



INFERNO'S CLUTCH MC BOOK FIFTEEN

# SPEED'S RIDE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

E.C.LAND

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# **SPEED'S RIDE**

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**INFERNO'S CLUTCH MC**

**BOOK 15**

**E.C. LAND**



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## TRIGGER WARNING

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This content is intended for mature audiences only. It contains material that may be viewed as offensive to some readers, including graphic language, dangerous and sexual situations, murder, rape, and extreme violence.

Proceed with caution. This book does entail several scenes that may very well be a trigger to some.

Also, tissues are a must with other scenes.

Not for the faint at heart.

If you don't like violence and cannot handle certain subjects, then this is not a book you'll want to read.

SPEED'S RIDE

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are all products of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblances to persons, organizations, events, or locales are entirely coincidental.

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Next, I'd have to shout out to all my readers for sticking with me and enjoying the world I've created.

Then there's my team, everyone who works alongside me to ensure that each book I release is ready to go when the time comes. I couldn't ask for better.

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# PLAYLIST

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## Playlist

Take a look at the playlist for Speed's Ride!

E – Matt Mason

I'll Be Waiting – Eurielle

Die Tonight – Adam Calhoun & Upchurch

Loud and Heavy – Cody Jinks

Reload – Colt Ford ft. Taylor Ray Holbrook

Outlaw – Upchurch ft. Luke Combs

Creature – Jelly Roll ft. Tech N9ne, Krizz Kaliko

Hate Goes On – Jelly Roll

Next to Me – OverTime

Take This Pain – Jake Banfield

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# INFERNO'S CLUTCH MC

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# Members

## Louisiana Charter

President – Chains – Ol' lady – Tiny (Sloane)

(Children – River, Brook, & Darrian)

Vice President – Tyres – Ol' lady – Rissa

(Children – Wren & Ike Jr.)

SAA – Breaker – Ol' lady – Spitfire (Nora)

(Children – Owen & Oaklen)

Road Captain – Brake – Ol' lady & man – Faye & Lawson

Enforcer – Pitch Black – Ol' lady – Angelina

(Children – Carson & Jules)

Former Prez – Ryder – Ol' lady – Brielle

(Children – Micah, Marcus, Nathaniel, & Lucy)

Medic – Pipe – Ol' lady – Shea

(Children – Jaylen & Jordan)

Hacker – Fuse – Ol' lady – Lyrica

(Children – Brodie, Ryker, & Brycen)

Former Road Captain – Fury – Ol' lady – Ela

(Children – Raven & Pitch Black)

Treasurer – Axel – Ol' lady – Faith

(Children – Alec, Derrick, Nicholas, & Miracle)

Member – Speed – Ol’ lady – Lily

Member – Throttle

Member – Crash

Member – Pedal

Member – Spark

Member – Frame

Member – Lynch

Member – Shock

Member – Steel

Prospect – Rig

Prospect – Bender

**Arizona Charter**

President – Marker

VP – Digger

SAA – Sawdust

Road Captain – Links

Enforcer – Snaps

Medic – Slice

Hacker – Surge

Treasurer – Maverick

Member – Dog

Member – Drifter

Member – Shooter

Member – Mayhem

Member – Creeper

**Florida Charter**

President – Risk

Hacker – Caps

**Nebraska Charter**

President – Lobo

Hacker – Night

**Montana Charter**

President – Mountain

VP – Stinger

SAA – Quake

Road Captain – Cliff

Enforcer – Screamer

Hacker – Nitro

Medic – Cut

Member – Kraken

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# **FAMILY CONNECTIONS**

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## To Founding Members

### Garnier

Reno (deceased) – Father to Chains and Victoria

Irène (Never Married) – Mother to Tyres and Brake

(Father Louis Pelletier)

Arlene (Never Married) – Mother to Breaker

(Father Henry Pelletier)

Ryder/Owen – Adoptive father to Marcus and Micah, Father to  
Lucy

### Corbin

Fury (married to Ela) – Father to Pitch Black and Raven

Scarlett (Married husband deceased) – Mother to Lynch and  
Harlow

### DeVere

Rico – Father to Axel



**Note To Readers:**

**It's advised to have read both Brake's Intent and Cyprus's Truth before reading Speed's Ride to know the full story.**

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# PROLOGUE

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## LILY

*Six weeks ago ...*

My fate was sealed a long time ago. I was five years old, to be exact, when my life went from bad to worse. Way ... way worse.

I've never known life to be sweet. It's always been bitter and painful. In the last several months since coming to the Devil's Riot clubhouse, I've gotten to see what it was like. Even if it my reasons for being here were under false pretenses.

See, the day I turned five years old, my parents, drug addicts and looking for money to supply them for their next score, they sold me. They sold me to a man who became my master. My owner. My tormentor.

He creeped me out from the very beginning, but I learned quickly to obey him. To do as I was told. Never go against him. If I did, I'd wish he would kill me. He never did that. Instead, he hurt me in other ways. The older I got, the more painful it became.

Then he created this drug. I don't know the name of it, but I was his lab rat, he tested the prototype on me. It was like being in my body, wanting to scream at the top of my lungs and unable to do anything but what I was told to do. Give him pleasure. Take what he gives me. Do as he says. The drug felt like fire in my veins, and it hurt. It drove me crazy. He made me crave more of it.

I still crave it, but I fight it. I'll keep fighting it if it means I can think for myself.

I'd been surprised when Perrin sent me on a mission. One that I never expected him to give me. He explained that I was to do what he wanted and I would be rewarded. He would give me more freedom. But the way to get that was to prove I could

stay loyal to him. Get him the child that he wants. I agreed to his terms.

I went to the Devil's Riot MC and became a clubwhore, though I didn't do anything but give a few blow jobs. I made myself invisible by cleaning and helping in other ways. I also got close to Victoria's son, Jamie, my supposed target.

After seeing the way the women are with their children and how they love them, I knew my measly freedom wasn't worth it. So, I still stuck close to Jamie, but only so I could protect him. I knew when I didn't get back to Perrin in a timely manner, he'd send someone else. Someone who will do just what he wants them to do without issue.

And he did. He sent Lorena. She's a vindictive woman and will stop at nothing to get her way.

I came clean with Victoria when she confronted me about why I spent so much time with her son. I told her everything, and she suspected it. She also didn't kill me as I thought she would. Instead, she wanted to help me.

Especially after ... closing my eyes, everything replays in my mind.

*Stupid, worthless cunt," Lorena screeches and pulls the trigger again. My body jerks, and I can't help but cry out in pain. She already shot me once in the stomach. "I knew you weren't going to do what Perrin wanted you to do. It's why I told him to send ..."*

*Lorena doesn't finish what she's saying because Victoria tackles the god-awful woman and starts beating the mess out of her.*

*"Here," Tracker murmurs, eyes filled with rage as he reaches for his crying son. "It's okay, buddy." The way Tracker smooths his son's hair and kisses the top of his head, I know, without a doubt, I did right in protecting the little boy.*

*"Coyote, Aries, get Valentine inside," Stoney orders. "Get Ranger and Tinsley to see what they can do to help her. If not, we'll have to get her to the hospital."*

*“No hospital,” I whisper, pleading weakly. I couldn’t go to a hospital. I didn’t want Perrin to be able to get to me. Not after this. I know he won’t kill me if he gets his hands on me after not proving my loyalty to him. I’ll suffer far, far worse. It would be better if these people just let me die. “Please, no ... no hospital, he’ll ... find me.”*

*“Who’ll find you?”*

*Cyprus’s question is the last thing I hear before my world goes black, and I welcome it wholeheartedly.*

After that, I don’t know what happened. Not until I woke up still at the clubhouse, my body bandaged. They wanted me to go to the hospital but ended up calling someone they trusted to come and help. The bullet was removed, and I was fixed up.

Once the club knew I was awake, Stoney, Tracker, and a few others came in, along with Victoria, Rachel, Raven, and Harlow. They all questioned me, but they didn’t have to ask too much, I gave them what they wanted and explained that I’d been sold to Perrin. I told them that he said he’d give me some freedom, and I explained that my freedom, even the smallest amount of it, wasn’t worth a little boy being hurt.

No one was happy with what I divulged, but they didn’t kill me.

In fact, they said that once I’m healed a bit more, they’re sending me away. I’m going to another club where they’ll ensure I’m safe, and Perrin won’t be able to get to me.

I don’t think it’ll be that easy. It can’t be. Considering the life I’ve lived, I know nothing can ever work out for me. I’ll never have a happy ending.

I’m a survivor, and that’s what I’ll always be. I’ll survive and hope for the next day that I do the same. There’s no way I could simply move on.

Perrin won’t let it happen. He’ll find me. He’ll come after me. I’m his property, his personal pet. He’s not about to let his possession go.

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# CHAPTER ONE

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## SPEED

There's nothing worse than not being able to ride free and clear without having to watch your back. Even more so when you're on edge. Honestly pisses me off that I can't just go out on my bike, clear my head, and do something. It's like I'm going insane.

We've been on guard since everything went down with what happened to Brake, and secrets he held that turned my stomach were revealed. I hate that he went through that shit and didn't tell anyone. He'd gone it alone, not letting anyone in on what was going on.

But I get it.

I grew up in a house that was not much different when it came to abuse, but nothing like what he endured. I didn't have to go through what he did. My shit was different. Volatile. It was filled with loathing and hatred.

The difference, though, between Brake's shit and mine? The day I turned eighteen, I was out of that house and never went back.

Fuck.

I push the lid down on those thoughts and shove them to the back of my mind. There's no way in hell I'm going down that rabbit hole. No fucking way. I learned a long time ago to never think of the past. Never let it get to me. Nothing good can come from it.

Sitting at the bar, I nurse a beer, wishing I could be out riding my bike instead. My bike and being out on the road are one of two things that ease the tension that fills my brain in stressful situations. It's either that or fucking, and there's no way in hell I'm getting near any of the strays here with their loose-ass snatches. I grew tired of them a few years ago and prefer to find outside pussy. But it's not always easy finding someone who can handle me. Handle what I like in the sack.

I'm not called Speed for nothing. There's a reason for my brothers dubbing me with my road name, and it ain't because of the fucking drug either. I ride fast. When I was younger, I got speeding tickets to prove it. I fuck the women I take to my bed hard and fast, leaving them walking funny for days. I also take life by the balls and live it how I want without regret. And I've got a thing for kink. Granted, that's not part of the reason they call me Speed, but it's part of me fucking. I take a woman how I want, leaving her craving for more. I don't slow for anything or anyone. The way I see it, we've got one life to live, so why not live it up?

As for the women I take to my bed, if I like what they give, I get their number, and if I get a taste for them, I'll give them a call. Otherwise, I move on to the next, never giving them a second thought.

There's no reason for it. It's not like I'll find someone who can handle me and my needs, not really. The women I've fucked, they'll take a ride on the wild side, but they won't actually live the life. That's perfectly fine with me. I don't need a bitch who'll nag me not to do what I love doing. Not that any of the women my brothers have as ol' ladies do that, but I've seen it happen before. And because of this, I prefer my bike and being on the road. I don't have to worry about the headaches a woman will cause me in the long run.

