



Reverse Harem: Book Four

Sharing  
the Prez's  
Ol' Lady

Quinn Ryder



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the Prez's

Ol' Lady

**A Lewd Outlaws MC  
Reverse Harem: Book Four**

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# Note from Author



Sharing the Prez's Ol' Lady is a continuation of the Lewd Outlaws MC series and is book four. The following books should be read first:

[Tempting the Prez's Ol' Lady.](#)

[Blackmailing the Prez's Ol' Lady.](#)

[Pleasing the Prez's Ol' Lady.](#)

I strongly advise reading the first three books before reading this part of the story.

The Lewd Outlaws MC is an inner-connected series where each book directly leads into the next.

I hope you enjoy this Reverse Harem Revenge Series!

# Synopsis

Being a Lewd Outlaw means you ride and die for your club. But I never imagined that one accident would shatter that loyalty forever.

The whole club is crumbling apart right before my eyes, and it seems that there's one brunette connection that's been the detonator for it all... Shasta Hall, the Prez's Ol' Lady.

I never liked the idea of a "Hall Pass" being acceptable in the club, but it seemed as if the rest of my brothers didn't feel the same. One by one, they'd fallen for her, doing their best to stick to the ultimate rule... don't tell Sabbath. If our Prez ever caught wind of the fun they'd been having with his Ol' Lady behind his back, heads would definitely roll. I was determined to distance myself from joining the fun until I found myself in the middle of a proposition I couldn't say no to and watched the detonation of our club's Prez explode right before my eyes.

Now the only way to stay alive is to convince the others to join her little harem. Eventually, all the club officers will fall, and it just so happened that this Club Treasurer was ready without him even knowing it, I just hope the Prez doesn't find out, otherwise we're risking our rank and patch for a taste of his queen.

# Trigger Warning

I cannot stress this enough. This book is meant to start off a REVENGE reverse harem, erotica series. If you have triggers, I can assure you this book and series will set them all off and blow them to smithereens.

So, without further ado, please note the following triggers for the Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series:

This series will contain the following triggers:

- CHEATING
- Dreaded Cliffhangers
- Graphic sex scenes
- More cheating
- Even more cheating
- Lots of sex scenes with multiple partners... AKA Cheating
- I said cheating, right?
- A Revenge Plot Reverse Harem with cliffhanger endings
- It could have some blood and graphic scenes, too. Dunno, but knowing me, probably. (It is a dark, erotic romance and a motorcycle club book. People die, shit happens, blood is let.)
- More cheating
- Cussing? Is that even a trigger? But yeah, my dudes are crude and filthy handsome devils with dirty mouths that I can't keep contained.
- Threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes, sixsomes and maybe some sevensomes (It's a reverse harem... shit happens)
- Forced sex in both memories and sex scenes. In some books. Domestic abuse.
- On the page sex scenes... let me describe that schlong for you.... and everything else as well.
- 

**AND EVEN MORE CHEATING!**

So yeah, there you go. If these triggers aren't your thing, this book and the ones following will piss you the hell off.

**Heed the trigger warning, people. I'm not kidding when I say that these triggers are in it.**

# Club Members

## Officers

**Sabbath (Prez)**

**Snyder (VP)**

Clash (SGT at Arms)

Sandman (Enforcer)

Ranger (Treasurer)

Wasp (Road Captain)

Warrant (Secretary)

Skid (Tail Gunner)

Priest (Chaplain)

## Members

Ratt (Member)

Riot (Member)

Axl (Member)

Zeppelin (Member)

Motley (Member)

## Prospects

Slaughtermen (Prospect)

Poison (Prospect)

Floyd (Prospect)

Jackyl (Prospect)

Fox (Prospect)





# Chapter One

## Ranger

There's nothing like the feeling of fear pumping through your veins. The cold sensation of impending doom that lurks just beneath the surface when you realize that everything you know may be changed forever.

It was that exact sensation that crawled through me when my best friend of twenty years dropped onto the cold pavement of that cell Shasta was held in, and I saw both of their bodies lying there motionless on the ground.

Jesse's and my friendship went as far back as I could remember. He was the first kid I met on the playground when I was in kindergarten, the first person I hugged when we threw our hats up in the air for graduation, and the one person who's always had my back.

He's the type of man who would lay down his own life to save others, and he'd shown that by smashing down the rusty metal door, falling to the ground until the hollowed sound of his head ricocheted off the unforgiving concrete, his eyes immediately fluttering closed.

He already had a fucking concussion, but the big, dumb bastard didn't give two shits about it. Shasta was in trouble, and I knew he blamed himself for it. He was just that kind of guy.

Now he was fighting for his life, barely hanging on as the insistent beeping of monitors helped feed life into his failing body. The doctors said that he was in some sort of coma, and it was probably for the best because of the swelling that was happening in his brain.

"Come on, Jesse. Pull through this. Please, Brother. I can't lose you." I didn't care who walked through the door at that moment, or if they caught me holding his hand. This wasn't an act of romance; this was an act of desperation—one that would show him that someone on the other side of that dark blank headspace he was in was waiting for him to find the light.

As I sat there clutching his palm, I felt the bed begin to shake, and his whole body started violently shuddering and jerking on the bed.

"NURSE!" I screamed, immediately jumping to my feet. "NURSE! He's convulsing."

A few seconds later, five nurses appeared in the room, followed by a pudgy looking doctor.

I had lied and said I was his brother, which by cut I was, but I didn't need to share Jesse's blood to know he was family. Our bond just made it that way. I'd lay down for this man and take his place any day of the week. All he had to do was open his eyes and ask.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to step out," one of the nurses exclaimed. She was an elderly woman, one who looked like she really hated her job. *Was she even*

*concerned about Jesse?*

Instantly, my chest puffed up, ready to defend my friend, who was literally dying right there before my eyes. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Sir, he's coding. We need the space in the room to try to bring him out of this. Please, exit the room and we will do everything we can to save your brother," she insisted, her eyes slicing through me, daring me to argue some more.

"Will he make it through this?"

She gave me a somber look for a stubborn old bitty who didn't give a shit about her job.

"We can only hope for the best..."

She placed a hand on my shoulders as I tried to absorb everything she just said.

My heart raced inside my chest as the nurse pushed me out of the room and, without thinking, I was already sprinting down the hall toward where Shasta was recovering from her own trauma. If something happened to Sandman, everyone needed to know about it.

Her room was the last one on the right, and without even knocking, I burst through the door, taking in Shasta's wide eyes and Sabbath and Snyder who were both in there with her.

None of them said a word, just absorbed my wild panicked eyes, flashing with fear and worry.

"It's Sandman!" I shouted, barely able to contain my own frantic breaths.

"What? What's wrong?" Shasta questioned. There was so much fear and anxiety in her eyes—emotions that shouldn't be there for someone who was just her Ol' Man's club brother.

*Well, they were out all day together...* my thoughts ran wild as the unthinkable popped into them. This wasn't a time to wonder if my best friend committed the ultimate sin of the club. It was a time to acknowledge he was on the cusp of leaving us forever.

Holding my own fear in, I met the concern in her eyes, dreading the worst, just like she was. "He started convulsing—and then the doctors and nurses rushed in. They said he's coding. They don't think he's going to make it."

She gasped, tears appearing in her eyes almost instantly. "No! He has to be okay. He can't die like this."

Sabbath was immediately on his feet and by my side seconds later. He motioned to Snyder, who stepped in line behind him.

"Shasta, we'll be back," he assured her, leaving the room even though she was an emotional mess.

I quickly glanced over my shoulder and took in her solemn expression. "I'll be right there," I shouted after them. Neither one turned around to look at me; they just kept marching forward, heading straight for Sandman's room.

"Hey, Shasta. I'm glad to see you're okay," I told her, cautiously approaching the bed.

She blinked up at me, a look of misery crossing her features. “He can’t die,” she whispered. “He...” Her voice trailed off in incompleteness.

Without thinking, I grabbed the back of her hand and kissed it. “He’ll be okay. I’ve known Jesse for a very long time, and if there’s one man on this planet that can pull out of this, it’s him.”

She nodded, but her stare was vacant, as if she was lost in a world of her own thoughts.

“You know it’s not your fault, right?”

She looked up.

“Nothing that’s happened has been your fault. Not what happened with Sandman, not the accident, nothing. I can see the guilt in your eyes. This could’ve happened to any one of us, and Jesse... well, he’s a fighter. He’ll pull through. I feel it in my bones.”

The weakness of her smile broke me. “I wish I could believe that, but I feel like karma struck us both in a way.” Her gaze took in the bruises on her arms, and she used the sheet to cover them. “Sometimes life beats us down until we’re nothing but shattered glass and powdered dust.”

I lifted her chin, forcing her to look up into my eyes. She seemed to drink in the grassy hue of my iris, staring at me like she was wandering in a meadow of lush greenery that led straight to my soul.

“And sometimes when life beats us down, it only makes us stronger. I know what happened to you was fucking wickedly evil, Shasta, but you’re still here. You’re still holding on. And Jesse... well, he’ll be just like you, too. Just wait. I promise you that, okay?”

She sucked in a deep breath and moved her head and hand away from me. “Okay. Thanks, Ranger.”

“You’re welcome, Shasta.”

I didn’t want to linger there any longer. As much as I would’ve liked to console her and make her feel better, Jesse’s life was on the line, and in that moment, that was all that mattered to me.

Rushing down the hall, I came to a stop in front of Sabbath and Snyder, out of breath, staring at the two highest ranking men in our club. They both had equally dark expressions that immediately had my gut twisting with loss.

“Is he—”

Sabbath shook his head. “They pulled him out of it,” he said, a grim set to his jaw.

“Okay? That’s a good thing, right?”

Snyder met my eyes, and you could see the sadness in them. “Yeah, Ranger, but...” He paused, and the silence that followed killed me.

“But what?” I was starting to get pissed. “But fucking what!” I shouted.

Sabbath met my angry gaze iris-to-iris and frowned. “I don’t know how to tell this to you, Brother, but I’m just going to say it... they think he’s going to wake up a vegetable.”



# Chapter Two

Shasta

For two straight hours I laid in bed, wondering what Sandman's fate would be? Ranger coming in to console me was sweet as hell, but not even his natural sweetness could erase the guilt and pain I felt in my heart.

If Sandman died, I'd never forgive myself. I tried to close my eyes and forget about everything, but in the darkness, I saw it all. The fists coming at me... the violent pulling of my hair... the vicious violations of my body by men I didn't know... and one... one that was given my innocence with such naivety. A man that at one point I loved. A man who was so consumed with revenge that he would do anything to get back at Sabbath, even leave me for dead—a woman he once said he loved.

What Sandman didn't know... well, none of them knew, was just how deep this feud ran. Hoax had every reason to be pissed. I did cheat on him with Adam, but in my defense, I thought we were through. The fight we had that night sounded like we ended, even though we never said the words out loud. I found myself finding solace in Adam's arms, then I was on my knees taking him all in, getting lost in a man that I thought was different from Hoax and would somehow be my forever.

I was so wrong about that.

I was wrong about a lot of things.

It was my fault that Sandman got hurt in that accident. My fault that he was barely hanging on. My fault that Hoax felt the only way to retaliate was to hurt Sabbath, where he knew it would get him the most... my pussy.

When a blast of cool air hit my face, it was like I could feel their fluids on me again, and I shuddered, pushing the memory from my mind.

“STOP IT!” I screamed, wrenching up in the bed until my ribs ached and my whole body protested in pain.

“Shh,” Snyder whispered, moving over until his arms were wrapped around me. “I’m here,” he said in the depths of my hair.

*God, why did it feel so right being held by him? Why did being with any man other than Sabbath feel right?* It was like every man in the club was meant for me somehow, but Snyder, I felt closer to him than any of them.

“Where’s Sabbath?”

“He had club business to attend to.”

“And Sandman?”

Snyder’s eyes moved toward the window. The utter damnation in them spoke volumes.

“He’s alive...” he started. “But they think he will wake up a vegetable.”

Instant tears pricked my eyes as I clutched him even closer. “No! Please tell me that’s not true. He can’t—not after—”

Snyder shushed me with a kiss, soothing me with the pout of his sexy lips. You would think after being viciously attacked the way I had been, that I’d be less likely to want this kind of affection, but it was like my body was begging for it. It was like I couldn’t get close enough. I wanted him to wash away the ick of it all, and soothe the demons rolling through me.

