

RUTHLESS KNIGHTS MC

RUTHLESS SOULS

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Ruthless Souls

Ruthless Knights MC #1

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Jealous/Possessive Hero

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Death/Murder

Loss of a parent/family member

Prologue

REMEDY

I thought I had seen it all growing up in a place where men ruled and women had little to say. Don't get me wrong...we were respected, but this wasn't your usual MC.

Where other clubs liked to keep peace in their town and stay away from trouble, the Ruthless Knights liked to raise hell wherever possible.

These men were feared wherever they stepped foot in, and with just one stupid look from an outsider, they were ready to pull a gun.

They lived up to their name to the fullest, ignoring all kinds of laws when they felt like it.

Good thing about it all, the law never caught them during their gruesome acts of violence. Those mostly happened behind closed doors. And if there was an occasional fight or shooting, they covered it all up or blamed it on others.

Not even the police liked to get involved with the Knights. But there was a reason.

The men in this club were good people. Deep down, they did all this to protect their brotherhood and us women. And while they should've been punished for the things they did, they did get rid of people who did worse.

Way worse.

Unspeakable things that often left me with a thick knot in my throat and an upset stomach.

In the clubhouse, they talked freely about those things. Made sure everyone knew who their next victim was.

I never understood why they wanted us to know. Especially us kids.

I was born into this world, and the things I heard when I was still a kid made it difficult for me to sleep at night.

I often had nightmares, was scared to sleep in the dark, and often times were afraid to look into any of the men's eyes.

My father, Falco Sloane, also called Doc, took me to the clubhouse thirty-six hours after I was born. He wanted to show me off to his brothers.

My mother passed away after giving birth, and I never got to meet her. And to this day, I questioned if my mother would've been okay with this.

With her only daughter being pulled into this world. Dad's world. Now he was dead too, and he didn't even get a funeral.

That was my uncle's choice. Woodrow Sloane, president of the Ruthless Knights. As Dad's brother, you would think he'd pay him respect by having a gravestone placed somewhere special. But that wasn't the case.

Dad betrayed the club, and his brothers didn't bother granting him his last wish. To be buried next to my mother.

Instead, they dumped him in the ocean and showed no remorse.

It's been eight months, and I was still trying to find peace with the thought of losing Dad. But every time I cried, Woodrow shot me a stern look and said, "You're a big girl, Remi. Stop crying for the person he had become."

I didn't cry for the person Dad had become. I cried for the person he was. The father I lost. The man who raised me.

Up until the day they found out about his betrayal, he was still a good man.

My father used to be a doctor before he became a member, hence the nickname. And it turned out that he

used his old connections to the hospital to smuggle pills to people that Woodrow considered enemies.

Turned out that those people used those pills to sedate young girls and women, to then have them shipped off to a different country where they'd get sold.

Dad denied that he ever got to see any of the big money those people made from trafficking, but it turned out that he did.

It was a very large sum.

Everything he did was soon known all over the States, making the Ruthless Knights a target for other MC's. Dad put us in danger, and the only way out of this mess was for him to leave. But no MC accepted for him to stay alive.

They demanded his death, and Woodrow had to decide. It wasn't an easy decision, but to save the club from attacks, he chose to end Dad's life. And the lives of all the people he had helped traffic those innocent girls.

I was disgusted by it. Threw up all night when it all came to light, and without seeing his face again, I knew nothing would ever be the same.

Today was my twenty-first birthday, but I didn't feel like celebrating. I shared my birthday with him. It was a stupid coincidence I used to find fun and exciting.

Now that he was gone though, I would be reminded of his wrong doings every time I turned a year older.

"Sure you don't want to come to the club? The old ladies prepared food just for you."

I turned my head to look up at Woodrow standing behind me. I had come downstairs to watch TV this morning, and I hadn't gotten up since. After my father's death, Woodrow made me move in with him so I wouldn't be alone.

I gave a gentle smile and shook my head. "I think I'll stay home tonight."

He continued to study me as I moved my gaze back to the TV. I could hear him think, then he sighed. “You haven’t eaten all day.”

“I’m not hungry.”

“Remedy.” His voice was stern, making the hair on the back of my neck stand up. “I’m not gonna watch you sit here and be miserable because of him. It’s been eight months. Get the fuck over it.”

I flinched at his words. No remorse. He had forgotten about his brother a long time ago. Not even the fact that he was the one that shot him in the head made him feel any type of guilt.

He moved, walking back into the kitchen, and I heard him open the fridge. Then it was silent for a while before he slammed it closed and walked back to the living room. “Get dressed. There’s no food in this house and I’m not gonna let you starve on your goddamn birthday.”

I scowled and dropped my gaze to my hands in my lap. “I won’t starve.”

“Remedy, go get dressed. Now!”

His temper was something I detested. He was cold one moment, acting like a lunatic the next, and five seconds later, he was the most caring human on earth. But then...most men in the Ruthless Knights MC were that way.

I looked up at him and took a deep breath, carefully choosing my next words. “Can I go home after I’ve eaten?”

His nostrils flared. “Fine. I’ll have one of the prospects take you home then.”

Not that hard, was it? To be respecting of other people’s wishes.

But who was I kidding?

I was born and raised in the Ruthless Knights MC, and I was a woman. I didn’t get to make decisions very

often, and when I did, I had to make them in ways they satisfied the men.

I got dressed in a t-shirt and jeans, put on my white sneakers, and headed back to the living room where Woodrow was waiting on me.

He looked at me, letting his eyes wander all over my clothes until he let out a pleased grunt. “At least you’re not trying to impress anyone. I’ll kill anyone who tries to touch you.”

I pursed my lips.

Don’t worry, Woodrow, I’d do the same if I had the strength to.

Chapter 1

REMEDY

One Year Later

I still hated birthdays.

Not for the same reason I hated them last year. More because it was expected of me to be happy and excited and be the life of the party.

To be fair, that wasn't easy in this club. Every birthday was everyone's birthday.

Which then made this more bearable for me, I guess.

I woke up early this morning to go over to the clubhouse and help Agnes, Iris, and Wanda with breakfast.

Agnes was Woodrow's old lady, and to my luck, she was a very kind woman. They got married shortly after my twenty-first birthday last year, then she moved in with us before their first daughter was born.

Myra was my only cousin, but I saw myself more of a big sister to her. She was eight months old, and every time I held her, my day got brighter. She got her happiness from her momma, that's for sure.

Myra squealed as she played with her doll, and when I looked over at her sitting in her highchair, she squinted her eyes and showed off her four little teeth that were slowly coming out.

I grinned at her. "You keep on smiling like that. Makes my day so much better."

Agnes chuckled next to me. "She's only being this adorable because she knows there will be cake later. Pass me the eggs, darling."

I reached for them and handed it to her, then went back to cutting up fruit for the fruit salad. "She can have

all the cake she wants. Who can say no to a face like that?”

“You spoil her way too damn much. When she’s older, I wouldn’t be surprised if she asks to spend more time with you than with me.”

I laughed and shook my head. “She loves her momma. No way she will ever replace you.”

Agnes smiled. “We’ll see. One thing’s for sure. She’ll drive her daddy insane. But that man better learn to control his temper or I will send him packing in seconds.”

She was joking, but I doubted Woodrow would ever change his behavior. He hadn’t changed for his wife, and I hated to admit it, but he wouldn’t change for his daughter either.

No man in this club would.

The door opened and two members stepped into the kitchen with smirks on their faces. “Breakfast ready yet?” JT asked.

He wasn’t much older than me. Only by five years, and he was the son of one of the oldest members here, Rodney.

He was also the son of Iris, Rodney’s old lady.

The other guy, Tiny, was in his early thirties, and though he had those same pretty boy looks like JT, he was way crazier. He was also—despite his name—not very tiny. In fact, he was the tallest out of all the members, and he was intimidating.

I had grown up around them, but always kept my distance. For good reason.

These men liked to fuck and treat women like toys, and I was a twenty-two-year-old virgin. They’d destroy me. Mentally and physically.

Then again, there was only one man I was interested in, but every time I started thinking of him, I stopped myself immediately. I hated how he affected me.

“Another ten minutes, boys,” Iris said. She turned around and studied her son, then pointed her knife at him with a raised brow. “Did you wish Remedy a happy birthday yet?”

I didn’t look back at him. My body tensed. Despite growing up around all these men, they still made me nervous. I didn’t talk much when they were around, and I hated how they made me blush with the simplest gestures and jokes.

There was, however, one guy who didn’t make me nervous. On the contrary. He made me feel as if this place wasn’t as bad as it actually was. Jagger was my best friend, and though we often had to sneak around, he didn’t hide how protective he was over me.

“Shit, that’s today?” JT asked.

“Who else do you think the banners out there were for, stupid,” Tiny said.

I heard footsteps coming closer, and I gripped my knife harder, ready to bolt out the door if either of them touched me the way they liked to do.

I liked it when Jagger touched me. Because I knew his intentions were good. All the others had other reasons to touch me, and it often made me uncomfortable. But as a woman in this MC, I didn’t have a say in who was allowed to touch me.

Good thing they respected Woodrow enough not to want to take it a step further and take me to bed.

“Hey, birthday girl,” JT said, standing right behind me with his chest pressing against my back. He slid his hand around my waist to pull me back, and I closed my eyes and pressed my lips together tightly, wishing this would be over soon.

I felt his breath on my ear, I was forced to play along. “Hi.”

A chuckle made his chest vibrate. “How old are you now? Nineteen?”

I wanted to roll my eyes. He knew exactly how old I was. “Twenty-two, actually,” I replied with a tight smile.

His hand moved from my stomach to my hip, and in one swift move, he made me turn toward him.

I was still holding the knife, and when he looked down, I noticed the pointy tip was pressing against his leather cut. I looked up again, watching as his lips curled into a vicious smirk. “Careful, darling. We do the killing around here.”

I dropped my hand to my side and swallowed the saliva that had puddled up at the back of my mouth, then I gave him one more tight smile, still not saying anything.

His eyes were locked on mine, and I could sense his amusement. He liked this. Knowing he made me nervous. And knowing how helpless I was in this situation, he used it to his advantage.

He leaned in and pressed a kiss to my cheek, then he moved his lips closer to my ear and whispered, “Happy birthday, gorgeous.”

My body was tense. He took two steps back and kept smirking, and to be polite, I replied with, “Thank you, JT.”

I cleared my throat and moved my gaze to Tiny who gave a small nod. “Happy birthday, Remi.”

“Thanks.”

Luckily, he didn’t make a move on me, but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t make one later today.

They left the kitchen and I turned back to the counter. The other women didn’t say a thing because, well, they couldn’t stop them anyway. I gazed over at Iris who had simply continued to cook while I was being taunted by her son.

They had gone through the exact same before marrying their men, and I often wondered how they managed to simply accept being treated like they weren’t worth anything.

Then again, most women here started out as sweet butts. Toys. Passed around like toys.

I wasn't going to end up like them. I had an advantage of being born into this club. And still...I had no say in what I wanted.

Happy fucking birthday to me.

Chapter 2

REMEDY

Dinners like these were eaten at the big table. This clubhouse was huge, on an even bigger property somewhere near the woods and on the outskirts of town.

There was no limit to how loud the music could get out here, and people who weren't part of this club didn't come here without an invitation.

The men liked to call other people in this town outsiders, but truthfully, we were the ones who didn't fit in.

The big table was large enough for thirty people, but with everyone scootching closer, there were at least fifty people here tonight.

The loud laughter and shouting from the men suffocated us women, but we didn't add to the conversation anyway.

We often got up to grab more food from the kitchen or went to make sure there was enough beer in the cooler in case they needed more.

Despite the colorful banner above the archway, it didn't feel like my birthday. I wasn't the center of attention. Not that it bothered me.

I was just happy to eat and be alive.

Agnes nudged my side with her elbow, and I looked at her with a smile. "Hm?"

"Grab some more of the potato salad before it's gone. There's no more in the kitchen," she told me. She was holding Myra in her arms who was nibbling on a peach that was too big for her two little hands, but she held it like a champ, enjoying the fruit without a care about it drooling all over her.

I moved my gaze to the potato salad, then watched as one of the men across from us grabbed the bowl and emptied it onto his plate.

Agnes sighed. "Gotta be quicker next time."

"It's okay." I smiled tightly. "I'm full anyway."

Loud noises came from the other end of the table, and I turned my head to see who had just walked into the room.

My eyes widened and my heart skipped a beat at the sight of Jagger standing there, with his handsome smile and those bourbon-colored, kind eyes.

To this day I wondered how he found his way here when he would look way better in a brighter, much friendlier setting.

But his handsome face and perfect dark hair hid the man he was inside. Jagger had his demons, like most of these men, and he often struggled with himself and his intrusive thoughts.

Jagger wasn't any different than these men. He hurt people, inflicted trauma to those who deserved it, and like most of the others, he had killed before.

That should've been enough to stay away from him like I did with every man in this club. But Jagger was different in my eyes, and I never understood why.

When he was with me, he was caring and gentle. He protected me, assured me whenever I needed reassurance. I loved him for that. He was my best friend and I saw him as a big brother, and I was lucky to have him.

Some of the guys greeted him while others were oblivious to his arrival, and just as his eyes were about to meet mine, I was shaken from my thoughts.

"Remedy," Woodrow called out in his deep voice, and I jerked my head to look at him.

"Hm?"

"More beer. Go grab us some," he demanded.

I nodded and got up from the long, wooden bench we were all sitting on, then grabbed the empty beer bottles from the table and stepped back. Before turning away, I glanced at Jagger. His eyes were on me.

I smiled and held up the bottles to indicate where I was going, then I made my way over to the kitchen, letting the two-way doors fall closed behind me.

I dropped the empty bottles into the large bin, then walked over to the cooler to pull out more beer. When I set them on the counter to refill the cooler, the doors opened again and I smiled at the sound of his footsteps.

“Sorry I couldn’t be here sooner. We had things to handle.”

I quickly turned around and met his eyes, smiling a real smile in a long time.

He opened his arms as he took a step toward me, and I fell into him, resting my head against his chest. “Jagger,” I breathed.

“Happy birthday, baby.” He pressed a kiss to the top of my head, then rested his chin on it while he held me tightly against him. “Everyone been treating you right?” he asked, rubbing my back.

I shrugged. He knew my birthday didn’t make a difference. “Where were you?”

“Charleston. Had to drop off something and visit the Charleston Chapter. Made it back in time to celebrate with you,” he said, and I could hear the smile in his voice.

I turned and tilted my head to look up at him. “I don’t feel like celebrating. I cooked all day. I want to go home.”

Jagger was twenty-seven, just like JT. And it was just my luck that the two of them were best friends. They grew up together, and I hated how often times, Jagger chose JT over me.

I couldn’t blame him though. They were brothers, though not by blood. They had each other’s backs in

kindergarten, and they still did now at the club.

He lifted his hands and cupped my face, then leaned in to kiss my cheek, right by the corner of my mouth. He wouldn't kiss me the way he would other girls. He had his favorite sweet butts, who he treated like trash, but I was the one he ended up in bed with.

We cuddled, talked, and eventually fell asleep. But in the morning, he was always gone. It didn't bother me as much as it had when this first started almost a year ago. We were friends, and though he was an attractive man, I wasn't attracted to him that way.

Sadly.

There was a different man I laid my eyes on a few years ago, and ever since, I couldn't shake him. He didn't look at me. Didn't even notice my presence. That was all I got from Fender. His indifference.

“Let me change your mind. I just came back and I'm starving. Come sit with me, and if you still want to leave once I'm done, I'll drive you home.”

I studied his face, then sighed. “Okay.”

He chuckled and caressed my cheeks with his thumbs, then he pressed a kiss to my forehead before stepping away and grabbing the beer I had taken out of the cooler.

We were about to head out of the kitchen when the doors swung open, and the man who I dreamed about at night stood there in front of us.

His eyes met Jagger's, then, out of nowhere, he granted me his attention. Fender Loveless—yes, that's his last name which I had always found ironic—stood there, looking, no, glaring at me.

This was the first time he actually laid eyes on me, and he was staring me down as if I had just stolen his favorite toy from him. That toy being his gun, of course.

Fender was intimidating. He was huge, and those muscles didn't help. He was the VP, one below Woodrow, but deadlier, and I couldn't stop looking at him.

I had often secretly watched him but I could never figure out what color his eyes were. They were dark blue sometimes, and other days, like today, they were lighter. A kind of gray. Indescribable. His hair was dark brown, almost black, and wavy. He ran his hands through it so often that they stayed pushed back, with his tips touching the back of his neck.

He didn't have a beard, and though he could definitely grow one, he never did. Not with those scars all over his jaw and neck.

He had once been attacked by a guy with a knife, leaving him with multiple scars and the memory of his almost-death.

Women at the club talked about his battle scars non-stop, and when one of them mentioned how patchy his beard would be if he did grow one, she was quickly shut down by the other women, saying how he'd look handsome with a patchy beard regardless.

I didn't engage in those conversations.

We stood there, staring at each other for what felt like an eternity, but in a split second, that moment was gone.

Fender moved, and Jagger pulled me aside so I wouldn't get knocked over by him.

"Come," Jagger urged, nodding his head toward the door.

I blinked, wondering how long we actually stood there before we moved. My gaze went back to Fender one last time, then I followed Jagger into the dining room and sat down with him where I was sitting before. Some guys had left the table so there was more space now.

"Did you restock the cooler?" Woodrow asked, and I gave him a nod.

"Yes."

I watched Jagger fill his plate, and when he started eating, he pressed his knee against mine. "You okay?" he asked, his mouth full of steak.

I smiled up at him and nodded, then rested my hand on his thigh. I wanted to be as close to him as possible. His presence helped me to be calm. I needed that to survive this place.

Although it was my home and all I've ever known, without Jagger by my side, I wasn't sure I would still be here.

Chapter 3

REMEDY

“Sure you want to leave already?” Agnes asked. Myra was sleeping in her arms, and I knew she wouldn’t be in her crib before midnight.

That had been me when I was a baby. There were photos of me sleeping in my father’s arms while he smoked a cigarette and drank beer, with all his brothers sitting around him doing the same.

There were countless photos of me surrounded by these big, bad bikers, and even some where I was wearing a helmet that was too big for me while sitting on a Harley.

That went on until I was old enough to talk and say no when I didn’t feel like being in a picture. Myra was in just as many photos, but instead of being held by the men, she was always in Agnes’ arms.

“Yes, I’m sure. I’m tired and I promised Alistair to be in early tomorrow morning to help stock the shelves.”

I had been working at Alistair’s grocery store for over three years now, and I loved it. It took my mind off the club and let me be normal for a few hours a day. I worked there five days a week, and sometimes went in on the weekends if Alistair needed me.

I liked my job, and I was saving up to get my own apartment someday. Even if Woodrow would hate for me to leave the house.

I just needed space. A place of my own where I could spend some alone time with just my thoughts and books. God, I loved books. But I didn’t get to read as often as I liked to.

“Is Jagger driving you home?” Agnes asked, and I nodded.

“He’s waiting outside.”

“Okay. Don’t wait on us. We’ll be home late.”

If at all. It was possible for them to just stay here all night long. Poor Myra needed a damn bed. But I wasn’t going to tell Agnes that. She knew what was best for her daughter and I didn’t have a say.

I kissed Myra on the head without waking her, then I headed toward the exit, passing most of the members.

They didn’t acknowledge me, and once I was outside, I scanned the parking lot for Jagger.

He was leaned against his bike with a girl in front of him and between his legs. His hands were on her ass as they made out, and when I approached them, I waited a second before clearing my throat.

Jagger broke the kiss and looked at me, then he grinned and moved his gaze to the girl. Tasha was her name.

“Sorry, babe, time to go.”

“But what about your blowjob?” Tasha asked with a pout.

“Another time.” He pushed her aside and held out his hand to me, and when Tasha turned around, she glared at me with a disgusted frown.

I gave her a tight smile. “Sorry,” I said quietly, being genuinely apologetic because of Jagger’s behavior toward her. It wasn’t my fault she was being treated this way, and even if I wanted to help and change the way these men treated women in this club, I had no chance.

Then again, Tasha and all the other women knew exactly what they were here for. They wanted to be here, and though I didn’t judge, I wasn’t going to stop them or tell them how much better off they’d be with men who weren’t psycho criminals.

Tasha sighed, then rushed off into the clubhouse, and I studied Jagger’s face with pursed lips. “You have lip gloss all over your face.”

He chuckled and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then he reached for me again, this time grabbing my elbow and pulling me to him. “Want me to stay the night?” he asked, wrapping his arms around my waist, and holding me close.

I shrugged. “Don’t you want to stay and be with the guys? You’ve been gone all day.”

“Yeah, and I’m exhausted. Need to sleep some.” He watched me closely, and when I didn’t speak, he added, “I need you in my arms tonight. Fender once again went against our plan and decided to start shit with a fucking gang over in Charleston. Need to get some shit off my mind.”

That meant one of two things. They either had a fist fight or they killed someone. I hoped it wasn’t the latter.

I took a deep breath and reached up to cup his face, then I smiled gently, tilting my head to one side. “Okay. I have to wake up early tomorrow, so I can’t stay up all night talking.”

He grinned. “That’s fine. You just fall asleep when you need to.”

We arrived at Woodrow’s ten minutes later, and Jagger left his bike outside in the driveway. We headed inside and upstairs, and while he got comfortable on the bed, I went into my bathroom to brush my teeth and change into my sleep shirt.

I stared at myself in the mirror after putting down my toothbrush and washing my face. I looked so much like my mother. I had her exact facial structure, same cheekbones. I had full lips, but I liked to chew on them when I was focused, which often left small bruises. They were gone after a day or two, so there was nothing to worry about.

I had the same straight nose as my mother. At least, hers looked straight on the photos I had of her. Our eyes were shaped the same, only the color was different.

It seemed that my father’s genes wanted to have a say in how I looked, but it must’ve been too late because

all I got from him was one brown eye. Singular. Because my other eye was blue, just like my mother's. I had heterochromia, meaning I had two different colored eyes. It never bothered me. On the contrary, it made me feel special and strong. Especially when I was little.

I put cream on my face because my skin liked to dry out after being washed, and once I pulled all my long, brown hair into a ponytail, I tied it and let it hang loose down my back.

I glanced at myself one last time, then I turned off the lights and walked over to my bedroom.

Jagger was shirtless and under the covers, and when his eyes met mine, he smiled and patted the spot next to him. "Took you long enough."

I turned off the bedroom lights and walked over to the bed, crawling under the covers as he lifted them up.

He had gotten rid of his jeans as well, and I felt the warmth of his skin against mine as our legs touched.

"You're cold," he stated, pulling me closer to him.

"A little. I'll warm up soon," I promised him.

I turned onto my side to face him, and he pushed his right arm under my pillow so I could rest my head on it. His other hand curled around my right thigh, pulling it over his hips until I felt his crotch against mine. Jagger didn't react to me the way he did to Tasha or other girls, and that was fine with me. He was my best friend, and I couldn't lose him. Not after making a stupid decision and sleeping with him. That wouldn't end good. At least not for me.

He moved his hand to my hip, then rested it on my lower back, right above my bottom.

This was comfortable. This was what we knew. We were affectionate with each other, but never did we cross the line. I didn't even dare to think about it.

"Now, can I tell you about what happened in Charleston?"

I rested my hand on his stomach and nodded. “Of course.”

He told me everything, like I was his therapist. I would listen but never judge, and whenever he asked me for advice, I would try my best to give it to him.

I struggled in the beginning, especially when he told me about the people he killed, and how he killed them. How was I supposed to reassure someone who committed murder that what he did was okay?

Then again, this was our life. He was an outlaw, and I was the daughter of one. Only difference was...he chose this life. I didn't.

“You know what kind of crazy motherfucker Fender is,” he started. I gave a quick nod, then he continued. “We were standing next to our bikes, waiting for Dalton to hand us over the money for the guns we brought them, and while we were waiting, some fuckers started shouting at us. We ignored them at first, but when they approached us, we noticed their tattoos. They belonged to Brennen's, and you know what us Knights think of those motherfuckers.”

I watched him closely as he spoke. He was expecting me to nod and agree with him, and though I knew a lot about this club's enemies, I had never heard of someone called Brennen.

Still, I nodded, waiting for him to continue.

“We were on their fucking property, and I'm almost certain that Fender knew. I was ready to leave, but Fender didn't move a damn muscle. He provoked them by standing his ground, and sure enough, they were coming at us with their knives pointed directly at us.”

Was that reason enough to kill someone? I dreaded hearing what happened next. I didn't want him to add one more person to his list of people he killed. Accident or not, there were already too many on there for a twenty-seven-year-old man.

I sucked in my bottom lip as my body tensed, not ready to hear what the outcome was.

Jagger sighed. "I pulled my gun on them, but Fender was the one to shoot first. We didn't kill them."

Relief washed over me, and my body relaxed.

"But I think we left one of them in a critical condition. We left right in time before they could call for backup. I swear to you, Remi, Fender's one day gonna have me killed with his stupid little games."

"Then why do you always go with him?"

"Are you fucking kidding me? That man is a damn maniac. Only way to become greater and stronger is to follow his lead. I'm a crazy motherfucker, but Fender takes it up a notch."

I wanted to shake my head at his way of thinking. Then again, I wasn't surprised at all. All men in the Ruthless Knights MC were psychopaths. There was no other logical explanation.

I was just grateful that at least one of them, Jagger, loved me enough to treat me differently. I had to deal with his dark stories, and I got to have this bond with him in return. That was good enough for me. And, yes, I was aware of how insane that sounded.

"So you didn't get hurt?" I asked, my voice calm.

"Not a scratch," he said with a smirk, then he leaned in to press a kiss to my forehead. "Now, how was your birthday?"

"I don't want to talk about it," I told him. "I missed you and now you're here with me."

"Is that what you wished for while blowing out your candles?"

There were no candles. He didn't have to know though. I smiled. "Yes."

His lips curled as he brushed his thumb along my jaw. "I missed you too. Thank you for listening once again. It really helps to deal with everything that goes on in life."

"You know I'm always here for you, Jagger."

“I know. And I’m always here for you, baby.”

No matter how unconventional our friendship was, I was lucky to have him rather than no friend at all.

A wave of tiredness hit me, and I closed my eyes as I yawned. “I should really sleep now. I don’t want to be late tomorrow.”

Jagger pulled me closer, and I buried my face in his chest. “Good night, Remi. Wake me up if you need anything.”

I smiled. “Okay. Night, Jagger.”

“And happy birthday,” he whispered into my hair right before I drifted off.

Chapter 4

REMEDY

My days went by faster when I was at work. Even if some customers weren't always friendly, I didn't let them ruin my mood. I had started reading a new book last night, and it was all I could think of today while stocking shelves.

My plan was to go straight home after my shift, but I decided to stop by the clubhouse to say hello to Agnes and Myra. It was a Thursday, and not many men were around, but the ones that were had left a huge mess in the living room, so I helped Agnes clean up.

I curled my nose and turned away when an intense, acidic scent hit me. "Dear God," I muttered, daring to look at the puddle of vomit next to the leather chair.

I didn't sign up for this. I only wanted to be helpful tidying up, instead I had to wipe up someone's breakfast off the floor.

I sighed and headed to the kitchen to grab paper towels, and when I pushed open the doors, I was met with an amused smirk.

JT was standing in front of me, and I already dreaded to hear whatever he had to say.

"Hello, JT," I said with a tight smile, not letting him see the annoyance on my face.

His smirk turned into a stupid grin. "Aren't we polite this evening," he taunted, tilting his head to the side. "I need you at The Palace," he then said, surprising me.

The Palace? Why would he need me there?

I furrowed my brows as I turned toward him. "I'm not allowed there," I told him, and he knew.

The Palace was a strip club owned by the Ruthless Knights MC. Woodrow had made it clear that I wasn't

allowed to step foot in that place, not that I ever wanted to.

He pursed his lips. “And you think I give a fuck? We need you to sort some shit out.”

“What exactly?” I asked. I was intrigued now.

“Paperwork. Someone ransacked the office.”

“Can’t one of the girls there do it? I’m really not allowed there.”

“The girls are working. Bringing in money for *us* while you go work for that old bastard Alistair. It’s time you show loyalty to this damn club and work for us.”

I tensed, hating how he talked down to me as if I was worth nothing. “Woodrow won’t allow it.”

“And I just told you, darling, I don’t give a fuck. Get your ass outside,” he ordered.

He wouldn’t get me to do shit with that tone of voice. I shook my head. “Sorry, I’m busy helping Agnes clean up the mess some of you left.”

“She will handle it herself.”

I sighed. “Can you at least tell him where you’re taking me? Because I know he won’t be happy about it.”

“Yeah, whatever. Go,” he demanded, nodding his head toward the door.

“You’re gonna get in trouble,” I murmured as I passed him, and he let out a hard laugh, holding his stomach as if what I said was that funny.

He made me put on a helmet, then we drove to The Palace on his bike. These men weren’t very careful on the road, and the way he was speeding made me grip his cut tightly with both fists.

I had often been on the back of bikes, but JT really needed to take it down a notch. He wasn’t only endangering us, but others on the road as well.

I wished for the best outcome, and once he parked in front of the strip club, I thanked whoever was

responsible up there for letting me live.

My legs were shaking when I got off the Harley, and after looking around the parking lot, it was clear where all the men from the club spent their Thursday night.

“We’re entering through the back,” JT said, as if that mattered. I wasn’t supposed to be here.

I followed him around the building and watched him push in a code, then he opened the door and stepped aside. I went inside and looked around the wide hallway, and when I met his eyes again, he said, “You’ve really never been here?”

I shook my head. “Not allowed,” I reminded him.

He didn’t believe me. Or he really didn’t care. Either way, Woodrow wouldn’t be happy.

We continued toward a set of stairs, and walking up a flight, he stopped in front of a red door. I had no idea where we were. Probably backstage. Did strip clubs even have backstage areas?