"You good, brother?" Lynch asks, taking a stool beside me and motioning to a prospect to get him a beer. Usually, Tiny's working behind the bar, though this is against Chains's demands. She's not, but lately, she's been doing other shit. My guess is she's busy taking care of the kids Chains knocked her up with. She's a good woman. Good for my Prez. Good with her family and loves this club. We all know this, considering she makes it known by her actions.

I've also noticed all the brothers who have ol' ladies haven't been letting them far from them. Their kids, either. I don't blame them. This shitstorm isn't a joke.

"I'm good, what about you?" I ask and lift my beer to my lips, taking in the grimace on his face.



Something's up with him.

"Got a call from Harlow," he mutters in answer.

Harlow's his sister, and he lost her years ago because of some shit that went down when she was a teenager. It sucked he lost his sister in a way, but she's happy now. We've all seen that to be true when she's visited.

"How's she doing?" I ask, taking a sip of my beer.

"She says she's good, but I've got a feeling something's up." He grimaces.

"What do you mean? You think it's anything to do with that Perrin fucker?" If it is, it means Chains is right, and they went after them first rather than coming at the club.

"Don't know." Lynch shakes his head, releases a heavy breath, and drinks some bitter brew before looking in my direction, but not really seeing anything. He's that far in his head. "Just something about the way she talked tells me something's up. I don't like it."

"You know if there is, she's in good hands," I assure him. Not to mention the fact that she's also one badass bitch. To top off that, she's Ranger's ol' lady. "Ranger won't let anything happen to her, and he definitely ain't about to let her out of his sight if trouble is brewing."

That's one thing no one needs. Something to affect Harlow, Raven, or Victoria. The moment that happens, all hell will rain down, and blood will flow. Not just because of them being who they are and holding the skillsets and training they have as the contract assassins known as Harpy, Silent Night, and Dark Spirit. You still have to deal with their men. Tracker is one of the best men out there to track someone down. According to what I've heard, he's like a bloodhound with his nose to the ground when he's looking for someone. Blaze has no issues with blood and going after those whom he deems a threat. He'll kill anyone that gets in his way or comes near his family. There's also Ranger, who will fuck you up for even daring to look at his woman in any way he doesn't like. So

yeah, they'll have the club to go through when it comes to those women or the shitstorm coming.

"Yeah, but it doesn't mean I don't think of Harlow and what's going on. This shit is fucked up," he grumbles. "We're having to wait to see what move they're doing, and for all we know, they've made one, and we just don't know it yet. It's not like she fuckin' said what's going down up there. For all I know, they've gone after Victoria and her kid."

"You'd be right," Chains growls from behind us, getting our attention.

I spin on my stool to face him and instantly notice the fire in his eyes. Something's definitely happened for him to have that look in his gaze.

"What's happened, Prez?" I ask, fully alert and already mentally calculating how many bullets are in my gun and if I'll need my backup. Or whoever I have to cover the backs of. This club is my family, and we all look out for each other.

"It's happened. Perrin decided to go after Victoria first. Sent some piece of ass. Don't know the full story yet, but we're gonna be having guests soon," he states and looks directly at me, then to Lynch. "The two of you are gonna be staying at Ryder's old place and taking babysitting duties."

"What the fuck?" Lynch growls. "Who and why?"

"Like I said, I don't know all the details, but they've asked us to take in the mole that was planted in the Devil's Riot MC."

"Come again?" Lynch grinds out.

"The fuck they want us to take in a fuckin' mole?" I don't like this shit, not one bit.

"Because the bitch they're sending is innocent in the whole thing. We all know my sister," Chains growls, his jaw ticking. "She wouldn't send someone here if she didn't think that. She'd have already slit their throat. Vic didn't do that this time. She said when Shadow, Whip, and Venom get here, they'll explain. I don't want her on club grounds until I know who the fuck she is. So, you two are babysitting."

Well, fuck.

Looks like we're about to go on one hell of a ride.

Though I don't look forward to having to babysit some bitch who thinks they can pull a fast one on us all. The way I see it, until she's proven innocent, she's guilty. Whatever she was sent to do, she's guilty even if my association.

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## CHAPTER TWO

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## LILY

“We’re almost there, Lily,” Shadow grunts, shaking my shoulder lightly and waking me up.

I blink and slowly sit up and look out the window. There’s nothing but trees around, which is about all I saw throughout the whole trip. Because of everything my body’s endured over the years, it hasn’t healed as fast as it should. So, for most of the ride, I’ve been lying down across the back seat of the SUV. In the front seats, Whip was driving with Shadow in the passenger seat. I knew Venom was on his bike behind us, along with two more guys. I think Cyrus and Kevlar.

More guys had come down, but I remember hearing them say something about them splitting off when the time came.

The whole thing freaked me out. I didn’t know what to expect when Victoria and the others said they’d help me. I expected to be treated horribly. Maybe even transported in the back of a cargo van with my limbs bound, but they didn’t do any of that. The guys treated me gently. A bit standoffish at first, but by the time we left the clubhouse, it felt like I was leaving family. Tracker even thanked me for protecting Jamie and told me everything would be okay. They’d make sure I was protected and safe.

I didn’t know if that was true or not. I have a hard time trusting the feeling of security.

“You hungry, Lils?” Whip asks, looking at me through the rearview mirror.

“No, I’m okay,” I lie. I don’t want to be a bother to them. Plus, I’m used to not eating the way they do.

When it came to food, Perrin would force me to eat it at his feet. I was never allowed to eat at the table. I had to sit on the floor while he controlled me as I ate.

“Lily, you’ve barely eaten the whole trip,” Shadow grunts. “If you’re hungry, you need to speak up.”

“I’m okay,” I whisper once again, but my stomach takes the opportunity to make itself known, and I blush in embarrassment.

“Whip, stop at the next food place you see,” Shadow grumbles, glancing back at me. “We’re stopping. You use the bathroom, do whatever you gotta do. Getting food, then we’ll head for the house you’ll be staying at.”

Ignoring Shadow’s orders of what we’re going to do about stopping for food, I ask, “I’m not staying at the clubhouse?” I didn’t know this.

“No, they want you in a safe house until they know all the facts. We hadn’t told them much yet. Chains and Tyres are meeting us at the house with a few others,” he explains.

“Oh, okay.” I nod nervously. These guys might not be like those in the Devil’s Riot MC. I don’t know if I can trust them, but these guys do, and I trust them. Mostly.

Time passes a bit more before Whip pulls into a fast-food joint that looks newly remodeled.

“Let’s get you some food, Lils,” Whip grunts, using the name he for some reason dubbed me with. I’d never had a nickname before. Not in my entire life. I mean, unless you count being called slut, whore, cunt ... I could go on and on.

“Okay,” I murmur and unbuckle my seat belt. Slowly, I ease toward the door as Shadow opens it for me. They all know I’m not healed yet. In the six weeks since that day, I’m still in pain.

Whip asks me for my order, and I tell him just a plain chicken sandwich and a milkshake. Once he has my order, I make my way to the restrooms with Kevlar right behind me. I’m thankful for this since I’m scared of my own shadow. I don’t want to be, but I know Perrin’s out there. He wouldn’t let me go that easily.

I quickly do my business, wash my hands, splash some water on my face, and avoid looking myself in the mirror. I

hate what I see in my reflection and don't bother with vanity. I barely get the door open when Kevlar's there holding it the rest of the way for me. Again, he, like the others, knows I'm still hurting.

"Come on, darlin', let's get you to a table. Whip's got the food ordered, and they're waiting for it."

I nod and let him guide me forward. Not long after we sit, the others join us with the food. Of course, Whip got me more than just a sandwich and a milkshake. He got me fries as well.

I manage to eat a few fries, part of my sandwich, and half my milkshake. The guys wolf down theirs and soon we're back on the road.

They said earlier we'll be there soon, so I don't bother laying back down. I just stare quietly out the side window and wait for what's about to happen next.

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"So, the house you're staying at belongs to Ryder. He's my sister's ol' man and a member of the Inferno's Clutch MC," Whip says, turning into the driveway to a house that looks like a home. "They don't live here anymore, kept it as rental. Luckily, it was empty so we can hole you up here."

"Chains is going to get tired of this shit," Shadow grumbles.

"Shit, don't I know it, but the last two we sent this way, he ended up with one and Breaker the other." Whip snorts.

I tune them out as Whip parks, and they get out. My eyes are on the house, more or less on the door. Because of this, I see him the moment he steps out the door.

He's breathtaking and scary all at the same time. A few others step out with him, but my eyes are locked on him, and the way looks like he wants to be anywhere else but here.

Shadow gets out, and I suck in a breath to follow suit. He gets my door open as I hear someone call out.

“So, where’s this bitch you guys want us to babysit?”

I flinch at the harsh tone of his voice as I scramble out of the back seat with Shadow’s help.

“Watch the tone, Lynch,” Venom mutters.

“Yeah, Lils is still weak and needs to finish healing. She don’t need attitude,” Whip growls.

“I thought y’all were sending a mole for us to deal with,” another man states. His head is shaved, and he looks menacing.

“Couldn’t go into detail over the phone, Chains,” Shadow remarks.

“Right, then where the fuck is this chick?” Chains demands.

Shadow steps away enough for them all to see me, and I don’t bother looking at them. I keep my eyes locked on the ground.

“This is Lily,” Cyprus announces, coming up on the other side of me. “She was shot twice protecting Jamie.”

“My nephew?” Chains snarls. This must be the guy Victoria told me was her brother.

“Yeah, now, let’s get her in the house and in bed. Then we’ll finish this discussion.”



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## CHAPTER THREE

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## SPEED

Staring at the woman the Devil's Riot MC are surrounding, I have to admit she's absolutely beautiful. Small, not quite as little as Tiny, but she's maybe five-foot-five and a buck ten. She's pale, probably paler still because of her not being fully healed and the long drive.

Her name's Lily, that's what they called her. Whip called her Lils, so these men are all protective of her. This shit isn't something I expected. When Chains said we'd be babysitting a mole, I figured it was some bitch who fucked over the club. This woman is definitely not what I was expecting. Not in the least bit.

I stay focused on her as she's brought into the house and taken straight to one of the rooms. Ryder has them put her in the master. The bed in there is bigger and she'll be more comfortable. I know this because I'd taken a nap in there earlier while we were waiting for their arrival.

"We'll be out here if you need anything. Staying the night and heading back tomorrow." I hear Shadow saying.

"Okay, Shadow."

Fuck me, if that isn't the sweetest voice I've ever heard.

The door closes behind Shadow, and I watch as he joins the rest of us, blowing out a heavy breath. "We shouldn't have had her push herself with this trip."

"She'll be okay," Cyprus grunts. "She's stronger than we all think she is. For fuck's sake, think of the shit she's lived through and what she did for Jamie."

"Know that shit," Shadow grunts.

"How about you fill us all in on this shit, starting with what the fuck happened with my nephew," Chains growls.

