



# Smoke's *Siren*

*Riding into Revenge*

AMAZON BEST-SELLING AUTHOR  
**CANDI FOX**

IN COLLABORATION WITH  
SKIP ROBINSON AND RAVEN CANELY

# SMOKE'S

*Siren*

*Candi Fox*

Copyright © 2023 by Candi Fox

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

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

Edited by: Lily Luchesi

Cover by: Raven Canelly

Model: Kevin Davis

Photographer: Golden Czermak

Burlesque Consultant: Devon Lynn Henderson

***Disclaimer:** Any business not created by the author were randomly chosen from a list on Google. The businesses are in no way affiliated with the author or the series.*

# Table of Contents

[Copyright Page](#)

[Trigger Warning](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Foreword](#)

[Voodoo Kings New Orleans](#)

[Voodoo Kings Baton Rouge](#)

[The Rest](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[Chapter 42](#)

[Chapter 43](#)

[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Chapter 47](#)

[Chapter 48](#)

[Chapter 49](#)

[Chapter 50](#)

[Chapter 51](#)

[Chapter 52](#)

[Chapter 53](#)

[Epilogue I](#)

[Epilogue II](#)

[About the Author](#)

[More Books by Candi Fox](#)



## Trigger Warning

- C**ontains a potentially triggering subplot.
- Contains graphic violence.
- Includes talk of sexual violence.



## Thank you

I couldn't have written this book without Skip Robinson and Raven Canely. They not only were an integral part of their characters, but my support and cheer team. Through all the bumps, days where the words wouldn't come and the many moments of self-doubt; they never wavered in their support.

From the fight scenes to the wedding colors and everything in between, both Raven and Skip played an integral part.

A piece of them truly went into each character. I hope you enjoy the story as much as I enjoyed working with them.





# Foreword

*By Skip Robinson*

When I went to my first photoshoot with romance novel cover modeling in mind, the photographer live-streamed the intro to my shoot on Facebook Live (no pressure!) Fortunately for me, Candi Fox was one of the authors who tuned in and saw me. When it was time to pick a cover model for book 4 of her *Odin's Wolves* MC series, she was reminded of me, and bam, "Kanine: Blood Moon," was born.

If you're fortunate enough to know Candi, you know she's extremely interactive, inquisitive, and insanely creative. I say this because she got to know everything about me over the course of creating "Kanine" and "Smoke." This is mostly because she really cares and wanted to know what was going on in my life. I learned though, it's also because her characters are exceedingly well developed and layered with backstories, mannerisms, and attributes... She takes pieces of "me" and built these amazing characters? \*mind blown\*

With that in mind, when I read these works, it's flattering, empowering and a nice escape from the grind of my day-to-day responsibilities. Snap back to reality...it's also disappointing to have to put the book down and turn back into ordinary Skip Robinson. Make no mistake though, it's an awesome ride; cover-to-cover.

Enough "forwarding..." I hope you enjoy *Smoke's Siren* as much as I enjoyed being selected for the cover and participating in the creative process!

xo Skip aka "Smoke"



# Voodoo Kings New Orleans

## The Brothers

**G**ambit & Stormy President  
Papa Vice President  
Nitro & Lucia Sgt At Arms  
Smoke & Sabian Enforcer  
Decker Road Captain  
Dakota Lily & Dmitri Treasurer  
Wizard Hacker  
Blue Secretary  
Outlaw  
Boomer  
Saber  
Wrath  
Brick  
Angel  
Everest  
Demon  
Cobra  
Brick & Red

## Prospects

TRIGGER

Havoc

Mayhem

Flea

## **The Dolls/Sweet butts**

KELSI

Athena

Tawny

Deedee



# Voodoo Kings Baton Rouge

## The Brothers

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



# **The Rest**

## **Houston Crew**

**R** yker  
P.B.

Warden

Shepherd

Razor

Rodeo

Dutch

Animal

## **Allies**

### **REAVERS**

Rare Breed

Pagan Knights

Archangels

Twisted Steele

Heimdall's Heathens



# Chapter 1

## *Smoke*

I pull up outside of Café Fleur de lis ten minutes early for my appointment with Jaxon Stone, one of NOPD's detectives. The best if you ask me. Stone, a man in his mid-forties, with twenty-five years on the force. I pass Stone's late model sedan on my way to the door. I wave at the host and point to the table where Stone sits.

He spots me as I pass the host stand and waves. I give him a nod and head to the table.

"Jaxon, good to see you."

"Smoke, I wish this meeting was under more pleasant circumstances. Let's order first. I pulled a double and I'm starving."

"I'm good with that."

Our server arrives. "Good morning gentlemen, my name is Adam. I'll be serving you this morning. Can you get you something to drink while you look over the menu?"

I look at Jaxon when I speak. "I think we both know what we want."

Stone and I meet here on a semi-frequent basis. The server takes our orders. NY Strip Steak medium-rare, six egg whites, one with a double yolk, scrambled. A large bowl of grits with honey and unsweetened black iced tea for me. Stone chose the crab catch omelet.

"What's the unfortunate news?"

"There's been another murder. We also found a fourth with the same M.O.."

"Four women. What's the time frame?"

"Four months."

"We have two days until the new month."



“Which is why I need your help.”

Jaxon slides a thumb drive across the table. I palm it and put it in my pocket.

“I’ll get Wizard on this as soon as I get back to the compound.”

“Might not hurt to have Bug check into it.”

“Is the city going to release a statement?”

Jaxon waits until the server sets our food down and leaves the table before answering.

“No, some fuck nut further up the food chain decided that he’ll wait until the press breaks the news, then come in with some bullshit story about how it’s not really a serial killer. Just a coincidence.”

“What the fuck?”

“The politicians get worse every year. Add that to that fact that humans just don’t give a flying fuck about each other. It’s a cluster fuck.”

“That’s the most I’ve heard you cuss in all the years I’ve known you.”

“Yeah well, we’ve got a serial killer on the loose in New Orleans and they want to play ostrich and stick their heads in the sand.”

“Can’t say that I disagree. We’ll do our best to help.”

“I know you will. I have had no luck finding the leak or leaks inside the department.”

“We’re looking too. Question is how many and how are you going to get rid of them. That many cops can’t get lost in the swamps.”

“I’ll think of something.”

“You always do.”

We dig into our meals. Mine is good. They cook a mean steak. Not as good at the grill we have at the compound. I don’t know where Stormy sources our meat but it’s incredible.

Sunday is the new compound's first anniversary. We were having a party the following Saturday. Our brothers from Baton Rouge are coming along with our allies Rare Breed, Pagan Knights, Arch Angels, Twisted Steele and the Reavers. The Reavers are our newest allies. We met them earlier this year at our charity poker run. It turns out three of them, Echo, Rook and Reaper, saved Nitro and Lucia when they came under attack.

Wizard and Bug traced the attack back to Nitro's mother, Noreen. Later he found out that Noreen isn't his biological mother. It turns out his dad fell in love with the maid and impregnated her. When Noreen found out she threatened not only Emma, Cash's biological mom, but also her entire family. Knowing Noreen the way we do now. She would've ordered the slaughter of an entire family without batting a false eyelash.

She dealt in human trafficking among other things. Well, she did. In the end Rickard, Cash's dad, gave her a one-way ticket to hell. It happened after she kidnapped Lucia. The evil woman had planned on selling Lucia. She wasn't the only woman we rescued that night. They had returned all but one to their loved ones. Alena's kidnappers brought her into the country illegally. Boomer's girl Olivia filed the paperwork to get her a green card. Alena is due in two weeks. The baby a product of rape. She has no idea who the father is. She lives in an apartment on the compound. We plan on taking care of her as long as she needs us.

"Breakfast is on me this time," I say, pulling out bills from my wallet and laying them on the table.

"Appreciate it."

"I'll get back to you as soon as I know something."

We say our goodbyes and I head back to my sled, and blacked out Fat Boy 114. I head to Grunt Work Fitness, the club's gym. Though I own a percentage and manage the business, my other gym, Professor Pump's, is in Baton Rouge. The club owns several businesses. One of the brother's

manages each one. They get a bigger share of the profits from the business they manage.

I park my sled in a reserved spot and head into the gym. We have a state-of-the-art gym at the compound but my brothers still come here to work out. Papa, and Blue are in one of the rings sparring. I make my way over to the side of the ring and watch them spar. I watched them for a while.

Papa is two inches taller than Blue's six-three and out weighs him by thirty pounds, all muscle. The man works out like a beast. But Blue was faster and lighter on his feet. They circle each other, sizing each other up. Papa throws the first punch. Blue dodges it easily and throws a punch of his own. Papa gets out of the way, barely. They are pretty evenly matched in skill.

I watch them for several minutes before I wave and head into the office. I have a ton of paperwork waiting for me. When I get to the office door, I scan my thumb print and enter the code. The red light beeps twice before turning to green. I hear the snick of the lock opening. I take a few minutes to get behind the desk, get the computer turned on, and access my day's workload.

Several hours fly by. I get a lot done before calling it a day and heading back to the compound. I hear laughter coming from Lagniappe when I enter the clubhouse's foyer. Kelsi greets me when I walk through the doors of our bar. She's gorgeous, with long red hair and bright green eyes, with curves in all the right places.

"Hey Smoke, can I get you something from the bar? How was your day?" She sidles closer to me as she asks, placing one small hand on my arm. I smile at her. I like Kelsi. She never causes drama and is a tiger in the sack. The girl can suck the chrome off a tailpipe, and she loves doing it. My cock jumps at the memory of her pretty pink lips wrapped around it.

"Why don't you join me for that drink?" I say, heading toward my usual table.

I wave a greeting to my brothers as I pass a few and get settled. Kelsi doesn't take long to grab drinks and join me at

the table.

# Chapter 2

## *Sabian*

I'M BEYOND EXHAUSTED. I lock up the tattoo shop and head to my Sportster. It was a fourteen hour work day. I'd slung a lot of ink. Ten hours of that was a new back piece I'm doing for Demon, one of the newly patched members of the Voodoo Kings. A local MC I've become friends with. My other appointment today was a coverup. The woman came in after I'd finished working on Demon's tattoo. I covered her mastectomy scars with lotus blossoms.

Many women recovering from breast cancer want me to tattoo them with new nipples. I love Sharon wanted pink lotus blossoms to cover her scars. The pieces only takes four hours total. They're incredible, if I do say so myself. I sling my leg over my sled, pop up the kickstand and start it. Sliding into the street, I easily maneuver through the night's traffic. It's past ten and I'm starving.

The fifteen-minute ride takes twenty-five tonight. It's Friday night, traffic is heavy. Nola and Willow called me earlier to go clubbing with them. I have a tattoo appointment at nine tomorrow morning. I'm not sure if I'm going or not. I told them midnight is the earliest I can meet them. Witching hour in New Orleans. Well, one of them. The second is between two and three in the morning. Most people don't know that. If you ask Mémé, my grandmother, the second time is more of a true witching hour. There's a folktale that says if you awaken between the hours of two and three in the morning, someone is staring at you. Likely a spirit, or a demon. Mémé told me that story and many others.

We were hours away from October, the month where the veil between the two worlds is the thinnest. I can hear her soft voice in my head. *That's why people celebrate Dia De Los Muertos on the first of November. It's believed the veil between the mortal world is thin enough that our ancestors can visit.*

*It's high season in New Orleans. Much like Mardi Gras, people come to celebrate in the city of ghosts.*

After parking my bike, I go in through the back door. I have a detached garage that sits at the back of my property. I had the small garage built last year. It's big enough for my Jeep, bike, and a small storage area. I lock up behind me and take the time to order some Phở hải sản from my favorite Vietnamese place. Order placed, I head into the bathroom, turning on the water to heat. I wait until it's steamy before adjusting the temperature and stepping in. Having stripped my clothes off earlier, I put them in the hamper.

I closed my eyes in bliss as the hot water hit my sore muscles. After enjoying a few minutes, I quickly soap up and wash the day's grime off. I'm redressed by the time my Phở arrives. I slurp it down hungrily.



I arrive at Cobalt at quarter till midnight. I walk past the long line to the bouncer that stands in front of the club's oversized Cobalt blue doors. He smiles when he sees me.

“Sabian, you're fire tonight.”

“Hello, Gage. How's it hanging?”

“Several inches to the left.” He jokes, adjusting his crotch for emphasis.

I laugh. I like Gage. He is six feet seven inches of muscle with dark brown skin, a shaved head, and liquid brown eyes. He has diamond studs in both ears.

“Turn around. I want the full effect before I piss off everyone waiting in line.”

I turn around, letting him take in my outfit. I'm wearing a black leather mini-skirt with thigh-high stockings, a black velvet corset top, and five-inch platform heeled boots that come a few inches over my knee. My long chocolate and caramel hair is hanging loose in a cascade down my back.

“Damn girl. If you ever break up with that loser, let me take you out.”

I smile and shake my head. “Ya never know.”

He opens the velvet rope and lets me inside. Gage is not only the doorman, he’s head of security for the club. I hear a bunch of grumbles and bitching behind me. I should feel guilty, but I don’t. I love this club. One of Gage’s security guys opens the door for me. I enter the dimly lit interior. The decor inside of the club is various shades of blue, from neon to midnight. The colors flow seamlessly together, giving the club a unique atmosphere.

I scan the crowded interior for the girls. I spot Nola’s dark locks and sapphire blue dress. It takes a few minutes for me to work my way to the table through the crowd. Nola and Willow hug me when I get to the table.

“You’re here,” Willow exclaims.

“And early,” Nola adds.”

“It’s been a long day. I contemplated not coming. Ultimately, I didn’t want to pass up a few hours of fun with my girls.”

“Maddie might join us later. Fallon gets up at three am for bakery duty every day.” Nola says.

“We need to have an early night for her sometime,” I respond.

“Maybe we could meet before the party next weekend,” Willow suggests.

The Voodoo Kings are having their first anniversary party next Saturday night. I received invites from a few of the Old Ladies and a brother or two. Not to mention Willow and Nola both invited me. Nola is Gambit’s sister. He’s the King’s president. Her dad is President of the Baton Rouge chapter. Willow has three brothers in the Kings. Decker, Saber, and Wrath.

We all ordered drinks and enjoyed the music until Inna’s *Rock My Body* blares through the club’s state-of-the art sound

system. We abandon our drinks and hit the dance floor. Half way through the song someone taps me on the shoulder. I turn to see a guy about my age. Clean cut, has the military look about him. Dressed in jeans, boots, and a short-sleeve shirt.

“Would you dance with me?”

“Next dance? I’m dancing with my friends right now.”

A look of disappointment crosses his face before he offers a slow smile.

“Sure.”

I turn back to Willow and Nola to finish my dance. When the song ends, we turn to leave the dance floor. The guy is waiting on me. Tiësto’s *Lay Low* played softly through the sound system. He offers his hand and I take it, letting him lead me back to the dance floor.

“I’m Sabian.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Sabian. I’m Avery.”

“Nice to meet you, Avery.”

“Do you come here often?”

I shake my head, then nod. I laugh. “Yes, and no. I come a few times a month. I love the vibe. Plus, the girls like to drag me out to be their wing woman.”

“Your friends?”

“Yes.”

“Do they do the same for you?”

“Not for a long time. I have a boyfriend.”

I saw a flash of disappointment in Avery’s eyes.

“Lucky man.”

“I tell him you says so. He could use the reminder.”

The song ends and I head back to the table. There is a fresh drink waiting for me. We spend the next four hours drinking and dancing. I dance with Avery a few more times. He seems like a nice guy, but I’m not in the market for a man. Although



that needs to change. To be honest, Justin worked on the rigs, and when he wasn't doing that, he's out drinking and hanging out with the guys. We rarely see each other. And I'm positive he's stepped out on me a few times in the last three years.

By four in the morning, we call it a night. But first food to soak up all the alcohol.



## Chapter 3

### *Smoke*

I HOP is surprisingly busy at this time of the morning. Imagine my surprise when Willow, Nola, and Sabian stumble in giggling. I flag down my server Misty and point to the girls.

“Can you sit them at my table?”

“I sure can,” she says with a smile.

I watch as she corrals the tipsy women to my table. I’d just sat down and looked at the menu when they stumbled in.

“Smoke!” Nola says, giving me a hug before taking the chair next to me.

“Hey, Smoke,” Sabian says, sitting across from me.

“Sup, Smoke?” Willow adds, sitting next to Sabian.

“Are the three of you coming from the clubs?”

“Cobalt,” Sabian answers.

“Nice place. I’ve been a few times.”

“You should go with us next time,” Willow offers.

“I may do that. You ladies will have to let me know when.”

Misty came back to take our orders. I order egg whites and protein while the lady’s order grease and pancakes to soak up the alcohol. I watch Sabian as she interacts with her friends. It’s too bad she has a boyfriend. If not, I’d be all over that. She’s hot. Beyond hot. She’s fire in the outfit she’s in. Let’s say I’m happy she can’t see under the table. I’m at half-mast just thinking of her curves.

“Nola, are you going to brunch today with your pops?”

Nola nods. “Yes, we’re driving up around nine this morning. I’m riding with Bastien. He talked Gambit into letting him drive up.”

“Those boys already itchin’ to prospect for us,” I say.

Nola laughs. “He is. He’s already tried to talk Gambit into letting him start in six months. He says seventeen and a half is close enough to eighteen.”

The rest of the meal goes similarly with us all talking, and laughing. Willow is the first to leave. She says she’d catch hell if she isn’t home by the time her dad wakes up at seven. Nola leaves shortly after Willow, leaving Sabian and I alone.

“How’s Justin?”

“I don’t really know. Haven’t talked to him for two weeks.”

“Is he out on the rig?”

“Yes. He’ll be out there another week.”

“Any reason he’s not calling or texting?”

I wish she’d dump this guy. He’s a real jerk. She deserves someone better.

“He’s an ass.”

I almost spit out my mouthful of unsweet tea.

“Why do you put up with him?”

“Honestly?”

“Honesty is the only way. In my opinion.”

“I agree. Honestly, my job is easier if people know I’m in a relationship.”

“Why’s that?”

“I get hit on a lot. Some guys don’t like taking no for an answer. If I tell them I have a boyfriend, they back off.”

“Lie to them. They don’t need to know.”

“Refer to my previous statement. I want to break up with him but he hasn’t answered my calls.”

“If he hasn’t answered your calls in two weeks, he deserves a break up via text.”

“You know what? You’re right.”

I watch as she pulls out her phone and types out a long text messages. A few minutes later she hits the send button and lays the phone down on the table. Her phone pings a few minutes later. I watch her read the message.

“Justin?”

“Yes. His response “FUCK YOU”. He’s real original.”

“Come to the anniversary party as my date?”

“What? I just broke up with someone.”

“It’s just a date. Bonus, you can tell the guys that hit on you you’re with me.”

“I won’t have a property cut.”

“You won’t need one. I dare any mother fucker to lay a hand on you.”

She takes a few moments to think about it, chewing her pancakes thoughtfully. I have no idea if she’ll go for it. I hope so.

## *Sabian*

I CAN’T BELIEVE WE ran into Smoke. He probably came from the gym. I enjoy watching him interact with my friends. You can tell he sees both of them as his little sisters. Most of the guys in the club do. One brother’s sister is all the brothers’ sister. I’m floored. He asked me to be his date for the party. I literally just broke up with someone. The relationship’s been dead for a long time. I grieved over its loss long ago.

I had deep feelings for Justin at one time. Month by month it slipped away as he spent more and more time away from me. What time he wasn’t on the rig he was out with the boys. No doubt carousing. That time allowed me to grieve the relationship that was as well as the one that would never be. Tonight’s text is a mere formality. This relationship’s been dead for a long time.

Question is, should I go out on a date with Smoke? I'm attracted to him, that's not the problem. He's older than me, but I don't know how much. That doesn't really matter to me either. So why am I hesitating? I'm not sure. *When in doubt, plow forward? Oh hell, why not?*

"Sure. I'll be your date. You can pick me up at six."

"Let me see your phone."

I hand him my phone. He types in something, seconds later I hear his phone ding.

"Now we have each other's phone number. Text me your address?"

I send my address to him after he hands my phone back. We spend the next several minutes finishing breakfast and chatting. When the bill comes, he insists on paying and leaving a generous tip for our server. When we're done, Smoke insists on walking me out to my Jeep. I'd driven it instead of my bike. My outfit's too short for the bike. I don't want to flash all of New Orleans. I use the fob to unlock the door but Smoke opens it for me. He waits until I am inside before closing the door. I roll down the window.

"I'll see you Saturday."

"See you then."

Half an hour later, I'm home and headed for another shower. I danced enough to get hot and sweaty. Not to mention the copious amounts of alcohol I had. A stack of tres leches pancakes and two orders of bacon did the trick. I'm not feeling tipsy, and I won't have a hangover. Not that I'm going to sleep.

After a shower I make my favorite detox smoothie and watch Netflix. Two episodes of *Breaking Bad* later, I turn off the TV and get ready for work. My usual work attire. Jeans, a tee, and boots.



# Chapter 4

## *Smoke*

**G**ambit calls church on Tuesday night to go over what Wizard found on the hard drive Stone gave us. Some of the brothers are still filing in.

I have a few minutes before the meeting is called to order. I send off a quick text.

*How did your Tuesday go?*

*Smoke*

The reply doesn't take long.

*Still working on a sleeve.*

*Sabian*

Man, she works more hours than I do, and that's saying a lot.

*Have you eaten?*

*Smoke*

The reply is immediate.

*No time. I have another three hours of work.*

*Sabian.*

I don't like that answer. She worked too many hours to skip meals.

*I'll bring something to the shop after Church.*

*Smoke*

*You don't have to do that. I can get something later.*

*Sabian*

*I'll see you in an hour or so.*

*Smoke*



Her response is two emojis. An upside smiley and a thumbs up. Outlaw slides into the last empty seat. Gambit bangs the metal skull on the table bringing the meeting to order. I turn my phone off and set it down.

“Wizard, put the photos on the wall for the brothers to see,” Gambit stated.

The wall behind Gambit with our logo on it slid apart to reveal a wall-size TV. With a few clicks of a key, a few dozen photos light up the screen. Each is large enough to get basic details.

“Smoke, tell us what’s known so far,” Gambit stated.

“Originally, they thought the most recent murder, Michele Hughs, was victim number three. She’s actually number four. Carol Dumont was the first victim. Her murder was different. Wizard pulls up the discovery photos of each victim and puts them side by side.”

He puts them on the screen and enlarges them. The killer wrapped the first victim in linen. They wrapped the second victim in a plain sheet. While they wrapped the third victim in a plastic shower curtain. The police found the fourth and final victim in a trash bag.

“He strangles them after binding their hands and feet and sexually assaulting them. Each woman wore a wrap style dress, stockings, heels, and red lipstick. According to the report, the killer likely dressed them, fixed their hair, and applied makeup before wrapping and dumping their bodies.

“Now here’s the kicker. Each woman had a large script style *A* tattooed in red over their left breast.”

Wizard displays the different pictures as he speaks. All four women were petite brunettes with tattoos. My mind immediately goes to Sabian and a few of our other women. They fit the physical description of the victims.

“Blue,” Gambit says.

Blue, club secretary and bass guitarist slash lead vocalist for our band Blue Bayou. The name came about as a joke one night and kinda stuck. Blue, with his deep southern drawl and

blue black hair, looks like he belongs to the King of Rock n Roll, Elvis. He's a former Army intelligence officer. As former as any living intelligence officer can be. He still handles the occasional case for Uncle Sam. During his time in the military, he handled a serial killer case. A former Army Ranger killed seven people before he died in a shootout.

"The first victim, I believe the killer felt remorse. With each killing, the killer detaches further until we get to the latest victim. The killer clearly sees the victim as trash to be thrown away. The letter A..."

"Is from the Scarlet Pimpernel," Outlaw blurts out.

"You mean the *Scarlet Letter*?"

"Yeah, that's it. The one Hawthorne wrote."

"The killer sees these women as adulterers. Perhaps his wife or girlfriend cheated on him."

"What are we supposed to do?" Angel asks.

"The higher ups in the city plan on putting their head in the sand. We can keep our eyes open. Maybe do some patrols," I say.

"Do we know where he's finding his victims?"

I shake my head. "No, and all the dump sites are random. We don't know where the women are being murdered. Stone will update us with any new info the police get. For now, we can keep an extra eye out on our ladies that fit the profile."

"I suggest we go out in pairs. Maybe even double dates. Take them to various places around the city. We can blend in and observe. Hopefully, the police or Wizard will find something to help us identify the killer or at least a place to look,"

"When do we start?"

"Tonight. Gentlemen, to your phones. We're all going to Voodoo Armadillo. You single guys find a lady to take or one of the Dolls. I'm good with either," Gambit says.

I shoot off a quick text to Sabian.

*How about I pick you up and take you to the Armadillo?  
The Old Ladies are coming.*

*Smoke*

It takes a few minutes before she replies.

*Wrapping up earlier than I thought. See you at the shop in  
thirty?*

*Sabian*

A big smile spreads across my face.

*See you in thirty.*

*Smoke*

“What’s that shit-eating grin for, brother?”

“Sabian finally broke up with that douchebag. I’m going to pick her up as soon as Prez calls church.”

The sounds of *Another One Bites The Dust* plays on the room’s speakers. I flip Wizard off.

“I mean, you should hurry before you’re on Medicare,” Boomer says.

“Are your swimmers mummified at your age, man?” Demon Jokes.

“Fuck you both. I’m far from Medicare and I’d put my swimmers up against yours any day, punk.”



# Chapter 5

## *Sabian*

I finish the tattoo I'm working on with ten minutes to spare until Smoke gets here. I go freshen up. I can clean my station later. I run a brush through my hair, refresh my deodorant and perfume before applying lip gloss, mascara, and eyeliner. I pull a fresh shirt from the small closet nearby. It's a deep scarlet lace cold shoulder top. I love it because it could be casual or dressy. It adds a little class to my well worn black jeans and platform ankle boots.

Satisfied with my appearance, I head back to my room to clean my work station. I find Darius, one of my tattoo artists, is cleaning up my equipment.

"You don't have to do that."

"I don't mind. You've been putting in extra hours. You didn't take a lunch break or get food when the rest of us did. Go home, I got this."

I hear the rumble of a Harley.

"Smoke's here to take me to dinner."

"You two dating?"

I shrug. "Maybe. Tonight, a bunch of the Kings are heading to Armadillo. You should join us."

"Thanks, I'll drop by if I'm not crashing."

"Smoke says they were all going. Brothers and Old Ladies."

The bell above the door jingles. I hear Zoe, my other tattooist, greet him. Smoke's been here a few times for ink.

"Hey, Smoke."

"Hey there, Zoe. How's it going?"

"Pretty good. Work's slammed, which means cash in my pocket."

“Always a good thing.”

“It is. When are you going to let me pierce you?”

I stifle a laugh. Zoe is our shop’s piercing expert. She’s always trying to talk the Kings into letting her pierce anything.

“I’ll stick with the holes God gave me, Zoe. But thanks.”

I hear Zoe chuckle. “If you change your mind...”

“You’ll be the second to know.”

I hear Zoe laughing again as I come out of the backroom. Smoke smiles at me, a look of appreciation in his eyes as they roam over my body. I feel my body heat. He’s an attractive man. Muscular, but not overly so. He towers

over my five foot two-inch frame by a good eight inches. He keeps his head shaved, and his salt and pepper facial hair closely trimmed.

“You look good, Sabian.”

I smile at him. “Thank you. I’m starved.”

“Will your sled be okay here?” Smoke asks.

“Yeah, It’s pulled around back and locked inside the gate.”

“I guess I’ve never seen the back of this place.”

“Because you’re always in the club’s tattoo shop and not mine.”

“Touché,” he says, laughing. “Zoe, it’s good to see you again. Darius, my man, how’s it hanging?”

Darius walks in shortly after I did.

“It’s good, brother. How are you?”

“Finer than the hair on a frog’s ass.”

I bust out laughing. Sometimes I think he says shit like that just to get a reaction out of me. His smile and wink confirm my suspicions. Darius’ and Zoe’s laughter join mine.

“Smoke, I didn’t know you had a sense of humor,” Darius gasps.

Smoke's face goes perfectly blank. "Who says I do?"

Damn, the man can go from zero to intense in the literal blink of an eye. That's kinda hot. I like strong men. I'm a strong woman and not all men can handle me. I'm not bragging. It's true. At least it's what I've experienced.

My thoughts turn to the last few years as we say our goodbyes and I get behind Smoke. I wrap my arms around his waist and lay my head against his broad back. He takes off into the night and my thoughts turn to Justin. I'm not sure what attracted me to him in the first place. Maybe it was his on again, off again schedule. I knew he wouldn't be up in my grill twenty-four/seven. At the time, the shop was booming and I was working sixteen to eighteen hours a day, seven days, most weeks. I wasn't looking for a relationship. I was looking for an excuse. Having a boyfriend's convenient. Anytime someone asked me out, I had an out. No matter who asked me out, I wasn't interested. Not until Smoke.