He opened the door and I was met with a large, windowless room. It smelled of Whiskey and cigars, and the dark red carpet was almost hidden by pieces of paper lying all over.

There was a big, dark desk with a leather chair and two bookshelves behind it, and on two opposite walls, there were large prints of naked women.

I turned around to face JT, and he was once again smirking at me. God, did he ever stop? The older we got, the stupider his face got.

“What now?”

“You’ll pick up everything and organize all files again. The papers are dated and numbered. Shouldn’t take you too long.”

I raised a brow. It looked like a tornado hit this room.

I looked around again, trying to figure out where to begin, and as I wanted to ask another question, JT left

the room without another word.

He closed the door, and I let out a heavy sigh. *Asshole.*

Knowing he hadn't texted Woodrow about where he had taken me, I pulled out my phone and sent him a quick text.

JT took me to The Palace. I told him I wasn't allowed here but he insisted. Said I need to organize the papers.

After locking my phone, I placed it onto the desk, then knelt onto the floor to start picking up the papers.

I had other plans tonight. I wanted to lie in my bed and read. Instead, I was being held hostage by JT who was making me work and wasn't even staying to check if I did the work right.

I had been on the floor for almost an hour, and I managed to organize about twenty files. I just needed to put them back on the shelves, but I'd do that once I had every single paper on the right pile.

Woodrow hadn't replied to my text, and it seemed that he was busy with other things.

I heard footsteps outside the office, and I braced myself for JT to come in here and judge me on how slow I was. I wasn't. But he'd be capable of making me think I was slow.

The door opened but I wasn't met with JT's stupid smirk. Fender was standing in the doorway, his large body filling the frame. I stared up at him, unable to move. I hated how small I felt whenever he was around.

And while I always noticed him, he only started acknowledging my presence a week ago.

He took in the scene around me, and I saw the confusion in his eyes. He didn't look happy about this.

“J-JT took me here,” I explained, watching as his scowl deepened at my words.

Shit, I wasn't making this better.

“Woodrow knows I'm here. He hasn't read my text yet but—”

“Out.”

I frowned. *Shit.*

I scrambled around and picked up the papers I hadn't found the right pile for yet, and once I was up on my feet, I put them on the desk and reached for my phone, pushing it back into my back pocket.

He knew I wasn't allowed here, and he was going to send me home. We weren't too far from the clubhouse but walking out there would take a while. It was also dark outside, and I wasn't one to enjoy walking home alone at night.

“I should call Woodrow.”

“Why are you here?” he asked, his voice hard.

I watched his face, my eyes wide. “I j-just told you. JT took me here and—”

“I heard what you said. That's not what I meant. You're not supposed to be here.”

“I know. I—” I trailed off, confused. “I'm sorry.”

He raised a brow at me. “You better fucking be sorry. Prez doesn't want you here, and you still ignored his orders. Thought you'd know by now not to disrespect your uncle.”

I bit the inside of my cheek to stop from complaining. That's why he was angry? God, these men could do no wrong in each other's eyes.

“I didn't want to come. JT made me.” I was calm, but on the inside, I wanted to shout.

“Did you tell him no?”

I opened my mouth, astonished at the way he tried to manipulate me. I wasn't going to let him twist my

mind. “Yes! Multiple times.”

“Yet, you’re here.”

I was ready to fight him on this but I quickly understood that nothing I’d say would make him believe my side of the story. He’d choose to be on JT’s side anyway.

I sighed and pressed my palm to my forehead, closing my eyes for a moment. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t be here. I’ll leave.”

I walked around him but was immediately stopped when he grabbed my arm and jerked me back to stand right in front of him.

I tilted my head back to look up at him, and his nostrils flared as his eyes stared down at me. “And how exactly do you plan on going home, sweet girl?”

Something about a man like Fender saying the word sweet didn’t sit right. When he said it, it sounded demeaning. Humiliating. I wasn’t a girl anymore. Haven’t been one in a long time.

I swallowed hard. Could this man be any more unclear? “I thought you wanted me to leave.”

“I do want you to leave. But not alone. I’ll take you.”

“No, thank you.” I blurted out the words without thinking. My lips parted, and something sinister flashed in his eyes.

I was ready to be dragged out of here because he was done with my bullshit, but then the most unexpected, beautiful thing happened which made my heart flutter like a drunken butterfly.

Fender laughed. Wholeheartedly.

Chapter 5

FENDER

She didn't belong here.

Even if she wasn't anywhere close to the strippers, the thought of Remedy being in this place just didn't sit right with me.

She was way too fucking innocent, and this place would ruin her pure soul. JT was a dead motherfucker.

Didn't matter who the hell he was—brother or not—I would kill that fucker once I made sure Remedy was home and safe.

I came here tonight to get sucked by one of the girls. To let some steam out and maybe even let them ride my dick.

I had a stressful week, and the last thing I needed was having to deal with Woodrow finding out his niece was at the damn Palace.

To everyone's luck, Woodrow was out of town and nowhere near Wilmington, and I had enough time to get Remedy home without him knowing she'd ever been here.

That was if she hadn't already told him where she was. Remedy was a smart girl, but that wasn't her best move.

"Give me your phone," I demanded, holding out my hand between us.

Her gaze dropped, her brows furrowing. If she did that one more fucking time I would go feral.

"Remedy." I said her name calmly, and those different colored eyes looked up at me again. "I'm not going to repeat myself."

She studied me as if she was ready to test me. That would be a big mistake, and she knew it.

I beckoned to her, my impatience growing.

She sucked in her bottom lip, then reached behind her to pull out her phone. She knew to unlock it without me having to tell her, then she placed the phone in my hand.

I curled my fingers around it and started looking for her texting app, and once I found it, I tapped on Woodrow's chat.

He hadn't seen her text yet, and I made quick work of deleting it. I knew it wasn't her fault that she was dragged over here, and I wanted to make sure that Woodrow wouldn't scold her for that. It was JT's mistake to take her here, and I would handle him later.

Before giving back her phone, I scrolled down her contacts to see who she was texting.

Woodrow, Agnes, Alistair, Jagger.

There were no other chats. Damn, this girl needed to get out more. She was allowed to have friends. But apparently, she didn't want to have any. Not that it fucking mattered to me anyway.

I pressed my thumb onto the screen, opening Jagger's chat, and Remedy immediately protested.

"You can't just read my messages," she hissed, trying to grab her phone out of my hand.

I lifted my arm to hold it away from her, and I raised cocked a brow, warning her. "I can do whatever the fuck I want, sweet girl. Remember that."

I had stunned her with my words. She crossed her arms over her chest and turned her head away, murmuring something under her breath.

"What was that?" I taunted, staring down at her.

She didn't say a word. She looked at me, then moved her gaze to the floor.

"That's what I fucking thought."

I looked at the phone's screen again, scrolling up to see where their last conversation had started.

They were close, but I knew they hadn't fucked. Jagger was a fucking psychopath, and there's no way he would let himself ruin her that way.

He liked to fuck just as much as the next guy, and he wasn't necessarily good to our women at the club. But with Remedy, he was a whole different person.

Fuck knows why.

She wasn't special.

My jaw tightened and my body tensed at the shit I was thinking. Remedy was more than fucking special. I knew she thought I never acknowledged her, but I had my eyes on her for a while now.

I never made it obvious to stare and watch her, but every time I got a chance, my eyes were on her.

She was oblivious to my stares because my presence made her uncomfortable, yet she had her eyes on me whenever I was in the room.

I was a fucking man. I knew she was attracted to me. Problem was, if I let her get close to me, it'd be the fucking end for me.

A soul as pure as Remedy's shouldn't be touched and ruined by a man like me. I would break her. Mentally and physically. And I would feel no remorse.

Before giving back her phone, I decided that my name needed to be on that screen. I created a new contact and put in my number, called my phone to have her number as well, then handed the phone back to her. "Next time JT pulls shit like this, call me." It was a lazy excuse to get her to talk to me.

She didn't say anything as she tucked away her phone, then she looked up at me again, letting me see those beautiful eyes.

They were full of confusion, but she was intrigued at the same time. She liked having my attention, and I was

starting to like the idea of using that to my advantage.

Sick motherfucker.

I lifted my hand and brushed my knuckles along her jaw, then placed my fingers under her chin to keep her eyes on mine. “You were never here. I will take you home, and when Woodrow comes back tomorrow morning, you won’t speak a word about tonight. Understand?”

She slowly nodded. There was relief on her face. She knew she’d be the one taking shit instead of JT.

“Good.”

I took a step back before I turned this situation into something I would regret. I moved to the door and opened it, then waited for her to walk out into the hall.

I made her walk in front of me, and once we got to the back door, I pushed it open and closed it behind me once we were outside.

“Over there,” I said, nodding toward the parking lot.

I pressed my hand to her lower back to guide her, and once we reached my bike, I handed her my helmet.

She put it on, then waited for me to get on the bike before she climbed on the back.

“Hold tight,” I told her, but she knew exactly what to do. She wrapped her arms around my waist and gripped my cut with both fists.

Her tits were pressed against my back, and I felt the heat from between her legs. Her body was fucking perfect, and if I wanted to ruin my life right this instant, I would fuck her right here on my bike.

I needed to get those fucking thoughts off my mind. I couldn’t let Remedy Sloane ruin me.

Chapter 6

REMEDY

There was nothing else I thought about ever since sitting on the back of Fender's bike.

It had left my legs shaking, and not for the same reason the ride on the back of JT's bike had.

It's been a few days since that evening, and Woodrow hadn't found out about me being at The Palace. Luckily, Fender was smart enough to delete my message to Woodrow.

I had wondered why he did it because he could've just let me run right into the knife and have Woodrow get angry with me for going to the strip club.

He decided to protect me from it, and the more I thought about it, the sillier my theories got. So, I concluded that he didn't do it to protect me, but rather to set the record straight that whenever he decided to do something, he had the power to.

Like taking my phone and deleting the message, then reading through Jagger's chat, and finally putting his number into my phone without me requesting or wanting it.

Who was I kidding?

I wanted his number, and deep down, I hoped for a moment when JT would mess with me so I could take Fender up on his offer to call him when I needed his help.

I even thought about getting myself into a situation like that, just to dial his number.

It was stupid and naïve, and I was getting my hopes up that one day, Fender would see me. Actually see me.

He had no interest in me. He simply decided to be kind and get me out of the strip club that night, and ever

since then, he went back to ignoring me.

“I don’t like that frown. Is something wrong, sweetie?” Iris asked as she came into the kitchen where I was preparing a bowl of yogurt and fruits for myself.

I lifted my gaze and looked at her. I smiled tightly. “No, everything is fine. Just hungry from a long day at work.”

“Good thing it’s the weekend now, right?”

I nodded, turning back to my snack.

“Are you going to eat more than that tonight?” she asked, scrunching her nose at my yogurt.

“Of course. I just need a little something right now. Agnes went to the store to get steaks. I’m not missing out on that,” I promised her with a smile.

“Good. Don’t want you to starve. I watch you during dinner sometimes. You don’t eat enough.”

I did eat. I ate a lot, just not often in front of anyone.

Just yesterday at lunch, I had a sandwich I made for myself at the store, then decided it wasn’t enough and headed out to grab McDonalds. I had two burgers and a six-piece nuggets plus fries.

I often felt sick when I ate that much junk food, but it made me feel good. It’s how I liked to spend my money. On junk food and books.

What else was needed in life?

“I’ll keep my eyes on you, sweetie. You’ll eat tonight.”

I puckered my lips and decided to simply nod instead of arguing. That wouldn’t get me anywhere anyway. Arguing with any of the old ladies was pointless.

I turned back to my food and finished it off by adding crushed hazelnuts on top, then I grabbed a spoon and walked over to the big table to eat it.

Only a few members were around, but the clubhouse would be full by the end of the night. It was Friday, and

things often got heated and crazy around here.

I was prepared to eat dinner, then leave to go back home and read that book I was so eager to finish.

I took a spoonful of yogurt into my mouth when a large hand fisted my ponytail, pulling at it until I tilted my head back.

JT was grinning down at me, and I almost choked on the blueberry in my mouth.

“I like when you wear your hair like this. Makes it so much easier to control a woman while fucking her from behind.”

I didn’t need to know that. God, why was he so fixated on me lately?

I swallowed and reached behind me to gently pull my ponytail out of his grip, and when I was finally free, I got up from the bench and grabbed my bowl.

“Where are you going?” he asked amused.

Away from you, I wanted to say, but that would only make his behavior toward me worse.

“I forgot the honey,” I lied, needing an excuse to go back into the kitchen where his momma was. Not that she ever told him what to do, but I still had hope that she’d one day tell him to leave me alone.

“That’s okay. You’re already sweet enough.” He cupped the side of my face and leaned in, his lips aiming for mine, but I quickly turned away and cleared my throat.

“I uh—” I tried to find the right words to tell him that I didn’t want him to come this close, but even if I did manage to speak, he wouldn’t listen.

Someone entered the room from behind JT, and I hoped that it was someone who could help me out of this situation.

When I saw Jagger’s face, relief washed over me. “Why is she scared?” he asked, his voice stern.

JT turned to him and chuckled. “She’s not scared. Just a bit shy. Just how I like my women,” he said, turning his head to look at me.

I gripped the bowl tighter, ready to slam it to his head. But I remained collected.

“You like them drunk or unconscious and unable to tell you no. Go play your disgusting little games somewhere else. Leave Remedy alone and stay the fuck away from her.”

JT raised his hands in a defending gesture and laughed.

“Don’t be a fucking asshole, *Jersey*.” Jagger said his name in a mocking way, knowing he hated being called by his actual first name. “Leave before I break that crooked nose of yours again.”

“Try me, bitch,” JT challenged, leaning in until their foreheads almost touched. Then JT laughed and patted Jagger’s cheek before walking away without giving me another look.

I let out the breath I was holding and set the bowl back onto the table. “Why is he like that?” I muttered.

“Because something struck him in the head when he was a kid. There’s nothing that can help him be normal so we just have to deal with his stupidity.” What Jagger said wasn’t true, and I liked to think that every man in this club wasn’t normal. They were all crazy, and JT just thrived off of being an asshole.

I sat back down and rested my head against the palm of my hand.

Jagger stepped over the bench to sit next to me, then he pressed a kiss to my cheek before wrapping his arm around my waist and pulling me closer to him. “Bad day?”

“I had a wonderful day up until the point when JT appeared,” I said with a sigh, then I met his eyes and smiled tightly. “How was your day?”

“Boring. Helped Tiny and Buffalo at the garage, fixed some cars, and now I’m here. Are you staying the night?”

I took another spoonful of my yogurt and shook my head. “I’m leaving after dinner.”

“Tired?”

“A little. I want to finish my book tonight.”

He studied me as I continued to eat, and I knew he was thinking of a reason for me to stay. With those eyes watching me, he’d convince me without speaking. I had to look away.

“How about you stay a while and we get drunk?” he suggested.

I didn’t drink too often, but Jagger often times managed to persuade me.

“I don’t know,” I said, pursing my lips as I played with my yogurt. “Woodrow won’t like it.”

“Woodrow doesn’t like anything you do. Nothing’s gonna change.”

He was right. I sighed. “Fine. But I won’t drink too much.”

Jagger smirked from ear to ear. “That’s what they all say.”

Chapter 7

REMEDY

I've had too much to drink.

Luckily, I was good at holding liquor. I ate enough thanks to Iris' stares, and I even had dessert, something I wouldn't have left out anyway.

I had a full stomach and a head that was spinning, and I had lost sight of Jagger who—like most times—decided he wanted to go have sex with one of the girls because he couldn't get it from me.

Jagger liked to say things he didn't mean when he was drunk. He often told me that I was perfect for him, if only I would let him fuck me.

He'd remember his words the next day and tell me he was sorry, and though he loved me, he would never ruin the friendship we had.

It was special. Even if he was an asshole and I a prude.

No, scratch that. I wasn't a prude. I just wasn't desirable.

I laughed at my thoughts and let my face fall into my hands. I needed to pee.

It had gotten late but everyone was still here. The men were drinking while the old ladies made sure they had more than just a beer intake, and the sweet butts were...well, being sweet butts.

Some were on the men's laps, some were dancing topless to impress them, and others were already down on their knees, sucking their cocks.

I had become good at ignoring what was going on around me, but I often found myself watching the girls pleasure the guys. Then I'd go home and touch myself while thinking of the scenes stuck in my head.

Fender was on my mind a lot, but I hated to admit that I often dreamt about him. In my dreams, he wasn't an asshole. He didn't ignore me the way he did in real life, and he would talk to me.

Bathroom, I reminded myself as I got up from the couch. I walked through the living room and looked around, deciding which of the three bathrooms would be best to use.

The one down the hall was open, but there were panties by the door, and I knew what I'd find if I went there.

I turned to look toward the smaller bathroom which was essentially just a toilet and sink. Just as I started walking, someone else went in there, making me stop in my tracks.

I sighed loudly, knowing my last choice was the bathroom upstairs.

Turning on my heels, I made my way back to the living room and past everyone enjoying each other, and once I reached the stairs, I held on to the railing and dragged myself up.

“Remi!”

I turned before hitting the top of the stairs, meeting Jagger's eyes as he stood at the bottom with an arm around a girl. Nancy.

I cocked a brow at him, wondering what the hell he wanted from me when he already had someone taking good care of his needs. “What?”

“Where are you going?” he asked, his words clear. He was drunk, but he still managed to stand there without wobbling and stumbling.

“Bathroom,” I told him, pointing my thumb over my shoulder.

“You gonna be okay?” He was worried I wouldn't make it to the bathroom and then back downstairs. “Need me to come with you?”

I dismissed him with a wave and grimaced. “I’ll be fine. I can still think straight,” I assured him, hoping to sound less drunk than I actually was.

He cocked a brow at me, studying me. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure, Jagger. I’m a big girl.”

Nancy looked up at Jagger with a face that said, *I told you so*.

But Jagger wasn’t convinced, and I knew he was worried about something more. The bedrooms upstairs were always occupied on Friday nights, and I would have to walk by all those rooms with a high chance of finding some doors open, able to watch what kinky shit was going down.

“I’ll be fine. I won’t look,” I promised him.

Nancy placed a hand on his chest, whispering something to him. He looked at her, then gazed up at me again. He looked defeated, and I wondered what Nancy said to him. I wasn’t going to ask though. I didn’t care.

“Fine. Come find me when you’re done. I’ll be over at the bar.”

I nodded, then turned to walk away before he stopped me again.

The bar was attached to the clubhouse, and there was a door leading over to it in the kitchen. It would be crazier over there, but if Jagger wanted me there with him, I would go.

I kept my eyes on the floor as I walked down the hallway, but I stopped when I heard a girl moan out Fender’s name.

I couldn’t help it.

I had to look.

Damn you being so curious!

I turned to my right and looked at the bedroom door in front of me. It was pushed open enough for me to see

the bed, then my eyes landed on a woman's back.

I dared to let my eyes wander further, and as I took in the sight of her sitting on Fender's hips, I couldn't look away.

She was riding him, and every time she moved up, I saw Fender's cock. It glistened, and I was surprised to find him wearing a condom.

Didn't all men in here not care about condoms? I knew they made the women get shots so they could have sex without condoms. At least, that's what Jagger told me.

I couldn't see Fender's face as the woman was covering it, but the groans and dirty words coming out of his mouth were overwhelming enough.

"Fucking perfect. Keep riding my dick, baby," he grunted as he gripped her hips and slammed her down onto him.

Maybe it was my drunken brain not letting me look away, but I was fascinated by the sight. I felt something flutter in me, and I pressed my thighs together, knowing exactly what it meant.

Shit...how was I turned on by Fender fucking another woman? It should've been me. Then again, he didn't care for me.

I was way too young and naïve. And inexperienced.

Fender was a thirty-four-year-old man who had his needs that could only be met by women who were confident enough in what they were doing.

I was torn out of my thoughts when the woman squealed. She laughed, then was thrown onto her back, with her head hanging from the edge of the bed.

My eyes widened when I met hers. "We have an audience," she said, and my cheeks turned bright red.

That's when I noticed Fender kneeling on the bed between her legs, with his hand wrapped around his base and his eyes glued on mine.

I parted my lips, ready to apologize and leave, but nothing came out. I was stuck, unable to move.

“Is she gonna join us?” the woman asked amused.

“I don’t fucking think so,” Fender muttered, his hand still stroking his cock.

My gaze dropped down again, and I hated how obvious it was that I couldn’t stop myself from staring.

“Remedy.” Fender’s voice was husky and deep.

My eyes shot up again, meeting his glare. I still couldn’t speak.

Damn alcohol.

I thought it made people braver.

Chapter 8

FENDER

I had been fucking Dina for over two hours, and while she thought my stamina was incredible, I had a hard time finding release. Dina was hot. She was new in town and found her way to us for whatever reason, and I decided to let her flirt with me all night, which then ended in me taking her upstairs.

Remedy wasn't moving. She kept standing there with those beautiful, panic-filled eyes staring back at me. I hated to fucking admit that the longer I watched her, the harder I got. All of a sudden, I felt the urge to release my load.

Something Dina should've managed to do a long time ago, but it was Remedy's presence to push me closer to the edge.

I squeezed my tip as my body tensed.

Goddamn. Did she have to stumble upon this room while I was fucking someone else?

Remedy was drunk. I saw it in her eyes, but she was well aware of what was going on.

"Remedy." I repeated her name, and she finally snapped out of her trance.

"I'm sorry. I was—" She furrowed her brows, stammering. "B-Bathroom."

"Is she okay?" Dina asked, genuinely worried. "She looks lost."

"She's fine," I said through gritted teeth. "You know where the bathroom is, Remedy."

She still wasn't moving, and I started to think that she wanted to keep on watching. Keep on enjoying the show. I raised a brow, challenging her. "You wanna watch the grand finale?"

I saw her swallow, and there was still no answer. But she didn't have to say anything. Her eyes were telling me everything I needed to know.

Sweet Remedy wanted to watch, and I was about to make the biggest fucking mistake.

I looked down at Dina and ran my hand up to her tits. I gave them both a squeeze, then pinched one of her nipples as I looked up again. Remedy was still there, her eyes never leaving me.

Anger and excitement flashed through me, but I wasn't going to stop. I needed her to see how sick and twisted I was. How she made me feel. Fuck! I should've made her leave.

But I didn't.

I clenched my jaw and rubbed my cock a few more times before I felt that much needed high building inside of me.

How come I could fuck Dina for hours and not feel this in the slightest, but then have Remedy simply stand there and make me feel like I'm about to explode?

I groaned, pumping my dick harder and keeping my eyes on her. "Fuuuck."

Dina was useless, but I needed her to stay right there on the bed to shoot my load onto. I wanted that to make Remedy uncomfortable. To show her that I didn't give a fuck about her. Even if she made me come faster than any other woman without even fucking touching me, I needed her to see that I wasn't someone she should be lusting over.

I would ruin her. Break her. And I was still smart enough to keep my distance. It was her who kept watching me. I felt her eyes on me earlier at dinner, which made it real fucking hard to focus on anything but her.

I'd look at her when she walked away from the table to get something from the kitchen, and that had been enough to make my body react.

I dug my fingertips into Dina's tit, making her moan but I ignored her. I was focused on Remedy. On those sweet lips that were slightly parted. Her chest was rising and falling, and her eyes kept dropping to my dick.

It was when her tongue darted out to lick her bottom lip that I couldn't hold back anymore.

I let out a shout, and the first stream of cum shot out of me and onto Dina's stomach. "FUUUCK!"

I breathed heavily and continued to pump my shaft, shooting the biggest load I had ever had in me while staring at Remedy. Her eyes were wide and they flashed with the same excitement I had felt.

Shit. That girl was brave.

She stood her ground, enjoying the fucking show.

A grin spread across my lips once I was done ejaculating. "Enjoyed that?" I taunted as I got off the bed.

Remedy's eyes followed me. I walked toward her, stopping right in front of her. She still wasn't moving, and she tilted her head back to look up at me.

She shouldn't have seen this. Even with that alcohol in her blood, she would remember this in the morning.

And, fuck, knowing that turned me on.

I lifted my hand to touch her neck, brushing my thumb along her jaw, then wrapping my fingers around her throat. "Should've moved right along, sweet girl. Can't promise I'll just let you watch next time."

Eagerness flashed in her eyes, and I tightened my jaw, knowing my words sounded more like an invite instead of a warning to her.

Hell, she wasn't even bothered that I was standing in front of her with my semi hard cock out.

"Leave," I demanded, and she was finally doing what was best for her.

She turned away without hesitation and disappeared in the bathroom. She shut but didn't lock the door, and I

turned back around to look at Dina. “You can go.”

I got dressed while she complained about being covered in cum, but I didn’t care. I wanted her gone.

I left the room without checking if Dina would be alright. She came here a couple of days ago, and the way she had sucked JT’s and Tiny’s dick already, I knew she’d quickly find someone else to suck off downstairs.

I went to look for Jagger, and after finding him at the bar, I pulled him to me by his cut and leaned in closer so he could hear me over the music. “Take Remedy home. She’s in the upstairs bathroom.”

“Is she okay?”

“Yeah. You good to ride home?”

He shook his head. Shit. He was drunk too. I tensed and ran a hand through my hair. “Go get her. I’ll wait outside by the truck.”

He left Nancy without saying goodbye, and while he went to grab Remedy, I went outside and waited.

“Thanks for the drive,” Jagger said as he pulled Remedy out of the backseat. He cooed her in his arms, holding her like a bride.

I gave a nod. She was already knocked out when he walked to my truck, and she kept sleeping the whole ride to Woodrow’s.

Watching me get off on Dina’s body must’ve exhausted her.

“You gonna stay with her?” I asked, looking over at her in his arms.

“Yeah.”

Good.

I didn’t want her to be alone tonight.

Or ever.

But that wasn't in my fucking power anyway.

I shouldn't care. She didn't belong to me. She wasn't my responsibility.

Jagger gave me a nod, then walked up the few steps to the front door of the house.

I waited for them to get inside, and once they were out of sight, I drove off to give Dina another chance.

This time, I knew exactly who to focus my mind on.

Chapter 9

REMEDY

My head was pounding, but I managed to get up and take a shower. When I opened my eyes this morning, I was immediately reminded of what had happened last night.

I had the image of Fender's naked body burned into my mind, and no matter how turned off I was by the fact that he had used the woman to shoot his load on, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

How did he have such an effect on me, even when he was with a different woman?

I wanted to be her. Be the one lying underneath him. The one riding him. But I wasn't good enough for that.

I was inexperienced and young. Hell, I was naïve to believe that a man like Fender would ever want to have sex with me.

I was just a kid in his eyes. A girl who was raised by men like him, and yet was nothing like the women they fucked.

Tightening my ponytail, I shot myself an annoyed glance in the mirror, then walked back into my bedroom to find Jagger sitting up and leaning against the headboard.

"Morning," he said with his usual pretty-boy grin. "You're up early."

I sighed and crawled back under the covers. I had only gone to splash some water in my face and brush my teeth which I should've done last night, but then I didn't even remember coming home.

"Did you take us here last night?" I asked, cuddling up to his side as he lifted his arm.

"Fender did. I drank and couldn't drive."

Well, at least he was responsible enough not to drink and drive.

“What happened? I found you on the bathroom floor, sleeping. How long had you been in there?”

I shrugged. I didn’t remember anything after shutting the door behind me.

All I remembered was dreaming about that same exact scene I had witnessed before going into the bathroom.

“Nothing happened. That’s all that matters, right?” I turned my head to look up at him with a gentle smile. “Did you at least have fun with Nancy?”

He pursed his lips, then smirked. “What do you think? That girl can suck dick like a pro. Came five times last night.”

That’s possible?

I was exhausted after having just one orgasm. But then, I had no idea what it was like to orgasm any differently. I only ever played with my clit. I wasn’t sure sticking fingers inside myself would make me feel good.

But to be fully honest...I was scared to even try that out.

Jagger caressed my shoulder and pulled me closer to his side. “Stop frowning, Remi. You know I’d love to show you how good I could make you feel, but that would make you hate me.”

I furrowed my brows more. “How so?”

“You’d feel used. I love you, but I don’t think I could ever fuck someone I love. That would mess me up, you know? I don’t know what fucked up shit made me this way, but I can’t change it. Those demons are rooted deep down inside of me.”

Demons.

They all had them.

Hell, I had them. But I unlike him, I chose to ignore them.

“You know what I mean, don’t you?”

A small smile tugged at my lips. “Yes, I know. And it’s okay. I don’t want to lose you as a friend.”

I said those words way too often, but I meant them.

He kissed the top of my head, then wrapped both arms around me to hug me tight. “Good. I don’t want to lose you either.”

We stayed in bed for a little while, then he got a call from Rodney who needed his help with something.

It sounded serious, and so he left after getting dressed.

The house was empty. Agnes and Woodrow hadn’t come home last night, and all I could think about was Myra.

I hoped she could sleep somewhere safe and quiet. Poor baby grew up the same way I had, and I hadn’t always seen ponies and rainbows when I was little.

Then again, her father was the president of the Ruthless Knights. She was bound to grow up badass.

Just like I was supposed to, but apparently, something went terribly wrong.

I rolled my eyes at my thoughts beating myself down. I truly was my worst enemy. Maybe that was the reason why I didn’t feel as confident as other women my age.

I needed to think of something else.

After eating a quick lunch, I headed back upstairs and grabbed my laptop to curl up on my bed and watch a movie. It was raining outside and it was perfect weather to just stay at home and do nothing.

I chose to watch a romantic comedy that had been on my watchlist for years, and while I wasn’t an

interested in the storyline, I did enjoy looking at the main character. He was nothing like the men I knew.

He was kind and socially awkward, yet he was charming. He was also a good listener. Something not even Jagger was.