“Let’s have a seat, and we’ll fill you in,” Whip states, rubbing a hand over his face, looking exhausted.

We all move into the living room and take seats or lean against the wall.

“So, what happened?”

I thought it would be Shadow or Whip who starts talking, but it’s Cyprus who does. He fills us in on what happened with Jamie. That Perrin fucker sent Lily to them. She was to pretend to be a clubwhore, get to Jamie, and bring him to her. Evidently, he offered her a bit of freedom for showing her loyalty. Instead, she stood close to protect the boy knowing Perrin would send someone else. He did, but not before Victoria figured shit wasn’t right.

Damn woman is smart as shit and knows when something isn’t right.

Lily was shot in the process of keeping the cunt, as they called her, from taking him away.

Cyprus takes a breath before shaking his head and shocking the hell out of us with the rest of the story. Lily is Perrin’s personal pet. She’s been with him since she was five. The fucker made her life a living hell.

“So, because of some sob story, you all believe her?” Breaker grunts.

“No, we believe her because we’ve all witnessed the way she’s acted from the moment she stepped into the clubhouse. She wasn’t there to be a clubwhore,” Kevlar grumbles. “She wasn’t fucked by anyone. She might’ve done one, maybe two blowjobs, but otherwise stuck to cleaning and cooking, helping the ol’ ladies, and sticking to the outskirts of us single brothers.”

Hearing the other man talk about the woman in the other room giving blowjobs has me grinding my teeth. I don’t know why. Fuck, I don’t even know the bitch. She’s nobody to me, yet the thought of her sucking someone’s dick doesn’t sit well.

“Also, Raven has a message for you all. This all needs to end where it began,” Venom states nonchalantly. “Said that

Lily will be the key to helping you all finish what needs to be done. Kill the fucker and be done with the bullshit once and for all.”

We all know Raven is like her mother with her gifts. It’s eerie as fuck, but those in our club and theirs know to listen to them when they speak. They’ve never steered us wrong. Not once.

“She actually said ‘Kill the fucker’?” Ryder chuckles.

“Fuck yeah, she did.” Whip snorts. “Shocked the hell out of us when she did. She doesn’t ever say something like that when she’s speaking her mumbo jumbo. It’s always discreet.”

“She’s tired of the shit like we are,” Pitch Black growls. He’s Raven’s big brother and also our enforcer. The man’s also one of the best men I know, and I’m glad to be able to call him my brother.

“So, what am I supposed to do with this girl?” Chains grunts. “She’s Perrin’s pet. How do we know she’s not going to turn and go back to him?”

“Because I’ve wished for death more times than I can count at his hands, and never has that happened,” the sweet voice fills the room with a tremble, getting our attention.

“What are you doing up, Lily?” Kevlar asks.

Lily fidgets and looks around the room before quietly speaking. “I need the bag Ranger and Tinsley put together for me.”

“Fuck,” Shadow growls. “Sorry, darlin’, I forgot about that.”

“Forgot about what?” Breaker asks.

I furrow a brow and watch Lily as Shadow prowls out of the house.

“Lily got an infection a couple of days after being shot. She refused to let us take her to the hospital. Ranger and the others did what they could, but we had to bring someone to help her because it got bad,” Cyprus informs us all. “Pitch

Black, it might be good to have your ol' lady take a look and keep an eye on her."

Shadow returns and sets a bag down on the edge of the couch. "You okay if we do this right here?"

Lily nods and lifts her shirt to just below her tits and holds it up while Shadow works at removing the bandage there. There's no stopping from grimacing at the sight of her wound. It's red and angry-looking.

"I'll give Angelina a call." I hear Pitch Black grumble.

"It's looking better, Lils," Whip states softly.

"It doesn't hurt as badly," Lily whispers. Soon, Shadow finishes cleaning and re-bandaging. Lily drops her shirt back in place. "Thank you."

"No problem. Now, do you want to go lay back down?" Shadow asks.

"No, I want to explain myself. If they're going to help me, then they need to know the truth," she says, surprising me with her strength.

"Then go ahead and enlighten us into what we don't know." Ryder growls, causing Lily to flinch.

"If you're doing this, then sit down," Kevlar orders.

Lily sits down, eyes cast down, and begins. "Five years old. That's how old I was when my parents sold me to Perrin for drugs. They couldn't care less about me. They wanted drugs more. From the day Perrin took me, it's been nothing but torture in one way or another."

"That sick fucker." Ryder sneers.

"Brake's going to lose his shit," Lynch utters.

"Yep." I nod, agreeing with him.

I watch the way Lily swallows and continues. She explains things, and I'm assuming not leaving anything out, everything growing up and what she endured at his hands. My stomach twists at the words as they pass her lips, horrifying me that she

could have gone through all of that. Still, Perrin and those he has working under him are sick bastards.

“In the past couple of years, Perrin has been working on a drug that makes the one dosed compliant and will do as told. They think the way it works is if they tell you something, the victim believes it, but that’s not how it is. I knew what I was doing, I just couldn’t do anything about it. It’s like being frozen in your own body, watching yourself doing things you don’t want to be doing ...”

“According to the cunt who thought she could fuck with us and take Jamie and Lily both, she said it works well with heavenly rose,” Cyprus sneers, interrupting Lily.

I stiffen, knowing exactly what they’re talking about. We’d all heard about that bullshit drug.

“Perrin offered me a bit of freedom if I could prove my loyalty to him. Said if I would get Jamie and bring the little boy to him, I could have it,” she whispers and shakes her head. “No freedom is worth a little boy’s life. I had to protect him. With me in place, I knew when the time was right, I could warn Victoria. I could help keep him safe.”

“How old are you?” I find myself asking.

Her head jerks back, and she meets my gaze for the briefest second before she drops it back to the floor. “Twenty-two.”

Twenty-two fucking years old, and she’s been at the hands of Perrin since she was five.

Yeah, she’s been through hell. Lived in it for far more years than not.

Listening to her story, I know she’s not a liar. There’s nothing about her that screams deceit. She’s innocent and needs someone to protect her. I guess that’s why the men here from the Devil’s Riot are willing to stand in front of her. I get it because, not even knowing her, I want to do the same.

Something about her cries out to me, and I have to shut the thought down. She’s not someone who could handle me. I’d be too damn rough on her.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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## LILY

Days pass, turning into weeks since the guys dropped me off. Three weeks altogether. I've done nothing but lay around in order to heal. It's something I'm not used to.

When hurt, Perrin would always make me do things still. I wasn't allowed time to heal.

I feel as if I'm going out of my mind.

After I gave them my story, I was introduced to all the men of the Inferno's Clutch MC. Chains being in charge like I figured. He's the President, and his cousin Tyres is his VP. I also met Breaker, Pitch Black, Speed, and Lynch. Pitch Black's ol' lady even came by. She's a doctor and did a full examination of my wounds and took inventory of what Ranger and Tinsley sent with me. She'd nodded, satisfied with that, though she also got me more antibiotics. Angelina did lab work, and when the results came back in, she put me on a few vitamins.

Speed and Lynch have been staying with me and on top of everything. Well, Speed has been the main one doing it. Lynch, though, is still standoffish. Something about the way he acts reminds me of Harlow. Then again, that's his sister. When it comes to Speed, he's a totally different story. The way he acts should scare me.

Whenever I've tried to venture too far from the bed, he's gotten on my case about it. Said I won't do myself any favors by not listening and doing as I'm supposed to.

It's honestly driving me up the wall. It doesn't help that he's hot. I find myself staring at him, soaking in his looks every chance I get. I don't know what it is about him, but I find him sexy. I'm also not one for thinking such things. To make matters worse, when he's around, I find myself tongue-tied. I can't form full sentences. I try, and they come out with



more ums, ughs, and me simply staring with my mouth gaping open.

To pass the time, I was given a Kindle already filled with books, and the remote to a TV they hung on the wall across from me. Sometimes, one or both of them will join me to watch one thing or another. Though, I don't think I could watch another thing on TV without my brains leaking from my ears.

So, to sum it all up, I'm over being stuck in bed watching TV and reading. I want out of this room and to be able to feel the sun.

Throwing the blankets off me, I scoot out of the bed. I barely get my feet on the floor when the door opens.

"Whatcha doing, babe?" Lynch asks, cocking a brow.

"Getting out of bed." I huff. "I'm tired of laying around."

"Don't blame you, but you might want to get back in it before Speed finds you out of it." He smirks.

"Why?" I don't bother hiding my confusion or frown. "What would happen?"

"What would happen what?"

I groan at the sound of the man himself coming in behind Lynch.

Speed's gaze comes straight to me, and those eyes of his narrow. "You wanna explain why the fuck you're out of bed?"

"I'm tired of being in bed. I don't want to watch TV or read another book. I should say I don't want to read while lying in bed. If I stay in here any longer, I'll not only end up with bed sores, but I'll also lose my mind. There are only so many horror movies to be watched that aren't cheesy. And I've watched the whole series of *Suits*, both *911* shows, and *Fire Country*. Please, I just want to go outside."

"Babe, can't let you outside," Lynch remarks. "But I think we can be reasonable, and you can sit in the living room."

“Fine,” I huff. It’s not what I want to do, but it’ll do regardless. It’s better than being in bed for another minute.

“We can take her outside, brother,” Speed states, looking from me to Lynch. “Chains cleared it so that we can take her to the clubhouse now. Fuse finished his search. We’ve got the green light to move her,” he announces and switches his gaze to mine. “However, you’ll be bunking with me, babycakes.”

“What?” I gasp.

“You heard me, babycakes.” He smirks. “So, let’s get you packed and over to the clubhouse. Once there, I’ll show you to my room, where you can chill out and get comfortable.”

“Let me guess,” I grumble, ignoring him calling me babycakes. It’s not the first time he’s done it. Several times now, he’s called me that. I also push the way him calling me that makes me feel to the back of my mind. “You’re going to take me there, and I’ll have to stay in your room with nothing to do?”

“Actually, you’ll be able to go into the main room and even outside as long as someone’s with you. Angelina cleared you for moving around. She said you got to start building your strength back up.”

I roll my eyes at his words. This is something I already knew. I didn’t and don’t need him telling me. I’m feeling better. With each day that passes, I’m healing all the more. “Great. I can’t wait, but why am I in your room?”

“Because that’s where you’ll be.” He grunts and turns to leave. “Go ahead and get ready. We’re heading out in a few. If you can be good about it, we might stop and get you something on the way from the diner in town,” he calls out over his shoulder.

My stomach growls, and I want to ask for another milkshake, but I don’t want to be greedy. Every day for the past two weeks, they’ve brought me a milkshake from the diner. They did this because the first one I had, I said something about it being the best I’ve ever tasted. Even the

other food was really good. But I have a sweet tooth and love milkshakes.

“Best get to move, babe. He’s probably already on the line getting our orders in.” Lynch snorts.

I nod and stare as he leaves the room. Lynch is standoffish, but he’s still nice. Maybe the two of us can be friends, if that were possible. Speed, however, there’s no way he and I can be friends. He’s too ... too, I don’t know what to think about him. But I don’t think I can handle bunking with him in his room.