He cuddled me closer, neither of us caring who entered the room. I would’ve let him take me right there on the hospital bed as his lips covered mine, but we both knew that was impossible. I was still badly broken inside, and at any minute, someone could walk through the door and discover us.

With great reluctance, he pulled away, putting some distance between us that was necessary but greatly despised by us both.

“Shasta.” His voice dropped into a deadly whisper. “I know this isn’t the right time or place to say any of this, but —”

The door banged open and in strode Sabbath. He looked pissed, his eyes moving between Snyder, who was dangerously close to me, and our hands that immediately unraveled from underneath the blanket.

“What’s up?” Snyder asked, leaning back like nothing was happening.

“I want them dead!” Sabbath growled, pacing the room like a caged animal. “Every last one of those motherfuckers.”

Snyder shot a look at me and stood up. “Maybe we should discuss this somewhere else.”

Sabbath glanced over at me and shrugged. “Fuck, you’re right. Come on,” he grumped, immediately pulling Snyder from the room.

I could already feel Snyder’s absence, and it hit me hard. *God, what the fuck was I doing?* We were playing with deadly fire. Hell, I was skipping through an inferno with how dangerous my choices had been lately. Three men had graced my bed... three that weren’t the man whose cut I wore on my back. That was equal to three bullets in the biker world.

The door opened and Ranger walked in, smiling at me as he held out a small bouquet of flowers in a peach vase.

“The club thought this would brighten up your day,” he said, placing the vase next to me.

“They’re beautiful.” I smiled, admiring the lilies and red roses, inner mixed with baby’s breath and luscious green foliage.

“Clash picked them out,” he said with a laugh. “Who would’ve thought that a guy like Clash would know what a good flower arrangement should be?”

*Clash.*



The man who coaxed his way between my legs with blackmail. The man I ran to in the rain and begged to fuck me when Nina revealed her dark and dirty secret and dismantled my world. I fucking hated that bitch so fucking much, but even though I wished death upon her, that innocent soul inside of her was just that... innocent.

My wrath would have to be smothered until the timing was exactly right.

“He is a man of many talents,” I murmured, without thinking.

Ranger quirked an eyebrow. “You say that like—” He shook his head. “It doesn’t matter.”

If I could cover my mouth and suck back each word, I would. It was almost like my ability to keep shit quiet was broken.

“Thank you for the flowers. Tell Clash I said thank you as well.” I hadn’t seen Clash since the accident. In fact, if I thought about it, I hadn’t really seen much of him since our moment in the trees. It made me wonder if he regretted it already.

Ranger stared at me strangely for a second, then shook his head.

“Is there something you want to say?” I asked him.

“Not really,” he admitted. “I have a question burning in my mind, but I know I shouldn’t ask it.” He ran a hand over his smooth brown hair. It was longer than most of the guys in the club, whipping around his ears in a slight wave. He always wore it parted, but somehow had that messy, I don’t fucking care about a brush look. His green eyes were absolutely mesmerizing, and more often than not, I found myself getting lost in them. Even before this shit with Sabbath. Even before I started picking through the club one by one. Green had always been my favorite color.

I sat up a little straighter in the bed, glancing at the door. Both Sabbath and Snyder weren’t back yet.

“You can ask me anything you want, Ranger.”

His eyes darted the same direction mine did, and instead of moving toward the door, he flopped into the chair beside me.

“I don’t want to get involved, but there was a look in your eyes earlier that I found rather odd. You seemed rather emotional about Sandman’s current state. I know that he’s part of the club, but I don’t know, it just seemed weird to me.”

*He was on to us.*

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I argued, admitting everything in silence.

He scrubbed at the goatee on his chin and sighed. “If something is going on between you and Jesse, I don’t want Sabbath to find out about it. Jesse’s vulnerable right now, and truthfully, I’m not sure if he’ll ever be the same again. So, if something did happen between you two the other day, before the accident, I’d keep it to yourself. There’s no telling what Sabbath would do about it if he found out.”

Nerves rattled me like a closed cage. I could feel the guilt creeping in again, and as I lost myself in those green grassy knolls that swirled around his iris, my teeth clamped down on my tongue, keeping it imprisoned.

*I’m not talking.*

Ranger continued to stare at me with great scrutiny. I knew he was close to Sandman; they were best friends after all, but I had no idea how loyal he was to Sabbath. He was definitely fishing for information, but I wasn’t sure what kind or who for.

“Anyway, I better get going. I don’t like leaving Jesse alone for long. I’m still holding onto the hope that he’ll wake up and be fine, and that everything they’re predicting doesn’t come true.”

I nodded. “I’m praying for that, too.”

For a brief second before he left, Ranger stared deeply into my eyes, and I felt my heart racing once again. It raced like

this any time one of the guys from the club looked at me. Any guy who wasn't Sabbath.

Fuck, I was literally going crazy.

This wasn't me.

I wasn't a slutty girl who craved every man that walked by her. I was loyal, and faithful... my mind drifted back to that day I cheated on Hoax, and I realized loyal and faithful were two words I couldn't use anymore. Maybe I never could.



# Chapter Three

Ranger

I was determined to be there when Jesse finally opened his eyes. It had been seven long days, and each day felt more drawn out than the last.

The rest of the club came and went, and Shasta had been released two days ago by the doctors, but I stood steady, watching over my best friend that was so close, but so far away at the same time.

The door squeaked open, and I thought it may be a nurse peeking her head in, but it wasn't... it was the one person who had no fucking right to be there.

*Lindy.*

*What the hell was that bitch doing here?*

She squeaked when she saw me rise from my chair, cowering like always. I was half the size of Sandman, and probably one of the smallest guys in the club, but she still shied away like I was some serial killer out to murder her.

“What the fuck are you doing here, Lindy?” I boomed, looking between her and my friend who couldn't defend himself.

“I—I” she stuttered through her words like a broken record, tears welling up in her eyes when she glanced over at Sandman's sad state.

“You should fucking leave.”

“I just wanted to check on him,” she said, sniffing. “I heard he was in an accident, and all I wanted was to make sure he was okay.”

I kind of felt bad for instantly getting gruff with her, but after what Jesse told me about her, I couldn't help but hate her

existence.

*“Yo, what’s up?”*

*Jesse was pounding back beer after beer at the club’s bar. The rest of the club was standing around doing their normal fuck and blow shit with the sweet butts, but Jesse was just sitting there lost in his own head.*

*“You okay, man?” I asked, sitting down next to him.*

*He grunted. A usual response when he was so pissed, he couldn’t speak.*

*“Lindy?”*

*He glared at me. “Don’t even speak that bitch’s name.”*

*“Shit. What happened this time?”*

*He rolled his eyes.*

*“What usually happens when she comes to visit? She hops on the cock and takes off with a squawk.”*

*I laughed. Lindy was notorious for one-night stands. Which they weren’t necessarily one-nighters if she returned every damn day.*

*“What was her excuse this time?”*

*“That she wasn’t going to lower her standards to fit into my world.”*

*Ouch. That one stung even my heart.*

*“What a bitch.”*

*He took another long pull from his beer.*

*“I’m just fucking over this shit,” he growled. “One minute she’s all over me... the next she treats me like I’m filled with pus and going to infect her with herpes. I never fucking strayed on her. Not once. I’ve had plenty of offers. The sweet butts all but put on a parade for me, but I still didn’t touch a single tit, nor did I ever have one drop on their knees and try*

*to deep throat me. We both know this is one tongue dispenser that could gag a giraffe.”*

*I laughed. “Sounds like a bunch of missed opportunities.” Havarti and Keelie picked that exact moment to sashay by, and I couldn’t help but watch their asses as they went.*

*Keelie was a newer girl to the club, and one that none of the guys had touched just yet. At least, that’s what I heard. She supposedly wasn’t ready for that, and it was Havarti’s job to break her in. But I did see Wasp sniffing around her, and there’s no telling what that man would do to her if he actually got his hands on her. He was depraved and had the sexual appetite of a horny rabbit. If he got ahold of her, she’d be ruined for everyone else.*

*“I just don’t get it,” he roared out, making a few people look our way. “I gave that bitch everything. My dick. My soul. My fucking heart. She fucking trampled them all like she was walking over a dirty puddle. I just wanted her to fucking love me back. Is that so much to ask?”*

*His eyes vacantly washed away any emotion as he went back to drinking. He wasn’t about to let the rest of the guys see him sulk, not when it could be seen as a weakness.*

*“She’s not fucking worth it, Brother.”*

*He shook his head, a brief moment of helplessness filling his eyes.*

*“That’s where you’re wrong, Ranger. She was worth everything.”*

Lindy cleared her throat, pulling me away from my thoughts.

“Is he—” Her voice broke with emotion, and it almost seemed real. Almost.

“He’s alive, if that’s what you’re asking?”

“What have the doctors said?”

My blood boiled as I took in that pitiful gaze of hers. It couldn't be real, not after the bullshit stuff she said about him.

“Does it fucking matter? He's beneath you, remember? You fucking walked away from him and treated him like he was some fucking peasant not fit to shine your shoes. Well, let me tell you something, Lindy. That man right there would've given you the fucking world if you let him. He would've jumped in front of bullets for you and moved heaven and earth just to see you smile. You fucking broke him, and no amount of fake tears are going to change the ungodly amount of vapid bitch festering in that tiny little body of yours. Get the fuck out of here. You're not wanted or welcome here.”

Her bottom lip quivered as she took a step back toward the door.

“I just wanted to see if he was okay.” A single tear dripped down her cheek, and it made me wonder if she was a professional actress?

“The doctors say he's probably going to be a vegetable if he ever wakes up. So, there you go, now he'll live up to that fucked up image you have of him in your head.”

She stared at me in disbelief, clutching her stomach like I sucker-punched her. “A vegetable?” Her voice was tiny, and full of emotion.

“Yes. But that doesn't matter to you. So, please do my friend a favor and remove yourself from his hospital room. He doesn't need your negative energy fucking up his recovery.”

She covered a sob as she ran from the room. It was a small victory, but one that was needed since my friend couldn't fight for himself.

“Don't worry, Brother. The bitch is gone. Now all you need to do is clear those cobwebs out of your head and find your way back to us. When you wake up from this, you're going to be yourself again. That's something I feel deep in my bones.”

I patted his hand, then settled into the chair beside him.



He was going to wake up.

He had to.



# Chapter Four

## Shasta

I was doing my best to keep my spirits up, but everyone was down, not just me. Sandman was still unconscious in the hospital, and the doctors said the longer he was under, the more likely he would wake up unable to think or speak. The thought of him never being able to communicate with anyone again absolutely broke me.

Ranger was taking it the worst. Apparently, the two had been friends since they were kids, and Sandman was the only reason he joined the club in the first place. They were an odd couple at best. Ranger was one of the smaller men in the club. He was lean and fit, with hardly any muscle. There was a smattering of tattoos that crawled up his neck and dipped down beneath his cut, but I never had the pleasure of seeing anything else.

Sandman was the gentle giant. His mammoth size towered over most of the other club members, and everything about him was big, especially that long cock I couldn't get out of my head. It made me wonder what the other guys in the club would be like? Would any of them be open to fucking me, too?

I had to shake the silly thought from my head. Of course, they wouldn't. Hell, most of them didn't even talk to me. Actually, besides Clash, Sandman, and Snyder, my interaction with club members was pretty non-existent in the Lewd Outlaws' world.

Sighing, I trudged down the hall, only to come to an abrupt stop when I saw Wasp standing at the end of the hall, gripping Keelie by the throat.

“Did Master tell you that you could leave?” he growled, his fingers tensing around her throat.

“No, Master.”

His teeth tugged on her ear, pulling until an almost erotic gasp spilled from her lips.

*Oh god, why is this so fucking hot?*

His meaty hands moved down her front, gripping her breasts so possessively it felt like he was inserting his dominance over me as well. “Master’s not happy with you, Little Girl.”

She squeaked as he clamped her nipple between two fingers. Then he abruptly turned her around, pulling up her skirt until her ass cheeks were on full display.