I was thirty minutes into the movie when my phone dinged, and I reached for it on the bedside table.

When I read Fender's name, my heart did that stupid thing it always did. It skipped a beat, then started to beat so fast I almost had a damn heart attack.

Still thinking about my dick?

Why would he...

I frowned, deciding if I should open the text and write back or just ignore it.

Of course you are.

His second text made me scowl, and I immediately opened the chat to write back.

Always so full of yourself.

That would show him.

I threw my phone over the laptop and onto my legs, then crossed my arms over my chest.

Asshole.

My phone dinged again, and my eyes immediately found the screen.

I should just leave it alone. Ignore him and not fall for whatever stupid game he was playing.

But I wasn't strong enough to ignore him.

I reached for my phone and read his text.

So you ARE still thinking about my dick.

Please stop.

As if he would listen.

He sent back a laughing emoji.

Great. Perfect. Now I look like an idiot.

God, he made me angry.

I tightened my grip around my phone and started typing in my reply when the three little dots appeared. I quickly deleted my message and waited for his to appear.

Remember what I told you last night?

Yes, I did remember.

He told me that the next time I'd stumble in on him fucking some woman, I wouldn't just be watching.

Tingles between my legs made me curl my toes. As much as I wanted to hate him right now, I couldn't help but feel excitement.

Still, I had to play it cool.

No.

Let me remind you.

There was a pause, and I stared at my phone like an addict. Then, finally, another message appeared.

Next time you appear in the door while I'm fucking some nameless chick, I'll stop everything I'm doing and have you take her spot.

I bit my bottom lip, hoping for another message. But there was nothing. I swallowed, reading his last message over and over again, then I moved my thumbs over the screen, feeling way too fucking brave again.

This time, there was no alcohol in my system.

And then?

And then...nothing.

I continued to stare at the screen, but he never replied.

I dropped the phone into my lap and covered my face with both hands, feeling as stupid as I had ever felt.

I wouldn't be able to recover from this.

Humiliating myself was something I was getting really good at.

Chapter 10

FENDER

It was a big fucking mistake to text her but I couldn't help it. After that night of her watching me jerk off and shooting my load on Dina, I couldn't think of anything else.

It's been a couple of days, and I hadn't been at the club much. That was helpful because I knew I'd only make things worse if I would've seen Remedy at the club.

Today I couldn't avoid her though.

She was sitting on the other side of the table with Agnes next to her and Jagger across from her. Unlike other days, she was completely ignoring me. But she knew I was watching her.

Her cheeks were bright red, and I heard her blame it on the hot food. She was so full of shit.

Woodrow handed her his empty bottle and nodded toward the kitchen, telling her to grab more beer.

Fucker could've gotten up himself. Then again, no man in this club liked to move when it wasn't necessary.

Remedy didn't fight it. She got up and grabbed the empty bottle, then walked over to the kitchen.

She disappeared behind the double doors, and it took me exactly three seconds before I got up to follow her.

I pushed open the doors and let them fall closed behind me again, and I moved quickly when my eyes found Remedy.

I didn't give her the chance to turn around and face me. I grabbed her hips and pressed my body against her back. She gasped, resting her hands on the counter as she tensed up.

“What are you—”

“Don’t.” I pulled back her hair to see the side of her face, then leaned in to graze her ear with my lips. “Sure you want to know what I’d do once I get you beneath me?”

Her breathing hitched, and it took her a moment to answer. “Y-yes.”

I smirked.

Naughty baby.

I moved my right hand from her hip to her ass, squeezing it tightly, then I ran my fingers between her legs from behind, touching her soft skin right below where her jean shorts stopped.

She froze.

“Fender, what are you doing?”

“What do you think I’m doing, baby?”

I moved my fingers under her shorts, grazing along the border of her panties and feeling the heat coming from her pussy.

I pushed my knee between hers and made her part her legs wider, then she shivered when I pressed my fingers against her wet panties.

“Such a hot pussy. Already wet for me. Sure you want to hear what I’d do to you?”

She swallowed hard and nodded, then arched her back, pressing her ass against me. Sweet Remedy was enjoying this, and I was taking full advantage.

“I’d have you lie on your back with your legs spread wide open. I’d play with this pussy. Lick and suck it and stick my tongue inside to taste your sweetness. I’d use my fingers to make you come. Not just once or twice, but until you scream my name so fucking loud and can’t take anymore.”

I pressed my dick against her back, flicking my fingertips on her clit above her panties. I kissed her neck, making her moan softly.

“Fender.” Her voice was so damn small. “Please.”

“What are you begging for, baby? Tell me.”

“Please, don’t...don’t stop.”

I laughed. No fucking way I was going to stop. Not just yet.

I pulled her panties aside to feel her wetness on my skin, then I pressed two fingers against her entrance, slowly sliding them inside.

“So fucking tight,” I muttered. “Relax, baby. Can’t finger this tight pussy if you’re all tense.”

“I’m sorry. I never...” She trailed off and moaned as she lowered her head. “Oh God!”

She never what? Fuck, I knew she didn’t have much experience, but she surely has touched herself before.

I slid my fingers out of her cunt again, circling her clit before pushing them back in. “Don’t tell me I’m the first to finger-fuck this hot cunt, baby.”

Her ass pressed harder into me as she threw her head back. Her lips parted, then she nodded.

Fuck me.

Normally, I would’ve kept going until she came on my hand, but something inside of me made me pull back and step away, leaving her panting heavily.

I watched the back of her head as she kept standing there, not turning around to face me.

I lifted my fingers to smell her sweet scent, then pushed them inside my mouth to taste her. She finally turned her head to look back at me, and when she saw me lick her juices off my fingers, her eyes widened.

I dropped my hand and cocked a brow at her but the words I wanted to say didn’t come out. I huffed through my nose and turned away, fisting my hands at my sides as I left the kitchen. I wanted to touch her again, but I wouldn’t let myself fall down that fucking rabbit hole.

She was too much for me. Too fucking sweet. Too damn addictive.

Hell, I could handle a lot, but Remedy was something else.

Chapter 11

REMEDY

I couldn't leave the kitchen. Not with my face burning red.

I steadied myself with my hands on the counter, leaning forward and breathing deeply. I could still feel Fender's hands on my body. My pussy ached for him, and there was nothing I could do about it.

I pressed my face into my hands before finally moving. Woodrow had already called out to me, asking what was taking so long. I grabbed three bottles of cold beer out of the cooler, knowing Woodrow wasn't the only one wanting another beer.

Before leaving the kitchen, I looked at my reflection in the oven's glass door, taking another deep breath, then finally walking through the kitchen door.

I didn't look at anyone. I put the bottles on the table and sat back down next to Agnes, then I grabbed my fork and continued to eat.

"We're leaving town tomorrow morning. We'll be gone for a few days," Woodrow said.

"When will you be back?" Agnes asked. She'd want to know to be prepared for their return. Every time the men came back after leaving town for a few days, we'd have a gathering to celebrate them being home safe. Well, that wasn't always the case.

I looked up at Woodrow, then moved my gaze to Jagger sitting next to him.

He looked amused, and I knew wherever they were headed tomorrow would end in a shootout. Or at least a fight.

I scowled, hating how excited he got whenever death was right around the corner. It could happen anytime,

yet he walked right into those situations with his head held high and a big demeanor.

He wasn't scared of anything, which on the flipside, scared me.

"Sunday by the latest. I'll let you know if anything changes. Remedy."

I jerked my head to meet Woodrow's eyes. "Hm?"

"Jagger will take you home once you're done eating."

I didn't have to ask why or ask for an explanation. I simply nodded. Before dropping my gaze back to my food, I dared to look down the table to see if Fender was still here. But he wasn't.

His plate was still on the table and his beer barely finished.

I didn't want to see him anyway.

He messed with my head, and what he did to me in the kitchen wasn't helping me figure out what I felt.

I was angry and captivated at the same time, and when I thought back at how his hands felt on my body, it made my heart fluttered.

I managed to finish my food without letting the thought of Fender bother me too much, and when I got up, I looked at Jagger with a nod. "I'm ready to leave."

He finished his beer and got up. "See you in the morning," he told the others.

Normally, I would help the old ladies clean up, but Woodrow wanted me gone, and so I left my plate and followed Jagger outside.

"You know why he's sending you home?" Jagger asked with an amused smirk on his lips.

I raised a brow at him. "No."

"He called over some girls from the strip club. They're gonna go wild tonight."

Ew.

“And why are you not staying? You love having sex with multiple girls at once.” I didn’t mean to sound disgusted, but I couldn’t help it. Even if Woodrow was married to Agnes, he still had other women.

But that wasn’t the worst part of it all. Agnes would stay there, probably staying in one of the upstairs room with Myra sleeping.

“Believe it or not, but I’m not feeling it tonight. I’d rather stay with you if you let me.”

I furrowed my brows. “Of course I’ll let you.” I would never say no to him. He could stay with me whenever he wanted. Whenever he didn’t want to spend time with his brothers and surrounded by strippers or sweet butts.

“Good. I would’ve invited myself into your house without your permission anyway.”

We drove home on his bike and I unlocked the front door, and once we were inside, Jagger sat down on the couch, letting out a heavy sigh. “What did Fender do to you in the kitchen?”

I turned toward him and frowned. “What?”

“Don’t act stupid, Remi. I heard you moan. We all did. Then he walked out that kitchen and went straight for the door. He looked mad.”

I swallowed hard. They heard me? Shit. That’s not good. “He uhm...”

“He touched you. That much I know. But did he hurt you?”

“How do you know he touched me?” I asked, my voice way too defensive.

Jagger cocked a brow at me with a knowing look in his eyes. “Don’t try and mess with me, Remedy. He touched you, then he stormed out the kitchen like a mad man.”

I tensed, fisting my hands at my sides. “I don’t know what you want me to say. You clearly already know everything.”

“I don’t know why he stormed out. You must’ve said something to him.”

I was barely able to speak when Fender was standing behind me with his fingers deep inside of me.

I shrugged. “I don’t know why he got mad. He suddenly stopped and left.”

Jagger studied me. He didn’t quite believe me. He raised a brow. “How did he touch you?”

I bit the inside of my cheek. I didn’t want to say it. He’d get mad himself because he knew I was never touched like that before, and he’d be angry at Fender for it.

I shook my head and started for the kitchen.

“Remi.” Jagger’s voice was dark. I didn’t stop.

I heard his footsteps coming my way, and I braced myself for whatever he was going to say next.

He grabbed my elbow and turned me around, forcing me to face him. He searched my face but couldn’t find answers to his questions, then he sighed. “He touched your pussy.”

Not that it mattered. Jagger couldn’t do anything about it. Not anymore. It happened, and it had left me shattered and wanting more.

My jaw tightened, and I gave a small nod.

Jagger dropped his eyes to my chest, then lowered them even further before looking back into mine. “Did he hurt you?”

“No.”

“Did you fight it?”

I shook my head.

“Motherfucker.” The anger in his voice was clear, but I didn’t understand it.

He couldn’t be jealous. He knew one day a man would try things with me. Even if I wasn’t confident about it, I knew one day I’d have a man wanting me.

“So you enjoyed him touching you?”

I slowly nodded.

Jagger was silent for a moment, then he surprised me by chuckling. “Well, I can’t blame you. Or him. And now I know why he was mad.”

“Why?”

“Because you reacted to him in a way he dreaded. He was trying to scare you. Instead, you enjoyed having his hands on your pussy.”

“I...I don’t understand,” I said, my frown deepening.

“He’s into you, and you clearly feel the same but he doesn’t want you to.”

That made me laugh. Fender isn’t into me. He spent all these years ignoring me, and every time I entered a room, he made it clear that he didn’t want to be around me.

I shook my head at his silly theory. “The man hates me. He probably just wanted to scare me because of what happened that night at the clubhouse.”

Jagger raised a brow. “What happened at the clubhouse?”

I opened my mouth but quickly closed it. I couldn’t tell him.

“Remi.”

“I don’t want to tell you.”

“But you will. Tell me what happened.” He wasn’t asking politely, and the more I fought it, the more he’d push.

I crossed my arms and looked to the side, sighing at his persistence. “I caught him having sex with some woman in one of the bedrooms at the club. I was drunk. I just stood there and watched. He probably just wanted to punish me for that.”

“Well, shit.” He laughed, and I watched him closely as amusement washed over his face. “You know I love

you and I hate to say this...but that moment might've been what set him off in the first place, and he'll keep taunting you until he's satisfied. And that will take a while. Unless you give in."

Chapter 12

REMEDY

I tried not to think too much about Jagger's words, and I was glad they were all gone for a few days.

Still, Fender's touch lingered on me, and the past three nights I had found myself sliding my hand into my panties, playing with myself at the thought of his fingers inside of me.

I hated how much space he took up in my mind. Then again, I let him. He occupied my thoughts and he wasn't even around.

I dragged myself out of bed and headed downstairs to make myself breakfast, and to my surprise, I was met with Woodrow standing there, holding Myra in his arms.

"You're back," I said, taking in the scene of him holding his daughter which was an unusual sight. "Where's Agnes?"

"Out shopping."

I nodded and eyed Myra to make sure she was okay. She had been crying. Her eyes were red and her nose running. "Want me to take her?"

"No."

Okay.

I went to the fridge and grabbed the milk, then filled a cup and set it onto the table. There wasn't much food left, so I settled for a banana which was already turning brown.

"No work today?" Woodrow asked.

"No. Alistair said I should take the weekend off."

He gave me a nod. "Did Jagger call you?"

I frowned. He was acting strange. "No, why?"

He didn't reply.

This was a weird conversation.

I started eating my breakfast, smiling at Myra every time she looked at me. Poor baby. Whenever I looked at her, I saw myself in my father's arms. The childhood she'd have wouldn't be the same as others, but with a dad like Woodrow, he'd soon learn that she had no choice.

This was her life. She was born into a world full of crime and violence, and I wished for her to never have to experience bad things.

I was lucky enough to have always been protected in this club, but I had seen things no kid should ever see.

Other MC's had raided our club before. Often times causing deaths. The earliest memory I had of a shooting at the clubhouse was when I was six. I was sitting at one of the booths, using old pencils to color on napkins, then all of a sudden, there were loud bangs.

I was pulled away from the booth and carried over into the kitchen where the old ladies hid behind the u-shaped counter. I didn't remember which member brought me in there, but he shouted for us to stay down and don't make a sound.

Shortly after, I was being cooed in one of the old ladies' arms while she whispered to me not to be afraid.

I wasn't afraid in that moment. I had no idea what was happening. The aftermath was what lingered, and to this day made me sick to my stomach.

I was carried out of the kitchen by Rodney, and he pressed my face into his chest so I wouldn't look around me.

But I got glimpses of my surroundings, taking in the blood-spattered booths and floors. The bar had become a slaughterhouse, and my eyes grew bigger when they took in the most gruesome scene.

A man's body was on the floor, covered in blood and gun wounds, and where his head was supposed to be was a large, dark puddle of blood. Instead of closing my eyes, they stayed wide open, and I started looking for his head.

Every time I thought back to that moment, I wondered how I could've ever been so curious. I didn't need to see a detached head. Yet, six-year-old Remedy kept looking for it.

Myra's cry pulled me out of my thoughts. I blinked and looked at her still in Woodrow's arms.

"You alright, kid?"

"Yes. I'm fine."

I drank my milk, then I heard the front door open. Agnes was back, and I hoped she was able to change Woodrow's mood.

"Good morning," she said as she stepped into the kitchen with two full bags of groceries.

"Morning," I replied.

"Oh sweetie. Come here." She put the groceries down and took Myra from Woodrow's arms, and now that he didn't have to hold his daughter anymore, he left the kitchen without saying a word.

Something was up. He was too damn quiet.

"Mommy's here. Let's have breakfast, hm?"

Myra already had her milk, but she'd need more than that.

"Mind holding her?" Agnes asked. I shook my head and held out my hands to take her, and I sat her down on my lap, holding her with my right hand around her stomach. She smiled up at me and I pressed a kiss to her forehead, then I let her play with my hair.

"Any plans for today?" Agnes asked.

"Not really. You?"

"I was thinking of taking Myra to the park. Have her play in the sand. You want to come with us?"

That sounded refreshing. I needed to spend some time outside for once. "Sounds good."

Myra had her breakfast, and while Agnes got her dressed, I went upstairs to take a quick shower.

After grabbing my clothes for the day, I reached for my phone on the bedside table and checked if there were any messages from Jagger. Instead of his name on the screen, it was Fender's.

Can't get that sweet taste of your pussy off my tongue.

I bit my bottom lip and smiled at his text. I shouldn't have been smiling. Hell, I shouldn't have a reaction at all. But I couldn't help it.

Then, the realization of this just being a fun game to him set in, and I gripped my phone tighter, trying my best to contain myself.

Did you try mouthwash?

I didn't want to play this game. I needed for him to stop texting me out of the blue.

Surely, whatever he was doing had to be more important than messing with me over the phone.

Careful, Remedy. Don't be a smartass.

Oh, so he didn't like that.

Good.

I wanted to send an emoji to show how annoyed I was with him, but I held myself back. Instead, I closed his chat and went into the bathroom.

While taking a shower, I saw my screen light up three times with new messages.

I hoped it wasn't him, but once I got out, I was met with his name lighting up my screen again.

I sighed and grabbed my phone to read his messages.

You ignoring me now?

Remedy.

Tell me you miss my fingers inside that tight cunt of yours, baby.

My body tensed and my thighs clashed to avoid that throbbing sensation between my legs from increasing.

He was going to drive me insane.

I won't tell you that.

But you miss it. Don't have to be ashamed, sweet girl.

Please stop.

That was the second time I had begged him to stop over text, and he once again ignored my plea.

I'm not done. I haven't finished telling you what I'd do if I had you underneath me.

No, he hadn't finished telling me, but I had a very clear idea—or secret desire—of what it might look like.

I tightened my bathrobe around my body as I headed over to my bedroom, and when I sat down on the bed, another text appeared.

I had two fingers inside your pussy, and you were barely able to handle it. You were wet, but that won't help much when I slide my dick inside you.

I swallowed and watched the bubble with the three dots appear again, and I found myself impatiently waiting for his next text.

You're way too fucking tight for me, baby, but I won't let that stop me. I'll finger your pussy and play with that swollen clit until your virgin cunt is ready, then I'll use my tip to stretch you before sliding inside without mercy. I'll have you scream my name so fucking loud while you take my big cock up that sweet, addictive cunt.

My heart was racing and my clit throbbing. I reached one hand between my legs and pressed the palm against my sensitive spot, wishing it wouldn't react this way to his written words.

I read his last text over and over again until the three dots appeared once more.

Tell me, sweet girl. Will you let me do all that?

I should've replied with a no. Should've just deleted his messages altogether and never think of him again. But I was weak, and Fender had me already wrapped around his finger.

My thumbs were shaking when I typed in my reply, and chewing my bottom lip, I hit send.

Yes.

Chapter 13

FENDER

My dick was hard and I had no way of jerking off.

Should've thought twice before sending her those messages and making myself hard, but I couldn't stop thinking about her and that sweet pussy of hers.

We've been gone for days, and out here in Paducah, Kentucky, there were no women available.

Sure, I could've gone to a strip club or bar and found someone to get me off, but no woman would ever be enough.

I wanted Remedy's hands on me. Her lips on my dick. But she wasn't here, and texting was close enough.

Once I got my mind off her, I headed out of my motel room to find the guys standing outside by the bikes. I searched for Woodrow, but he wasn't out yet.

I headed down the stairs while putting on my cut, adjusting the collar, then patting down the waistband of my jeans to make sure my guns were neatly hidden.

"Prez still in his room?" I asked, stopping next to Jagger and Rodney, and pulling out my cigarettes.

"He's not here," Rodney said, and I glanced over at him with a raised brow.

"The fuck you mean by that?" I stuck a cigarette between my lips and lit it, and after taking a long drag, I put it between my forefinger and thumb, then lowered my hand to my side.

"He left. Woman at the front desk said he came out late last night and made a phone call, then he drove off. Left his room key too."

That wasn't like him at all. I looked around the parking lot and took in the scene. Nineteen of us drove out here to meet with this town's MC, the Shovel Heads,

to talk about a possible patch-over which in my eyes was never going to happen. Simply because these men weren't cut out for a club like ours, and most of all, their name was reason enough not to patch them over.

They were good men. Still, they'd run and hide instead of helping us out if we got into a fight. And we got into lots of them.

Didn't need weak people at my club.

At least they provided us with ammo which we were taking back to Wilmington.

I took another drag of my cigarette, inhaled deeply, then blew out the air through my nose. "Did you call him yet?"

Rodney nodded. "He won't pick up his phone. Also tried Agnes, but her phone's dead."

I studied the floor, then decided that this situation was serious. It was unlike Woodrow to pick up and leave without telling me where he went.

"I called my woman and asked if she saw him at the club, but she didn't," Rodney then added.

I finished my cigarette quicker than I intended, then I pulled out my phone and went through my contacts. If he wasn't picking up his phone and Agnes' was dead, there was one person left I could call to see where that bastard went.

I stepped away from the others and called Remedy, and after the fifth ring, she finally picked up.

"Hello?" Her voice was so fucking small, and I liked to think it was because of me.

"Where are you?"

There was a pause, and I heard kids screaming in the background. "The park with Agnes and Myra. Why?"

"Did you see your uncle this morning?"

"Uh, yes. Why? What's going on?"

"Where did you see him?"

“At home. Fender, what’s wrong?” She sounded confused.

I gripped my phone tighter and pressed it harder against my ear. “Where is he now? Is he with you now?”

She sighed as she tried to find a sense in this conversation. “No, he’s not with us. He was still at home when we left. Didn’t you all come home with him?”

“No.” I tightened my jaw, angry at Woodrow’s behavior. “We’ll be home late tonight. Tell Agnes we expect dinner.”

I hung up without waiting on a response, then went back to Rodney to tell him what I now knew. After a quick discussion over why Woodrow might’ve left without telling us, we checked out of the motel and then got on our bikes to drive back home.

Whatever it was that made Woodrow take that selfish decision to leave his brothers behind wouldn’t be handled lightly.

At least not from my side.

Rodney would be the more rational one, and I’d give him the benefit of the doubt to handle it calmly before I stepped in.

Chapter 14

REMEDY

It was late when they pulled up in front of the clubhouse, and once they were inside, they went straight to church where Woodrow was already waiting.

I was still confused about what happened. Woodrow showed up this morning, acting all strange and secretive, then Fender called and asked if I had seen him.

Of course I would tell him. There was no reason for me to lie. Something was going on, and they'd soon find out what.

Us women on the other hand wouldn't find out shit.

Whatever it was, they'd handle between themselves.

The food we had cooked was already on the big table, and we sat down and waited for the men to join us.

Only fifteen minutes passed when the door opened, and Fender stepped out with a glare instantly meeting mine.

I straightened up and cleared my throat, hoping that glare wasn't actually directed at me.

He was probably angry at Woodrow for the shit he pulled. For whatever reason.

A smile tugged at my lips, deep down hoping to soften his mood.

This morning he had been a whole different Fender, and even if he had teased me, I liked him way better that way.

He didn't react to my smile, but he walked over to me and sat down to my left.

He looked at the food and I handed him a plate which he took without a thank you, and I watched him pile whatever was in his reach onto it. They were always hungry after a full day of riding.

The others joined us, and Jagger took the seat to my right. I looked at him, hoping to find an explanation in his eyes. But there was nothing.

They were all tired and hungry, and no one really talked unlike other times at dinner.

Occasionally, Iris rubbed Rodney's back, whispering things to him that made him either shrug or nod.

Perla, Ace's old lady kept asking around if anyone needed more beer, and every time she got up to grab more bottles, Agnes went with her.

I knew they were talking. One of the old ladies, most likely Agnes, knew what happened this morning.

I sighed, reaching for another chicken wing.

"It's nothing," Jagger said, making me turn my head to face him. "Prez didn't feel good so he drove home. That's all."

I frowned. He didn't feel good? How? "Is he okay?" I said, worry filling my voice.

"He's fine," Fender muttered next to me.

I turned to him, studying his face as he took another bite of the coleslaw. His jaw muscles flexed as he chewed, and for a moment, I couldn't take my eyes off him.

"Did he say what's wrong?" I asked, looking at Jagger again. He'd tell me. He wouldn't let me worry more.

"Said he had chest pain. Not sure why he didn't call a damn ambulance. We told him to get it checked but he's stubborn. Won't let a doctor near him."

And I knew why.

Most doctors had betrayed this club, so why would Woodrow let them help him? Though, if he was in serious pain and his condition got worse, he'd have to let a doctor examine him.

I dropped the wing onto my plate, not feeling so hungry anymore. Fender nudged my leg with his knee,

and I looked up at him with a questioning look.

“Eat. Two chicken wings won’t cut it.”

I frowned. “I’m not hungry.”

“Eat.” He repeated, his eyes dark.

Fine.

I put some more food onto my plate until he was satisfied, and when he finally stopped staring at me, I started eating.

I helped the women clean up after dinner. It took us a while because some men just couldn’t stop eating. Once they were all full and everything was clean, I walked out of the kitchen to find Woodrow.

I wanted to know if he was okay. Even with Jagger and Fender reassuring me, I needed to hear it from my uncle.

As I walked into the bar, I immediately found Woodrow standing by the pool table in the middle of the room, and when I approached him, I noticed him swaying back and forth.

“Woodrow?” I called his name once, then louder a second time, and when he finally turned around, I saw drops of sweat on his forehead.

He was holding one hand to his chest, and his words were breathy as he tried to speak.

“Ohmygod, are you okay? Woodrow!”

His knees gave out and he collapsed on top of me. He was too heavy to hold up, and so I dropped to my knees and tried my best not to make him fall to the floor or hit his head.

“HELP!” I called out, my voice cracking as panic washed over me. “CALL AN AMBULANCE!”

Buffalo and Iron came running, helping me lift Woodrow off me. “What happened?” Iron asked, pulling Woodrow against his chest.

“I-I don’t know. He was holding his chest and—I think he’s having a heart attack.”

Buffalo was calling 911, and as we waited for it to arrive, more people gathered around us. They were telling Woodrow to stay awake, and I knew they were all hoping not to have to perform CPR on him.

I was pulled away from the crowd, and as I turned around, I was faced with Fender’s gray eyes watching me closely. He cupped my face with his hands, searching for something. “You okay?”

I shook my head because why would I lie? Woodrow was having a heart attack, and there was little anyone could do.

“He’ll be fine. Go upstairs. We’ll take care of him.”

I heard the ambulance arrive, and I shook my head to protest his request. “Let me go,” I cried, pushing away his hands.

Paramedics walked inside, and the crowd split in two, letting them get to Woodrow.

When I saw his face, I noticed his eyes were closed. *No. No, he has to stay awake!*

“Remedy, go upstairs,” he said, his voice demanding.

I shook my head again, needing to stay here with Woodrow. He wasn’t opening his eyes and his body was limp. “Is he—”

“He’s not dead. He’s going to be okay, Remedy. Go upstairs, now!” Fender’s voice got louder as he gripped my shoulders tightly, making me flinch.

“N-no, I need to stay with him!”

“Take her upstairs,” I heard Fender say, and Jagger stepped in front of me, picking me up by the hips and throwing me over his shoulder.

“No! Let me down! I need to stay with him!” I cried. I couldn’t lose yet another person in my life. Woodrow was one of the few I had left in my family. My actual family.

I banged my fists against Jagger's back, screaming at him to let me down. But he wasn't listening.

He walked me back to the clubhouse and up the stairs, and once we reached the bedroom he usually stayed in, he finally let me down.

I punched his chest, trying to get past him. "Please!" I pleaded with him, but he simply stood here, taking my punches, and letting me cry until I had no more strength left.

I fell into his arms and let him hold me. He rubbed my back and kissed my head, whispering to me that everything will be fine.

But as sure as he sounded, couldn't be certain that Woodrow would live.

I closed my eyes and cried silently, wishing for this nightmare to be over soon.

Chapter 15

REMEDY

Jagger woke me up around nine this morning, and by the gentle smile on his lips, I knew Woodrow had made it.

He made me get dressed, then we drove to the hospital to visit Woodrow.

Most of his brothers were in the waiting area next to his room, and when we arrived, they let Jagger and me go in to see him.

I hugged him, careful not to hurt him. "I was so scared," I whispered, tears stinging my eyes again.

"Don't cry, kid. I'm here."

I stood back up and grabbed his hand, squeezing it gently. "Are they treating you right in here?" I asked, knowing the relationship the Knights had with the hospital.

Luckily, some things had changed and I knew most of these doctors never had anything to do with the club.

"They are. I'll be out of here in no time," he promised. His smile grew when Agnes walked in with Myra in her arms, and I went to the other side of the bed to give them some space.

"There she is." He reached for Myra and kissed her little hands, then he looked up at Agnes. "I love you, darling."

Agnes smiled down at him, then leaned in to kiss his forehead. "Don't ever scare me like that again. Ever."

"I'll try my best," Woodrow joked. "Is Fender here?" he then asked, looking at Jagger.

"He's outside talking to a doctor."

"Do you need anything?" I asked, needing to feel helpful.

“Water would be good,” he told me, patting my hand.

I nodded and looked around the room to see if there was already a bottle of water somewhere, but when I couldn't find one, I walked outside to find a water dispenser or vending machine.

I made eye-contact with Fender before turning away and walking down the hallway, turning left. I stopped a nurse to ask if she could tell me where I'd find water, and she pointed further down the hall.

I kept walking until I found a vending machine, then cursed myself out when I couldn't find a dollar to pay for the water.

A hand reached out beside me, pushing a bill into the machine, and I didn't have to turn around to see who was standing behind me.

The tattooed hand and fingers were enough.

The water dropped, and I bent down to grab it before turning around to face Fender.

He studied me closely, his eyes taking in every inch of my face, then his hand touched my waist, and he pulled me into him by wrapping his arms around me.