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*What is this man thinking?*

I stare at the room, more specifically, the bed in the middle of the room. It’s a queen and doesn’t look like it would be big enough for him, let alone both of us. *And* I’m supposed to share this room with him? It’s not going to work.

No. Nope. No way.

I can’t do this. There’s no way. I don’t understand the effect this man’s having on me, and it scares the daylights out of me.

“Time to get in bed and rest, babycakes,” Speed announces, coming up directly behind me. “You don’t need to overdo anything just yet.”

“I can’t stay in here,” I whisper, my chest visibly rising and falling with each breath.

“Lily, you are, and you will stay in here.” The way he says this sends a chill down my spine. “You’re staying with me. Don’t think you’re getting around it.”

“Why?” I take a step deeper into the room and spin around to face him. “Why am I in here with you? I don’t understand what you’re doing.”

“I know you don’t, babycakes, but you will ... eventually.” He grunts and moves into my space. “It’ll all make sense soon enough. Now, be a good girl and get in the bed.”

Oh. My. God.

I swallow nervously and do as he says, unsure of what he means by eventually. Eventually what? What's going on here?

Once I'm settled in the middle of the bed, I have to admit, I'm exhausted. I curl around one of the pillows and look at Speed. I don't miss the way he stares at me or that he confuses me further with the look in his eyes. After a moment, he nods, and I only assume he's satisfied that I'm not going anywhere because I'm not, and he leaves the room without another word.

Talk about confusing the heck out of me.

In the time since being here, it's been that way, and I don't know why. I was brought here not only for protection and to stay hidden from Perrin, but to help the club in any way possible to take care of him.

I have dreams of Perrin finding me. Of him taking me away from my newfound freedom, though it's not really freedom. Still, it counts because anything and everything is better than whatever that awful man would be doing with me. Perrin would gladly abuse me in a heartbeat. There's been no word about him. Not that I expect anyone to share anything with me where he's concerned. But I know the foul man. I know what he's capable of, and I'm not sure if being here is a good thing or not.

There's something still in the back of my mind that keeps bothering me. I just don't know what it is yet.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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## SPEED

It's all I can do to walk away from her. Having spent time with her over the past weeks, helping to take care of her as she heals, I've made a decision I never thought I'd make.

She's mine.

Something about her speaks to me—calls for me to take her and claim her. To ensure nothing ever happens to her again. She's been through hell and needs a gentleman. Someone to handle her with care, which isn't me, but she's claimed. I'm not changing my mind, and soon, she'll know what it's like being with me.

I'm not a stupid, selfish fucker, either. I know in claiming her as mine, making her my ol' lady, what it's going to have to take. I've got to take things slow. It's not my style, but for her, I'll be patient. Take my time. Get her used to me.

That doesn't mean she's not in my bed. In my life, in a way, I intend to keep her there.

I don't know what it is about her, I just can't help myself. She's beautiful. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Add on top of that the bullshit she's gone through ... yeah, she's mine, and there's no changing that shit.

Throughout the past weeks, while Lynch and I babysat her at Ryder's old place, we'd both gotten to know her somewhat. We hung out with her and kept her company, so she wasn't totally bored. I even slept in the bed with her in case she needed something. Lynch knew within the first hours that I was making her mine and didn't say a word. He simply smirked and shook his head.

We've both watched several of our brothers find women and seen how they acted, so he knows and so do I.

Bringing Lily to the clubhouse was imperative. Not because of anything Fuse found on her per se, but rather on

that motherfucker Perrin. Chains's been putting men out there on patrol, watching out for anything out of the ordinary. He even put in a call to the DeLancys, asking them to let us know if they get word of anything in New Orleans.

Until this morning, there hadn't been so much as a whisper. But Felix called Chains and informed him of Perrin reaching out to him, asking if he'd like to join him on an endeavor of sorts. He said he'd make it worth his time.

It's why we're now at the clubhouse. With Lily here, she's safer. Everyone by now has heard what she's been through. She opened up about her past without hesitation. What little Fuse was able to find on Lily verified she spoke the truth. Even if he didn't find anything on her, my brothers could all see the truth as she spoke that first day.

I hated hearing it, but I know what I've got on my hands with her. All I have to do is come up with the right way to handle her. I can't just up and tell her that she's going to take me in her body and do what I say. That would just be fucked up.

"You good, brother?" Brake asks, getting my attention as I step up to the bar. His eyes on me, beer in hand. Lawson on the other side of him. I glance around the room, looking for his woman, not seeing her.

"Where's Faye?" I grunt, motioning for the prospect to get me a beer.

"She's over at Tyres's spending time with Rissa," Brake answers, shaking his head.

"What, the honeymoon over with already?" I snort out a laugh.

"Fuck you," Lawson and Brake both grumble at the same time.

With the three of them, there's no telling when the honeymoon period will actually be over with, if ever. They're all tight, especially after the shit that went down with Brake and the secrets he's been holding to himself for years.

“So, you gonna answer the question?” Brake asks as I take a sip of my beer.

“I’m good, brother,” I mutter and turn, putting my back to the bar and face the room.

Strays are out in force. Two of them are on either side of Shock. One is straddling Steel. Another one on her knees in front of Lynch, her head bobbing on his dick. Nothing new, that’s for sure. A few other bitches are on the prowl looking for a man to fuck them. Thank fuck, none of them approach me. I’ve made it known more than once I don’t want any of their stretched-out snatches.

I don’t give a shit they want to fuck my brothers, but I don’t want to fuck them. Granted, sometimes I don’t mind watching them go at it with one or more of my brothers. I’d have to be in the mood for it. With Lily in my room, I’m definitely not.

“You say that, but are you really?” Lawson mutters. “You came in with that pretty little thing, and now, you’re out here.”

“Lily’s still healing.” It’s an automatic response. Something I keep telling myself. “She’s been through a lot of shit and doesn’t want to do anything else right now but rest and get better.”

“Hasn’t she been healing the past three weeks? And before that?” Brake quirks a brow and stares at me before shaking his head. “That woman needs to start moving around, getting her strength back. If you want to be able to be with her, the way I know you are with women, she’s going to need it.”

“What do you expect me to tell her? To make her do? She’s been a captive for years. Shit, I don’t even know if she can read or write.” Fisting the beer in my hand, I think about all the things that are potentially going to be a struggle for her now that she’s free from that motherfucker Perrin. I can’t help but wonder if the only thing she knows how to do is spread her legs.

It’s something I’m going to have to ask her.



“Why don’t you talk to her?” Lawson advises. “See what she does and doesn’t know.”

I nod, knowing he’s right. Someone’s going to need to talk to her and find out what’s what. It might as well be me. If she’s going to feel vulnerable in any way, which I’m sure with this conversation, she will be, I want it to be me she’s talking to. “I’ll talk to her.”

“Good,” Brake grumbles. “Now, I’m gonna go find Faye and have a talk with her of my own.” He smirks, looks to Lawson, who gets a shit-eating grin, and they both head for the exit. I don’t even want to think about what the three of them are going to do.

Finishing the beer in hand, I pull my phone out to find a text notification. I open my messages and see that it’s not just one text but several. All from the same person.

My mother.

Without looking at the texts, I close out of it. I don’t need to know what they say. It’s the same damn thing each and every time. She needs money. The woman refuses to hold a job down longer than a month or two. She expects me to give her what she claims is hers. That because she’d given birth to me it was my turn to take care of her. The fucking bitch never once took care of me. Hit me, beat me, starve me, along with loads of other things I try not to think of. She’s not a mom, that’s for sure. Instead, she’s a monster. One that I wish would fucking die, but every time I think about doing the deed, I can’t bring myself to pull the trigger.

Maybe because I’m not the same as her. I won’t stoop to her level.

Shoving my phone back in my pocket, I slam the empty bottle on the bar top and head back to my room. I’ll check on Lily, order us food, and figure out what to do next. Maybe instead of just checking on her, I’ll hang with her and have that talk. See what’s the next step in my plan I need to make.

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# CHAPTER SIX

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## LILY

The door opens, and I lift my head off the pillow in time to see Speed stepping back into the room. He's back a lot sooner than what I expected him to be. My heart stutters in my chest. Not a shudder, but an actual stutter, if that makes sense.

I hold his gaze as he closes the door behind him and moves toward the bed. He stops long enough to take his cut off and sets it on his dresser. Coming to the bed, he sits on the edge and removes his boots before readjusting to lean against the headboard. Legs stretched out in front of him, and the length of him right next to me.

"What are you doing?" I whisper, unsure if he actually heard me.

"Settling in for the rest of the day," he answers, reaching over me to grab the remote. It's far too close to me the way he does it, but he doesn't scare me. Nothing about him scares me in the way it should. It's more like my reaction to him and the way he makes me feel.

"I thought you would be doing other things." Rolling to my back, I readjust myself on the bed, so I'm not laying on my side, my backside pressing against him. I sit up and put a small amount of space between us. Well, I placed a pillow between us like it were a shield.

"Babycakes," he grins and shakes his head, "a pillow ain't gonna help put distance between us."

"You confuse me," I blurt.

"Yeah, babe, I'm sure I do, and I'll probably keep confusing the shit out of you for a while."

"What does that mean?" I furrow a brow in total confusion.

Speed moves, gently grips my waist, and drags me up over until I'm straddling his waist.

“Speed?” I utter only to have him squeeze my hips gently.

“Not gonna do anything you ain’t ready for. Know you ain’t in the right headspace. But when we’re talking, we’re doing it like this. You and me, you straddling me. Me holding you close. It’s a connection. One we’re gonna grow on. And to do that when we talk, it’s like this. Got me?”

“I still don’t understand,” I murmur, dropping my gaze to stare at his throat.

“Right then,” he grunts, grips my chin, and gently forces me to meet his gaze once more. “We’ll work on that, babycakes, but right now, we’re gonna talk about something else. I need to know a few things. If you’re uncomfortable with any of it, you can tell me.”

“Um ... okay.” I nod.

“I mean it, Lily.”

Again, I nod.

“You were given to Perrin at the age of five.” I stiffen and suck in a harsh breath, but Speed tightens his grip on my chin and hip. “Not trying to bring up bad shit for you, but need to know, babe, do you know how to read and write? Any type of schooling?”

Releasing a breath, I feel myself starting to shake.

“Lily,” he promotes.

“Perrin ... he, um, he ... he made sure I was educated. I finished school at sixteen.”

“Did he let you out to go to school?”

“No, my classes were done wherever he was. He had one of his many men tutor me. My reward for doing good and making a good grade was getting a night off from pleasing Perrin. He said he didn’t want a stupid whore who couldn’t even speak properly to him.” What I don’t tell Speed is that during my classes, though, sometimes, if he weren’t busy, Perrin would be in there. I’d have to sit on his lap with his cock inside me. He’d take a pill or something to keep himself

hard for hours on end. I'd have to ride him while the tutor did other things to me.

Nothing ever came without a price or motive when it came to Perrin or the men he associates with.