The loudest smack I ever heard ricocheted through every wall, whacking my pussy like a wayward arrow. Instantly I was wet, watching as the woman groaned over the pleasure and pushed into him.

“You’ve been a bad little girl, Keelie. And I see a punishment coming your way.”

She giggled evilly, enjoying this shit.

*Fuck, I would too.*

*God, what the hell was wrong with me?*

I shouldn’t be craving any of this. Not after what happened... not when Sandman was still fighting for his life. I should cower at every damn sound. I should shy away from touch and not be visualizing it was me being spanked instead of Keelie. But here I was, getting off on just the thought of a man beating me into submission.

*It’s official... Hoax broke me.*

*I’m damaged beyond repair.*

“I’m going to tear up that fucking twat till you bleed on my dick,” he growled against her cheek, rubbing his tented jeans against her tight ass. “Then I’m going to use that blood soaked cum to jerk me off until I coat every inch of you with my seed.”

Never in my life had I heard such vulgar things, but it was affecting me in ways I couldn't explain.

*Down, girl. Stop salivating at the pussy.*

I didn't even realize I was gasping until both their heads shot over to look at me and caught me watching.

"Fucking creeper much?" she bitched, her eyes narrowing in on me. "Can't keep Sabbath happy, so you need to fucking watch others have their fun?"

Wasp grabbed her throat, squeezing until she could no longer speak. "Now that's not how we treat Master's friends, is it, Little girl?"

She shook her head as he grabbed both of her wrists with his other hand, linking them behind her.

"Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry," she choked out. His fingers getting more punishing.

"MEAN IT!" he shouted into her ear, and a nervous squeak followed.

"I'm sorry!" she yelled as he yanked her head back and licked her cheek. She shuddered and moaned at the same time

"Good girl. Now get in Master's room and wait until I'm ready to punish you."

She scampered off, disappearing behind a door close by.

Wasp turned toward me and leaned against the wall. "Like what you saw, Shasta?"

I half nodded, half shook my head, completely dumbfounded over what just fucking happened.

A sexy wink followed as he slicked his long, dark locks behind his ear. "If you ever need a master, you know where to find me."

Then he sauntered off, leaving me horny as hell and completely mind numb.

*What the fuck just happened?*



There was an utter devastation in Sabbath's eyes as I finished packing the rest of my stuff in his room.

I was done with everything.

After the shit I've been through, the last thing I needed was a constant reminder of the fucking hell I'd been through.

I was fucking numb to everything.

What woman who's been brutally raped craves to be dominated? I was mentally screwed up. Yeah, I could still picture those men touching me, and then Hoax and his abuse, but none of it kept me from craving more.

More sex.

More men.

More revenge.

Sabbath could pretend all he wanted that he was devastated by me leaving, but he was also a good liar. A true snake with very little spine.

"Do you really think I'm just going to fucking let you walk out on me?" he boomed, not giving a fuck who heard him.

*Yeah, that devastation lasted two fucking seconds. Typical Sabbath.*

"I'm not exactly giving you a goddamn choice."

"You're my fucking woman. If I tell you to fucking stay by my side, you fucking stay by my side."

My spine may have once been weak, but today it suddenly felt stronger than ever. “And what, Sabbath? Watch you ignore me for two more years because another man touched me? Oh, wait. Men. Filthy fucking men touched me this time. Their hands were all over me—your fucking property! They beat and raped me until I almost died. And you know whose fault that was?” My eyes darkened. “MINE!” I screamed.

His eyes widened. “Da fuck? How could them raping you be your fault?”

He was so stupid.

I turned toward him, fists clenched, ready to unleash the fucking caged she-wolf inside me. I was done cowering to him. I was done pretending that I was okay with any of this. If he wanted to play fuck-fuck games, I’d play them all better.

“Because of you, asshole! Because you seduced me that night and made me believe you’d give me forever. I thought Hoax and I were over. You convinced me of that, his own damn best friend. You told me he was done with me...” Tears spilled down my face. “You consoled me. I felt so fucking safe in your arms in ways I never felt with him. You made me feel like I was special and loved completely.”

“Because you are...”

*Yeah, motherfucker, let that guilt show. I can see it in your eyes. You know what you did.*

“But we weren’t broken up, were we, Sabbath? You knew that the fight between Hoax and I wasn’t really an end, and you waited... waited for him to get back home from a night of drinking to find me sucking your cock. I should’ve known then that you were this fucked up sadistic asshole who only thrives on drama.”

“He didn’t love you, Shasta!” Sabbath argued. “He was just as bad as me, if not worse. He brought home a different girl every damn night after you left. He fucked them all behind your back and you never knew about it. But I did. I knew he had something special and fuck me for going after the only

woman I've ever wanted. The only reason you ever dated him at all was because he got to you first. But I saw you. I saw you that night at the football game and even pointed you out to him. But no. You weren't interested in the scrawny wide receiver. You wanted the star athlete, the big man on the field. Mr. All-American quarterback. I never stood a fucking chance back in high school. But you definitely wanted me after I bulked up and outshined Hoax in every way in college, didn't you?" Somehow, he had moved in front of me, gripping my cheeks with strong, possessive fingers. "You fucking devoured my cock like the horny little whore that you were. I didn't need to coax you into my bed. You were already dreaming about warming my sheets before I ever showed you what color they were."

He was so right. I did want him back then, but I wasn't a cheater... not until he tricked me into sucking him off.

"What does it matter now? Like you said, you're just as bad as him. EIGHT GIRLS, SABBATH!" My voice was so loud even my own ears were ringing. "Eight fucking girls warmed your bed when you couldn't even touch me. So, what do you think of me now, baby? Now that more men have had their filthy hands all over my body?" I moved in closer, the devil taking over me. "Do you want me more now? Do you want to wash their scent off me with your putrid seed? What would you do if you knew I fucking enjoyed it?" I questioned, moving my head from side to side like a cobra being charmed. My chest brushed his mammoth pecs, and everything in my body was screaming for him to take me.

*I was fucking deranged!*

*I've officially lost it!*

Sabbath's eyes didn't need to darken. That black soulless expression was already there, daring me to say one more word.

But I was teetering on the tightrope of absolution, and even though I was telling him I enjoyed what happened with Hoax and his minions, I was really talking about my obsession with



his own men. The three who'd consumed all my thoughts since I felt their cocks inside me.

He didn't need to know what it was I actually enjoyed. I just needed him to feel a sliver of the insignificance he's drilled into me since my fucking world exploded.

I moved my lips to his ear, making sure this last blow hit him exactly where it counted... his cock.

“What if I said that I'll remember each of their dicks and think only of them, if you and I ever fuck again? What if I said that every time we've fucked since you saw me with your brother, I've had to picture it was his cock inside me and not yours? Because I was more satisfied being raped by Leppard and the Crows than I've ever been in the five or six years I've been fucking you.”

I'll never forget that cold look of pure unadulterated rage that filled Sabbath's eyes.

It was the last thing I saw before everything went black.

*This time I went way too far.*



# Chapter Five

## Ranger

I followed Snyder and Clash down the hall. Everyone heard the screaming and yelling, and we all knew where it was coming from.

As we approached the door, we heard what sounded like a body hitting the ground, and all of us looked at each other with the same grim expression.

*Fuck.*

Not even a second after we heard the sound, the door flies open and out runs Sabbath with a duffle slung over his shoulder, coming to a full stop when he sees us.

*Are those tears?*

If they were, he sucked them down real fast, because his brow arched and he glared at all three of us like we were his enemies, not his brothers.

“Bitch fucking deserved it.” The sheer coldness behind his words shook me to my core.

*Bitch deserved what?*

*Who was in the room?*

“What the fuck did you do?” Snyder growled, puffing up against our Prez like he was ready to take him down.

“What I had to, to shut her damn mouth.” It was almost like a silent sob worked through him, but he kept scowling, even with the brief jerking of his chest. “I’m fucking going up to the cabin for a few days.”

“But the Crows know where it is.”

“Fuck the Crows. Any bitch that wants to come at me won’t live to see the next day.” Sabbath’s head swiveled

toward the door and frowned.

“Make her disappear.”

Then he sprinted off. Almost like he was running.

*Disappear? What the fuck was he talking about? Who was he talking about?*

Snyder takes two steps into the room, and fucking stops cold.

“I’ll fucking kill him,” he roars, turning abruptly to follow our Prez outside. Clash runs to Shasta’s side; she’s lying motionless on the ground, but it looks like she’s breathing.

“Go after them. This shit is going to get bloody.”

My adrenaline kicked in the second I saw her lying there. The bastard did something to her, and now he was running because of it.

I bolted through the club, pushing my way through the other members and club whores until the front doors of the club were thrown open and the sun blinded me.

Sabbath was already getting on his bike, but he wasn’t alone. Nina was behind him. Snyder was in the middle of the parking lot with his gun raised, pointing it directly at the only man who was above him.

“What the fuck did you do?” Snyder yelled.

“What the bitch deserved!” Sabbath yelled back, lighting a cigarette before he started up his bike.

“Sabbath, get the fuck back here!” Snyder ordered.

Sabbath waved him off with a middle finger, and took off, not once looking back at Snyder, who didn’t pull the trigger.

I didn’t even know that my fists were clenched by my side until I released them, and blood dripped down from my palm.

“FUCK!” Snyder raged. “That motherfucker has to die!”

By this time, more members and prospects had filtered out of the club, each of them staring at our VP like he lost his

goddamn mind.

He whipped around, pointing the gun at anyone who was standing behind him. “Any of you bastards have something to say?”

They parted to let Clash through. He was carrying Shasta in his arms, and she was weeping against his chest, a clear black eye forming on her already bruised face. Her old bruises were just starting to fade, but Sabbath created a new one—and this one looked like it would be impossible to heal.

“We need to get her out of here,” Clash announced. “Ranger, go collect her things. I think she has some shit over at Ramona’s house too.”

I nodded. I didn’t know why, but I would do anything to make sure Shasta was safe. It didn’t matter what she told Sabbath; no woman deserved that kind of treatment—not even his Ol’ Lady.

“The rest of you, get the fuck back inside,” Snyder ordered. “When Clash and I get back, I’m calling Church. This shit needs to end.”

He was shaking with emotion, and without warning, Shasta reached out for him, and he didn’t even hesitate to take her from Clash. He embraced her whole heartedly, clutching her with both possession and worry.

*Fuck, my suspicions aren’t as far off as I thought.*

Everyone scattered, and within ten minutes I had all of Shasta’s shit. Her clothes, shoes, everything. I even grabbed her makeup and shampoo. I had no idea where they planned on taking her, but I knew they were doing exactly as Sabbath requested—making her disappear.

But the disappearance of Shasta Hall wasn’t because of an order from our Prez, it was because Clash and Snyder seemed like they were willing to go to war over her—a war that looked like it was aimed right for our Prez.

I handed Clash the bags so he could put them in the back of a cage Shasta was already in, then I climbed onto my bike, starting it as Snyder pulled up right beside me.

“This shit needs to end,” he growled. Throwing on his lid and attaching it beneath his chin. “Sabbath needs to fucking die!”

The sheer finality of his words hit me hard. On one hand, he was threatening our Prez, a man all of us would take a bullet for. The man we swore to ride behind and beside in whatever battle came our way.

But he was also the man that gambled away the club’s money. The man who had hit his Ol’ Lady so fucking hard she passed out and gave her a black eye. The man who looked like he was possessed by the Devil and enjoyed every damn minute of it. He was also the man who impregnated Nina and was now riding off with her like some fucked up Bonnie and Clyde.

Did Sabbath deserve to die?

I didn’t know.

But I was determined to find out, which is exactly why I was pulling onto the road behind my other brothers, taking Shasta somewhere safe for her to disappear.

# Chapter Six

Shasta

The car was eerily silent. Clash kept clutching the wheel like he was trying to strangle it, and every once in a while I'd feel the strength of his gaze as his eyes moved to look at me.

I was nothing more than a defeated slump against the window, trying to process why those venomous words were so easy to say, and how I even got the strength to say them? It wasn't like me to talk back. Not like that. But I knew if I said what I did, it would hurt him. And that's all I wanted. For Sabbath to hurt and pay for everything he'd done to me so far.

And hurt him I did...

But in the process, he hurt me.