I still can't believe he was front row center for the collapse of my relationship. Not that it hasn't been over for a long time. *Ahh, well. Time to release the garbage and get on with my life.*

The ride is smooth. The night is clear. We didn't get caught in traffic. A small miracle in and of itself. Voodoo Armadillo is packed. Smoke backs us into one of the spots reserved for the King's. He helps me off before he dismounts. I watch him slip the keys into the pocket of his jeans before he places his hand in the small of my back.

"Right this way."

I let him guide me into the restaurant. He opens the door, nods at the hostess before guiding us to the section filled with the Kings. Olivia, Lucia, Stormy and Lily are wearing their Property of vests. As is Dmitri. Most of the guys are in dark jeans, black tees, boots, and their cuts. They all greet me. The ladies give me a hug while the men are giving Smoke the one-armed bro hug and pat on the back.

Olivia squeals and pulls me in for a huge hug. "Girl, I'm so happy Smoke brought you."

“Did you save any food for the rest of us?”

She sticks her tongue out at me. “We haven’t ordered yet. At least you can have booze.”

I laugh. “True. I can. I’ll have one for you.

“Make it two. It’s been a long week at the office.”

“You got it.”

We all take our seats. Smoke is on one side, Olivia on my other side. Outlaw sits across from me.

“Evening, chère.”

“Hey, Outlaw.”

Our server, Zayla, comes by with water and menus for all. She quickly takes everyone’s drink order before heading off. I choose one of Boomer’s new concoctions called Witch’s Brew. It’s a Black Imperial Stout with hints of malt, caramel and chocolate and the slight bitterness of coffee. It’s nine percent alcohol, where most mass produced beer is only five percent alcohol.

A few minutes later, Zayla and two others bring everyone’s drinks and she quickly takes our orders. The special tonight is roast venison served with red potatoes, creamed spinach and a walnut gorgonzola salad with raspberry vinaigrette. I ordered that. The table ordered several appetizers. I got to try a little of everything as we chatted amicably. It’s never a dull moment when you’re with the Kings.

After we finished eating, the ladies headed to the dance floor. Stormy fed the jukebox before dragging the rest of us on the floor with her. I’d had two Witches Brews for Olivia and two for me.

Good thing Smoke’s driving tonight. All I have to do is hang. It’s not like hanging on to him is a hardship.





# Chapter 6

## *Smoke*

I can't keep my eyes off Sabian as she dances on the floor with the other ol' ladies. She's fucking perfect for me. Petite, long dark hair, toned body, a killer ass and perfect tits. I watch every sway of her body. Every move of her hips as she moves to the beat of the music.

A few songs in and I spot a few guys moving in on the women's space. I pop up out of my seat and head to the dance floor. I grab one guy who's an inch away from grabbing Sabian's ass. The guy turns around and I allow him to shrug out of my grip.

"What the fuck is your problem?"

"My problem is you were about to touch the lady without permission."

"How do you know I don't have her permission?"

The ladies stop dancing and are looking at us. I address Sabian.

"Did you give this man permission to grab your ass?"

"No, I didn't, and he's lucky you got him before he did."

Sabian pulls out a wicked-looking blade from who knows where and flashes it at the meatball.

"He may have lost an appendage or two."

Meatball and his friends leave without another word. I chuckle. When I look at Sabian again, the knife is gone.

"You ladies alright?"

"We're good," Stormy replies.

"More dancing. Less talking," Lily says.

"Yes, ma'am," I say, stepping back.

The ladies resume dancing. I take a seat back at the table.

“Good catch, Smoke,” Gambit says.

“Thanks, Prez.”

We stay another two hours watching the ladies dance and drink. Sabian is a little tipsy by the time we call in an evening.

“You good to ride?”

“Yup. I can hang on.”

“I’ll take you to your place instead of the shop.”

“Okay. I’m on Nunez.”

“I know where that’s at.”

I put my hand on her back and guide to my sled. She gets on with no issues and holds on tight. I drive the speed limit, enjoying the night air. It’s a beautiful early fall night. One of the last before the crowds begin to pour in for October. Everyone wants their chance to see a real ghost or meet a vampire. Some believe they’re real. I don’t know about all that, but in New Orleans many things are possible. The ride didn’t take long. Sabian directed me down the alley and into the back of her property. Where she had a little garage built.

I help her off and she punches in the code, opening the door. I pull in and park the sled before closing the door and following her. The garage leads to a generous courtyard. Large cobblestones take up most of the area. Several strategic areas have plants, including two large palm trees. There’s an arbor with a table and chairs under it on one side. Not far from a grill. It looks like she spent a lot of time back here.

She opens the back door and ushers us into the kitchen. It has warm blue walls and white molding. Sabian turns, slurring her words slightly. “Would you like something to drink?”

“I’ll take water.”

“Coming right up.”

I watch her walk past me to the fridge. She pulls out two bottles of water, handing me one. I twist off the cap and down half the contents. She fumbles with the lid on her bottle of water. I take it and twist it off, handing it back.

“Do you have any painkillers?”

“Bathroom cabinet.”

“I’ll get some and meet you in your bedroom.”

She gives me a puzzled look, but stumbles away obediently. I have a feeling it’s the only time that’s going to happen. Sabian is feisty. Fierce, actually. It doesn’t take long for me to find the painkillers. By the time I get to the bedroom, she’s lying half across her bed, passed out.

I put the pain relievers on the bedside table, take the capped bottle of water from her hand and put it beside the pain relievers. I start with her boots, pulling them off before getting her socks. Not wanting to go through her things, I strip her to her bra and panties and tuck her in.

After she’s all settled, I take the couch to catch a few hours of sleep.



# Chapter 7

## *Sabian*

**T**he moon rides high in the sky. Full and beautiful. I can hear the beat of drums as I walk through the dark streets. It's oddly silent other than the noise coming from Congo Square.

*"Hurry, petite," my mémé urged. "We don't want to miss the Second Line."*

*I reach up and mémé grabs my hand. It's my first time attending the festival. I'm so excited I skip as we hurry through the park. As we draw closer, I can hear the crowd. Other instruments join the drums. I can see shadows of people parting the crowds as they play.*

*Others in costumes and scary masks join in. I cling to my grandmother's hand as we make our way closer to the procession. She weaves us effortlessly through the throng of people. All of the sudden the crowd surges. I lose my grip on mémé's hand. I get knocked around by the adults being pulled farther away from my grandmother.*

*"Mémé!" I scream.*

*Hands grab at me as I scream. The people morph into shadows with long wicked claws that reach for me. Each one grabbing on to me until I'm drowning in the shadows. All I can see is inky darkness. A soft glow appears in the middle of the darkness and I hear mémé's voice. "You're in danger, child."*

I wake with a start. My heart is pounding. Sweat drips down my body. I've had the same dream for the last three nights. I don't understand. Congo Square only holds happy memories for me. Papy, Mémé and I went to the square every fall since they takes me in. Papy is French for grandfather. While Mémé is French for grandmother. The first of many French words and phrases I'd come to learn with my grandparents.

My parents were more into drugs than raising a kid. Mémé came and got me one day when I was four. My parents disappeared two days earlier. There was no food in the house. The lights and water were off.

By some luck, Ma left her phone. I called my grandmother and she and Papy drove all night to get me. My parents never tried to get me back. I'm a better person for it. Life changed after that.

In my grandparents' care, I ate three meals a day, had clean clothes that fit. I didn't have to worry about where my next meal was coming from or where we were moving to next. My parents moved around a lot. They got kicked out of places or skipped out on rent.

I check my phone. It's three-thirty in the morning. There's no way I'm going back to sleep. With a sigh, I throw back the covers and head to the kitchen. After getting a pot of coffee started, I hit the bathroom to relieve myself and take a quick shower.

Five minutes later, I'm dressed in running clothes. My long hair pulled back into a bouncy ponytail. The delicious smell of coffee permeates my senses. Before I go anywhere, I need a cup of java. I pour the freshly brewed coffee into my favorite mug. It has Grogu on the side and says, "*No Coffee, no work.*" The cute little alien kid is floating a frog through the air toward him.

Coffee finished, I head out, locking the door behind me before putting in my ear buds and heading out the back gate. The morning air is humid. It's already sixty-eight degrees and the day will only get hotter. Even fall in New Orleans is in the eighties. The neighborhood is quiet, with only a few cars on the road. Some are heading into early jobs, most coming home from partying. Cranking my playlist, I speed up to a solid pace. Disturbed's *Warrior* blasts through my buds as I make my way down the darkened streets.

Half-way through my jog, I feel someone is watching me. I look around, trying to be inconspicuous. I don't spot anyone,

but don't want to take chances. I speed up, while turning the volume on my buds down. Instead of taking my usual route.

I zip down a side street and through the other side to a row of small businesses. None of which are open. Rapid footsteps sound behind me. I put on another burst of speed and head away from the footsteps. I can still hear them behind me as I turn another corner. I slip behind a dumpster in the alley, crouch down, and wait. Whoever is following me pounds past the alley.

I stay behind the dumpster another few minutes to make sure whoever is following me doesn't double back. I check my phone. It's only four-thirty. There's a coffee shop not far that opens early. Even on Sundays. I head there, keeping my eyes and ears open.





# Chapter 8

## *Smoke*

“**S**hut up, motherfuckers. Church is in session,” Gambit bangs the skull on the table.

The conversation dies and all eyes turn to our President. He turns the floor over to Dakota, the club’s treasurer. Dakota goes over the finances for each business. They’re all doing well. We’re making serious bank and growing the club’s coffers. When he’s finished, Gambit speaks again.

“We’re pretty flush right now. Stormy has asked that I put a vote before the club for two things. One, she wants a pool.”

“How about a saltwater pool?” Outlaw suggests.

“Indoor, outdoor too.” Everest throws in.

“Swimming is excellent cardio,” I add.

“All in favor of a saltwater, indoor/outdoor pool, raise your hand,” Gambit states.

Hands go up all around the table. A unanimous decision.

“Excellent. I’ll have Stormy look into contractors for the pool. We’ll hire the Jacksons to build the pool house that will house the indoor part, changing rooms, showers to wash off the salt.”

The Jackson brothers nod in agreement. They did all the buildings inside the compound, including houses. Which I’ve been meaning to get with them about. It’s about time I picked out a lot and built a house of my own. At fifty-two, I’m not getting any younger and though my apartment in the clubhouse is just fine. I’d like a home to call my own.

Gambit gives everyone a couple minutes to talk about the pool before bringing up the second suggestion.

“Now that the pool is a go, let’s get to the second item. With our brothers getting married and having kids, Stormy

suggests we build a small grocery store on site. It's perfect for when we have a lockdown. The store will carry staples, fresh veggies, meats, over-the-counter pharmacy items and hygiene products. Like a bodega."

"Outstanding idea," I say.

My brothers voice their agreement. Gambit takes a vote. It's unanimous. The rest of the meeting goes by quickly. No one has news on the serial killer. No women have gone missing this last week. At least none were reported. We're still planning on going out several times a week in pairs or foursomes to different venues all around the city.

Tonight is our club's first anniversary party. The ladies are already in the kitchen cooking. Gambit tried to get Stormy to cater, but she refused. Said she handled the first party and she'd handle this one.

"Church is dismissed. Let's help the ladies get ready to party."

Chief, our Baton Rouge chapter president and club founder, sent his prospects and the guys that want to open a chapter in Houston down early this morning to help us out.

## *Sabian*

I CLEARED MY SCHEDULE months ago to help Harley and the ladies out with the anniversary party. Crazy women decided they would cook for two hundred plus people. Olivia told me yesterday at lunch that bikers from all over were pouring in. We will fill the clubhouse and compound to capacity with people camping out to fit everyone inside. The clubhouse is a former boutique hotel. Three stories. They had guest rooms and guest suites. They built two blocks of townhouses on the grounds and they turned a handful of small buildings into apartments or houses.

Stormy, who helped do the refit design, had the parking area enlarged and set up for RVs. It's slowly becoming a small city behind walls that could withstand a direct hit from a handheld rocket launcher.

I arrive around nine. The brothers are in church. I head straight to the kitchen, where Dames and Dolls alike are prepping for the meal. Dolls, short for Voodoo Dolls, are the club girls. They take care of the single brothers' needs, and help with chores and cooking. In return they get room and board, college tuition if they want it, and all the biker dick they can handle. The brothers' ol' ladies decided they wanted to be called Dames. I think it's cute. Dames and Dolls.

"Stormy put me to work."

My blue-haired friend laughs, crosses the room, and embraces me in a hug.

"You're just in time to help get the chickens ready."

"For what?"

"Everything. We're baking a bunch to use in the recipes. Plus putting cut up pieces in buttermilk and herbs to fry later. We have three industrial size fryers like a certain Colonel uses."

"I laugh. Show me the way, I know all eleven herbs and spices and a secret one or two from mémé."

"Aprons are on the counter. The far left fridge has the buttermilk and chicken. You know where the spices are. Thank you."

"I'm happy to help."

I greet the rest of the women. Lucia, Olivia, Lily, Nay, Red, Nola, Willow, Maddie, Kelsi, Tawny, Athena and a woman I don't know. She has a flawless dark complexion and long box braids with copper beads toward the ends. She smiles at me offering her hand.

"I'm Deedee, the new Doll."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Sabian. I'm a tattoo artist, and a club friend."

"Are you the artist that did Stormy and Olivia's work?"

"I am."

“Oh, girl. I’d love to schedule some ink with you. I’m a tattoo virgin but I want to dive in and do a back piece.”

“Wow, you’re going all in.”

“I have an idea in my mind but haven’t found the artwork I want.”

“I can draw something up for you.”

“I’d love that. Can I help you with the fried chicken prep?”

“Absolutely.”



# Chapter 9

## *Smoke*

I head to the kitchen as soon as church is over. I'm making venison and boar chili. Dakota found a kick ass seventy-five gallon cast-iron cauldron. On the way I bump into Trinity. The Baton Rouge VP, and professional chef.

"Hey Trinity."

"What's up, brother?"

"Headed to the kitchen to help."

"Me too. I hope these ladies didn't think they're making this feast without me."

I chuckle. "You'll have to talk to Queenie about that. She's in charge."

Gambit calls his ol' lady Queen. The rest of us call her Queenie. She's the best. Always taking care of everyone. She makes sure we're all fed, does the schedules, and orders for the club. On top of all that she had a baby a few months ago and takes on five orphaned children last fall. She's also a kick ass author. My favorite thing about her might be her kick ass Caucasian Shepherd, Honu. He makes me want to get a dog of my own.

Trinity and I shoot the shit as we walk to the kitchen. The bigger man comes to a stop putting my reflexes to the test.

"Who's that?" he asks, pointing to the back door.

Standing in the open sliding glass door is an attractive woman with dark auburn hair, bright green eyes and a smattering of freckles. Beside her are three boys. I'd guess the oldest to be around nineteen. The youngest looks maybe thirteen.

"That's Maggie Berkley and her sons."

"Sons? Did she adopt her younger brothers?"

I shook my head, “She’s in her late thirties. A widower.”

“Wait? That’s Maggie as in Magnolia Maids?”

“One and the same. Come on, I’ll introduce you.”

Trinity follows me to the door. Maggie relaxes when she sees me.

“Smoke, I’m glad you’re here. The boys want to help and I have no idea where to send them.”

“I’ll be happy to put them to work. I have seventy-five gallons of chili to make. Maggie, this is Trinity, the Baton Rouge VP.”

Maggie smiles warmly and offers her hand. “I love Triple Crown. Thrilled to meet the owner.”

“He owns Triple Crown?” the youngest boy asks.

“Pierce. could you please wait until I’m finished next time?”

The young man, who looks so much like his mother, hangs his head.

“I’m sorry, Ma.”

“Thank you.”

I watch Trinity watch the young widow and her boys.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Maggie. Pierce, I am one of the owners. I’m glad you like it.”

“Like it? I love it. I want to be a chef someday.”

“Is that so? Smoke, do you think you can spare Pierce to help me cook today?”

“You’re cooking?” Maggie asks.

“I am. I love cooking with this group. It’s a lot of fun. Are you helping today?”

“I am. Let me introduce my other boys.”

She pointed to a young man with her hair color, dark eyes, and broad shoulders.



“This is Caden. He’s my oldest.”

She pointed to a dark-haired boy with her green eyes.  
“Griffen is my middle son, and basketball junkie.”

“We can get a game of two on two going after we’re done cooking if you want,” I suggest.

“I’m down,” Trinity adds.

“I’d like that,” Griffen says.

We all chat for a few more minutes before Maggie heads off toward the ladies. Pierce goes with Trinity while the other two boys follow me outside.

“First thing we’re going to do is get the fire going.”

“What are you making the chili in?” Caden asks.

“That thing,” I say pointing to the cauldron.

It’s currently sitting next to a swinging cradle. The cradle will hold the kettle above the coals while it cooks.

“That’s enormous,” Griffen adds.

“This is its inaugural use.”

“That’s dope.”

The three of us get to work building a fire. One of the prospects already had a supply of split wood. All we did was stack it and get it going. I spot one of the prospects and call to him.

“Flea, come watch the fire.”

Flea looks at me with annoyance but walks over to us.

“Why can’t one of them do it?”

“I didn’t ask one of them.”

“You didn’t ask me.”

“I don’t have to ask you, prospect. Stop giving me lip or you can clean all the toilets after the party.”

“I’ll watch the fire. Do I need to add wood?”

“No, just make sure it doesn’t jump anywhere. Slim chance, but it’s there.”

With that I take the boys inside.

“While the wood does its thing. we’re going to chop onions, and peppers, and cook a hundred pounds of meat.”

“That’s a lot of meat.”

I chuckled. “It is. Ever had boar or venison?”

“Yes. Ma takes us to see Uncle Mike. He cooks every kind of game and fish. Anything he can catch.”



# Chapter 10

## *Smoke*

**B**y five the place is full of bikers, bunnies, ol' ladies and friends. We load the tables with food and now I'm in the lobby waiting for Sabian. The elevator door dings, sliding open to reveal her. My jaw nearly hits the floor. She's wearing leather pants that look painted on, a lacey black crop top which shows off her cleavage, fingerless gloves, and platform boots. My cock tries to punch its way out of my zipper as I take her in.

“Dayum girl, you're looking F I N E, fine.”

She smirked and winked at me. “This old thing?”

I chuckle. “Old, new, you wear it well. Are you ready for the craziness?”

“I'm ready for the food and some good booze.”

“Same.”

I offer her my elbow, like I'm a gentleman or something. Nothing could be further from the truth. After spending a dime in the Navy, I started collecting debts for my older brother. He's a loan shark in our hometown of Tupelo, Mississippi. The old man worked as muscle for the local Don until he retired a few years ago. Man was pushing eighty. The Don's grandson, now in charge, had a soft spot for the old man.

I met Chief a dozen years ago when he ordered a custom bike from the shop I worked at. He paid extra for delivery. He introduced me to his club and I'll be damned if I didn't prospect at age forty. They patched me over five months early and I've been a King ever since. When Gambit opened the chapter in New Orleans, he asked me to come on board as the club's enforcer. I never turn down an opportunity to bust heads.

We walk outside and join the food line. Gambit will make an official speech later. Much later, when the kids go to bed,

the bunnies and dolls would slip into something more appropriate and the real party would ensue. Right now, tits and ass were to be covered by orders of the Prez.

“Which jambalaya is yours, Siren?”

She smiles. “Siren, huh?”

“Yes, that ass is singing a song that’s going straight to my dick.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she points to one of the large pots. The club had two of those industrial soup warmer things. I don’t know what in the hell they’re called. Each one held six five gallon stainless steel pots. It kept the stuff warm.

“This one. It’s andouille, duck, and pheasant. My mémé’s recipe.”

I grab two trays. Yes, we have trays. Queenie is a fucking rockstar. Grabbing a bowl, I ladle it with Sabian’s jambalaya.

“Can I get you some?” I ask her.

“Yes, please.”

We make our way down the tables in a similar fashion. I insist on carrying both trays, which we load with plates and bowls. After they are full, we make our way to a table. Decker waves us over.

“Smoke, my man. Have a seat. Hey, Sabian.”

“Hi, Decker,” Sabian says.

“How’s it going, Deck?”

“It’s good. How’d you hook such a sweet honey?”

“I asked.”

Willow, Decker’s sister, laughs. She is sitting at the table along with Maddie, Saber, Wrecker, and Cobra.

“What happened to Justin?” Willow directs her question to Sabian.

***Sabian***

“WE BROKE UP,” I REPLY. “It was time.”

“Way, pastime.” Nola says, sitting taking a seat on my other side.

“True dat,” I say with a laugh.

The entire table chatted as we ate. The cooks have once again outdone themselves. Everything is outstanding. I love Smoke’s chili and his comment about my ass. I’d have to be dead to not notice his virility. He’s hot as fuck. I’ve always thought so but since I was with Justin, that’s as far as it got.

I’m not entirely sure there isn’t a secret rule that says you have to be hot as fuck to pledge or patch into the Kings. The Baton Rouge chapter is just as smoking and so are the guys that want to start a chapter in Houston. It’s like God in her infinite wisdom shook the sexy tree over the cradles of every one of these men as babies.

“I’m stuffed,” I say, licking the last of the bourbon pecan pie from my fork.

Willow stands up, reaching her hand to me.

“Recycle break.”

I laugh so hard I almost spit out the drink I’d just taken. Stormy calls going to the bathroom recycling. As an official part of her Cauldron. That’s what we girls call our small group of friends. Stormy, Nola, Willow, Nay, Kelsi and Fallon are the founding members. Lucia, Lily, Olivia, Maddie and I are now a part of the tight-knit group.

The name came from Stormy’s book series, *Valhalla Marauders*. Stormy refers to a group of vampires as a cauldron. A group of bats is sometimes called a cauldron. Groups of bats are also called camps, colonies or flocks. The brown bat is the most common species in Louisiana. My Papy takes me out hunting with him. He also taught me survival skills.

“Earth to Sabian.”

“What?” I ask.

My eyes, coming back into focus. We're standing outside the women's restroom.

"Girl, we've been talking to you for the last five minutes," Willow says, laughing.

"Yeah, what were you thinking about?" Nola says with a grin and a wink.

"Bats."

"Bats?" Willow asks, incredulous.

I laugh. "I was thinking about the Cauldron."

"That makes more sense," Nola says. "I didn't know that cauldron was a name for a group of bats until I read Stormy's books."

Willow opens the bathroom door. After we go inside, the girls check the stalls.

"We're all alone," Willow says.

"Spill," Nola demands.

"What am I spilling?" I ask.

"Don't play dumb. You came to the party with Smoke," Willow says.

"You were with him at Armadillo's the other night," Nola adds.

"We were all hanging out at Armadillo's."

"True dat," Willow acknowledges.

Both friends glare at me. I shrug.

"Smoke asked me to be his date tonight. I says yes."

"He takes you home from Armadillo's."

"He slept on the couch. He was actually gone by the time I woke up."

"Well hell. I wanted something juicy." Willow pouted.

"I guess you'll have to wait until something juicy happens."

“All right ladies, recycle, wash and let’s go make something juicy happen,” Willow exclaims.





# Chapter 11

## *Smoke*

I send Sabian a text letting her know the brothers and I are heading inside to Lagniappe. That's the name of the bar located inside the clubhouse. It's a cajun word that means something a little extra. The bar is crowded; it takes a few minutes to find a table.

"I'll go get the first round," I say.

I work my way through the crowd to the bar. Trigger, Mayhem and Havoc are behind the bar pouring drinks. It takes all three of them to keep up with the orders.

"Where's Flea?"

"He's picking up glasses from the tables to wash. What can we get you?" Trigger asks.

"Five bottles of brew and four of whatever the ladies usually drink."

"Which ladies?" Mayhem asks.

"Do you have all their orders memorized?"

He winked at me. "I just might."

"Willow, Nola, Sabian and Maddie."

Maddie had gone to the kitchen earlier when the other ladies hit the head.

"I'll make them all poison appletinis. Stormy has a special cocktail menu for the event."

I shake my head. "I'm not surprised. She thinks of everything."

Mayhem nods. "One day when I'm ready for the ol' ball and chain, I hope to find me an ol' lady like Stormy."

"We'd all be lucky sons a' bitches if we can find women like Stormy and the other ol' ladies."

We shot the shit while he mixed espresso martinis and opened five beer bottles. He had it set all on a tray in front of me. I was getting ready to pick it up when I felt a hand on my arm. I looked down, surprised to find Deedee's hand on my arm.

“Hey, Smoke, do you want to dance?”

I shake my head. “I'm getting ready to take a round of drinks to the table.”

Deedee looks at the tray. “Another martini, Mayhem.”

“I'll follow you to the table.”

It was on the tip of my tongue to refuse her, but she had done nothing wrong. I nod my head and wait for Mayhem to put another martini on the tray. Once he did, I picked it up and headed to the table.

I couldn't help but notice Deedee's outfit as we walks to the table. A black lace bra with ribbon trim. The middle held together by a gold heart. Her barely there leather shorts had a heart-shaped button. The leather boots she wore came to the top of her thighs. She was hot, but my cock only wanted one woman and she should be here any minute.

I set down the tray and hand out the drinks. Deedee takes the empty chair next to mine. She leans in while she speaks, giving me a good view of her cleavage.

“How about you and me get out of here for a while?”  
Deedee asks.

“Sorry, girl, he's got a date tonight.”

Deedee sits straight up, putting as much distance as possible between us, her eyes wide.

“Sorry Sabian, I didn't know. The girls says he was single.”

Sabian smiled at the other women. “No harm, no foul.”

“I feel bad. How can I make it up to my new friend?”

Sabian's smile widened. “You can let me borrow those boots sometime.”

“They’re size seven.”

“Perfect.”

Deedee got up from the chair.

“No need to leave. Join us,” Sabian says.

“Sure.”

Sabian sits down on my other side. The other ladies join the table.

“So, how long have you two been dating?” Deedee asks.

“This is our first official date,” I reply.

## *Sabian*

FOR THE NEXT THREE hours we talk, we dance, and we drink. I’m currently sitting on Smoke’s lap. Willow, Nola, and Maddie disappeared earlier. Deedee’s currently straddling Cobra. They’re making out. It’s kinda hot. I don’t mind watching them make out, but I plan to bounce before they start fucking. His hand rubs one of my knees.

“Want to go upstairs before everyone gets naked?”

“Yes.”

I get off his lap. Smoke stands and offers his hand. I take it. It takes a few minutes to navigate through the club and up to his apartment. He unlocks the door pushing it open to allow me to enter first. I stop a few feet from the entryway to allow him to take the lead. This is my first time in his place.

“Can I get you anything to drink?”

“Water? I had four of those specialty cocktails.”

“The living room is to the left. I’ll get us some water and meet you there.”

I find the living room easily. He’d chosen masculine decor. A soft looking leather loveseat, matching oversized chair, and recliner. A rich cherry wood coffee table and matching end tables added warmth to the room. He even has a few art pieces on the walls.

I take a seat on the couch. It was comfortable. Smoke came in a few moments later. He sat beside me on the couch, offering me a cold bottle of water he'd already loosened the cap on.

“Thank you.”

I take a long pull off the cold water. I had church in the morning with Papy and I didn't want to be hung over.

“You were pretty cool with Deedee tonight,” Smoke says.

“She's nice. We met earlier in the kitchen prepping the fried chicken. Plus, she backed off immediately.”

“Still, impressive. In my humble opinion.”

“Thank you. I imagine she won't be the last woman to hit on you if we date.”

“If? I thought we already did.”

I smile at him. “Guess that means you're interested in a second date.”



# Chapter 12

## *Sabian*

“I want more than that.”

“What do you want beyond a second date?”

“A third, then a fourth, and so on.”

I smile, taking another drink of water before replying.

“Is that all you want?”

His voice drops to a deep whisper. “No.”

“What else do you want?”

“Everything.”

“Isn’t it too soon for that?”

“I know what I want. And what I want is you.”

My cheeks heat. He momentarily rendered me speechless. Not an easy feat. Did I want him, too? I like him. We have a connection but I can’t say that I’m at the forever stage. I can say I’m drawn to him. More so than anyone else I can remember.

Smoke takes my face in his hands. He brings our lips together in a tender kiss that soon turns searing. By the time the kiss ends, my breathing is ragged and my body is on fire. Our eyes lock.

“There’s no rush, Siren. I’m not asking for forever today. I’m asking for tonight and another date.”

I smile at him. “I’d love a second date.”

“How about we hit the Triple Crown for brunch tomorrow?”

“I go to church with my Papy on Sunday mornings. Church gets out around noon. We usually fellowship afterwards.”