“So, you have an education. Besides the obvious, what else were you allowed to do?” Speed growls, still holding me tight.

“No, I wasn't allowed. Perrin kept me close, even when he was with one of the other whores,” I answer nearly inaudibly and close my eyes, shaking my head. So much happened at the hands of Perrin. From the moment he got me, my life went from bad to worse. He never let me go. Not until he wanted me to prove my loyalty to him.

I know he's out there looking for me. There's no way he's not. He threatened it more than once that if I were to run, he'd find me. He wasn't going to let me go, not ever.

“That shit's in the past, Lily,” Speed's voice rumbles and vibrates in my ears with the tension rolling off him. “You aren't going back to him. We're not gonna allow him to get to you. You're fuckin' safe here. Swear to fuck, babycakes, you're safe. I'm gonna keep you that way.”

“I don't know what to say,” I murmur.

“Now, you're healing up and get to start moving around more. When this is over, is there something you'd want to do?”

“Um ...” I bite my lip and shake my head. He wouldn't be interested in knowing that my dream when I was only five was to run away from my parents, grow up, and become a baker. Make cakes and cookies.

“Um, what, Lily?” he prompts.

“I hadn't thought about it in a long time.” I dart and cast my gaze downward.

“But?” he urges.

“A baker,” I answer.

“You wanted to be a baker?”

“Yes.” I nod hesitantly.

“Right then, when Angelina clears you to do more, why don’t you use our kitchen here at the clubhouse and dip your toes in, see if it’s still something you would want to do.”

My eyes widen as I whip my gaze back to his. “I can’t do that.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Because I don’t even know how to use an oven.” I’m embarrassed to admit.

“So, learn.” He shrugs. The way he says it, he acts like it’s not a big deal. “Now, let’s get back to the first topic of this conversation where you told me you’re confused. Here’s something for you to know. You haven’t been around MCs long, but I’m sure you’ve been around long enough to know what it means when a man claims a woman.”

“Ugh.” I’d heard it. I knew some of the members had ol’ ladies. The ones who did, the clubwhores knew were off limits unless approached.

“When a man claims their woman, they belong solely to them. No one touches them but their man. She’s her man’s woman, his property ...”

“Property,” I mutter, not liking the sound of that.

“Yeah, babycakes, but not in the way you’re thinking,” he grunts. “To be a club member’s property means something special. That woman is special. No one fucks with her unless they want a bullet between the eyes.” I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not, but I stay silent and listen to Speed explain. “A club member doesn’t take it lightly when he puts his claim on a woman or makes them their ol’ lady. I’ve put my claim in. My brothers know, and now, you’re gonna know. I’ve claimed you, Lily. You’re my woman. My ol’ lady.”

“Your woman. Your ol’ lady,” I whisper, the words slipping past my lips on a breath.

“Yeah, my woman. My ol’ lady. All mine,” he agrees. “I’ll also explain what it means to be mine, but that will happen at a

later date when you're ready for me. For now, I'll tell you this, we're going to spend time together. You're in this room. We sleep in the same bed. When I know you're ready for more, it will involve my mouth on yours. The rest will wait for the time being."

My breath grows heavy with each word. They sink in, and I'm not sure how to handle it. Not the way my body wants to react, or the way my stomach tightens, or the flutter inside me. It's all new to me, and it scares the daylights out of me. Maybe more than when he first spoke those first words to me. More than the first time I saw him on that porch.

He's scary, but not once has he ever made me feel afraid of him. I don't know what that should mean to me, but whatever it is, I'm guessing I'll be finding out.

"Okay," I find myself agreeing to what I don't fully understand.

"Good, now we're going to chill out, find something to watch together, and order Chinese food," he declares.

"Can we not watch anything that I've been watching? It's gotten somewhat boring," I mumble. It's not that I don't like what I was watching, but it gets old after a while.

"Yeah, babycakes, we can do that." He grins. "How about I introduce you to the *Halloween* movies?"

"Halloween movies?" I quirk a brow. "You mean like movies about Halloween?"

Speed throws his head back and laughs when he sobers his body still shaking with laughter, he grins, "No, babe, not exactly. But they're good. The first ones are classics, but nothing can deny there's not all the fuckin' shit. In fact, we're getting some popcorn, and instead of Chinese food, we'll do pizza. Nothing beats a pizza and popcorn night filled with Michael Myers movies."

I still don't know what he means, but I suppose it can't be that bad. Not with the way he relaxes and loosens his grasp on me. What I am surprised about is that I'm not as

uncomfortable in being on his lap as I thought I would. It doesn't bother me.

Speed said when we talk, this is how we'll be doing it. Me straddling him like this. A vision of us doing other things pops into my head, and I quickly shove it away. There's no way that something like that will happen. No way.

The man says he claims me, and that I'm his. I don't fully understand him and what he's talking about, but I guess I'll be learning.

A gasp leaves my lips as Speed rolls me off his lap. I watch him closely as he makes his way toward his dresser, opens one of the drawers, and goes to the bathroom. Moments later, he comes back in nothing more than a pair of low-hanging sweatpants that leave nothing to the imagination.

He comes back to the bed and falls next to me, phone in one hand, remote in the other. I guess Halloween movies have commenced.



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# CHAPTER SEVEN

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## SPEED

“Oh my God,” Lily whimpers and curls deeper in my chest, shielding her eyes with her hand, not for the first time.

“Babycakes, it’s just a movie.” I chuckle, stroking a hand through her hair. We’d watched two movies so far and on to the third one, *Halloween III: Season of the Witch*. It’s the only one without Michael Myers, but it’s still good, nonetheless. I should probably take it easy on her and switch to something else. Maybe put on *Hocus Pocus* or some shit like that. But I’ve got to admit, I’m enjoying her curling herself against me.

“It might be just a movie, but it’s freaking me out,” she says, her voice muffled from where she’s pressing her face into me.

“Don’t worry, babycakes, one of the characters tries to jump out at you, I’ll protect you.” I snort and stroke my hand down her spine. She allowed me to do this throughout the day while she relaxed into me.

Earlier, I’d gone out of the room long enough to pop a shit ton of popcorn and come back in here. At the end of the second movie, I finally ordered some pizza. She said she wasn’t picky, but I knew she didn’t have a preference because she was never given a chance. I’d picked two different pizzas, thinking she’d actually enjoy them instead of just eating to eat.

There’s more I want to know about her. So fucking much more. She answered the questions I’d asked her about her education. It surprised me that Perrin had made sure she was educated. Most bastards like him wouldn’t care, but she’d said it, he didn’t want a stupid whore. It’s all I can do not to grind my teeth at the thought of her being called such a thing.

When she told me she wanted to be a baker, I knew I wanted to give that to her. Then she’d gone and said something that was gut-wrenching, she didn’t know how to

use an oven. Something as simple as using a kitchen appliance, and she doesn't know how to use it.

Probably because she's been busy with other things. Having to put up with taking what Perrin and whoever else he let use her body.

Once the pizza comes, we eat and watch the rest of the movie. I decided to give her a break from the *Halloween* movies and put on fucking *Hocus Pocus*. The way her eyes light up, fuck, it's a sight to see. By the end of it, she's still curled into me, but not to shield her eyes. No, she's just relaxing and enjoying the movie.

"You like the movie?" I ask when the credits hit.

"I remember that movie," she whispers, cocks her head back, and rewards me with a smile. "I didn't remember it until you put it on, but it's one of the movies my mom had and put on to entertain me while she and my dad did whatever they were doing."

"She'd keep you busy with movies?" I cock a brow.

"She didn't want me disturbing her, I guess. I don't remember much, other than begging for food and crying when they'd leave me alone." Lily shrugs and sits back up, putting space between us.

"I'll be right back." Getting off the bed, I gather the trash and shit. Bag it up and take it out. I'm not one for keeping anything in my room that could make a smell. I grew up in trash and got out the first chance I could. It's why I'm not a slob. I keep shit clean. I might not do it all myself ... I pay one of the strays who doesn't try shit with me and knows the score ... I hate cleaning. I'll take the trash out, but the rest I pay to have done for me.

"Hey, Speed," Roxy, one of the strays, all but purrs, coming up to me as I come back into the clubhouse. I hadn't had any issues with this one. She's newer, and I hadn't said shit to her yet. I'd hoped the other bitches had given her the low down.

"What's up?" I grunt.

“I was just wondering if you were looking for some company.” Stepping closer, she runs her fingers across my bare chest.

“Don’t take company from strays around here,” I inform her, brushing her hands away from me.

“But I saw you had that new girl you brought in.” She pouts, stepping into my space. “From the looks of her, she’s pretty, but can she handle a man like you?”

“Bitch, you need to learn your place.” I sneer. “Step the fuck back.”

“Do you really want me to step away from you? You’re tense, I could help you out.” The look Roxy gives me, trying to be seductive, does nothing but piss me off.

“Told you, you stupid cunt, step the fuck back,” I grind out.

“Everything good here, brother?” Lynch asks, coming toward us.

“No, it fuckin’ isn’t,” I snap, shoving Roxy away. “Bitch here won’t leave me the fuck alone. Told her already to move away from me.”

“I just wanted to help you,” Roxy says, poking her lip out.

“When a brother tells you he don’t want you, then you damn well listen,” Lynch growls, narrowing his gaze on Roxy. “You also stay the fuck away from the ol’ ladies, and you don’t talk shit about them.”

“But that girl isn’t an ol’ lady,” Roxy blurts, paling slightly.

“Lily is a fuckin’ ol’ lady, bitch. She’s my ol’ lady. So, I damn well suggest you stay the fuck away from me and her both. I see you anywhere near her, woman or not, I’ll kill you,” I snarl, nostrils flaring, my temper rising. I’m done with the bullshit cunts always trying to start some form of drama or worse, go after a woman who doesn’t need you to go through the hassle.

My woman at that. Lily’s been through e-fucking-nough.

“Brother, go on back to Lily. I’ll handle this,” Lynch says, stepping in front of me, keeping me from doing anything that I won’t regret, but it could get me in trouble with my Prez and VP.

“Yeah,” I grumble, turn my back to them, and head for my room, more than ready to be in the same room with Lily.

Opening the door, eyes on the bed, my brows crease, and panic starts to set in until I hear the shower going in my bathroom. Fuck me, she’s taking a shower.

Crossing the room, I put my ear to the door and knock. “Lily.” My voice is gruff and harsh, even to my own ears.

“Yes,” she calls out.

“You good in there?” I ask, visions of wet, hot, sleekness of her sweet body in there.

“I’m okay,” she answers. “I’ll only be a few more minutes.”

“All right, babycakes.” Stepping away from the door, I head back over to the bed, plop down, arms going behind my head, and stare at the ceiling. It’s all I can do to keep my cock from demanding attention. For Lily, I’ll restrain myself and show patience I usually don’t have for anyone else.

I hope that patience doesn’t come to an end. Because it’s Lily, I’ll do what it takes even if it runs out. She deserves it.