My eye was swelling like crazy, and there was a thumping throb pulsing through it. The tears that wouldn't stop falling blurred my vision.

"I'm sorry," Clash whispered, still strangling the steering wheel like it was Sabbath's neck.

"For what?"

He shook his head. A frustrated breath followed. "For not talking to you the last few weeks... for not coming to the hospital to see you... for not being there when that happened... for not being there when everything else happened."

"It's not your fault. I don't blame you for abandoning me. I'm damaged goods."

The words sat heavy in my mind as well as on my tongue. I felt each of them in the very depths of my soul.

I'd been used, abused, violated, and ripped apart. What was left of me was nothing but scraps and discarded waste.

His hand moved over the center console, his fingers curling around mine.

“Nothing about you is damaged, Shasta. You’re perfect in every way, and that bastard doesn’t fucking deserve you. He’s going to pay for hitting you the way he did.”

I shrunk into myself, remembering the way his eyes looked right before it happened, the demonic vacancy that took over as his brown irises grew into two black holes of rage. “I deserved it. I mouthed off and said stuff I knew would piss him off. I provoked him.”

He squeezed my hand, and the force of it made me lift my head. “Don’t you ever fucking say that, you hear me? I don’t give a fuck what a woman says. No man has the right to hit a woman, especially one who is recovering from being beaten and raped. You, more than anyone, deserve more than that.”

“Thank you,” I whispered. “I wish I could believe that, though.” Deep down, I felt like I deserved every bit of what Sabbath was dishing out. Maybe in my subconscious I wanted this to happen? Or maybe I attracted violence and made men want to hurt me?

Another tear slipped down my cheek as Clash pulled into the driveway of a small condo.

“Where are we?”

He grinned. “My place.”

“You own a condo?”

He nodded. “Sabbath’s not the only one who gambles money. I just know how to do it right.”

He parked the car, then stepped out, grabbing my bags from the back. A second later, my door opened, and Snyder appeared, holding out his arms so I could rush into them.

I did.

*God, why is he so comforting?*



From over his shoulder, my gaze landed on Ranger, who was looking at us curiously.

I realized that despite what he saw back at the clubhouse, it's probably best not to do this in front of him.

Quickly, I pulled out of Snyder's embrace, trying to get my shit together.

He glanced over his shoulder, the same realization hitting him.

"Come on, let's get you inside." He took my hand and dragged me behind him. Ranger saw that too, but if it bugged him, he said nothing.

Clash fiddled with his keys, then pushed open the door, revealing his secret pad. I half expected for there to be trash everywhere and a pigsty to greet me, but it was immaculately clean, and the décor had an almost feminine touch. A bouquet of fresh sunflowers and white lilies were there to meet us at the door, sitting on an antique side table carved out of cherry wood.

The floor was a deep slated brown laminate and stretched throughout the whole bottom half of the building. A metal staircase led up to what looked like a loft, but on the walls were actual pictures of Clash through the years, and pictures of him with other Outlaws having a good time.

He plopped down on a leather black couch and grinned. "Welcome to my abode."

"You live here?" Snyder asked in amazement.

"On the down-low," Clash replied. "With your mom," he added with a mischievous grin.

"Fuck you, Clash."

"Not this again," I grumbled, rubbing at my temples. "Do you two ever stop arguing?"

"Hey, babe, we're brothers. I say what I say because I know the big asshole can take it." He grabbed his junk. "Want

to try taking on something else I know you can handle too, Snyder?”

“Fuck you! No amount of sanitizer or plastic gloves would make me want to touch your cock. Hell, I wouldn’t touch it wearing a hazmat suit, carrying around a pair of heated tongs just pulled off a barbecue. That’s how much I wouldn’t touch it.”

Clash shrugged. “What about you, baby girl, want to touch Clash’s cock?”

My eyes widened when he said it out loud, obviously forgetting we had a guest in the room.

Clash’s eyes migrated over to where Ranger was standing and he frowned, realizing his mouth was getting away from him.

“Forget you heard that, Ranger.”

Ranger’s head swiveled to look at all of us. “Which part?”

“All of it,” Clash said with a grin. “I’m just fucking around.”

But Ranger didn’t look convinced. He actually looked a little pissed.

“Okay, what the fuck is going on here?” he shouted. “What kind of game are you all playing?”

Snyder ushered me to the couch, and I reluctantly sat next to Clash, who was grinning like a loon.

“No game, just a little fun,” Clash said, his hand dangerously close to my thigh. I felt his fingertips briefly touch me and I sort of moved away, trying to keep our cover.

“It sounds to me like you are playing with fucking fire.” His angry gaze fell on me. “I know something is going on. I felt it in the hospital room.” He then turned to Snyder and Clash, who had me boxed in on the couch. “And you two have been acting funny for weeks, especially you, Snyder. You keep

acting like Shasta is your girl and not Sabbath's. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you two cashed in your Hall Passes."

My heart dropped.

"Hall Passes?" I questioned, turning to look at Snyder.

"Shut up, Ranger," Clash warned.

"What the fuck are Hall Passes?" I questioned a little louder.

Before Snyder could open his mouth to respond, Ranger jumped in. "It was a stupid silent agreement between all the club officers. We agreed that if you ever were down to fuck one of us behind Sabbath's back, we could cash in a Hall Pass. Basically, it means any of us could fuck you at any time, with your permission of course, and no one in the club could use it against us unless Sabbath found out. Then the sentence would be up to him."

Clash giggled like a twelve-year-old. "He still hasn't found out yet."

Snyder reached over me and socked him in the arm, so hard I almost felt it. "Shut the fuck up, numb nuts."

"What? He's already guessing what we did and assuming it, so why keep it hidden?"

"You guys are idiots!" Ranger boomed. "Sabbath's never been more volatile, and you two are over here playing around with his woman like you're in kindergarten and sharing her like a red truck."

"I personally would've gone for the blue truck," Clash argued. "Red is not my color."

"Jesus, Clash. You're a fucking idiot," Snyder growled, rubbing his temples.

"What would possess you to fuck the Prez's Ol' Lady like that?"

"You're just mad because you didn't get to her first," Clash argued. "We both just cashed in when the time was right."

Besides, as far as I'm concerned, she belongs to the club now. Sabbath doesn't deserve her."

Clash tried to grab my hand, but I jerked it away.

"A fucking Hall Pass?" I shouted. "Is that all this has been? Some fucking game to try to get into my pants?"

Clash shook his head. "Not exactly, but sorta."

"Fuck you!" I growled. "And fuck you too!" I shouted, turning to Snyder.

Snyder's face fell. He looked legitimately hurt by my words.

I stomped up the stairs, determined to distance myself from the two men I thought gave a fuck about me. But no, not a Lewd Outlaw. All I am—all I'll ever be—is a goddamn trophy, something they can pass around and cash in whenever they wanted.

Well, fuck them.

Fuck Sabbath.

Fuck them all...

Except Sandman. All I want is for the big guy to pull through.

But the rest of them, they can all go to hell.



# Chapter Seven

Ranger

The Mexican standoff between Snyder, Clash and myself was one for the books. Both of them sat on the couch with their jaws clenched, waiting for me to bolt for the door and snitch. But I'm no rat. And despite the fact that I think they're stupid as all fuck for getting involved with Shasta, I have to admit, the bastards are some fucking lucky assholes.

"If I were you, Ranger, I'd keep your mouth shut," Clash threatened.

Defiantly, I crossed my arms over my chest. "Or what, Clash? What the fuck are you going to do to me?"

He immediately was on his feet, fists clenched, brows narrowed menacingly. "Whatever the fuck I have to."

Snyder shot up and took a step forward, laying his palm on our brother's chest. "Down, boy," he exclaimed, grinning. "We both know Ranger isn't a rat. Others... that's a different story."

Snyder took two giant steps, pushing Clash toward the stairs. "We need to fix this. So, get the fuck upstairs, I'm going to trust Ranger enough to believe he won't throw his own brothers to the wolves."

My eyes wandered up the stairs after them, and about two minutes later curiosity got the best of me.

Very cautiously, I made my way up to the loft and found both men sitting outside the bathroom door with their backs to the wall.

"Come on, baby girl, open up. We're sorry," Clash coaxed.

"Fuck you," she lashed out.

He shot Snyder a sideways look. "Ugh, not this again. Why is she always locking herself in bathrooms? Why don't

you try? She likes you better, and I left my lock-picking kit in my cage.”

Snyder stood up, pressing his head against the wood of the door as one of his hands came to rest on it.

“Shasta, baby, please believe me when I say, that everything I’ve said to you, has not been a lie. I’ve been trying to tell you for weeks how I feel, and I just haven’t found the right words. I know you belong to Sabbath, and that fucking kills me every damn day. But in my heart, I know you’re fucking mine. I fucking live, breathe, and dream only about you. When you walk into a room, I can feel your presence before I even see you. When you take a breath, I’m jealous of the air because it gets to move past those sweet lips I haven’t forgotten about since the moment I first tasted them. Fuck, woman, you’re everything to me and that scares the hell out of me. But not as much as the thought of losing you does. I’m going to kill every damn man that has ever touched you without your permission. Hoax, the Crows, and even Sabbath deserves to be sent to Hell and barbecued over the flames of oblivion. You deserve so much more than this world you’ve been given. So much more.”

*Fuck, this man really loves her.* Snyder had never really shown an interest in any woman in or outside of the club. He’s fucked women—sure, but he’s never gotten attached. Now I see why. He’s in love with the Prez’s Ol’ Lady, and from the looks of it, Clash had a little thing for her as well.

The door silently opened, and Snyder’s frown was met with a million tears as Shasta rushed into his arms.

“Damn it, Snyder, how the fuck am I supposed to follow that?” Clash grumped as he moved to his feet.

Snyder led her toward the bed, and both men sat beside her, but it was Snyder she was leaning on—his shoulder that soaked up her tears.

Her eyes met mine, and a slight part of me cracked. There was so much desperation in those big brown eyes, pleading for

me to keep her secret.

“Ranger...” she started as she sucked down a shuddering sob. “Are you going to tell him?”

I shook my head, still dumbfounded by everything going on.

“No, Shasta, I’m not.”

Both of my brothers let out a sigh of relief.

“But I do think you all are playing with fire. If Sabbath finds out about this, you’re all pretty much dead. You saw him today at the club, he’s fucking delusional and not thinking straight.” My fingers jabbed against my temple, emphasizing the crazy reactions of our Prez.

Shasta’s head shook as she fingered her eye, and before she could touch the purpled bruise, Snyder took her hand and gently kissed her fingertips.

“Even with that swelling eye, you still take my breath away, Shasta.”

Clash rolled his eyes. “Ugh, would you stop it with the Casanova bullshit? You’re laying it on extra thick.”

Shasta let a small laugh slip, and for the briefest second, a tiny smile quirked the corners of her face. “I deserved it,” she mumbled. “This.” Her fingertips brushed over the purplish bruise beneath her eye.

“How can you say that?” Clash boomed. “Like I said in the car, no woman deserves that kind of treatment.”

“I agree,” I chimed in, meeting Shasta’s curious gaze. “Nothing you’ve done should’ve resulted in that.”

A tear slipped down her cheek. “You don’t understand... I explained it to Sandman before...” Her voice trailed off, breaking at the end with so much damn emotion. “There are things you all don’t know.”

I moved into the room, sitting in a chair facing the bed. I was ready for her to tell me why my Prez deserved to die. For



some reason, I knew she was the only one who could answer that question.

“You can tell us, Shasta. This is a safe space,” Snyder encouraged, holding her tighter. “Even if it smells like Clash.”

“I smell like roses and chocolate chip cookies, two things every woman loves, asshole, so you, sir, can go fuck yourself.” Clash crossed his arms, pouting like a child.

Snyder chuckled. “Come on, Shasta, tell us what’s wrong.”

She nodded, hesitantly looking up and shifting her gaze between each of us before focusing on her hands sitting in her lap. “When I was sixteen, I met Hoax, but back then I knew him as Monte. He and I had a pretty good relationship for the most part. I thought I loved him, but then he took my virginity and things changed. I still stayed by his side, but he got involved with the Crows, and I started seeing a different side of him. Drugs and alcohol became a normal thing, and there were whispers he was fooling around on me. I don’t know if you guys know this, but Adam... I mean, Sabbath was his best friend.”