All the tension I had been feeling suddenly disappeared, and I melted into him, closing my eyes tightly before losing any more tears.

He held me in his arms, his fingers gently caressing my shoulders.

I didn't care how much he hated me, and apparently, it didn't matter to him either in this moment. I let it happen, needing someone to hold me tight without saying a word.

Jagger had held me this way last night, but it hadn't helped. Most likely because Woodrow's condition had been unknown at the time.

Now that I had seen him being alive, relief was all I felt.

He slowly loosened his grip around me way too early, and as he stepped back, I looked up at him with the tiniest smile. "Thank you."

He looked confused for a second, then he simply nodded, knowing exactly what I was thanking him for.

His eyes dropped to the water bottle in my hands, then he cleared his throat. "Let's go back."

We walked beside each other in silence until we reached the room, and I headed over to his bed to hand him the water.

"Thank you, kid."

We spent the morning and afternoon at the hospital, making sure Woodrow was getting all the help he needed, and as he got tired from the meds, Rodney told us to go home and have dinner.

Woodrow would have to stay at the hospital a while longer. He'd have to get some tests done.

After saying goodnight and stepping out, a doctor entered the room and I overheard him say a name I hadn't heard in two years.

It was said in a whisper, but I still heard it.

"Falco's worried."

I stopped and looked back to Woodrow's room, staring at the door after hearing my father's name being spoken.

Falco's worried.

What did that mean? My father was dead. Shot and drowned by Woodrow, his brother. Why would he be worried?

My gaze met Fender's, and once again, he was staring at me with that angry gleam.

God, I couldn't make it right for him.

First he ignores me, then he starts messing with my head, flirting, and saying dirty things to me, then he touches and hugs me, and now he's glaring again.

No way I would ever understand that man, no matter how attracted I was to him.

I tightened my jaw and swallowed hard, wanting to scream and launch at him. But I stayed calm and ignored my intrusive thoughts.

I turned away, deciding that I had misheard whatever the doctor said. I wasn't in the right headspace to deal with this.

I was frustrated, and I liked to stuff my face with sweets whenever that was the case. I hid in the kitchen while the others were over at the bar. I'd soon have to leave or stay here and help the old ladies cook dinner, but truthfully, I didn't feel like hanging out. I wanted to go home and be alone. I still hadn't finished that stupid book.

I ate the last piece of the chocolate bar I had opened ten minutes ago, then I grabbed a glass of water and washed the sweet taste off my tongue.

There was nothing left to eat here that would make me feel better, but I knew we had more chocolate back home. That would get me through the night.

I threw away the wrapper, then headed for the double doors but stopped when I heard voices outside in the dining room.

"Don't fucking care. Were you there?" It was Fender.

There was a pause, then someone let out a heavy sigh before I heard Rodney speak. "No, I wasn't. No one was. Only him. He wanted to be alone when he did it."

I took a step back when footsteps came close, but no one opened the door to the kitchen. I held my breath and continued to listen.

"Something doesn't fucking add up. He knows more. Always has known more but we were too damn blind to

see. I'll go back to the hospital tomorrow. See why they mentioned his fucking name."

His name.

Falco.

So I did hear the doctor say it.

I fisted my hands and pressed my lips into a thin line, wanting to confront them.

The doors swung open and I took another step back, looking up at Rodney as he stepped into the kitchen. He looked at me with a tight smile. "You alright there, kiddo?"

I nodded, studying his face before trying to see a glimpse of Fender outside.

He was walking away. I needed to stop him.

"Everything's fine," I said, then walked around him to leave the kitchen and follow Fender.

I saw him disappear upstairs, and I went after him with my eyes fixed on his cut where the club's colors were. The knight's head surrounded by flames had once scared me.

His footsteps were heavy on the wooden floor, and though they were much louder than mine, I knew he had already heard me.

When he reached the room furthest down the hall, he turned around and faced me, making me stop and take a step back out of caution.

That was stupid. I wasn't afraid of him. I had to stand my ground and confront him about this.

"Whatever you heard, it's none of your business."

I tightened my jaw. "It is my business if my father is involved. I heard the doctor say his name."

Fender's eyes darkened, and while the tilt of his head seemed harmless, he looked as if he wanted to challenge me to say more.

My throat was in knots, and I had only just noticed that he once again affected me in a way no person ever did.

“Your father’s dead. This isn’t about him.”

Liar.

He knew something was up and I needed to know what. “I heard you talk to Rodney. You said it yourself. Something doesn’t add up!”

He cocked a brow at me. “You spying on me now, sweet girl?”

“I overheard your conversation,” I said, holding my ground as he took a step toward me. I tilted my head back once he stopped in front of me, and I crossed my arms to show him that I wasn’t going to move.

“Pretty damn brave of you, don’t you think?” His eyes wandered all over my face, then his hand came up, and he brushed his knuckles over my cheek and along my jaw. “I don’t know why you make yourself so important when you’re not.”

That stung.

Asshole.

I wanted to punch him, but my hands wouldn’t move.

I kept staring up at him. Maybe I shouldn’t have come up here. Maybe I should’ve just gone to Woodrow and asked him about that incident back at the hospital.

I wasn’t letting up. Something was up, and I would get to the bottom of it.

Chapter 16

FENDER

She wanted to know too much.

I saw her face when she heard the doctor say her father's name. I heard it too, and I immediately started wondering if we actually knew everything about Falco's execution.

Woodrow had been the only one there. He was the one wanting to kill his brother after he had betrayed us. Betrayed the club.

I couldn't have been bothered less about his death. He helped people traffic women and children to a different continent and cashed in money for it. We weren't angry about the fucking money he got from those rich bastards. We were angry about everything else he did.

He used the power of our MC to work with the wrong people, dirtying our name along the way, and making us gain more enemies than we already had.

He dragged our name through the dirt. We had no other choice than to make him disappear from the face of the earth.

After that scene at the hospital, I wasn't so sure that he was gone.

Remedy was the last one needing to know that. She despised her father as much as we did, and it shouldn't have mattered to her if he was still alive or not anyway. If he was still here, I'd handle it.

I put my finger below her chin and held her head up, forcing her to look at me. She wasn't as proud and confident as she looked. My words hurt her, and there was more where that came from.

I knew I was playing with her. All those texts I sent shouldn't have reached her. I shouldn't have touched

her, but once I got a taste, I needed more.

I didn't know what it was that made me stop ignoring her. Maybe it was my knowledge of her being into me. Knowing she'd give it up for me in seconds. Just like she had back when we were in the kitchen and I fingered her sweet cunt.

From that moment on, I was addicted.

This was a dangerous game I was playing. After it was done, she'd be hurt. And while hurting people had been nothing new, it would be different with her.

All those things helped me stay away from what I had been dreading to feel all along.

Deep down I knew sweet Remedy wouldn't just be a quick fuck I'd forget after coming inside her. She'd consume me in the best way possible, but I couldn't give her what she needed.

No one in this club could.

She deserved to be loved and adored. Something very few of my brothers were capable of. Hell, not even Woodrow gave Agnes and their daughter what they deserved.

The only man in this club who was closest to being an actual husband was Rodney, and even he fucked strippers when Iris wasn't around.

Remedy deserved a guy who would honor her. Respect her. That couldn't be me.

Still, wanting to bury myself inside her and call her mine was tempting.

"I love those fucking eyes," I muttered, taking in their uniqueness. Her eyes were reason enough to make her mine. Having those different colored eyes stare up at me while her full lips were wrapped around my cock was an image I had thought about way too fucking often.

She untangled her arms and dropped them to her sides, and her lips parted as I brushed my thumb across her chin. "You should know better than to get involved in

club business. You know how dangerous shit can get. You're a smart girl. Smart enough to run away from me."

He dark brows furrowed. "Why would I run?"

"Because I'm dangerous. I'll hurt you, and I can't have you go crying to the old ladies about what a fucking asshole I am." I leaned in closer and traced the tip of my nose along her cheek, then pressed a kiss to her temple and proceeded to say words that made me sound like a fucking hypocrite. "And before I know it, I'll be haunting you. Needing you. Fucking you so hard until you understand what it means to belong to someone." I wasn't making any sense. But I kept going. I dropped my hand and moved it between her legs, feeling the heat through her tight jeans. "Remember the things I said? About fucking this tight pussy?"

I kissed her neck as she nodded and whimpered. I rubbed my fingers against her pussy, making her spread her legs by pushing my knee between her thighs.

"And tell me, baby, will you still let me fuck this pussy?"

She moaned as I pressed my thumb on her clit. I could feel it throb over the fabric. Fuck, I needed to taste her again.

"Y-yes," she whispered, gripping my arms to steady herself.

"Why?"

"Because I—" She took a deep breath and arched her back, trying to get away from my hand that was making her feel so good.

"Because what, baby?" I gripped her ass with my other hand and pulled her back into me, rubbing her clit harder.

I lifted my head to look at her face, and when her eyes met mine, my dick jolted in my pants.

"Because I want you to be my first."

Her little crush she had on me wasn't just a crush. She was obsessed with me, and I was making her darkest desires come true.

I took her mouth, unable to stay away from it any longer. I licked across her bottom lip, and when she opened, I plunged my tongue into her mouth.

Her moans were muffled, and she held on to me tighter as I picked her up and made her wrap her legs around me.

I carried her over to the bedroom and shut the door behind me.

I walked over to the bed with her and sat down without breaking the kiss. She straddled my lap, and her hands pushed into my hair. I had always loved when women did that but having Remedy tug on my hair was a whole different feeling.

I grunted and gripped her ass with both hands, squeezed her flesh and pressed her hot pussy against my crotch.

My dick needed more space, but I enjoyed this a little too much. "Rub on it with your pussy, baby," I encouraged, using my grip on her ass to move her against my hardness.

I trailed kisses down her neck and along her exposed collar bone. She was wearing one of those tops again with the thin straps and the low neckline, showing off those sweet tits. They were almost too big for her body, but, God, if they weren't perfect.

All natural too, unlike the ones some of the women at the strip club had. They barely fucking moved, and Remedy's fucking jiggled whenever she moved.

"Perfect, baby," I praised, pressing kisses to the top of her breasts. I wanted to bury my fucking face in them. Let them suffocate me if necessary.

She cried out as I cupped one of her tits and bit down on her nipple. She was wearing a bra, but it was thin enough to have her nipples show through.

“Off,” I demanded, squeezing both of her tits now and making her lean back to watch her take off her top.

I dropped my hands to her thighs and rubbed along them until I reached her pussy and pressed my thumb to it again.

She reached down and grabbed her top, then pulled it over her head, breathing heavily.

She dropped the top, then reached behind her to open her bra. What the fuck was she even wearing it for when her tits were almost falling out of it anyway?

“Goddamn,” I muttered as she sat there on my lap with her tits out. I looked at her face, then reached out to cup them, fascinated by their size and heaviness. “You’re too damn fucking young to have tits like these, baby.”

She didn’t reply, but I knew my words made her feel like she was on top of the world. And she’d be sitting on top of me soon too if she kept making those sweet sounds.

Chapter 17

REMEDY

I had kissed boys before, but nothing came close to the way Fender kissed me. I was still a virgin at twenty-two, but I had been touched before. Well, groped was a better word for that because the guy who tried to sleep with me didn't accept a no.

I got out of that situation quick enough before I was naked, and ever since then, I couldn't imagine any guy ever touching me again. Unless it was Fender.

By now, he must've figured out the massive crush I had on him. I was done for the second his lips met mine, and I couldn't stop rubbing myself against him.

I felt like a crazy woman. One that was obsessed with a man who hated me. Or put lightly...would use me to his advantage to get off.

I didn't care though. Didn't even mind all the feelings inside of me making my heart beat fast and my head feel light.

I was turning into this sex-needing kitten when I had barely had fingers inside my pussy until now.

But that was about to change.

I watched his face as he played with my tits, making them roll in his hands and pinch my nipples while his eyes stayed on them.

As good as that felt, I needed more. I circled my hips again, feeling his hardness press against my pussy. I wanted to get it out. To see his cock. But he had to guide me.

I was confident enough to sit on his lap and ride his bulge while he played with my tits, but I wasn't confident enough to just unzip his pants and get his shaft out.

To my luck, he needed to adjust himself as that bulge was about to explode. He leaned in and pulled one nipple into his mouth as his hands worked on his belt buckle first, then he unzipped his pants. He let my nipple pop out of his mouth, then he reached around my waist and got up to turn around and let me back down onto the bed.

I looked up at him as he stood there between my legs with his pants open, and I saw the tip of his cock peek out of the briefs he was wearing. God, that was hot.

I licked my lips, then followed his hands as he reached down to undo my jeans. He pulled them down my legs, followed by my panties, and once they were on the floor, he pulled up my legs and made me prop my feet on the edge of the bed so my knees were bent and up in the air. My clit throbbed again, and I had to press my thighs together to stimulate it.

He kept his eyes on my body, and when they lingered on my breasts for a little too long, I reached up and cupped them, squeezing them the way he had done just seconds ago.

He smirked, licking his bottom lip. "Sweet baby is needy."

I was, and if he kept standing there like that, I most likely would've started to touch myself down there.

He finally took off his cut, and unlike my clothes, he draped it nicely over the chair. He unbuttoned his flannel, then got rid of it, followed by his white t-shirt. I had seen him shirtless before, and I used to stare at him secretly, hoping he wouldn't catch me. But tonight, he was standing there just for me. I took in his muscles and dark tattoos. There were too many to count, and I also didn't know the meaning of them all. Not that it mattered. They were his tattoos, and it only mattered to him what they represented. There were a couple tattoos that were connected to the club though, but most of them were symbols I couldn't make out.

My eyes trailed down his arms, then across his chest, and finally his stomach. His muscles were hard. I had

already felt them this morning when he had hugged me at the hospital. It was clear why he had so many women at this club fighting over him. He looked like a biker god.

“Like what you see?” he drawled, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

I met his eyes and nodded, pressing my breasts into each other, and pinching my nipples.

When his hands dropped to his pants, I watched him get rid of them and his briefs until he was standing there, naked.

He wrapped his hand around his base and rubbed along it, then he squeezed his tip and a drop of precum appeared. Shit, that’s hot.

“As much as I like having you watch me, I need to taste that pussy first. Need to make sure you’re ready to take my dick.”

I wasn’t ready. My mind might’ve been prepared, but my body wasn’t. It had already hurt when he pushed his fingers inside of me, and even if they weren’t as thick as his cock, they still left me a little sore.

He put his hands on my knees and pressed them apart, then got down on his own until his head was between my legs.

I watched him closely, needing to know every next move. He turned his head and kissed the inside of my thigh while his eyes lingered on my face. He moved his head further down, then he pressed a kiss to my stomach, licking from my belly button down to the spot right above my clit.

My hips jerked in response, and I gripped the sheets beneath me.

He grinned, lowering his head again before pressing a kiss to my clit, and I arched my back, needing more.

“Please,” I whispered, circling my hips. “More.”

“Impatient baby. I told you before. I need to make sure you’re ready. Can’t just start fucking this pussy,

even if your scent is making it so fucking hard.”

He licked through my folds, already sending me spiraling out of control. How was I so sensitive down there? I never reacted this way whenever I touched myself.

But then, this was Fender. He made me squirm by simply being present.

I saw his tongue come out again, licking through my folds once more, then he flicked it against my clit before kissing it again.

“Oh God!” I pressed myself against his mouth, needing for it to stay right there. His lips moved, and his tongue slid through my folds again before his tip pushed into me.

Another cry left me, and I reached down to grab a fistful of his hair. He had his right hand wrapped around my thigh, but the other was reaching down between his legs. His arm was moving, and I knew he was rubbing his cock. That only turned me on more, and I moved my hips again, needing his tongue back on my clit.

He flicked against my clit, and I felt the tension inside of me grow. He grunted, then his eyes met mine and I watched the fire in them ignite as the first orgasm came over me.

Fuck, that was quick.

I moaned and threw my head back, pressing his face into me as my legs trembled.

I wasn't going to survive this. If his tongue already made me feel this way, then I wasn't sure if I could handle more of him.

My breathing hitched as I slowly came back down to earth, and when I opened my mouth, he was still between my legs, pressing soft kisses to my swollen lips.

“You get off so damn easily, baby. Makes me think you're not so innocent after all,” he drawled, his face pleased. He knew it was him to make me come this way. I never had an orgasm like this.

“I touch myself sometimes,” I admitted, breathlessly.

He smirked and moved his hand from my thigh to touch my pussy. His other hand was still reaching down and moving.

“And who do you think of when you touch yourself, Remedy?”

He could’ve answered his own question. I was way too transparent. “You.”

He pressed another kiss to my thigh, then used his fingers to slide through my slit before they lingered at my entrance. He looked way too damn pleased with himself.

“And how do you touch yourself? Like this?” he asked, pushing two fingers inside of me.

I shook my head, biting down on my lip. “No.”

He raised a brow. “You never finger-fucked yourself?”

Another shake of my head. “I-I’ve only ever...” I couldn’t speak. Not with his fingers pushing deeper into me.

“Why not?”

I shrugged. I was afraid to touch myself that way. Never figured out why.

He muttered a curse, then pulled out his fingers and reached for my hand. His other hand was back on my thigh, and he placed mine on my pussy, making me curl all my fingers besides my fore and middle one.

“I’ll teach you.”

God, yes. I wanted him to but I was still nervous. I watched him pull my fingers to his mouth and wrap his lips around them. He pressed them down onto his tongue to wet them, then sucked on them before pulling them out again.

My lips were parted, and I wondered if this man could do anything that would not be hot. Everything he did turned me on, and that wouldn’t be good if he went

back to ignoring and hating me after this. But I was desperate. And desperate people did stupid things sometimes. Like letting an older man show you how to finger yourself.

Chapter 18

FENDER

Teaching sweet Remedy how to finger herself hadn't been on my list. When she followed me upstairs, I was mentally preparing myself to push her up against the wall and fuck her, but then I remembered that she was a virgin, and I would only hurt her by slamming my dick inside that tight pussy.

I saw the confusion and hurt in her eyes when she asked about her father, and though I could've told her right then what I believed about her father's death, I couldn't tell her.

Not before I was one-hundred percent certain that the fucker was still alive. Taking care of her pussy was my priority, and tomorrow, I'd handle club business.

I looked up at her as I placed her two fingers at her entrance. Her palm was pressed against her clit, and without having to instruct her, she slid her fingers inside.

I smirked. "You're a natural."

She frowned, her eyes fixed on her hand. "It feels weird."

"It shouldn't. That's your body, baby. Nothing about it is weird," I told her, gently pushing her fingers further inside until she couldn't reach anymore. She didn't move them, and I let her get used to that feeling before I pulled her hand back, lifting it to let her see. "See how wet you are? It's all because of me. Because of how your body reacts to me. And I gotta fucking tell you, sweet girl...the way your body response to my touch makes me want to shout at the top of my lungs like a crazed man. The simplest touch makes you shiver. Makes me want to bury myself deep inside this wet cunt and stay like that forever."

Her lips were parted and her eyes were filled with lust. But she was also scared. Sweet Remedy was a virgin,

and she wanted me to be her first.

That alone made me want to act like fucking King Kong, slamming my fists into my chest and let the whole fucking town know she was mine.

But that wasn't my plan. My plan was to taunt her. To mess with her head and hope she'd get the hint and run. She should've known better than to have a stupid little crush on me. And now here we were, and I was questioning myself whether it was a good idea to go through with this.

Fuck. I've had many women. Too damn many to count. There had been times I had almost gone soft and let my heart take the upper hand, but I was way too fucking head-strong to let a woman into my life. Women weren't a weakness. Hell, women were fucking amazing. But I never felt the need for commit to a woman when in our world, you could get killed at any damn moment.

Either fucking way, I wasn't capable of love. Hell, my last name was my fucking destiny.

But those thoughts never included Remedy before.

I had never heard moans as soft as hers, and never seen eyes so beautiful. Eyes that looked right into my dark soul.

I wouldn't be good for her. Not in ways that really mattered. Sexually, I could give her everything she desired. Mentally, I would fucking destroy her. Day by day. I wasn't easy to be around. I was possessive and demanding, and sweet Remedy was not made to handle a man like me.

I wrapped my lips around her fingers and sucked those heavenly juices off, then I let go of her hand and cupped her ass. I leaned in and licked through her folds. She jerked her hips and pushed her hands back into my hair. She cried out when I circled her swollen clit, then I flicked at it with the tip of my tongue while keeping my eyes on hers.

She panted, her lips pushing into me, then I felt her clit throb, knowing she was about to come.

“OH GOD!”

She fell apart and came on my tongue, her thighs shaking and pressing against either side of my head.

I couldn't keep a stupid grin off my face. “Dirty girl. Getting your juices all over my face.”

I got up and rubbed the back of my hand across my chin, then I took in the sight in front of me, enjoying my view of her naked.

I needed to play with those tits again. Pretty fucking sure they were my second favorite thing about her, right after her eyes.

She was breathing heavily as I moved between her legs and leaned over her with each hand pressed into the mattress next to her face. I lowered myself onto her, making sure not to suffocate her with my weight.

Pushing my knees against the back of her thighs, I made her lift her legs so they were wrapped around my hips.

My dick was pressing against her belly, and my balls touching her pussy. Her skin felt fucking incredible on mine. “As tempting as it is to slide inside you without a condom, I don't think your pussy can handle my dick without any kind of lube.”

She stared up at me, her eyes wide and full of emotions. She gave a small nod. “Okay.”

I chuckled. She wasn't just agreeing with me. She was encouraging me. Sweet girl was afraid I would stop, when in reality, there was no fucking way I would leave without taking what she was willingly giving me.

I pressed a kiss to her lips, then pushed myself up to reach over to the drawer and get out a condom.

I unwrapped it, threw away the wrapper, then slid the condom over my dick. She watched me closely, not wanting to miss a single move.

“You like to watch, don't you? If you're going to be a good girl while I take this tight pussy, I might let you

watch me jerk off again.”

Excitement flashed in her eyes, and she licked her lips in the most erotic way possible.

Yeah...no fucking way I was going to simply fuck her out of my system and then forget about her existence again. Deep down, she had always been present. Hell, she grew up in this hell hole and had always been around. But my crazy ass decided to ignore her instead of acknowledging the woman she had become.

I wrapped my hand around my base and positioned my tip at her entrance. She was tense, and nothing I could say to her would help with that. This was her first time, and it was going to hurt no matter how relaxed she'd be.

I placed my left thumb on her clit, slowly circling it as I gently slid my tip between her folds. “I’ll try my hardest not to hurt you, baby, but there’s no way around the pain you’ll feel when I push inside you. Relax for me,” I told her, and she took a deep, shaky breath.

I looked down, taking in my size between her thighs. My tip was almost hidden between her folds, and when I moved my hips forward, she let out a soft cry.

“I-is it—” She swallowed hard as her eyes lingered on my dick, her hand pressed against my abdomen to stop my movements. “Will I bleed?”

There it was again. That possessive feeling coming over me. Once I was inside her, she'd be mine.

“There’ll definitely be blood, baby.” And that fucking excited me.

“Can you go slow?”

No. I couldn't. “I’ll try my best,” I said with a smirk. “This pussy will consume me, and I’ve only ever had my mouth on it.”

Her eyes moved up to meet mine, and because I was a fucking sick bastard, I pushed forward again, wanting to see her reaction.

Her eyes widened, then they dropped to my cock as she held her breath. I caressed her thigh with my left hand, moving it up her body until I had one of her perfect tits against my palm.

“Better if I do it quickly,” I told her. I didn’t mean to rush her, but with her pussy tightening around the tip of my cock, I was possibly going to embarrass myself by coming already.

“Okay,” she breathed, those full lips parting again.

I squeezed her breast and pinched her nipple before placing my hand on her waist. I was still holding my dick with my right hand, and after reassuring that she was ready, I slammed into her with a fast thrust.

Never in my life had I felt something so fucking beautiful. I felt light-headed for a moment. I had taken Remedy’s virginity and it sent me straight to heaven, then slammed me back down to hell where I belonged.

Chapter 19

REMEDY

The pain was sharp and everlasting. It burned, and nothing about this was as fun and enjoyable as the women in the romance books I read made it out to be. And let me tell you...all those men had cocks just as big as Fender.

My body went into a type of shock. It felt like I couldn't breathe and move for minutes, and when I finally managed to get out of that trance, I let out a cry and my body shivered all over.

"Easy," Fender whispered, his lips grazing mine. "I won't move until you're ready. Fuck, this pussy is squeezing me so damn tight."

He kissed me, making me cry out again when his cock jerked inside of me.

He reached into my hair and fisted it tightly as he deepened the kiss. His tongue slid between my lips and curled with mine, then he broke the kiss and looked into my eyes.

"Tell me when to move, baby. But, fuck...I don't think I'll be fucking able to."

My mouth went dry and I tried to adjust my body in a way that would make his size fit better inside of me.

I took a deep breath and licked my lips as I kept my eyes on his, watching the fire burn in them.

"Baby, not sure I can be good if you look at me with those eyes."

"It hurts," I admitted, feeling vulnerable lying underneath him, with his weight pressing down on me. This wasn't how I imagined my first time. With him, yes. But not it being so painful.

“I’m already inside, baby. It’ll only get better from here, I promise.”

Something about him talking to me so gently and reassuring made me forget about all the stinging and burning. But only for a while.

Another shiver rushed over me, and I reached down to press my hand against his hard abdomen, trying to push him off me. “It hurts,” I repeated, my bottom lip trembling. “Make it stop.”

There was a fear in his eyes I’d never seen before, and for a moment, I thought he was going to pull away.

Instead, he leaned in and kissed my lips gently, whispering, “It’ll stop when I start moving. You gotta trust me on this, baby. Let me show you how good I can make you feel, and if you still hate me after this, I’ll let you fire fucking bullets in my head for hurting you.”

Two things echoed in my mind. One, I didn’t hate him. Never hated him, and I wouldn’t ever be capable of hating the man I had a damn crush on for so long. He was finally giving me what I’ve always wanted, and I was being a fucking baby about it.

And two, I could never point a gun at someone. I was surrounded by guns and men who liked to use them, but never in a million years would I ever touch such a deadly thing.

Ironic, really. Because I had the deadliest person in town inside of me.

“I’m sorry,” I breathed against his lips. My words set him off, and he pushed himself up while still being buried deep inside of me.

“Don’t ever say that again. You hear me? Baby, you’ve just given me the purest fucking thing a woman could ever give a man, and I’m not about to fucking ruin this for you. I might be a psychotic asshole, but I’m not a monster. Not when it comes to you.”

My tongue was stuck to the top of my mouth, and I tried to swallow but my throat had gone dry.

Hearing him say all those things set something on fire inside my chest. My heart was pounding, and my thighs pressed against his hips, pulling him closer.

Was it possible to act indifferent towards a person for years, then suddenly switch and say all those things?

Apparently. Fender Loveless just made it possible.

His expression turned soft for a split second when he noticed my body relax. He placed his right hand on my thigh and touched my clit with his thumb, gently circling it. "I swear, Remedy, I'll make this so good for you. I haven't moved a damn inch and I'm already about to blow. And, baby, that would take away a whole fucking chunk of my ego if I let that happen."

A laugh bubbled up. I couldn't help it.

"You think that's funny?"

I shrugged, easing myself back into the mattress more. I was way too tense before. "A little."

He muttered a curse and bent down again to kiss me, then he moved his hips back, making me moan.

"I'll be good," he promised. "Let me fuck this tight pussy. You're perfect for me."

He pushed into me again slowly until he hit something deep inside of me. "Okay."

That was all he needed to hear.

He pushed himself up again and grabbed my hips with both hands, and when he pulled back, we both looked down to watch his length disappear once more in a hard thrust.

"Fuuuck," he grunted, repeating that same move over and over again. "Love seeing that blood all over me. I never fuck bare, but I wish I could feel your blood all over my dick."

I wanted that. Something about him being so possessive over me made me squirm beneath him. He noticed, and his eyes met mine. He narrowed them, then

a smirk curled his lips. “You want that, sweet girl? Mark me with your blood and feel my bare dick inside you?”

Anything. At this point I’d let him do anything. “Yes, please.”

He laughed, thrusting harder into me. “So fucking polite. Not sure I’ll survive this. You feel so fucking good baby. Tell me, am I still hurting you?”

Yes, but in the best way possible.

I shook my head.

“Good.”

His thrusts got harder and I dug my fingernails into his arms, needing to hold on to something. I was breathing heavily and my moans got louder, and I wondered if anyone downstairs would hear me.

This clubhouse had seen better days, and every time someone fucked up here, you could almost always hear it.

When I felt Fender’s cock throb inside of me, I knew he’d be coming soon. I already had two orgasms because of him, and I wasn’t sure if a third one was possible. I was feeling so many things at once that I couldn’t focus on just one.

But my goal wasn’t to come. My goal was to make this as memorable for myself, but also for him. Because no matter the words he said to me before, I was scared he’d push me away again.

His loud roar sent shivers down my spine and I lifted my hips to meet his thrusts, then he leaned in to kiss me, and shortly after, he stilled.

“Goddamn,” he murmured against my lips. “Never gonna recover.”

I smiled. Something told me that he wasn’t done with me. Not just yet.

Chapter 20

FENDER

She was asleep in my arms, her body pressed against my chest, and her hips nestled against my semi. It had always been easy for me to get hard again after coming, but after pulling out of her, my dick stayed hard.

Before she fell asleep, I played with her pussy and made her come, tasting all her sweet juices and blood.

Fucking Remedy turned me into a damn animal. One addicted to every inch of her. Deep down, I was still fighting myself not to let this get to me the way it was. My heart was pounding in my damn chest. The only time that was supposed to happen was when I held a gun to someone's temple or blew up shit. Not when I was lying in bed with a woman in my arms.