Listening, in tune with the sounds coming from the bathroom, I wait. The shower shuts off, and I hear her mumble something to herself. Long moments later, she emerges and fuck me if the sight of her doesn’t go straight to my dick. She confiscated one of my shirts, and it damn well dwarfs her, considering I’m six foot three.

Slowly, I scan from top to bottom, taking her in. The way she looks. Her hair wet and dangling down her back. Shooting up to a sitting position, I ask, “Where’s your brush?”

“Oh, um, in my bag still. I’m sorry. I didn’t think you’d mind me using one of your shirts to sleep in. I couldn’t find

my bag. I used your soap,” she rambles, wringing her hands together.

“Lily, I don’t give a damn you want to wear my shirt. Same goes for my soap. Don’t give a shit.” I grunt and move from the bed to where I’d placed her bag when we first got in. Picking it up, I lift it onto my dresser, open it, and find her brush. “Sit on the bed, babycakes, I’ll brush your hair out for you.”

“I can do it,” she murmurs but moves to sit on the edge of the bed.

“Yeah, but I want to do it for you, so sit and let me take care of you, okay?”

“Okay.” She nods.

Moving behind her, I settle my legs on either side of her and start brushing her hair out.

Never in my life did I think I would ever do something like this for a woman. It seems intimate in a way I wouldn’t have expected.

Neither of us speaks as I brush out the long, thick locks. Feeling the strands between my fingers, I bite back a groan as visions of tangling it in my fist as I do other things with her. Fuck her mouth, pussy, and damn if I don’t want her ass as well. I want to own every part of her. And I intend to do just that.

First, though, is letting her get comfortable with me. Take this at her pace. It’s something I’m not used to, but for Lily, as I keep telling myself, I’ll do it for her. She damn well deserves it.

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# CHAPTER EIGHT

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## LILY

Two weeks. That's what it's been, but it feels so much longer. Speed is driving me bonkers.

Not just crazy nor insane. Flipping bonkers with the way he's being toward me.

Speed has been sweet, and it's something I'm not used to. Even if it's in a gruff way. I'm not used to a man doing things for me. Not without a price. I keep expecting him to do something to me, which he hasn't. Sure, he's held my hand, sat close to me, let me curl into him, and he's brushed my hair for me more than once. That act alone feels far too intimate.

I didn't think I'd enjoy having him do this for me, but I do. It makes me feel things I didn't think I could or would.

What's really getting to me, though, is I want him. I actually want him to do more than hold my hand, let me lie against him, and brush my hair. I want more than waking up in his arms ... which I've done every day from the first night of us staying at the clubhouse. I always wake before him, and when I do, it's with one of his hands up my shirt, cupping a breast while the other is palming me beneath my panties.

It should've freaked me out, maybe initially it did, but Speed never acted on it. I'd lay there still and silent, act like I was still asleep, and he'd pull his hands away with a heavy sigh.

His touch is what's driving me loopy. I need him to touch me more. Maybe kiss me like in the books I've been reading. Or the way I've seen the other men do with their wives/ol' ladies. The way those men are it can only be described as precious. There are no other words for it. You can tell they cherish their women, and I think that's what I want ... from Speed.

That doesn't mean the thought doesn't scare me.



“She’s lost in her head again.” Tiny snickers, pulling me from my thoughts.

“More like she’s got a head full of biker,” Nora snorts. “I know that look far too well.”

A few of the others sitting around the kitchen counter giggle, including Angelina.

Since the first day Speed brought me here from the safe house, I’ve gotten to know these women. At first, I thought they were going to hate me because of who I am and what I was sent to do to the Devil’s Riot MC. They didn’t, though. They’ve been nothing but nice. Not once did they ask me for my story. I’m sure they know part of it or all, depending on what the guys might have told them. These women are close and look like they don’t hold back when it comes to knowing what’s going down within this place. However, I’m sure they don’t know what actually happens when the guys go through the threshold into the room they call church.

This term confused me at first when I was at the Devil’s Riot clubhouse. I learned quickly it wasn’t for worship, but rather, it’s what they all call meetings. I found this interesting and asked Rachel one time while she was sitting with me. She’d explained that, that room is off limits to any and all but members of the club. No one is supposed to go in there but them. It’s a sacred place to the club where they commence among themselves and talk about what’s happening within the club and business that is only for them to know. She also informed me that ol’ ladies only know what their men tell them. Some tell others more. Some less. But whatever that woman is told, she’s to keep her mouth shut. The less a woman knows, the safer she is.

These women here, though, they’re different. They seem more than just close with their men. It’s like they’re extensions of the men who claim them, and said men come looking for them the first chance they get every time. The way they do this is something I find most beautiful of all.

And these women have brought me into the fold, as Speed told me the first day. They’ve spent time with me. Helped me

learn things that I didn't know. Brielle had brought me nearly a dozen cookbooks, and all of them explained things to me so that I would understand. Not once did they make me feel an ounce of embarrassment.

Instead, they shared their stories with me. Tiny had also come from Stoney's club at the suggestion of Victoria. Nora was sent to be protected at the request of another Devil's Riot MC charter. The others told me what they went through, and my heart ached for them, and for the first time, I didn't feel so alone.

"So, tell us what's actually going through that mind of yours?" Rissa laughs and mixes the salad together.

Together, we're all making dinner for the club. It's the first time I'm making anything myself. I wanted to go with something simple, but Tiny convinced me to try something more challenging. So, I'm making a version of tacos. Earlier, I started the meat in the crock pot. This part was easy, but I'm making homemade refried beans, homemade salsa, rice—I don't want it too sticky—and a dessert to go with dinner.

"Um, I don't understand what you want to know," I confess.

"Something's on your mind," Nora states. "We just want you to talk to us, tell us what it is."

The doors open behind her, and one of the strays, I think her name's Roxy, walks in, sees all of us, and rolls her eyes with a sneer in place, but she doesn't say anything as she moves to the refrigerator.

"So, what is it? Is it Speed?" Angelina asks, grinning.

I can't help but blush at her mentioning his name.

"Look at the way she's blushing, of course, it's about Speed. I told you she's got her head full of biker." Nora snorts out a laugh.

"Oh please," Roxy snaps, making a gagging sound.

"What was that?" Faith snaps, turning toward the stray.

“Nothing,” Roxy mutters and rolls her eyes as she closes in on me and plants one hand on the counter, the other on her hip. “Just don’t get too comfortable. I’ve heard all about him, and he doesn’t like dealing with little girls. Not when he can have a real woman. I hear he likes his women kinky, and you definitely don’t look the type. In fact, you look like you’d be a boring lay.” With that, she drops her hand from her hip, straightens, spins on her heel, her hair slapping me in the face as she does so, and struts out of the kitchen like what she didn’t say didn’t score her a point.

“Don’t listen to her,” Tiny murmurs and slides my glass of water closer to me. “Here, take a sip of this.”

I nod, unable to speak, as I lift the glass to my lips.

“That bitch needs to get her ass handed to her.” Nora sneers.

“I’d love nothing more than to do it myself,” Brielle grumbles. “The little bitch is getting on my last nerve. She’s tried more than a couple times to get Ryder’s attention.”

“Was she successful?” I blurt out, eyes widening, and I realize I’ve done it. “I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have asked that.”

“Lily, among this group in here, you can ask whatever you want to know,” Brielle says smiling at me. “And as for Roxy being successful? Hell no. My man knows what he has in his bed. He’s not about to screw the pooch.”

“Same goes with mine.”

“Mine too.”

“None of the guys with ol’ ladies dare to fuck around. The strays aren’t supposed to mess with them, but that doesn’t stop the few who try,” Tiny explains and rolls her eyes. “Don’t let what that bitch says get to you. She’s trying to test you. Get under your skin.”

I nod and take another sip of my water, starting to feel funny and not in a good way.

“She’s just mad because Speed turned her down,” Angelina mutters, eyeing me, almost assessing me.

Her words don't register, though. Not really. My blood roars in my veins, making it the only thing I hear.

"I think I need to go lay down," I murmur, stepping away from the counter and rushing from the kitchen before any of them can stop me.

I know this feeling. The way my body hums. It's something I know far too well.

My legs shake as I step into Speed's room, barely locking the door behind me. Sweat beads my body, and I strip out of the clothes I'm wearing. The fabric is too much. I need them off. A moan slips past my lips as the air of the room touches my nipples. I can't handle this. Not again. I need to find relief—something to ease the ache building between my legs.

Lying on the bed, a shiver rushes along my spine, and I brush my fingers along my drenched slit.

Oh, God, it feels so good.

The only thing better would be if I had something ... someone inside me.

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## CHAPTER NINE

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## ANGELINA

“Do you think we should go after her?” Tiny asks, sounding somewhat unsure.

“I’m not sure,” Nora mutters.

“Let’s give her space,” Brielle suggests. “That couldn’t have been easy to deal with.”

“We can tell Speed what happened when they finish up in church.” Tiny nods. “Let him help her,” she says, lifting a glass to her lips.

I don’t bother giving a response, my mind is stuck on Lily’s reaction. It wasn’t a typical one. No, she’d been listening and starting to open up with us before Roxy spoke. Then, when she left, she looked confused and slightly upset. She didn’t understand and was probably hurt by what was said. But that doesn’t explain the way her cheeks suddenly flushed and her eyes dilated.

I focus on the glass that Tiny just set down. “Is that the same glass that Lily drank from?” I find myself asking.

“I don’t know. Our glasses were close together,” Tiny answers, brows furrowing, lips parting.

“What’s going on?” Rissa asks, looking at me.

Instead of answering, I round the counter, grab either side of Tiny’s face, and look closely. Watching the change happen.

Fuck.

She’s been drugged and not in a good way. With her being so small, same with Lily, it wouldn’t take long at all for the effects to take effect.

Letting Tiny’s face go, I step back as she sways.

“I feel funny,” she whispers, licking her lips.

“Faith, Brielle, get her to Chains’s room,” I command and look to Nora. “Don’t anyone else touch these two glasses. Put the others with them. No one drinks from them. Not until I get a sample and test them.”

“Okay.” Nora nods profusely, eyes filled with concern as Faith and Brielle help Tiny out of the kitchen. “They’ve both been drugged?”

“Yes.” I nod. “I think they’ve been drugged with a sex drug,” I voice my theory out loud.

“Shit,” Rissa mutters.

“I’m going to go get Speed and Chains. They need to be the ones to look after Lily and Tiny right now,” I state, making my way from the kitchen, my sole focus on getting the guys. I wish there were another way, but if it’s what I think it is, the only course of action is letting their men help them.

Out of the corner of my eye, I spot Roxy standing with the others, smirking. I make a mental note that once I get in there, get Chains and Speed gone to their women, I’ll inform the others of what’s happened and let them handle it from there. After that, I’ll test my theory and give my results to the club. They can do what they need to with the information. If I had my way, I’d find out what the hell is going on and then kill a bitch if this has something to do with her and what happened in the kitchen not fifteen minutes ago.

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# CHAPTER TEN

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## SPEED

A furious knock comes at the doors before the damn thing is thrown open, only to close again behind Angelina.

“What the fuck, Angelina?” Pitch Black growls, coming to his feet.