My eyes widened. *Yeah, I definitely didn’t know that one.*

By the look on Clash’s face, he didn’t know either. But Snyder sat there stoned faced, so maybe he did?

“Adam never wanted the biker life, and he always refused to join the Crows... even after Hoax asked him. We started hanging out a lot. Not exactly behind Hoax’s back, but a lot more than he actually knew about. One night I found Hoax in a room with a girl. They were both in the process of getting dressed, and I knew, just knew something had happened. Hoax and I had a big drawn-out fight, and he said if I didn’t trust him then the relationship was through. I ended up turning to Adam that night and one thing led to another, and Hoax somehow found out about us sleeping together. I’ve been with Adam ever since.”

Snyder sighed. “You cheating on Hoax doesn’t mean you deserved what happened to you, Shasta. I can’t believe that

bastard would hold a grudge that long and do to you what he did.”

Shasta’s eyes glazed over, like she was thrust back in time. Her whole body shuddered as she tried to push the memory away.

“He said he never forgave me for cheating on him and was going to do to me what Leppard did.”

“What do you mean?” Snyder asked, looking as confused as everyone else in the room.

She lifted her shirt showing off the scar that went across her belly. “Before Leppard died, he used to force himself on me. He’d send Sabbath out on different runs, and when he was gone and Leppard was the only one left behind, he’d take me. It became an everyday thing, and eventually I numbed myself to it. But then Sabbath caught him in the act, and that’s when... that’s when...” She couldn’t bring herself to say whatever it was out loud. Once she did, I knew it would change everything.

“That’s when Sabbath really shot Leppard... and why?” I finished, realizing how deep this shit actually went.

She nodded weakly.

“Sabbath did it to protect me. He killed his own brother because he kept hurting me and taking what wasn’t his. But it also took Adam away from me. He wouldn’t touch me after that, not really, anyway. Especially after this happened.” Her fingers went to the spot of the scar.

“I found out I was pregnant, and Sabbath immediately told me to terminate the pregnancy. When I refused, he took me down to Mexico, left me on the doorstep of some shitty ass abortion clinic, then went to a strip club and got wasted. They fucked it all up, and I barely survived that day.”

More tears.

God, the shit this woman went through just to be with a man who treated her like garbage. She wasn’t damaged... she

was a victim... a fucking saint.

“Why did you stay?” I asked, my voice very low and trying to hide the tremors I was feeling inside.

“Because deep down I still love him. But that love has been dwindling every day. And I feel closer to Snyder and Sandman than I ever did to him.”

“Hey! What about me?” Clash whined.

She smirked. “You blackmailed your way into my bed, bucko.”

He paused for a second and shrugged. “Hmm, guess I deserve that.”

“Sandman?” I asked cautiously. “Are you suggesting that you and him...”

She nodded. “Right before the accident.”

“Fuck,” I gritted out, running my fingers through my hair. “This is bad.”

“And it wasn’t before?” Clash’s sarcasm was not needed right now.

“Of course, it was, but if Sabbath finds out about any of this, you’re all as good as dead, and Jesse has no way to defend himself.”

A painful sob worked its way out of Shasta’s throat. “This is all my fault. I should’ve never given into the temptations I’ve been fighting for most of my time here. I should’ve never let my dark desires win.”

Snyder was quick to wipe away her tears. “Baby, this is not your fault. We’re all just as guilty.” Before she could protest, his lips were covering hers, smothering a sob with a valiant attempt to distract her.

She trembled in his arms, falling into them like she belonged there.

My eyes widened when Clash's hand gripped her gently by the throat, breaking their kiss so he could take over.

*What the fuck was happening?*

Her top was ripped off, and bra unsnapped before I had a chance to blink. Then it was nothing but massive hands on bountiful breasts, moans combining with stifled sobs, and lips covering exposed skin.

My dick hardened.

*Oh shit.*

In her lust driven insanity, her brown eyes met mine, and for some reason I knew she was silently beckoning me forward, asking me to join them.

*I shouldn't...*

But I fucking couldn't help myself.

Both men didn't stop their endless trail of kisses and licks as I approached, her skin being devoured and caressed like it should be.

*This is a bad idea.*

*Turn around!*

But I couldn't

I was the helpless moth.

She was my beckoning flame.

And the second I gripped her pretty little chin and bent down so I could possess those lips covered with salty tears. I was done.

*Guess it was time to officially cash in my Hall Pass.*



# Chapter Eight

Shasta

The aggressive undertone of Ranger's kiss surprised me. We'd barely met pout for pout before he took over and possessed me in a way no man before him had. Maybe it was heightened due to Clash currently sucking and nipping at my ears and neck, his hand squeezing my breast as his low growls vibrated my ears. Or maybe it was the way Snyder toyed and pulled on my nipple with his teeth, his bedroom eyes begging me to submit.

I did.

Easily.

But damn, Ranger's kiss combined with all that other stimulation was all I needed to come undone.

We moved up the bed, my panties and shorts worked to the floorboards as Ranger kissed a trail down my body.

It was like my body levitated to meet his mouth as it crashed down on my pussy, sucking away the juices that were already pooling between my legs. Erotic moans filled the room as both Snyder and Clash moved away from the bed, shedding their own clothing, giving me and Ranger a few minutes alone.

Snyder's cock slid into the palm of my hand, and I worked him so gingerly with easy strokes up and down his shaft that I could feel him growing inside my curled hand.

Another moan vibrated through me, but it was quickly stifled by the tip of Clash's cock, stuffing its way into my mouth. He groaned as my moan vibrated around his shaft, pulling and sucking him further back down my throat as Ranger made quick work of my already needy pussy.

"Fuck!" Ranger exclaimed, taking a moment to breathe. "This is what Sabbath's been hiding? This is why he wouldn't let us touch her."

Both men beside me grunted in response, too consumed with sharing me to stop and say a word.

I was in heaven, sweet blissful heaven. More hands caressed and teased my body than was humanly possible. More lips touched my forbidden skin than my mind could comprehend.

I came so fast and hard that it shot out of me, straight into Ranger's mouth.

"Fuck! She squirts too?"

Clash grinned. "Fuck yeah, she does. But only with us. Ain't that right, baby girl?"

I mumbled a "mmm hmm" over his shaft and felt him harden more.

"Fuck, I need a hole," Snyder grumped, spitting on his hand and stroking it over his cock. "Come on, Shasta, come sit on me."

My eyes widened when I realized where he wanted me. I wasn't even sure I could handle that.

Snyder situated himself on the edge of the bed and guided me over to his lap. Clash kept stroking himself, but all I could do was watch as Ranger stripped out of his clothing, that lean mass of muscle ripped to perfection, finally being revealed. He moved a hand through his longish locks, as his other hand gripped his impressive shaft. He wasn't as big as Sandman or Clash, but he definitely would make any girl putty in his hands.

I sucked in a breath as Snyder eased into me, penetrating a part of me that had never been touched—not by Hoax—not by Adam—no one.

“Oh god!” I cried out as my body spread for him. Then he was inside, filling me the best he could.

Clash crawled up on the bed and returned to fucking my mouth, this time with more oomph and gusto. “God, I love the way her mouth melts around me,” he exclaimed, eyes rolling with fucking satisfaction. “Come on, Ranger, jump in and have a taste of the good life.”

Ranger's hesitation was abundantly clear in the way he stood at the edge of the bed, eyes moving from mine, down to Snyder's cock that was slowly stroking in and out of me from behind, and Clash who was fucking my face like he was in the middle of a race.

“I don't know...”

“Don't be a pussy. Get up in that pussy!” Clash ordered, laughing as he gripped my hair.

Ranger reluctantly moved forward, climbing over me until he was situated right above my entrance.

“Are you sure you want this?” he asked, his gaze meeting mine.

I nodded, giving him the silent okay to continue. Then, for the first time in my life, all of my holes were consumed by cock, Ranger sliding into the last one available.

*Oh! My! Fucking! God!*

My brain was shouting in complete euphoria as these three beautiful men had their way with me.

Ranger's cock slid in and out of me like it was always meant to be there, only separated by a tiny patch of skin that kept him from rubbing dicks with Snyder.

“Fuck, man, I'm close,” Snyder grumbled. “It's like she's never been fucked in the ass before.”

I pulled my mouth off Clash's cock, just long enough to get out two words. “I haven't.”

Then it was over.

His hands clutched me tighter, Snyder's thrusts getting aggressively harder, and I felt his cum fill my ass as he growled and gritted through a fucking orgasm. Like dominoes the other guys followed. First Clash, then Ranger, seed entering my body from all different angles. Glorious guilty seed.

I didn't even give two fucks in that moment what would happen if Sabbath somehow found out. It was like I was meant to fuck them all, and it just made me wonder what else I could experience going through Sabbath's ranks.

My thoughts wandered back to Wasp and his domination of Keelie. My thighs clenched with need, remembering the jealousy I felt when I saw her submitting right before my eyes. Maybe one day I'd get to experience that too, but for now, I was totally content with what was happening in Clash's secret condo.

Snyder... my sweet and possessive soulmate. The one my heart bled and beat for every time he entered the room. I knew I belonged to him. If there was one person in this house that could steal me away from Adam completely, it would be Snyder.

Clash... my loud-mouthed swindler who coaxed his way into my bed with his big cock and blackmailing techniques, but who had also somehow grown on me without me even noticing. I belonged to him too, but in a physical way, not like the emotional connection I felt toward Snyder and Sandman.

Oh, Sandman, my sweet, sweet Sandman. I still was reeling over how easily I fell for the giant. He was a monster of protection I desperately needed, and my body yearned to feel again. Every day I prayed for his recovery, and every morning I woke up with disappointment knowing he was there because of me. The consequences of that were damning my soul, but I still feared for him—for his life.

And now I had Ranger.

The man so reluctant to touch me, but the one whose lips possessed me in ways I didn't know were fucking possible. He was a silent killer—one I was certain could be my undoing if he continued to kiss me like he was out to steal my breath and not give a single huff back.

The grassy hills in his eyes moved over my exposed flesh, and he grinned, looking from brother to brother until his sole focus was back on me.

Then, those lips of his quirked up impishly, his cock hardening as he stared me down, and penetrated me with his hungry gaze.

"Who's ready to switch?" he asked eagerly.

Clash's lips covered mine, tasting his own essence on my tongue, before he passed my head back to Snyder and his sexy pout covered my lips craned to meet his.

"I'm always ready for more rounds," Snyder whispered against my lips. "But are you, baby?"

I nodded with eternal weakness, spent by these beautiful men who now owned every part of me.

"If it means more of this, then I'm ready for anything," I whispered back, my whole soul leaving my body as he eased out of me.

"Damn, Snyder, did you snatch her soul or something? She looks fucking weightless right now," Clash joked.

Snyder laughed, moving over so Clash could take his place.

"Beat that, asshole," he challenged.



Clash's growl vibrated my eardrum as his cock poked and prodded my entrance, splitting me even further as he pulled me down his length. "Gladly."

It was in that moment, as the three men descended on me again, each taking turns with every part of me, that I knew I no longer belonged to Adam. I belonged to every member who called himself a Lewd Outlaw. I belonged to his whole fucking club.



# Chapter Nine

Ranger

I woke up in a sheen of sweat, covered from head to toe. I was lying in a bed somewhere, wrapped around a female form. When I opened my eyes, I was greeted by a mass of dark curls, and the faint scent of her Jasmine shampoo.

My mind finally caught up with me, and I bolted upright, realizing what the fuck I did.

“Fuck!” I gritted out, working my fingers through my hair in frustration.

*What the fuck did I do?*

Flashes of last night bombarded me like tiny little grenades. My cock was still semi-hard just thinking about all the places on Shasta’s body it explored.

*I fucked the Prez’s Ol’ lady...*

*I cashed in my Hall Pass...*

*Holy fuck!*

Shasta was sound asleep next to me, her body shivering because I accidentally uncovered her. We must’ve really done a number on her last night because not even my impulsive jumping up woke her.

Both Snyder and Clash were missing from the room, so I moved from the bed, carefully covering her before heading downstairs.

I found them at the table whispering.

“This shit needs to end,” Snyder growled, his fists clenched in frustration.

“I know. But how the fuck do we get everyone else on board?”