I looked down at her, taking in her beautiful face. Her dark lashes brushed against her cheekbones, and her lips were slightly parted. She was breathing slowly through her nose. Too damn slowly. When she first fell asleep, I checked if she was still breathing because I couldn't hear her a thing.

She looked so damn peaceful. For someone who grew up in a place like this, a motorcycle club that didn't do shit traditionally, she was way too calm and collected.

As comfortable as I was getting lying there with her, I needed to get out of there. I had things to figure out. Not just about myself, but about her father.

I cupped her cheek and leaned in to kiss her lips, and when I've tasted her enough to get through the night, I got out of bed and searched for my clothes.

I collected them off the floor, then got dressed while keeping my eyes on her the whole time. I didn't want her to wake up. She'd ask why I was leaving and probably start getting all the wrong ideas. She'd overthink. Not

that it mattered. I'd be gone in the morning anyway, and she'd have those same thoughts.

Right now, I wasn't ready to have a conversation about what we were yet. If she'd get mad tomorrow, I'd let her scream at me, telling me how big of an asshole I was for leaving her after taking her virginity.

I muttered a curse when I realized I wasn't making any fucking sense, and that I was gaslighting myself. Fucking manipulating myself into thinking that I wasn't feeling things for Remedy I had never felt before.

In reality, I wanted to stay with her. Hold her all night and be there when she opened her eyes. I wanted to assure her that I wasn't leaving after fucking her for the first time. That I wasn't just using her. And even after admitting all that shit, I was still ready to bolt out that fucking door.

I ran a hand through my hair and moved my eyes over her body. She was covered, but I could see every perfect curve.

It wasn't getting easier the longer I stood there, but I couldn't get my feet to move.

My phone buzzed, and I pulled it out to see who texted me at one-fifteen in the morning.

It was Tiny.

Awfully quiet up there. You done with her?

I didn't know if he had seen Remedy follow me up here. If he hadn't, he had all the right to ask me that sloppy question. If he did see Remedy and connected the dots, I would fucking blow his brains out for thinking I would use Remedy for a night.

I tightened my jaw as my possessiveness came to show once more.

Need something?

Some chicks are fighting over JT down here. Damn entertaining. Worth watching.

Not interested.

You coming down here at least to have a beer?

What the hell are you doing up there?

None of your fucking business.

Damn.

There was a pause but he was texting again. I looked up from my phone to ensure Remedy was still asleep, then another text came in.

If Doc were still alive, he'd put a bullet in you right this second. I'd take the risk too though. Would love to find out what she tastes like.

Two things.

One, he knew Remedy was up here.

And two, I would rip that motherfucker's face off next time I got my hands on him.

Possessiveness wasn't the only new feeling taking up a permanent spot inside of me. Jealousy was right up there now just thinking about anyone else touching her.

I needed to focus.

If I went down there now, I'd kill the guy. He was twice my size, not doing his name any fucking justice, but I'd kill him with my bare hands.

I chose the high road instead. Telling him just what he was missing out on.

Sweetest damn thing I ever tasted. Claiming her.

I pushed my phone back into my pocket without waiting on an answer, and because that jealousy was quickly taking over my mind, I chose to stay.

I took off my clothes again and went back over to the bed to slide under the covers next to her, and I pulled her close, wrapping my arms around her waist.

She made a soft sound and curled into me with her face buried in my chest. “Fender?”

I froze, hating that I had woken her up.

“Yes, baby?”

“Thank you for not leaving me alone tonight.”

Yeah, no fucking way I was going to let her go. I kissed her forehead, tightening my arms around her. “Don’t think I’ll ever be able to leave you from now on.”

REMEDY

He was true to his words. I woke up with his arms around me and his warm body pressed against my back.

His face was buried in my neck, and one of his legs pushed between mine. Both his hands were on me. One stretched out across my stomach and the other cupping one of my breasts.

He mentioned how much he loved my tits quite often last night and having him touch me there while he was asleep made me smile like a fool. He was doing it subconsciously.

I turned onto my back to look at him and was surprised when his eyes met mine. I opened my mouth to say something but no words came out.

He smirked, squeezing my tit gently. “Don’t tell me you’re speechless after last night.”

He was too damn cocky. And he had every right to be.

I felt my cheeks heat up. “I’m not speechless because of last night. I’m speechless because you’re still here.”

Something flashed in his eyes. Something dark and sinister. “You really thought I was going to leave you?”

I shrugged, reaching up to touch the side of his face. “You are...you. You’re known for leaving women right after having sex with them.”

His jaw clenched and his eyes narrowed. “You’re different. *This* is different.”

“How?”

His gaze dropped to my lips, and I caressed his cheek and jawline with my fingers, watching him closely and he leaned in, grazing my lips with his. “I wish I had an explanation but all I can say is that you make me feel some type of way. I felt jealousy for the first time last night. When I was inside of you, all I wanted was to stay buried deep in that tight pussy forever.” His hand moved from my breast down to my folds, brushing through them and circling my clit. “Right now, I want to finger this cunt. Make you come. Then turn you over and push my dick inside you from behind, making you scream my name like you did last night. Sweetest sound I ever fucking heard, baby. Nothing has ever made me so damn addicted than your wet pussy.”

I squirmed as he pushed two fingers inside me. I was sore but he wasn’t being as rough as he was last night.

“You want me to keep going, sweet girl? Need more reasons why this is different?”

I could listen to him talk for hours. Especially when he talked dirty. His mouth should come with a damn

warning. “Does that mean we’ll do it all over again?”

He smirked, then pressed a kiss to the corner of my mouth. “It means you’re mine now.”

It was all I ever wanted.

To be seen by him.

And though it all seemed to move so quickly, I wasn’t going to push him away. No, I was letting this happen. Let him own me the way men in this club owned women when they truly felt for them.

A loud knock at the door made me jump, and we both turned our heads to see who was opening the door.

Rodney peeked his head inside, and when he made eye contact with both of us, he let out a heavy sigh. “Tiny wasn’t joking.”

Fender shook his head and pushed himself up to lean back against the headboard, and while he wasn’t ashamed, I hid under the blanket. Also...how did Tiny know about this?

“Need something?” Fender asked. He placed his hand on my thigh and squeezed it gently, like he was reassuring me that this situation was fine.

“I’m headed over to the hospital. Prez is awake. You coming too?” Rodney asked, his eyes meeting mine every few seconds.

I was peeking at him from under the covers which were pulled up to my nose. I was still naked and this room smelled like sweat and sex. There was no reason for me to hide. He knew exactly what happened between Fender and me.

“Yeah, coming.”

Rodney nodded and looked at me again, then he let out another sigh. “Your uncle’s not gonna be happy about this.”

“She’s a damn adult. She doesn’t need her uncle’s approval,” Fender announced. His fingers dug deeper

into my skin, then they moved up until he touched my clit.

I pressed my thighs together, but his fingers were strong enough to keep them apart enough for him to play with my clit. Rodney was still standing there, and I really needed him to move.

“Anything else?” Fender snapped.

Rodney shook his head, and without looking at me again, he closed the door.

I covered my face with both hands and exhaled heavily as a wave of shame came over me.

I heard Fender chuckle, and he kept his fingers on my clit as I looked up at him with a scowl. “What’s so funny?”

His smirk grew bigger. “The fact that this will happen a lot from now on.”

Perfect.

At least I had something to look forward to.

Chapter 21

REMEDY

I stayed in bed for ten more minutes after Fender left, and when I got up to find my clothes, I was shocked at how dirty the sheets were.

There was dried blood where I had lain, and other spots of whatever fluid that was. Couldn't have been Fender's cum. After he had pulled out, he carefully pulled off his condom and made a knot at the top so nothing would leak out, then he disposed of it.

I stared at the sheets for a moment, feeling excited about the fact that he had taken my virginity. He took it but didn't run like some other men in this club would've done.

I couldn't leave the bed like that. I changed the sheets and put the dirty ones in the washer downstairs. When I left the washroom to go back upstairs, Perla was standing at the top, frowning down at me. "Why was there blood on those sheets?" she asked. She looked worried.

"I got my period," I lied, surprised at how quickly I came up with that when I would've normally stuttered and struggled to lie.

She raised a brow. "You slept up there last night?"

I nodded.

"Why?"

I liked all old ladies at this club. But sometimes, they were just way too damn nosey.

I shrugged. "Didn't feel like going home."

"She's so full of shit. She fucked Fender last night."

I turned my head to see Faith, one of the sweet butts, come downstairs. She had an annoyed glare in her eyes.

“She’s not on her period. She lost her virginity. That’s why there’s blood.”

How did she even know all that? I trusted Fender enough not to talk about something so private to any of the sweet butts. Then I remembered Rodney saying something about Tiny not joking about Fender and me being in the same room, so I figured Tiny must’ve told someone. Probably JT. And knowing JT, he didn’t keep his mouth shut about anything.

I sighed. “Not that it’s any of your business.”

“You make it my business when you moan his name so loud that I can’t even hear myself moan,” Faith said, her voice as irritating as ever.

“Girls.” Perla raised her hands to stop us bickering. She pointed at Faith. “You. Leave. You’re not needed this morning. And, you.” She turned to me. “Come help me with breakfast.”

Faith rolled her eyes and shot me a glare before she left the clubhouse. I followed Perla into the kitchen and sighed. “I really don’t need *that* talk.”

“Who said I wanted to give you the talk? You’re a grown woman. Do whatever you want. Just know that Woodrow won’t be happy about this when he finds out.”

“Does it even matter? I can do what I want.” I was destined to live my life in this club. Might as well be with one of those men, right?

“You sure can. I’m just wondering...” She turned away to grab something out of the fridge. “If Fender is the right one for you. Can’t help but think about all those times he didn’t even acknowledge you.”

I tensed. I hated how everyone in this club knew about Fender’s disinterest. I didn’t reply.

“I would hate for him to use you just to get some steam off. You know how he treats sweet butts at this club. They’re just toys in his eyes.”

“He’s different with me.”

“You say that so convincingly, I might just believe you,” she said with a wink. “Was it your first time then?”

I really didn’t want to talk about Fender taking my virginity. But I didn’t have to go into detail. “Yes.”

“Did he at least make it feel good for you?”

Jesus Christ...

I straightened my back. “Yes. Very.”

“Hm.” Perla placed a cutting board and a knife on the counter next to me, then her eyes lingered on my face, studying me closely. “I always thought you’d end up with Jagger. Poor boy will be heartbroken.”

I laughed out loud at her words. Jagger wouldn’t be heartbroken. “Jagger’s my best friend. We know better than to cross the line and ruin our friendship.”

She shrugged. “If you say so.”

She placed apples in front of me on the cutting board, then waved her hand at it. “Cut these into slices. We’re making apple pie.”

I washed the apples, then started cutting as my mind drifted off to Fender and the night we had.

It wasn’t just the way I felt that made me feel secure in what Fender and I had. It was everything he said to me last night and this morning that made me hopeful. Whatever it was that was growing between us felt right.

And suddenly, I had an epiphany.

With all those heavy and meaningful words he had been telling me lately, maybe Fender hadn’t been ignoring me all this time like I had thought he had.

Maybe Fender had planned this out for years, had those thoughts and feelings all along but only just now decided that he wanted to get close to me.

But whatever his reasoning, I was glad he had chosen me out of all the options he had.

After eating breakfast at the clubhouse, I left to go home and take a shower. I had Fender's scent all over me, and while it made me feel safe, I couldn't walk around like that all day.

I spent the afternoon cleaning around the house. Agnes and Myra were at the hospital with Woodrow, though I wasn't sure if she was allowed to be in the room with him when Fender and the others were there.

Around six, I made myself a quick dinner and sat down on the couch to watch TV, and just as I found a series to watch, my phone rang.

I picked it up from beside me and looked at the screen. Jagger.

"Hi," I said, putting him on speaker so I could eat and talk at the same time.

"Are you at the club?"

"No, I'm home. Are you still at the hospital?"

There was a quick pause and I heard him say something to someone, then he spoke into the phone again. "Yeah, I'm leaving right now. Can I come by?" He sounded tense.

"Of course. I made Spaghetti. There's some left if you want it."

"Perfect. I'll be there in fifteen." He hung up.

Exactly fifteen minutes later he was at my door. I opened for him and smiled, then let him in.

"How's Woodrow?" I asked.

"Better." He seemed tense.

"And how are you?"

We headed into the kitchen where I filled his plate with spaghetti and sauce, then I handed him the plate and looked up at him.

"Fine. We got church later tonight so I have to head over there later. You wanna come?"

I was once again ready to slip into bed and read, but if going to the club meant seeing Fender again, then I could push the reading aside.

God, I was so fucking needy and obsessed.

I nodded. "Sure."

We went to sit down on the couch and I pressed play but turned down the volume so we could talk. He started eating but kept looking at me.

"What?"

"Were you gonna tell me about you and Fender?"

Ah. So this is why he was acting strange.

I sighed. "Yes."

"When? Because it seems that everyone knew when I was the last one to get the news. Is it serious?"

To me it was. "I think so."

"You *think* so? Shit, Remi. Fender's a fucking maniac. He'll break you."

He did break something last night. I pursed my lips. "Why are you surprised? You're the one who told me he was into me."

"Yeah, and I thought I was fucking insane for thinking that. He fucked you last night."

It wasn't a question. I nodded.

"Was he gentle?"

Something about a man like Jagger asking if I was being treated gently wanted to make me laugh. But I didn't. "He was."

"I don't fucking believe that." He put another forkful into his mouth, then chewed while shaking his head. "Fuck, man. He'll kill me."

I frowned, confused. "Kill you for what?"

"You're my best friend. No fucking way I'm going to give up sleeping in your bed when I need it. He won't like that. He's a jealous son of a bitch."

I hadn't thought of that. Fender told me how jealous he felt last night. I dropped my gaze and twisted more spaghetti around my fork. "I will talk to him."

"Try that. But he won't listen."

I didn't want Fender to ruin my friendships. I wasn't letting him. "He will listen."

Chapter 22

REMEDY

I waited over at the bar while the men were in church. They had been in there for over an hour, and every once in a while, they raised their voices and chaos broke up before everything went silent again.

Agnes was back with Myra but she was over at the clubhouse with Iris and Perla, talking about old lady things.

“Want another Coke?”

I looked up to meet the prospect’s eyes. I didn’t talk to the prospects much but they were nice. Then again, they all were before they became full members. JT was one a good example. He used to be a nice kid, then, he became a member and turned into this crazy, psychotic guy.

I smiled and nodded. “Thanks.”

“You waiting on Jagger?” he asked.

“Uh, yeah.” He must’ve not heard about Fender and me. Good for him. All this gossiping like in high school was annoying.

He put another Coke in front of me, and I picked it up to take a sip. I wasn’t in the mood for small talk, so I turned on my stool and looked around the bar. Some sweet butts were around, waiting for the men to come back out, and when my eyes met Faith’s she raised her brows at me with a bored expression.

I don’t like you either.

I moved my gaze toward the door which connected the bar with the clubhouse when I heard voices getting louder. I waited for them to quiet down, but that wasn’t the case this time.

Something was going on, and when the prospects behind the bar moved quickly, I got off the stool and followed them.

My eyes widened and I flinched when I saw Fender take a swing and punch JT directly in the face. Tiny was there immediately, holding him back before he could do any more damage.

JT stumbled back but was able to hold himself up. He was bleeding from his nose, and though that punch looked extreme, he didn't look pained. No, JT's eyes were big and the smirk on his face made him look as crazy as he was.

He pointed at his face, staring at Fender. "Wanna go again, motherfucker?"

Fender tried to free himself from Tiny, but the man was way too big.

"Don't," Rodney warned, putting himself between them. He looked at JT with a serious expression. "You deserved that one, son. Go."

I took in the scene and felt the tension all around me. JT must've said something that set Fender off. When I looked at him, he was breathing heavily, and his eyes were on me.

Oh no. I hope this wasn't about me.

Fender shook Tiny off, muttering that he wouldn't touch JT again, then he clenched his hand into a fist. His fingers were red and I knew that punch hurt him almost as much as JT.

"If talking about her that way is all it fucking takes to provoke you—"

Rodney raised his hand to stop his son. "I said go!"

JT's grin turned into a smirk directed at Fender, and when he finally listened to his father's advice, he turned around and came face to face with me.

I stood my ground as he stopped in front of me. There was challenge in his eyes but I knew better than to

react to him. “It’s a damn shame you’re not a virgin anymore.”

“FUCKING LEAVE!” Fender roared, making me flinch again.

JT laughed and walked through the door to the bar, and most of the prospects followed him.

I swallowed hard, hating how I was the cause of this altercation.

“Take her home,” I heard Rodney say, and I looked back up to see that he was talking to Jagger.

That wasn’t going to happen.

Fender was stalking toward me, and once he stood in front of me, he grabbed my arm and jerked at it, pulling me closer to him. “I’ll take her.”

“You shouldn’t be driving. You’re too damn agitated. You’ll put her in danger.”

Fender turned to face Rodney and as tense as he was, I was scared he’d punch him in the face as well.

I squeezed his hand, hoping to calm him down.

“She’s safe with me,” Fender hissed through gritted teeth, and when no one said anything, he started walking and pulled me with him.

“Be fucking careful,” Jagger called out to him, but Fender ignored him.

Once we were outside, we walked over to all the bikes and stopped in front of his. He turned to me and cupped my face, then covered my lips with his and plunged his tongue into my mouth.

I let out a surprised moan but immediately melted into him. I gripped his arms and let him kiss me. He needed this right now, and a good old lady was there for her man whenever.

Hell, I shouldn’t call myself an old lady yet. I wasn’t one. But in moments like these I couldn’t help but think that we were going into that direction.

His tongue curled around mine, then he pulled back and pressed his lips to mine, kissing me softer.

He dropped his hands to grip my hips, then he moved them further down to cup and squeeze my ass.

I moved my hands up his arms and put them around his neck, and in a swift move, he pulled me up, making me wrap my legs around his waist.

I hoped no one was seeing this. I looked like a crazed woman unable to stay away from this man. But I couldn't help it. I was all over him. Just like he was over me.

When he broke the kiss, he leaned his forehead against mine. We were both breathing fast.

“Are you okay?” I asked in a whisper.

“I am now.”

My stomach fluttered and my body warmed. I smiled and cupped his perfect face with my hands, feeling the scars on his jaw under my thumbs. “Take me home?”

He nodded, his eyes lingering on my lips. “Nothing I'd rather fucking do.”

I held on to him tightly on the back of his bike, and contrary to what Rodney believed, he got me home safely.

Once we were inside, he pressed me against the door and pushed his knee between my legs.

My pussy was pressed against his thigh, and I cried out when he cupped both my tits through the top I had on.

His mouth claimed mine again, and I let him do whatever he needed to calm down.

“Love these tits,” he muttered. He told me before, but I loved hearing him say it.

He squeezed them in his hands then pulled away to bend his head and kiss the top of my breasts. I moaned and arched my back, pushing both hands into his hair.

“I need to be inside you, baby. But I know you’re sore.”

“I’m not,” I panted, pushing his head down into my chest.

He sucked at my skin then moved back up to look into my eyes. He dropped his hands, one going to my ass and the other pushing between my thighs. He cupped my pussy and rubbed my clit with the palm of his hand. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t.” I was desperate.

His eyes were sinister. He was fighting with himself. He wanted to keep his promise to not hurt me, but he also wanted to fuck me again.

“It’ll feel good. You won’t hurt me,” I told him, pushing my hips against him. “Please.”

“Fuuuck. Needy cunt,” he grunted, pressing his hand harder against me. I felt his heart beating fast in his chest. No way he would push me away now.

He picked me up again, making me wrap my arms and legs around his body, then he carried me to my bedroom where he sat down at the end of my bed.

I was straddling him and felt his hardness press against me, and I circled my hips to rub against him.

“Fuck, baby. We better take it slow or I won’t be able to hold back.”

“I don’t want you to hold back,” I breathed, feeling his cock jerk inside his pants.

He squeezed my ass and pressed my hips harder into him, then he buried his face into the crook of my neck, licking and kissing my skin. “I need to taste your pussy first.”

I nodded, and seconds later, I was lying on my back with my jeans and panties off, and my feet propped up on the bed.

He knelt between my legs and kissed my inner thighs until he reached my clit. He flicked his tongue

against it, licked through my folds, and used his fingers to tease my pussy.

“Sure you’re not sore, baby?” he asked, using his fingertips to massage my folds.

I was very sore but it didn’t matter anyway. I wanted him inside me again. “I’m fine,” I told him, reaching down to push my fingers into his hair.

He slid two fingers inside of me and put his mouth back on my clit. It didn’t take long before I reached my first climax, and when I came down from my high with shaking legs, he grinned up at me with my juices all over his face.

“I could fucking taste you all day long.”

And I would let him.

He got up and moved over me, pushing up my shirt and reaching underneath me to unclip my bra. I somehow got it off me, followed by my shirt.

I watched as he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. He pushed them down his hips and got rid of them, then he took off his cut and sweater before leaning over me again.

He kissed me hard, pressing his cock against my stomach.

I pushed my hands into his hair and pulled at it, moaning into the kiss as he positioned himself between my legs.

His tip pressed against my entrance, and I widened my legs to make it easier for him to push inside.

“Fuck,” he muttered as he stopped moving.

I looked up at him with a frown. “Why did you stop?”

“Because I don’t have a damn condom on. And you’re not on birth control.”

I puckered my lips. “I am.”

He scowled. “You are?”

I nodded.

“Why the hell didn’t you tell me the first time? I could’ve fucked you without a damn condom on.”

“I-I didn’t...” I swallowed, unsure what to say. “You said it was easier with a condom. I was scared it would hurt too much without it.”

His eyes searched my face, then he sighed and pressed a kiss to my cheek. “I’m sorry. That wasn’t very nice of me.” He trailed kisses down my jaw and neck. “We did the right thing using that condom. But knowing you’re on the pill makes me turn into a whole different kind of possessive. Will you let me fuck this pussy bare?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. It was a question I never thought he’d ask me sounding so damn hopeful.

I lifted his head to make him look at me again. “Only if you promise me one thing.”

“Anything, baby.”

I licked my lips, brushing my thumbs across his cheeks. “I want you to come inside of me.”

Chapter 23

FENDER

I was going to shoot my load on her stomach instead of in her as she outed her request. Goddamn. My sweet girl was naughty.

I grinned and reached down to wrap my hand around my base and positioned myself at her entrance again. “Nothing I’d rather do, baby.”

I slid my tip through her wet folds, then pushed inside of her in a quick, hard thrust. She cried out and threw her head back, sticking those sweet tits up.

I leaned in and pulled one nipple into my mouth, then pulled back before slamming into her again.

“OH!” Her moans were loud, making my dick jerk every single fucking time.

“I love the sounds you make. Could listen to you moan for hours,” I said before pulling in her other nipple.

She gripped my hair tightly and lifted her hips every time I thrust into her. I bit the sensitive nub and pulled at it, then trailed kisses up her neck until my mouth was on hers.

I kissed her deeply, plunging my tongue into her mouth and fucking her harder.

She felt fucking amazing, and it helped me get those nasty things JT said back in church off my mind.

I could’ve killed the kid. I loved all of my brothers. We were a damn family. But JT always pushed my fucking buttons.

I could’ve done worse than punch him right in the face. I wanted to smash in his head. Hell, I wanted to shoot a damn bullet through his face.

“Oh God! Please,” she cried, her breathing heavy. “Harder.”

I smirked. “You sure, baby?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“Gotta turn onto your stomach for that.” I pulled out of her and gripped her hips, then turned her over and made her kneel on the bed.

I pressed one hand against her back to push her down, her face pressing against the mattress, and her back arching. “That’s it. Perfect.” I ran one hand over her ass and slapped her cheek, then I grabbed my dick and pushed inside of her pussy again, thrusting hard and making her moan loudly.

I kept pumping into her as I reached for her hair and fisted it tightly, pulling at it hard to have more control over her. “Fuuuck!”

Feeling her pussy bare on my dick didn’t make it any easier to hold back. I was about to come and shoot my load inside of her, just like she had asked.

I moved faster, my thrusts getting harder, and the closer I rode to the edge, the greater my climax would be.

I had a feeling that the load I was going to empty inside of her was going to be bigger than ever.

“GAAAH!” My shout was loud as her body trembled. Then she went silent, and I knew she had come as I felt her pussy squeeze around my shaft.

I followed close behind, proving my theory right. Streams of cum shot out of me and into her tight cunt, and as I continued to fuck her, my cum streamed out of her, running down the insides of her thighs.

I was breathing so damn heavily I couldn’t speak. When I finally came to my senses, I pulled out of her and watched more cum leak out of her.

“Fucking beautiful,” I whispered, running my fingers through her slit and collecting my cum.

She was looking back at me, her ass still up in the air. When her eyes dropped to my fingers, she licked her lips, making me cock an eyebrow. “You want a taste?” I taunted.

She nodded, then turned around to lie on her back.

With the cum on my fingers, I leaned over and held them to her lips, watching as they slowly parted and wrapped around my fingers.

She sucked on them while her eyes stayed glued on mine. “Fuck, baby. You give me more reasons to fuck you all over again. You’re mine, sweet girl.” I pushed my fingers deeper into her mouth, almost touching the back of her throat before pulling them back out and claiming her lips with mine.

I didn’t mind the taste of my cum on her tongue. Hell, that’s all I wanted. My scent and taste all over her, while I had hers all over me.

My initial fear of hurting her was gone but an all-new fear was growing inside of me. Others could hurt her, and I hated the thought of anyone upsetting Remedy.

I wanted to protect her from everything and anyone and while I was determined, I knew soon someone close to her was going to hurt her deeply.

And unfortunately, I had no power over that.

Chapter 24

REMEDY

I woke up alone in my bed this morning but Fender had woken me up before he left, telling me that he needed to go out of town and handle some things with some others.

I let him go after a long, passionate kiss, and while I understood the importance of him handling things for the club, I hated the thought of possibly never seeing him again if there happened to be a shooting for whatever reason.

The crush I had on him was turning into something more, and while his attraction toward me was obvious, I still was unsure about his feelings for me.

He kept telling me I was his, and how I belonged to him and if anyone would ever touch me, he'd kill them. He was jealous without ever having seen me in a situation where he had reason to be jealous.

But I guess that all came with him if I wanted to be his.

I just hoped he wouldn't actually kill anyone because of me. Didn't matter how deadly he was. I didn't want to be the reason for someone's death.

I took a warm shower and got dressed, and when I went back into my bedroom, I saw the screen of my phone light up.

I grabbed it off the nightstand and read Fender's name. My heart beat faster like it always did when he texted, and I quickly opened his chat to read his message.

Good morning, baby. I'll be out of town for a few days. Jagger stayed there so let him pick you

up and drive you around if you need to go anywhere.

I pursed my lips. I had my own car and was very capable of driving around myself. I decided to tease him.

Only if there's an emergency, you mean.

No.

His first text came quickly, then the three dots appeared and I waited on his second one.

JT stayed home too. Apparently I broke his nose last night. Rodney didn't want him to come. Don't want him to be around you. Jagger knows.

I rolled my eyes. Luckily, he couldn't see that.

Fender, I've been avoiding JT all my life. You can't have Jagger chauffeur me around. Just because you don't want me near other men.

The dots appeared almost immediately, but then they disappeared, and shortly after, he was calling me.

My eyes widened. God, he was way too damn controlling.

Worst thing of it all? I kinda liked it.

I picked up and held my phone to my ear. "Hello?"

"Jagger will watch you while I'm gone."

I sighed. "I'm not a dog, Fender."

"No, but you're an insanely beautiful woman with the hottest fucking cunt I've ever tasted. In fact, it's my

cunt. And I don't want anyone to get near it while I'm miles away."

"But I—"

"Remedy." His voice was stern. "Jagger will be there soon. He'll be around until I'm back."

I was silent for a moment. "And when you're back, Jagger is still allowed to hang out with me, right?"

"No."

"Fender!"

"Why would you need him when I'm there?"

"He's my best friend! You can't stop me from spending time with him."

He chuckled. "Sure can."

"No, you can't, Fender." I scowled at the floor, wishing he could see my face. "I might regret saying this, but he's been my friend before you and I started... whatever this is."

I swear I could sense his anger. I swallowed hard and waited for him to speak.

"Take the time we're apart to think about what you want this to be. We'll talk when I'm back." He hung up without saying anything else, leaving me speechless once again.

I stared at my phone for a minute, then finally managed to go on with my day.

His words lingered on my mind, and I couldn't shake the thought of him being angry about what I said. I didn't mean to upset him. I just wanted to make clear that he couldn't control me.

Just like Fender said, Jagger came by around lunch time. I opened the front door and looked up at him with a smile tugging at my lips. "Hi."

"Hey." He studied me for a moment, then he sighed. "You talked to him."

I nodded. “And I hate how he thinks he can decide who I’m allowed to hang out with.”

“Told you he’s fucking batshit crazy.”

My eyes widened. “You’re not gonna help me with this?”

Jagger shrugged.

“Unbelievable!” I threw my hands into the air and turned around, walking away from my apparent best friend.

I heard him laugh. “Remi. Come on, sweetheart. I’m just not willing to put myself in the middle of this and risk having my damn nose broken by him.”

“You could at least be on my side and agree with me that he can’t just order me around.” I crossed my arms over my chest.

Jagger couldn’t hide a grin, but at least he was trying. He reached out and pulled me to him, and once his arms were around me, he kissed my head and said, “I am on your side. Always. Unless he holds me at gun point. Then it’s best for all of us if I agree with whatever the hell he says.”

I eased into his embrace and sighed. “And I thought you were the maniac.”

“I am. Hell, I’m the fucking worst. But not when it comes to you. Never when it comes to you, Remi.”

I smiled and buried my face into his chest, wrapping my arms around his waist. At least I had him in case things with Fender didn’t work out. Though, deep down I knew I couldn’t get rid of Fender even if I wanted to.

