my arm. Cursing, I activated that com.

“Get in front of me.”

“No.” Her voice trembled.

“NOW, CIA!”

I could feel her body tremble as she maneuvered her body in front of me. I handed her my gun.

“If they get close enough, shoot them.”

She responded with a nod. I could see the fear in her eyes through the helmet. I kept going but used evasive maneuvers to dodge the bullets.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

Fear raced through my veins. I did my best to hold on as we raced down the highway for our lives. After Cash ended our com conversation, I pulled out my phone, no easy task at a hundred miles an hour, and called Wizard. It took me a couple of minutes to get the phone out of multiple coats.

“Go for the Wiz.”

“It’s Lucia, we’re being tailed. Nitro told me to call you and stay on the line until the brothers get here.”

“Where are you, Mariposita?”

If I wasn’t so scared, I’d smile at him calling me my club name. In the rush and hurry, Cash had just now given me my *property of* cut. He’d chosen Mariposita as my club name. A shortened version of his nickname for me. I told Wizard our location. Trying to focus on the phone call and not the high-speed chase I was currently in the middle of.

I heard the pop of gunfire and so did Wizard.

“Are they shooting at you?”

“Yes.”

The com suddenly came to life. “Get in front of me,” Cash growled.

There was no way my husband was becoming a human shield while trying to get to safety.

“No.”

“NOW, CIA!” he yelled. Cash never yelled at me.

“What’s going on, Mariposita?” Wizard asked.

I couldn’t answer him. My concentration was solely focused on not falling to my death while I crawled around my husband’s body. I clung to him like a monkey.

“We’re being shot at.”

I looked up just in time to see a large truck inches from our back tire. I screamed as it hit us. The bike flipped end over end before we skidded off the road and down and embankment.

Tires squealed. Followed by the repeated pops of gunfire. Shots landed all around us as the bike finally came to a stop. I opened my eyes, not realizing I’d clenched them shut. My eyes immediately seeking Cash’s. They were closed and he looked pale. Gunfire continued. It was getting closer. Wizard

kept talking in my ear. I didn't dare respond for fear of being overheard by the approaching thugs.

I found my fingers were clutched death-grip style around the gun Cash gave me earlier. He'd taken me to the range a few times, insisting I learn how to hand a gun. He kept guns in the house. He'd even given EJ a basic gun safety talk. The biggest one being *do not touch*. Thinking about my son helped me close out Wizards' voice and my crippling fear that I'd lost my husband. I focused instead on the weight of the gun in my hand. And the sound of the approaching men.

If there was a woman with them, she had yet to speak. The bike pinned our legs. Cash's more so than mine. I could wiggle free later. If I survived this. At some point, Wizard stopped talking.

I heard the roar of bikes. Hope sprang inside me.

That hope died when I saw a man standing over us, his eyes on Cash. A gun in his hand. His finger was on the trigger.

With a smirk, the guy turned. "This is too fucking easy."

He turned back around, and I pulled the trigger. The bullet hit him between the eyes, splattering brains and blood everywhere. I swallowed the bile in my throat and fought back the urge to scream. Gunfire rang around me again, only this time they weren't directed at Cash and me.

"Mariposita! What's going on?"

"The guys are here. The cavalry arrived."

I felt hot tears sting my cheeks.

"Lucia, our guys are five minutes out."

My whole body trembled.

"But they're helping us," I whispered. more to myself than Wizard.

I heard tires peeling out followed by more gunfire.

"The brothers are almost there. Hang on," Wizard implored.

"He's not moving. He's not moving."

The gunfire stopped and panic welled within me.

Cash's eyes were still closed. I wanted to check his pulse, but I was afraid to let go of the gun. A pair of green eyes looked down on me. Open hands held high to either side of her angelic face.

"I'm here to help," she spoke.

I nodded, easing my finger off the trigger. But I didn't let go of the gun.

The woman smiled down at me. "I'm Echo. My friends are going to lift the bike and help your man."

I nodded, knowing the line was open. Wizard heard every word.

“An ambulance is on the way. If the cops show up first, don’t answer questions and insist on going to the hospital with Nitro. No need to answer. Keep the line open. You’re doing a good job, Mariposita. Nitro is going to be so proud of you.”

Tears ran from the corners of my eyes. I was still laying on my back with my husband laying deathly still on top of me.

Two men stepped up behind the woman who introduced herself as Echo. They lifted the bike off Cash before easing him off me. I held my breath as one of the men knelt and put two fingers against my husband’s pulse.

“He’s still alive. There’s a lot of blood.”

The man turned to me. “Are you hurt?”

“I don’t know.”

The answer was an honest one. I felt terrified and numb. My brain is still trying to process the last several minutes of her life. The important thing was, Nitro was alive. I realized the sirens were nearly upon us.

Echo looked at me. “We need to go. Stay safe.”

With that she disappeared from sight. The strangers were gone for less than a minute before the ambulance and the first cop car arrived.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I opened my eyes to the sound of beeps. *CASH!* I jerked upright, swinging my legs over the bed. I need to find out about my husband. My legs give out the moment I try to stand. Strong arms wrap around me.

“Easy, Mariposita. If I let anything happen to you, Nitro will kill me,” Doc said, setting me back on the bed.

“Where is Nitro? Is he alright?”

“He’s in surgery. They’re removing a bullet. It’s close to his lungs. He has a hairline fracture in his left leg, three broken ribs, a second bullet grazed his shoulder, and multiple contusions, but he’ll live.”

“He will? Promise?”

Doc nodded. “His injuries are serious but not life-threatening. You didn’t escape injury either, but you and the baby will be fine.”

“Baby?”

“Yes, just a little peanut. I’d guess you’re about twelve weeks along. You have two cracked ribs, and the rest are bruised. Your right wrist has a severe sprain and you’re going to feel like hell for a week with some internal bruising.”

“Where’s EJ? How long have I been out?”

“Not long, about an hour. As far as I know, EJ is with Maddie. I talked to her while you were out. She thought it would be best if the weekend went as planned. If things go as planned, we’ll release you Sunday afternoon.”

“We? Do you work here?”

Doc nodded. “I’ve been on staff here for the past five years. Do you feel up to talking to Gambit?”

I nodded my head. I knew the club’s president would want to know what happened. He likely wouldn’t be alone. The door opened a couple of minutes later. Gambit, and to my surprise, Stormy came in. Followed by Smoke.

Stormy rushed over to me, engulfing me in a careful hug. I felt a twinge in my ribs but didn’t make any noise.

“Are you okay? Of course, you’re not okay. How could you be okay? I can’t believe it.”

Gambit laid a hand on his wife’s shoulder. “Breathe baby. Now ease up on Mariposita she has a broken rib.”

Stormy’s face paled as she released me. “Sorry. Sorry, so sorry.”

I laughed. "It's okay. It didn't hurt. Too bad," I added, making a face. Stormy smiled and my friend's tension eased.

"Pull up a chair and sit down, mamácita. Are your ankles swelling?"

She laughed and sat down in the chair her husband moved for her.

"Not yet, thank God. I'm so glad you'll be here to give me advice. Of course, the baby is due mid-June. I'll be puffed up like a balloon by then."

"Drink lots of water and cut back on salt."

Gambit sat down in a chair next to his wife, while Ghost remained standing. The club's president leaned forward, taking one of my hands into both his much larger ones. He was gentle for such a big man. Gambit was six and a half feet tall. Four inches taller than Cash.

"I'm sorry to bother you. Doc went to update the others on Nitro. Can you tell me what happened?"

I recounted the story, starting with Gambit telling me we had a tail.

"After the truck hits us, details get kinda fuzzy."

"Just tell me what you remember."

"Umm, nothing. The last thing I remember is the bike flipping."

The room opened again to admit two men I didn't know. One in a suit and the other in uniform. The guy in plain clothes offered a kind smile.

"Mrs. Dawson, I'm sorry to bother you, but we need to know what happened. Do you feel up to telling us?"

I didn't, but it would keep my mind off Cash. The waiting was gutting me.

"I'm detective Stone and this is officer Reyes. She's here in case you feel uncomfortable talking to me."

"Can my friends stay?"

Detective Stone looked at Gambit. "Landry."

"Stone."

"Mrs. Landry, you look radiant."

"Thank you, Detective."

"They can stay."

I recounted the story again.

"You can't recall anything after the bike started to flip?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm sorry. I wish I did."

The detective pulled out a card. "If you remember anything at all, call me. Landry, are you posting someone on your people, or do you want a uniform?"

"We'll have someone posted in both rooms. Lucia gets released Sunday afternoon, barring any complications."