A floorboard creaked beneath my foot, causing them both to look my way.

“How was it?” Clash smirked.

“Fuck,” I breathed out, unable to form coherent words. “Just fuck.”

They both laughed.

Clash took a long drag from a cigarette and filled the room with his smoke. “Sit down, we need your input here since you’re now part of the club.”

Reluctantly, I moved forward, wondering how I gave in so easily without a lick of alcohol in me.

“Sabbath’s gotta go,” Snyder whispered, keeping his voice hushed. “He lied to the club about Leppard’s death, betrayed us by stealing all our money and gambling it away, and now he’s hurt Shasta. I want his fucking blood.”

Clash’s head bobbed in agreement. “The club would be better off without a loose cannon running around.”

“There’s no way the rest of the club will go for it,” I mumbled. “No way.”

“Fuck, I know. I need to call Church, but we both know there are members who will go out of their way to notify Sabbath about it.”

“Well, who can we trust if we can’t trust our own members?”

Snyder shrugged. “I don’t know. That’s the hard part. In order for this to work, the rest of the guys, especially the officers, need to be on board.”

I shook my head, knowing it was a bad idea. “Yeah, but not all of them are going to go for it. They’d have to... you know... be involved in the situation.” I nodded toward the stairs, as Clash’s smile spread.

“We’ve already asked enough of her,” Snyder said, rubbing at his temples.

“You just don’t want to share her anymore,” Clash challenged. “If you had your way, you’d keep her all to yourself.”

Possession filled Snyder’s eyes as they narrowed in on Clash. “And it would’ve stayed that way if you hadn’t fucked shit up for me. Now she’s got it in her head that she needs to fuck all of us.”

“Well, why do you get dibs?” Clash questioned. “What makes you so special?”

“BECAUSE I FUCKING LOVE HER!” Snyder boomed. “Always have,” he added, dropping his voice.

A tiny gasp came from the stairwell, and all of us turned to find Shasta standing on the top step, mouth agape, only wearing a T-shirt.

“Whoops,” Clash said with a laugh. “You mucked that shit all up.”

Snyder was out of his chair before any of us could react, sprinting up the stairs until his hands were cupping her cheeks. “I’m sorry you heard that,” he murmured.

“You l—love me,” she stuttered out.

“Yes,” he whispered, resting his forehead against hers. “Always have.”

Her back straightened a bit as she pulled out of his grasp. “I’m sorry, Snyder, but I can’t—”

Tears spilled down her cheeks as emotion took over her again.

“It’s okay, Shasta. I know you still love Sabbath, and that fucking kills me. But I can’t help how I feel.” He looked down at both of us. “Neither of you feel the same way?”

Clash leaned back in the chair and grinned. “What if I do?”

The force of my punch into his shoulder blade, throbbed my hand. *What an ass!*

“Ouch, Ranger! What the fuck was that for?”

“For being an insensitive prick. We both know that neither one of us are in love with her, not like him,” I growled, motioning to the two love birds on the steps.

“Let me have my fun. Yeah, I fucking adore the girl, but I don’t love her. I just like the way she sucks and rides my dick.”

I elbowed him again. The guy really needs sensitivity training.

“Fine, I’ll admit. I care about her too. But not as much as him.”

“Ditto,” I agreed, remembering how frightened and scared she was last night. “I just want to keep protecting her at all costs.”

Snyder guided Shasta down the stairs, giving up the seat he was sitting in, to her. “We all care about her and want to protect her. But we also know it’s not going to be easy. Sabbath’s still the Prez of the club, and without the other officers on the council standing beside us, we’re fucked.”

Clash nodded, his eyes widening as a thought popped into his head. I swear I could hear his tiny wheels spinning as he turned to face Shasta.

“Baby girl, I know right now that you’re completely exhausted, and probably a little perturbed by Mr. Lovesick’s confession over here, but I think I know of a way to get the rest of the club on board and overthrow Sabbath.”

She gasped, covering her mouth. “Are you going to hurt him?”

Snyder took her hands, forcing her to meet his eyes. “No, baby, we’re going to kill him.”

She violently shook her head, tears immediately spilling down her cheeks. “No no no no no, I can’t do that. No, anything else but that.”

Snyder moved even closer to her, their knees touching and brushing against each other. “Baby, I know you love him, but think about all he’s done to you. The man turned his back on you when you were at your weakest and then flew straight into the arms of other women. That wasn’t fair to you. And you shouldn’t have to put up with that.”

She moved her head to look at the table. “But do you have to kill him in order for that to happen?”

My hand instinctively gripped her chin, forcing her to look up at me. “The only way out of the Lewd Outlaws is in a body bag. After what he did to the club, and to you, the man’s better off dead.”

She quickly stood up, ready to race from the room, but I blocked her path, forcing her to look at me when I gripped her shoulders.

“Shasta, it doesn’t have to happen right now, but it’s going to happen soon. You can’t stop the flood when it starts raging, and Sabbath’s been drowning himself in the rushing waters of his own betrayal for years. None of us want to do this, but in order to establish order in the club again, it has to happen. Don’t you understand that?”

She nodded weakly. “I think I do.”

Clash’s chair squeaked beneath him as it scraped across the floor. “But in order for any of this to happen, baby girl, we need you.”

“Me? Why me?”

“Because the only thing that Sabbath gives a fuck about is you. You’re property to him, and the thought of others touching his property would drive him crazy enough to go off the deep end and get the others involved. You wanted your revenge for him sleeping with all those other girls. Now you have your chance.”

“How?” she asked, sucking back a shuddering breath.

“By finishing what you started...”

She looked confused. Hell, all of us looked confused.

Clash continued his crazy idea, “The officers, baby girl. Finish what you started. Fuck your way through his ranks, make them all fall for you the way you have us. Get them on our side. Then we can strike when our numbers are higher and the motivation for self-preservation kicks in.”

She shot a look Snyder’s way. He looked mortally wounded, and as stupid as Clash was, his logic made sense. Unless the other members fucked Shasta too, we’d never get them on our side.

They all needed to cash in their Hall passes. It was the only way to overthrow the king and claim his kingdom as ours.

“I don’t know...” she mumbled weakly. “Would they really want to be with me like that?”

Snyder grasped her chin and kissed her sweet, seductive lips. “Baby, any man who didn’t fall for your advances is a fucking lunatic.”

She looked at the three of us, her shoulders slumping in defeat. “I don’t know. What if it doesn’t work? What if one of them tells Sabbath?”

“They won’t, not as long as they’re just as guilty. Which is why you’re so important. You’re the only woman in the club I know almost everyone wants. It has to be you.” I answered. “Hell, I had no plans on doing anything with you, and look at me, now I can’t get you off my mind.”

She blushed ever so slightly. “I get what you’re all saying, but you really want me to sleep with all the club?” She shot a look toward Snyder who looked absolutely conflicted. “Even you.”

“No. I don’t want you to touch anyone but me, but I also know that this lunatic is right, without the rest of the officers, we’re fucked. I don’t want to share you, baby. But in this case, I kinda have to. But only if you say yes. After all you’ve been through, we’d totally understand if you said no.”



She frowned. “No, it’s okay. I guess I can give it a try, but if I can’t flip them, and they say something...”

“They won’t,” Snyder quickly replied.

“What makes you so sure?”

“Because I know my brothers, and I know who was there when we agreed to our stupid, little pact. A pact I wish I could take back if I could, if it meant you could only be mine,” Snyder breathed out.

She nibbled on her lips, her eyes shifting back and forth between us. “Okay, I’ll do my best.”

“Hot damn!” Clash said with glee. “I think Shasta’s going to be the first Ol’ Lady to ever go through the ranks.”

She frowned, tears pooling in her eyes, making my heart break for her even more. It was so wrong of us to ask her of this, but I knew it was the only way. If we acted on our own, the whole club would turn against us, and we couldn’t have that.

“You’re making her sound like a club whore,” I growled. “That’s not what this is about, Clash. She’s not like the other girls. She’s not doing this for fun. She’s doing this for revenge—for the club.”

“Oh, I know. But if the other guys are anything like me, then they’re going to love getting a piece of the Prez’s Ol’ Lady.”

Snyder opened up his mouth to argue with Clash, but his phone interrupted him. He put a finger up to his lips, showing that it was Sabbath calling in.

“Yeah?” Snyder said, answering the call.

“Where the fuck are you?” he growled.

“Taking care of Shasta like you asked.”

“What?” he raged. “What do you mean?”

Snyder shot me a look. “You said to make her disappear. So, we did.”

“Well, get her the fuck back to the clubhouse, pronto.”

“Why?” Snyder growled back. “Why should I bring her back just so you can keep hurting her?”

“Because Sandman’s awake. And he’s asking for her.”



# Chapter Ten

Ranger

My bike couldn't get to the hospital fast enough.

My friend was alive! He was awake!

The thought of him waking up without me there hung heavy in my heart. I wanted to be the first person to see him wake up, but I wasn't. I was too busy fucking the Prez's Ol' Lady to remember that my friend was hurt and lying in a hospital bed.

What the fuck was wrong with me? There are more important things in life than pussy, especially pussy that could get me in trouble.

I didn't care if Snyder and Clash were behind me or not, my only goal was to get to the hospital to see Jesse.

Sabbath was in the waiting room, pacing around when I got there. The second I walked through the door, he gripped me by the collar of my shirt and threw me up against the wall.

"Where the fuck you been?"

I gripped his wrist, finding all the strength inside of me to push him away. He was twice the size I was, but in that moment, I didn't care about Sabbath's jealous rage, all I cared about was getting to my best friend.

"Get the fuck out of my way," I challenged, pushing him backward. "I want to see my friend."

Sabbath's grip tightened. "Did you touch her?"

"You're fucking crazy!"

He sniffed at me like a dog. "You smell like her perfume." His eyes widened crazily, like a fucking escaped mental patient ready to kill on command.

My heart thudded in my chest, but I wasn't about to let him intimidate me. Right now, Sandman needed me.

"You're fucking going crazy, Sabbath, get the hell off me." I pushed him one more time and he finally let go. The rage and insanity blinking away from his eyes.

The second my feet touched the floor, I was moving through the hospital waiting room, straight toward the elevator that would take me up to Sandman's room.

My adrenaline didn't stop until the door to his room was thrown open, and I saw him sitting up, staring at me like I was a zombie.

"R—R—Ranger," he stuttered. "Is that..." His voice trailed off as he focused on a spot on the wall.

"Jesse! Oh my god, you're okay!" I rushed to his side, grabbing his hand before throwing my arms around him.

What seemed like a very delayed reaction followed as his hand lifted up so slowly, and patted my back like a sloth reaching for food.

*Something's wrong.*

A nurse walked in a few seconds later, smiling at me as she came to a stop next to his bed. Her long blonde hair was tied back in a cute ponytail, whipping across her back like it was begging to be pulled. She turned toward me, and the brightest blue eyes I'd ever seen hit me right in the gut, and I had to force myself to look away, but not before I noticed the army of freckles lining her porcelain white cheeks.

"Are you family?"

"I'm his brother," I lied—sort of.

She looked between the two of us, her full lips parting into a pretty smile. "You two look alike.

My eyes moved to Sandman who was attempting to smile, but it was so slow and looked painful. His eyes were

scrunched together, and his mouth was pulling into a grimace because of it.

“What’s wrong with him?”

She frowned. “Severe concussions can cause delayed reactions in both motor function and brain activity. The doctors are actually surprised by how cognitive he is. They were expecting for him to be in a more catatonic state. It looks like your brother is a fighter.”

“He’s the strongest man I know,” I agreed, looking toward Jesse.

“Do you need anything else, Jesse?”

“Wa—wa—water?”

“Of course, give me a few minutes. I’m Imogen by the way,” she said sweetly, extending a friendly hand.

“I’m Levi. Thanks for taking care of my brother.”

“Anytime.” She bounced out of the room, and my eyes followed her the whole way.

*Damn, I’ve never been that captivated by a woman before. Not even Shasta.*

“I—I—I got a l—l—looker for a n—nurse,” he stuttered out.

Snapping back to reality, I moved over to the chair next to his bed and plopped into it. “How are you feeling, man?”

He shrugged.

“Head hurt?”

He nodded, but very slowly.