I made Jagger take me to the hospital to visit Woodrow. The doctors were still running some tests on his heart, but he would soon be allowed to come back home.

“How are things at the club?” Woodrow asked Jagger.

I was sitting on one of the chairs with Myra in my arms while Agnes went to the bathroom, and Woodrow was sitting up in his bed, eating his dinner.

“Fine.”

“Anything I should know? Ace said Fender and some others went out of town. I tried calling him but he wouldn’t pick up.”

I furrowed my brows and looked from Woodrow to Jagger. Were they hiding something from him? Why wouldn’t Fender tell his prez about his plans?

“Fender’s meeting with Bruno again to discuss some things about the possible patch-over,” Jagger said casually.

Bruno was the president of the Shovel Heads MC. And that’s all I knew about that club. Overheard a prospect talk about them a couple of days ago.

“I see.” Woodrow took another bite of his food, then he looked over at me and Myra. “And how are you doing?”

“Good.” I said with a tight smile. Did he know about me and Fender? Probably not. He would’ve mentioned it already. “So you’ll be allowed to go home soon?”

“Hopefully. If my heart doesn’t act up again.”

Agnes walked into the room again, and as soon as Myra noticed her, she reached out for her momma. Agnes lifted her off my lap and kissed her chubby cheek, then she went to sit down next to Woodrow on the bed. “I’ll help you take a quick shower after you’re done eating.”

I didn’t want to be here for that. I got up from the chair and looked over at Jagger, then moved my gaze to Woodrow. “I’ll leave you two to it then. I haven’t had dinner yet and Jagger promised to take me to the diner. Call me when you know more, okay?”

Woodrow nodded, and after we said goodbye, Jagger and I left.

“You’re hiding something from him,” I stated, looking up at Jagger with a serious expression.

“Hiding what exactly?”

“I don’t know. But I’m sure Fender didn’t leave town to meet Bruno. You’re a bad liar.”

He cocked a brow at me, and at first, I thought he was going to argue with me. Then I remembered that I had very little to say in this club, and also wasn’t allowed to know most things that went on. He changed the subject as if it was the easiest thing to do.

“I’m starving too. Ribs sound perfect right now.”

I clenched my jaw. I felt the urge to punch something because whatever they were hiding was huge. If they kept Woodrow in the dark about whatever it was, it was something big. Something that could shake this club and mess things up badly.

I just hoped it hadn’t something to do with my father. I hadn’t forgotten about the doctor mentioning his name, and I overheard Fender and Rodney talk about him as well.

Had I only connected the dots earlier...

Chapter 25

REMEDY

Woodrow was allowed to go home the next day but instead of actually coming home, he went straight to the club.

I packed up a bag Agnes wanted to bring for Myra, and once I got to the club, I sighed at the many bikes parked outside.

Someone walked up from behind me, and my scowl deepened when JT stopped next to me.

“Prez gets out of the hospital and already throws a damn party. It’s a family thing. Your father used to do shit like this too.”

My father wasn’t anything like Woodrow. “You’re so full of shit,” I muttered, hating how he brought up my father. It wasn’t damn necessary.

“I’m also full of fucking rage because of Fender breaking my fucking nose. This party’s perfect. The strippers are here and I can blow off some steam by fucking them. But don’t worry, babe. It’ll be you I imagine riding my dick.”

I wanted to throw up. “Gross.”

“Move before I break your nose a second time.”

Relief came over me when Jagger stalked toward us. He looked mad but I knew these two weren’t going to end up in a fist fight.

They were like actual brothers, and one simple warning was enough to move along.

JT rolled his eyes and pinched the bridge of his taped nose. “Can’t even have a normal conversation with her. She’s not a fucking saint who’s not allowed to talk to anyone, you know?”

“What did you tell her?” Jagger asked.

“That I was going to fuck some strippers tonight and imagine her being the one riding my dick,” JT said nonchalant.

Jagger raised his brows, then looked at me to see if he was telling the truth. I gave a quick shrug, and second later, Jagger pushed against JT’s chest, making him stumble back. “And this is why you’d be dead by now if shooting our own brothers was allowed in this club.”

Technically...they did shoot my father who was once part of this club. Then again, he had betrayed them, and that was the only way to pay back.

JT laughed and finally left.

“He’s exhausting.”

Jagger smirked and pulled me to him, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. “Believe it or not. When he was little, that’s when he was a real terror. Couldn’t stand being in his presence. And I was fucking five years old.”

I puckered my lips and leaned into him. “Weren’t there other kids to play with?”

“In the trailer park where we grew up? Fuck no. Jersey and I were the only kids. We were trouble enough though. Didn’t need any more kids around that side of town to start random fires and slice tires.”

“Sounds like a wonderful childhood to me.”

“Better than the one you had growing up in this club.” He liked to mock me about it. He knew how wrong it was of my father to spend more time with me at the clubhouse than our home itself. And Jagger also liked to joke about how I hated when he smoked, yet I must’ve inhaled way more smoke than he had in his lifetime by being around bikers all those years.

Couldn’t deny the fact that I often found myself coughing like crazy as a child, then slowly getting immune to it.

“Can we go inside? I’m hungry.”

He pressed a kiss to my head and nodded, then led me inside. The clubhouse and the bar were full, but we somehow managed to get to the backyard where the old ladies put out a buffet with lots of food and drinks.

“I missed this. It’s been way too fucking long since we had a party like this,” Jagger said, eyeing all the food in front of him.

“You could punch JT unconscious and wait for him to get out of the hospital. I’m sure they’ll throw a party for him too.”

“Damn, Remi. That mouth is sharp tonight.”

I smirked, liking this version of myself.

We both got paper plates and filled them with all the delicious food we could fit on it, and after grabbing a drink, we went to sit down at one of the tables.

It was loud and the music playing over the voices made it even harder to understand each other, but at parties like these, it was normal.

Later that night, I decided to go talk to Woodrow as I hadn’t done that ever since I came here earlier today. He had been busy talking to others, and I didn’t want to interrupt.

I got up from the table and placed my hand on Jagger’s shoulder, leaning in closer so he could hear me. “I’m going to see how Woodrow’s doing. Haven’t said hi to him yet.”

Jagger nodded as he glanced over at Woodrow. His mood immediately changed when I mentioned his name, but I didn’t question it.

Woodrow smiled at me when he noticed me walking over to him, and he pulled me into his arms once I reached him. “There you are. Been waiting for you to come and find me.”

I hugged him back, then looked up at him with a gentle smile. “I was right over there with Jagger but you were busy talking to Ace and the others, and I didn’t want to interrupt. How are you feeling?”

He rubbed my back, then took a step back to get a better look at me. “Much better. Doctor said I shouldn’t worry. The tests we did looked fine.”

“Oh, that’s such good news.”

“The doctor also said not to smoke again after a heart attack. Yet, here we are,” Agnes said, pointing her finger at the cigarette between Woodrow’s fingers. Her face was full of disappointment.

I pursed my lips and studied Woodrow, then dropped my gaze to his cigarette. He wasn’t going to listen to his doctor.

“Don’t start bitching about it too or I will send both of you home. Doesn’t matter if I smoke or not. Any future heart attacks can be caused by whatever.”

“But smoking will increase the chances,” Agnes stated.

I agreed with a nod. “She’s probably right.”

“Don’t care.”

I looked at Agnes and shrugged. There was nothing we could do to stop him, so I let it go.

“Will you sleep at home tonight?” I asked, changing the subject.

“Unlikely.”

I looked from Woodrow back to Agnes. “Want me to take Myra home with me when I leave?”

“Oh, no. That’s fine. I’ll have her sleep in one of the rooms upstairs.”

I gave her a nod and a tight smile. “Okay. I’ll come say goodbye later.”

Before heading back to Jagger, I went inside to grab a glass of water. I had been drinking sugary drinks all evening, and water was not an option out there. I went into the kitchen and grabbed a glass from the cupboard, then filled it with tap water.

As I leaned against the counter, I felt my phone press into my lower back, and I remembered that I had received a message earlier but hadn't checked who it was from. I was too busy listening to a prospect talk about how he found his way to the Ruthless Knights MC, and I was being entertained by Jagger's mocking comments toward him.

I pulled out my phone and tapped on the screen, then saw that it was Fender who sent me a text.

Are you at the club?

I put the glass down, then gripped my phone with both hands, unsure if I should just respond to his question or ignore him. I was upset with him for thinking he could control me and decide who I was allowed to hang out with or not.

I decided to reply without answering his question.

I'm not in the mood to talk to you.

It took him exactly five seconds to respond, and what he texted back made me want to throw away my phone.

You just did. I'm hard to resist.

Now, answer me, Remedy. Are you at the club?

I clenched my jaw and narrowed my eyes at his cocky reply. Asshole. If he thought that was all it would take to get me to answer his questions, then he was wrong.

I'm mad at you.

I read my message and scowled at it, then I sent another.

I think.

He was typing, and I wished I didn't sound so damn unsure over text. He would only use that for his advantage.

Care to explain why you're mad at me, sweet girl?

I pressed my lips into a tight line.

Because you can't control me. And you can't decide who I hang out with.

Hm.

I frowned at his short answer, waiting for him to text more. But he didn't. God, why was he like this?

That's all? HM??? Really?

Still nothing.

Maybe he was busy doing whatever, wherever he was.

Fine. Don't reply. But just know that right now, I'm hanging out with Jagger and some others, and I'm having lots of fun without you here.

There. That would show him.

Feeling happy with myself, I pushed my phone back into my pocket and walked out of the kitchen. The second I reached the backdoor, my phone dinged, and I stopped immediately. God, the power he held over me and he wasn't even here.

I closed my eyes and threw my head back, hating how I reacted to him. I pulled out my phone and read the text he sent.

Find an empty room.

What?

Remedy. Find an empty room and lock yourself inside. Now.

What was his plan here? I looked up from my phone to see that the majority was still outside, and I could hear even more voices coming from the bar.

I headed upstairs and found most of the bedrooms empty, and I went into the one I had my first time in with him. Of course.

Did you do it?

Yes.

I sent the text, then locked the door. I went over to the bed and sat down, with my eyes locked on my phone.

Prove it.

Seriously?

Remedy.

I could hear his stern voice through the damn phone. I sighed and tapped on the camera, then took a picture of the room and sent it to him.

Good girl.

I want you to take a video of yourself.

Doing what?

Clearly, sexting wasn't something I was good at. I should've gotten the hint minutes ago. But I was clueless until his next text showed up on my screen.

Fingering that tight pussy.

My mouth was dry and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. How was I supposed to do that? I needed to find a way to make it work. Because no matter how demanding he was being, I was turned on by the idea of him watching my video and jerking off to it.

Will you watch it while you touch yourself?

Fuck yeah. Will you take the video, baby?

Yes.

A small smile tugged at my lips. I looked around to see what I could use to put my phone on. I didn't know what he wanted to see. Just my pussy and hand, or my

full body. I decided to give him more than the first option and surprise him.

I pulled a chair closer to the bed, then opened the camera and leaned my phone against the back. I saw myself on the screen, and before starting to record, I took off my jean shorts and panties.

Once I was on the bed, I pressed the red button and started playing with myself. I was still feeling a bit unsure about the whole thing, but the little devil on my shoulder was pushing me to do it.

In the end...it was Fender I was doing this for. The man I had a crush on for years, lost my virginity to, and felt my heart explode in my chest for whenever I saw him.

Chapter 26

FENDER

I had to hide from the others while watching Remedy finger that pussy I missed so much. I couldn't stop thinking about anything else while I was on the road, and the moment I got some time to myself, I had to text Remedy.

I hated knowing that she was at the club surrounded by all those idiots, and my jealousy kicked in once again when she told me how much fun she was having without me.

I knew I had to get her alone, and so I sent her upstairs to lock herself in one of the rooms.

At first I thought she wouldn't go so easily, but I was pleased when she sent me a picture to prove that she was in fact upstairs. Alone. The other thing I never expected was for her to take a video of herself.

She had sent me the video without adding a message to it, and I knew having done that wasn't easy for her. She wasn't the type of girl to do shit like that. Tape herself while pushing two fingers inside her tight hole.

I could see her face on the video, and while I loved seeing her fingers slide in and out, I couldn't stop watching those beautiful eyes full of lust and need.

Her moans were soft, scared someone would hear her, but they were just loud enough to make my dick jerk in my pants.

I watched the video without touching myself the first time, but I pushed down my briefs to stroke my dick the second time I watched it.

"Goddamn," I groaned, gripping my dick harder and pumping faster. I was lying on the motel room bed with my head leaned against the headboard.

My hips jerked every time I heard her sweet noises. It was just as hard holding in my load even when she wasn't here with me, touching me.

I imagined her hand on my dick, sliding up and down my length. My balls tightened as she cried out, telling me she was close to an orgasm. Moments later, I let out a shout and emptied myself on my stomach, with streams of cum covering my skin.

I had never come so hard jerking off, and it was then that I realized the fucking hold Remedy had on me. Even without her here, she was driving me insane.

I took a moment to calm down, and when I opened my eyes again, I looked at the still frame of her video. Her eyes were closed and her lips parted while her fingers were still deep inside of her pussy.

I wished I could lick that cunt right now. I fucking missed the taste of it.

Once I managed to control my breathing and stop my dick from throbbing, I opened her chat back up and tapped on the little camera.

I held up my phone and took a picture of my cum-covered stomach, making sure she could see how hard I came because of her. My dick was still hard, and she could definitely see it in the picture.

This is what you do to me, baby.

I added the text below the picture and sent it to her. She read it, and I knew she was waiting for me to react to her video.

Loved seeing you finger-fuck that sweet cunt. Just how I showed you. Wish I was there to fuck your tight hole and have you swallow all my cum.

There was a pause after she read the message, and I liked to think that she was admiring the picture I sent her. I waited for her to reply with a smug grin on my lips.

I miss you.

That wasn't what I expected after sending her that dirty text but I sure as hell needed to hear her say it.

I ran my hand through my hair and took a deep breath, then sent her one more message, hoping she'd sense the seriousness of my words.

Miss you too, sweet girl.

Chapter 27

REMEDY

I reopened the picture Fender sent me three days ago every ten minutes. I couldn't stop staring at it. The veins on his cock stood out so much, and his tip was red and glistening with cum.

The muscles on his chest and stomach flexed, and the way his cum puddled between his pecs made me want to lick it all off.

Ever since that night, he hadn't texted or called, and when I asked Jagger if he knew where he was, he told me not to worry.

The tension at the clubhouse grew heavier with each day that passed, and every time Jagger was in the same room as Woodrow, they didn't speak. They didn't even look at each other, which made it very obvious that there was something going on between them.

Rodney and Ace were also avoiding Woodrow as much as they could, and that was very unusual. They grew up together in this town, and before our generation was born, they used to be prospects in this club just like most of the younger guys.

I wanted to ask Woodrow if something happened behind closed doors. If he might've made a deal with someone others weren't on board with. But then, anything they decided, they decided together. And with Fender gone, they wouldn't make a big decision for the club.

It was Sunday so I didn't have to go to work for Alistair today, and I planned a full day of watching movies and eating junk food to distract myself from reality.

I got out of bed and put on a sweater, then headed out of my room to go downstairs and make breakfast. I

heard someone close a drawer, and when I reached the kitchen, I was surprised to find Fender standing there.

My lips parted, ready to say something, but instead, I took him in from head to toe. God, he's handsome.

His dark, loose jeans hung from his hips, and his dark green flannel peeked through from under his leather cut. I took in the club's logo, then lifted my gaze to admire his brown, wavy hair. I missed burying my hands in it. I missed touching him.

He turned around and met my eyes, then he smirked and my knees almost gave in. "Morning, baby."

I sucked in my bottom lip and bit down on it, not able to speak just yet. My eyes were glued to his, and I tried my best to recover from the sight in front of me. I really missed him. My heart missed him. And so did my body.

My fingertips started to tingle. I needed to touch him.

I took a step toward him and smiled up at him as he reached for my hands to pull me closer.

He wrapped his arms around my body, holding me tightly against him as I pushed my hands under his cut and around his waist. "Hi," I whispered, relieved that he was okay. I knew he would be even if I hadn't heard from him in days but the others would've told us if something would've happened.

"Missed me?" he whispered into the crook of my neck.

He knew I did. I nodded.

"Me too."

My smile grew, and I hugged him tighter. He pressed a kiss to my skin, then moved his arms and cupped my face with both hands. His eyes moved all over my face as if he was once again searching for something, and when he was pleased with what he saw, he leaned in and kissed my lips.

I melted into him, feeling my heart beat loudly in my chest. The man I had always wanted to notice me was kissing me in ways I had always dreamed of, and while I thought his interest in me would soon wear off, I couldn't be further from the truth.

I opened my mouth to let him in, and he slid his tongue inside, letting it curl around mine. A small moan escaped me, and I fisted his flannel tightly in my hands.

He tilted his head to the side to deepen the kiss, and after plunging his tongue inside one more time, he pulled back to look at me again.

"I missed these lips," he murmured, his gaze dropping to my mouth.

I smiled and moved my hands from his back to his chest, feeling the leather cut and his patches under my skin. "Are you okay?" I asked, needing to hear him say that he's alright.

"Yeah, I'm fine. There's been some rough shit the guys and I saw when we were out there but we got it all under control."

I studied him. "Did you meet with Bruno and his men?"

His face immediately fell, and he scowled at me. "That's none of your business, Remedy."

Of course it wasn't. I sighed, then smiled tightly. "I know. I'm sorry. I'm just happy you're back."

He gave a quick nod, still upset about me asking about his trip. I didn't believe Jagger back at the hospital when he said Fender went to meet up with Bruno, and now having Fender keep his whereabouts from me only strengthened my belief that he was nowhere near the Shovel Heads MC the past couple of days.

I decided to let it go. Whatever they had been doing, they clearly handled it without anyone getting hurt.

Fender let go of me and turned back to the coffee he was preparing for himself. He reached for the sugar in one of the cupboards, and I walked over to the fridge to

grab something to eat. “Did you eat breakfast yet?” I asked.

“Yeah, back at the diner on our way home.”

Okay. That’s good. There wasn’t enough food at the house anyway.

I grabbed the last Greek yogurt and whatever berries were left from the fridge, then went to sit down to eat.

Fender poured coffee for me as well and came to sit down next to me at the table. I thanked him, then we sat there in silence while I ate my yogurt and he sipped on his coffee.

“Are you leaving to go to the club after this?”

He cocked a brow at me. “*After this?*”

“Yes. I mean...did you want to stay here once we’re done?”

“Are you trying to get rid of me?” He actually looked hurt. Why was he so fragile today? Or was this just another side of his possessiveness I hadn’t had the pleasure to meet yet?

“No, I’m just not...” I frowned as I tried to find the right words. “I’m not used to this. You coming over and us just hanging out. But I’d love for you to stay and hang out.”

His scowl turned into a smirk. “Yeah?”

I nodded. “Of course.”

“And you think we’d just be *hanging out* like friends do?”

I shrugged this time. “I don’t...I don’t know what we are so I’m not sure if *friends* is the right word.”

“It’s not.”

Okay.

Noted.

But then...what were we if not friends?

Yes, I had always had feelings for him, and while he told me before that I was his, I wasn't so sure about his feelings for me.

“We're fuck buddies.”

My jaw dropped and I quickly closed my mouth again, flustered and angry at what he said. He said that so damn casually.

I tried to contain myself.

That's what he wanted me to be? His fuck buddy?

I felt my body heat up and my gut wrench. I felt sick. Oh God, I was going to throw up.

I gripped the sides of my chair tightly and looked away, and when I couldn't sit still anymore, I got up and shook my head. “Then I've changed my mind. I do want you to leave.”

I grabbed my yogurt and coffee and walked over to the counter to dispose of it, and when I turned around, I saw him laughing.

“This isn't funny, Fender. God, this was a mistake. I knew having that stupid crush on you was wrong. How could I not see that you would only use me?” I was being hysterical and I was making a fool out of myself in front of him but I couldn't stop. “God, I let you take my virginity and—”

He was suddenly standing in front of me and his hands grabbed the sides of my face. I curled my nose and shoved at his chest, wanting him to let go. “Stop!”

But he didn't. Instead, he kissed me hard. I needed a moment to wrap my head around what was happening. I was mad at him for suggesting that we were just two people who fucked. I hated the thought of that. I wasn't a damn sweet butt.

I stared at him with wide eyes as he broke the kiss. “I'm just messing with you, Remedy. Taking the purest fucking thing from you would've only been a mistake if I didn't respect you. You gave yourself to me. Let me fuck that sweet pussy and claim it. And I fucking cherish you

for that. I told you before, baby. I'm not easy. Not many can handle me, let alone make me feel things I rarely feel. But you can. Hell, baby, I want you. I'm not using you. I need you. Do you understand?"

He stared right into my soul, making all the anger inside of me disappear. I let his words linger for a moment, and once I accepted everything he said, I slapped his chest. "Don't EVER do that again! I don't like being messed with."

He laughed and grabbed both my wrists, holding my fists pressed against his chest. He leaned in closer until his lips grazed mine. "That's too damn bad, baby. You'll have to deal with me from now on."

Chapter 28

FENDER

It was hard to admit to myself that I had feelings for Remedy. Feelings that I had fought off weeks ago but now couldn't stop from taking over my whole damn body and mind.

She was all I thought about while I was away the past week, and while I did have the video of her fingering herself, I couldn't go one more day of watching it. I needed to finally feel her pussy clench around my dick.

I brought her upstairs and found her bedroom where I made her undress and lie down on the bed.

She watched me as I took off my clothes, and I took my time because I loved how the desire in her eyes grew with each item I got rid of.

I smirked, pushing my boxer briefs slowly down my hips and over my bulge. "I love looking at your body, baby, but I'd really like for you to kneel in front of me and suck my dick with that pretty mouth."

She bit her bottom lip and sat back up, studying my body carefully. I wrapped my hand around my base and started stroking my dick, waiting for her to position herself in front of me.

She knelt at the end of the bed and placed one hand on my stomach. Her gaze dropped to my dick, then she looked up again through her long lashes. "I don't think I'll be good at this but I will try my best."

I chuckled and cupped her face, running my thumb along her cheek. "Don't think you can do anything wrong, baby. I'll guide you through it if you need me to."

She gave a quick nod, then her gaze was back on my cock. She leaned in closer and put her hand on mine, and I moved it so she was touching my hardness.

"Squeeze it. Stroke it slowly," I instructed her.

She moved her hand along my length, squeezing my tip gently, then it moved back down and her fingertips grazed my balls.

I clenched my jaw. “Harder, baby.”

I wanted her to take this slow at first, but that wasn't going to fucking happen.

“I don't want to hurt you.”

“You won't hurt me.”

She held back at first, but once she got comfortable with my dick in her hand, she stroked it harder.

“That's it,” I muttered, moving my hips forward slowly to meet her pumps.

She kept looking up at me to make sure I was enjoying it, and every time she met my gaze, I gave her an encouraging look.

“Keep going, baby. Your hand feels amazing around my cock.”

She moved her hand faster, and when the first drop of precum leaked out, she brushed her thumb over my tip.

I licked my bottom lip and groaned as she squeezed me again. “Alright, baby. I need that mouth around me now.”

She studied my cock for a while before leaning in further and wrapping her lips around my swollen tip, then she pulled me in deeper until she couldn't take anymore.

She pulled back and looked up at me with my cock still in her mouth, and that right there would've been reason enough to come.

I held back and kept watching her suck. With every bob of her head she took me in deeper, and as I hit the back of her throat, I held her there by placing both hands on her head.

“Try and hold your breath, baby. That’s it. Fuuuck, yes.”

She gagged but didn’t pull back at first, but when I pushed deeper into her mouth, she dug her nails into my hips and moved back.

She took a deep breath and wiped her mouth with the backside of her hand, then looked up at me with a playful smile. “I liked that.”

“Yeah? Me too, baby. And I wish I could have you suck my dick all night but I really need to be inside you. I wanna fill that pussy with my cum and watch it leak out of you.”

Her eyes grew with excitement. I made her lie back down on the bed as I moved over her. I spat onto my fingers and rubbed my saliva all over my hardness, then I pushed apart her legs and positioned myself between them. I pressed against her entrance and leaned in to kiss her.

I plunged my tongue into her mouth as I pushed my hips forward, sliding into her tightness. I groaned as her pussy squeezed around me, and once she adjusted to my size, I broke the kiss and started pumping into her harder.

She cried out my name and held on to me with her hands wrapped around my arms.

“Mine,” I muttered. I held her gaze and watched as she rode closer to the edge, and while I was getting close myself, I didn’t want this to end just yet.

We’d go for round two but I needed to hold off for a little while longer.

“Fuck, you feel so good, baby.”

Her moans got louder and I pushed myself further up, lifting her legs and resting them against my upper body. I reached for her tits and dug my fingers into them, loving how big they were. “Love these tits. So fucking much.”

“Harder,” she begged, and I thrust into her with more force.

I pinched her nipples, and my dick jerked inside of her when she cried out my name.

“Come with me.” I rested my right hand flat on her belly and touched her clit with my thumb, circling it as we reached our climax.

“FUUUCK!” I shouted, pumping into her a few more times before staying buried deep inside her as my cum filled her pussy.

This was fucking paradise. Now that I claimed her, I was going to fuck her whenever I needed to. I was a needy man but I knew she was prepared for this side of me.

She’d seen worse, and if she was able to handle me at my worst, she sure as hell could handle me when I was acting like a crazed man addicted to her sweet cunt.

“You’re mine,” I whispered as I lowered myself to her and kissed her. She smiled into the kiss. Her legs were still shaking.

“I’m yours,” she said into the kiss, making me hard again in an instant.

Yeah...if nothing got in our way, I was going to stay in bed with her all fucking day.

Chapter 29

REMEDY

I was tired after he made me come the second time but I didn't stop him when he wanted to go for round two, three, and four. We were in my bed for the past three hours, with short breaks in between.

My legs wouldn't stop shaking and the soreness between my thighs was getting more intense. When even Fender was exhausted from all the fucking, we went to take a shower where he shampooed my hair and washed my body with gentle hands.

We were both getting hungry, and while I was drying my hair, he went downstairs to order food. I didn't care what he'd order. I'd eat anything at this point.

After getting dressed, I headed downstairs to find Fender but he was nowhere to be seen. I looked in the living room and kitchen, then walked over to the front door to look out the window.

His bike was still out there, and when I moved my gaze, I saw him standing on the front steps of the house.

He was on the phone but I knew he wasn't still ordering food. I opened the door and he immediately looked back at me.

"We'll talk about this later. Alright. Bye." He hung up and pushed his phone into his front pocket. A smirk tugged at his lips. "Don't think I like having you spy on me."

I tilted my head to the side and pursed my lips. "I wasn't spying. Did you order the food?"

He nodded and turned toward me. When he reached me, he pulled me to him and wrapped his arms around my waist. "I did. Indian. You like that?"

I smiled and placed my hands on his chest, taking in his cut and all his patches. "I love Indian food." I moved

my gaze to his face and studied him. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah. Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Because you just had a very serious phone call. Who was it?”

He shook his head at me, not needing to use words to turn me down. I sighed and rolled my eyes at him. “Not fair.”

He chuckled and pulled me even closer, making me press the side of my face into his chest. “Actually, it’s pretty damn fair. Doesn’t matter if you were born into this club. Club business is none of *your* business.”

He didn’t have to say it like that. Hell, most times I didn’t even care what went on between them and whoever they had beef with. But it wouldn’t hurt them to be open about a couple of things.

Fender rubbed my back and squeezed me tight before pulling away and nodding toward the house. “Let’s get back inside and hope that food will be here soon. Does Woodrow have beer in the fridge?”

“Most likely.”

We went back inside and I headed to the kitchen to grab a beer for Fender and a coke for myself, then I went over to the living room where he had already made himself comfortable.

I handed him the beer and sat down next to him. The food arrived fifteen minutes later and as we were eating, Woodrow came back with Agnes and Myra.

That baby was so damn tired. I hated how she spent most her time at the club instead of somewhere safe and surrounded by toys and clean air.

Agnes handed Myra to me when I reached for her, needing to cuddle her. Luckily, she wouldn’t remember any of this when she was older. Unless she went through a traumatic experience like I had when I was six.

I kissed her head and smiled at her when she looked up at me. “Hey, sweetheart. You look adorable in that little jumpsuit,” I told her, and she squealed in return.

“Why are you here?” Woodrow asked Fender, and the dynamic in the room immediately shifted. There was tension. I looked up at Fender, then gazed over at Woodrow, watching as he took in the scene in his living room.

“Came to make sure my girl was okay.”

Woodrow raised a brow. “Your girl?”

“Remi. Officially claimed her just this morning.”

Two things made my heart flutter. Him calling me Remi and outing the second part so casually.

I pressed my lips together and felt my cheeks heat up. Agnes and Woodrow both looked at me while Fender continued to eat. I dropped my gaze and watched Myra play with my fingers.

Woodrow was silent and continued to stare at us, then he sighed and turned away.

“Got a problem with that, Prez?” Fender asked, his voice mocking.

Woodrow turned back around and I dared to look up. He wasn’t happy about this but there was nothing he could do. He had no say in who I wanted to be with. Let alone who Fender claimed.

His eyes moved from Fender to me, then back to him as he shook his head. “No. No problem at all.”

He walked away and Agnes followed him. I looked at Fender, wondering when and how the relationship between them went downhill. Was it because of the hospital thing? When he mentioned dad’s name?

“Is everything okay between you two?” I asked quietly.

“Yeah, fine.” He ate the last bite of his food, then leaned back and took a few sips of his beer. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Because you’re acting weird around each other. Did you fall out?”

“Remedy.” His voice was hard. “Don’t make me repeat the things I said to you earlier. Things are fine. Nothing you have to worry about.”

I nodded slowly. “Okay.”