Detective Stone nodded. “Take care, Mrs. Dawson. I’m sorry we met under these circumstances.”

He walked out with Officer Reyes on his heels. The door no sooner shut than it opened again and a man in scrubs walked in.

“Mrs. Dawson, your husband is in stable but critical condition. We’ve put him in a medically induced coma.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

Eighty-six hours later

EI sat beside my husband's bed, holding his hand. My brain had ceased and every word after medically induced coma sounded like Charlie Brown's teacher. Wah wah wah wah.

I'd demanded to see him. The doctor reluctantly sent a nurse to take me to my husband's bedside. I've only left it long enough to visit my son and explain I'd be at the hospital until his daddy woke up. EJ was beside himself and wanted to see Cash. I hadn't wanted my son to see his father like this. Not with all the machines and wires. All the bruises. He was black and blue all over. Not to mention the bandages from the gunshot wounds.

There were three altogether. Originally, they'd seen only two, but the third bullet piggy entered through the same spot as the second before deviating course. My brave, wonderful husband had weeks, if not months, of recovery ahead of him.

They'd put him in a medically induced coma for seventy-two hours to let his body heal. Problem is, he still hasn't woken up and the doctors have no idea why.

"Eli, wake up, baby. I need you."

I stood up, putting his hand against my still flat belly. "We need you, mi amor. EJ, me and our new baby."

"You're pregnant?"

I gasped. I hadn't heard the door open. Athena's dark chocolate eyes held compassion. She and her girlfriend Tawny took turns checking up on me at the hospital. Bringing me fresh clothes, decent food and drawings from EJ. He made his dad a get-well card every day. I promised my son he could see his father as soon as he was awake.

I nodded in response. "Doc told me after I woke up from the accident."

I rubbed the back of Cash's hand with my thumb. "We're about twelve weeks along. Baby's due date is July twenty-second."

Athena crossed the room, hugging my back as I held on to my husband's hand.

"Congrats, mama. Do you think EJ will be excited?"

I smiled, a real one. "Yes. The moment he found out Nitro was his father; he demanded a twin. We had to explain he could have a brother or sister, but

not a twin. He was so mad. He wanted a twin like Antoine has.”

“That’s cute. I brought you some fresh clothes and Maddie made you feijoada.”

Feijoada is Brazil’s answer to meat and potatoes comfort food.

“Gimme.”

Athena laughed. “It’s still warm and she made cheese bread to go with it.”

I liked Athena. When we first met, I was jealous. She’s my height with a flawless café au lait complexion. Cash told me he’d been with all the Dolls. Every single one, and in Athena’s case a three way. With him and Tawny. He was with the two of them more than once.

It put me on guard. Until I got to know them and to trust Cash again. Honestly, I trusted them first. Not because Cash had done anything wrong. Part of me thought he would find me if he wanted. After we both shared our entire stories, things changed.

Athena set a grocery sized thermal bag on the table. Unzipping it, she set still warm to-go containers in front of me. They were pre-portioned, so I opened one. It was filled with feijoada. I dug in. Maddie made it with the traditional black beans along with spices like onion, garlic, and bay leaf. It was full of pork. Large chunks of perfectly cooked bacon, slow roasted pork shoulder, small pieces of tender spareribs, and thick slices of spicy calabresa sausage.

“This is so good. Join me?”

“I was hoping you’d ask.” She laughed and took a seat across from me before snagging a container of feijoada and opening a square container of cheese bread.

I snagged one immediately and bit into it.

“Oh, my god this is heavenly.”

A pang of guilt hit me square between the eyes, and the tasty treat turned to sawdust in my mouth. I forced myself to swallow before taking a drink of water. I’d been nursing the same bottle since last night. I didn’t want to leave my husband and the nurse on duty last night was nasty.

I don’t know what the woman had up her craw, but I was ready to rip her a new one. The only reason I hadn’t was that the old biddy would have me kicked out of the hospital.

Athena reached across the small table, placing her hand over mine.

“Hey now. Don’t feel bad because you’re enjoying good food. Remember, you’re more than Nitro’s wife. You’re EJ’s mother. Not to mention the little one you’re currently growing.”

“I hope my bff is up for another round of cravings.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I felt like there was an elephant sitting on my chest. My eyelids feel heavy. Almost too heavy to open. The smell of disinfectant and the sounds of machines permeated my senses. Along with something that smelled delicious.

I heard soft voices and strained to make out the words.

“Maddie was around before EJ’s birth?”

“Yes, we met when I was nine weeks pregnant with EJ. It’s killing me not to tell her. I want to tell Cash first,” Lucia replied.

“Your secret is safe with me.”

My brain scrambled to fill in the gaps. Could my wife be pregnant and how the hell did I wind up in the hospital?

“Lucia.” I croaked out her name. My lips were dry, and my throat felt like sandpaper.

“Eli! You’re awake.”

She flew from the small table and to my side, placing delicate kisses on my cheeks and forehead.

“I’ll get the doctor,” the other woman said as she dashed out of the room.

Hospital staff rushed into the room, separating me from my wife. Fifteen minutes of poking and prodding before they left us alone.

I patted the bed beside me. Lucia hurried to sit beside me. She pressed a quick kiss to my lips.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No baby. Are you alright? How bad were you hurt?”

“A sprained wrist and two cracked ribs. Try not to make me laugh for a few more weeks.”

I smiled at her, then dragged her against me. My ribs protested, but I didn’t care. I needed to hold my woman in my arms.

“Thank God you’re safe.”

I placed a hand on her stomach. “Thank God you’re both safe.”

Lucia looked at me. I brushed a soft kiss on her lips.

“I overheard the last few things you and Athena said.”

Athena had come back in when the doctors left. She sat on the room’s small couch. My wife looked at me, her eyes bright with unshed tears and unasked questions.

“I’m thrilled, Mariposita. I know we didn’t plan this, but I’m thrilled.”

“You must have super sperm. First time we made love for the very first time, I conceived EJ. This time we made love for the first time again on our wedding night and I’m pregnant. We’re due on July twenty-second.”

I laughed long and hard. It hurt like hell, but I didn’t care. It was good to be alive.

They kept me in the hospital for another three weeks before releasing me. Lucia had to go back to work two days ago. She’d been beside herself with worry until Chardonnay promised to check on me at least once a day. I was sitting in the leather recliner flipping through sports channels when Athena came bouncing through the door.

She was carrying a few bags in each hand.

“I have lunch. Pineapple shrimp, crab bao buns and sauteed bok choy.”

“Thank you, Athena.”

“No problem, Nitro. Is Lucia getting any rest?”

“Not really.”

“Has she remembered the rest of the accident?”

I shook my head. “No. Detective Stone is hoping she remembers soon. There are too many pieces missing without her information.”

I watched as Athena pulled out a stack of papers from a bag. She brought them over to me.

“EJ made them. There’s one for each day you were in the hospital. I’ll plate up the food.”

“Thanks.”

I thumbed through the stack of drawings. Some had messages like *get well*, others were just drawings. Several had the same house in them. It was large, with a turret in a couple of spots. More Queen Anne than castle style. Lucia must take EJ through the Garden District. They had beautiful old homes there.

I set the pictures with houses aside. After lunch, I’d send a text to Saber. Our resident architect and one of the Jackson brothers. His twin, Wrath, went on a lot of overseas missions with us. Their older brother Decker is our Road Captain.

When I turned my attention back to the drawings, the top photo caught my eye. It looked like EJ’s bedroom. Or rather, part of his bedroom featuring the big window not far from his bed. It’s dark outside and near the top of the window, red eyes appear.

I flipped through the rest of the pictures, finding three more night drawings. One was from the living room. The other was EJ's bedroom again. All three drawings had red eyes hovering near the top of the window.

I pulled up Wizard's number and hit dial. He answered on the first ring.

"Nitro, are you okay, brother?"

"Physically, yes. Do our cameras have night vision?"

"The compound cameras? If so, yes."

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

“FUCK! Someone is flying a drone in here at night spying on the cottage. Maybe the whole fucking compound.”

“Pulling up the night feeds now.”

“I’ll call Gambit.”

I ended the call and quickly dialed our president.

“Bonjou.”

“We’ve got a problem.” I filled him in on my theory and my conversation with Wizard.

“I’ll bring Church to you. Be there in twenty.”

Athena rolled over the table with food on it.

“Eat; sounds like you’re going to need your strength. Nay is due in fifteen to check your vitals. I’ll slip out while you’re in Church and head to the fish market.”

“Yeah, thanks Athena. Thanks for everything.”