“Do you mind if I tag along?”

“Not at all. It’s the little white church on St. Charles.”

“What time?”

“Service starts at nine.”

“I’ll be there.”

He pulls me onto his lap and kisses my jaw.

“Tonight, I want to kiss every inch of your body and see how many times I can make you cum.”

My face flames. My body heats. Wetness pools between my legs. As soon as I nod, his mouth takes mine. He plunders my mouth with this tongue. Tasting me. His hands caress down my back, before entwining into my hair. He deepens the kiss. I moan into his mouth.

He stands up. Taking me with him. He carries me into his bedroom. Smoke sits me on the edge of the bed before kneeling in front of me. He takes one of my boots in his hands and pulls it off. Then he removes the sock and kisses my ankle before doing the same with the other foot.

When both boots were off. He gently pushes me back.

“Lie back for me so I can get your pants off.”

I lay back on my elbows, watching him. He takes time to shrug off his cut and hang it on a hook on the wall near his bed. Next toes off his boots and pulls his shirt over his head. He did that hot guy thing by grabbing the back of shirt behind the back of neck and pulling it off, exposing rock hard abs. I know the man works out, but fuck me. His body looks like it’s carved from steel.

Smoke leaves his pants and socks on and heads back to the bed. He kneels again, his eyes zeroing in on my exposed pussy.

“Damn, Siren, that’s a beautiful pussy. I bet it tastes as good as it looks. You eat every meal with your eyes first.” He says, licking his lips.



My pussy clenches in anticipation. I can feel my arousal leaking from my swollen lips. I hadn't had sex with Justin in months. He refused to get tested or wear condoms. I knew he was sleeping with other women. So, we were not having sex. The moment Smoke's hands land on my thighs, all other thoughts flee. Our eyes lock and his relay the promise of pleasures. I shiver and lick my lips. He pushes my legs wider, then slowly lifts each leg and puts over his impossibly broad shoulders. I don't need to break eye contact to know what his tattoos look like.

I've seen him work out at the gym several times. He has tribal tattoos that start on his outer collar bone and spread across both pecs and half-way down his right arm. He has several other tattoos. All but one done in all black ink. I love all the black ink on his dark brown skin. He keeps his salt and pepper facial hair at the three-day growth look. It looks sexy as hell on him.

Smoke leans into my pussy and takes in a long breath.

"Damn, you smell like honeysuckle."

I laugh. "I don't use honeysuckle wash."

He shakes his head, winks, and dives in. His long, thick tongue licks me from the bottom of my pussy to the hood of my clit. I shiver and moan. Smoke laps at my folds like he's a starving man and I'm his first meal in weeks.

When he scrapes his teeth across my clit, my hips buck from the bed and I cry out.

"Ngggh."

He continues to lick and suck my folds and clit, adding a finger into the mix. I see stars when he hits my g-spot.

"Fuck yes baby, that feels so good."

I hear him chuckle. "Do you like that Siren?"

"Yes," I breathe out as he scrapes his teeth on my outer folds. I'm shooting toward the edge.

Smoke sucks my clit into his mouth. At the same time he hits my g-spot. I careen over the edge and shatter into a

million pieces. I dig my nails into his shoulders digging in as I continue to ride the orgasm.



# Chapter 13

## *Smoke*

I circle her clit with my tongue. Her hips buck against my face. I chuckle, sucking her clit into my mouth. The action pulls a moan from her body and I can feel her cream on my chin. I need to taste more. One orgasm isn't enough. After sucking hard a few times, I release her clit and move down to lick more of her honey. I lap at her juices, cleaning the cream that dipped around her thighs and ass.

“Mmm. Delicious.”

I don't wait for a response before diving back in. I ate her like my favorite pie. Savoring the flavor of her sweet cream as she squirmed and moaned. I add a finger into her slick channel. I added a second finger. After a few strokes, I make a come hither motion with my fingers on the outstroke.

I run my tongue along her outer folds as my fingers glide in and out of her silkiness. I use the pad of one thumb to circle her clit. Sabian's breathing picks up, her moans intensify. Suddenly, she throws back her head and moans louder. Her walls flutter around my fingers.

I spend the next few hours kissing every inch of her body and giving her multiple orgasms. She finally falls into an exhausted sleep in my arms.

*I'm walking through Jackson Square. It's oddly empty. A full moon hangs in the midnight sky. I hear the beat of a drum. Footsteps sound behind me. I turn around. No one's there. I continue walking through the square. I'm looking for someone. I can't remember who. Following my instincts, I continue to walk through the empty square. A second drum joins the first. I pass by the statue of Andrew Jackson. I can hear voices, but I still don't see anyone.*

*A third drum starts and I head toward the sound. The drums are getting closer, but I'm still alone. Jackson square is never empty. What the fuck is going on. I reach into my back*

*pocket. No phone. Hmm. It's always there. No matter, I speed up following the sound of the drums.*

*Their beat became increasingly frantic. Lighting flashes across the sky at a rapid pace. I hear the call of crows over the now frantic drums. Suddenly everything stops and goes dark. The quiet is creepier than the pounding of the drums and the empty square.*

*The lightning stops. Dark clouds cover the moon. Street lights flicker before going dark. The stars themselves wink out and I'm standing in inky blackness. A blackness so dark I can't see my hand in front of my face. There's no wind. No sounds. I can feel the pavement firmly beneath my booted feet.*

*Fat drops of liquid fall on my skin. I wipe them off and realize something is wrong. I bring my hand to my nose and inhale the scent of copper. Blood. The drops continue to fall on my skin like a slow drip. I look up to see a full moon riding in the sky. Red bleeds into the pale moonlight turning the moon blood red. I hear a rooster crowing. The lights suddenly come on and I see Sabian hanging on a street light above me. Her eyes are torn out. Her throat slit. Her blood drips down on me.*

I wake with a start reaching next to me. I find the bed empty. I jump out of bed and race to the bathroom. It's empty. I hurry to the kitchen. She's not here. I spin to head to the second bedroom when something catches my eye. There's a note pinned to the fridge with a magnet. Relief floods me when I read the note.

*Went home to get ready for church.*

*See you there.*

I dash back to the bedroom and send off a quick text.

*See you at church.*

*Smoke*

Three dots appeared immediately. I laid the phone on the bathroom counter for a couple of minutes while I takes care of business. After washing my hands, I read the text message.

*We'll be there by 8:15.*

*Papy likes to chat*

*And find the “best” seat*

*Sabian*

I check the time on my phone. 5:47 AM. Wow, I haven't slept this late in decades. If I hurry, I can get in a workout before meeting Sabian at church.



I enter the doors of the little white church twenty minutes after eight. I didn't want to arrive before Sabian or rush their hellos when they arrived. An older woman with snow white hair greeted me with a big smile. Her dark skin was smooth.

“Good morning, I'm Miss Maybelle. Welcome to the Little White Church.”

“I'm pleased to meet you Miss Maybelle. I'm looking for Sabian Moreau and her grandfather.”

Maybelle's smile widens.

“Oh, they just went inside. You have plenty of time to find a seat beside them in the pew.”

“Thank you.”

She nods her head and waves me inside. I enter the open doorway and find the pews already starting to fill. People are talking to their surrounding neighbors as I make my way through the small chapel. Sabian is easy to spot. She has her long dark hair twisted into a simple chignon.

Next to her sits an older man dressed in a suit and tie. I can see the family resemblance. He talks amicably to a pair of gray-haired women in the row in front of him.

I walk to the end of the pew and gently clear my throat and point to the space next to Sabian. “Excuse me. Is this seat taken?”

She turns her attention to me. Her eyes widen slightly as she takes in my appearance. I'm in a charcoal gray suit, with a matching vest, a pale lavender shirt, and a coordinating paisley tie. Instead of my usual shit kicker boots I have on a pair of Gucci loafers.

Sabian smiles up at me. "I'm happy you made it."

She turns to her grandfather. "Papy, this is Smoke. Smoke this is my Papy, Luc Moreau."

I shook his hand. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Moreau."

Luc shook his head. "Call me Papy. Everyone around here does. Have a seat, young man. Enjoy the fellowship and the sermon."

"Thank you, Sir."

I take my seat and join in the surrounding conversation.





# Chapter 14

## *Smoke*

I couldn't help but revisit my dream last night during the sermon. Not that it was boring, it wasn't. I just couldn't shake the dream. There was something about it. Something that made it more than just a bad dream. I haven't put my finger on it, but I will. The sermon wraps up promptly at noon. We spent the next twenty minutes chatting with everyone.

"We normally have a potluck fellowship afterward but the basement flooded," Sabian says.

"Why don't we all go to Triple Crown, my treat?"

Sabian eyes the crowd. There are at least thirty people standing around talking.

"You want to foot the bill for thirty plus people?"

"It's fellowship, right?"

"We'd be honored." Papy speaks up before he whistles to get everyone's attention. "We're heading to Triple Crown for brunch."

I make a quick call to Triple Crown and ask them to seat us in the VIP room. They set aside it for the Kings and their friends. We head to the parking lot.

"I drove my cage today if you want to ride with me."

"What're you driving?" Papy asks.

I smile. I love my ride. It's a classic.

"1955 Ford F-150 with an FE 428."

"You have a police interceptor motor in a 55 Ford?" Sabian asks

I'm impressed with her knowledge of engines.

My smile widens. "Just because she's a grand dame, doesn't mean she can't purr."

Papy laughs loudly. “He’s got you there, petite. Say you wouldn’t let an old man drive, would you?”

I pull out my keys and toss them to him. He catches them and looks around the parking lot until he spotted the truck. His eyes light with glee and he picks up his pace, heading to the truck.

“Will we all fit in the cab?” Sabian asks.

“We will. The cab’s roomy enough. You can always sit on my lap.”

She turns around, narrowing her eyes at me.

“Did you plan this?”

“I take a chance,” I say with a wide grin.

“I see,” she replies.

I reach for her hand. She laces her fingers with mine and we walk to the truck together. Papy already sat in the driver’s seat. I opened the door,

looking at Sabian.

“Lap,” she says with a smile.

I climb into the passenger seat and offer her my hand. Once she settles I close the door.

“Young man, did you let me drive your truck so my granddaughter would sit on your lap?”

## *Sabian*

I HELD IN THE GASP of surprise at Papy’s question.

“Guilty as charged.”

Smoke answered without hesitation. A smile lit my grandfather’s face.

“I like honesty, son. Keep that in mind.”

“I feel the same, Papy,” Smoke says.

“Good. We’ll get along just fine. As long as you’re good to my sweet girl.”

“I don’t plan on being anything, but.”

The rest of the drive was talk of classic cars and Harley’s. I had no idea papy loved motorcycles. One love he never shared with me. I love learning new things about him. There are days I worry about him. He hasn’t been the same since mémé died.

I need to spend more time with him than just Sundays. I sent a quick text to Heather asking her to free up time in my schedule. Smoke pointed to a row of parking spots close to the front. They’re reserved for the Kings.

As soon as we were inside, they seated us in a private room. We soon filled it with church members. Papy sat on my left, while Smoke sat on my right.

The servers come along and take orders, and leave coffee and water in their wake. Smoke orders something insanely healthy. It seems to be a trend. Papy and I start with fried green tomatoes, candied bacon bites, and a carafe of peach bellinis. Papy orders steak and eggs while I get the country skillet. Scrambled eggs, with country ham, bacon, and cheese served on top of biscuits and smothered in sausage gravy.

Smoke and Papy keep up a conversation with the surrounding congregation members. He looks like he’s enjoying himself. My mind went back to last night. Smoke had kissed every inch of my body after he ate me like a starving man. I lost count of orgasms after four. My mind and body were a big puddle of goo.

We spend the next few hours talking and sharing food. A fellowship tradition. Good to his word, Smoke insisted on footing the bill for everyone.

“Thank you. You didn’t have to do that.”

“It’s my pleasure. Thank you for inviting me to meet your family.”

“Papy and I usually visit mémé’s grave after fellowship.”

“I can drop you off at church or we can head straight to the cemetery.”

“You want to go to the cemetery with me?”

“I want to be wherever you are. Is it alright with you, if I tag along, Papy.”

Papy smiles. “Need to stop and get my girl some flowers first.”

“I know a good florist. Not far from here.”

“You tell me where to go. I’m driving.” Papy says with a smile.



# Chapter 15

## *Sabian*

I resist the urge to pinch myself. Certain that I'm dreaming. I let Smoke lead us back to his bomb ass ride. Justin went to church with me once. Made me sit in the back row instead of with papy. Then the motherfucker left five minutes after the sermon started. While I'm not the most religious person. I respect my papy, the pastor and the rest of the congregation too much to pull shit like that.

Smoke not only stayed, he fellowshipped with us. His treat. That still blew my mind. That had to be a triple digit tab or close to it. Now he's going to my grandmother's grave with us. Mind blown, again! Seriously, I want to pinch myself.

I climb onto Smoke's lap again. I can fit on the bench between the two of them but this is more fun.

The florist isn't far away. Papy finds a spot out front of a place called Thistle & Twig. Smoke surprises me again by going inside with us.

"What's your mémé's favorite flower?"

"She loves magnolias."

Smoke opens the door for me and papy. He heads straight to the counter. A beautiful woman around my age with dark blonde hair and amber eyes greets him with a smile.

"Smoke good to see you again. How may I help you today?"

"Good afternoon Nathalie. I brought some friends with me. If you could help them first. This is Sabian Moreau and her grandfather Luc."

Nathalie smiles warmly at both of us and offers her hand.

"It's a pleasure to meet you both. How can I help you today?"

Papy stepped forward. “I need a bouquet for the most beautiful woman on the planet. She had my heart for over seventy years.”

I see Nathalie’s eyes shine as tears glisten in the corner of her eyes.

“Give me a few minutes and I’ll come back with something special. Anything particular you want in there?”

“Whatever you think is best, young lady.”

Nathalie nods and turns her attention to smoke. “What can I get for you while I’m in the crafting room?”

“A bouquet of Magnolias with greenery.”

Nathalie smiles, nods her head, and disappears into a back room. In no time at all she comes back with two beautiful bouquets. She presents a colorful one to papy.

“The red and white roses are for love and unity. The red lilies represent unconditional love and passion. White lilies are for pure love. Forget me nots speak for themselves,” she grins. “Dahlias represent eternal love and commitment and finally the honeysuckle for devotion and affection.”

“They’re beautiful young lady. What do I owe you?”

I step up. “It’s my turn to buy the flowers, Papy.”

Smoke hands her a wad of cash for his bouquet. I take out my wallet, examine the bouquet and hand her a hundred and fifty in cash.

“This is too much,” she protested.

I wave her away. “It’s Sunday and you put that together incredibly fast. It’s stunning. Thank you,”

“No, thank you. I hope you’ll keep me in mind for your future floral needs.”

“We’ll be back next Sunday.” Papy says.

“I look forward to seeing you then. Smoke, be sure to give Gambit my best.”

“Will do,” Smoke replies.

The drive to the cemetery didn't take long. Smoke hung back slightly to give Papy and I space. I hold Papy's hand as we walk to Mémé's grave. I watched him reverently remove the last week's bouquet from its vase and place the new flowers in their place.

"Claire, there's not a day the sun rises that I don't miss you with every ounce of my being. Even Though being apart from you is unbearable, I have our sweet girl to look after. She makes being here worthwhile."

Tears prick my eyes. My heart aches for him and with him. I miss her. I miss her every day. A piece of me died the day she did. Papy helps me every bit as much as I help him. If not more. This proves my earlier decision to make more time for him. Is the right one.

After a few minutes I feel Smoke's presence behind me. He places a hand on the small of my back.

"Are you alright?" He asks, softly.

"As I can be."

He nods his head and bends to place the magnolias. I see him sweep something off the area near her headstone before he lays the flowers there. Papy bends down and picks up whatever Smoke had knocked off the grave. He held it up. It was a bug of some kind.

"What is that?" I ask.

My papy's brow furrows. "It's a deathwatch beetle."

"A deathwatch beetle? I've never heard of it."

"It's an old-wives' tale that these beetles foretell death."

"It is a graveyard," I replied.

"They dine on wood. Odd that we found one here."

I shrug it off. Just an odd coincidence. After all, bugs are everywhere.

"You be careful, petite. I don't like this."

"I'll be careful, Papy."



“Smoke, why don’t you join us for dinner. Sweet girl and I always cook Sunday dinner together and watch something on TV.”

“I’d be honored.”

“We’ll pick up my truck from church before heading to the store to decide what we’re making.”

“Sounds like a plan.”



# Chapter 16

## *Smoke*

I can't remember when I've had such a good day. The trip to the store was quick. We were at Papy's small house. He lives not far from the bayou.

"You'll have to come back when it's crawfish season. I have traps set. We'll make a boil and fix up a mess of the mud bugs." Papy says as we're cooking.

"I'd like that."

Between the three of us we made fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans, corn bread, and buttermilk pie. After dinner we head into the small but cozy living room.

"What do you want to watch?" Sabian asks

"I'm good with whatever you and Papy decide.

"Papy?"

"I'd like to watch *NCIS New Orleans*."

Sometime during the second episode there's a knock at the door. Three knocks actually. When Papy answers the door, no one is there.

"Let me go look around," I say.

After I'm outside, I pull Roscoe my Kimber Gold Combat II from its holster and search the perimeter. I don't find anyone. After a quick search for footprints or other evidence, I head inside.

"Did you find anything?" Papy asks.

I shake my head. "No. I didn't see footprints either."

"Two omens in one day. I don't like it one bit." Papy stated. "You better get home, sweet girl. Make sure all your doors and windows are locked. Something's coming. I feel it in my bones."

“I’ll follow her home and make sure she gets inside safely.”

“Thank you, son. I appreciate it and the time you’ve spent with us today. You take good care of that sweet girl.”

“I promise.”

“I’ll hold you to that.”

“I’m good with that.”

Sabian hugs and kisses her grandfather goodnight before grabbing her things and heading to her jeep.

“You don’t have to follow me home. It’s just a silly superstition.”

“Even so. I’d like to see you home safe. I promised your papy.”

She smiles. “Okay.”

I followed Sabian home watching until she’s inside the gate. Then I wait. A few minutes later I got the all clear text and headed to the compound. I wave at Trigger as I pass the gate. The prospects take turns on guard duty.

I stopped by Lagniappe. Flea is behind the bar slinging drinks. I take a seat next to Papa.

“I’ll take a double ranch water.”

“What the hell is a ranch water?” Flea asks.

“Teremana Blanco, half a fresh squeezed lime. Top it off with mineral water.”

“One double coming up.”

“Papa, I thought you’d be busy with your mystery woman.”

“Fuck you.”

“Trouble in paradise?”

“Nope.” He says, slamming back a shot of whiskey.  
“Another. Keep them coming.”

I decided not to prod him anymore.

“If you want to talk brother, I’m a good listener.”

He turned and looked at me. “Thanks brother.”

I sipped on my drink and sat in companionable silence next to my brother. I can’t remember the last time I saw him this upset. I stayed another two hours drinking with Papa. Flea wisely kept his mouth closed as he served us drinks. We headed to the elevator together before we each went to our own apartment.

It was near midnight when I finally closed my eyes. I’m normally in bed earlier because I get up at three thirty to do cardio most days. Looks like I’m skipping it tomorrow. I need some sleep. I tossed and turned for a while before falling into a fitful sleep.



# Chapter 17

## *Sabian*

I jerk awake. My heart is pounding in my chest. Sweat drips down my body. I had the dream again. Only this time the full moon turns red and drips blood. The clawed hands gouge my skin as I scream. Papy talking about omens must have triggered my previous nightmare.

In theory, I understand what my Mémé taught me, but I'm really not superstitious. There are dozens of ways the beetle could have gotten on the grave. And kids love to play tricks in October. Who doesn't love to frighten their friends. I push the thoughts to the back of my mind and peel off the covers.

After a long hot shower, I dress, strip the bedding, and stuff it in the washer. I'm sitting at my small kitchen table sipping coffee when a text comes in. It's not from a number I recognize. I opened the text anyway.

*I'm watching you*

What the actual fuck?

*Who is this?*

I put down my phone. Another prank. That's all it is. I chug my cooling coffee, rinse out my cup, and put it in the dishwasher. I double check the front door and all the windows before heading out the back door and locking up. Once I was on my bike with the garage lock behind me, I relaxed a little. Riding will clear my mind.

The early morning traffic allows me to maneuver easily through it and enjoy the ride to my shop. I park around back inside a fenced in area. I have an electronic opener that allows me to open the gate. It automatically locks behind me. After parking the bike, I tuck my helmet under one arm and head to the back door. I unlock the door, flipping on the lights as I enter.

The backdoor opens into a lounge area for employees. We have a couch, a recliner, a small dining table with four chairs, TV, Fridge and microwave. I'd also installed a small sink and a dishwasher. A familiar green and black box sat on the table. My mouth waters as I flip open the box from Zombi Doughnuts.

I chose a chocolate covered long John. Zombi fills theirs with white creme. A to die for sugar rush. I pour a fresh mug of coffee, dipping my donut into the hot beverage.

"Delicious," I mumble out loud.

"You're welcome." Zoe says.

"These are my faves. Thanks."

"I know," she smirks.

"Are you hitting me up for a raise?"

"Technically, you don't pay me. My clients do."

"I provide you with this lovely establishment at rock-bottom prices. That's true. I'm just in a good mood, so I stopped by Zombi's."

"Thank you. I could use a sugar rush. Any reason you're in a good mood?"

"Yup. got laid."

I laugh so hard I nearly snort coffee out of my nose.

"Good for you."

"You and Smoke knocking boots yet?"

"Nope. Not yet."

"Yet being the operative word."

"Likely."

"You go, girl."

"Oh, I will. I have an appointment in twenty. I better get my station set up."

She laughs. "I have a busy day, too. See you later."



I unlock my door, flipping on the light switch. I head to the toolbox to grab my needle gun. A piece of paper near my work station catches my eye. I pick it up and my blood runs cold.

*I know what you did*

“Zoe!”

I hear her running down the hall before she comes through the door.

“You need me? Is everything okay?”

I pointed to the paper. “Do you have any idea who was in here yesterday?”

She reads the note. Her eyes widened. “No one was in here yesterday.”

“Let’s look at the security feeds.”

I tear out my office and down the hall. I enter the security door. As soon as the lock disengages, I push the door open and head to the feeds. The first thing I notice is the feed to my room is down. The feed in the hallway is also down.

“Fuck.”

“Should we call the cops?”

“No. I’ll call a friend.”



# Chapter 18

## *Smoke*

**M**y phone rang. Caller ID says Bug. Bug is the Baton Rouge's chapter's IT guy.

"Hey brother."

"Smoke, I thought you'd want to know Sabian had trouble at her shop."

"What?"

"Someone cut the security feed to part of the shop and left a note on her workstation."

"What did the note say?"

"I know what you did."

"What the fuck."

"That's not all she got a text from an unknown number. It says 'I'm watching you.'"

"Why'd she call you?"

"I takes my sister to get a coverup tatt a couple years ago. She knows I work in IT. Thought I could help with the feeds and see if I can trace the text."

"Thanks for keeping me in the loop, man."

"No problem, brother. I saw the way you looked at her at the anniversary party."

"I appreciate it. Let me know what you find. Can you hook up with Wizard."

"He's my next call."

"Thanks again, man. I'm heading to her shop now."

I hurried out of my office at Grun Work Fitness. I hop on the bike and head to Gris Gris. I takes I-10 W. The twenty - minute drive takes me thirteen. The kickstand is barely down

when I pull the key and swing my leg over the seat. A few long strides take me to the door. I pull the handle. It's locked.

"FUCK!"

I knock loud enough they can hear me from the back. I hear a

"We're closed." From Zoe. I think.

"Zoe it's Smoke. Let me in."

I hear footsteps hurry across the room. Zoe opens the door.

"Where is she?"

"Break room."

"Thanks."

I hurry through the shop, a converted house, to the back. Where the break room is located. Sabian is leaning against the counter talking to Darius. I cross the room without hesitation and pull her into my arms, dropping a kiss on top of her head.

"Are you alright?"

She shrugs, stepping back a little to look up. "I don't know. No. Honestly, between this morning and yesterday with the omens thing. I'm freaking the fuck out."

I patted her back.

"We'll figure out who the sick fuck is and put a quick stop to it."

"Do you think it's the same...wait a minute how did you know?"

"Bug thought I'd want to know. Why didn't you call me?"

The anger I felt earlier drains out of me the moment I see the worry on her face. My first concern is her well-being, not why she didn't call me.

"I'm sorry. I'm so used to handling things on my own. I rarely bother Papy with things. I know that's bad but the man's in his late seventies."

I pull her to my chest again. “I understand. Just know that I can and want to help. I’d love the first call when possible.”

She nods her head into my chest. We stay like that for a few minutes. I hear the rumble of motorcycles before I release her.

Zoe heads toward the front door. “I’ll let them in.”

Footsteps thunder through the shop shortly there after. Gambit was first through the door followed by Everest, Cobra, Outlaw, and Wizard.

“Sabian, how are you? Brother, do we know anything yet?”

“I’m processing,” Sabian says.

“Nothing yet, brother. Bug is on it.”

Wizard steps forward. “Can I see the note and your phone?”

“I left the note where I found it on my workbench,” she replies, handing her phone to my brother.

“I’m going to go with Wizard.”

“I’m going to get a second donut. I’ll be right here. I canceled my work for the day. I can ink with shaky hands.”



# Chapter 19

## *Smoke*

**A**fter Wizard and I don't find anything new, I call Stone. He has a tech that would take and process prints for two e-notes. No questions asked. It takes an hour for us to wrap things up and head to Sabian's house. I follow her on my bike. Cobra and Outlaw tail us.

I park my bike beside hers, following her out of the garage and into her house. I could tell she was close to jumping out of her skin. I pull her to me, wrapping my arms around her. "What do you need?"

She shakes her head. "I don't know. I hate not knowing what's going on or who's doing this. It makes my skin crawl."

"Have you had anything to eat besides sugar?"

She glares at me for a second. "How did you know?"

"I saw the box. Why don't you take a nice hot bath and I'll make us something to eat."

"Sounds good, thank you."

"Don't thank me until you've survived breakfast. It's been a minute since I cooked for someone else."

She stood on her tiptoes brushing a kiss across my lips.

"Somehow I think you're exaggerating. Your chili is killer."

I smile, drawing her in for a deeper kiss.

"I'm glad you liked it. I'll see what I can rustle up in the fridge."

I wait until I hear water running before I look in the fridge. It was mostly empty. I shot off a quick text to the twins giving them a list of items groceries to bring. Might as well tell Sabian to take her time. I make my way to her bedroom door.

It's open as is the bathroom door. I stop just outside the threshold. I don't want to invade her privacy.

"I have the prospects delivering a few groceries. Take your time."

"Why don't we eat out, then go grocery shopping? My cupboards are bare too. I've been too busy to shop."

"Do you want to take your jeep or I can have the prospects drop off a SUV."

"The cupboards are pretty bare. I don't know if it will all fit in the Wrangler."

"I'll have them bring an SUV."

I sent off a new text to the twins. letting them know the change in plans. With time to kill. I found some new tunes for the band to play. We're currently called Blue Bayou. Named for our lead performer Blue, and one of Louisiana's most famous features, bayous.

We play a variety of music. I want to add a few Bill Withers songs to our repertoire. I plan on starting with *Ain't No Sunshine*. My brother Blue had more chops than a modern day Elvis, but no desire to make a career of it.

Instead, we jam at the clubhouse or Voodoo Armadillo. The clubs brew pub. The expansion, Pele's Palace, is due to open soon. Our club businesses are growing as fast as our club. We're all falling like Dominoes since Gambit found his queen.

Sabian is still enjoying her bath when someone knocks at the door. I check my phone. The prospects made good time. I pull open the door to find some dude I don't know. The guy looks surprised.

"Can I help you?"

"Who are you?"

"Since I'm on this side of the door, you tell me who you are."



“I’m Sabian’s boyfriend. Why the hell are you in my house?”

“Oh, so you’re the infamous Justin. She broke up with you. You never lived here, either buddy. That’s two strikes. Now why don’t you tell me why you’re here before you get strike three?”

“What are you going to do if I don’t?”

“Fuck around and find out.”

“Whatever man. Move out of my way, I want to talk to Sabian.”

“You can tell me what you need and I’ll go ask her if she wants to talk to your stupid ass.”

He tried to push past me. I easily block him.

“Put your hands on me at your own risk,” I warn him.

Idiot doesn’t listen and charges me. I side step. letting him rush past me. As he does, I grab an arm, put it in half nelson and plant his face to the wall. Nose squished like hell but not broken. Neither is the wall. I don’t need to tear up

Sabian’s house to tear up this ass hat.

“Is everything alright?” I hear Sabian’s sweet voice behind me.