She ignores him, eyes on me. “You need to get to your room *now*,” she snaps and looks toward Chains. “Same as you.”

I shoot up out of my seat, not knowing what the fuck is going on, but the way she says it has my gut tightening. I don’t bother listening to them as I throw the door open and stalk from the room. My mind is on one thing, getting to Lily.

I don’t know what happened, but for Angelina to burst in on church the way she did, something is wrong. There’s no denying that shit. What, though, is what I’m about to find out.

Rushing to my room, I find the door locked and clench my teeth together as I shove my hand in my pocket, dig out my keys, and unlock the damn thing. I barely get the door open before I hear the soft moans. I step farther into the room, closing the door behind me. I don’t want anyone to hear those sweet as fuck noises. My eyes go to my bed to find my woman naked, a sheen of sweat coating her body, hand between her legs, eyes hooded, but I can see they’re dilated.

The fuck?

Something’s not right.

I ignore the need to join her in the bed. My cock screams at me to get in there and ride the fuck out of her, but I can’t do that to her. Not when she’s like this.

Fuck me, I don’t even think she even knows I’m in the room. She’s so lost in the throes of her pleasure.

Begrudgingly, I back away, not taking my eyes off her sweet, sexy body, and grip the handle of the door. I open it just enough to ease out of it without it opening all the way. I make sure to lock the door, ensuring no one can get the fuck in there. Standing outside the door, I release a heavy breath, brush my hand over my face and go in search of the ol' ladies. Specifically, Angelina. I want to know what the fuck is going on. The way she came charging into the room the way she did, I know she's going to have answers for me. At least, I fucking hope so.

I find them all still in church, and my eyes find Angelina's. "What the fuck happened to my woman?"

"I'd like to know the same damn thing?" Chains snarls, coming in behind me.

Angelina sucks in a deep breath. "I was just telling them my suspicions," she says.

"Now you can tell us," Chains commands.

"Actually, Prez, think someone else needs to do the explaining," Pitch Black snarls, nostrils flaring. "Prospects are getting the person right now and taking them to the boathouse."

"Who the fuck needs to do the explaining?" I ask, not liking this in the least bit.

"You'll see," Tyres grinds out, moving toward the door. "Angelina needs to focus on taking care of both Tiny and Lily right now. Not answering questions."

Angelina nods, glancing between us. "I'm going to give Lily and Tiny a sedative that I hope will ease the effects on them."

"Good, because it was fucked up, and my woman was wanting to get fucked. No problem giving Bitsy what she needs, but not like that. Fuck, it'd be like raping my woman, and she doesn't need that," Chains snarls.

I couldn't agree more. "Swear to fuck it looked like she didn't even know I was in the room when I was in there. She'd probably fuck anyone and not know who it was. Give Lily

something strong enough to knock her ass out. She doesn't need to suffer this shit anymore."

"I'll do what I can. I don't want to give them something their bodies can't handle," Angelina states as she passes us. "I do suggest being there for them when this passes."

I nod, clenching my teeth. Yeah, I'll be there for my Lily. I'll give her whatever she wants. But only when she's able to tell me what that is. I won't take advantage of her. Not in any way. That doesn't mean when I take a shower later, I'm not going to jerk off at the image of her now seared in my mind. It's a beautiful sight, and I can't wait to be the one to bring the pleasure on.

"Let's go see what's what," Tyres grunts harshly, clasping a hand on Chains's shoulder as he looks between the two of us. "Brace yourself and remember to control yourself because I've got a feeling that there's more at play here than we know."

"Right," I grind out, and together with my brothers, I head toward the boathouse in order to find out what the fuck is going on.

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"You've got to be shittin' me," I snarl. Disgust has my lip curling at the sight I'm seeing. "This cunt is responsible for my woman being drugged?"

"Angelina informed us after you two rushed out what happened in the kitchen," Pitch Black states gruffly. "Said this bitch," he points at Roxy hanging from a meat hook in the middle of the room, mouth gagged, "came in there and spewed some shit at Lily about her not being enough. Got all but in her face."

Fury flows through my veins, and I want nothing more than to end the bitch. I point in her direction. "Told you weeks ago. Warned you I'd kill your sorry ass. You better have something worth listening to as to why you fucked with Lily."

"Remover her gag," Chains orders.

Pitch Black moved in and loosened the cloth being used to gag Roxy. “Start talking.”

“Fuck you,” Roxy spits out.

“Wrong answer,” Tyres sneers. “I suggest you start talking.”

“I’m not saying shit.”

I watch the way Roxy’s nostrils flare, and she licks her lips.

Pulling my knife from my belt holster where I keep it, I step closer to Roxy and press the tip of the blade against her throat. “Start talking, or I swear to fuck I’ll make you wish for a quick death rather than the one you’ll get, nice and slow.”

Roxy presses against the blade, the tip piercing her skin. “Go ahead and do your worst. It’s nothing compared to what he has planned for you.” Her gaze goes to the others behind me. “He’s coming, and this is just a warning. He knows where she is. He’s going to reclaim his whore and take what he wants.”

I tense, those words crashing into my mind like a lead weight. She’s talking about Perrin.

“How the fuck do you know him?” Chains demands, knowing the same as we all do who she’s talking about. “Are you one of his whores?”

“No, he came to me.” She grins. “Big cock, though, and for his age, he knows how to use it.”

“What do you mean he came to you?” I snarl, moving the blade along her jawline, digging just deep enough to slice through with stinging pain.

“A couple days after you turned me down. I was in town, and he caught up with me. Asked if I enjoyed sucking dick for bikers. Introduced himself and gave me the offer of a lifetime. Help him, and he’ll give me whatever I want. Make it so I’d never want for anything.”

“And how did he want you to help him?” Tyres grinds out.

“To get to your women, of course. First and foremost, he wants that stupid cunt Lily back where she belongs. What he sees in her, I’ll never know, she’s ugly.” She laughs and looks at Chains. “He also wants your ol’ lady but also that brat daughter of yours. Said she’d make him a heavy amount of money with the looks on her. There’s a lot of men and women who would love to have a sweet girl like her to play with.”

At her words, the fact she’d dare mention Brook, my Prez comes closer. He wrenches Roxy’s head back, takes the knife from me, and slits the bitch’s throat. “No one touches my fuckin’ daughter.”

I step back and let him handle the stupid cunt the way he sees fit. He’s not satisfied with just slicing her throat. No, he stabs the bitch until his hands are completely coated in her blood.

It’s one thing to threaten an ol’ lady, a totally different one to go after a princess. Brook isn’t the only one with a target on her back, but being Chains’s little girl, it’s definitely brighter than the others.

“Fuck.” I hear Tyres growl.

“Shit’s gotten real,” Breaker grunts.

“It’s been that way, brother, but the next play has finally been made,” Brake mutters.

He’s right about that.

“Let’s get this shit cleaned up. Tomorrow, we’ll have church. Tonight, I’m taking care of my woman and seeing to the safety of my daughter,” Chains growls. Turning toward us, his chest heaving, and the front of his shirt and cut has blood speckling all over it. “As of now, the women, all of them, are on total lockdown.”

I nod in agreement, not speaking. My own anger is on the rise. The bastard knows where Lily is. This was a warning that he can get to her. He knows her weaknesses. Knows how to get under her skin. He wants her to feel unsafe, and I’m not about to let that happen.

Lily's my woman, and I'm going to keep that bastard from getting close to her ever again. Even if I have to make it so she only has bottled drinks and food that I taste first. I decided to take this ride, and I'm not going to crash and burn.

No fucking way.

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# CHAPTER ELEVEN

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## LILY

Waking up to my body aching is the last thing I want to do. It hurts all over, but not in an actual painful way. Mostly, it just aches like my muscles went through a marathon, but I didn't do anything.

The last thing I remember, I mean really remember, is being in the kitchen with the ol' ladies making dinner and Roxy coming in, spewing her hateful words. Next thing ... oh no ... no, no, no, the feeling of that god-awful drug, the same one Perrin loved to use on me alongside the one that makes me compliant.

I carefully sit up on the bed and stare at my naked body, the blanket covering my lower half.

Oh my God, what did I end up doing? Did I? Speed?

Glancing around, I spot him stretched out on the floor, head on a pillow, eyes watching me closely most specifically on my chest.

Gasping, I jerk the blanket up, shield myself from his gaze, and ask, "Did we ... um?"

"Did I fuck you senseless last night?" he asks. Sitting up, his knees coming up, arms leaning on those said knees, head in my direction, eyes dark and on me.

I swallow nervously and nod, not able to voice my answer.

Speed lets out a heavy breath and shakes his head, gets up off the floor, comes to sit on the edge of the bed, and leans deeply into my space. "Not that guy, Lily. Wouldn't do that shit to you." He trails his fingers over my bare shoulder, eyes locking with mine. "When I finally get inside this sweet body of yours, it ain't gonna be when you're drugged. I want you to be well aware that it's me sliding between your legs. That's it's my mouth eating that pussy. And my damn hands that are massaging your sweet tits while I have you riding my cock."



Wow.

My breath hitches, and visions of what he said fill my mind. I like it all. Very much do I like it. I open my mouth to say something, but he beats me to it, surprising me even more.

“I’m also not going to do any of the things I want to do with you. Not until I know you’re ready. Until you ask me for it. Tell me you want me inside you,” he says, eyes darkening and lids lowering.

The sight of him goes straight between my legs, and I want nothing more than to have him touch me here and now.

Speed didn’t take advantage of me. So many men would have, but he didn’t. This is his room, and instead of sleeping in the bed with me, he slept on the floor. Not once did he touch me. He took care not to make me feel fear in any way, shape, or form.

Licking my bottom lip, I do something, not wanting to take the chance of chickening out. I lean in, holding the sheet to my chest, and press my lips to his, kissing him. Never in my life did I think I’d ever kiss a man, not of my own free will, but I want to with Speed. I want to do everything he mentioned and more. I know with him, I can trust he’ll not hurt me in any way. Physically or mentally. I know deep down he won’t do either of these things.

Speed doesn’t force the kiss more than I’m willing to give. At least not at first, however, once I open my mouth, he takes over. Lips fusing, the kiss deepening. I fall to my back, Speed coming over me, lips devouring mine. The moment is intense, far be it the best. It’s beautiful, and I want more.

I brush my fingers along his impressive chest, my thumbs flicking over his nipples.

Speed wrenches his lips from mine, growling. He lifts just enough to meet my gaze. “What are you doing, babycakes?”

A shiver rushes through me at the gruff, gravelly voice. The lust in his eyes burns, and I give him my answer in a whisper. “I’m letting you know what I want.”

Speed stiffens, eyes narrowing. “You sure? This ain’t from some aftereffects of that shit?”

Slowly, I shake my head and smile softly. “I wanted you before I was drugged. I just didn’t know how to tell you.”

I barely get the last word past my lips before Speed’s lips crash down on mine. The covers between us all but evaporates. Speed’s body shifts between my thighs. I can feel his thickness through the material of cut-off sweats. A tremble courses through my veins, and it’s not one in fear, but rather desire. Speed rips his lips away from mine and kisses a trail along my jaw, down my neck, all the way to my breasts.