“I don’t mind.”

I focused my energy on eating. Athena is right. I’d need all the strength I had. My family was in danger, and I was fucking useless. I was weak as a newborn baby. How the fuck was I going to protect my family?

Chardonnay stayed until Gambit arrived. Doc arrived on his heels and my other brothers weren’t far behind. Everyone except Wizard. He was in the lab. That’s what he called his workspace. He had dozens of monitors mounted on the walls. Computer towers and even large corporate size data banks sat in his apartment. He’d allotted a small living space in his oversized quarters. The remaining space was for his lab.

“Hey brother,” Gambit greeted me. “How are you feeling?”

“Helpless, and that pisses me off.”

“I feel ya, brother. I felt the same way not too long ago.”

I knew my friend was talking about when he found his wife unconscious in the hands of a maniac. The maniac and all those involved became gator food.

Doc was next. “How’s it going, brother?”

“Beside the elephant sitting on my chest, I think Noreen is stalking my family. Fucking bitch. I can’t believe that woman gave birth to me.”

“That’s fucked up,” Boomer added. “Moms are supposed to be our refuge.”

“Noreen must have missed the memo on that. She’s always been a shit mother. Still, wrapping my head around her involvement in human trafficking is a mind fuck.”

Chardonnay handed me a glass of water and two pills as my remaining brothers filed in.

“Your pain pills. Athena should be back by the time church is over. Just send her a text and give her the all clear when you’re done.”

“Thanks, Nay.”

Chardonnay has been with our club longer than any of the other girls. She was in her final year of nursing school. The stunning black woman had taken Athena, and Tawny, the new girls, under her wing. Blue, the last brother in, closed the door after Chardonnay left.

We barely fit in the living room of the little cottage. With brothers sitting on every available surface, and a few on the floor. Fourteen here and Wizard in his lab.

Gambit opened the laptop he brought, setting it where the majority could see. Then he connected Wizard.

“All set?” Gambit asked.

“I’m ready when you are, Prez,” Wizard replied.

“Meeting is called to order. Nitro, why don’t you show us EJs drawings.”

I picked up my son’s drawings and passed them to Gambit. He divided them up and passed them around.

“The placement of the eyes makes me think EJ is seeing a drone.”

“He is,” Wizard confirmed. “I have confirmation. Every night since the attack, we’ve had drone visitors. I’m going to hijack the next one that comes over our walls.”

“Are they coming over the front walls?” Gambit asked.

“No, they’re coming from the lake. The person doing it is likely in a boat.”

“Blue, Outlaw, check it out tonight. Let’s not capture them yet. Give Wizard time to hack their drones,” Gambit said.

“Trigger has frog time under his belt. He can go with them,” I added.

We spent the next hour going over the information Wizard gathered on Noreen and her associates. The club was ready to make a move on Renaldo and the two Russians who originally threatened my wife.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

Two long months had passed since our attack. We were no closer to figuring out who attacked us or who helped us out. Lucia's memories of the night still had a huge gap. She didn't remember shooting a guy in the face or the woman Echo who showed up to help.

Neither the guy with a hole in his head nor any of the other two bodies on the scene had ID with them. The police had run into a dead in with dental records. None of them had fingerprints. They were all burned off. There was currently no way to tie them or the attack back to my mother.

We all hoped Lucia would get her memory back. Though I wondered if not remembering would be better. I can't imagine Lucia living with the thought she'd taken someone's life.

Today we were having a poker run. The proceeds would go to the children's wing of the hospital.

Stormy had a ton of stuff donated for the raffle, including a seventy-two-inch high-def TV. Both she and Lucia were grounded from riding on the sleds. For caution's sake, we didn't let pregnant women ride. Doc cleared me to ride today, but I wasn't doing the full ride. It would start at nine this morning and end up at two by the park. The women and prospect had worked hard all week to pull off today's BBQ. After the ride and food, we would announce the raffle winners.

I shrugged into my cut and headed to answer the door. Red was on the other side. She was taking the kids to breakfast before heading to the park. Lucia left earlier. She was likely in the clubhouse kitchen helping the women make side dishes for the event.

I locked up and headed to my sled. In no time, I had the kickstand up and the bike on. Before meeting my brothers in front of the clubhouse, I took a drive to see our house.

Jackson and Sons broke ground on our house the day after I was released from the hospital. Saber drew up the plans for our three story American Queen Anne style home. EJ wanted a red roof and a tower. He got both. The roof is deep red. The house is a rich blue with red and cream trim.

Gambit and Stormy's house is not far from ours and nearly complete. His family was thrilled at the prospect of moving. The president suggested we build a playground at the last meeting. Saber is drawing the plans. Wrath and

Decker would bring the costs to the next meeting. And Dakota would find room in the budget to build it. They had our foundation up and the downstairs framed.

We'd included five bedrooms, seven baths, a three- car garage and mother-in-law quarters. Gigi indicated she wanted a place to visit when she joined us for Christmas.

I'm over the fucking moon Lucia and I are having another kid. Six months ago, we were a club of bachelors. Now two of us are married and we have six kids with two more on the way.

With a smile on my face, I drove to the front of the club to meet my brothers.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

Both Voodoo Dolls and Dames alike arrived at the park at eleven. The riders would arrive in three hours, but food sales began an hour earlier. All four prospects were on food duty. Two were manning grills with hamburgers, hot dogs, and brats. While the other two were in charge of the boil and red beans and rice.

Stormy, Red, Tawny, Athena, Kelsi, Chardonnay and I spent all day Friday making sides to go with the main dishes. The club donated the food so all the money made from it goes to a local home for unwed mothers, while the money from the run and the raffles goes to the children's wing at Mercy Hospital.

Our side dishes included German potato salad, American potato salad, macaroni salad, two kinds of pasta salad, coleslaw, baked beans, fruit salad and chips. For dessert, we stuck with four kinds of cookies, three different brownies and blondies. We packaged everything individually that way we only had to hand them containers instead of dishing things out. They had two thousand of everything.

I thought it was a lot, but Red assured us the ride was HUGE. We had over three hundred bikes registered to ride. Some would ride solo while others would carry a passenger. The club used the same park for the last four years. Our mother club was taking part in the ride as well.

Next year, I'd go on the ride with Cash. This year Stormy and I are grounded. Pregnant women do not ride bikes. At least not with our overprotective alpha males.

As soon as we arrived, the prospects started unloading all the vehicles. We had everything in coolers. An easy way to keep the sides fresh. I grabbed a stack of thirty-gallon containers. They had straps on them. We planned to fill them with ice and put drinks in them. There was an entire cargo van filled with canned and bottled drinks.

Half-Pint took the stack of containers from me.

"Don't lift anything heavy. If you hurt yourself, Nitro will end me."

I smiled up at the mountain of a man; he and Ito were just shy of seven feet. His size wasn't the only thing scary about him. He looked like he'd kill you if you crossed him. A jagged scar ran down the length of the ride side of

his face, bisecting his eye, which appeared to be normal. He rarely smiled, though I'd seen him give EJ and the twins smiles on multiple occasions.

I got busy working and lost track of time. Red arrived with the kids a half an hour after we got there. The club was paying the older children to monitor the younger ones. Red stayed close by them in case she was needed.

Riders started pulling in around one. We were doing a seven card draw, but you could stop at five if you wanted to if you thought your hand was good enough to win the twenty-five grand. I spotted my bff swing climb off Outlaw's bike. She was grinning from ear to ear, holding cards in her hand.

When she reached me, she fanned out five cards. Four kings and a seven of hearts.

"Winning hand, right here!"

Maddie grabbed my hands with a squeal. I jumped up and down with her. Her dark eyes twinkled with merriment. My best friend had her thick hair done in two pigtail style French braids. A neon pink Harley tank and faded denim with rips in all the right places.

"After my new godchild slash niece or nephew is born, we're going to Sam Choy's restaurant. There we're going to eat the best Lomi-lomi salmon in all of creation.

"Then we're renting a jeep and heading to my family's property to swim naked. There's this waterfall you can slide down beside it. The rocks were formed from lava. All the tiny little holes make it feel like someone is kissing your kiss as you slide down."

"Sign me up. I'll stash the rest of my family at a resort, and we'll have a girls' day."

She threw her arms around me in a fierce hug. "Girl, I love you."

"Girl, I love you. Now spill?"

"Spill what?" She feigned innocence.

"Oh please. Bikers don't give casual rides to girls on their rides."

"We've gone out on a couple of casual dates. When I told him I was coming today to help you, he offered to let me ride the first five stops."

"Casual dates, huh? Is he pierced?"