He cupped my face with his hand and caressed my cheek gently before turning his attention to Myra and letting her grab his finger. “She’s getting big.”

I smiled and looked down at her. “She is. I wish I could spend more time with her here at the house instead of seeing her at the club all the time. I don’t want her to end up like me but I guess she doesn’t have a choice.”

Fender chuckled. “I think you turned out nicely even if you grew up around a club full of outlaws. She’ll be just fine. We’ll protect her.”

I knew they would but even they didn’t have control over everything. Just like that shooting that happened when I was six. No one saw it coming and the clubhouse turned into a bloodbath.

I kissed Myra’s head, wishing for her to grow up and become a head-strong, independent woman.

Woodrow and Fender left to go to the club later that afternoon and I stayed home and waited for Agnes to give Myra a bath. Once Agnes took a shower too, we headed to Alistair’s store to grab a few groceries, then we drove to the club and started on making dinner for everyone.

Although it was Sunday, not many members were around. When Jagger saw me, he came to say hello and explained that some of the older members went out of town to meet with some old pals they got to know along their journey. Most of them took their old ladies with them, and so the only other women around were sweet butts who enjoyed all the attention the guys gave them.

When I brought the potato salad out to the big table, I saw Tiny and JT sitting on the couch with two girls kneeling in front of them. They were giving them blowjobs, and I wished I hadn't stared at their cocks the way I had. Well, I didn't stare at their cocks directly. The scene was just too damn fascinating to see. It always amazed me how careless those girls were.

"Ah, fuck. If you stand there while she sucks my cock, I might explode instantly," JT said, his words directed at me.

I blinked to get out of my trance, then shook my head before turning away.

"Since when do you like to watch?" Jagger asked with a grin as I passed him. He was leaning against the doorframe, holding one of the doors open.

"I don't like to watch."

"She actually does." Fender appeared, and I turned to glare at him.

"I do not."

"Sure do. I was upstairs fucking Dina one night and Remi stopped to watch. Made my dick throb so fucking hard just having her eyes on it that I had to stop fucking Dina and jerk off."

I clenched my jaw, hating how he brought up other women he fucked. I didn't like this. And I hated how he was making me jealous intentionally. "I was drunk that night."

"Does it matter, baby? You couldn't take your eyes off me. Watched me jerk off and licked those sweet lips as I covered Dina's tits with my cum."

I had enough of this. My blood was boiling and my heart racing. I needed to leave the kitchen before he could say any more and make me angrier.

I stalked out of the kitchen and went upstairs, locking myself into one of the bathrooms. How could he say all that knowing damn well that his words were hurtful?

I ran my hands through my hair, ready to come up with a plan on making him jealous but then I told myself that I wasn't going to stoop so low. We weren't kids and making each other jealous was fucking childish.

There was a knock at the door and I was ready to throw something at it. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. "Leave, Fender."

"I'm sorry, baby. That was out of line." He sighed, then there was a pause. "But I gotta say, you're fucking hot when you're jealous."

"I'm not jealous! God, you're such an asshole!" I hissed through gritted teeth.

I heard him chuckle, which didn't help at all. "Open the door, Remi."

"Leave me alone."

"Never. Open the door." He was calm but I heard the urgency in his voice.

I thought about it for a moment. I could be stubborn in certain situations but I decided to open the door and face him. I looked up at him, taking him in as he leaned against the doorframe.

"If you think you can make me jealous and mess with me like that in this relationship, then I don't want it." I crossed my arms and lifted my chin to show him just how serious I was.

"I know. It won't happen again. It was stupid of me and I'm sorry."

I frowned. Did he really just say all that without smirking? "What?"

"You heard me. I was being an asshole for no good reason. I hurt you and I don't ever want to hurt you. I'm sorry."

I studied him, waiting for his lips to curl into a grin and him telling me that he was messing with me again. But that didn't happen. He was being serious.

My body relaxed and I put my hand in his when he reached for me, then he pulled me to him and I went willingly.

He wrapped his arms around my waist and cupped my ass with his hands, squeezing tightly as his mouth covered mine.

I leaned into the kiss and let him explore my mouth with his tongue, and once he had enough, he pulled back to look at me again. "I was being insensitive down there. Don't have an excuse for it either. I still have to learn not to hurt the people I love. Not that there's many of them out there. It won't happen again."

I was stuck on the word love, unsure how to interpret it. I was reading too much into it probably, so I let it go.

It was too soon to say I love you anyway.

I smiled and touched his jaw with my fingers, gently running along his scars. "Already forgot it happened," I whispered, not wanting to be reminded about all the women he had sex with before me.

He took my mouth again, then he picked me up and walked me over to the sink where he sat me down. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and pulled him closer, deepening the kiss as his tongue slid into my mouth.

He seemed like a changed man. So calm and collected. He thought about his words carefully before he spoke, and he was gentler in the way he touched me.

This moment was too good to be true, and I should've seen something bad coming.

The saying calm before the storm was about to be taken onto a whole different level.

Chapter 30

FENDER

I had been avoiding Woodrow as much as possible. After the rumors I heard when I was out of town, I knew I had to confront him about this sooner than later.

People were talking, and our name was once again being dragged through the damn dirt. Only this time without our knowledge.

Once I found out what people were saying, I gathered the ones I trusted most to talk about our next step.

We ate dinner and I kept Remedy close, gaining stares from most of the people around us. I didn't have to tell them that she was mine, and I loved how she moved closer to me every time one of the guys eyes her as if they were ready to eat her alive.

I made a mental note to teach them not to scare my woman like that. She was mine, and I'd let the whole damn town know.

Tiny walked up behind me, tapping my shoulder, and looking down at me with a stern expression on his face.

“Gotta talk to you,” he said.

Remedy looked at me with worried eyes, and I squeezed her thigh to ensure her everything was fine. I got up and followed Tiny into the hallway.

“Got news?”

He nodded. “Just got a text from Bear. Said he saw the fucker around town.”

I ran a hand through my hair and sighed, thinking about how I wanted to do this. “Did Bear see if he was alone?”

“Must be. Apparently he’s been living in a motel room for a couple of days. Always wearing the same clothes, looking all dirty and rough.”

I looked back to the dining room, meeting Woodrow’s eyes. He knew we were hiding something. Then again, it was him who had been hiding shit from us for two years.

“How do you want to handle this, brother?”

I turned my head to look at Tiny, thinking about my decision before answering him. “I’ll confront him. Probably best than to dance around it.”

“Need me to be there?”

I shook my head. “I’ll talk to him alone. If I need backup, I’ll let you know.”

I went back to the dining room and cleared my throat to get Woodrow’s attention, and when he met my gaze, I nodded my head toward church. “We gotta talk.”

He didn’t question it. He got up and gave Agnes a reassuring smile, then he followed me into the room and I closed the door behind me.

“What’s this about, Fender?”

I paced the floor and clasped my hands behind my back, letting my head hang low. “Seems we have a small issue, Prez. There are rumors going around all across the country. Been hearing things for months now but didn’t want to believe them.”

I stopped and looked up at him, studying his face carefully. His eyes narrowed and the corner of his mouth twitched. Yeah, he knew something, and I was about to find out if those rumors were true.

But I had to be careful in case I’d find out the truth and he’d get all defensive and shit.

I chose my next words carefully. “The trust we have in this club is the kind others on the outside aren’t capable of understanding. We vowed to protect our brothers and family and promised to keep everyone safe.

No matter what. We do anything for this club, and we're going to fuck up anyone who tries to fuck with us. We wear our colors proudly, and whoever crosses us gets a taste of how cold-fucking-hearted we are." I looked him in the eyes, watching his firm expression slowly fade.

I took a step closer and tilted my head back, looking down on him as his gaze shifted.

"You're ruthless. Taking matters into your hands when your own brother decided to drag our name through shit. You were the one to kill him. To pull the trigger and dispose of him without giving him a damn funeral. Not that he deserved one anyway. When we tried to decide who got to shoot the bastard, you bravely stepped up. You tied him up and blindfolded him, drove him to an undisclosed location, shot him in the head, then pushed him into the ocean."

My words brought tears to his eyes, and it angered me that he had that reaction after everything Doc has done to our club. He betrayed us. Used the power of our club to do dirty shit for even dirtier men. His doings were unforgivable.

I took another step toward him, and when his eyes met mine again, I saw the horror lingering in them. I gritted my teeth and my body tensed. I had to stay calm but I was on the fucking edge. Maybe having Tiny in the room with us would've been a better idea.

I was about to fucking snap.

"Would be a damn shame if everything I just said was just a made-up story, no?"

Woodrow swallowed hard and stepped back as I moved closer, cornering him.

"What do you know?" he asked, his voice shaky.

"Apparently, not the whole damn truth. I want to hear you say it."

"I don't know w-what—" Another hard swallow. "He's dead. I killed him."

“LIAR!” I roared, slamming my fist into the wall next to his head.

He flinched, and I had never seen so much fucking fear in his eyes.

The door opened and Tiny called out to me, telling me to step back. When I didn’t move, he pulled me back and pushed me aside.

Rodney walked in, taking in the scene. “Did he talk?”

“I’m getting him there,” I muttered, fisting my hand, and feeling the blood run down my fingers.

Rodney looked at Woodrow as silence filled the room.

“Care to tell the truth? We already know enough. Just need you to come forward and things won’t end in a fucking disaster.”

I didn’t fucking care what Rodney said. The second Woodrow told us the truth, I would shoot the fucker.

Tiny sensed my tension, and in a quick move, he pulled out the gun I had tucked under my belt. I wanted to fight him on this, then I remembered that I had two strong hands I could use to kill the man.

“Remedy’s out there,” he told me in a warning voice, and by the mention of her name, my breathing automatically slowed.

I couldn’t shoot Woodrow in front of Remedy. Or Agnes and his baby daughter. Hell, they shouldn’t even fucking be here listening to all this. But it was too late.

“Talk,” I demanded, staring Woodrow down as he stood there with shaky hands.

He looked at me then moved his gaze to the others. Then, he finally spoke. “I didn’t kill him. Hell, he’s my brother! I know what he’s done was wrong but how the fuck did you expect me to kill him? I couldn’t shoot him.”

“Motherfucker,” JT muttered.

Rodney lifted his hand to quiet him down. “Where is he now?”

“I don’t know. I told him to leave and never look back.”

“You keep in touch?”

“No.”

“Don’t fucking lie!” I spat.

He shook his head. Tears rolled down his face. “I swear, I haven’t heard from him since that day. I have no idea where he is.”

“But you sure look glad he’s still alive,” Tiny stated.

I clenched my fists and looked at Rodney, ready to fucking bolt at our president for going behind our backs.

There was silence again, and just as it got unbearable, the tiniest voice appeared, squeezing my chest so damn tightly that it physically hurt.

“Dad’s alive?”

I turned my head to look at Remedy standing in the doorway. Jagger was behind her with the same pained expression on his face. His hands were squeezing her shoulders, and as I saw the unshed tears in her eyes, I wanted to grab her and hold her.

We were so deep into this that we forgot about the one person who was in more pain than Woodrow himself.

I clenched my jaw, feeling the tension rising inside of me.

“Sweetheart...” Woodrow’s voice trailed off as Remedy started sobbing, heartbroken and betrayed just like she had been before.

Seeing her cry changed my perspective on this situation but I couldn’t move. Not before I handled Woodrow’s lying ass.

I looked at Jagger, giving him a firm nod. He knew what to do without me having to tell him.

He whispered in her ear, then made her turn around and walk away with him. He'd keep her safe until I was done here. And once I was with her, I'd hold her for as long as she needed me to.

Chapter 31

REMEDY

It was as if someone knocked the air out of me, and my brain wasn't getting enough oxygen.

I felt lightheaded and sick to my stomach, and my chest hurt immensely. I needed to find a way to calm down and breathe easy. Jagger took me to his apartment, and once we got inside, he pulled me into his arms, holding me close and whispering that things will soon turn out right.

After what I heard the men talk about in church and finding out that my father wasn't dead, I wasn't so sure that things would get better.

Woodrow had betrayed the club just like my father had, and I knew whatever step the others were going to take wouldn't be one I'd agree with.

I had lost my father once, and the toll that took on me mentally—despite the gruesome shit he did—was hard for me to work through. I was in a dark space after Dad was gone. I had to deal with emotions I had never dealt before. I dealt with betrayal, loss, and acceptance, and going through it all over again felt like he steepest mountain to climb.

Every sob hurt my chest, and my knees were giving out slowly. I held on to Jagger as tightly as I could, and when I couldn't stand on my own two feet anymore, he picked me up and carried me to his bedroom.

He took off my shoes and pants, then made me lie down as he pulled the covers over my body. "Don't leave me," I whispered. I couldn't be alone right now.

"I'm going to get you some water. I'm not leaving you tonight," he promised. He leaned in and kissed my forehead, then he left the room for less than thirty seconds before he was back.

He made me sit up and drink the water, and after taking off his jeans, shoes, and cut, he came to lie beside me.

I curled into his chest and took a deep, shaky breath. I had no tears left to cry but the pain lingered.

A thought that scared me rushed through my mind, and I looked up at Jagger with wide eyes. “Fender’s not going to kill him, is he?”

“Fender’s gonna do what he thinks is right, baby.”

I tensed, and Jagger’s arms tightened around me. I hated that even in this situation, he wasn’t going to tell me much.

“I understand that he’s betrayed the club but what about Agnes and Myra?”

“Your father had a daughter too when he was supposed to die.” The way Jagger said it made me want to throw up. I had almost forgotten who these men were. They were cruel. Heartless when they had to be. It was their life and I was just living in it.

Whatever was going down at the club at this very moment was out of my control, and all I could do was wait and hope that the innocent ones weren’t getting hurt.

I closed my eyes and buried my face into the crook of Jagger’s neck as another wave of emotion hit me. Shortly after, my mind went blank.

I woke up in the dark with no one next to me. Jagger had promised to stay with me all night but I wasn’t in my right mind to care. I turned onto my back and looked at the ceiling, accepting that what happened last night was reality. I looked at my phone on the bedside table and tapped on it to see the time.

Three-sixteen.

I heard voices coming from his living room and pushed myself up to get off the bed. I didn’t bother putting on my pants and walked over to the door,

pushing it open to find four men sitting in Jagger's living room.

Jagger noticed me first, and as the room went silent, everyone turned their heads to look at me.

My eyes found Fender's, and I tried to read his expression as tears stung my eyes. I didn't want to cry again. Not now.

Fender got up and stalked over to me, cupping my face with both hands as he reached me. He rested his forehead against mine and closed his eyes.

I wasn't sure what to do or say but having him here felt right. My heart was racing in my chest, and I let him hold me as silence surrounded us.

When he opened his eyes to look at me, he searched for something in my face, and I could tell he was fighting his thoughts. He wanted to say something but he couldn't get the words out.

He let out a sigh, seemingly upset with himself, then he pressed a kiss to my lips as his hands pushed into my hair. He fisted it tightly, then broke the kiss to meet my eyes again. "Come sit with me."

I let him take my hand and walk me over to the couch where he sat down and pulled me next to him.

JT was sitting in a chair across from us, Jagger stood by the kitchen doorway, and Ace sat in the armchair to my right. Out of all the older members, Ace was the one I least expected to see here.

Once I took them all in, I moved my gaze to Fender.

He was holding both my hands in his lap, threading his fingers through mine. He cleared his throat as he gathered his thoughts, then he finally spoke.

"The guys and I talked and decided that it's only right for you to know exactly what's going on. I sent Woodrow home. He'll stay there until we figure out our next step. But until then, I want you to stay here with Jagger."

I watched him closely as his words sank in. I had just woken up and was still tired. I was mentally drained and needed a moment to follow him.

I furrowed my brows once the things he said settled in. “What about Myra and Agnes?”

“They’re at my house. Perla’s taking good care of them,” Ace said. I turned to look at him and gave a quick nod before looking back at Fender. I needed him to explain more.

“I have prospects surrounding the house to make sure Woodrow won’t make a run for it, and Tiny is inside with him just to be sure he won’t hurt himself and get out of this easily.”

Woodrow wouldn’t kill himself. What he did was wrong, but the man would never end his life. He was too damn proud for that.

“Do you know where my father is?”

These men were full of raging hatred for my father. The second he’d show his face, he’d get shot and killed. For real this time.

“We know his location,” Fender stated.

“What are you going to do to him?” I was scared to hear the answer.

The muscles in his jaw flexed, and I held my breath, waiting for him to speak. He lowered his head and I sensed nothing good coming, but it was JT to answer my question instead of Fender.

“My idea was to go up there and shoot him right between the eyes and see his lifeless body lie on that dirty motel room floor but your pussy-whipped boyfriend here decided to let him run.”

I furrowed my brows, studying Fender’s face. “Why?”

Fender’s eyes met mine again but there were still no words coming out of him. I was getting impatient. “Fender, why are you letting him run?”

“Because he doesn’t want to hurt you, kid,” Ace drawled.

My eyes kept searching Fender’s face for answers. I needed a moment to understand what this all meant.

And then it hit me.

Fender was changing and making decisions which included me and how I’d feel.

A couple of months ago, Fender wouldn’t have cared about my feelings. He wouldn’t have thought twice before pulling the trigger on my father knowing what he knew now.

He was thinking of me while making important decisions that most of the guys at the club probably didn’t agree with.

My chest felt warm and my bottom lip started to tremble. He knew I wouldn’t be able to handle another death. And while I detested my father for what he had done, I’d rather have him live a miserable life than get shot ruthlessly.

“What about Woodrow?” I asked, my voice shaky.

“I told you, baby. I haven’t decided yet. But he went behind our backs. He misused our trust and loyalty. I don’t allow traitors to keep wearing our club’s colors.”

“Again...would’ve shot the fucker the second I had the chance to,” JT muttered.

Jagger slapped the back of his head and shot him a glare. “Stop, or I’ll put a fucking bullet in you.”

JT let out an annoyed sigh.

Good thing no one let JT be in charge. He’d shoot up places left and right and with no remorse for the innocent.

Fender cupped my face with one hand, forcing me to look at him. “Like I said, I won’t keep anything from you this time. I’ll tell you about whatever decisions we take.”

“What about Agnes and Myra? You can’t make decisions without them in mind.”

“Remedy—”

“No, Fender. Promise me. Whatever you decide on, I want you to think about Agnes and Myra. Don’t hurt them.”

He sighed and lowered his head, then he nodded and looked up again with a tight smile. “Okay. I won’t.”

“Promise me, Fender.”

His eyes flared. He was fighting with himself.

JT chuckled. “Now you’re asking too damn much of him, sweetheart.”

Fender shot a glare his way, then tilted his chin as he looked over at Jagger. “Who’s fucking idea was it to bring him here?”

“Yours,” Jagger answered nonchalant. “Said he’d only try and take Tiny’s place and torture Woodrow while we aren’t watching.”

Fender muttered a curse and turned back to me. His eyes softened as he brushed his thumb along my cheek. “I promise I won’t hurt you, Agnes, or Myra.”

A soft smile touched my lips. That was all I needed to hear. And now, he just had to keep his promise.

Chapter 32

FENDER

I hated leaving Remedy at Jagger's, but there were things I had to do. I sent Ace and Buffalo to Des Moines, Iowa where Falco's location was. I told them to stay calm and don't start unnecessary shit with him, and to then make it clear to him that he's not welcome to stay. I wasn't the fucking law, able to kick him out of this country legally, but I was powerful in other ways. And Falco knew that.

I didn't fucking care where he'd run off to. As long as he'd never show his face around my club or any of the other chapters again. He wouldn't be welcome there either. It would either be us or them to kill him.

With Falco out of the way, I went on my way to tell his lying brother the same thing. I wanted Woodrow gone, and because I didn't want Remedy to hurt more than she already did, I decided not to kill him but to chase him out of this country too.

I stepped into his house after sending Tiny outside. I needed to do this alone. I found him sitting on the couch with his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands covering his face. Just like me, he hadn't slept all night.

He looked up and I saw the pain in his eyes. Pain he inflicted on himself by being disloyal to the club.

It took all the power in me not to lash out on him. Hurting him now would only make things worse. All I wanted was for him to get gone.

I was doing this for Remedy. She was on my mind the whole damn time, and she kept me from pulling the trigger on Woodrow.

He stared at me as I walked closer to him, sitting down on the couch opposite from him. His cut was on the coffee table, and I reached for it, brushing my thumb along the president's patch.

“Never thought you were cut out to be our leader. I always kept my mouth shut because I knew no one wanted a crazy motherfucker like me to be in charge. Guess that’s changed from now on.” I put the cut back down and pulled out my knife, running the tip across the leather. I lifted my gaze to look at him. “Back then, I wouldn’t have been a good president. Being number two fit me better. While you made somewhat rational decisions, I executed them without question. I killed for you because you’ve always been too damn weak to pull the trigger. Should’ve fucking seen this coming.” I laughed and shook my head. I started cutting off the patch. It didn’t belong to him anymore. Hell, it never belonged to him.

“But now I’ll be responsible for this club. For my brothers. For the women who are more loyal than you’ve ever been. Kinda funny how we treat them like shit and use them to get off, when it should’ve been you to be dragged through the fucking dirt all along.”

I held the patch in my hand and read the word over and over again, taking in the reality of my new position in this club. Then I pushed it into my pocket, keeping it safe until I was ready to wear it. Fuck, and I would wear it proudly.

Woodrow’s eyes stayed on mine as I set the knife down on the coffee table, then I leaned back and got more comfortable. I wasn’t big on talking. I was a man who acted and kept his mouth shut when there was nothing to say. But right now, he needed to hear what I demanded from him.

“I sent Buffalo and Ace to find Falco. They’re making him leave the country.”

I saw relief in his eyes. He was scared I was letting Falco get killed. An amused grin tugged at my lips, and I tilted my head to the side. “You thought I was having him killed. Haven’t you learned shit about me, Woodrow? I’m fucking unpredictable, and I’m honestly liking the thought of people hunting him down and killing him. Although, I would’ve also liked to be the one to kill him myself. But I’m not doing that.” I leaned

forward, resting my elbows on my thighs and threading my fingers in front of me. “And you know what else I won’t do? Kill you. You heard me. I’ll let you run just like your brother. Let fate decide your destiny.”

“What about my family?”

“I won’t decide for your wife. Whether she wants to stay with us or go with you, that’s up to her. She’s loyal to us and that won’t change. She’s got nothing to do with what you did. Neither did your baby girl. Poor kid will grow up and know all about the mess you left behind in this club either way.”

He nodded, agreeing with me. He lowered his head and buried his face in his hands as a heavy sigh left him. When he looked up again, I knew exactly what he was going to ask next.

I raised a brow. “Remedy is not your business. Never had been. She deserved better than to have a dad and an uncle who betrayed people they should’ve been loyal to. She has a big fucking heart, man. She’s the reason why you’re still alive. Even after all the hurt you caused her, she’s begged me to let you live. And, God, if I wasn’t so fucking in love with her, I wouldn’t have listened to her. But she’s got me wrapped around her little finger. First time in my life I’m experiencing this shit, and, man... she’s the best fucking thing that ever happened to me.”

I was pouring my damn heart out to the wrong person. But, damn if it didn’t feel good to finally say it. I had fallen for the purest fucking soul to ever exist, and I was going to ruin her for life.

But with the best fucking intent.

I grabbed his cut and got up from the couch. “You got ‘til Thursday to pack all your shit and leave. Leave all of Remedy’s stuff and put the key on the kitchen counter before you leave. Don’t come near the club. Don’t come near my brothers and stay the fuck away from Remedy. If you’re not gone by then, I will change my mind about killing you.”

I left without saying another word or looking back. He was on his own now, and I hoped to God that he'd make the right decisions.

I looked at Tiny and gave him a quick nod. "It's done. He should be gone by Thursday. I'll have the prospects watch him until then. For now, we keep our distance and wait."

Tiny didn't ask questions. We got to our bikes and I told him I'd meet him at the club later. I had to go see my woman first.

Chapter 33

REMEDY

I sat and listened to everything Fender said but had no reaction to his words. He let them live and gave Agnes the freedom to pick a side which was generous coming from a man like Fender.

I asked him if I was allowed to say goodbye to her in case she decided to leave, and he told me he'd give us the time we needed before she'd have to turn her back on the club and never look back.

If Agnes would choose to leave, I wasn't sure I could handle it. I'd miss Myra, and I'd be worried for them. I didn't want them to leave but I had no way to influence her decision.

I looked at my hands in Fender's lap, fighting all the thoughts inside of my mind. Some thoughts made sense, some others didn't. One part of me easily accepted the way Fender handled this because he kept me in mind while making a decision and made sure not to hurt anyone. The other part of me was conflicted. Deep down, I wanted to see my father and talk to him, and I couldn't understand why I felt the need to see the man who betrayed not only the club but also his daughter.

Talking to him would give me the chance to understand better but I knew Fender would never let me see him. The same applied to Woodrow. Now that he got kicked out of the club and Fender sent him packing, I wasn't allowed to see him. Couldn't even say goodbye.

"Baby, look at me."

I kept my head low but gazed up at him through my lashes. I could see that he was fighting with his himself as well, and his soft expression told me that he sympathized with me.

"I know it's not easy for you, and I promise you I would've avoided all this if I could have done something

about it. But it was out of my hands. No one knew about the shit Woodrow pulled, and once it was out, I had to do what's best for the club. I hate seeing you like this. I'm here for you, Remi. I'll do whatever it takes to help you through it. Give you as much time as you need."

I dropped my gaze again and swallowed even if my mouth was dry. "If Agnes chooses to stay, will you treat her differently?"

"No. If Agnes chooses to stay, she's still welcome at the club. She'll still be part of the club."

Okay. That was good.

I nodded and pursed my lips as I thought about my next words. He had come by Jagger's apartment right after being done with Woodrow, and I knew he came to be close to me. I felt his urge to be with me, and I hated myself for wanting to push him away. Not for long. Only until my mind wasn't so clouded anymore.

"You know, I really like this side of you," I whispered, seeing his eyes flash with satisfaction.

"Good. It's a side of me you brought out. Never been this damn calm about a situation like this."

I smiled and gently squeezed his fingers. "And I love that you kept your promise. Shows me that you really meant it. That you really care about me and how I feel."

"Fuck yeah, I do." He lifted my hand to his lips and kissed my fingers.

"But..."

He scowled and his face fell. He looked defeated for a moment but he held his head high, trying his best not to let his momentary insecurities show.

"I need a bit of alone-time."

He studied me, not liking that one bit. "How long?"

I shrugged. "I can't really say."

"An hour? Two?"

I sucked in my bottom lip to hide a chuckle. “Probably longer than that.”

“You’re not leaving me,” he said, his voice stern.

“No, Fender. I’m not leaving you.” This time, I couldn’t hold in a laugh. He was getting way too damn anxious for my liking. Was I really making him feel this way? “I just need to be alone with my thoughts for a while. That’s all.”

“What about Jagger? Is he allowed to be around you?”

“He lives here. I can’t kick him out.”

“But I can.”

I shook my head and cupped either side of his jaw with my hands. “No, you can’t. He’ll spend most of the time at the club anyway. Give me a few days, okay?”

He wasn’t happy with my decision, but if he wanted this to work out, he had to give me the freedom I deserved.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, then he nodded and pulled me closer to him. I kept my hands on his face and took in every inch of it.

“Can I at least text you while we’re apart?” he asked as he leaned his forehead against mine.

I smiled. “As long as they’re sweet and not dirty.”

“Can’t promise that, baby.”

“You still have my video,” I reminded him, and mischief flashed in his eyes.

“Fuck...you’re torturing me now. You’re really making me jerk off alone instead of giving me a hand?”

Nice word play.

I kissed his lips softly, then leaned back to look at him again. “Only for a few days,” I told him, then he finally gave in and nodded.

“Fine. But I want you to call me the second you don’t want to be alone anymore.”

“I promise.”

He claimed my mouth and kissed me deeply, holding me close to his body as I moved my hands into his hair.

I would miss him too but once I had cleared my mind and figured things out for myself, the bond Fender and I shared would only grow stronger.

Only two hours later, and Fender had already texted to check on me. I was curled up on Jagger’s couch, eating cereal and watching TV, and while I was liking the time I was spending by myself, I couldn’t help but smile when I read his message. I was missing him already.

This place feels fucking empty without you around. Kinda missing the days you kept staring at me from across the room.

I scrunched my nose. He was mocking me, trying to make me feel better. And it was working.

I never stared at you.

Sure did.

How would you know? You always ignored me.

There was a pause and he took his time to respond. I watched the three dots appear and disappear multiple times, then he finally sent the text.

I didn’t ignore you. I was protecting you from myself.

Interesting. I narrowed my eyes, trying to understand what he meant. I started typing, but another message from him appeared on my screen.

Do you really think I never noticed that you had a huge crush on me?

My cheeks turned red. I hated how cocky he got and still managed to make my heart do stupid little flips of joy. I bit the inside of my cheek and typed in a reply.

I wasn't being that obvious.

Obvious enough to make me sense it.

But I'm glad you were so determined with your crush. Now you're mine.

I laughed softly. Maybe I wasn't as smooth as I wanted to be. But it wasn't easy to look away whenever he stepped into a room.

I miss you, sweet girl.

My smile grew bigger as I read his last text, and for a moment, I forgot about all the things that were fogging up my mind. But I still needed time, and he knew that.

I miss you too.

Chapter 34

REMEDY

I slept surprisingly well last night, even with all those conflicting thoughts rushing through my brain. When I woke up this morning, I went to take a shower and put on the briefs and long-sleeve shirt Jagger gave me since I didn't have clean clothes with me.

I should've thought of that. Should've asked Fender to grab my clothes from home so I had something to change into.

But what I had on worked out just fine.

I opened one of the drawers in Jagger's room and pulled out white socks, and once I put them on, I headed downstairs to find him sitting at the small, round table with a cup of coffee in front of him.