“Justin came for a visit. Decided to be a douche. I’m going to let you step away, ass hat. One wrong move and I’m going to plant my fist in your face.”

Justin whirled, nostrils flaring.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” He snarls.

“Who am I? I’ll tell you who the fuck I am. I’m your worst fucking nightmare. The name is Smoke. I’m enforcer for the Voodoo Kings.”

I see his eyes widen. He didn’t say anything. I continue.

“Sabian and I are dating now.”

“What the fuck. How long have you been dating this guy behind my back?”

“Never.” Sabian replies calmly. “We started dating after I broke it off.”

“Over a text. What the hell kind of break- up is that.”

“Why do you even care, Justin? You’ve slept with half a dozen women in the last year. That’s only the ones I know about.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I haven’t slept with anybody but you babe. Come on, this is all just a mistake.”



## Chapter 20

### *Sabian*

I hear voices from my living room. I hurry out of the tub, dry off, and grab my robe. Wrapping it and tying it tight before stepping into the living room. Smoke has Just pushed up against the wall. Should I be angry? I don't know, but I'm not angry at Smoke.

If he has Justin up against the wall, there's a legit reason. Smoke isn't a hot-head. It's one of his more attractive qualities. I love that he keeps his cool.

"It's not a mistake and lying is only enforcing my decision to end things. I haven't even seen you the last few times you've been off."

"I was busy."

"Yeah, you were busy with Trixie."

He blanches. "Trixie is just a friend of mine."

"At least you didn't deny knowing her."

"She and I had a long talk the day after we broke up. Funny that. She confessed everything and told me about the women. The ones she knows about. There's nothing of yours here. You can see yourself out."

"Fuck you, cunt!"

He steps forward, spittle flying from his mouth as he yells. I ready to defend myself. Before I got a chance, Smoke cold cocked him. One well-placed punch to the jaw and Justin lay sprawled on my floor.

"Your carriage awaits," Mayhem announces through the open door.

"Looks like we came in time to take out the trash." Havoc adds.

"He has a blue truck."

Mayhem tossed a set of keys to Smoke before helping Havoc drag Justin out of the house. I felt a small twinge of guilt, but only a small one. He shouldn't have been such a douche.

"I could've taken care of him myself," I says as soon as the twins were gone.

"I know. I was just handling your light work."

"Light work, huh?"

He nods with a grin. "Yup."

I closed the distance between us. Standing on my tiptoes, I pull his head down to mine for a scorching kiss. Our tongues tangle as we devour each other's mouths. I grew wet as the kiss went on.

When it finally broke, I say. "That was hot."

"Me hitting your ex was hot?"

"Not that per se. You stood up for me. Not to mention one hit and he was out."

"What you says about Trixie, is that true?"

"Yeah. She either saw the breakup text or he told her. That's one thing she didn't tell me was how she found out. Just that now, I was done with him. I should know that she was staking a claim and she didn't care about all the other women he's sleeping with. I told her she was welcome to him. I meant it. I don't hold any ill will toward him. I knew what he was and continued the relationship for my own reasons. Now that I'm done. I'm one hundred percent completely done. I'll be polite to him if I see him, but I don't owe him anything."

"When's your first tattoo tomorrow?"

I shook my head. "I have the day blocked out. I'm taking Papy to lunch then shopping. He's almost as bad as I am about waiting until the cupboards are empty."

"How about we go camping tonight? I'll take you and Papy to lunch tomorrow, then go shopping. I can help carry

everything inside, then leave so you can have time with your grandfather.”

“Where do you want to camp?”

“Dakota’s place. We can saddle the horses and go for a ride.”

“I’d like that. Breakfast first.”

“How about you pack a few things. We can head to breakfast, then to the compound to pick up camping gear and clothes.”

“Deal.”



Three hours later, we were pulling into the Badlands, Dakota’s ranch. It’s in Lockport about an hour and fifteen minutes from the King’s clubhouse. We takes the jeep, deciding to pick up the SUV before lunch tomorrow.

We drop the jeep off first and set up camp before heading to the barn. I’ve only ridden a few times. I’m excited to do it again. Smoke and I get the campsite set up in minutes.

“Siren, you’re holding out on me.”

“How so?”

“You didn’t tell me you had camping experience.”

I smirk. “You didn’t ask. I’ve been camping, hunting, and fishing plenty of times with Papy.”

“Good to know. Want to help me bag a deer next season?”

“I’d love to. We can get an extra for Papy. He doesn’t go anymore but loves venison.”

“We can both get a tag. I’ll see if any of the brothers want to hunt or will get tags so we can fill the freezers.”

“I know a good butcher and I’ve field dressed several myself.”

Smoke pulls me into his arms and kisses me hungrily. He ate at my lips and plundered my mouth. We were both breathing heavily when the kiss ended.

“That’s hot.”

“Field dressing a deer is hot?”

“Fuck yes it is.”

“Good to know. I think camp’s all squared away. Take me riding.”

“First, you can ride a horse. Later you can ride me.” He says with a wink.

I shake my head and playfully slap his arm before heading toward the jeep. He chuckles and follows me. A few minutes later, we pulled in front of a large barn. A woman a few inches taller than me with brown hair comes out of the barn to greet us.

She gives us a wave. “Hey, Smoke. Who did you bring with you?”

“Jake, this is Sabian, my girl. Sabian, this is Jake. She takes care of the place.”

“Nice to meet you, Jake.”

“Pleased to meet you, Sabian. Are you riding today?”

“Yes,”

“Smoke, I know you’ll ride Willy. Sabian, what’s your riding level?”

“I’ve only been a handful of times.”

“I’ll get Unique saddled for you.”

“I’d like to saddle her with your guidance.”

“Sure thing. I’ll get her. She’s in the east pasture. Be back in a few minutes.”

“Thank you.”

“No problem. It’s my job.”

I follow Smoke into the barn. He heads for the tack room to grab a halter and rope for his horse. Her name is Willy, short for Wilma Rudolph. I watch as she leads the dark red chestnut out of the stall. She was solid red save for two short white socks on her hind legs.

I know little about horses but I do know some of their colors and patterns. They're beautiful animals. I'm excited to go for a trail ride. We brought along a picnic and thermos of cold lemonade as well as bottles of water. Smoke says we'd back it all in saddle bags after we saddled the horses.





# Chapter 21

## *Smoke*

Fifteen minutes later the horses are saddled, the saddle bags loaded, and we're mounted heading toward the meadow I want to picnic in. Sabian looks at ease on her horse. The mare is gentle and doesn't spook at random sounds as we travel the trail.

The wooded trail we were on is wide enough to ride two abreast making the conversation easy. We talk about a smattering of random topics the thirty-five minutes it takes to get to the meadow. The woods open up into a meadow. In the spring and summer it's full of flowers and sweet grass. The horses love it.

We come to a stop near the stream that runs through the property. I dismounted then offered Sabian a hand. She dismounted with ease.

"That was a lot of fun."

"Ready to eat?"

"I'm starved."

"Pick a spot and I'll get everything ready."

I watch her wander off as I pull the blanket I had rolled up off Winnie before grabbing both sets of saddlebags. I carry them to the spot she'd chosen just a few feet away from the stream. I spread the blanket out and begin unpacking the basket.

We have fried chicken, potato salad, bbq beans, sweet rolls, and fried apple pie. They were hand held pies. The little hole in the wall place made a half dozen varieties of the pies on any day. I went by a couple times a month on cheat day.

"Lunch is served my lady," I say with a mock bow.

Sabian sat down and the blanket and I followed. I poured us each a cup of lemonade.

“Thanks for thinking of this.”

“You’re welcome. Thanks for coming. Streams a little bigger further up. You and Papy can fish here sometime if you like.”

“Let him set crawdad traps and he’ll be happier than a pig in the mud.”

I chuckle. “He’s more than welcome to come and set traps. I’ll run it by Dakota, but I don’t think there’ll be an issue.”

“Let me know if Dakota gives the green light. He’ll be so excited.”

We spend the next few hours eating, talking and riding. She was going to be sore tomorrow. Thank fuck, Dakota put a hot tub near the campgrounds.

“Let me get dinner started and then we can soak in the tub,” I say.

“I’ll get the mattress aired up and the rest of our things unpacked while you do that.”

“Deal.”

## *Sabian*

I WENT INSIDE. LEAVING Smoke to start our dinner. It would take a couple of hours to cook over the fire. He’d ask Jake to start one and tend it until we came back. By the time we got back from riding the wood coals were perfect for cooking. Later I’ll make some bread in the dutch oven I brought. It doesn’t take as long to cook as the venison stew Smoke is making.

I grab the pump for the air mattress. It’s solar powered. I left it out to charge while we were gone. There should be enough to get the mattress aired up. It’s a top of the line queen size. I usually just sleep in my sleeping bag on the ground or on top of a pile of pine needles or leaves.

I got the air mattress started before making quick work of the rest of our gear. There isn’t much. We’ll only be here

through breakfast tomorrow. Then we're headed to take Papy to lunch. Smoke suggested we take him to Baton Rouge after I told him Papy's favorite restaurant.

He's going to take us to the King's compound after lunch. Smoke originally patched into the Baton Rouge club. Gambit asked him to come to N'awlins as the club's Enforcer. That's kinda hot. Smoke can kill a man dozens of ways, but I've seen him with Papy and the church members. Many of whom are seventy plus. Not to mention the way he is with all the club's kids. He's gentle and caring.

If I think about his abs, my ovaries may explode on the spot. I know he's older than me. I'm not sure how much. I've never asked his age. I don't care what it is. The man is sex on a stick. I mean, I've noticed him over the last year. I'd have to be dead not to, but I was with Justin. As dysfunctional as our relationship was. I don't cheat. That's not who I am.

I like that he's not only a member of the King's brass, which shows responsibility, but that he's a fellow business owner. He's the primary owner of two gyms. Professor Pumps in Baton Rouge and Grunt Work Fitness, here in the city. He understands that business ownership is time-consuming and sometimes days or even weeks run long.

Then again, I've had no one outside my grandparents to care about. Justin and I worked at first because he was only in town basically a week a month. His schedule shifted, but that's the time we normally spent together. He had his place. I have mine. It worked for a while, then it didn't. Now I'm glad I've opened my eyes. I hope Justin finds happiness. Maybe Trixie is the girl for him. I hold no ill will towards him.

The air compressor shut off, indicating the mattress was ready. I quickly made the bed before pulling my bikini out of my bag. I looked at it, picturing it on. It's a modest white bikini with green palm fronds and accents. The top is like a sexy bra that cups my breasts perfectly. The bottoms are hipster cut, showing off my slim hips. Hey, I worked for these. Sometimes. I didn't eat that second donut all the time. I jog a few times a week. Most weeks.

Honestly, I just have good genes. I'm a blessed bitch, but I don't want to rub it in anyone's face. *Maybe I don't need this.* I toss the bikini back in my bag and head outside, zipping the tent behind me.



## Chapter 22

### *Smoke*

I just finished putting the last of the ingredients in the stew when Sabian emerges from the tent. She's still wearing her riding clothes. I thought she might change into her bathing suit. I stir the stew a few times before standing up to greet her.

"You still want to hit the hot tub?"

"I do. If only I had a bathing suit."

*What?!* She brought one. I saw her put it in her bag. *Oh!* Talk about light bulb moment.

"We can strip to our skivvies."

She smirked. "I can, but you don't wear any."

I chuckle. It's true. I go commando most of the time.

"You can go naked, too. I don't mind at all," I say with a wink.

"You grab the towels, I'll take the cover off the hot tub."

"I'll meet you there," she replies.

When I get inside the tent, the first thing I see is her bikini stuffed haphazardly in her overnight bag. I barely cover my mouth before I burst out laughing. I guess my Siren is ready to take things to the next level. I walk over and put the bikini all the way in her bag, stuffing it down a bit for good measure, before grabbing towels and heading to the hot tub.

The little vixen has already stripped and is sitting in the hot tub. Sunk in the water to her chin, I can't get a clear view of her through the jets. Her clothes are lying in a pile by the hot tub with her bra and panties laying on top. My already half-mast dick became rock hard.

Two can play at that game. I toed off my boots then takes my time taking off each sock before reaching for my shirt. I pulled it off over my head from the back, leaving my upper

chest the last to bare. I toss my shirt on top of my boots and look her in the eyes.

When her eyes lock onto mine, I move my hands to the button of my jeans. She holds my gaze. I thumb open the button and grab the zipper. I ease it down slowly. Sabian bites her lip. *Fuck that sexy. She heard the zipper. Good.* I smile, lowering the zipper the rest of the way.

“You ready for this, Siren?”

She nods her head. “I’m beyond ready, Smoke.”

“You plan on looking?”

“I am.”

“Do I get to see first?”

She rests her hand on her chin and bottom lip like she was thinking about it. I wait patiently, hands on the hips of my jeans. Sabian rose partly from the water, exposing her glorious breasts. God, I’d never tire of seeing her naked. She stopped waist high. I could see through the water, but I understood the meaning.

I pushed my cock off to the side earlier; even though she wasn’t looking. It sprang free as soon as I pushed my jeans down. I slowly push my jeans off my hips, watching her reaction. I love the look on her face when my cock springs free. I’m eight and half inches and thick.

She licks her lips. I push the jeans the rest of the way down and kick them in the direction of our clothing pile. Sabian returns the favor standing up. My eyes track a droplet of water from her navel down to her mons. Then my eyes move to her hips and down her long shapely legs. Not enough to get my fill, I start at the top. My eyes devour every inch of her body as I make my way to the hot tub.





## Chapter 23

### *Sabian*

Smoke is a work of perfection. I eat up his body with my eyes relishing every inch. When his cock springs free, I bite back a gasp. He's already fully erect and so thick. I knew he was packing, but man oh man. I don't think my hand will fit around his girth. My mouth waters at the thought.

"Like what you see?"

"Without a doubt."

He smiles and climbs in the tub, closing the distance between us. His arms encircle my waist, pulling me close as his lips come down on mine in a commanding kiss. His tongue plunges into my mouth making me melt against him. His rock hard cock pressing between our bodies. The wetness between my legs has nothing to do with the water in the hot tub.

His hands grasp my cheeks and he pulls me even closer. He keeps pulling. My toes lift off the ground. I wrap my legs around his waist. Smoke eases us down into the water without breaking the kiss. My body is on fire. I can't remember the last time I was this turned on.

He pulled away with a swear. "Damn it Siren, you're going to make me forget myself. I want tonight to be special."

"It is special."

"I can make it better. Trust me?"

I nod my head.

"I just want to slow things down and take our time. Then I'll dry you off and carry you to the tent."

I couldn't help the giggle when Janet Jackson's *Let's Wait Awhile* played in my head. He looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Janet Jackson."

I could tell he was running through a list of Janet's songs through his head. When he got to it, he laughed out loud.

"Something like that, but we're only waiting until later tonight."

"What if I can't wait?"

He picks us up and steps out of the water, putting me down long enough to wrap me in a towel. Before carrying me back to the tent. He stops outside and sets me down.

"I need two minutes." He says.

The hot tub was nice, but water isn't the best friction and I want to feel him inside me. Could I have waited? Yeah, maybe. Maybe not.

## *Smoke*

I HURRY AROUND THE tent, turning on the electric candle I brought. I got my playlist ready, and double checked everything before I went back outside. Sabian has her back turned to the tent flap looking at the coals of the fire. I placed my hands on her shoulders and drew her back against me.

"Penny for your thoughts."

"Is this real? Are we real?"

I turn her around and kiss her gently. "This is real. We are real. I plan to spend every day of the rest of our lives proving it to you."

She shook her head. "It's too soon to say that."

"It's not. I've wanted you from the moment I saw you. You were off limits because you had a boyfriend, but it didn't stop us from talking to each other or getting to know each other. It's true we haven't dated long, but my feelings are strong."

She looked at me with wide eyes as she takes in my words. "Alright," she says softly.

I release her and take her hand, leading her inside the tent. She takes in the candles and the flower petals on the bed.

“One more thing,” I says, releasing her hand. I walk across the tent, and start my playlist before returning to Sabian.

She still has the towel wrapped around her. I take her hand again, wrapping the other arm around her waist. I draw her in for a dance. Leon Bridges, *Mrs. begins* to play as we dance.

“I’ve never felt this way about anyone, Siren. You’re under my skin. The very air I breathe. Tonight, I’m going to make love to you until we’re both too tired. We’ll take a nap, then start all over again. I want to brand you. Ruin you for any other man.”

“Big words. Show me.”

I kiss her then, pouring everything I felt into her. somewhere during the kiss, her towel fell to the floor. I swept her up in my arms and laid her out on the bed. Our lips still entwine, we continue the kiss as I lay down beside her. I kiss her until I don’t know where I end and she begins.

“Let me look at you,” I rasp.

“You’ve seen me naked.”

“Now I’m seeing you naked and plan on taking my time doing something about it.”

A faint blush spread across her cheeks. This is the first time I’ve seen her blush and I don’t plan on it being the last. Something about it turns me on. Here I thought it wasn’t possible to get more turned on than I already am. This woman is under my skin and after tonight I hope I’m under hers.

“Spread your legs for me, Siren.”

She spreads those impossibly long legs wide. I can see her juices gleaming on the lips of her pussy. The candle light casts a glow to her skin. She’s breathtaking. Spread out before me, her eyes seeking mine.

“Fucking beautiful. Damn baby, that’s one pretty pussy.”

“Smoke. I need you.”

“Baby, when we’re alone, call me Baron. My full name is Baron Ewing.”

She flashes me a brilliant smile. “I’d rather call you my King.”

I was on top of her in a flash kissing until we were both senseless. I held back on saying the words I felt. I’m not a kid anymore. No, it’s not too soon. It’s right on time for us.



## Chapter 24

### *Sabian*

I feel my cheeks heat when he looks at my pussy like a starving man. While I've had no complaints. Telling me my pussy is pretty is new to me. This man does things to me just by looking at me. Not to mention he eats pussy like a pro.

“Hold yourself open for me, Siren.”

I reach between my legs and hold my outer lips open for his perusal.

“Now that's what I'm talking about, dessert before dinner. You're pussy is the best dessert I've ever tasted.”

Smoke dives between my legs using the flat of his tongue to lick me from top to bottom in one smooth motion. My body ignites at his touch. I love the rough feel of his facial hair between my thighs.

He uses his teeth on my outer lips and clit. I like a little pain with my pleasure. It does it for me. Smoke slides one long finger inside me. I cry out and arch my back. He laps at my juices adding a second finger. When he starts with the come hither motion my body skyrockets toward release. The first orgasm slams into me. I see stars behind my eyes.

“That's my good girl. You're gorgeous when you come. I could get addicted to the sight.”

“I need you. I want you inside me.”

“I'm clean, baby. Can I take you bare? I was tested a few months ago and I haven't been with anyone since.”

“I'm on the pill. I got tested a few months ago because I thought Justin gave me a STI. Thankfully, he didn't. Take me bare. I want to feel you. All of you.”

Smoke crawls up my body placing kisses along the way. When he reaches my lips, I can feel his thick erection pressed against me.

“Are you ready to be one hundred percent mine?”

*Aren't we just having sex? Am I ready to be his? We just started dating. But it feels right. And hey, it's not like we're standing at the altar and I'm committing to forever.*

“Yes. Make me yours.”

I feel the head of his cock line up with my entrance. With a flex of his hips he parts my lips with the head of his cock. Smoke takes his time and works his way into me.

“Fuck, baby you're tight.”

He stretches me in the most delicious way. I've never been close to coming by someone just entering me. *Goddess, I'm so full.* He moves his hips with painstaking slowness at first. It feels amazing, yet it's frustrating.

“Faster.”

“Someone's impatient.” He chuckles.

“Fuck me.”

Smoke slightly increases his speed. It's deliciously maddening. He clearly enjoys torturing me. So I close my eyes and concentrate on the sensations.

“Look at me, Siren.

I open my eyes.

“Good girl, now lean up and look at us.”

I knew what he meant. I wish we had a mirror on the ceiling. Maybe someone, somewhere makes a kinky tent. I'll look into it. I push myself up so I can see where we're joined. He continues his slow strokes inside me. Okay so that's really fucking hot seeing his cock disappear inside my pussy. Feeling the stretch as we unite our bodies. My eyes move back to his. Our eyes lock together as he moves inside me. That wall that I erected around my heart crumbled. The passion and I swear to fuck love that shined in Smoke's eyes leaves me breathless.

*Smoke*



I WAS ALREADY HEAD over heels for this woman but this moment. Looking her in the eyes while I'm balls deep inside unlocks something inside me I didn't know I'd hidden away. I continue to gaze into her eyes as I increase my speed. The slowness was equally maddening for me as it was for her. With each thrust she moans a little louder and a little longer. When I break our gaze, it's to feast on her breasts. I take as much as I can into my mouth. Using my tongue and teeth to work her breast and nipple. My thrusts increase and I add a roll to my hips making sure I hit that spot inside her that makes her toes curl. She wraps her legs around me pulling me in closer.

“Yes, oh, fuck yes,” she cries out her heels digging into my ass. Her nails are digging into my back. I seek that sensitive nub and circle it with the pad of my thumb. Her hips buck and she cries out.

“Ngggh.”

Shattering beneath me. The walls of her pussy flutter around me gripping my cock. I fight for control. I'm not done with her yet. I fuck her through the orgasm giving her a minute to recover before pulling out.

“Turn over. I want you on your knees. Face down ass up.”

I move to give her room to maneuver. Sabian rolls over, getting on all four. I almost lose my damn man when she puts her ass up in the air.

“Spread your legs for me, Siren.”

She spreads her legs showing me her pretty little star. I bend down and lick her. Sabian jumps.

“Has anyone ever fucked your pretty little ass. Fuck baby. ‘This really is my siren song.’”

She shakes her head. “No.”

“Not today, baby, but soon I want to take you here.”

I rub my thumb around the star for emphasis. She gasps and leans into my thumb. I rub my forefinger through her juices and around her puckered hole several times before pushing the tip in. Sabian gasps again.

“Did I hurt you, baby?”

“It stings a little.”

“I’ll make it feel good, baby. Can you stand the sting a little while longer?”

“Yes,” she breathes out as I move my finger deeper.

Bending down, I lap at her slit while I slowly work my finger in and out of her ass. My balls tighten in anticipation of taking her ass soon. I can tell when her discomfort ends. Her breathing becomes faster.

“Do you like the way my finger feels in your ass, baby?”

“Yes,” she sighs drawing out the word in such a delicious way my cock jumps.

She whimpers when I move away and withdraw my finger from her ass. I line the head of my cock up to her slick entrance and enter her slowly. I love the feeling of her velvet heat enfolding my cock. Goddamn I could spend the rest of my life and never tire of being inside her. The feeling is indescribable.

I start with slow strokes giving her body time to adjust to my girth before picking up speed. Her mewls of pleasure start immediately. I re-wet my index finger and work it back into her incredibly tight ass. My balls tighten again. Fuck, if I’m not careful I’m going to blow my load embarrassing short amount of time.

I get into a rhythm fucking her with my cock and finger. She’s going wild. I fucking love that she’s so vocal. It’s a huge turn on. Encouraged by her moans I speed up and add a second finger to her ass.

“Play with your clit, Siren.”

I watch as she snakes a hand under her body reaching her clit. Her breath hitches. When her walls spasm around me in another orgasm I bite the inside of my cheek to keep from cumming. She’s panting and moaning as I power into her. Sweat drips down my body as I roll my hips.

“Cum for me Siren.”

She shakes her head. "I don't think I can."

"You can do it, baby."

I add a third finger to her ass. "Pinch your clit."

She screams shattering around me. I let go, screaming my own release. Shooting a long stream of cum deep within her walls. I pull out.

"Stay right there, baby. I'll get something to clean us up."

I grabbed a still damp towel and cleaned her up before cleaning myself. I toss the towel in a pile of dirty clothes and pull my woman into me, tucking her head into my chest..

"Is it too soon to talk about kids?"

She laughs and playfully slaps my chest. "I don't know. Yes. No."

"Do you want kids?"

"Yes? I'd like a few."

"Define a few."

She laughs again. "More than two less than the Patriots offense lineup."

"I can work with that. Let's take a nap. Dinner should be almost done when we wake up."



## Chapter 25

### *Sabian*

I'm deliciously sore as I hurry the steps to Papy's. He opens the door before I knock. Coat in hand.

"That young fella drive his Ford again?"

"Not this time, Papy. We're going grocery shopping afterwards."

"What are we in?"

"Yukon XL."

"Not bad. Plenty of storage room. Comfortable seating in the second and third row."

I laugh. "Are you a car salesman?"

"I'm a car aficionado and one of Pastor Dave's friends takes us to lunch in one."

When we arrive at the SUV, I try to get him to ride in the front passenger seat but he refuses stating there's plenty of room. The drive takes a little over an hour. I spot the bikes as soon as we pull into the parking lot of Elsie's Plate and Pie.

"Are we expecting friends?" I ask, Smoke.

"We are. Chief, Trinity, and Triton are joining us."

"Oh nice. You'll like them Papy. Chief is the Baton Rouge chapter president. He's a retired police officer. Trinity is his VP. Triton is their Road Captain, he's retired from the Navy. A forensic specialist."

"They should've good stories to tell. Road Captain he's the guy who plans the trips right."

"Something like that," I replied.

Smoke pulls up in front and comes around to let me out before opening Papy's door.

"I'll park and meet you inside, Siren."

He drops a quick kiss on my lips before getting back into the SUV.

“Anything you want to tell me Sab?”

“We’re dating.”

“I gathered that much. But none of your other boyfriends spends this much time with the two of us. Much less takes me to my favorite restaurant.”

He and mémé came here on a date when the place opened in 2017. He takes her here several times until she got too sick to travel.

“He’s a special man.”

“Man. I think perhaps that’s the key word baby girl. He’s a man and not a boy.”

I grin at him. “I think you’re right. Let’s head inside.”

The group of muscled bikers are easy to spot. Chief sees us immediately and waves us over. He stands up giving me a hug as soon as we’re at the table side.

“Sabian, good to see you. Who’s this young man you brought with you?”

“This is my papy, Luc Moreau. Papy this is Chief, Trinity, and Triton.”

Everyone shakes hands, and exchanges greetings before we take our seats. Smoke arrives and slides in next to me as our server brings ice water and menus.

The table orders Cajun crawfish queso, fried okra and three cheese pimento for starters. I chose the pesto melt with roasted tomato soup for lunch. Papy got the poulet pie with a side of grits and Smoke shocked me. He orders honey pork chops with crispy Brussel sprouts and parmesan whipped potatoes.

“How was the camp out last night?” Chief asks.

“It’s amazing. You guys should camp out there sometime. The showers are amazing. It has a hot tub, fire pit and there’s a

place for the kids. Junior camp. There's a stream that runs through the property deep enough to fish."

"You're taking your old papy fishing this spring, right?"

"You bet." Smoke answers.

We'd already talked about it yesterday. I knew papy would want to go fishing.

"We can camp in tents or rent an RV," I add.

We spend the next hour talking about camping and enjoying heavenly food. I'm not ashamed to admit I snagged food from both my men's plates. I like the way that sounds 'both my men'. Papy and now Smoke. As stuffed as I was, I ordered dessert anyway. I split an almond joy pie with Papy. Chief surprised us by insisting on paying. After we settled the bill, we headed out to the SUV. Smoke follows Chief and the others back to the clubhouse.

We rolled up to the gates, stopping long enough for the prospect on duty to open it. Smoke follows the motorcycles to the clubhouse. It's a two-story red brick building. That was once a small high school. At least, that's what Nola told her.

Once inside, Chief gave us the grand tour, introducing us to most of the members. Some are out running the club's businesses. Chief found an original bar top from the late 1800s out of Kansas City. A cowboy bar. He had it installed in the club's bar room.





## Chapter 26

### *Smoke*

Now that Brick and Red relocated to New Orleans, the rest of Baton Rouge's brothers are single. The club's bunnies are out in full force. Cherry, in her mid-twenties, has been with the club since she turned eighteen. She's wearing cut-off jeans shorts that show the bottoms of her ass cheeks, a short-sleeve button shirt that she has tied up with one button holding it closed, and hooker heels. She smiles when she sees me coming over.

"Smoke, it's good to see you. Who's this handsome young man you brought, and is this your girl?"

"Cherry, this is my girl Siren and her grandfather Luc."

"Grandfather? No way you're that old."

Luc chuckles. "You don't have to flatter this old man."

Cherry smiles, "I know a handsome man when I see one, regardless of age. Can I get y'all a drink?"

"Beer for me," I reply.

"I'll take one too," Luc adds.

"I'm good with beer." Sabian replies.

Cherry comes back a few minutes later with three beers. Chief led the tour, showing Sabian and Luc around the clubhouse. Luc seems to enjoy the tour. He loves meeting all the brothers and flirting with the bunnies. The bunnies are on good behavior in front of guests. We stay hours longer than we plan, but Luc is enjoying himself, so we stay.