Maddie's eyes widened. "What? How should I know?"

"You haven't had sex with him? I mean, he's sex on a stick with that cajun accent. Don't tell Cash I said that."

Maddie chuckled.

"I won't, but you owe me dinner. You forgot about the three-date rule."

“I did. I’m so sorry. Dinner, next Tuesday, at Bazbeaux’s.”
“Deal.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

Sweat beaded on my upper lip as I bit back the pain. I made it through five stops before the pain became unbearable and I headed to the park. This year Stormy had the decks of card's custom made for the run. Each one of the club businesses was featured on the cards. A sleek design on the back of each card made them more like works of art than ads. Jack Daniels has their own card decks. Why not?

I plan on asking her who she used. I want decks for La Poule Rouge. The club was set to open at the end of April. CJ has been indispensable helping me with the hiring process for the other entertainers. Her alter ego, Nova Reign, is well known in the Burlesque circuit. She'll be our headline performer.

Sweat is pouring down my body and my legs ache with strain by the time I park my sled.

My brother Outlaw approaches as soon as my sled is off.

"Hey brother, how are you feeling?"

I gritted my teeth before dismounting the sled. "I've been better, brother."

"Lucia has a chair set up in the shade for you. Why don't we go over there, and I have some pain relief for you."

I looked at my brother, brow cocked. Pain relief from Outlaw. Whiskey or weed is my guess. I'll find out shortly. It takes a few minutes to find Lucia. People have filtered into the park and headed for the food.

My wife was standing beside her best friend, handing out plastic cups filled with food. She waved excitedly as soon as she spotted me and headed in my direction. Her eyes darkened with concern when she got a better look at me.

"You're in pain, mi amor."

"I should have come back after the fourth card. It was too good to feel the breeze on my knees."

Lucia smiled at our private joke. I let her lead me to a chair she had set up nearby in the shade.

"Papa!" my son called before tackling me. I bit the inside of my lip to keep from crying out in pain as my son launched himself at me. I caught him, swinging him up in my arms.

"Hey, champ. Are you having a good time?"

“Yes. We’re going to play tag, but I wanted to give you a hug first.”

“You give the best hugs.”

EJ gave my neck another hug and kissed my cheek. I let him down to go play and sank gratefully into the chair. Lucia handed me a bottle of water. I twisted off the cap and drank it down in a few long gulps.

“What can I get you to eat?” Lucia asked.

“Brat, hamburger and whatever else you bring me.”

Lucia brushed a quick kiss across my lips before heading off to get food. Outlaw handed me a vape, and a glass bottle full of blue liquid.

“Sativa in both. Should help with the pain and won’t make you sleepy. I’ll get one of the prospects to drive your sled back.”

“Thanks, brother.”

I chugged the liquid marijuana before using the vape. Once the pain started receding, I handed the vape back to my brother. Lucia came back with two platefuls of food. One loaded with cheeseburgers with all the fixings and loaded brats. The other stacked high with containers and plastic sleeves. Half-Pint followed behind Lucia, carrying a chair and a small folding table.

Our fourth prospect just served four months in the pen for possession. He got pulled over on a routine stop and they found a Rainbow Fentanyl in his pocket. The narcotic resembles a piece of candy on the streets; they call it sweet tarts or skittles.

The prospect was out at a club. Some girls who’d been dry humping him all night slipped it into his pocket for “safe keeping”.

The judge thought Half-Pint looked like a thug and gave him four months. No priors and he tested negative for drugs. I greeted him with a nod.

“Good to see you’re finally making yourself useful.”

One side of the big man’s mouth went up slightly. His version of a smile. He responded with a grunt, setting the chair down. Then setting up the table. He pulled a bottle of water from each back pocket.

“Do you need anything else, Lucia?”

“This should do it. Thank you, Half-Pint.”

The big man grunted again and went back to his station. Lucia pulled out napkin wrapped silverware handing me a set.

“Are you eating with me, Mariposita?”

She smiled, then laughed. “Yes, our baby is starving.”

Her stomach growled as if aware of the conversation. I laughed and pushed the plate of meat towards my wife. She chose a dog layered with

everything. I'm still looking for the kitchen sink.

"What's on that thing?"

"Bacon, grilled onions, grilled peppers, jalapenos, cheddar cheese, sweet relish, sauerkraut, and tartar sauce."

"Tartar sauce."

Lucia pointed to her stomach. "Their idea, not mine."

The riders came pouring in as Lucia and I ate. Eventually, she made her way back to the line to help serve everyone. My brothers came over to greet me after they arrived. Outlaw and Angel snagged a couple of picnic tables for us.

Blue's band took the stage at two and played until Gambit hopped up on stage. He waved at the crowd.

"Good afternoon, motherfuckers. You leather wearing, scary son of bitches raised a little over eighty thousand dollars for the children's wing at Mercy Hospital."

The crowd went crazy. Gambit let them cheer for several minutes.

"That's not all. Thanks to our lovely women. Ladies, come take a bow."

He waited until all the ladies were on stage.

"These ladies made all the food you've enjoyed today. Thanks to their hard work, we raised close to thirteen thousand for Gaia's Hope."

Gaia's Hope takes in young unwed mothers that might otherwise find themselves on the street. Once again, the crowd went wild. This time when the crowd died down, he held up a sheet of paper.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

“Now, the moment you’ve all been waiting for. Today’s winning hand. A royal flush registered to Rook.”

A guy about my height with dark hair and a cut took the stage. He handed Gambit the winning hand. Gambit verified the cards for the audience's benefit. The cards each person drew were recorded at each stop.

“Excuse me.”

I turned my attention toward the voice. A mirror image of the guy on stage stood next to me. On his other side is an attractive woman with red hair and bright green eyes.

“Can I help you?”

The guy pulled an object from his cut. It was wrapped in a bandana. He handed it to me.

“I believe you lost this.”

I took the bandana and unwrapped it to find my gun. It’s been missing since the attack. Wizard told him he was certain he heard a gunshot close range. Close enough, Wizard thought Lucia fired my gun. I had a Glock with me that day.

“How?”

“We happened upon the scene and lent a helping hand.”

The redhead continued, “When we heard the sirens, I cleaned the gunpowder from her hand. There was no time to hide the bodies.”

“Funny, the cops never said they found a dead body.”

“More like four dead bodies,” the man said. “I’m Reaper, by the way. This is Echo.”

Lucia, who had gone to get drinks, arrived back handing me a Coke. She smiled at the two visitors and said hello. No flicker of recognition crossed her features.

Echo studied her for a few moments before introducing herself and Reaper to Lucia.

“Good to see you up and moving,” a new voice added.

The man who won the run was standing by Reaper. Identical twins. Lucia looked confused.

“Are these friends of yours, Nitro?” Lucia asked.

“I’d say they’re both our friends, Cia. They stopped to help the night of the attack.”

Lucia’s eyes widened. “They did? I’m sorry I don’t remember, but thank you.”

She shivered. I pulled her down in my lap, kissing the top of her head.

“It’s all right, Mariposita. Your brain will remember when it’s time. Thank you for helping us.”

The twin stuck out his hand. “I’m Rook.”

“Pleased to meet you, Rook. Congrats on the win.”

“Thanks, man.”

“I’m Nitro, this is my wife, Mariposita.”

“Butterfly,” Echo said. “Nice.”

Mariposita smiled; a blush spread across her skin. “Thank you and thank you for helping us. I’m sorry I don’t remember.”

Echo placed a hand on Lucia’s shoulder. “Your husband’s right. Your mind will remember when it’s time. It hid the trauma for a reason.”

While Echo talked to Lucia, I studied the back of Rook’s cut. The rockers read Reavers MC, Louisiana. A skull wearing a cowboy hat, a neckerchief and holding two smoking guns took up the center of his cut.

“Reavers, new name to me. Have you been around for a while?”

Reaper, the club’s president according to his cut, smiled at me. “We moved here from New York. Needed a change of pace. There’s only seven of us. Not enough to make a ripple for territory.”

I smiled and shook my head. “Not worried about that. I didn’t recognize the name, and I’m a curious motherfucker.”

“Now that we’re up twenty-five large, we’d like to find something to invest in,” Rook said.

I stood up and bit back the wince. I’d overdone it today and would no doubt pay for it tomorrow.

“Let’s go talk to Gambit.”

Lucia slid her hand into mine as we navigated through the crowd. EJ came out of nowhere and launched himself at my legs. I bent down and hugged him fiercely.

“Hey, son.”

“Papa, see this bike.”

He grabbed my hand, trying to pull me.