"Morning," I said, walking over to him to give him a hug.

"Good morning, sweetheart. Sleep okay?" he asked, wrapping one arm around my waist.

I put my arms around his shoulders and gave him a quick squeeze before walking over to the fridge to grab milk. "Yes. Better than expected. You weren't here last night."

"Uh, no. The guys and I had a long talk about everything that happened yesterday. Fender wanted to come by but I told him to give you the space you asked for."

I smiled at the thought of Fender being frustrated at Jagger for not letting him come see me. I was liking this a little too much. Maybe I would let him suffer through this for a while longer until his possessive side came out again.

"Thanks, Jagger." I took the milk and put it on the counter, then grabbed a cup and honey from the

cupboard. I needed something soothing this morning, and a warm cup of milk with honey sounded just perfect.

“You wanna watch a movie today? Or do a full movie marathon?” Jagger asked, and I turned to look at him.

“Aren’t you going back to the club today?”

He shook his head. “Things are still a bit weird over there and Woodrow is all they want to talk about. I’m sick of hearing his name and being reminded of all the shit he did. Staying here with you for the day and watching movies for hours sounds better.”

I smiled. “Okay. We can do that.”

If Fender found out about our plans, he’d get jealous in an instant. Telling him that I needed space but then spending time with Jagger would set him off for sure. But something about that excited me. Then again, I didn’t have to tell him about my plans for the day.

I prepared my milk, then went to sit next to Jagger. The doorbell rang just as I pulled back a chair, and Jagger raised a brow, wondering who came to visit him so early in the morning.

He got up and pressed a kiss to my head, then instructed me to sit down and drink my milk.

I did as he said but listened in on the conversation once he opened the door.

Agnes’ voice was gentle as she greeted Jagger, and I immediately got back up to walk over to them.

Jagger stepped aside when he heard me coming, and I was faced with Agnes’ sad eyes. She was holding Myra in her arms and a duffle bag was on the floor next to her.

I swallowed as emotions bubbled up inside of me, and I looked at Jagger with a pleading gaze to please let her in.

He turned to face her again. “Are you alone?”

“Yes. He’s back at the house,” she told him, then her eyes met mine again. “I would just like to talk.”

Jagger nodded and took a step aside, letting her in. I smiled as Myra reached out to me, and I lifted her from Agnes' arms to hold her in mine.

I kissed her cheek, then buried my face in her neck, breathing in that sweet baby scent. I missed her so much and I was scared of what Agnes was here to talk about. If she decided to leave, I didn't know how I'd handle it.

I looked at Agnes and hugged her, careful not to hurt Myra. "I missed you," I whispered.

She rubbed my back and smiled gently. "Missed you too, sweetie. Let's sit down."

We went to sit on the couch and I kept holding Myra in my arms. I didn't want to lose her but I had a bad feeling that I wasn't going to see her again after their visit was over.

"Water?" Jagger asked as he set the duffle bag down next to the front door.

"Yes, please."

I looked at Agnes and waited for her to speak. All the calmness I felt just earlier this morning turned into anxiety.

Jagger brought the glass of water, then he looked at me. "Want me to stay?"

I shrugged. It didn't matter. He would find out what Agnes said anyway.

"Stay. I want you to hear this too," Agnes said.

Jagger nodded and sat down next to me, then Agnes took a deep breath, closing her eyes to collect herself.

I knew exactly what was coming, and I tried my best not to lose it.

"I know I shouldn't be the one apologizing to you for what Woodrow has done but I am so sorry for the hurt he's caused. I'm just as hurt as you are, and I wish he would've been honest about it. That he would've had the strength and courage to speak up instead of hiding this all from the club." Her voice was shaky and tears stung

her eyes. This was difficult for her. I gave her an encouraging look, and after taking another deep breath, she continued. “Fender talked to me and he is letting me decide what I want to do. If I want follow Woodrow or stay here. As difficult as this decision would’ve been for others, I didn’t have to think about it. I made a vow to him when I married him. To be loyal no matter what. I love him, and I’m so thankful that he’s still alive. I know it was you, Remedy, who begged Fender not to kill him because you knew it would destroy me. I’m so incredibly grateful for that. I have to go with him. I devoted myself to him when I gave him my heart, and I will stand by him forever. I hope you understand and can eventually forgive me for leaving.”

Tears rolled down my face as I let her words sink in. I wasn’t mad at her and I understood the importance of a wife standing by her husband, no matter how dark the shit he pulled was. That’s something she had to live and deal with. Woodrow betraying the club had nothing to do with their marriage, and I knew one day they’d leave it all behind and start over again.

It pained me to let them go, but she made a decision, and I couldn’t change her mind.

I looked at Myra and rested my forehead against hers, wishing I could’ve gotten more time with her. To see her grow up and be the best big cousin on earth. And while I would miss her, I knew any life besides the one lived in an MC would be better for her.

Jagger rubbed my back to comfort me, and I looked back up at Agnes with a gentle smile. “I understand. And I would never be angry at you for doing what’s best for you.”

She nodded, wiping away her own tears. “Fender won’t like this but I will keep in contact with you as much as I can. For Myra’s sake. When she’s old enough, she’ll want to know her cousin. You’re family too.”

That made me sob harder. I would miss so many milestones in her life. I hugged her closer to me and

kissed her head, then let Agnes take her from me once she got up.

“I wish I could stay longer but I promised Woodrow to be back before noon. We’re still packing. I brought you some clothes. They’re in the duffle bag.”

I looked to the bag and nodded, then followed her to the front door. “Do you know where you’re going?” I asked, needing to know that they’d be fine.

“Utah. I have family there. They’ll let us stay in their basement until we find a place to live.”

“So you’re leaving Remedy the house?” Jagger asked.

Agnes smiled gently and looked at me. “It’s her home. She’s been the one mostly living in it for the past two years anyway. I know she’ll take good care of it.”

I nodded to assure her. “I will.”

My heart broke into a million pieces when Agnes and Myra left. I stood by the door and watched them get into the car, and once they were gone, I turned to bury my face into Jagger’s chest. I let him hold me while I cried.

“It’ll hurt for a while. But even this will pass,” Jagger whispered into my hair.

I didn’t lose them and it wasn’t goodbye forever. I knew one day I’d see them again, and until then, I had people around me who loved and cared for me. Jagger’s presence helped for now, but there were another man’s arms I wanted to hold me.

Chapter 35

FENDER

I was pleased with the way I handled this, and I could sense a wave of tranquility come over the club.

Everything seemed to be going back to normal, and while everyone was enjoying themselves, I sat alone in a dark corner of the bar, drinking Bourbon, and reflecting on what came next for me.

I had the president's patch in my pocket but I'd soon wear it on my chest. Stepping up from VP to president in a club like this required a lot of courage and will. But I had no doubts about doing my job right.

I had done crazy shit in the past. Tortured and killed people. Showed no fucking remorse and never thought twice before pulling the trigger. That's why people feared me. That's why my brothers trusted me to be the leader of this club.

Being loyal to them wasn't something I ever questioned. It came naturally to me, and once I wore that patch, nothing would ever take it from me.

But then there was one thing missing from making me the proudest motherfucker in this club though.

I took a sip as my mind drifted to the woman I obsessed over so damn much that I couldn't stop thinking about her. Remedy was on my mind all the damn time, and though I promised to give her space, I had moments where I wanted to go to Jagger's apartment and take her home with me.

When I first started giving her the attention she craved so much, I told myself it was nothing but a fun little game. I was going to fuck her out of my system, get those beautiful eyes to hate me. I wanted to protect her doing that but the power she held over me the moment I kissed her was too immense to fight.

Sure enough, I was down on my knees, worshipping her and that sweet fucking pussy that taunted me every time she was near me.

She consumed me even when she wasn't next to me.

Remedy was the only person who had the power to influence me in a way not even I could, and that had scared the shit out of me when she begged me not to kill her father and uncle.

The pain in her eyes was too much for me to handle. I felt it myself, and I knew I could've lost her if I went against her.

Months ago, I would've ignored her pleas. Now, I would do anything to make her happy.

Tiny walked over to me from across the bar, and once he reached me, he sat down in the chair next to me and pulled out a cigarette.

"Got news?" I asked. I had told him to keep an eye on Agnes.

"Yeah. She's made a decision."

That was quick. "And?"

"Jagger told me she went by his apartment to talk to Remedy. Told them she's leaving. Taking the baby with her."

My body tensed at the thought of how hard it was for Remedy to hear that. She must've been heartbroken, and I wasn't there to hold her. My jaw clenched and I gripped the glass tighter in my hand. The urge to run to her was big but if I wanted her to keep trusting me, I had to stay away like she had asked me to.

I gave a quick nod, taking one last sip from the Bourbon. "Good. Stay close to them until they're gone."

"Alright." We sat in silence for a moment, then he spoke again. "Made up your mind yet on who's going to be your VP?"

I didn't have to think about it for too long. I knew it had to be someone who's been a member for longer than

I had, and someone who was able to think clearly when I couldn't. "Rodney."

"Good choice. Have you told him yet?"

"Not yet. Give me a bit of time."

He nodded, taking a drag of cigarette as he got up. "Take all the damn time you need, brother." He patted my shoulder, then left me to sit there alone again.

I leaned back and sighed. A new chapter would start soon. One I was in control of. And hell if I wasn't fucking ready for it.

REMEDY

"You gonna be alright?" Jagger asked as we stepped into the bar. Members of the club were laughing and drinking, and I was already looking around to find Fender.

"Yes, I will be perfectly fine once I'm with him." I smiled at my words and continued to search for him in the dimly lit bar.

"He's right over there." Jagger nodded his head in a direction, and when I followed his eyes, I finally saw Fender. He was sitting on a chair next to a round table, leaning back with his right ankle propped up on his knee, and sipping on a dark liquor.

I couldn't stay at Jagger's place any longer. I wanted to be with Fender and forget about everything that happened. I needed to get it all off my mind and move on with life before I made everything worse by pushing away the things that were good for me.

I changed into my clothes later in the afternoon, then had Jagger take me to the clubhouse.

"Hey, pretty girl." I turned my head and saw JT standing there with a smirk. "You doing better?"

Normally, I would've ignored him but he seemed genuinely interested in how I was feeling.

I gave him a tight smile and nodded. "Yes, a little."

He gave a quick nod, then grinned at Jagger. "I know it was his idea to send her home with you but, damn, I've never seen the man so fucking jealous before."

I pursed my lips to hide a smile. I knew it wasn't easy for Fender to let me stay with Jagger, and hearing JT say how jealous Fender was almost like a triumph.

Fender was mine, and his jealousy and possessiveness were reason enough for me to believe that I would belong to him forever.

"Good thing she's here now. Don't want to go another night picking up broken glass and cleaning up alcohol off the damn floor."

I looked over at the bar where one of the prospects, Nash, was filling two glasses with vodka. I frowned at him. "He smashed things?"

Nash nodded. "Just last night. Couldn't stop whining about you not being here either."

"He acted like a fucking baby," JT added, and though I liked the idea of Fender desperately missing me, I knew they were exaggerating just a little.

I looked back toward where Fender was sitting. He still hadn't noticed me. He was busy staring at his glass, and I decided to go over there before he started breaking things again.

I walked straight over to him, stopping a few feet away when his eyes finally lifted to meet mine. His pupils grew with excitement, and I smiled at him, unable to hide the happiness I felt whenever he was around.

His eyes slowly wandered down my face before they dropped to my cleavage. I was wearing one of those tops I knew he loved so much. I knew he was into my tits, and these tops just brought out the best in them.

His eyes lingered on my tits for a while, then they moved further down to my crotch and legs before they shot back up to meet mine.

He moved, dropping his foot to the ground, and putting his glass on the table, then he leaned forward and rested his elbows on his knees.

He kept watching me, and I took in how beautiful he looked with those gray eyes. He was longing for me, yet he stayed away because I had asked him to.

I couldn't stay away for long though. I smiled and took another step toward him until I could touch his face.

He let me run my fingers over his cheeks and jaw, and he tilted his head back to look up at me when I pushed my fingers into his hair.

I admired his perfect face, took in every scar, every wrinkle, and every emotion that sparked in his eyes. We were still silent when he pulled me closer by my hips, then he rested his hands at the back of my thighs. His thumbs slid under the tight biker shorts I was wearing until he touched the skin right below my bottom.

He pulled me even closer then, cupping my ass as he opened his legs further. He made me turn sideways and sat me down on one of his legs. I was still facing him, but we were even closer now.

I rested my forehead against his as I wrapped an arm around his neck and placed my other hand on his chest.

His heart was beating fast in his chest, and as his eyes dropped to my mouth, he moved closer to finally kiss me.

He cupped my cheek and deepened the kiss, making me moan softly as he gripped my ass with his other hand.

I let him take the lead. He kissed me slowly, with his tongue plunging into my mouth every time our lips parted.

We didn't have to use words to tell each other how we felt in that moment. Our bodies were enough.

He moved his hand to the back of my head and cupped it, curling his fingers into my hair to keep me there as he dipped his tongue deeper.

Another moan escaped me, and I felt his cock react underneath me. It jerked against my thigh, and I pressed against it to tease him.

Fender groaned then muttered a curse into the kiss before pulling back and looking into my eyes again.

I could tell there was so much he wanted to say but I was the first to speak. "I need you," I whispered, and those three words were enough for him to know exactly what I wanted.

Chapter 36

FENDER

I needed to bury my face in those tits and my dick in her sweet pussy. I was like an animal pouncing on its prey.

Once I got her upstairs and into one of the rooms, I made her lie back onto the bed as I took off all my clothes.

Those tight shorts she was wearing fit her body perfectly, and that top covered very little skin, making me furious just thinking of all the people who had seen her downstairs.

She was watching me, her eyes glued on my dick when I started stroking it.

I smirked. “I could stand here all day with you watching while I play with myself, and you wouldn’t get bored.”

She shook her head. Her cheeks turned red, then she bit her lip and gazed up at me. “I’d love to see you jerk off again.”

“And I’m going to let you watch but I need to fuck you first. I’m fucking aching for you, baby.”

I rubbed my length a few more times before reaching for her shorts and pulling them down her legs. Her panties were next, then she sat up and took off her top, letting those perfect tits free.

“Goddamn. I fucking adore those tits.”

“Come play with them.” Her voice was so damn soft while her face had *naughty* written all over it. She’d be the damn death of me.

I moved over her and pushed her legs apart with my knees, and she wrapped them around my hips as I positioned myself between them.

I pressed my dick against her belly, my tip almost touching her tits, then I leaned in to kiss her with so much fucking passion that I even surprised myself.

I pushed my tongue into her mouth as she parted her lips, and I reached up with my right hand to cup one of her tits. I squeezed it, pinched her nipple, then did the same to the other before breaking the kiss and using my mouth to pleasure them.

I circled my tongue around her nipple, then pulled at it as much as I could. “Fuuuck,” I groaned, letting it pop free again and doing the same to the other one.

My dick jerked as her finger teased my tip, and once she had her hand wrapped around my base, I slowly thrust my hips. She squeezed my dick harder every time I sucked harder on her nipples.

“OH!” Her body jerked as I flicked her nipple with my tongue and pinched the other with my fingers.

“You like that?” I asked, amused by the way her body reacted to that combination.

She nodded and squeezed her thighs tighter against my sides, then she let go of my dick and placed her hand on my shoulder. Her breathing was faster, and I saw excitement flash in her eyes as I leaned back down to pull her nipple into my mouth again.

I kept my eyes on hers this time, wanting to see her reaction when I repeated my last trick that made her body shake so much.

“Oh God!” She tried to muffle her sound by turning her head to the side and pressing her mouth against her upper arm but it didn’t help one bit. Her moans were loud enough to be heard downstairs, and tonight, I had no fucking problem with that.

She was mine, and I wanted every single one down there to understand that. Especially JT who kept smirking at me as I walked Remedy upstairs.

Little fucker needed to take a step back and accept that not every woman wanted to be underneath him. He

had scared too many girls away in the past, and he should've known he never had a chance with Remi. She was born into this club, grew up around us assholes, and knew exactly how to deal with fuckers like JT.

“Fender. I need you,” she breathed, pressing her hips into mine. “Now.”

I sucked one more time on both nipples. I couldn't fucking get enough of her tits. I pushed myself up and got off the bed, then made her turn around so she was on her hands and knees.

I pulled her back until her feet were at the bottom of the bed, then I cupped her ass with both hands and squeezed it tightly, leaving fingerprints on her soft skin.

“You want me to fuck this tight pussy, don't you? Want me to fill this cunt with my cum, hm?”

She nodded and turned her head back as far as she could to look at me. “Yes, please.”

“So fucking polite,” I muttered, squeezing her ass cheeks once again before lifting my hands and slapping each side hard. She cried out but instead of moving away from me, she arched her back and stuck her ass out toward me.

“Again?” I asked with a smirk, knowing the answer already.

“Yes. Harder.”

My jaw clenched, and I slapped her ass hard enough to make her squirm and leave marks on her skin.

She cried out again, pushing back until her ass was pressed against my crotch.

“I need to be inside you, baby.” I moved back to see her folds glistening from how wet she was, then I slid my fingers through her slit, teasing her entrance and clit before grabbing my dick again.

I rubbed my tip from her asshole down to her clit, and after finding the right position, I slammed into her wetness without a warning.

“OH YES!”

Fuck, I could listen to her moan all fucking night. “This pussy is perfect for me. Fuck, baby, you are perfect for me.”

I saw her smile as she rested her head on her forearms, then she closed her eyes as I began to move.

I moved slowly at first, letting her get used to my size. Her body was relaxed, and it begged for more by clenching around my dick.

I let out a low groan as I pulled back, then I slammed back into her with my ball slapping against her clit.

“Fuuuck.” I couldn’t get enough of her.

Leaning forward, I cupped both her tits and pulled her up so her back was pressed against my chest. I continued to fuck her, thrusting into her harder each time.

She threw her head back, and I kissed and licked her neck.

“Mine,” I growled into her ear, nibbling at her ear lobe before sucking at her skin again. “Tell me you’re mine, baby.”

“I’m yours. I—” Her voice cracked as she rode closer to her first orgasm, and I reached down with one hand to play with her clit.

“Fender,” she cried, her body trembling. “Don’t stop.”

“I’m not gonna stop until this pussy is filled with my cum, sweet girl. Fuck, keep squeezing my dick, baby.”

A few more thrusts, and she fell over the edge. I followed close behind and emptied my load inside of her. We were both breathing heavily, and it took me a minute to calm down.

I let her lie back down and I went with her, staying buried deep inside of her as my cum leaked out of her. I kissed her shoulders, then the side of her face, and when

I was ready, I pulled out of her slowly to lie down next to her.

We'd go for round two but this first orgasm shook me to my damn core in the best way possible.

She turned to face me and I wrapped my arms around her body as she placed her hand on my chest, running her fingers across my pecs and down to my abdomen.

Her eyes were big and filled with so much damn lust that it almost made me burst all over again without having my dick touched.

I took in her beauty, my gaze lingering on her eyes before it dropped to her lips. I leaned in and kissed her softly, loving how her full lips felt on mine. When I pulled back to look at her again, I had an overwhelming feeling come over me. My heart was beating loudly in my chest, and there was warmth rushing from my toes all the way up into my head. I felt dizzy, then words I meant to say much sooner left my lips.

"I love you, Remi. I love you so fucking much that it scares me."

Her eyes widened, then she looked pleased with what I said. Years ago, I would've been way too fucking proud to say words like that to anyone. Hell, up until a couple of months ago I was living up to my last name and believed that I would stay true to it until the day I died. But then Remi came along, and she changed my whole fucking perspective on life.

I heard stories of people falling in love over time. Couples who took their time to get to know each other. Remi and I didn't need any of that shit.

I watched her grow up yet always kept my distance. I knew about every single step she took in and outside of this club, and it was no secret that she had been watching me too. She got to know me too while keeping her distance, and at first, that was the smartest thing for her to do.

I was fucking glad the dynamics changed between us. I was glad something deep inside of me pushed me closer toward her, and I slowly let my guard down even if I was a total asshole in the beginning.

And now I had her here with me, smiling up at me with so much love and admiration in those special eyes.

She cupped my face with her gentle hand and leaned in to kiss me. If this was her way of telling me that she loved me, I'd be okay with it. As much as I wanted to hear her say it back, I wasn't going to push her. If she needed time, I'd give her as much as she needed.

Her simple kiss turned into more. I slid my tongue across her bottom lip, then plunged it inside as she parted her lips for me.

My dick was hard again. I needed to be inside her again, so I reached between us to grab my dick and direct it to her entrance. I slid inside of her slowly until I couldn't push any further.

She broke the kiss, moaning against my lips before she tilted her head further back until her eyes met mine.

I pulled back to then slide into her again, taking it slow for now.

She caressed my face, then tears stung her eyes. Then, she spoke in the sweetest voice, and my heart right about exploded in my chest.

“I love you too, Fender.”

Chapter 37

REMEDY

I didn't get enough sleep last night.

After every new climax we reached, we started all over again. We were both tired by the time the sun was coming back up. I was curled up in his arms, his skin pressing against mine, and our legs tangled.

It couldn't have been more than an hour since we last were awake, and when I turned my head, I found him watching me with gentle eyes.

A smirk tugged at the corners of his mouth, and I pursed my lips, knowing exactly what was coming next.

He moved his hand down my back and cupped my ass, squeezing it, then running his fingers through my slit from behind. "I can't get enough of you," he whispered, his voice thick and raspy.

I smiled and cupped his jaw, gently brushing my thumb along his skin. "I've noticed."

He chuckled and pressed a kiss to my lips. "You teasing me?"

I shrugged. "Maybe."

His fingers circled my asshole, and I jerked my hips at the new sensation. I wasn't so sure I liked him touching me there but I knew even if we tried something new, he'd make it feel perfect. And he would respect my boundaries in case I didn't want him to touch me a certain way.

But who was I kidding? This man could do anything to me and I would love every second of it.

He studied me, noticing how I reacted to his touch. "As tempting as it is to fuck this tight hole, I think we should take it slow."

I nodded to agree with him. As exciting as it sounded, I still wanted to be able to walk today.

I was already sore from all the sex we had all through the night, and every move I made sent electric shocks from between my legs through my body.

He moved his hand and reached between us, gently pushing apart my legs and then placing his fingers on my folds. He moved them slowly, circling my clit and sliding them through my folds until he reached my entrance.

Our eyes were locked on each other, and the love and admiration in his made my heart beat faster.

Fender had changed, and all because of the things that went down the past couple of months. It made me think. If they never found out about Woodrow keeping something so important from the club, would Fender and I ever have fallen in love?

I hated the thought of us not belonging together, and that our love was just the outcome of someone's else's mistakes.

"You're frowning," he said as his own brows furrowed. "What's on your mind, baby?"

I sucked in my bottom lip and chewed on it. He wouldn't be too happy about my theories so I decided to keep them to myself. "It's nothing. I'm just...happy. I haven't been this happy in a very long time."

His body relaxed, and he moved his hand from my pussy to my tits. The man just couldn't keep his hands off me. But I wasn't complaining. I loved his hands on my body.

He pinched my nipple as a smile spread across his face. "I'm glad to hear that. I'm pretty damn happy myself."

I laughed softly and placed a kiss to his lips. I knew what this was going to turn into, and I let it happen.

He moved over me and cupped both my tits with his hands. He squeezed them together until my nipples almost touched, and after taking in that sight, he lowered

his head and kissed both nipples before pulling one into his mouth.

He wasn't joking when he said he's obsessed with my breasts. He wouldn't stop playing with them, and I sure as hell wasn't going to stop him.

I moaned and threw my head back into the pillow, closing my eyes and enjoying this moment. It was still early, and I knew Fender wouldn't want to leave this bedroom anytime soon.

I was okay with that. I wasn't ready to face anyone just yet. Not after the night I spent crying out Fender's name for hours.

I felt my cheeks heat up the moment we turned the corner and faced everyone who was sitting at the large table. They were eating already, and I tried my best to ignore all the smirking and chuckling coming from the guys.

Fender didn't help. He laughed as he looked at me, then he squeezed my hand and leaned in closer to whisper to me. "Just ignore them."

That wasn't easy. They'd start teasing me the second I'd sit down.

I pressed my lips into a thin line and sighed quietly, and after collecting enough confidence, I finally looked up.

JT was impatiently waiting for the moment I met his eyes, and once I did, he immediately spoke. "Someone's had a good night. Surprised you're still able to walk."

I rolled my eyes but found myself holding back a laugh. I was struggling quite a bit to walk, actually.

"I'm more surprised the big guy is still standing," Tiny said, smirking at Fender. "Will you ever recover from that night?"

So they all heard us. Were they just awake the whole night or were we so loud that they couldn't fall asleep to begin with?

Either way, they all knew what we did upstairs, and there was no way to deny it.

"Don't think I'll recover from her ever. In general," Fender said, looking down at me with eyes I loved so much. He didn't need to explain himself. It was all clear to me. He was in love with me.

He leaned in and kissed me in front of everyone. In front of his brothers, old ladies, and sweet butts. He was making it clear to everyone that I belonged to him.

I smiled into the kiss and held on to his cut so my knees wouldn't give out.

I had lost people in my life that I had once loved and trusted. People who were my family. Who raised me. And while there was no guarantee that any of that wouldn't happen again, I wasn't taking anything or anyone for granted. I would trust my instinct and listen to my heart. And most of all, I would stand by the man I loved most.

EPILOGUE

FENDER

three weeks later

She was still hurting.

I could see the pain in her eyes every time her mind drifted away. Remedy was a strong woman with an even stronger will and character.

I was watching her from across the room as I walked out of church with my new VP, Rodney, close behind. He patted my shoulder, thanking me for my trust in him before he went on with his day.

My eyes stayed locked on Remedy. She had been waiting on us to come back out for the past two hours but no time waiting was a waste for her.

She had her books, and whenever she got the chance to, she sat down and started reading. Nothing got her out of that flow. Once she started, you had to physically remove the book from her hands to get her to stop.

Whatever romance novel she was reading wasn't holding her attention as much as others did. Something was bugging her.

I stalked over to her and stopped right in front of the armchair she was curled up in. She gazed up when she noticed me, then the smallest smile touched her lips. "How did it go?" she asked, her voice as sweet as fucking honey.

I ignored her question. I needed to know if she was okay. "Are you feeling okay?"

She frowned, and because she knew she couldn't hide shit from me, she sighed and shook her head. "Not really."

Alarm bells went off inside my brain. I pulled her up and sat down in the chair myself, then made her sit in my lap. She continued to grip that book in her hands, and I grabbed it from her, putting it onto the small table next to us. “What’s wrong?” I asked, brushing back her hair and tugging it behind her ear. “Are you hurt? Did someone say something to upset you? Do I need to kill someone?”

“No.” She placed her hand on my chest and smiled softly. “You know I don’t ever want you to kill someone because of me. We’ve been over that.”

Right.

She’s made that very clear.

“Then tell me what’s wrong, baby.”

She dropped her gaze to my chest and brushed her fingers along my patches, tracing the words slowly. “I miss Myra and Agnes. I sent her a message asking if they made it safely to Utah, but she never responded. Hasn’t even read the message yet. I’m just worried.”

My body started to tense, then I reminded myself that I couldn’t get angry at her for reaching out to Agnes. It was Woodrow I was mad at, and as long as Remi didn’t speak to him, I was fine with her trying to contact Agnes.

“She’s probably just busy settling in. Give her some time.”

“But what if something happened? I really need to know that they’re okay.”

I studied her for a while, unsure how to handle this. I promised myself to never look back. To push the past behind me and leave it there. If I had to send a couple of my guys to check on Agnes, there was no way around Woodrow.

I sighed and pinched the bridge of my nose with my fingers. “Baby, can we give this a bit more time to see if she replies?”

“I can’t live with the idea of them not being okay, Fender. I know it’s already a lot for you to allow me to

stay in contact with her, but I'm not going to be able to sleep unless I know Agnes and Myra are okay."

The pleading in her voice was hard to miss. Hell, it fucking broke my heart. My jaw clenched, and I thought about it for a moment.

When I looked at her again, she was silently begging me. I promised to never hurt her, and by ignoring her request I would only inflict harm and possibly mess up our relationship.

I didn't want for that to happen, so I once again gave in to her. It was just so damn hard not to say no to her.

"I'll send two men to check on them."

"Thank you!" She wrapped her arms around me tightly and pressed her body into mine as she left small kisses all over the side of my neck.

Fuck, I should say yes to her more often. Seeing how happy I could make her by compromising and talking shit out was worth millions. I needed to keep that in mind if I wanted to keep her forever.

I rubbed her back, then moved my hand further down to cup her ass. I was incapable of keeping my hands off her, no matter the damn situation.

"You can thank me in a different way and I'll send the guys on their way first thing in the morning."

She leaned back and scowled at me. "You can't bribe me like that. You either do it because you want to make me happy or you don't and risk me being mad at you for weeks."

I laughed and cupped her face with one hand, then pulled her closer until our lips almost touched. "I'll do anything to see you smile," I whispered, kissing her gently before adding, "But you're forgetting one thing, baby."

Her eyes met mine, and the challenging gleam in them disappeared. "What?"

“I still have you naked and begging for my cock even when you’re mad at me.”

She scrunched her nose, trying her best to deny the truth I had spoken. I smirked, and when she couldn’t come up with a response, I claimed her mouth with mine and kissed her hard.

She knew I was right. She couldn’t deny her attraction toward me.

Angry or not, she would always give me everything I needed. And to be perfectly honest, I loved it when she got mad at me.

Only made the sex so much fucking hotter.

“I love you, sweet girl,” I murmured, and she melted into me in an instant.

Yeah...no fucking way she didn’t belong right here in my arms. She was perfect for me, and with her by my side, I was going to be the best damn president the Ruthless Knights MC ever had.

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