By the time the visit with the Baton Rouge club was over, Luc was exhausted. We take him home so he can rest while Sabian and I head to the Big Easy Market to shop. The drive from Luc's takes twenty minutes. Once we get inside, we each take a cart.

“You lead and I’ll follow, my lady,” I say with a mock bow.

She laughs and heads toward the produce. While we walk through the store shopping, I realize how normal this is. This is something I want to keep doing, shopping with the woman I love. I add a few things to her cart.

“Are you cooking something for me?”

“Yup. I’ll throw a few more things in so I can cook for you this week. How’s your schedule?”

“Busy. I’m booked solid this week. It’ll be long hours. What about you?”

“The usual. Paperwork mostly this week.”

“I know how much you love that.”

I laugh. “It’s a necessary evil.”



Two hours later, we pulled in front of Sabian’s house. She wanted to get the mail before we went around back to unload groceries. Something catches the corner of my eye while she’s opening the mailbox. I get out of the SUV and head to the front door. The word whore is spray painted on her front door in red paint. On her front windows a large red A. I feel something I haven’t in a very long time, fear. The killer has marked each of the victim’s homes with the same A. Something no one but the police and the serial killer knew. The photos from the file replay in my mind.

I hurry back to Sabian. “I need you to get in the car, baby, and lock the doors.”

“What’s going on?”

“I’ll tell you as soon as I check the perimeter. Keys are in the ignition. Leave at the first sign of trouble. Call Wizard, please. Tell him to send back-up.”

I open up the back of the SUV and fish out the emergency kit. I pull on a pair of rubber gloves before pulling out Desert Eagle and head back to the front door. I turn the knob with care, not wanting to smear any possible prints. It's locked. I check the window with the letter A on it. It's locked and so is the window next to it.

Satisfied no one entered Sabian's home through the front, I head around back. Half-way around, a thought occurs to me and I head back to the SUV. Sabian is on the phone when I arrive. I wave to get her attention and motion for her to roll down the window. When she does, I reach in the holster at the back of my waistband and pull out my Smith and Wesson M&P 9.

“You know how to shoot. Don't hesitate.”

I pull her head through the window and kissed her fiercely, handing her the gun before resuming my path around the house.



# Chapter 27

## *Sabian*

I watch Smoke inspect the front of my house before heading around the side. Even from this distance, I could see the large scarlet A and the word whore painted on my door. Who would do this and what the fuck is the A for? Grade A Whore?

I should be scared. I'm not. I'm furious. It's going to cost a couple of grand to get that paint removed. Who the fuck do they think they are marking up my house and, more importantly, who the fuck would do it.

When Smoke started checking the windows to see if they were open, I called Wizard.

"This is Wizard."

"Wizard, this is Sabian. Someone vandalized my house. I'm sitting in front of it in the SUV while Smoke checks the perimeter."

"We'll be there as soon as we can stay safe."

Smoke walks back toward the car while Wizard speaks. He waved to make sure I saw him. When he got to the window, he made a motion for me to lower it. He reached behind him, pulling out a gun.

"You know how to shoot. Don't hesitate."

He says, before pulling my head through the window for a scorching kiss. When he pulls back, he hands me the gun before going back around the house. The longer I wait, the more my anger seeps away, replaced by apprehension. Between the text, the note at Gris gris Ink, and now this, it's apparent someone has it out for me.

Again the question, who pops into my mind. I can't think of anyone I've pissed off. I may have hurt Justin's ego, but I don't think he's capable of this. Without thinking further, I dial his number. He picked up on the third ring.

“What do you want?”

“Where are you?”

“At Trixie’s, why?”

I ignored his question. “How long have you been there?”

“Why, you want to get back to me?”

“No.”

“What’s with the twenty questions?”

“I just need to know, okay.”

“Whatever. I’ve been here since the day I came to your place.”

“Thanks.”

“You gonna tell me what this is about?”

“No,” I say before disconnecting the call.

## *Smoke*

I CONTINUE AROUND BACK, stopping to check each window. I go around the fence to the back gate. It’s locked and I forgot to get the key. No matter. I grab the top of the fence and pull myself up and over. I land with a soft thud on the stones. I don’t spot anything out of sorts at first glance. I carefully make my way to the back windows. After checking them, I try the door. Nothing is unlocked and it doesn’t look tampered with. I don’t want to check inside the house until the guys get here. I send off a quick text to Stone.

*Sabian’s house was marked. Need a team to check for prints.*

*Smoke*

I put my phone in my back pocket before walking to the garage. This door, like the rest, is still locked. The vandalism may be all the damage. It’s enough. My text notification goes off. I pull it out of my pocket and check it.

*Marked? Team on the way.*

*Stone*

*Letter A*

*Smoke*

*Fuck! I'll be there in fifteen.*

*Stone*

The rumble of engines catches my attention. I hop over the gate and head to the SUV. I notice Sabian's eyes scan the perimeter. Good, she's paying attention to her surroundings. I walk up to the glass. She rolls down the window.

"Brothers are coming. I need your keys, babe. I'd like one of the prospects to take you back to the compound."

"If it's all clear, I want to go in and look around."

"I didn't find anything open or unlocked."

"Doesn't mean no one got inside. I'm the only one that will know if things are missing or out of place."

"I contacted Stone. He's going to have guys check the whole house for prints. I don't know when you can get in."

"Fine, but if it's a long wait, I need Krystals."

"I'll get an ETA, then get an order if it's going to be awhile. Can you sit tight and let us check out the inside first?"

"I can do that, but I don't like it."

"Noted."





# Chapter 28

## *Smoke*

**G**ambit pulls to a stop first. Followed shortly by Papa, Outlaw, and Everest. By the time Everest put down his kickstand, Mayhem and Havoc had arrived as well.

“What have you got so far?” Gambit asks.”

“I haven’t checked the inside. Nothing further on the outside or in the back except what you see.”

My brothers and I walk away from the SUV leaving Mayhem and Havoc to keep Sabian company and watch out after her. Afterwards, I grabbed more gloves.

“Stone is bringing in a print team. Let’s head around to the back.”

My brothers follow me around to the back. I unlock the gate. We search the courtyard before heading to the back door. By the time I unlock the back, I get a text from Stone.

“Stone’s here.”

We go back around to the front of the house.

“Anything on the inside?” Stone asks.

“Haven’t gone inside yet. No other portals were open. Nothing in the back courtyard.”

I follow Stone to the front door. I hear my brothers murmur as they get a better look at the front door and window. Everest takes out his phone and starts taking photos of the scene. One crime tech joined him while another started taking prints.

Stone turns to me. “Let’s go around back. I want to see if anyone’s been inside.”

“I have the keys.”

We head around back. I let everyone in through the garage using the key. I’d have to ask Sabian what the code for it is. I

should have thought to ask earlier, but seeing the letter A threw me. I haven't been this scared since I was a little kid. The woman I love has caught the attention of a serial killer.

Once inside, my brothers stay in the kitchen while Stone and I walk through the house.

I didn't see anything out of place. I know Sabian is the only one that can tell us for sure if anything is out of place. Something could be moved and I wouldn't know. I haven't been here enough.

## *Sabian*

TWENTY MINUTES AFTER the guys disappear around the side of the house, my stomach growls. I get hungry when I'm nervous. I pull up my app and order from Krystals. I ordered a bacon double cheeseburger, two spicy chickens with extra pickle, two chili cheese pups, chili cheese tots and a strawberry shake for me, and a few cases of Krystal burgers for the others. Plain, cheese, chili cheese, and bacon.

Under special instructions, I told them to deliver to the SUV parked in the driveway.

Twenty minutes later, I'm inhaling my tots while talking to Mayhem and Havoc. Smoke and the others are still around back or maybe they've made it inside today. Waiting is getting on my nerves. Stuffing my face is helping. *Eat your emotions much?* Sometimes I do. It's a normal reaction for many. How many shows have you seen where a broken-hearted woman is binge eating ice cream. A lot. Women aren't the only emotional eaters. We're just the most often portrayed. I'm sure there's a scientific study out there.

I'd just wolfed down my last chili pup. Pups are mini hotdogs. Love them. When my front door opens. Detective Stone steps out and waves me inside. Smoke follows behind him and meets me half-way.

"We need you to look around and see if anything has been moved. So far it doesn't look like anyone was inside."

"Okay, I can do that."

Smoke laced his fingers through mine. I focused on breathing as we passed the front door. Who the hell is doing this? It's starting to freak me out. Once we're inside Smoke releases my hand and I start the painstaking process of looking over every inch of my house.

I start in the living room. The couch catches my attention first. I swallow when I notice the pillows.

“Someone's been in here. The pillows are rearranged.”

I finish looking in the living room before heading to the dining room. My house is one of the famous shotgun style homes. All the rooms are lined up in a row. Kind of like a trailer. I spot another place the intruder had changed immediately. The table was set for two.

“I didn't have the table set up.”



## Chapter 29

### *Smoke*

It takes another hour to go over the house. By the time we are done, Sabian is shaking. The intruder rearranged things in every room. In the kitchen, they organized everything alphabetically in the pantry, cabinets, and fridge. They moved all of her clothes. Even her panties, underwear and socks were refolded and rearranged.

“Let’s pack some things and we can go to my apartment.”

Sabian shakes her head. My heart breaks for her.

“I don’t want to wear any of my things. Not after he’s touched them.”

“He, do you know who did this?” Stone asks.

She shook her head again. “No, I’m just assuming it’s a man doing all this.”

“Statistically speaking, you’re right. I have a few more things I’d like to go over with you. I can do that at the compound so we can get you out of here.”

“Thank you.”

I hand her keys to the twins. “Lock up when the cops are done.”

“Will do, Smoke,” Mayhem says.

The smell of fast food hits my senses when I open the passenger door. I’d forgotten Sabian had Krystal’s delivered earlier. I gather the trash, including her soupy milkshake, and hand it to Havoc.

“Dispose of this for me.”

“You got it. I’ll send you a text when the cops are done.”

“Thanks man.”

I help Sabian in the SUV, reaching over her. I fasten her seatbelt before going to the driver's side.

“Are you hungry? You didn't eat most of your order.”

“Not really.”

“We'll worry about food later. Let's get you to my place. How about a nice hot bath?”

“Maybe.”

She sounds distant. Fuck. I'm going to have to tell her she's likely the target of a serial killer and she's already traumatized. I'll ask Wizard to see if he can dig deeper into the previous victims. There's nothing in the files about the killer stalking his victims. If so, we can add psychological trauma to the profile.

Physically, Sabian fit the profile. But why her? What else ties the victims together? The police are missing something. Something my brothers and I need to find out. We've got to find the killer before the killer finds Sabian. I know I'm going to have a fight on my hands. My woman is strong and independent and I'm basically going to ask her to go on lock down. Fuck. If I have to tie her up to keep her safe, I will. She'll hate me, but she'll be alive.

I reach over and take her hand in mine. Threading our fingers together.

## *Sabian*

I FEEL NUMB. SOME STRANGER was in my house. They touched my things. So many of my things. My first urge is to burn it all. It gives me the creeps thinking about it. I don't know if I can get my clothes clean enough that I feel safe putting them on. Maybe that sounds crazy, but that's where my head is at right now.

I feel adrift in the middle of a storm. Warm fingers wrap around mine and tug gently. I look up at Smoke as he drives us to the compound. I study his profile. He has a strong jaw with perfect lips for kissing. His well groomed facial hair is

sprinkled with salt. He keeps his head shaved. It's part of his morning routine, keeping that deep mahogany skin hair free and smooth to the touch.

I keep my focus on Smoke. It helps take my mind off earlier events. I can't ignore them, but I don't want to obsess over them. I run my eyes down his neck, stopping at the tattoo before moving on to his strong shoulders. I move on to his well-muscled biceps before my eyes rest on his hands. The one entwined with mine.

His hands are huge. He can palm a basketball. More than enough to engulf my hand and my breasts. I'm not small. Not huge either. I have a nice full C cup. I like to think of them as perfect for me. *Why am I thinking about sex?* Thinking of his hands pushes the fear back and reminds me about this morning.

We'd made love all night. I was sore. I didn't tell him, but he knew. After he made breakfast, he carried me back to the hot tub and set up the waterfall light show.





## Chapter 30

### *Sabian*

**I** set my dish down on the ground and wiped my mouth.  
“Breakfast was delicious. You’re going to spoil me.”  
“You deserve to be spoiled, Siren.”

*Smoke set his dish down beside mine. Standing up, he turned and picked me up, carrying me bridal style to the hot tub.*

*“I already have the tub warmed up and dry towels waiting.”*

*I smile at him. “You think of everything.”*

*“I do my best.”*

*He set me down on the edge of the hot tub and peeled his shirt off me before shucking the shorts he wore. Smoke climbed up beside me before getting into the hot tub. After he settled on the lounge, he pulled me down on top of him. Tapping his phone a few times, a water feature started on the hot tub. Three streams of water shooting out. Each a different color or shade of the same color. Seconds later, Mrs. by Leon Bridges started to play.*

I told him last night how much I loved the song. I always thought it was corny when couples have their own songs. Now I’m half of one of those corny couples. And we have our song.

*Smoke sings along with the words his hands play on my body like an instrument. He strums my nipples before plucking and playing with them. During the bridge, he nibbles on my neck and ears. My breath hitches. My juices mingle with the water that surrounds us.*

*My nipples tighten, hardening further. I let out a moan when he abandons singing and wraps his hot mouth around one aching nipple.*

*“Ngggh.”*

*I whimper when he releases my nipple and moan again when he latches on to the other. His fingers play at the abandoned nipple, edging me closer to the edge. I love having my breasts played with. I close my eyes, letting the sensations, music, and water sweep me away in the flow of passion.*

*Smoke alternated his erotic ministrations from one breast to the next. He feasted on the entire breast, and not just the nipple. Each lick and nibble sent me closer to the edge. A lick to the underside of a breast sent me over the edge. I cried out, digging my nails into his shoulders.*

*“That’s it. Cum for me Siren. God, you’re so fucking beautiful when you come. I’m going to need to install mirrors in our bedroom so you can see for yourself.”*

*“Our bedroom?”*

*“Yes, our bedroom. Yours and mine. A place where I can wake up next to you every morning.”*

*“Every morning? For how long?”*

*“I think forever sounds good.”*

*“Forever, are you proposing to me?”*

*“Not, yet.”*

The sound of Trigger’s voice pulls her back to the present. I stop us at the compound gates.

## ***Smoke***

I GET SABIAN UPSTAIRS and run her a bath while I try to figure out what to order to tempt her with. Not feeling any of the menus I have, I head to the cupboard to see what I have when I get an idea. I shoot off two quick texts, one to Flea to bring me a list of items from the club’s pantry and one to Nitro, asking if Lucia can send some clothes for my girl.

Tomorrow I’ll either take her shopping or get her sizes and send one of the prospects. In a few days, I’ll see what she wants to do about her belongings. I start the grits and hot water for the crawfish. They may not be in season, but I know

Harley keeps some in the freezer. I pour my girl a big glass of chilled Sauvignon Blanc and take it to her.

“Do you need more bubbles?”

She slowly opens her eyes. “I’m good. Is that for me?”

“It is. I’m going to make something you’ll love. It’s my nana’s recipe.”

“I can’t wait to try it.”

“Just relax, Siren. I’ll take care of you.”

I lean down and kiss the top of her head before heading back to the living room. There was a knock at the door. I crossed the room, opening it to find Flea. He held a grocery store basket that contained the ingredients I requested.

“What are you making?”

“Crawfish bisque with jasmine rice and grits with gravy. It’s my Nana’s recipe.”

“Will you teach me to make it sometime?”

I eyed the kid. He gave attitude more often than not. Maybe some bonding time will help the kid out.

“Sure, on any other night I’d invite you in now. With everything that happened, Sabian’s not in the mood for company.”

“Sorry man. I heard what happened to her house. Let me know if there’s anything I can do.”

“I’ll do that Flea. Come by tomorrow. I’ll save you some and pack it up. You can pick it up then.”

“Thanks, man.”

“No problem. Thanks for bringing the ingredients. Now off to cook for my woman.”

Flea looked like he was going to say something before he thought better of it and nodded his head. I closed the door and headed to the kitchen to prepare the meal. Stone would be by sometime tonight. I’m going to tell Sabian about the serial killer tonight. Before he gets here, if we have time.



“This is fantastic.” Sabian says around mouthfuls.

Flea surprised me, returning twenty minutes later with a loaf of still warm rosemary salt sourdough bread. He says some of the ladies were baking today and it just came out of the oven. Sabian had a second glass of wine earlier while she relaxed on the couch and I finished dinner.

“I’ll tell Nana it’s a hit.”

“She’s still around?”

“She is, and she’s going to love you.”

“When can I meet her?”

“How about tomorrow?”

“Does she live close?”

“She lives in Memphis.”

“That’s five hours from here.”

“Not long at all. It would be a nice ride. We could stay a few days. Nana would spoil us rotten and it would be good for her. She loves fussin’ over family.”

“While I’d love to, I’m booked up for the next couple of weeks. Other than the time I have set aside for Papy.”

“He could come along too. A prospect can drive him in his cage of choice.”

“I still have clients. Papy would love to see Memphis. He and Mémé went years ago. They’re huge Elvis fans and wanted to see his birthplace. They stayed in a little bed-and-breakfast.”

A knock on the door interrupted our conversation.



# Chapter 31

## *Sabian*

I have a view of the door from the dining room as Smoke goes to open it. I hear a few words exchanged before he steps aside and Detective Stone comes in. The detective gives me a smile and a nod, walking into the dining room.

“Sorry to interrupt your dinner.”

“It’s fine. We were expecting you sometime this evening. Are you hungry? We have plenty.”

“If you don’t mind.”

“Not at all,” Smoke adds.

Detective Jaxon Stone, a handsome man in his mid-forties, though he looks a decade younger, with dark wavy hair and a spectacular mustache. He has kind blue eyes and she’s heard good things about him from the Kings. Apparently, he is one of the few boys in blue that work with the guys rather than against them. He takes the seat to my left. Smoke sat on my right. He hands the detective a plate and bowl.

“Besides the bisque and grits Smoke made, we have to die for sourdough bread.”

“It smells good.”

“Did you find any prints?”

He shook his head. “No, I’m sorry. There were no prints on anything. Whoever did this was careful.”

“Dammit. I feel like I can’t go back to my own home or even wear my clothes again.”

“I’m sorry. We’re going to do everything we can to catch him. There’s more.” Detective Stone pauses and looks at Smoke. “Did you tell her yet?”

“I was just getting ready to.”

“Tell me what?”

Smoke takes my hand. “Siren, there’s no easy way to tell you this. We believe a serial killer has targeted you.”

“What? You’re kidding me, right. Please tell me you’re kidding me.”

“I’m afraid, not Miss Moreau. I’m sure you know that two of Miss Scott’s patients were found murdered.”

I nod my head. Lily told me after Dmitri was stabs that two of her patients were found murdered earlier this year.

“I’m aware.”

“Those women were only two of four killed by what we believe is a serial killer. You fit the physical description of the other women. Petite, dark hair, and tattoos. They found each victim with a large A tattooed on them.”

“Like the A on my door?”

“Yes.”

“Is that it? The only reason you think a serial killer is after me.”

“Yes, and no. Yes, it’s the only thing that ties you to the others aside from description, but Smoke filled me in on the other incidents.”

“I don’t think the A is enough to say a serial killer is after me.”

“Maybe not, but we’d rather be safe. I don’t have enough to put cops on you, but some of the guys will work off the books.”

“You don’t need to do that, Detective.”

“She’ll never be alone.” Smoke says. “She’ll have a prospect and a brother with her at all times.”

“Don’t you think that’s overkill?”

“No, I don’t. I’d rather be wrong, but either way there IS someone stalking you.”

My insides shook. I couldn’t deny that. Someone is stalking me. Invading my privacy and now freaking me the

fuck out. I want to kick, scream, and cry. It won't do me any good. It won't change anything.

“It's why I want you to come away with me for a few days. Get you out of the city and away from the focus of the stalker.”

“It could throw the stalker or serial killer off kilter.”

“I'll go away for a few days, but I'm not hiding or putting my life on hold because of some psycho.”

“I'll have the guys put in extra security in your house and at the shop.” Smoke says.

“That's a good idea.” Stone adds.

We spent the next little while eating and going over plans. I called Papy and he agreed to go with us. He agreed to ride in the SUV since it's more comfortable than Smoke's Ford. Papy's in love with my man's truck.





## Chapter 32

### *Smoke*

We left bright and early this morning, headed to Memphis. Sabian has a few changes of clothes thanks to Lucia. She and Nitro showed up this morning at half-past six with clothes and food. Lucia made enough breakfast for everyone. Flea and Trigger are in the SUV with Papy. Elvis and Outlaw are riding with us.

We've been on the road for three hours when we decide to pull over. It's time to stretch our legs and eat breakfast. I signal Elvis and Outlaw before turning into a nearby rest stop. We can fill the tanks on the way out. There's a gas station less than a mile down the road.

"Ready for some food," I ask after we park.

"Starved." Sabian replies. "Hopefully, Flea and Trigger kept Papy out of it."

"Is he a big eater?"

"He can be. Especially when he gets the munchies."

"Papy smokes marijuana?:"

"Sometimes. He uses edibles the most. It helps with arthritis and other things many people get with age."

"Hell, old age is not required. The club owns a grow field, a product line and a storefront. I'll have to get him some stuff from there. It's good shit."

"He'll love you forever."

"He doesn't already?"

Sabian laughs. "I don't know about that, but he loves your truck."

I chuckle. "That he does. I told him he could borrow it when we get back. We need to find him a classic of his own."

"He'd love that."

I takes her hand and we walk to the picnic area. Trigger carries the large hamper style picnic basket while Flea carries the cooler. Papy already chose a table for us. He's sitting at it.

Sabian takes charge of the basket and begins unpacking it while I grab drinks for everyone from the cooler. We have water, fresh squeezed juice, energy drinks, and iced coffee. I set it all out along with glasses.

I start taking drink orders while Sabian finishes the basket. Lucia outdid herself. There's hash brown mini muffin, jars of overnight oats, apple streusel pull-apart bread, and breakfast burritos.

"Lucia outdid herself." Sabian gave voice to my thoughts.

"This looks delicious." Papy says."

"Nitro's ol' lady can cook," Flea says around a mouthful of food.

We're stuffed and back on the road thirty minutes later. The gas station stop is quick and we're back on the road to Memphis. It's a beautiful fall day and I'm loving the hell out of having my woman wraps around me on the back of my bike. This is life.

## *Sabian*

I TRY TO KEEP MY MIND on the scenery and not dwell on my stalker. Or the fact the stalker could be a serial killer. Part of me feels like I'm running away. Another part of me is grateful for some time away. It'll give me a chance to wrap my head around what's going on. I know Smoke asked Wizard to look into the serial killer to see if he could find more clues or coincidences between the four victims.

We pull into a long driveway that leads to a two-story farmhouse with a wrap-around porch. The white clapboard siding has a fresh coat of paint, as do the deep blue shutters. My legs are a little wobbly when I get off the bike. It's been awhile since I've ridden this many miles.

Smoke slips his arm around my waist. We walk to the SUV. Papy gets out and walks with us up the porch steps. The screen door flies open and a little old lady, shorter than me, comes flying out.

“Is that my Baron?”

He releases my hand and swoops his grandmother up into a big hug.

“Guilty as charged.”

“You're a sight for these old eyes. Now tell me who this pretty thing is.”

“Nana, this is my girl Sabian. Her grandfather Luc. And these are my brothers Elvis and Outlaw. Those two young fellas carrying in the luggage are Flea and Trigger.”

“You boys and your names. I noticed none of you are wearing your colors.”

“Colors? Nana knows about colors?” I ask, incredulous.

I chuckle at the same time Nana laughs.

“I like to learn things about my Baron. He taught me all the lingo. Taught me that word too.”

“We're staying in another MC's territory. It's impolite to wear our colors here. Gambit didn't have time to contact the

club's president.”

Nana patted Smoke on the cheek. “You're such a good boy.”

She turns and embraces me.

“I'm pleased as punch to meet you. Baron's never brought a girl home before.”

“Never?”

She shakes her head. “Never. That makes you very special.

Nana reaches for my hand. I gave it to her. “Pleased to meet the rest of you. Come and eat.”

I heard Papy chuckle behind me.” You heard the young lady. Let's eat.”

The inside of the farmhouse boasts rich dark wood flooring. With French Country decor. Done in sage green, rose and ivory. It's beautiful but makes you feel instantly at home. Nana leads us into a large dining room. The long table is loaded with food. There's a full table setting for each of us set on floral placemats. Cloth napkins folded in the shape of a fleur-de-lis with a wrought iron napkin ring of the same symbol sit on top of blue Phalzgraff plates.

“Luc, could you please take the seat of honor at the head of the table.”

“Yes ma'am. I'd be honored.”



## Chapter 33

### *Smoke*

Nana went all out cooking a Southern Feast. Every inch of the table is covered with a savory dish and her side board is filled with desserts. There are two large platters of fried chicken that the Colonel would come back to life for a taste. Several large serving bowls are filled with creamy mashed potatoes, Italian Green Beans, red beans and rice, collard greens with ham hocks, okra and tomatoes, and shrimp creole. We have both biscuits and cornbread muffins.

“Luc, would you do the honor and say the blessing.”

“I’d be honored Mrs. Ewing.”

“Please call me Bea.”

“Thank you, Bea for having us in your home. Everyone please take hands and bow your head.”

Papy waits until everyone takes hands and we all bow our heads.

“Dear Heavenly Father, thank you for this bountiful feast and for the woman that labored over our meal out of love. Please bless this feast and those around the table. Amen.”

“Amens,” were heard around the table.

Nana hands the platter of chicken to Papy and the shrimp creole to me. It’s my favorite aside from the chicken. Which there’s plenty of and I don’t care which pieces I get.

We fill our plates in companionable silence. Everyone enjoys their first tastes of food before beginning a conversation.

“How was the trip down, Sabian?”

“Beautiful. It’s my first time riding as a passenger for that long. I enjoyed it more than I thought.”

“You’re only used to short rides?”

“My girl has a bike of her own.” Papy says proudly.

“Oh, that must be exciting!”

“I think so. Mrs. Ewing. I love riding.”

“Call me Nana. Elvis, good to see you again. Are you going to sing for me?”

“Yes, ma’am. If you want me to.”

“You know I do. You have the voice of an angel.”

Flea snorts. “If angels make girls’ panties fall off.”

Outlaw smacks him on the back of his head. “Apologize to Nana for being crude.”

“I’m sorry Nana.”

Nana gives him the look. “You can call me Mrs. Ewing.”

I swallow a snigger, but only for Nana’s sake. The rest of dinner is equally eventful. Nana sends Flea to carry in the luggage when it’s time for dessert.

“Flea, you can carry in the luggage. I have sticky notes on the doors to tell you who’s staying where. You need to earn dessert. Do a good job.”

Flea got up without comment or huff and went to carry in all the luggage. Nana stands up and goes to the sideboard.

“I have a few things in the fridge. Baron, can you start cutting.”

Sabian gets up. “Let me accompany you to the kitchen, Nana.”

“Please do.” Nana replies with a smile.

Papy accompanies me to the sideboard. We each take an end and start slicing. There’s pecan pie, Devil’s food cake, shoofly pie, apple brown Betty, and a pumpkin roll with cream cheese, pecan filling.

*Sabian*



I FOLLOW NANA INTO the kitchen. She has modern appliances that look like the ones from the 1800s done in deep blue enamel. The kitchen, like everything I've seen, is decorated to make you feel you're home. To put you at ease and make you feel welcome.

Nana heads to the blue fridge and begins to pull out dishes.

"Could you carry the cheesecake, dear?"

"Of course. Is there anything else I can help with?"

"That blue and white carafe is filled with hot coffee. If you could bring that out as well."

"Will do."

"How long have you known my Baron?"

"A little over a year."

"Have you dated long?"

"No, we just started dating."

"Yet he brought you here to meet me," she says with a smile.

"He did."

I didn't know if I should mention why we made the sudden trip. I'll ask Smoke later when we are alone. I don't want Nana to think we just ran here and she's not important. She reminds me a lot of Mémé.

"That makes you special."

"I think he's special."

The words just slip out before I can stop them. I'm not ready to admit I already have feelings for Smoke. While I never cheated on Justin, I did get to know Smoke over the last year. Not like the past couple of weeks, but still I had a base to start on.

"I think so, too. Do you know he and his brothers built his house for me?"

"No, I didn't know that."

“My Baron is good with his hands.”

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from reacting. Baron is very good with his hands and mouth. Let's not forget his master cock skills. Maybe that's my problem. I've been dickmatized.