“Hold on, son. I have to take these nice people to meet Gambit.”

“It’s not far.”

“We don’t mind,” Echo said. Her patch denoted she was the club’s secretary.

Rook, the club’s vice president, nodded in agreement.

EJ led the way. I spotted the bike immediately. The custom paint job was nothing short of phenomenal. A skeletal reaper riding a sled with a cow skull for steering. The banner above said, ‘Shut Up’, while the lower banner said, ‘And Ride’.

“Sweet ride, this must have cost some change.”

Reaper smiled. “Thanks, it’s mine. It would have, but we made it. Rook did the body mods and Echo painted the tank.”

“That’s some serious talent.”

“Thank you,” Rook and Echo said at nearly the same time.

“See, Papa. I knew you’d love it.”

I ruffled my son's hair. “You're right, mijo.”

“You need a cool tank on your bike, papa.”

“Sled, and yes, I do. That’s a good idea. Echo, can we talk after you meet with Gambit?”

“Sure thing.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

Tuesday
“Come on, mijo, or we’re going to be late meeting your Aunt Maddie. You know she gets Hangry if we’re late.”

My bff often worked through the day without eating and would be ravenous by six-thirty.

“I’m ready, mamá.”

We were only five minutes late by the time we parked and found Maddie. She’d gotten a half round booth so EJ could sit in between us as he preferred to do. He didn’t like to choose sides. Recently, he started doing the same thing with Cash and me.

Maddie greeted us with, “I ordered appetizers. Stuffed breadsticks with spicy cheese sauce, and meatballs with buffalo mozzarella.”

EJ took his place in between us, picking up the menu to look at it.

“Mamá, can I have a soda?”

“Si, mijo, you may have one.”

“Gracias.”

“De nada.”

I didn’t need to look at the menu; I knew it by heart. Before Cash crashed back into my life, the three of us came here once a week.

When the server came, I rattled off our order. Drinks first. “Unsweet tea with lemon, Dr. Pepper, and red wine. Stromboli, large half and half Quattro Formaggio and Tchoupitoulas, and a small Neptune.”

Maddie burst out laughing as soon as the server left. “Did you see his face?”

“We order the same thing every time. Except I usually have wine too.”

“It’s still funny to watch the new ones.”

“True.” I laughed.

Maddie waited until the breadsticks arrived to grill me about the newcomers at the park.

“Tell me all about that Rook guy and his twin.”

I laughed. “I know little about any of them. They seem nice. Cash introduced them to Gambit. After that, we went home. Cash was in a lot of pain from the ride. I believe they’re coming to the clubhouse later this week to talk business. Rook mentioned investing his winnings in a local business.”

“Does that mean the double deliciousness will be around more often?”

“I thought you were seeing Outlaw.”

“Hey, we’ve just been on a few dates. I’m still in the lust phase. That means a girl can read the menu.”

“Fair enough.”

I dove into the stuffed breadsticks as soon as they arrived. Dipping into the spicy cheese sauce, I took a big bite and moaned from the deliciousness.

“That good, huh?”

“Yes. I’m starving. This little one is demanding. I swear I’m up three times a night to pee and twice for a snack.”

Three teas later, I excused myself to go to the bathroom.

“Mamá, I have to go with you.”

“Come on, mijo.”

We slid into the bathroom. No one else was there, so after I got EJ locked into a stall, I left the stall to find a man wearing a mask with a gun to my son's head.

“If you make a sound, I’ll shoot him first before I kill you. Do you understand?”

I nodded yes.

“I’m going to open the door. You go first, the kid and I will follow.”

I nodded my head again, trying desperately to think of a way to get EJ free. When he opened the door, I threw myself down on the floor. The masked man cursed and grabbed me.

“Run, EJ!”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

My phone rang. I pulled it out of my back pocket; before glancing at the screen. Maddie.

“Hey Maddie, what’s up?”

Her voice was frantic. “Someone took Lucia.”

“Where are you?”

“Bazbeaux’s.”

“Stay there. Make sure people can see you. Where’s EJ?”

“I’ve got him.”

As soon as the call ended. I shot off a group text to my brothers. 911, followed by the address and name of the pizza joint.

It was the longest fifteen minutes of my life as I bobbed and weaved through traffic. Doc, Smoke, Boomer, and Outlaw were already on the scene. I sent a quick text to Maddie letting her know we were here.

Not a minute later the door flung open, and EJ raced out the front doors of the place with Maddie hot on his heels. She mouthed *sorry* as EJ threw himself at my legs.

I went down on my knees and brought him in for a hug. He cried on my shoulder while more of my brothers arrived.

Smoke approached us.

“Wizard hacked the cameras and is searching for them. They are driving a late model white cargo van.”

“EJ, buddy, can you go with Brick and Aunt Maddie back to the clubhouse?”

“Si, papa.”

“Can you tell us what happened, mijo?”

“Mamita took us to the bathroom. I went out of the stall to find this big man with a mask. He grabbed me and put his hand over my mouth. When Mamita finished, he put a gun to my head. Said he would shoot if she made a sound. She pretended to fall on our way out so I could run away.”

Tears pricked at the corner of my eyes. My wife and unborn child have been kidnapped. My terrified son is recounting his mother’s heroism with a look of love on his face that’s breaking my heart.

“You’ll bring Mamita home, won’t you, Papa?”

“Yes, mijo. You go with Brick and Aunt Maddie, and we’ll go get your mother.”

By that time, Gambit arrived. He had four members from the Reavers with him. Reaper, Rook, Echo, and Calamity pulled in with him.

“Any word?” Gambit inquired.

“Wizard pulled footage and found the van they’re in. He’s searching through the traffic lights now to find them.”

“Let’s divide up into teams and hit the streets. More eyes mean more chances to find these fuckers.” Gambit said.

I nodded my head in agreement. We split into groups of four and hit the pavement. Boomer,

Echo and Blue rode with me. Each group took a different direction from the pizza joint. My guts were churning. My body fucking hurt from work, but damned if I wasn’t going to push through it.

I had my helmet on, I’d forgotten the Bluetooth.

Angel waved to get my attention before heading in my direction.

“Hey brother, CJ said she saw your Bluetooth on your desk. She was locking up.”

“Thanks, bro. Your name is well earned.”

We were on the road headed east when a call came in.

“Go.”

“It’s Wizard. The van is on Lake Forest, heading east. They just passed Bullard Ave.”

“We’re not far. I’m on it.”

After the call disconnected, I signaled my group and headed toward Lake Forest Boulevard. Two blocks from Lake Forest, the traffic came to a dead stop. I wasn’t stopping for anyone. I pulled up onto the sidewalk, revving the engine to give everyone a heads up. Fates were on our side as the sidewalk remained empty.

Finally, we made it to Lake Forest Boulevard. I weaved in and out of traffic, heading east. The light at Bullard turned yellow. I blew through it, gaining speed where possible. We were approximately ten minutes behind them.

Another call came in. I heard Wizard’s voice.

“We’re all connected and on an open line. Van is headed south on 510.”

“Our team is a mile out. On it.” Gambit said.

“Eyes on the van.” Wrath called out.

Relief flooded my veins. *Hang on, Mariposita, we're almost there, baby.* I've never been a praying man, but I sent up a prayer anyway. *Please, God, keep my wife and unborn child safe. Help us, help them.*

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Fuck! They were shooting at them, and our guys would not return fire. Or fuck me, even shoot out a tire. Not with precious cargo on board.

Rapid fire shots came next. Poppoppoppoppoppop!

"We're backing off. Those fuckers almost hit a group of teens."

GODDAMNIT! No. Fuck, fuck, fuck. This couldn't be happening. I hadn't heard a word, not one fucking word, from Noreen. I'm going to kill her with my bare hands. I don't care if that coldhearted cunt shot me out of her nether regions.

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

“Don’t worry, brother. We’re still following them. We had to drop back a quarter mile. I haven’t heard one fucking siren. Not one,” Gambit said.

The distant sound of metal on metal came next.

“Crash ahead.” Outlaw’s thick accent came over the line.

“We’ll try to get around it,” Wrath added.

The distance between Gambit’s team and mind closed. Each second felt like an eternity. They couldn’t get around the multi-car wreck. And the van was on the other side of it, widening the gap.

Traffic came to a complete stop.

“They’re pulling off at the Venetian Isles exit,” Wizard provided.

Smoke spoke up. “Rerouting my team. ETA, twelve minutes.”

“They’ll be long gone by then,” I replied.

“Maybe not. They’re headed toward the casino,” Wizard stated.

I pulled my sled into the emergency lane, turning it around.