“Does it hurt to talk?”

Another slow nod.

“We’ll get you back to your old self in no time. I promise you that, Jesse.” I patted his arm as he cautiously rested his head back on the pillow.

A few seconds later, the door opened and in waltzed Sabbath, holding Shasta possessively around the waist.

“You wanted to fucking see her, well, here she fucking is,” he said with a growl.

Sandman’s eyes lit up when he took in Shasta’s tiny frame, and a smile gingerly grew across his face.

“Hi,” he said, his voice moving like molasses.

Sabbath’s hardened glare softened just a tad when he realized how hard it was for Sandman to think, let alone speak.

“What’s wrong with him?” he asked, shooting me a wary glance.

“The nurse said he is having delay issues. She said it’s normal after a severe concussion. She said the doctors stated that they were surprised at how cognitive he was after waking up. He remembers things, has a bit of a stutter, and everything he does is at a snail’s pace, but it’s Jesse, just a dumbed down version of him.”

“Well, he needs to get the fuck better. There’s a storm brewing, and I need my best men at my side, not this... whatever this is.”

Sandman’s mouth fell. “I—I—I’m s—s—sorry.”

Sabbath’s hand tightened on Shasta’s waste as Imogen waltzed back in, handing Jesse a cup. He chased the straw around with his mouth, not able to make the connection.

Imogen stopped it with her fingers and held it for him.

“Thanks,” he whispered, his voice hoarse and croaky.

“The doctor is on a call right now, but I’ll have him come talk to you guys in a few. It looks like Jesse will be with us for a while. He’s going to need physical therapy.” She grinned. “That’s where I come in. I’m going to be the one helping him with his recovery.”

“And how long does that take?” Sabbath barked, causing her to jump.

“Uh—um, I’m not sure, that depends on Jesse.”

“Fucking useless. This whole fucking hospital is useless.” Sabbath’s mouth set into a sneer.

Imogen’s eyes widened when she noticed the bruise under Shasta’s eye, then her gaze dropped down to the firm hold he had on her waist.

“Are you okay, ma’am?” she asked, her eyes shifting nervously between Sabbath and Shasta.

“She’s fine,” Sabbath growled, clutching her tighter.

The nurse’s eyes kept moving back and forth between Sabbath and Shasta, but like the Queen she is, Shasta lifted her head and smiled.

“I’m fine. I was in here a few weeks ago because of a sexual assault, and this is unfortunately the aftermath.” She pointed to her eye. “The damn thing won’t go away.”

“Oh wow, I’m so sorry to hear that. Can I maybe help you find a counselor or someone to talk with?”

Shasta shook her head. “No, I’m good. But thank you.” She turned to Sabbath. “Can I speak to Sandman alone?”

“Why?”

“He asked for me, so I just assumed that’s what you brought me here for.”

“Anything he has to say, needs to be said in front of me.”

Shasta frowned. “Okay, Sandman, you called me here, how can I help?”

“I—I just wanted to s—s—see if you were…” His voice drifted off again, focusing on a bird that was sitting on his window sill.

Imogen piped in by saying, “That’s going to happen from time to time. His brain is going to lose focus.”

“... okay,” Sandman finished almost two full minutes later.



“Fuck! The dude’s head is all fucked up.” Sabbath paced the room, finally letting go of Shasta’s waist. “I’m going to make those bastards pay for this shit.”

He stopped pacing when he realized Imogen was still in the room. “You can go now,” he growled.

She squeaked, quickly turning on her heels to flee the room.

“Was that fucking necessary?” I growled, immediately chasing after her.

I found her just outside the door, clutching her chest.

Touching her arm, I flinched back when she jumped and let out a little squeal.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. I just wanted to check on you and make sure you were okay.”

“Is he always that aggressive?”

“Lately, yeah.”

“He’s lucky that girl covered for him in there, otherwise, I’d be notifying the police.” She took a step back, eyeing my cut and the 1% patch on my chest.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” I assured her. “I just wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I’m fine,” she snapped, adjusting her scrubs and stance. “He just caught me off guard.”

“Well, if it’s any consolation to you, I’m thankful for everything you’ve done for my brother in there.”

She nodded, taking a few more steps away. “I got to go,” she said quickly, disappearing down the hall.

*Damn, I’ve never spooked a woman that fast before.*

Sabbath stepped up behind me, carting Shasta like a ragdoll. “He fell asleep. Bastard can’t stay awake for longer than two minutes. I’m calling Church tomorrow; I expect you to be there.”

“I will be, Prez.”

He nodded, pulling Shasta behind him as he made his way down the hall. Before they got on the elevators, her eyes met mine, a silent plea for help, If I ever saw one.

But there was nothing I could do. Not when Sabbath was keeping a hold of her like that.

“Damn it,” I huffed out under my breath as I marched back to Sandman’s room.

“How did this shit get all fucked up, Jesse? One minute the club was great, now it’s filled with lies and acts of betrayal. I don’t know what the right answer is, but the more I think about everything he did, the more I’m swayed to end Sabbath’s miserable life.”

If Jesse heard me, he didn’t respond, so I settled back in the chair, allowing the dull beep of his heart monitor to lull me into my own restless sleep.



# Chapter Eleven

Shasta

Sabbath led me to the elevator, but quickly shoved me in an alcove away from people's prying eyes.

"We need to talk," he said aggressively.

"There's nothing to talk about, Sabbath. You wanted me to disappear, so they made me disappear."

He fingered the bruise of my eye, and I flinched. "Baby, I'm so sorry."

"Don't!" I yelled, pushing his hands away. "You can't say you're sorry and just expect me to fall at your feet in forgiveness. That's not how life works."

"You've changed," he said, his eyes bearing more venom than ever. "It's like —" His head shook with indecision. "Are you skating around on me?"

The question was out of left field. *He couldn't know, could he?*

"What, just because you fuck around on me, now I'm suddenly fucking around on you?"

He studied my face, looking for every truth and lie.

"I don't know, Shasta. Are you? You sure seem pretty fucking chummy with Snyder lately."

"That's what happens when you put someone on babysitting duty, Sabbath. People get close. I can be friends with people."

"Not him."

"What? Why?"

"Because I see the way he looks at you Shasta, and the only man who gets to look at you that way is me."

The way his fingers dug into my chin, biting into my flesh with possession and force had me practically cowering.

"If I ever find out that he touches you, I'll kill you both."

He smelled the side of my cheek, almost as if he was looking for an indicator of my indiscretions.

He found nothing.

Showers were amazing that way.

I pulled away from him, crossing my arms over my chest. "So, where's Nina?"

His brow arched.

"Where she belongs."

"Let me guess, waiting for you back in some bed somewhere?"

He smirked, and man did I want to rip those smirking lips right off his damn beautiful face.

“And if she is, that’s not your concern.”

“Really? So, why is it okay for you to fuck whoever you please, knocking up hoes left and right, but it’s not okay for me?”

He laughed. Literally laughed, the sound vibrating around the enclosed space.

“Because you’re my fucking property, and anyone that dares to touch what’s mine will end up dead.”

Tears threatened my eyes. Maybe it was my own fears about him finding out about the boys, or maybe it was just the reality smacking me in the face that he really was going through with having this baby with Nina.

I watched him suck in his bottom lip, that stupid smirk never washing away. “Fear’s a good look on you, Shasta.” The way his hand moved down my face felt so slimy and appalling. I just wanted this all to end.

“I can see the anger in your eyes. I’ve broken your spirit. And that’s okay. You need to know what it’s like to be broken.”

“I’ve been broken ever since the day you came into my life. You fucking ruined me.”

He let go of his lip, the corners of his mouth turning upward. “Last I checked, that was my brother.”

My hand reacted before I even had a chance to stop it, connecting with the side of his face. Angry red fingerprints marred his tanned features, and his gaze instantly darkened.

Air was knocked out of my lungs as he pushed me against the wall, his hand fitting around my throat.

“Listen here, bitch. Right now isn’t the time to fucking challenge me. Know your damn place. Hit me again, and I’ll make sure that pretty purple bruise above your eye has a matching one on the other side.” His fingers squeezed. “Do you fucking understand?”

Chaotic bobs came from my head as I fought against his unrelenting grip. The way his eyes glimmered with nothing but malice and hate shocked me to my core.

Footsteps down the hall had him pulling away, but that possessed look never changed. It was almost as if a demon had taken over his body.

A woman walked by, gave us a slight nod, but quickly kept going, only creating more condescending smirks to appear on his already ego-filled face.

“Now, this is what you’re going to do, Shasta. You’re going to return to the clubhouse. You’re going to sit back and keep your goddamn mouth shut. When I tell you to talk, you talk. Got me?”

I stared at the floor; submission practically being beaten into me.

“I understand.”

“Good girl. Besides,” he said coldly. “You and I both know that the only way out of the Lewd Outlaws MC is in a body bag. And I have one at home that’s just your size if you even dare to try to cross me again.”

My throat instantly went dry, his threats looming over me.

“Play with fire, Shasta, and I’ll fucking scorch you to a crisp.”

Then, before I could defend myself, he pushed away, heading straight for the elevator.

When I didn't immediately move, his gaze shot my way, threatening me to defy him.

And like the robotic woman who had been beaten into submission, I traveled after him, walking behind him like a good Ol' Lady always should.



# Chapter Twelve

Ranger

“How’s the head today?” I asked Jesse when I entered the room, finding him sitting up trying to eat a cup of Jell-O.

“P—pounding. L—like. D—drums.”

He said every word individually, the stuttering becoming more and more apparent. His cute nurse Imogen had been by quite a few times throughout the day, and every time she entered the room, my heart rate increased dramatically. A couple of times I caught her gaze, but the second we made eye contact, she looked away, tending to Jesse and doing her best to ignore me.

Something about my cut was scaring her off, and I couldn’t quite put my finger on it.

“That sucks, man. Any idea when they’re going to let you out of here?”

He frowned, shaking his head. “I—I can’t w—walk.”

What? Did I hear him right?

“What do you mean?”

“M—motor f—function is b—b—b—bad.” That last long stutter got to me; I hated seeing him like this.

Plopping down in the chair beside him, I watched tentatively as he shoveled, very slowly, pieces of green gelatin in his face.

“So, I have to ask you something. And I know it’s going to be hard for you to answer with your stutter and all, but I have to know.”

His head, mirroring a sloth, carefully looked up at me. “O—okay.”

“Do you remember much before you got hurt?”

He shook his head. Again, it was so slow.

“Because Shasta said some things, and I’m trying to process if she was telling the truth. Not that it really matters, because if you did what she’s insinuating you did, it’s quite possible I’m just as guilty.”

Guilt suddenly swirled within his vacant gaze.

“Sh—she told you?”

I nodded. “She said you guys...” My voice trailed off when Imogen entered the room.

“How are you holding up, Jesse?” she asked, that pleasant smile ever so prominent on her face.

“G—good,” he stuttered.

She started checking his vitals, and curiosity got the better of me. “He said he’s having trouble walking?”

She frowned.



“Yeah, unfortunately, it’s another side effect that can happen with a traumatic brain injury. It’ll eventually work itself out, but the biggest thing we need to focus on currently is getting him up and moving the best we can. Which is not easy. Have you seen the size of this guy?”

Sandman beamed proudly.

“I—I’m all b—beef.”

We both laughed, Imogene’s gaze locking with mine. There was that wayward heart racing again. The way her slate-gray eyes glimmered in the overhead light was mesmerizing.

“Okay, I’ll let you two talk, but seriously, if you need anything at all, Jesse. Please, push that button.”

“Thank you,” I stated, standing as she started to leave the room.

A cute blush crept over her cheeks and the rosy hue only made her freckles stand out more.

“Well, goodbye, Jesse... Levi,” she acknowledged, nodding her head to me.

*She remembered my name.*

The second the door closed, a slow chuckle broke the silence in the room.

“Y—you h—have it b—bad.”

My head flopped over to look at him as my eyes simultaneously rolled. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

He grinned, his mouth pulling up inch by painful inch. “Y—you l—l—l—like her.”

“She’s pretty.”

He nodded.

“And her smile is great.”

Another slow nod.

“And she seems to be great at her job.”

He smiled again, his movements a tad faster than the last.

“Sh—she’d b—b—be a g—g—good fit f—for y—you.”