“This looks amazing, and so does what you're carrying. I'd love to get some recipes.”

“Baron says you're here for a few days. We'll find some recipes and maybe try a few you like.”

“I'd love to.”

I followed her back into the kitchen. She set an icebox pie in front of Smoke. I sat the cheesecake next to Papy and Nana placed a bowl of fresh whipped cream in between the two.

“This looks delicious Bea.”

“Thank you, Luc. It's banana pudding cheesecake, and next to Baron is black bottom icebox pie. An old recipe passed down to me from my grandmother.”



# Chapter 34

## *Smoke*

The last couple days flew by. Nana cooked up a storm. Flea's been on his best behavior for fear of losing out on dessert. I takes Sabian clothes shopping on our second day here. Tonight, we're going out for dinner and drinks. Nana and Papy are going to dinner with us before heading back home. Flea is escorting them. I haven't told Nana about Sabian's stalker. Much less the stalker is possibly a serial killer. We're meeting everyone downstairs in five minutes.

"What do you think?"

I look up from my phone. My jaw drops open as I take in my woman's outfit. She's wearing a silk sleeveless top with a halter fastening around her neck and a neckline that stops right above her belly button. A black leather band goes around the top just under her breasts. It's cobalt blue. As are her platform ankle boots. Her black jeans are painted on perfection and have acid washed bat shapes going down one leg.

I cross the room in two long strides and do my best to kiss the matte red lipstick from her lips.

"You look fucking fantastic, Siren. I'm going to have to beat the men off you."

She throws back her head and laughs. "You'd enjoy that."

"True, it's been a minute since I've given someone a beat down."

She grabs my hand. "Come on, silly. Everyone is waiting for us."

First stop Texas de Brazil. We have reservations. They seat right away. Nearly two hours later Nana has stuffed herself silly with lamb chops and is ready to call it a night. After we get Nana and Papy in the SUV with Flea, we head to the bikes.

"Where to?" I ask the group.

“There’s a new place called Reign and it’s got good reviews,” I say.

I pull up the club’s info, find the address, and relay it to the others. I helped Sabian on the bike. It takes less than fifteen minutes to maneuver through traffic. The club has parking specifically for bikes. There’s already a dozen bikes parked there when we pull in.

There was a line at the door down the block and around the corner. The bouncer spots us and makes a signal for us to turn around. I know what he wants. I turn so he can see my vest has no colors. A few patches but this isn’t my club cut. I turned back around and he waves us forward. People in line aren’t happy but they’re smart enough not to start shit.

“Pay the cover charge at the door. Ladies get in for free.”

We walk past the large man into the dim interior of the club. Loud music blares through the speakers. Lights flash in the darkness, synced to the music. The place is packed but there’s still room to maneuver through the crowd. It takes us a few minutes to find a table and pull up enough seats around us for the group. Trigger heads to the bar for a round of drinks.

“Dance with me.” Sabian says.

“Anything you want, Siren,”

I led her out onto the dance floor. Jain’s *Makeba* blares through the surround sound speakers. The floor is a teeming mass of writhing bodies. Some of them were trying to do the dance challenge that’s taking social media by storm. Bastian, Gambit’s oldest boy, showed me a video of his sister Geni doing the dance. I smacked him upside the back of the head for making fun of her. Poor girl was nearly in tears. She’s thirteen going on thirty.

Bastian is seventeen and champing at the bit to prospect for the club. We takes him and his siblings in after their father was killed betraying the club. The kids’ mother disappeared years earlier. I’ve always suspected their dad, Claude, killed her. Bastian was taking care of his four younger siblings, manning the airboats for Claude’s business, and taking care of

the finances. Claude was a pathetic excuse for a human being. We didn't realize the extent of it until after his death. Those poor kids were living in a shack on the edge of a swamp. Barely enough food to keep them alive. None of them went to school. Claude couldn't be bothered with it.

Thankfully, Bastian went to school until he was thirteen. He graduates next year. This year is his senior year. Gambit and Stormy adopted Bastian and his siblings. They live in a house within the compound. It's less than a year old.

The song ends and we head back to the table. Trigger has cold beers waiting for us. We've been at the club for about an hour when I notice several men wearing cuts pour out of a door on the second floor. I keep my eyes on them as they come down the stairs and take up two large corner booths.

The booths are situated so you can see the dance floor and bar. Smart. We don't have a dance club. I think I'll pitch the idea at the next meeting.

After the men settled down with drinks, I takes my eyes off them. Sabian was in an animated conversation about tattoos with Trigger. He wants to finish the sleeve he started. It's Norse themed. Blue and Outlaw's attention are on the men in the corner booths.

Moments later they turn their attention back to the table. Our eyes meet carrying on a conversation without words. We'd keep an eye out on them. In all honesty everyone in the club is under scrutiny. Always be aware of your surroundings. Threat assessments constantly run through my head. I shift my attention back to the crowd scanning it, again.



# Chapter 35

## *Sabian*

The club's been playing a mix of songs all evening. I can't believe it when they play Sir Mix-a-Lot's *Baby Got Back*. Of course Smoke left, like a minute ago to use the facilities or recycle as Stormy calls it. Crazy woman. I caught myself telling someone the other day I was going to recycle. Instead of, I'm going to the bathroom.

"Who wants to dance with me?"

Elvis and Trigger shake their heads. Outlaw is already out on the dance floor between two women. They were grinding all over him. Good for him.

"We'll keep an eye out on you until Smoke gets back."

"I think I can handle myself on the dance floor."

Men! I roll my eyes and head to the dance floor. No way I'm missing a second more of this song. It's too fun to dance too. I pick a spot that's not too crowded and let my body move to the beat of the music. I'm still having a good time when the song ends and Lizzo's *About Damn Time* plays.

Half-way through the song I feel hands on my ass and turned expecting to find Smoke. Some random guy in a biker's vest was leering at me.

"Hello there sugar. What's your name?"

"My name is none of your business," I say, dodging his next attempt to grab my ass.

"Keep your hands off me."

"Don't be like that." The man says.

Once again invading my space. He reaches for me again. I grab his hand while applying pressure to the soft tissue in between the thumb and forefinger. He cries out in pain and I



used my body weight to twist his arm behind him and bring him to his knees.

“Let me go, you fucking cunt.”

“Now is that a nice thing to say to a lady?”

Hands grab me from behind at the same time. Outlaw, Elvis and Trigger arrive in front of me.

“Take your hands off her mutt.” Outlaw snarls.

Hands continue to pull at me. There’s no safe way for me to let the first asshole loose and get away from him. I make eye contact with Outlaw. He nods his head. I twist out of the hands behind me by dropping my body weight straight down. I kept a hold of the guy’s arm until the last second and let go. Elvis and Trigger surges forward while Outlaw catches me right before I hit the floor and pulls me away.

## *Smoke*

THE LINE TO THE BATHROOM is hell. Usually it’s the women’s restrooms with long lines. I spot a commotion on the dance floor as soon as I come out of the bathroom. People are scrambling to get out of the way. I push past bodies, looking to see if Sabian and my brothers are at our table. When I see the table empty I increase my speed. I’m not surprised to see the corner booth empty and head toward the fray. Elvis and Trigger are each facing off against two guys. Outlaw has three surrounding him with Sabian behind him. I caught a flash of her blue shirt. I grab the first guy I get to by the shoulder. I spin him around and deliver a punch to his jaw. Guy’s head snaps back. Before he can regain his senses, I deliver three strikes in rapid succession. He drops to the floor.

By that time one of his friends realizes what’s going on and goes on the attack. I catch a blow to the side, but am able to twist away negating most of the force. I grab the guy by the back of the head bringing it down two-handed while bringing my knee up at the same time. I drop him like a rock as soon as I hear the crack.

Outlaw takes care of the last guy standing between me and my woman. I reach behind Outlaw pulling her to me for a quick embrace.

“Let’s get her out of here.”

I spare a look around to find the quickest path. Several of the bikers I’d seen in the corner booth head our direction. One of them motions us forward. The others form a wall around us. When we’re off the dance floor, I hear one of them say.

“We’re headed to the office upstairs. My brothers are getting your friends. Someone called the cops.”

I nod my head in agreement and let them usher us up the stairs. Someone opens the door and ushers us inside. The one who seems in charge says. “We’ll go get your friends.”



## Chapter 36

### *Smoke*

One of the guys. His patch says Wraith points to a seating area.

“Please have a seat. Can I get you guys anything to drink? Anyone need medical attention.”

I pull Sabian down on my lap. “Do you need anything, Siren? Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. Water would be great, thank you.”

“I’m good. Whiskey if you have it.” Outlaw says.

“Nothing for me. Can you tell me what club you’re with?”

Wraith turns around. His rockers read Heimdall’s Heathens, Memphis. Wraith grabs a cold bottle of water for Sabian and pours a generous glass of whiskey for Outlaw. A few minutes later more members of the Heathens pour through the doors with Elvis and Trigger in tow. The sound of sirens gets closer. A tall guy with blond hair walks in.

“King’s talking to the police. He’ll be up shortly.”

I check out the name tag. It reads Malice. He waits until Elvis and Trigger take a seat.

“You guys are pretty good with your fists. I’m Malice, the club’s Enforcer. Can I get you two anything to drink?”

“Beer,” Elvis says.

“Same,” Trigger adds.

Malice gets beers for my brothers.



We have a twenty-minute wait before the door opens again. A man with long dark hair enters first. Right behind him

enters a tower of a man. I'd guess him to be seven feet in height, with a clean shaven head. His blue eyes look striking with his dark skin. It's nearly blue black.

He nods towards a few of the men in the room. "We've got this thanks guys."

Malice, and the two new men stay. Everyone else leaves the room. The black guy steps forward, crossing his arms across his chest.

"I'm King. This is my VP, Loki, and you've met my enforcer, Malice. The cops hauled those jack asses away. They're from a club a couple towns over. We've had some problems with them lately. Sorry it spilled all over you."

"Do the cops need our statement?" I ask.

"No. Miraculously no one saw a thing. I guess those stupid sons a bitches got into a fight with each other," Loki supplies with a smirk.

Three knocks sound on the door before it opens. Another man, a few inches taller than me with black hair and pale green eyes enters.

"Sick rides, man. What club are you with?"

I see no reason to hide that information.

"Voodoo Kings out of New Orleans. We're here visiting my grandmother."

King sticks out his hand. "Sorry we're not meeting under better circumstances. Appreciate the respect."

He's referring to our plain cuts.

"Nana says she saw a club in town. It's a surprise trip. We didn't have time to see who's area we were riding into."

"I'll give you my digits. You're welcome in our territory. Let us know, so you can wear your rags."

"Thanks, brother."

"Why don't you follow us back to the compound for a drink."

“Siren, are you up for a drink?”

“I’m game if you are.”

“Brothers?”

“Sure.” Elvis says.

“I’m game.” Outlaw replies.

“I go wherever you tell me.” Trigger says.

“Looks like the consensus is yes.”

“Excellent. We’ll meet you outside. Our bikes are parked in the back.”

I take Sabian’s hand as we follow King’s broad back out of the office and back down the stairs. Music is pumping and the dance floor is crowded. It’s like nothing ever happened. We make our way to our bikes. The assholes that started the fight bikes are still out here. At least I think it’s their bikes. If I knew which one belonged to the motherfucker who put his hands on my woman, I’d leave him a nice present. Slashed tires and a bent frame to start.

Sabian and my brothers filled me in while we waited for King to deal with the police.



## Chapter 37

### *Sabian*

I'm sitting on the back of Smoke's bike with my arms wrapped around him. The distinct rumble of motorcycles lets me know that King and his club are coming around front. Ten men pull up next to us in the lot. King gives one of those guys nods before rolling out of the parking lot.

We pull out behind him and soon our knees are in the breeze. I love being on the back of a bike. This is the most I've ridden on the back of someone's bike. It's a completely different experience than being in the driver's seat. I don't like it any less, maybe a little more, since I'm wrapped around Smoke when I'm riding bitch, as they call it.

Memphis is busy tonight, and we get bogged down in traffic for a few before it begins to flow at normal speeds. Before long, we were riding alongside the Mississippi. The lights reflecting off of it reminded me of home. Home. A pang hit my heart. I need to make myself go back. I just feel so violated. Someone was not only in my house, they touched everything. EVERYTHING.

The thought is enough to make my chest tighten and my airways constrict. I close my eyes and fight to keep my breathing even as we speed down the highway. I have to get my shit together. I have a business to run. People counting on me to cover scars. I can't just become a turtle and hide in a shell for the rest of my life.

Smoke and the Kings are installing more security and making the place safe, I remind myself. I'll have them watching my back when we get back to town. I'm not only worried about my safety. What if this guy escalates and hurts someone I care about.

My mind was going a million miles an hour. I don't realize we've arrived until we pull to a stop. We're stopped in front of



large wrought-iron gates. King waves at whoever's in the guard booth and the gates begin to glide open.

The long driveway winds up a tree lined hill. It's too dark to get a good look at the fall foliage as we ride along the darkened drive. Solar lights begin to ignite the path and soon it opens up, revealing the biggest fucking mansion I've ever seen. The mansion is made of natural stone. I've never seen a residence this large made with natural stone and not brick and mortar or other materials. A circular drive led to the front door. A fountain sat in the middle of the drive.

King leads us around the drive and to the side through a stone arch to what looks to be a massive garage. He pulls his bike in and the rest of us follow. A smile lit up his face as he waits for us to dismount and join him.

“Would you believe I found this place for a steal a few years ago. Guy lost his ass with some bad investments. The club bought this place for a song. It sits on a hundred acres. Come on in. Let's get you something to drink.”

Smoke takes my hand and we follow King and his guys into the mansion. The door from the garage leads us past a massive kitchen. Then a dining room big enough to accommodate a couple dozen people. He leads us to the club's party room slash bar. I don't know what the room's purpose once was, but they'd done a good job of making it look like an old word pub.

“What do you think?” King asks me.

“It looks like a pub I went to in Ireland once.”

Loki laughed, “It should. We had the bar shipped straight from an old pub they were tearing down in County Cork.”

“It's a beautiful old bar.”

“We like it,” Loki says with a smile. “What can I get you to drink?”

“I'll take a Jack and coke, please.”

“Same.” Smoke says.

Loki heads to the bar while the rest of us wander over to a large round eight top nearby. King, Loki and Malice join us, filling the remaining seats. King speaks first.

“I didn’t see what started the fight. Can you fill me in?”

I nod my head. “I was out on the floor dancing. Smoke had gone to the bathroom. I was fine during the first song. Half-way through the second song, someone grabbed my ass.”

Smoke growls beside me.

“I moved away and told the guy I wasn’t interested. He tried to grab me and I grabbed his hand, applying force on the pressure point between his thumb and forefinger. I got his arm up behind his back and him on the floor.

“I planned on getting away from him once I had him on his knees, but another guy tried to grab me from behind.”

Outlaw takes over. “By this time Elvis, Trigger, and I are on the dance floor. There were five guys standing behind Sabian. One of the motherfuckers had his hand on her shoulder. Sabian pulls this fake faint move and I catch her just before she hits the ground and puts her behind me.”

“It’s an all out war after that.” Elvis adds.

“I’m sorry those fuckers laid a hand on you in our bar.” King says. “They’re sleeping it off in the drunk tank tonight. The boys and I plan on having a talk with them after they get released. Would have been sooner if someone hadn’t called the cops.”

“We prefer to handle things ourselves,” Malice adds.

“Same.” Smoke says.

We stayed for another couple of hours talking and drinking. No one gets drunk. We have to drive back to Nanas. The rest of the evening is enjoyable. I’m beyond ready to sleep by the time we get back.



# Chapter 38

## *Smoke*

I slipped out of bed early this morning and let an exhausted Sabian sleep in. I have a few things to iron out for tonight. After making sure no one saw me, I slipped out the back door and pulled my phone from my pocket. I pulled up my contacts and found Gambit's number. He answers on the first ring.

“Do you sleep?”

“You're up.”

“I have kids.”

“You all set for tonight?”

“We'll be there. Does she suspect anything?”

“Not a thing.”

“See you later, brother.”

“See you then, Prez.”

Tonight, I have a few surprises in store for my woman. Today is going to drag by.



At precisely seven o'clock on the dot, Sabian descends the stairs. My breath catches in my throat. She has on a black velvet camisole style top with black silk ribbon straps holding it on her otherwise bare shoulders. The gold trim along her bodice matches her heels and black and gold pants. The pants are velvet with wide gold stripes. And her four and half inch stilettos are more gold strap than shoe.

Her long hair cascades down her bare shoulders and falls nearly to her luscious ass. She has on gold waterfall earrings that end an inch shy of touching her shoulders.

“You look stunning. The word beautiful doesn’t do you justice, my Siren.”

I pull her to me and do my best to kiss off her lipstick. She started using the kind that doesn’t kiss off. I’m determined to outlast it. A throat clearing behind me draws us apart.

“Nana incoming.” Elvis whispers.

“Thanks, bro.”

“I got your back.” He smirks.

“Baron Cylus Ewing, is that a limo that just pulled into our drive?”

“Black stretch Escalade, Nana, to take my best girls out on the town.”

“I thought we were going to listen to music?” Nana says.

“We are. Best music in Memphis. Plus, It’s our last night in town. I wanted to do it up right.”

Nana doesn’t know about tonight’s surprises. Neither does Papy. I only told my brothers. I needed help to pull off tonight.

“I’ll miss you.” Nana says.

“I’ll miss you too. You can always come visit. Stay as long as you’d like.”

She smiled up at me. “I might just do that. Hurry and build me a house.”

I laughed. “Yes ma’am. I’ll get the boys right on it.”

“I’ll hold you do that.”

“I know you will. Everyone ready?”

With everyone present, we head to the limo. The uniformed driver opens the door. I’ve already given him the address to the club. It’s a little club just off Beale St. I wait for the driver to pull out onto the road before popping a bottle of champagne.

The ride was spent with Nana playing with all the gadgets and eating most of the chocolate-covered strawberries. I’d forgotten how much she loves them. Sabian slowly nibbles

one of the berries, allowing Nana to eat her fill. If I hadn't already been in love with her, I would have fallen in love on the spot.

During our stay, Sabian spent hours every day in the kitchen with Nana. They talked and cooked up a storm. Nana shooed Papy and me out more than once. Though I noticed Nana let Papy help in the kitchen, too. She could be territorial. It looks like the two have become fast friends.

“Oh, we're here.” Nana giggles. “I hope they have food. I want more champagne.”

I give our name at the front. They seat us immediately. We have the best seats in the house, if I do say so myself.



## Chapter 39

### *Sabian*

I'm starving. I spent most of the day getting ready. I haven't done that since prom. It wasn't horrible. I skipped lunch to paint my nails. Three coats of black. One coat of clear. They take forever to dry.

Our server is quick to bring water and menus. Smoke orders more champagne. Pizza, pasta or salads. My stomach says order one of each. There's no way I can cash that check.

"You're concentrating too hard." Smoke whispered in my ear.

"I want like three things. No way I can eat that much."

"You order it and we can split it."

"Deal."

I ordered Cacio e Pepe, green salad with wood-grilled shrimp, and the Farm Daddy pizza. It's made with roasted garlic cream sauce. It has chicken bacon, mushrooms, scallions and fresh mozzarella. The table orders a charcuterie board and pepperoni rolls.



I'm stuffed and giggly. I'm on my fifth glass of champagne and feeling no pain. The lights in the club dim. Smoke stands up moments before a man takes the stage. He bends down and whispers in my ear.

"Surprise."

At the same time, the man on the stage announces Blue Bayou, the guys band. I'm confused because they're short a member, until Papa steps out of the shadows and joins Blue, Smoke, and Outlaw on stage.



We take the stage and, as planned, start with *Midnight Train To Memphis*. The crowd responds to the Chris Stapleton Cover. After we finish it, the band rolls into *Halfway to Hell*, our newest cover. I dig Jelly Roll. When the song ends, Blue speaks to the crowd.

“Let’s slow it down and make use of this beautiful dance floor.”

I step up the microphone guitar in hand. My fingers automatically play the first chords to the song while my heart beats out of my chest. I sing the first two lines of Sam Cooke’s *You Send Me* before stepping away from the mic stepping off the stage. I quickly turn on the portable mic pack and pull Sabian from our table. As we dance, I continue singing the song. I mean every word.

The second time I sing the marry you part, I get down on one knee. The guys continue to play, but everyone around us stops. Sabian gasps, her hands going to her face.

“From the moment I first saw you, I knew you were the one. The woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. Have a family with. A partner to stand by my side and grow old with. I love you with my whole heart. Will you make me the luckiest man on earth and become my wife?”

“Yes, I’ll marry you. I love you.”

I pull the ring box out and pull it open. Inside lay a three carat emerald cut ring with a half carat trapezoid stone on each size. The stones are set in platinum. I slide it onto her ring finger, stand, and give her a kiss. The crowd cheers. When the kiss breaks, I head back toward the stage. A hand on my arm stills me.

“Wait! I don’t have my property of cut. Does that mean it’s a fake engagement?”

My brothers chuckle. Sabian looks around, taking in all the Voodoo Kings that snuck in. Not to mention our new friends from last night showed up in force. King smiled and winked at her.

“Yeah, Smoke, what’s up with that?”

I look at Elvis. He hands the large gift bag to Sabian. She pulls it out, her eyes going wide. The back says 'Property of Smoke'. The patch on the front says Siren.

“When did you get this made?” She asks. Emotions clogging her voice.

“A year ago.”

“What?”

“I knew what I wanted the moment we met. I'm a patient man.”



## Chapter 40

### *Smoke*

It's after midnight when we pull up to Nana's house. The band played until nearly midnight. Nana and Papy danced half the night. We nearly had to drag them out of the club and into the limo. A block later, Nana has her head on my shoulder, fast asleep. I have Sabian tucked under my other arm. It's been a good night.

The woman I love says yes to marrying me. Now I just need to get her to pick out house plans and throw away her birth control pills. Time to make me a daddy. The driver pulls to a stop. Outlaw opens the door, offering Papy his hand for balance. I gently wake Nana up and help her out the door before getting out and offering my hand to my fiancé.

I turn to find Nana stopped at the door, picking up a white box. It has bright red ribbon tied around it.

"The tag says it's for Sabian."

My blood runs cold. None of my brothers would leave a gift on the front porch. They'd have given it to her earlier. Half the club showed up tonight. We were all riding back together tomorrow. I gingerly takes the package from Nana.

"Let's get you tucked in. We can open the gift tomorrow."

"You don't have to wait for me, Sabian. Open your gift. You can tell me all about it later."

"I'll do that, Nana. Good night." Sabian says, giving my grandmother a hug and kiss.

Nana gave me a hug and kiss before hugging everyone else good night. Papy wasn't far behind Nana. I set the package in the middle of the dining room table.

"Do we open it?" Sabian asks.

"We do. Let's take it outback to the shed. No telling what could be in here. Siren, let the guys and I find out what's in the

package.”

She shook her head. “Thanks, but I need to know.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I need to know what this psycho is up to.”

I offer her my hand. She takes it. I pick up the box with my free hand and head out the back door to my grandfather’s old shed. I flip on the light and wait until we all file in before shutting the door. I set the box down on the workbench and pull on a pair of gloves. Nothing we’ve found so far indicates the use of explosives or chemical weapons.

“Why don’t you stand back here with us.” Elvis says, indicating the spot between him and Outlaw.

She nods and lets him guide her in between the two of them. I drew in a deep, calming breath before untying the ribbon and opening the box. I open the box and look inside. A folded paper lay on top of something. I remove the paper first, looking beneath it. Inside lay a dead bird. I unfold the not scanning the writing.

*Those who kill love*

*Deserve to die*

“God damn, mother fucking cock sucker. Wait until I get my hands on this low life. I’m going to take him apart a piece at a time.”

A soft hand on my arm stopped my rant. “What’s in the box?”

“It’s a dead bird, Siren. You don’t need to look at it.”

“I do. I need to see it and the note.”

## ***Sabian***

I KNOW IT NOT GOOD because of Smoke’s reaction, but I need to know. I look inside the box. A dead bird. It looks peaceful, like it’s sleeping. I don’t see any blood or marks on the body.

“It’s a love bird,” I say, more to myself than the room.

“Love birds mate for life.” Elvis says.

“Let me see the note, please.”

Smoke rummages through drawers, finding me a pair of gloves. He waits until I put them on before handing me the note. I read it twice. I don’t know why I read it a second time, like maybe the words would change. Or maybe they’d be less horrific. The first time chilled me to the bone.

“Why me? What did I do?”

Strong arms wrap around me and pull me to a hard chest.

“You didn’t do anything, Siren. Whoever is doing this isn’t in their right mind. Serial killers are sadistic sons of bitches.”

“How did he find me?”

“I don’t know, but we’re headed back home in the morning. You’ll be safe at the compound.”

“I can’t stay there twenty-four seven.”

“You won’t have to. You’ll have two of us by your side at all times. If we need to have guys from other clubs come in and help. We will.”

I suddenly feel like I’m going to crawl out of my skin. Some psycho is after me and the psycho has likely killed four other women. Four other women that fit my general description.

“What am I going to do?” I cried out before the dam broke.

Great, heaving sobs wrack my body as the flood of tears pours forth.

Smoke picks me up, cradling me in his arms. He carries me bridal style back into the house and up to our room. He sits me down on the bed. He carefully undresses me before pulling one of his t-shirts over my head. I watch him undress. He’s so hot. I should feel something. I should want to jump his bones. I always want to jump to his bones. Nothing. I feel cold and tired.



# Chapter 41

## *Smoke*

**W**e made the ride home in record time, making one pit stop. Papy needed to stretch his legs, and the SUV needed to be refueled. Dinner was waiting for us in the compound's kitchen. I tell Sabian I'll make us both a plate. Papy is staying in a guest room for tonight. We'll take him back home tomorrow.

I escort Sabian to our room. After I give her a kiss, I head downstairs to fill some plates for us. It's Italian night. I load the plates with a little of everything. Spaghetti, Alfredo, Lasagna, and Ziti. I add garlic bread and salad before grabbing a bottle of chianti.

I open the door to soft music playing. The lights are dim. I can see candle light flickering.

"Sabian?"

"I'm setting the dining room table."

I walk in and what I see nearly makes me lose my grip on the bottle of wine in my hand. My woman is dressed in one of my button-down shirts and black stiletto heels. Her hair is down.

"Damn baby, you look delicious."

"Let's have some food. Then you can have me."

"Food, first for strength."

"Exactly."

I put the food out on the table. When she went to take a seat, I pull her down onto my lap.

"Let me feed you."

"Okay," she says with a smile. "This smells delicious."

"Italian night. They have a feast down there."



She laughs. “Don’t they always. It’s like Stormy is feeding an army every day.”

“We’re an army of hungry bikers.”

“Hungry bikers with six-pack abs. We all know you don’t wake up with those.”

I laugh. “True dat.”

I spent the next hour feeding her, enjoying wine, and laughing. It’s good to see the tension lessen as we enjoy something normal. A simple meal. I try to give her the last bite of tiramisu, but she waves me away.

“I’m stuffed.”

I scarf the last bite before pulling her lips down to mine for a sweet kiss. Only she has other ideas and deepens the kiss. I moan into it and kiss her back, matching her fervor. She turns to straddle me as we kiss. Her hands wander over my shoulders and arms.

“I need you,” she whispers when we pull apart.

With a groan, I push the plates back and set her on the table. I make quick work of the buttons of my shirt she’s wearing. She’s completely bare underneath. I groan again.

“Damn, Siren. You’re killing me.”

She gives me a throaty laugh before running a hand down my chest.

“Off.”

I oblige by pulling my shirt over my head and tossing it. Sabian runs the palm of her hands down my chest, her fingers tracing my abs.

“You’re so hard, everywhere.”

I take her hand and put it on my cock. “This part’s just for you.”

Her nimble fingers quickly undid the button of my jeans before pulling down the zipper and releasing the beast. Her small, soft hand grips my shaft. She gives it a few tugs.

“I want you inside me now.”

“Now? We just started.”

“We have all night for other things. I need you inside me now.”

“Fuck baby. What my girl wants, my girl gets.”

I run my fingers through her folds. She’s soaked.

“Is this for me?”

“Yes,” she breathed out as my fingers brushed her folds and played over her clit.

Sabian whimpered. “Please.”

I lined the head of my cock up to her slick entrance, pushing in with one smooth stroke. She cries out and wraps her legs around my waist. I start with slow strokes, going balls deep before pulling out nearly all the way and slamming back home. Each stroke elicits a whimper or moan. She digs her nails into my back and her heels into my ass.

“Yes, fuck me,” she cries out.

I increase my speed, leaning in to place kisses down her neck and chest. Sweat beads at my temples. I feel her walls tighten around me. I used my thumb to rub her clit. It’s enough to send her over the edge. Her walls spasm around me. I grit my teeth to keep from coming. She’s tight, hot, and wet.