“Wizard, do we have emergency vehicles headed this way and are they using the emergency lane?”

“Yes, and yes. ETA, five minutes. Lane clear estimation, seven minutes and thirty-two seconds.”

With a sigh, I pulled the sled back to where it was in the traffic jam.

“They pulled into the parking garage at the casino,” Wizard said.

“Smoke, what’s your ETA?” I asked.

“Six minutes out. Traffic is a bitch even on a sled.”

“They’re pulling out,” Wizard said.

“Wait, there’s two vans. They’re identical. And more are coming. Hold.”

Fuck. Mother fucking. Cock sucking son of a bitch. This cannot be happening.

“Twelve vans. I’ll start scanning license plates.”

“We’re a mile out. We’ll take the first two vans.” Smoke said.

“We’re closing in on the location as well,” Angel said.

Angel had Calamity, Papa, and Reaper with him. All I could do was wait and listen. The emergency vehicles were getting closer. Their sound so sirens grew louder with each passing moment.

Wizard continued to keep track of all twelve vans while calling out directions for the rest of us.

“This is Smoke. Decker and I are following one van. Saber and Rook are on a second.”

Smoke rattled off the license plate number.

“Are you sure?” Wizard asked.

“Looking right at it, brother.”

“Fuck. I was afraid of that. The three other vans I’ve got tag numbers for all had the same number. The one Smoke just reported.”

“Seriously?” I asked.

“Yeah, sorry man.”

“Angel here. Eyes on a van.”

“Same. Saber out.”

And so it went. Each group had eyes on a van. That left seven vans for Wizard to keep track of. The next five minutes seemed like an hour as we waited for the emergency vehicles to pass. All teams still had eyes on a white van.

Finally, we were free. I wasted no time in pulling the bike into the emergency ramp and heading back to the nearest exit.

“This is Nitro. We’re free to pursue more vans.”

“Hold on. I’ll triangulate the nearest and get back to you.”

“FUCK!” Wizard yelled. “No, come on. Not now!”

“What’s wrong?” I asked, my heart falling into the pit of my stomach.

“I lost the feed.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I waited in the murky depths of Lake Pontchartrain. The notoriously shallow lake had pockets that reached up to twenty meters in depth. We were fortunate the compound house sat near one such pocket. The area near the clubhouse went down seventeen point four meters.

Plenty of depth for me to hide and wait for my prey. Wizard kept tabs on the drone operators' nightly visits to the compound. We let them continue to think we were clueless about the drones. Wizard developed a program to not only take over the drone but control the feed it's sending back to the operator or whoever is monitoring the feed.

A short group of clicks came over the com. My signal. The boat was above me. I made my way to the hull of the boat. It took less than two minutes to set the explosive device. Now that's done, I pulled a thermal indicator from a pouch on the utility belt I had strapped around my waist.

Looked like the guy was sitting near the rear of the boat. I tucked the device away and swam to the middle of the boat. It took only a few seconds for me to surface and swing myself over the side of the boat. Before the guy could move, I incapacitated him. With a blow to the windpipe. A move that Smoke taught me. I prop the asshole up and give the signal over the com.

While the asshole is still out of it, I strap a mini bomb to his chest and lay another on his lap.

"I've got control. I'm implementing my program now," Wizard said.

"I'm waiting for Dickwad to wake up. Shouldn't be long."

Impatient to get this interrogation over with, I throw water in Dickwad's face.

"Wake up, sleeping beauty. You don't want to miss all the fun."

The guy jerked awake and started for me.

"Ah-ah, you don't want to move too much."

I pointed to the explosives. Dickwad's face grew pale. His eyes widened. Then the guy smirked.

"If this goes off you die too, dumbass."

"Since your employer has my reason for living, it's a risk I'm willing to take."

"I'm not telling you shit. They'll kill me. Besides, they already know something is up as soon as the drone loses feed."

“The drone didn’t lose feed. It’s working just fine. In fact, we’re transmitting exactly what we want them to see. Question that comes to mind first is, why are you out here?”

“It’s the perfect place to not get noticed.”

“The range on the drone is nearly thirty miles. You’re a few football fields away from your intended target. Why’s that? Not only that, but a drone like the one you’re using can get a pic from half a mile away. Why then would you be looking into the windows of my home?”

“I’m just following orders.”

“Are you saying my mother asked you to spy on her grandson?”

“Yes. No, I mean, I don’t know who your mother is.”

“That’s a lie, and we both know it, Renaldo. Now start talking.”

The man grew paler when I said his name. Yeah, I had the rapist bastard right where I wanted him.

“They’ll kill me.”

“I’ll kill you. You’re a dead man walking. Question is how painful you want to die. Notice that second charge there? The one on your lap. It’s small enough to blow your junk off and leave you alive.”

For the next ten minutes, Renaldo sang like a canary. Wizard recorded it over the com link.

“I’ve told you everything. Why don’t you let me go?”

“Yeah, not happening. Rapist pieces of shit don’t deserve to live.”

I grabbed the device from his chest, backed up a few feet and blew the C-4 on his crotch. Dickwad’s screams sounded across the lake. With a grin I dove in, getting a safe distance before blowing the explosive on the boat. The back end went up in flames and began to sink. Dickwad was still screaming when the suction of the boat sinking pulled him under.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

My hands were tied behind my back, and I had something over my head. It was rough and scratchy. My arms were asleep from the position they were in and my ass was numb from sitting on a cold concrete floor. I didn't need to see it to know what the floor was.

My captors thought I was still unconscious. One of the goons hit me earlier, knocking my head against the metal of the van hard enough to render me unconscious. I kept my breathing even. Please let Cash be on his way. I can't leave EJ without a mom. Not to mention I'm carrying our second child.

"When's the bitch going to wake up? I want to have a little fun before the boss gets here."

"Nyet. You will not touch her. Can you not see she is with child? Boss will rip your balls off and feed them to you if the unborn child is harmed."

"She's got two more holes, doesn't she? I can have fun without hurting the brat. Come on. Look at the ass on her."

"If you touch her, I will feed your balls to you myself," the man with the Russian accent growled.

"Fuck you, asshole."

"In your dreams, pig. Now go do something useful."

I heard a scuffle. The Russian cried out, then I heard a gunshot.

"Fucking pig. I should have killed you earlier."

Russian one. Scum sucking pig zero. Still, that didn't help my overall situation. What if we were wrong?

What if Noreen wasn't the one in charge. Someone else wouldn't care about our baby. *Mother Mary, please help Cash find us. Don't let him miss out on raising another child.*

"What the hell is going on here?" a cold, haughty voice demanded. I knew that voice. Noreen Dawson. I despised that woman. She'd brought me years of misery because I deigned to fall in love with her son. She considered me beneath him. Beneath them. I was just the help.

"This pig wanted to rape the girl."

"So? We're selling her to the sheik anyway."

"Isn't she a little old for him?"

"Yes, but with her looks, he made an exception. Now, why did you shoot one of my men?"

“She’s pregnant.”

“What?”

“This changes everything. How far along?”

“I do not know. She’s barely showing.”

“Why isn’t she awake?”

“The pig hit her pretty hard. Slammed her head against the van wall.”

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

“We have a location!” Wizard cried triumphantly.
“Let’s lock and load. Everyone, get into your assigned cages.”

I led everyone out of church to the parking lot. Four white cargo vans sat in the parking lot. We’d taken them from the hunt earlier. The drivers were hired via an internet ad to drive the vans from the casino to a given location. Each driver had money sent to them via a cash app.

We relieved each of them of the van keys and took possession of the vehicle. A quick plate change and we were using them to transport our team into the Wildlife Refuge where they were likely hiding Lucia.

Less than five minutes later we were loaded and headed toward the refuge.

Decker drove the first van. Our com lines were open. We listened to Wizard’s directions. I sat in the back near the doors. Ready to roll as soon as possible. I double checked all my equipment. Made sure I had extra ammo clips. Anything to keep me busy while we were en route.

The Reavers were in the fourth van. Calamity, who trained and rescued birds of prey, brought along a Great Horned Owl.

“Quarter mile on the right.” I heard Wizard say.

Decker pulled the van over, parking it on an access road. The road was for employees, but they’d gone home already. We hoofed it the rest of the way. A two-story miniature castle sat not far from the water. It wasn’t big enough to hold many people. Why in the hell would Noreen choose this place?

Under the cover of darkness, we made our way into the castle, flooding in through doors and windows. Four men sat in front of a bank of TVs watching the drone’s feed.

“Who are you?” one asked.

“What the fuck?” another said.