“Maybe in another life. Right now, we got bigger things to worry about than hot nurses who turn my head.”

His brow scrunched painfully, as if he was trying to process my words.

“Wh—what d—d—do y—you mean?”

“This shit with Sabbath. If he finds out that half of us have been fucking his woman behind his back, an all-out war is going to start.”

His eyes migrated to the window, staring at the cloudy sky that seemed to be darkening as we spoke.

“H—he d—doesn’t d—deserve her.”

I couldn’t agree with him more, but I also wasn’t sure how to voice that out loud.

“Do you love her?”

He shook his head.

“I—I l—love L—Lindy.”

Shoulders slumping, I sighed. “She came to see you.”

“Sh—she did?”

“Yeah, she just wanted to check on you. But I scared her off.”

His eyes went back to the window. If he was lost in thought, it was hard to tell because he looked like he was losing track of everything.

“You could do better than her, Sandman.”

He remained silent.

“She doesn’t deserve you.”

More silence.

It was obvious he was done talking.

“Look, I’m sorry for scaring her off. But I was just protecting you. You’re my brother, and I’ll be damned if some woman is going to waltz in here while you were practically on your death bed with crocodile tears and shit.”

Ever so slowly, his head moved to look at me, his mouth set in a frown.

“Th—that’s n—not y—your decision t—to make.”

He was right. Who was I to prevent the woman who ruined his life for the last few years from coming in to ruin it more?

“I’m sorry.”

His hand slowly raised. “I—it’s o—okay.”

My cell phone rang, breaking up the conversation.

“Yeah?”

“Church in thirty,” was all Clash said before the line went dead.

“E—everything ok—kay?”

I shook my head. With the way Sabbath left the building and the shit he pulled in the lobby, there was no telling what was about to unfold.

“Probably not, but I’ll make sure to let you know everything when I get back, okay?”

“O—okay.”

I patted his hand as I stood, making my way toward the door.

“Jesse,” I said, looking over my shoulder.

His blank gaze met mine.

“I’m glad you’re okay.”

“Me t—too.” It was all he could muster as I threw open the door and left him alone in his hospital room.

*Fuck! I really hope I wasn’t walking into a firing squad.*



# Chapter Thirteen

Shasta

Sabbath forced me back into our shared bedroom. I'd managed to grab a single duffle of clothes, but the rest of my things were back at Clash's secret pad.

When we got back to the clubhouse, Sabbath was on a warpath, making sure that everyone knew he wanted to hold Church. Before he took off, he manhandled me down the hallway, throwing me down on the bed that once was our sanctuary.

“Stay here and don't fucking move. Got me?”

My head bobbed robotically, still stunned by all his threats and accusations. Somehow, he was starting to piece things together, which meant I'd probably never get to exact my revenge like we planned.

Overthrowing Sabbath was going to be extremely difficult now that he was starting to sniff around me like a possessive dog.

He violently covered my lips with his, a kiss so unappealing it made my toes curl in repulsion.

He'd never kissed me like that before, and I didn't think I liked it at all. There was nothing sexy about it. It wasn't hot or sexy, or anything that would make me wet and needy.

It was just bad—possessively bad.

He quickly left the room, not bothering to close the door as he shouted, “Church!” down the hallway.

You could hear the scrambling of feet as the men of the club raced to catch up with him. Church was a mandatory thing, and whatever he had to say had to be important if he was calling for it this late in the day.

It had my mind racing and my heart beating erratically in my chest. Was he going to bring up me? Would the men who touched me be okay? Would I hear gunshots or other things coming from behind the closed door instead of muffled voices?

All these thoughts had me rising from the bed, curiosity getting the best of me. I had to know...

I had to make sure my men were okay.

But I didn't get very far, because the second I took a step into the hallway, the scent of man hit my nose, and black leather brushed past me.

Dominating eyes took me in as I peered up into the darkest fucking eyes I'd ever seen, getting lost in the hollowness of them. His dazzling smile followed, and my heart thrummed inside my chest as Wasp's overpowering presence took over the small hallway.

“Excuse me,” he said, smiling wildly, his gaze dipping down to the tiny bit of cleavage that peeked out of my shirt.

I suddenly felt very exposed, but turned on at the same time, wishing he would box me against the wall much like he did Keelie. Heat flushed over my flesh as my temperature spiked, breathing becoming erratic and clumsy.

“You look flushed,” he noted, smirking.

“I—I—” Stuttering words were all I could squeak out, his scent invading my senses like unwanted ninjas.

Then I felt the desire pool between my legs, and it was like he could sense it as well. His eyes dilated, his nostrils flaring ever so slightly.

“Keep looking at me like that, Queenie, and I might just have to show you my sting.” He was leaning forward, his manly scent dismantling me.

I couldn’t function, let alone speak, as his arms boxed me in, his handsome features shadowed by the light sitting at his back.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

My heart thudded so loudly. Could he hear it too? I bit the flesh of my bottom lip, sucking it between my teeth, and watched as those eyes darkened and the sexiest whispered growl coaxed its way out of his throat.

“Bite that lip again like that, and Master is going to rip it out with his teeth and fucking punish it.”

*Damn.*

I could feel my juices leaking down my thigh.

*How the fuck did this man just make me cum with a single fucking sentence?*

He smirked, his hand traveling up my weakened knees, not stopping until his fingers met the slick wet drip that cooled my thigh.

Then he slowly moved up, coating his fingers in every tantalizing inch, briefly grazing over the soaked portion of my panties, creating a ball of need and sexual frustration to bounce around inside of me.

My skirt slightly moved as his hand came up and those two fingers sunk into his mouth, coating his tongue with my essence.

“You taste just like I imagined,” he said breathlessly, leaning in until his lips were nestled directly by my ear. “Fucking delicious.”

And before I could even think a single thought, he pulled away, leaving me as nothing more than a bundle of nerves and sexually frustrated bubbles behind him.

As Wasp disappeared around the bend, my heart finally stopped racing and my head came back to me. Leaving me with a new sense of hope of ending Sabbath’s evil reign once and for all.

*Maybe there was still a chance?*

*Maybe Wasp can help us get there?*

*Maybe turning over all of Sabbath’s men wouldn’t be as hard as I thought?*

*Or maybe it would be impossible.*

But as I stood there thinking about what just transpired between me and the club's sexy as fuck Road Captain, I couldn't help but fear what was about to happen.

Doom seemed to be oppressing me, and all those maybes were hanging in the balance, much like my life and future as the first Ol' Lady of this club.

Everything was riding on what happened in Church today, and I just hoped that whatever was about to happen behind that door, didn't take Snyder, Ranger, or even Clash away from me.

I needed them all, more than I needed to breathe, and if I lost any one of them, I might as well be as good as dead. Because it was going to take an army to bring Sabbath down, and I wasn't sure that four of them were even close to enough.

So, here's to adding number five to our ranks, and everything was telling me that Wasp was just the man up for the challenge.

**The End... for now.**

# Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed Ranger and Shasta's little rendezvous.

If you enjoyed this book, please leave a review. Reviews help authors tremendously and I so appreciate every single reader that takes the time to read and review my books.

**Thank you for continuing to read the  
Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series, I hope you will stick around for the  
rest of the guy's stories and the conclusion to this fucked up crazy harem.**

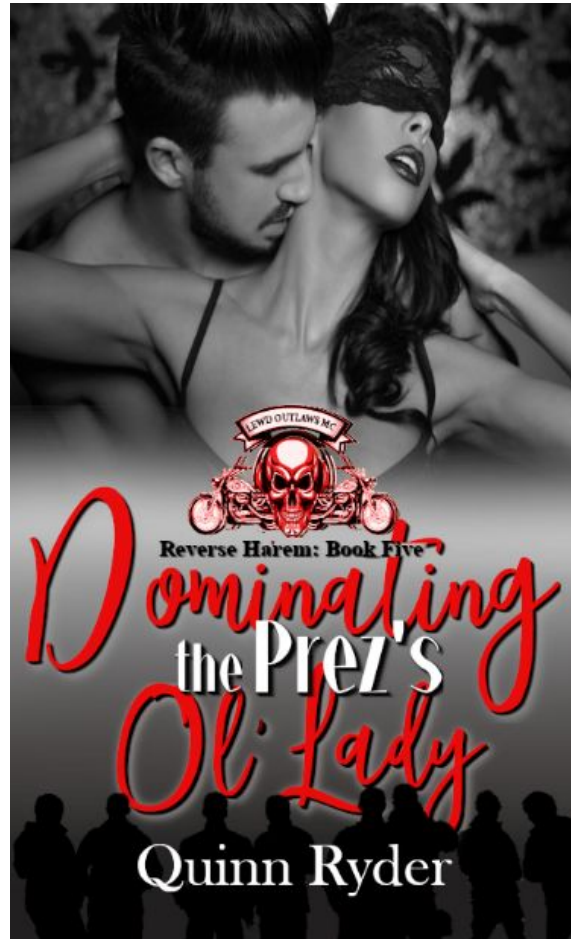
**XoXo**

**Quinn Ryder**

Next Book in the Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series.

## **Dominating the Prez's Ol' Lady**

### **Book Five**



Coming November 18, 2022

Purchase Link: [Dominating the Prez's Ol' Lady](#).



# Synopsis

My appetite for women was depraved and unhinged. It took a lot to keep me satisfied and even though I had created the perfect submissive out of one of the new girls, I wanted more. To be specific, I wanted her... Shasta Hall, the Prez's Ol' Lady.

And it seemed like I finally had my chance, piquing her interest without even trying. Her blatant insubordination had me intoxicated and only fueled my desire to make her submit only to me. She was a hidden fantasy I couldn't quite tame, and now that I knew she was up for a little fun, it wouldn't be long before I had her on her knees, begging for a master to command her.

Screw the rest of the guys and whatever connection they have with her. The broken woman needed to be stripped down and reborn, and I was just the dark soul to do it, making sure she never forgot my sting.

Sure, feeding into my dark desires was risky, especially since the club was on the verge of exploding, and Sabbath was spiraling out of control but I didn't care about the consequences that came with dominating the Prez's Ol' Lady. As long as she was open for submissions, I was going to shoot my shot, and cash in my Hall Pass once and for all... Sabbath be damned. There's only room for one devil inside the Lewd Outlaws MC, and frankly, I wore those horns with pride.

## Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series.

(Click the name below to purchase the next books in the Lewd Outlaws Reverse Harem Series)

1. [Tempting the Prez's Ol' Lady](#)
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## Wanna know more about the Lewd Outlaws MC?

Make sure you Like the Facebook Page for all upcoming release information.

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# Acknowledgements

**Too all the Lewd Outlaw Readers,** Thank you for continuing to read these stories. I know leaving them all on cliffhangers can be rather frustrating, but I wanted each guy to have their own individual stories. I hope you love these men just as much as I do!

**To my family,** as always, I love you guys. Thank you for putting up with me staying up late at night working on my stories. And to my husband that's doing his best to keep himself together when we're miles and miles apart, hopefully, one day soon we'll be together again.

**Courtney,** you girl, are absolutely amazing. Thank you so much for always being there to read my words at the drop of the hat. You're a great friend, proofreader, and alpha reader. I'm so glad you came into my life.

To my ARC readers and Ride-Or-Diers thanks for always having my back and sticking with my stories. I don't know where I'd be without you all.

Love you all,  
Quinn Ryder

## Other Books by Quinn Ryder

# **The Devil's Armada MC Series (*DARK MC*)**

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# About the Author



The Devil's Armada—Don't mess with the Devil if you can't stand the flames.

Quinn Ryder lives in a fantasy world full of badass bikers, feisty heroines, and chrome that's twitching to rumble between your legs.

She's been in the business for five years, so this author is no stranger to written words, but she must admit that the MC world is a bit new to her. Tempted by the corruption and chaos that follows the open road, Quinn created the Armada after one burly biker refused to leave her head until she finished telling his story. Now, Specter and all of his brothers are ready to suck you in with their rough exteriors, foul mouths, and hearts full of steel and chrome.

Are you ready to dive into the world of the Devil's Armada? Come join Quinn Ryder and her men of steel and be prepared to hang on for one hell of a ride!

Quinn Ryder, creating worlds full of danger and intrigue, while riding the road one word at a time.