“Ngggh,” she cries out.

I wait until her orgasm subsides before I pick her up. She wraps my legs around her tighter. I sit on the table so she’s riding me. Sabian glides up and down my shaft slowly to start. It takes time for her to adjust to the depth of our new position. Teddy Swims’ *Lose Control* plays as she cants her hips, leans back slightly and rides my cock. Her arms are wrapped around my neck. Her head is thrown back in ecstasy. I nip and bite her neck and shoulders as she continues to ride my cock.

“That’s it, Siren. Take your pleasure, baby.”

She speeds up, riding my cock like a fucking pro. It was all I could do to keep from exploding inside her. She does it for

me in ways I didn't understand until I was inside her. Being inside her is being home. She's my home, my refuge, my everything.

"I'm cumming baby. Cum with me," Sabian implores.

I'd planned to hold off and put her on all fours and fuck her. Whatever my Siren wants, she gets. I let go of what little control I have left. Seconds later, her walls flutter around me and I let go with a roar, emptying myself deep inside her. Her walls milk every last drop of seed from me as they continue to spasm. She cries out and slumps against me for a few seconds. I stand up on rubbery legs and carry us to the bedroom.



# Chapter 42

## *Sabian*

A loud banging on the door wakes me up from a dreamless sleep. The bed beside me is empty. As I scramble to find something to cover myself, I hear the shower running. I run to Smoke's dresser, pull out a t-shirt and pull it over my head while sprinting for the door.

I fling it open to find Stormy, Lucia, Nola, Olivia, and Willow. They all pile in.

"Spill." Stormy declares.

"We want to know everything." Nola exclaims.

"All the details," Willow demands.

"Good morning. They drug me here," Lucia exclaims.

"Can I get clothes and coffee first? Smoke's in the shower."

"Clothes, yes. Coffee, no. We'll take you to the Zombeans. They just opened a couple weeks ago. I'm in love." Nola says.

"Or we can go to Black Magic brew," Willow suggests.

"Zombeans has doughnuts from Zombi's and pastries from Cauldron cakes," Lucia adds.

"Zombeans it is," I say. "Give me five minutes."

I hurried to the bathroom to brush my teeth. Smoke steps out of the shower. He dries off while I brush my hair, pulling it back in a ponytail. I watch him in the mirror. He smiles, wraps the towel around his waist, and comes over to pull me into an embrace.

"The girls are here to drag me to coffee."

He laughs. "You can tell them no."

I laugh. "You tell them no. Go ahead. I'll finish getting ready while you tell them now."

He shakes his head. “I think girl time is just what the doctor ordered.”

I quickly go through my morning skincare routine before heading to the bedroom to get dressed. Now that I’m more awake, I find my clothes, picking out a t-shirt and jeans. I pair that with lug-sole boots. Adding lip balm to my pocket before grabbing my purse and heading to the living room.

Smoke is holding court. All the women are laughing. He looks up when I enter the room. A slow smile spreads across his face. It’s such a simple action, but it is sexy, as fuck. I have the sudden urge to tell them I’ll catch up later and take him back to bed. He crosses the room and gives me a kiss that makes my toes curl.

“I’ll catch up with you later, Siren.”

“I’m ready, ladies.”

“Stormy’s driving.”



Zombeans is packed. It takes ten minutes to get to the counter to put in our order and another ten to find a table. Our order is ready shortly after we find a table. October in New Orleans is still warm enough for outside seating. Which is where we find ourselves. At the end of a long patio gathered around a wrought-iron table under a massive umbrella.

I order a large coffee with a shot of espresso and two pumps of cinnamon dolce and a pump of salted caramel. Not my usual order, but I feel like a splurge. With my coffee, I order a pumpkin scone and a breakfast sandwich.

“Spill.” Stormy says as soon as we’re situated.”

“What am I spilling?”

“Please, I saw the proposal.” Stormy says.

“If you saw the proposal, what do you want details on?”

“We want to know what he’s like in bed. If you’re going to play stupid. I’ll be blunt,” Willow says with a huff.

I throw back my head and laugh. It caught the attention of several tables near us, but I don’t care.

“Come on, we’re dying to know. Baron’s never had a serious relationship and he’s ready to wife you up.” Nola adds.

“How big is he?” Olivia asks.

“He’s an animal in bed. I swear I’m dickmatized. I’ve never been fucked so thoroughly in my life. Big, not as big as Boomer. He’s thicker than a snicker. As the saying goes.”

“I knew it,” Willow exclaimed.

“When’s the wedding?” Stormy asks.

“Has he knocked you up yet?” Lucia asks.

“We’ve been engaged for like thirty seconds. No date. Not to my knowledge.”

“I’m betting he’s picking out house plans by the end of the week and cribs by the end of the month.” Nola says with a smirk.

“Seriously, what kind of wedding do you want?” Stormy asks.

“Something small at our church.”

“What church do you attend?” Willow asks.

“It’s the Little White Church on St. Charles.”

“Oh, I know it. I always thought it was cute that the name of the little white church is Little White Church.”

“When the church was founded a hundred years ago, they made it non-denominational. Every pastor that’s taken residence since the founding has honored the tradition. His idea was that every Protestant, no matter what affiliation, should feel welcome.”

“I like that. Would you mind if I came and brought the parents? None of us are thrilled with the direction the new pastor is taking the church,” Willow asks.

“The more the merrier. Honestly, most of the parishioners are Papy’s age. We could use a new infusion. Pastor Dave is pretty chill.”

“Great, we’ll see you Sunday,” Willow replies.

“The church will burn down if a whore like you enters it.”

I turn to see where the voice came from. There were three women standing on the sidewalk near our table.

“Whore.” The first one says and tosses her drink at me.

“Slut,” another says and tossed her drink on me.

“Adulterer.” The third says before dosing me with her drink.

“What the fuck,” I sputtered.

Nola hops the fence. The women take off running. Stormy, and Olivia hand me all the napkins from the table.

“I’ll go get more,” Lucia says.





# Chapter 43

## *Smoke*

I dropped off Papy at his house. He wanted to drive the truck. Sabian and I talked about finding him one of his own. He loves mine so much. Later today, we have church. Wizard has some information on the serial killer.

I drop the Ford off in the garage and head back to the apartment. I want to check on Sabian before I head into work for a few hours. I'm in the back hall headed for the lobby when I hear female voices. One, sounds like my woman.

"I can't believe those bitches did that."

"Nola got a fist full of that girl's extensions before they made a getaway."

I hurry around the corner to find my woman drenched. Her light colored t-shirt is covered in coffee-colored liquid.

"Siren, what happened?"

"Some random bitches hurled insults and frappuccinos at her," Willow supplies.

"Let's get you upstairs and get you clean."

The ladies follow us into the elevator up to our apartment. I lead her into the bathroom, turn on the water, and strip her out of the sodden clothes.

"Are you alright, Siren?"

"They called me whore, slut, and adulterer. Do you think it's connected?"

"Connected to the stalker?"

"Yes, do you think the serial killer hired them to torment me?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out. We have church in a few hours. I'll get Wizard to pull the area from around where you ladies had coffee."

She nods. I help her in the shower. Once she's settled inside, I grab a towel for her and head to the living room. Gambit, Nitro and Wizard have joined the ladies.

“Saves me the trouble of calling you.”

“The ladies already filled us in,” Gambit says.

Wizard walks to the dining room and set up his laptop.

“Give me a few minutes to hack the feed. Where were you ladies this morning?”

“Zombeans.” Stormy replies.

I watch as Wizard's fingers fly across the keyboard. He takes less than five minutes to hack into the nearby cameras. Five more minutes and he had a facial recognition search going in one window and he'd started a search for the license plate number in another.

I smell Sabian's unique scent before I spot her. My eyes are still glued to the screen when she wraps her arms around from behind.

“Any luck with the camera's?” She asks.

“Wizard cracked their cameras and has facial recognition software going. He's also searching for the license plate number.”

I step back and draw her around to the front of me reversing the position. I tuck her head under my chin.

“We'll figure this out. I'll find this guy and he'll never bother you again.”

“I don't know how much longer I can take this. I can't go home. I can't even wear my clothes. He touched everything. He's been in my shop, and he followed me to Memphis. I feel like I'm going to crawl out of my skin. I need to know what you know about the killer?”

“Are you sure that's wise? You can't unsee any of it?”

“You have pictures of the victims?”

“I have everything the police have.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to worry you more than you already were.”

## *Sabian*

MY MIND IS GOING A thousand miles a second. I’m pissed, but should I be? Fuck, I don’t know. I thought I was handling this well, but I’m unraveling. I can feel myself losing control. I haven’t felt like this since I was a small child left alone all night in an apartment in the middle of the inner city in Chicago.

There were roaches, rats, and people screaming. I heard gunshots, and fighting. I hid in a corner in the closet and stayed there for two days. It was two days before my parents came down off their high and remembered they had a child.

I went over the last couple of weeks in my mind. Would knowing the serial killers M.O. have made a difference? I don’t know but I need to know. I remind myself we weren’t a hundred percent sure that it wasn’t some rando stalker.

“I need to know everything and anything you find out from now on.”

“We can do that, Siren.”

“Why don’t you come to church with us?” Gambit asks. “Wizard can fill us in on what he has. You can share any information you have and we’ll let you see the police files. I’ve had them under lock and key since Smoke got the info.”

I nod my head in agreement. The next few hours drag by waiting for church. Wizard would tell us what he found out about the women who attacked me earlier today.

Finally, time came for us to go to church. The ladies were serving a late lunch afterward. This morning’s trip to the coffee shop threw everything off. Stormy hasn’t left my side. Lucia left with Nitro saying she’d see me after church.

Nola and Willow disappeared at some point. I don’t remember what they says they had to do. Honestly, I can’t stop

thinking about the serial killer. That I'm being stalked by a serial killer and likely his next victim.

I shake my head. No, I can't think like that. Smoke and the others will keep me safe. Hell it's not like I'm helpless. I know how to fight. I can use a gun and I'm relatively adept with a knife. Though I've never been in a live knife fight. I have trained with one of my martial arts instructors for years.



# Chapter 44

## *Sabian*

**B**y the time church rolls around. I'm numb. It was the safest place to go with my mind trying to dredge up the worst-case scenario every few seconds. I throw back my third shot and take the hand Smoke offers. He helps me off the bar stool and into the room they hold church in.

He helps me to a chair at the table then pulls me close to his chair so he can put an arm around me.

"You're awfully quiet."

"Just thinking."

"Or overthinking?"

"That too."

He pulls me to his chest. "I've got you, Siren. I won't let anything happen to you."

I rested my back against Smoke's chest as the rest of the Kings filed in and takes their seats. When everyone is seated Gambit calls the meeting to order.

"Sabian is sitting in with us to start the meeting. Wizard has information on the serial killer."

Gambit slid a manila file my way. Nineteen sets of eyes watch me as I pick up the file.

"Can I look at this after Wizard's news?"

"Of course," Gambit replies.

"Anyone who doesn't know. Sabian was assaulted by three women this morning. Assault via frappuccino."

"And words. Nasty mean words," I add.

"Why don't you tell us what happened then Wizard can tell us what he found."

I recount this morning's events including the verbal insults word for word. The incident burned into my brain.

"Fucking bitches." Outlaw utters.

"Cunts." Boomer says banging the table.

Similar sentiments make their way around the table. Wizard waits until everyone has their say.

"I ran the plates on the vehicle they got into. It belongs to a Michael Day. According to the software recognition. Michele Day is the woman that threw the first glass. Her friends are Becky Tanner and Amanda White.

"I can have a complete bio on them later today, tomorrow morning by the latest."

"I say we round them up and ask them what the fuck they were thinking." Nitro says loudly.

Murmurs of agreement went around the table.

"Let's table that conversation until we're finished with the information. As much as it's your business Sabian what we do for you is club business," Gambit stated.

I nod my head. I understood. I knew club has killed in the name of justice before and I have a feeling that they will continue. Is it right? I don't know. Perhaps it's a morally gray area, but I won't sleep less knowing the club takes out the trash.

"After digging, I found that all the victims were stalked. Notes, spray paint on their houses, things left on their car or at their place of business. Not only that, but the first victim, Carole Dumont had red paint tossed on her as she came out of a beauty parlor. The report says that witnesses nearby heard the attacker call her derogatory names."

"Names like slut, whore and adulterer?" I ask, dread forming in the pit of my stomach.

"Yes."

That one word has me scrambling for the file. I open it and look at the pictures inside. Each picture drives a spike of fear



through me. I only half hear the rest of Wizard's words as I read through the file.

Other than a physical description nothing ties the women together. Except that the killer thinks they are adulterers. They killer labeled each of them with a letter A. That along with the word adulterer flung at me this morning has me thinking about Nathaniel Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.

Why then is the serial killer targeting me? I'm not married and I haven't cheated on anyone. I didn't cheat on Justin. He cheated on me. My other relationships just petered out. To the best of my knowledge none of them cheated on me and I certainly hadn't on any of them.

Silent tears track down my face. If they didn't find this psycho, I was going to die. I'd be strangled like the other women. Who knows what they faced before they died.



# Chapter 45

## *Smoke*

I'm on my bike headed to the Day's house. We paid them a visit. After Sabian reviewed the file she was in no shape to do anything. I ask Doc to give her a mild sedative. She agreed and I'd tucked her in bed. I waited until she fell asleep before returning to church. Havoc and Mayhem are in the apartment in case she needs anything. The Dames are on standby.

If these fuckers know they're helping a serial killer, they're all dead. I don't care if three of them are women. Outlaw, Elvis, Everest and I are headed to the Day's house. Gambit, Angel, Cobra, and Nitro are headed to Becky Tanner's apartment. And Papa, Boomer, Wrath, Saber, and Decker are on their way to Amanda White's place. She lives the farthest out. Flea, Trigger, and Brick are each driving vans. We plan on showing them some hospitality in the Woodshed. How they leave is up to them.

We don't bother parking down the block and walking. The four of us pull into the driveway. It's an upper middle class neighborhood. A late model beamer sits in the driveway in front of a two-story house. I pull behind it, put down the kickstand and take my keys. Outlaw and Elvis head around to the side of the house. They plan on covering the back door in case either Day runs.

I stride up to the front door and pound on it. Michael Day throws open the door.

"We don't want whatever you're selling. Get off my porch."

"Gladly," I say pushing past him into the home's foyer.

With Everest right on my heel. Michael spudders and puffs up his chest.

"You need to leave right now or I'll call the cops."

“You say that like you’re the one in charge. You’re not in charge here I am.”

“This is my house.”

I walk over to Day standing toe to toe; I look him dead in the eye. I let all my eyes go dead. I dig deep into that bottomless pit of hate that I keep contained. Then I let him see his fate. His death at my hands should he choose not to cooperate.

“Call your wife down here. We’re going for a little ride.”

“Who are you and what do you want?”

I leaned into him. “I says call Michele down here. Because if I have to go looking for that fucking cunt, you’ll both be sorry.”

“How dare you call my wi....”

I punch him in the gut before he finishes the sentence.

“That’s your first and last warning. I’m not playing.”

I hear a screech and footsteps from the back.

I hear Outlaw say. “I says shut the fuck up, bitch. I’ll fucking find something to stuff your mouth with.”

“Oh my god, don’t rape me,” Michele cries out as Outlaw shoves her into the foyer.

“I’d rather cut off my dick than let you touch it, lady. I’ll take off my sock and stuff it in your mouth if you don’t shut your trap.”

Michele gasps and looks at Micheal. I sent the man a warning look.

“Shut up Michele.”

“Wise choice. We’re going to step outside and you’re going to quietly get in the van. If you scream, run or piss me off in any way you’re dead.”

“What do you want with us?”

“Information. Now shut up and move.”

Both Day's turn and head to the door. I lead the way with Micheal then Michele behind me. Everest, Outlaw and Elvis brought up the rear. Trigger's sitting in the driver's seat of a white van, parked behind our bikes.

I don't see any neighbors outside, but you never know who's peeking through the blinds. After they were inside, I zip tied their wrists. Tully sits in the back with a gun pointed at the couple.

I could see the fear in their eyes. Good, they need to be scared. Scared might save their lives. It depends on how deeply involved they are with the serial killer. If they're accomplices. In it all the way. They'll die too. I'm not leaving any sick mother fuckers alive.



# Chapter 46

## *Smoke*

**T**wo hours later we enjoy a few cold brews in the front part of the Woodshed while the four assholes sweat it out in the other room. We stripped them of their skivvies and stuck them all in jail cells. I turn the temperature in the room down enough to make them uncomfortable.

I want their attention and for them to be able to answer questions. If I make them too cold their brains will become sluggish. They seem like soft targets. I don't think it'll take much to make them crack. Or to convince them that telling anyone is a VERY bad idea. One that will have them filling gator bellies.

The door bursts open Mayhem runs through the door with Havoc on his heels. They're both breathing hard.

“Sabian's gone.”

“What do you mean Sabian's gone.”

Mayhem hands me a cell phone. I recognized it immediately. Cold dread built in the pit of my stomach. I take Sabian's phone.

“Look at the last message.”

I open Sabian's messages and select the last incoming text. It's an unknown number.

*I have your grandfather.*

*Meet me alone in Congo Square.*

*Or he dies.*

*Tell anyone he dies.*

*Bring anyone he dies.*

Below it there's a picture of Papy tied up. His face is bruised, and his lip is split. Looks like they put up a fight. My vision goes red. I flip the table, then pick up a chair and start

breaking it with my bare hands. But it's not enough. I toss the next and kick the one after that. I stop short of punching the wall. It's brick. I need both hands, whole, for what I'm about to do.

I hear Gambit barking orders in the background as I work to get myself under control.

“How did she slip past the two of you?”

“She climbed out the window.” Havoc says.

“Tied sheets together to make a rope,” Mayhem replies.

“I sent Blue, Papa, Outlaw, Angel, and Dakota to Congo Square to see if they could find anything. I'll call Stone and give him a heads up. He can put a missing person's report out on Sabian.”

I nod my head, taking a few deep breaths to get my shit together.

“Thanks Prez. Let's go talk to our guests.”

“Are you sure you want to do this or do you want Nitro to take the lead.”

Nitro is the club's Sgt at Arms and fills in as my second when needed for interrogation. If the motherfuckers a tough nut to crack we take turns working on him while the other one sleeps. Eventually they crack. They all crack. Time to see how tough Michael Day is. The women can watch.

I select a playlist and push play. Black Sabbath's *Iron Man* blared through the speakers in the back of the Woodshed. I open the door and we all flow in.

“String Em up,” I call and head over to the tool cabinet. I grab the medical cart along the way. I grab my knife set, and several other tools, laying them on the cart before heading to the center of the room.

“Why are we here? You says you needed information?” Michael shouted.

“I do,” I punch him in the gut. “And you're going to give it to me.”



I punched him a few more times for good measure. “Why did your wife and her friends target my woman?”

“What are you talking about? My wife and her friends didn’t target anyone?”

“Wizard, bring me the footage.”

I wait impatiently for Wizard to pull up the footage on a tablet. I thought about beating Michael while I waited, but I refrained. My brother walks up beside me, tablet in hand. He taps on it a few times, queuing up the footage. He hands the pad to me and I press play and turn it around for Micheal to see.

His fast twists into a look of disgust. “That cheating bitch deserved it.”

I clock him in the jaw. “You don’t get to say that about my woman.”

“Your woman? You mean the one you stole? You’re as much to blame as she is. How could you steal another person’s fiancé?”

“I’m her fiancé you fucktard.”

“She dumps Avery and gets engaged to you in less than a week. That’s all kinds of fucked up.”

“You’re talking out of your ass. I’m the only fiancé Sabian has or has ever had. Your psycho friend Avery has kidnapped my woman. You’re going to tell me where he’s taken her.”

“I’m not telling you anything. Avery would never kidnap a woman.”

“You know what. I don’t have time for this motherfucker. I’m not about to let Sabian be this psycho’s next victim.”

I pull an old barbershop style razor off the cart and make several shallow cuts down each side of his ribcage. To his credit he grunts and doesn’t scream. His wife, however, has no such fortitude. She screams.

“Stop. Stop. I’ll tell you where Avery lives,” Michele blurts out.



# Chapter 47

## *Smoke*

Michele Day had plenty to say and what she didn't say earlier. Most of the Baton Rouge chapter came down. They brought the Houston prospects with them. The Reavers, another local club, showed up in full force.

They're a small club but have saved our asses more than once. First they saved Nitro, then later they helped us save Lucia from a group of human traffickers. Rook, the club's VP won our poker run earlier this year.

Our serial killer's name is Avery Blake, 32, former W.E.S.T. and female. According to Michele, Avery's long-time girlfriend cheated on her when she was deployed overseas. Said ex-girlfriend also got pregnant. Another on the heartbreak coffin. The ex refused to have kids with Avery, who always wanted a family.

Avery lost in and was eventually given a medical discharge from the military. Neither of the Day's knew that Avery was killing women that reminded her of her ex. They gave us her address which a group of us are headed to know.

With her background I doubt she had Sabian at her house. We've broken up into teams scouring every inch of the city. The group from Congo Square returned empty-handed. Bug and Wizard are in Wizard's room hacking cameras all across the city.

I pull my bike to a stop a few blocks from Avery's house. Reaper, P.B., Elvis and Triton are with me. Elvis and Triton both have forensics expertise. We hope to find clues to where she could have taken Sabian and Papy. There's another team at Papy's house looking for clues.

By this time night has fallen. I put my IR goggles in my BDU's and head toward Avery's house. Reaper and Elvis go around to the back of the house. Triton and P.B. take the sides

while I go in the front. I try the door, it's locked. I pull out my lock pick kit and have the door open in no time.

As I enter the foyer a slight schnick sound catches my attention. I move and a knife just misses me. I look around and realize I stepped on a pressure plate. Fuck!

“Place is booby trapped,” I say over the com.

I search the floor for my pressure plates and trip wires while I make my way from the foyer and up the stairs. Others are searching the lower level. There wasn't a basement in the plans Wizard pulled from the internet. Still one of the brothers will look for hidden doors or basement access.

Avery being a part of W.E.S.T., World Elite Strike Team, gives her an advantage most criminals, including serial killers, don't have. She's been trained by the best of the best in the world. W.E.S.T. recruits the cream of the crop from around the world.

I comb the second floor, finding more booby traps but nothing that will lead us to where Avery is holding Sabian.

“Nothing up stairs, heading down.”

“Nothing down here.” Elvis replies. “Rendezvous point.”

“Acknowledged.”

I carefully retrace my path. The only booby trap we set off was the first one. I meet the guys outside at the rendezvous point. It was a small copse of trees a few houses from Avery's. If any nosey neighbors look out they can't see us here.

“Find anything?” I ask after we're all assembled.

“Nothing of use.” Elvis replies.

“That chick is seriously paranoid.” Reaper says.

“I think Michele's statement that Avery cracked is a correct one. Now we have a highly trained killer on the loose who knows how to hide her tracks. I don't know how much time she takes with each victim before she kills. I do know time is running out and we're empty handed.”

Red began to seep back into my vision. I pull deep from that well of emptiness. It takes me a couple of minutes to contain the beast and maintain control. I felt a hand on my shoulder. I was surprised to find it was Reaper, when I came back to my senses.

“We’ll find her, brother.”

I nod my head, my throat too thick to speak. I should have thought about keeping Papy safe. Had him stay at the compound with us. Never in a million years did I think the serial killer would use another person as leverage. She went off her path, doing that.



# Chapter 48

## *Sabian*

I open my eyes. My lids feel like they're weighed down. I try to sit up but realize my hands are tied. Where am I? What happened? Then the memories came flooding back.

I just woke up from a nap. *What a fucked up morning. My text notification went off. I quickly check my phone, thinking it's from Smoke. I know he went back to church after he carried me upstairs.*

*I have your grandfather.*

*Meet me alone in Congo Square.*

*Or he dies.*

*Tell anyone he dies.*

*Bring anyone he dies.*

*There's an attachment. With shaking hands I pressed the file to open it. I gasped as a picture of my bruised and bound grandfather appeared. Papy! She had Papy! I pull up the app for a car ride and toss my phone on the bed, before throwing back the covers in a panic.*

*Smoke takes the time to undress me and put me in one of his shirts. I love his smell. With tears stinging my eyes I whip the shirt over my head and toss it on the bed. I hurriedly got dressed in jeans, a long-sleeved shirt and thug sole boots. I tuck money into my bra and start tying the sheets together.*

*I take a few minutes to tie the sheets together and shimmy down the ground. I look around to make sure no one is nearby before dashing to the fence. I find a spot along the fence wall to climb over taking care of the metal spikes at the top. Then made my way down the block to my waiting ride.*

*My heart felt like it would beat out of my chest the entire twenty-minute ride to Congo Square. I paid the driver and*

*headed toward the center of the square. The nightmares that plagued me recently came pouring back.*

*Hands reaching for me in Congo Square. The darkness. Mémé's warning. Mémé's warning! She was trying to warn me. All the omens. She must have sent some of them. I have no doubt the killer arranged for some of the omens to appear. Psychological warfare is no joke. That's part of the killer's game, fucking with my mind.*

*The Square, like my dream, is filled with people. I can hear music coming from the center square, including many drums. The drums are easily heard over the other instruments or maybe it's just my heart beating in my ears.*

*I don't know where the killer is. The text says Congo Square, not where. Maybe I better check. I reach for the phone in my back pocket, only it's not there. I searched myself twice before I realized in my rush to escape the compound unseen I'd left my phone on the bed.*

*A hand on my shoulder makes me jump, I turn and to my surprise to see the man that asked me to dance at Cobalt a few weeks ago. Relieved to see a friendly face, I relaxed a little.*

*"Oh, hi."*

*"Hi?" He snarled. "That's all you have to say, you, cheating whore?"*

*Where in the hell did that come from? He suddenly grabs and spins me around. I can feel the barrel of a gun sticking in my back.*

*"Utter one word and I'll kill you. Then I'll kill your grandfather. I'll make sure his death is slow and painful."*

*I nod my head.*

*"Keep going until we get to the edge of the square then head to the parking lot. All the way to the far north side of the lot. Got it?"*

*I nod my head again and start to walk. I follow instructions walking through the crowd at a normal pace making sure we don't get caught in a cluster of people. I don't*



*want him to think I'm trying to run. I have to get him to take me to Papy. Once there, I can get us both out of this mess.*

*I don't know if the other women knew self defense, but I do. I also have survival skills. Papy is not helpless. My blood began to boil as we reached the parking lot. If he hurt Papy beyond what I saw in the pictures, I was going to be the killer.*

*We reached the far north side of the parking lot. I stopped, waiting for instructions. A sharp jab pricks my neck. I slap my hand to my neck. I feel woozy and everything goes black.*

Son of a bitch drugged me. I look around wildly. My eyes landed on Papy. He's propped up in a comfortable chair with his hands bound in front of him with a zip tie. His legs are similarly bound.



# Chapter 49

## *Smoke*

“I found something,” Wizard yells running into church.

We’ve been in a meeting since we all returned earlier. I watch as my brother runs to the front of the room and plug the laptop into the media outlet. A satellite image appears on the wall. In the middle of a large parcel of undeveloped land. The land is mostly thick woods. The place would be easy to miss unless you knew where you’re going.

“I found a cabin registered to Avery’s great-uncle. He passed away a decade ago.”

“Lock and load. Let’s go get my woman.”

“Give me fifteen to explain the plan I have.” Nitro says.

As our Sgt at Arms he plans out a lot of our missions. He spent the next five minutes going over his plan then led the group en masse to the weapons room. The next ten minutes are spent gearing up.

We’re going in silent, so we all load up in vans and head toward the cabin. Each van has our best driver. I called Stone; he had the beat cops pulled from the area we’re driving through. Wizard and Bug are running the traffic lights for us.

Papa, who’s driving the van I’m in, has the needle near red pushing the van’s speeds upwards of a hundred miles an hour as soon as we hit the open road. I can hear the whine of the engine over the racing of my heart as we speed closer to the woman I love.

We made it to the dirt road near the cabin in record time. IR goggles in place we unload from the van all in black. Most of us have military experience and we’re working this like any other operation. Gambit, former D-boy, is running the show. There’s more than one reason he’s our President. He may be younger than me but he has a brilliant tactical mind.

“Are all teams ready?”

Everyone gave the good go nod and we split up into our predesignated teams. Wrath, Angel, Demon, and Sentry are with me. We creep through the dark forest on silent feet. I’d already warned everyone to watch out for booby traps.

I see Wrath throw up the stop signal and come to a halt. He found a booby trap. I carefully examined the area. It was a faux cover of grass and leaves.

I moved them aside to discover a punji stick pit. There’s no way to disarm the pit without a lot of time and effort. Neither of which we have. I flag the area and continue on. We parked a mile away with drivers and armed bikers in each van.