I pointed my weapon at them.

“Pull your phones out of your pockets and toss them towards me. Who’s in charge?”

No one spoke up.

“Smoke, can you loosen someone’s lips?”

“Sure thing.”

I watched as Smoke sized up the men. He picked the biggest one.

“I’ll give you one chance to tell me who’s in charge.”

“Fuck yourself, American.”

Smoke wanted a quick, well-placed kick to the man’s knee. A loud pop sounded before the man screamed in pain.

“You broke my knee. You broke my mother fucking knee.”

The man collapsed on the floor, holding his knee to his chest.

“You have two hundred and five more bones I can break. Ready to talk now?”

“No, don’t break any more. He’s in charge.”

The man on the floor pointed to a guy wearing a red polo shirt. I walked over to the man and put my gun to his nut sack.

“Where are they?”

“Where’s who?”

“Answer the fucking question or I’ll blow your dick off, mother fucker.”

“The marina,” a third guy shouted.

“Thanks man.”

I pulled the trigger, blowing Mr. Tough Guy’s junk to pieces. His screams were loud enough to wake the dead. I turned to Angel.

“Kill the others and feed them to the gators. I’ll call the maids for cleanup.”

Angel nodded. He, Decker, Wrath, and Reaper hauled the guys outside. While Papa, Smoke, and I searched the room for anything useful.

I dialed the number for the maid service. Magnolia Maids, ordinary cleaning service by day. Crime scene cleaning specialist by night.

“You’ve reached, Maggie.”

“Miss Magnolia. This is Nitro. I need to clean up the old Irish castle.”

“I’ll be there in thirty. Should I invoice you or the club?”

“This one’s on me.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

Archimedes, Calamity's owl, flew around the marina. The owl wore a diminutive camera that allowed us to see who was on the boats. My brothers had split into teams and were checking the buildings while the owl scoped out the boats.

"Check the yacht. The forty-five meter one."

Calamity called the owl back to her, talking to it before sending it winging again.

I stepped behind the Reaver so I could watch the camera feed on her phone. I have no idea how she communicated with the bird, but it headed for the biggest yacht in the marina.

At first, no one was on deck. The owl flew down one side before circling back for another pass. This time, two armed men walked onto the deck. Archimedes swooped closer, bringing the men's faces into focus. I recognized one of my mother's goons.

I clicked the com. "They're on a yacht. Let's suit up."

Outlaw, Trigger, Smoke, and I slipped on our wetsuits and started toward the ship. The others were loading onto boats. They would arrive fifteen minutes after we did.

The swim over was uneventful. Once we arrived, we set the explosives. I made everything and my brothers are trained to set them. Smoke, Trigger and I, are former Navy Seals, while Outlaw is just that, an outlaw. A pirate by trade. Yeah, they still exist. People smuggle all kinds of things into the harbors in and around New Orleans.

I haven't been underwater for this long since my Seal days. I might enjoy breaking out my skills if my world wasn't in the hands of the sickest bitch on the planet. I still can't wrap my mind around Noreen's involvement in human trafficking. She's never been a good person, nor a good mother, but human trafficking. That's evil in my book. Pure evil, and I eradicate evil.

Once the charges are set, we make our way on deck. These mother fuckers are lax. We not only make it on deck, but out of our scuba tanks and extra gear. We split up into two teams. Smoke and Outlaw took port side. While Trigger and I took the starboard side.

"When the fuck can we leave? We're sitting ducks."

“No one knows what we have on board. Idiot. How many of these jobs have you done? What’s got you spooked?”

“Too many to count. Call it a fucking hunch. Something’s going down.”

We were behind cover on the upper deck, listening to their conversation.

“You’re being paranoid, man. Stop smoking so much weed. Shit’s got you jittery.”

“First, my shit doesn’t give you the jitters. Second, mark my words. Something is going down.”

The lyrics from “Bad Moon Rising” played in my head as I stood up and threw a dagger. It landed with perfect accuracy into the man’s trachea. The second dagger dug deep into his femoral artery.

I doubted Thomas had enough time to mutter fuck before Tigger’s blade cut off his oxygen.

I pointed my silenced gun at his head and pulled the trigger. Never leave an enemy alive. It could bite me in the ass. I signaled Trigger and headed to the lower deck. Smoke and Outlaw were headed to the Bridge. If my brothers are on schedule, they’ll be climbing over the railing any moment now.

There were two more men in the galley. They were distracted. We took them out with quiet efficiency before heading to the crew quarters.

Two men stood halfway down the hall, semi-alert. Each carried a PP-19 Bizon. A Russian submachine gun. Designed for close range combat, it holds sixty-four rounds. Fuck. I signaled Trigger before pulling out a flash grenade.



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Lucia

I woke up in a cloud of pillows. I fought to keep my breathing even as I took in my surroundings. I remember a prick, then nothing. They must have injected me with something. I vaguely recall Noreen mentioning a physician.

I heard the movement of water at the same time I realized I'm lying on a bed. *I'm on a boat? Oh god! Noreen sold me to the sheik. No! No! No! She said she is going to wait until the baby is born.*

Wait! No! OMG. She said, 'This changes everything.' Saint Nicholas, please protect my unborn child. No matter what happens to me, make sure they are safe and healthy.

I was quickly losing my cool. If not for the ingrained need to protect my unborn child, I would have screamed by now. I'm living my fucking nightmare. The waves and my heart beating in my ears are the only sounds I hear. Thank God. I have a few moments to compose myself.

Poppoppopop! The sound of rapid gunfire pierced the air. My heartbeat faster. Eli is here. I knew he'd come. I moved my hands and feet. I'm not tied up. Thank you, Mother Mary. I slide off the bed and dash into the closet, closing the door. A split-second later, the door bursts open.

"Grab her and let's go! We're under attack."

Heavy footsteps sounded on wooden floors.

"She's not here!"

More gunfire. This time closer. Much closer. I heard yelling but couldn't make out the words.

"We're out of time Let's go!" Noreen shouted.

"What about the girl?"

"Fuck the girl. Get me out of here.

"Wait! Give me your gun!" Noreen screamed.

Bullets pierced through the closet doors, hitting all around me. I curled into a ball, making myself as small as possible. Burning pain seared my upper arm. I clamped my lips together to keep from crying out.

"Now, if she was hiding in the closet, the stupid little cunt will be dead."

I heard footsteps retreating from the room. I stayed in the closet. Where I would remain until I knew we were safe. I placed one hand protectively over

my stomach, thankful the baby was unharmed. The burning in my arm continued. I felt blood drip down my arm. It would have to wait.

OceanofPDF.com

Gambit

Papa and I cleared the bridge when shots came from the galley. We headed toward the galley. weapons drawn. Two bodies down. Rapid gunfire came from below deck and behind us at the same time. Decker, Saber, and Wrath ran through the galley, heading below deck. Papa and I headed toward what appeared to be the master suite.

We searched the outer area before moving into the bedroom. The bedding was disturbed. Someone was there. I carefully opened the closet door while Papa covered me. Lucia was curled up in a ball at the back of the closet.

“Mariposita, it’s Gambit. You’re safe.”

“Gambit?” She looked at me with wide eyes before throwing her arms around my neck. I wrapped her in my arms, realizing quickly her right arm was bleeding.

I opened the com.

“Doc to the master suite. We have Lucia. She’s safe but needs non-emergency care.”



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

“Doc to the master suite. We have Lucia. She’s safe but needs non-emergency care.”

Hooked to my brothers, who were helping the terrified women and children we’d found. Thirteen in all, crammed in one small room.

“Go, we’ve got this,” Smoke said.

I didn’t need any further encouragement. I sprinted down the hall, up the stairs, and across the ship to the master suite. Doc wasn’t far behind me. Gambit sat on the bed with Lucia beside him. Her right arm was tied with what looked like a piece of sheet.

I didn’t stop running until I was in front of her on my knees. She wrapped her arms around my neck, bursting into sobs. I stayed on my knees, my arms wrapped around her, and let her sob.

“Cia, Doc needs to look at your arm.”

She drew back slightly and nodded her head. I sat beside her on the bed, making room for Doc to examine her arm.

“Let’s have a look here,” Doc said, cutting the makeshift bandage off her arm.

He looked at it thoroughly before cleaning and bandaging it.

“It’s a graze. Keep it clean, change the bandage daily, and I’ll give you a script for cream to put on it.”

“We’ve searched the entire ship and Noreen isn’t here,” Gambit said.

“She ran after you boarded the ship, but not before shooting up the closet. Eli, she sold me to some guy she called the sheik.”

I could tell my wife was struggling to keep the horror from her face as she recounted what happened from the time she was taken. As much as I wanted to go home with my wife to our son, I had unfinished business.

“Mariposita, will you let one of my brothers take you home? I’m going to find Noreen and put an end to this once and for all.”

“Si, as long as they take me to EJ.”

“I’ll take her,” Decker offered.

I helped my wife into one of the boats and watched her leave before the rest of us went after Noreen.

“Any idea where she might go and how she got off the ship?”

“They likely took the tender,” Outlaw said. “I might have an idea where they went. They’re a well-hidden cove in the swamps not far from here. Smugglers use it.”

Thirty minutes later, we were parked and walking through the swamps to the hidden cove. I heard Noreen before I saw her.

“Shouldn’t they be here by now?”

“Nyet, they are five minutes out.”

I stepped around the corner, putting a bullet in the Russians’ heads.

“Too bad they’ll be five minutes too late to save your sorry life.”

“Cash, what are you doing here?”

“*Cash, what are you doing here?* Is that all you’ve got, Noreen?” I asked with a sneer.

“You’ve ruined everything. You always ruin everything. You were supposed to marry someone who would cement our place in society, not some little wetback nobody.”

The red-hot anger that had been simmering just below the surface rose.

“That little nobody, as you call her, has more class in her pinky than you have in your whole body. She’s grace and beauty epitomized. You’re jealous of her. You have been since the day she came to work for us.

“You accused Dad of having an affair with her mother every fucking day for years. All these years I’d hoped one day I would find some redeeming quality in the woman I call a mother. I never expected you to be the sweet, doting mother who baked cookies and bandaged knees, but you’re a fucking human trafficker. Talking about low life scum. You are the stuff they scrape off the bottom of the scum.

I pointed the gun at her, breathing steady. I found, as I looked down the barrel of the gun, a sense of peace. Not the inner turmoil I expected. Not only would she never terrorize the woman I love, but she’d never terrorize another soul.

Noreen scoffed. “You don’t have the guts to shoot your mother.”

The com chirped in my ear. “Your dad’s here. We have three and a half minutes before her reinforcements arrive.”

I kept my eyes on Noreen. I felt Dad’s presence before I saw him. He put his hand on my shoulder.

“Let me have the gun, son.”

“I don’t think so. She doesn’t deserve to take another breath.”

He stepped between the two of us. His eyes met mine.

“Trust me.”

I let him take the gun from his hand.

“No matter how horrible she is, a man shouldn’t have to kill his own mother.”

He turned on his heel and fired the gun, putting a bullet between his wife’s eyes.

“I’ve wanted to do that for years. I’m sorry, son. I knew she was a bitch. I had no idea she was into human trafficking or that she did those horrible things to Lucia. I hope in time you can forgive me, and we can forge a relationship.”

“I still can’t believe someone like that is my mother.”

“That’s because she’s not, son.”



The End

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Nitro

I watched the birthday boy bounce from one game to the next. EJ was hopped on sugar and fueled with excitement. His entire kindergarten class joined him in celebration. Lucia and I decided the staff at Mitzi and Earl's could do the heavy lifting.

We'd rented out the whole place again. It was filled with screaming kids and rough looking bikers.

The perfect mix for my son's sixth birthday.

It turns out Noreen Dawson wasn't my biological mother. Dad had an affair, and I was the result. Rickard asked Noreen for a divorce. She counter offered a threat to not only ruin his life but the life of my biological mother, Emma Decker.

Emma's family was like much of America, making just enough to tread water and pay bills. Any upset in their apple cart would have meant disaster. Noreen played the doting pregnant wife while Emma was hidden away from the public eye. After she gave birth, she disappeared. Dad has never found her. I can't help but wonder if Noreen had killed her or killed her, herself.

"Eli."

Lost in thought, I hadn't heard Lucia approach.

"Penny for your thoughts." She said, smiling.

"I was thinking about Emma."

A look of concern clouded her beautiful features.

"Lo siento, mi amor."

I took her hand, brushing my lips against the back of it.

"There's nothing for you to be sorry about. Wizard and Bug are searching for her."

"Did Rickard ever search for her?"

"He said he did."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. Time will tell."

Maddie waved as she approached from across the room. She gave me a one-armed hug before engulfing Lucia in a sisterly one.

"You have twenty minutes before we cut the cake."

Kissing Lucia on the cheek, she winked at me and left. I raised a brow at my wife. She smiled and grabbed my hand.

“Follow me.”

I chuckled and let her lead me to the family bathroom. After she pushed me in, she locked the door.

“Fuck me, Eli.”

“Your pregnancy hormones are in overdrive. My little ninfa.”

“Si, now fuck me.”

I stopped to admire her curves before sliding my hand under her dress. She was nearly six months pregnant. I loved the way her belly rounded with our baby. I pushed aside the wispy lace, plunging one finger inside her slick folds.

“Damn, baby. You’re wet.”

I pulled a finger out, tasting her sweetness. “And tasty too. I love the way you taste.”

“Fuck me.”

“I will after I make you cum with my mouth.”

Lucia whimpered in reply. I picked her up, sitting her on the counter. I put one of her legs over my shoulder and dove in between her legs. In my excitement, to get to her juicy pussy, I heard the rip of fabric.

My wife laughed, causing her pussy to jiggle in my face. I swiped my tongue from the bottom of her outer lips to the tight bundle of nerves at the top. I heard her draw in a breath before she dug her nails into my scalp.

“Aye, papi. Just like that.”

I ran my tongue through the same pattern three more times before piercing her outer lips. My tongue thrust into her channel. I rubbed her clit with the pad of my thumb at the same time.

Lucia’s hips bucked.

“Eli!” she cried as she had her first orgasm.

I wasted no time unzipping my pants and pulled my cock free. Lining up the head of my cock with her soaked entrance. I was buried deep inside her in one thrust. She wrapped her legs around me, drawing me down for a kiss. Lucia released her cries into my mouth as we kissed.

Sweat beaded in the small of my back as I fucked her. Her pussy juicy soaked the front of my jeans. I could give a fuck less. I’d wear them with pride. Pressing the heel of my hand against her pubic mound, I applied pressure. While I adjusted the thrust of my hips to hit her g-spot.

Lucia arched her back, crying out as she broke the kiss. I pumped a few more times before releasing my seed deep inside her. After I finished, I

cleaned us both up and pulled down her dress. Dropping a kiss on her lips.

“I’m changing the name on your cut.”

“To what?”

“Nymph.”

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

If a nerd and a porn star had a baby. I love Star Trek, Star Wars, Lord of the Rings, and tabletop RPGs. Although I've forgotten most of it, I did at one time know how to speak Klingon.

When my first marriage ended, I explored life. Let's call me a late bloomer. By my late thirties, I was being given new versions of the Kama Sutra. From my sexual escapades to my painful life experiences. I use what I know. I once had someone comment that I put my characters through hell. You write what you know.

As an avid animal lover, I have several of my own, from horses to chickens. The rest shall remain a mystery for now. My mama always said, "Always leave them guessing." Or maybe that was Mae West.

<https://linktr.ee/candifox>

[OceanofPDF.com](https://linktr.ee/candifox)



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

If you enjoyed reading this book, please consider leaving a review.
Reviews do so many things for authors! They are important and appreciated.

Thank you,
Candi Fox

OceanofPDF.com



[OceanofPDF.com](https://oceanofpdf.com)

OceanofPDF.com

Killing Chronicles Series

Strange Beginnings
Sweet Obsession
Twisted Time

OceanofPDF.com

Naked Truth Series

Harlequin's Deception
Witch's Transformation
Solstice
Healing Harley

OceanofPDF.com

Rock Series

Pendale High (Not YA)
Savanna James
Lennon Cooper
Gemma's Wish
Christie Lee

OceanofPDF.com

Odin's Wolves MC

Half-God, Half-Wolf, All Bad Ass
Rage
Viper
Blade
Kanine

OceanofPDF.com

Past Anthologies

Remembering Ryan
Once Upon a Brother's Grimm
Erotic Fairy Tales Brother's Grimm

OceanofPDF.com

Current Anthologies

Hunters' Revenge: Wicked Warriors MC Maryland Charter: Bleeding Souls Saved by Love (Wicked Bad Boy Biker Motorcycle Club Romance)

Peter's Prize: Luciano Crime Family, Boston Mafia (Fabled Wars a Dark Mafia Romance): Bleeding Souls Saved by Love!

OceanofPDF.com

Voodoo Kings MC

Gambit's Queen
Nitro's Nymph

OceanofPDF.com