We made it about a quarter mile in before we found the first booby trap. The other teams reported similar incidents. The painstaking scouring of the woods in the dark as we traveled made our journey take for fucking ever. By the time we’re a half mile in, our team’s disarmed four more traps.

I’m fighting to keep calm. I never had trouble keeping calm. This shit has me fucked up. I can’t lose her. She’s the only woman I’ve ever loved.

## *Sabian*

MY EYES LEAVE MY GRANDFATHER long enough to see if we’re alone. We are.

“How badly are you hurt, Papy.”

“Not bad, sweet girl. Now that you’re awake we can figure out how to get out of here before that crazy lady comes back.”

“Crazy lady? I thought it was a guy.”

Papy shook his head. “I did too at first. I overheard her talking to herself. Talking about her ex that cheated on her with a man.”

“She thinks I’m her ex?”

Papy nodded, “I think so. Convince her you’re not or that you didn’t cheat.”

“How could I cheat on her if we never dated?”

“In her mind you did and she thinks you cheated.”

My mind went back to the night at Cobalt. I told him, her I couldn't go on a date because I had a boyfriend. I did. I was dating Justin. I turned down the date. I don't understand where the cheating idea is coming from.

“Smoke will come for us in the meantime. I'll do my best to convince her. I'm not her girlfriend and if that fails, I didn't cheat.”

I thought about Smoke, and how much I love him. I need to get out of this for both of us and for Papy. I can't let this psycho kill my grandfather. I was lying on top of the bed. My hands and feet are bound similar to Papy's with my hands in front. I maneuver into a seated position and look around the room for a sharp object. Or something to rub against.



# Chapter 50

## *Sabian*

I didn't have time to do much more than sit up and realized I'm dressed in a wedding gown before the door opens and our captor comes in.

"I see you're awake. Good. Shirley will be here soon to do your hair."

She's dressed in a dove gray tuxedo with a white rose boutonniere in his lapel. This is not how I thought this was going to go. I played along to buy time. Time to figure out how to escape or allow Smoke to find us.

"Can you untie my grandfather please?"

"Since you asked so nicely and it's your wedding day."

She walks over to the chair, pulled a knife from somewhere, and deftly sliced the ties on his wrists and feet.

"If you try anything I'll kill her and make you watch. Do you understand?"

Papy nodded his head. "I won't cause any problems."

She came over to me with a knife still in hand and surprised me by cutting my ties.

"Don't want Shirley to see you all trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey. I have this placed booby trapped. If you try to escape, you'll likely get killed. If the traps don't kill you, I will."

"I don't know why you'd want to run away anyway, Deila."

"I'm sorry. I got cold feet," I have no fucking clue what to say. I have to be convincing without taking it too far.

Her face remained impassive for several seconds. She nodded her head.

"I'll be back, Shirley is due to arrive any minute now."

As soon as the door closed, I hopped off the bed to go to Papy and crumpled to the ground. The circulation hasn't completely returned to my lower limbs.

"I'm alright, petite. Keep playing along. We'll figure something out. It should take, this Shirley awhile to do your hair and make-up. The feeling will return to our limbs by then. We'll get through this.

"Smoke will find us. Did he ever tell you how he got his name?"

I shook my head. "No, and I never thought to ask."

"Baron was 11 Bravo in the Army. His unit was often the first to engage the enemy. After one particularly successful, swift, mission one of the captives remarked 'We never saw him coming. He was like Smoke.' He'll come for us."

I nodded my head as tears pricked the corners of my eyes. I don't know if I'm more afraid for Papy or myself. I also have no idea if this is part of my final moments on earth. Will she kill me after we get faux married.

She came back with an older blonde haired woman in tow. The woman was carrying a few cases.

"Oh my you're already dressed. We'll have to put something over it so we don't ruin it. Avery, shoo. You're not supposed to see the bride. I can't believe you and Deila are finally getting hitched."

Avery smiled. "I knew I'd wear her down. I just had to show her, I'm the best person for her."

"I'm glad you worked it all out. Who's the handsome gentleman in the corner?"

"My grandfather," I answer.

"Oh, how nice. Let's get you ready. Avery scoot."

## *Smoke*

A FEW HUNDRED YARDS to go and we'll reach the yard surrounding the cabin. The process has gone a lot slower than



I'd like, but it can't be helped. The amount of booby traps we've found is mind blowing. This went beyond the normal defense and into the realm of paranoia.

With each trap we found I wondered what was happening to Sabian and Papy. It would destroy Sabian if anything happened to her grandfather. A loud scream pierced the air and nearly my eardrums as it came over the come. I looked around immediately for the source.

"Doc, we need you. Flea got caught in a feather spear trap. It's bad," Gambit called over the com.

Fuck, I grumbled to myself. Poor fucking Flea. I thought I couldn't get any angrier; I was wrong. Gambit's team is not far away so we double down on our efforts to avoid booby traps and clear the last several yards of forest.

"Doc and I are taking Flea to the hospital." Dakota says.

I push Flea's fate to the back of my mind. I need to finish this mission. Mother fucking, cock sucking, son of a bitch is going down. I don't care if Avery's a woman. She's a highly trained combat vet who's gone off the deep end and she needs to be stopped.

We're greeted with rows of razor wire when we clear the trees. Searching along the wire I find a low spot we can crawl through.

"Best not cut it in case she has it booby trapped."

My team nods. I pass the message along via com before belly crawling under the wire. I proceed across the lawn with the same care I takes in the woods. Who knows what traps she has set in the yard. Fifty yards to go and we'll reach the cabin.

Sweat drips from my brow as we finally make the cabin's perimeter. As the teams check in via hand signals, we gather at our breach points ready for Gambit's go order. The longest moments of my life are waiting on that order.



# Chapter 51

## *Sabian*

Shirley curled and arranged my hair into an elaborate coif. After she finished with my hair, she applied a full face of make-up. I don't think I've ever worn this much make-up. Not even in high-school when war paint was a part of my survival tool kit.

"Oh my, don't you make a beautiful bride." Shirley says admiring her work. "I'm all done. I'll get out of your hair. The reverend should be here soon. Good luck with your marriage, you've got a good one. If I were a couple decades younger and liked women, I'd be jealous."

The older woman prattled on for several more minutes. While she talks I look around. The room has one window in it. I can't exactly throw it open and rush out with Shirley here. I nod politely and answer when necessary. Finally, she packs up her stuff and leaves the room.

Before I get to the window, the door opens and Avery comes back in.

"You look beautiful, Deila. The reverend is here," she looks at Papy. "I expect you to be on your best behavior. Let's go."

She grabbed my elbow and steered me toward the door.

"You first," she says to Papy."

Papy gets up from the chair and walks to the door.

"Down the hall to your left. We'll be right behind you."

My legs shook with each step. Am I walking like a lamb to slaughter. Have I waited too long to get away? No, I can't think like that. I give myself a mental shake. Keep your head in the game. I have to get Papy out of here.

Avery guides me down a long hall and into a spacious living room. The furniture has been removed and in its place

rows of chairs, a runner and even flowers. It's decorated for a wedding. The pastor is standing at the end of the room on the small dais. My hands are clammy and I long to run them down this dress.

When we arrive at the altar, I realize the good reverend is dead. Not only dead but he appears to be taxidermied. I swallow the scream that bubbles up and fight to draw normal breaths.

"Thanks for being here Pastor. We're ready to begin."

This is so surreal. Avery guides me up on the dais and turns me so we're facing each other. Like a real couple getting married she takes my hands. Avery stares at me with love struck eyes and utter devotion. Not knowing what else to do, I met her gaze.

Seconds later I realize that a wedding is playing out in Avery's mind. She looks over my shoulder like there's someone behind me. I don't dare look. I know Papy is sitting in the front row.

"Such a beautiful song. Thank you, Sarah," Avery says, then she turns her attention briefly to the dead body before returning her gaze at me. Her love struck eyes suddenly turned stormy.

"Why aren't you repeating after the Pastor?" She demands angrily.

"I'm sorry, I must have missed what he says."

"Of course you did. You don't really want this do you?" She snarls.

"I...I do I was lost looking in your eyes and missed what the reverend says. Can we start again?"

I can see her thoughts warring with each other. Dozens of emotions pass through her eyes before she finally nods her ascent.

"You swear you want to do this?"

"I swear."

She leaps off the dais and is beside Papy in a flash with a knife to his throat. I didn't even see her pull it.

“Swear it on his life.”

## *Smoke*

I EASE IN THROUGH THE backdoor after picking the lock. A pinprick of light catches my attention and I freeze my actions. Taking out an aerosol can from my pocket I spray the area. Laser beams. Fuck me. Using the spray I make my way through the kitchen. My brothers follow suit.

There's light coming from the hall and to our left. With practiced ease I make my way stealthily down the hall. Not making a sound.

“Swear on his life.”

“I swear it,” I hear Sabian say.

“No, you're lying. I know you're lying. You don't love me. You're just going to leave me like all the others.”

“No, I'm not,” I can hear the panic in my woman's voice. “Just come back up here and we'll have the reverend start the ceremony again.”

I drew my pistol looking around the corner. Avery has a knife to Papy's throat. They're standing next to a chair. The room's been decorated for a wedding. Sabian standing close by on a dais. She's in a white sheath gown with her hair done up in curls and enough makeup for Tammy Fae Baker envious.

I ducked back around the corner but not before Avery saw something.

“Who's here? Did you bring your lover to our wedding?”

I heard a guttural roar and two screams. I rushed around the corner crimson spread across Sabian's dress. She was struggling with a knife wielding Avery. Papy was crumpled on the floor in between the front row of chairs and the dais. I wasted no time making my way across the room and tackling

Avery.

“Get them out of here,” I call out to my brothers.

My eyes never leave Avery but I hear boots shuffling behind me.



# Chapter 52

## *Smoke*

“NO!” Avery screams.  
She twists her body and slashes at me. I make it mostly out of the way. The knife blade slices through my shirt near my ribs. I move out of the way and right myself. Pulling my own knife, I turn to face my opponent.

Avery assumes a fighting stance, her training kicking in. She’s as well trained as I am. Maybe more so, but I have street smarts on my side. I spent some years collecting for my loan shark brother. I need to keep her off balance, get inside her head.

For the next few minutes, I simply defended myself against her attacks. She screamed threats and profanities all the while. As soon as I knew Sabian and Papy were out of the room, I began the attack on all fronts.

“She was easy to steal. You left her alone too often.”

“I was serving my country.”

“I served my country too, yet I have time for her. Time to make love to her.”

“Stop talking about her,” she says lunging at me.

I side step. Good, my plan is working.

“How can I stop talking about her? I can’t get her off my mind. She tastes so fucking sweet.”

“I SAID STOP TALKING ABOUT HER!” She lunged again this time trying for my jugular.

With her strength and speed she managed to nick me. A well-placed foot had her stumbling. The time it takes her to recover gave me space for my next move.

“She has the sweetest pussy I’ve ever tasted. And that ass.”

“NOOOOO!”



This time when she lunges I was ready I deflect the blow with one arm, bringing my other arm down with a striking motion I drive the blade through her sternum. Using my body weight, strength, and training I drive the blade into her heart.

She fell into me; I pushed her to the floor. As angry as I am, I understood that she's not in her right mind. I lean down, closing her open eyes and pulling my blade out.

I hand my blade off to the nearest brother.

“Take care of this?”

“Got you brother.” He calls to my back. I'm already sprinting outside. I spot Sabian sitting on the back of an ambulance. *How the fuck did an ambulance get here?* Detective Jaxon Stone hurries my way.

“It's a private ambulance company.” He calls as I rush past him and up to Sabian's side.

“Why isn't the ambulance on the way to the hospital? How badly are you hurt?”

“It's a long shallow cut. The bleeding stopped. They're going to glue me up at the ER.” Sabian replies.

“The ambulance is waiting for you since her injuries are not life threatening.”



*Three days later*

## ***Sabian***

THE HOSPITAL HAD KEPT Papy and I overnight before releasing us. Smoke never left our side. He insisted Papy stay with us at the apartment. Both Dames and Dolls alike were in and out of the apartment, bringing food, cooking, cleaning or fussing over Papy. All the ladies adopted him as their grandpa. He's over the moon.

Detective Stone swept the whole thing under the rug. The guys called in a specialist to take care of the scene and the bodies. It will take weeks for Flea to fully recover but we didn't lose him. Nitro's biological mom is staying at the compound while Flea, his half-brother, recuperates.

It's been three days since our kidnapping. Smoke is taking us to Pele's Palace for dinner. Nanna insisted on coming to stay at the compound too. As soon as she found out Papy and I were injured.

"Are you ready, Siren?"

"I am."

Smoke takes my hand, we headed downstairs to meet the others in the lobby. Gambit, Stormy, Lucia, and Nitro are joining us tonight. The prospects drove us in two large SUVs. We were immediately seated and a server brought menus, ice water and these amazing rolls. They smelled of cherries and almonds and tasted like heaven.

I inhaled three of them before the server returned to take our orders. We ordered crab Rangoon dip. It comes with freshly made fried wontons. Volcano fries, and Kalua pork nachos.

"Would you like some wine or champagne, Siren,"

I shake my head. "I want a cherry coke made with grenadine syrup, extra real cherries."

The server brings more rolls, and our drinks and appetizers within a few minutes. I'm famished. For dinner I order Alaskan King Crab with mushrooms and roasted vegetables. The food is delicious. I order two desserts and polish them both off. Smoke may have to roll me out of here.

"Do you need me to carry you?"

"Maybe."

"My sweet girl's always had a good appetite, but perhaps she's eating for more than one." Papy says with a wink.

"I think it's too soon for that Papy. Plus, I'm still on the pill."

“We’ll see.” He says, giving me a hug.”

After we tuck in our grandparents Smoke takes me for a walk around the lake.

“Pick your lot?”

“What?”

He pointed to a few areas that were marked with a flag.

“Which of these do you want to build our house on?”

“The farthest left.?”



# Chapter 53

## *Sabian*

*Six months later*

As I learn more about Avery Blake's life, I understood that killing her was a gift of mercy. She was one fierce protective warrior that served our Country. She may not have died in the field, but that's where her mind shattered. Irrevocably broken. She would have spent the rest of her life in a facility for the criminally insane. A shell of the once vibrant woman who was full of life.

The Days told me about Deila. About her refusal to have children, Avery's lifelong dream. After being bounced around from foster home to foster home, she wanted nothing more than to have a family of her own.

I rest my hand on my rounded belly. I'm two months away from my due date. We're having triplets. Mind blown. Smoke is still walking around with a shit-eating grin on his face. Lily and I are due on the same day. Likely, I'll have the twins a few weeks earlier than my due date. It's normal for multiples.

"Siren, are you ready? The guys are here to move us."

I pushed up out of the chair. One hand on my lower back. Smoke came into the room. My heart beat faster, my panties grew damp. The man never cannot awe me.

"I'm ready," I say as I grab my purse and sling it over my shoulder.

He swaggers over to me, bending down to kiss me. Our lips meld together, tongues tasting each other. The sound of a throat clearing pulls us apart. Gambit is standing in the doorway with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Sorry to interrupt you to love birds but I've got the guys lined up and the truck waiting."

"We're ready brother." Smoke says picking me up.

“I can walk.”

I enjoy carrying you. He carried me to the elevator and kept me cradled in his arms during the ride. His truck is parked outside waiting. Flea opens the door for him and he sits me in the passenger seat before fastening my seatbelt. Smoke brushes a quick kiss across my lips then goes around and gets in the driver's side.

We drove the short distance to our new home. It's right on the lake. Smoke even had a doc built so we can go boating.

## *Smoke*

OUR HOME IS FINALLY finished. I put the final touches on the nursery myself. Our house is a little over forty-two hundred square feet with three levels. The basement level has several windows, and a sliding glass door. There are three bedrooms, a rec room, a storage room and a wet bar downstairs. The first floor has a balcony that spans the entire front of the house. It has a great room, kitchen with walk-in pantry, dining room, two additional bedrooms, plus the master suite, and nursery. The second floor is a large loft, the kids can play there when they get older.

In a few weeks they'll be done with the small house we're building besides ours for Papy and Nana. Both are keeping their own homes but want to be close for when the triplets arrive. I'm still wrapping my mind around three babies. I guess when I do it; I do it big.

I get Siren situation in her glider where she can direct traffic as the brothers and prospects carry everything in. She sold her house fully furnished and donated most of her belongings to charity.

We waited to get married until after the kids were born. The doctor will induce two weeks before her due date at the end of June. The wedding is set for October thirteenth, the one-year anniversary of our engagement.

I can't believe how much life has changed in the last six months and it's only getting better.



# Epilogue I

## *Sabian*

**O**ctober 13, 2024

Today I married my best friend. The church is all decked out in my colors. Midnight blue to sky blue and shades in between the two. The color of the sky at sunrise. I love going outside every morning as the sun rises. There's a stillness that calls to me in the early morning. The silence is golden, and in my opinion, the best way to start the day.

The isles were decorated with white lilies, white roses, white lilacs, blue lupine, forget-me-nots, and Himalayan poppies. Midnight blue and white ribbons were threaded throughout the flowers. Two large candelabras sat on either side of the altar. Bastian, Gambit's oldest, will light the candles later. Bastian's younger siblings Acadia and Antoine are the flower girl and ring bearer. They've come so far in the past two years since Gambit and Stormy takes them in, and adopted them. Bastian turned eighteen last month and he's already wearing a prospect cut.

Gambit talked him into going to college. He chose Tulane. When he's not in classes, he's doing prospect duties and loving every minute from what I've seen. I peered at my reflection one last time. I chose a traditional off the shoulder gown with a sweetheart neckline. There's a sash around my waist that fades from the darkest blue to the lightest matching my color. The back splits up the middle exposing blue satin with a lace overlay. My bridesmaids' dresses match the satin in the back. Willow is my maid of honor. Stormy and Nola are bridesmaids. Smoke's older brother is his best man. Dakota and Elvis are our groomsmen.

I had my hair pulled back from my face but down in the back. We'd curled the ends and let it flow in soft waves. My make-up is minimal save for my signature red lipstick. I have Stormy's diamond earrings in my ears and Mémé's pearl



necklace around my throat. I have something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.

A knock on the door brought me out of my thoughts. Nola opened the door. I heard Papy's voice.

"Is it time?"

"It's time. Are you ready, sweet girl?"

"I am."

We walks out of the kid's Sunday school room. We turned it into a makeshift bridal suite. The ladies walks out before me. We made our way to the front of the church. The doors were currently closed. Havoc and Mayhem opened the doors for us which signaled the organist to play.

I takes a few deep breaths as I watched the ladies walk down the aisle. As soon as Nola takes her place, Papy takes my arm and the wedding march started to play. Tears pricked the corner of my eyes as we walks the aisle. We stopped in front of the altar.

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?"

"She gives herself, but with my blessing."

I fought to hold back tears as Papy handed me to Smoke. He looks so handsome in his tux. My heart skips a beat as he brings my hand up and brushes a kiss across my knuckles.

"The bride and groom have created their own vows. Baron, would you go first."

Smoke takes both hands in his. "Sabian from the moment I saw you, I knew you were the one for me. I never believed in love, much less love at first sight, until I saw you. You were a beacon of light in a world that's often too dark.

"You are my heart, my soul, and the mother of my children. It's my honor and privilege to spend the rest of my life with you."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "Baron, while it takes me a little longer to come to my senses."

Everyone chuckles.

“From the moment you asked me out, you never ceased to amaze me. You’ve shown me what real love is. I didn’t know until you came along. I didn’t know I could love anyone this much or this deep. Then you blessed me with children. Three of them in one go. Now I know what a new kind of love is like. I’m blessed to spend every day of the rest of my life with you.”

Pastor Dave performed the rest of the ceremony.

“You may now kiss the bride.”

Smoke gave me a kiss deep enough to make me weak in the knees.



A white Rolls Royce takes us to the reception. We had it at the compound. We had around a hundred people at the wedding. There’s about a hundred and fifty more waiting for us at the compound. Gambit had the outside lighting changed to match our wedding colors. Blue and white luminaries line the edge of the parking lot and sidewalks.

The lobby is filled with candles and flowers. Behind the clubhouse an enormous tent is erected. We’re having dinner and cake cutting in the tent before heading inside for the real party. I’m planning on changing dresses when we head to the party.

The tent is filled with bikers and church parishioners alike. Smoke and I decided on a buffet style meal with so many people’s appetites to consider. My husband loves blackened everything. We have blackened steak, chicken and salmon for starters. Duchess potatoes, green beans, cajun rice, mini crab cakes, and alligator sausage with creole mustard for dishes.

For cold dishes we have arugula salad with beets, goat cheese, and candied walnuts, pickled shrimp with andouille relish in a sweet corn custard, pimento cheese canapes with a fried green tomato relish, and a Roasted fall squash, baby arugula, toasted pecans, Grana Padano, citrus vinaigrette.

There's an oyster bar too. You can get raw, fried, or grilled oysters. Besides the wedding cake we have a dessert part. There are bite size pecan pies, mini carrot cakes, decadent double chocolate brownies with or without caramel, and a mini beignet bar with traditional and espresso beignets, powdered and cocoa sugar, cafe brûlot sauce, pecan praline sauce, seasonal fruit sauce. Our wedding cake is five tiers. Each tier has a different flavor. Vanilla, Italian creme, red velvet, chocolate and lemon chiffon. There's also a groom's cake in the shape of a motorcycle.



# Epilogue II

## *Sabian*

The food was delicious and the party was off the chain. Smoke carried me away a few minutes after nine to catch our flight. He found this amazing place called the Tree Haus in Greenough, Montana. The house sits on stilts and is mostly windows in the middle of the woods.

After a quick, easy flight, we hop into a rented Jeep and drive to our destination. Fall foliage greets us on our scenic drive. I can't wait to see it in the daylight. It must be spectacular. By the time we turn onto Sunset Hill Road it's all evergreen trees.

The trees that surround the tree haus are at least a hundred feet tall. They tower over the structure. The brochure says it's twenty-three feet from the ground to the first floor. It's a two story structure with stunning views. I may have spent one or a dozen hours searching Google for pictures.

By the time we carry the bags upstairs and wash the day's dirt away I crawl into bed and pass out. Taking care of four-month-old triplets is exhausting. I've been pumping and freezing milk for weeks. Papy, Nana, and Smoke's parents are all staying at the house taking care of them. Ashe was born minutes before the first of his two identical twin sisters Gibson and Harris. My husband tells me Ashe was born first so he could protect the girls. I told him we'd teach them to kick ass too.

By some miracle I woke before my husband. God, I'll never tire of thinking that word or saying that word. With a smile I ease out of bed, use the bathroom and take another shower before slipping into something special I picked up. It takes me a few minutes to get into the red outfit. It's mostly straps and buckles. I have a thin red strapping going right up the center of my ass. My man loves my ass. Honestly, I love

the feeling of him deep inside my ass, stretching me obscenely wide and giving me explosive orgasms.

After I attach my thigh highs to the sexed up merry widow, I slip into six inch liquid red stiletto heels. The dolls helped me practice moving in them. I run a brush through my hair, brush my teeth and apply Everlasting's Siren matte red lipstick. With one final check of my appearance I head back out to the bedroom.

Smoke's eyes are closed but he's thrown back the cover. Before the triplets I'd never be able to get out of the bed without him waking much less what I'm planning to do. I crawl carefully up the bed stopping at his glorious erection. I wrap one hand around his girth. My hand doesn't fit all the way around. I slip the head of his cock in my mouth, swirling my tongue around the tip.

He moans. "Good morning wife."

I release his cock from my mouth. "Morning husband."

Before he can say anything else I suck half his shaft into my mouth bobbing my head in rhythm with my hand. I add a little hum for vibration. His hands find the back of my head.

"Fuck, baby that feels good."

His hips back. I worked more of him into my mouth until I swallowed him down my throat.

"Siren can I fuck your mouth."

"Mmhmm," I say around his cock, nodding my head.

His hips move slowly at first. After I adjust he speeds up fucking my mouth. I only gag twice. He moans loudly each time I do. The small strip of fabric between my legs that passes as panties is soaked.

"You like it when I fuck your mouth, don't you my naughty girl,"

*Smoke*

SHE NODS HER HEAD AGAIN, increasing the suction. My toes fucking curl.

“Fuck baby if you keep that up, I’m going to cum.”

To my great surprise she taps out. She drops me from her mouth when I stop fucking it.

“I want you to fuck my ass.”

I growled. “I’ll fuck that gorgeous ass, but first let me eat that pretty pussy.”

She shakes her head. “No, I want you to fuck my ass. Please, Big Daddy Sexy Butt.”

“Big Daddy Sexy Butt?” I ask with a smile.

“Yes.”

“Your wish is my command, but I’m going to fuck that pussy at the same time. I brought something special. Assume the position.”

I scoot off the bed while she gets on her hands and knees. I unpacked everything after she passed out last night. I pull out everything I need. First, I take the new toy and add a small amount of lube. I move aside her panties. The small scraps are easy to work around. Then I press the toy against her pussy slips. She moans and pushes back against it. I slid the toy into her entrance. It’s not as long or as thick as I am. I don’t want the double penetration to overwhelm her. After several strokes to get her used to the toy’s size I use the attached belt and secure it to her waist, and both legs.

I adjust it before turning the vibration speed on low. Sabian moans. I smack her ass. She moans louder. I turn the slow thrusting motion of the toy on before laying several more smacks to her ass cheeks. I stop to admire my handiwork before applying lube to my finger and around her puckered entrance. I work my fingers in and out of her at the same speed setting I have the toy on.

Sabian mewls loudly backing up into my fingers. I get her nice and stretched before lining up the head of my cock.

“Breathe out, baby.”

She breathes out and I push in. Sabian releases a hiss, then moans. She's so tight around my cock and I can feel the vibrations and thrusts of the toy. I take a few seconds to gather myself. I move again, matching the toy with my cock like I did earlier with my fingers. I give her a couple minutes to adjust before I increase my speed and the speed of the toy. Her cries are ceaseless now. Her juices down both our legs as I pound her tight ass and the toy pounds her pussy.

"I'm cumming!" She screams.

I ride her through the orgasm, continuing my brutal pace. Her cries sound hoarse as the moans tear up her throat, like I'm tearing up her sweet ass. My balls tighten and I cry out. The orgasm triggers another orgasm for Sabian. I dump my load into her tight little ass. Collapsing I draw her beside me and roll us on to our sides. I reach to turn off the toy, but leave it in while we recover. A few minutes later I remove the toy and head to the bathroom. I get a warm washcloth and clean us both up.

I draw her back into my arms and give her a kiss.

"Happy first day of the rest of our lives, Mrs. Ewing."





## About the Author

If a nerd and a porn star had a baby. I love Star Trek, Star Wars, Lord of the Rings, and tabletop RPGs. Although I've forgotten most of it, I did at one time know how to speak Klingon.

When my first marriage ended, I explored life. Let's call me a late bloomer. By my late thirties, I was being given new versions of the Kama Sutra. From my sexual escapades to my painful life experiences. I use what I know. I once had someone comment that I put my characters through hell. You write what you know.

As an avid animal lover, I have several of my own, from horses to chickens. The rest shall remain a mystery for now. My mama always said, "Always leave them guessing." Or maybe that was Mae West.

ALL the links <https://linktr.ee/candifox>

Foxes Corner Monthly Newsletter <https://bit.ly/3JH2O1W>

Facebook Group/Foxy Fanatics  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/foxyfanatics>

Webpage: <http://candifoxauthor.com/>

I LOVE Reviews. Please consider leaving me the gift of a review. Thank you.



## More Books by Candi Fox

**V**oodoo Kings MC  
Gambit's Queen

Nitro's Nymph

Boomer's Treasure

Dakota's Desires

Smoke's Siren

**Coming Soon**

Outlaw's Angel

**Killing Chronicles Series**

Strange Beginnings

Sweet Obsession

Twisted Time

**Naked Truth Series**

Harlequin's Deception

Witch's Transformation

Solstice

Healing Harley



### **ROCK SERIES**

Pendale High (Not YA)

Savanna James

Lennon Cooper

Gemma's Wish

Christie Lee

**Odin's Wolves MC**

Half-God, Half-Wolf, All Bad Ass

Rage

Viper

Blade

Kanine

**Past Anthologies**

Remembering Ryan

Once Upon a Brother's Grimm

Erotic Fairy Tales Brother's Grimm

**Current Anthologies**

Hunters' Revenge: Wicked Warriors MC Maryland  
Charter: Bleeding Souls Saved by Love (Wicked Bad Boy  
Biker Motorcycle Club Romance)

Peter's Prize: Luciano Crime Family, Boston Mafia  
(Fabled Wars a Dark Mafia Romance): Bleeding Souls Saved  
by Love!