Taking his time, Speed pays close attention to both my nipples, going back and forth. Licking and nipping at the buds while tweaking, pinching, and massaging the other. It’s the most amazing feeling, and I’m loving it. Never did I think I could feel something so beautiful or think it could be like this.

Being with this man, it’s a whole new experience. I want more, more of his touch.

Speed moves farther down my body, his lips trailing, peppering kisses along my stomach as he lowers himself between my thighs. The touch of his tongue draws a gasp from me, and my body arches, my back coming off the bed.

“Speed,” I moan.

“Taste sweet, babycakes, better than I dreamed,” he murmurs, blowing a breath against my clit. “I’m going to enjoy this pussy, tasting, licking, fucking it with my tongue until you come for me. I want to hear you calling out for me, begging me to fuck you with my cock.”

He doesn’t waste a moment, no hesitation. Once those words leave his lips, he sets about doing everything he said he was going to do. Adding his fingers. Rotating, he fucks me with his tongue and fingers, driving me to the brink of insanity itself. It’s a great thing, and I enjoy every moment of it. The orgasm that he draws from me has me crying out at the intensity of the pleasure.

My release is still overwhelming my body when Speed moves, his body coming over mine, his cock burrowing in at my entrance. Neither of us speaks as we stare at one another. The only sound filling the room is our breathing as he slowly slides inside me. Inch by slow inch. He doesn't pull away, just slips deeper inside me. Only when he's seated to the hilt, do either of us moan.

"Fuckin' tight around me, babycakes. You're squeezing my cock very nicely. I love the feel of those walls gripping me, pulsating," he growls, drawing nearly all the way out of me, only the tip still in my entrance. "Ready for me to fuck you, my Lily?"

"Yes," I whimper, needing him to take me. Consuming me, take away the aching feeling only he can relieve. "Please, Speed, fuck me. Fuck me the way you want to ... like you mean ..."

Speed plunges inside me, not letting me finish talking. He doesn't just hit home, he does as I ask him to, fucking me. Really fucking me as I want him to. It's hard, fast-paced, and it's nothing but sheer pleasure. Speed lifts my legs and rests them on his shoulders, thrusting even deeper inside me. It's amazing, and I find myself thrown into one orgasm after another. He doesn't stop fucking me.

The movements are relentless, but he doesn't stop. Not once. I stare up at him, moaning, panting, crying out the pleasure he brings me.

"Wrap your legs around my waist," Speed commands gruffly, sliding said limbs off his shoulders. I do as he orders. His hands go to my ass, and he lifts me clear off the bed. My own arms clasp around his neck.

In this position, I stare down at him, pressing my forehead against his as he uses my body to fuck himself. It's wild. It's hot. And it's something I've never experienced in my life.

"Speed, oh god, it feels so good," I whimper, loving every minute of him inside me.

“Damn right it does,” he grunts. “This pussy, it’s mine. You’re mine, and none of that is going to change.”

Dropping me back on the bed, his thrusts become erratic and growls, his cock spasms inside. Reaching between us, he massages my clit, spurring another orgasm from me at the same time he also finds his. Slowing his movements, he doesn’t stop thrusting. He keeps his movements nice and slow, lowering himself to brace his arms on either side of me.

“How you feeling, babycakes?” he asks, brushing his lips across mine.

“I don’t think I’ve ever felt so good,” I murmur, my lips also doing the same, brushing his.

The moment feels far more intimate, much as what we did.

“Good, because I’m not done with you yet,” he declares, surprising me.

“You’re not?” I blink.

“Fuck no, I’m not. We’re just getting started, babycakes.” He grins and goes about proving just that.

And the whole time, it’s absolutely like the first. Wild. Hot. Amazing. It was the best experience of my life.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

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## SPEED

“How are you feeling?”

The question is not something I normally ask a woman after a marathon like Lily and I shared. This is because I didn't give a shit afterward how they felt. I always fuck 'em at their place so they could just take care of themselves. When it comes to Lily, I want to know. I want to take care of her and ease the soreness from the number of times I took her body.

“I'm okay,” she whispers, her breath tickling my chest.

“Not sore?” I ask, stroking her back.

“Maybe a little.”

The way she admits this has me chuckling. It's cute as fuck. I also know that everything that I did with her, how I took her body repeatedly, yeah, she's got to be more than a little bit. I rode her hard. Harder than I wanted to the first time I was inside her. However, hearing the way she said she'd already wanted me before being drugged, yeah, it was a bit more than I could take, especially when she kissed me.

After that, all bets were off. I made her my woman officially.

“A little, my ass.” Rolling Lily to her back, I hover over her long enough to kiss her deeply before hopping out of bed and walking to the bathroom. There, I turn the shower on and set the temp to what I want it, then head back to bed.

“What are you doing?” Lily gasps, clasping her hands around my neck as I scoop her in my arms.

“Taking care of my woman,” I inform her like it's an everyday occurrence. Where it involves her, yeah, it will be. I don't think I've ever done something like this for another woman. Never had the inclination to want to do something as simple as caring for someone.

“You don’t have to do this,” she whispers as I step into the shower and set her on her feet. “I can do this myself.”

“I know you can. I know I don’t have to either, but here’s the thing, I want to.” I grab the soap and open it. Squeezing some in my hands, I wash first her body, then my own. After our bodies are clean, I spend time roaming my hands over her delectable body. Other than where she’d been shot, her skin is flawless, with not a scar in sight.

“Perrin didn’t want me to be marred in any way. I was his property, and I was to be flawless,” Lily murmurs.

I don’t know how she knew that I’d been marveling over her nearly scarless skin.

“The bastard didn’t have to mark you to mar you, Lily,” I grumble, sliding my hands up her sides and cupping the swell of her breasts. They’re the perfect size. Just enough to fill my palms.

Neither of us spoke a word after that. No words are needed. Finishing the shower, I step out, grab two towels, wrap one around my waist, and open the other to dry Lily off.

“We need to get some food,” I grunt as her stomach growls.

“I don’t know if there’s any left, but I’d been cooking tacos before everything happened yesterday.”

“As good as that sounds, I’m thinking we should order something,” I suggest.

“What if I wanted to make something?” she counters, licking that bottom lip of hers.

“You want to do that?” I question, snagging her around the waist.

In answer, she nods, placing her hands on my chest.

“Then that’s what you’ll do.” Lowering my hands down, I swat her ass. “Let’s get dressed and get a move on. We’re both hungry, but I’m more hungry for what’s between your legs rather than food.”

The blush that coats her cheeks is telling. Fuck me. No matter what that bastard did to her, she's retained that bit about her, and that part of her is all mine.

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"This is good, babycakes," I groan, forking another bite in my mouth of the baked spaghetti she'd made for us. She made plenty in case someone else wanted any because all the tacos she'd made were gone.

That shit was eaten up, and several of my brothers came in the kitchen to comment about how damn good it was. Each time one of them did this, I saw the way it affected Lily. She's not used to the compliments.

"It's just spaghetti." Shrugging, she puts the fork in her mouth, a noodle dangling.

"Yeah, but it's the shit." I grin and point my fork at her. "You did good, Lily. Don't discredit it by saying it's just spaghetti."

Lily nods, drops her fork, and lifts a paper towel to her lips to wipe her mouth. I take this action in along with the way she sits, the way she holds the utensils, and realize something else that Perrin instilled into her. She eats too stiffly. Her shoulders are back, and she always wipes her mouth. She'd done that part when we'd eaten pizza in bed while watching movies.

"You know you can relax while eating, don't you?" I find myself murmuring.

Lily's gaze jerks to mine, and she pales. "What?"

"You're stiff as a board while eating." I motion in her direction with my fork. "You can loosen up, babycakes, no one is going to judge you for getting sauce on your chin. Hell, I'd probably lick it off you." I grin, giving her a wink.

Lily nods, lips parted, and she drops her gaze. "I wasn't allowed to sit at a table during meals."



The fuck? Where did that come from? Then it hits me. Fuck me.

“Lily ...”

But she doesn't let me finish, because she's opening up to me. “The only time I was to be at a table is if Perrin wanted me there. At those times I needed to be proper about it, or he'd make me regret it.”

“Where did you eat meals at then?”

I have a feeling I know, but still, I hope I'm wrong.

Lily slowly meets my gaze once more and answers, “I sat at his feet like the good pet I was supposed to be.”

“You're not a fuckin' pet,” I growl, anger vibrating in my chest at the fact she referenced herself as such a thing.

“That's what I was to him,” she whispers. “He treated me that way, and he didn't care who saw. The men who came around knew what I was to Perrin. They enjoyed watching what Perrin would make me do while they sat at his table.” Tears well in her eyes and spill down her cheeks, breath hitching. “Do you know the humiliation of being wrenched up by your hair to suck cock, up to straddle him while he fucks me? Or to have another cock shoved in your mouth while he does what he wants? That was my life.”

Sliding the plate away from me, I get to my feet, close in on her, wrap one arm around her waist, and the other slides into her hair. “It might have been your life,” I state harshly, not missing the way she winces, “but it ain't your life now. I'll make Perrin suffer for what he did to you. Mark my words on that, Lily. He'll suffer.”

“It's not me he needs to suffer for hurting,” she whispers.

“And why's that?”

Both Lily and I turn at the gruff sound of Chains's voice. We were supposed to have church this morning, but he'd sent a mass text out saying it would wait until tomorrow. Tiny had still been suffering from the effects of the drug she'd been given.

“Is Tiny okay?” I ask.

“She’s feeling better now,” Chains grunts in answer, eyes narrowing on Lily. “Why did you say it’s not you he needs to suffer for?” he demands suspiciously.

“Tiny was drugged?” Lily breathes, eyes wide and looking ready to run.

“Yeah, both hers and your drinks were doses,” Chains snarls. “Now answer my question.”

“Because I’m a nobody,” she answers, pissing me off at the same time.

“You’re not a fuckin’ nobody.” The words come out harsh even to my own ears, but I don’t care. Lily isn’t a fucking nobody. She’s mine. I get she’s got issues, and she’s going to have to overcome them, but that doesn’t mean I’m going to sit back and let her shame herself because of a life she didn’t choose.

In fact, I intend to talk to Fuse, get ahold of Lily’s birth records, find the pieces of shits who gave her away, and kill them for their part in all of this. They need to pay for selling their daughter at the age of five to a man who spent the rest of her life tormenting her.

“Lily, what Speed is trying to get at is to us you’re not a nobody,” Chains grumbles, shaking his head in denial. “I’m not trying to be a dick toward you. I’m just over the bullshit and want to find the motherfucker so I can take him out.”

“I can understand that.” Lily nods. “But Perrin is twisted. He plays games. Says it’s fun playing cat and mouse with those he wants to destroy. He’s been waiting for a long time to be able to do just that with you all.” Sucking in a breath, she lowers her gaze. “He won’t stop. Not until he gets what he came for.”

“That’s why you’re gonna help us take his ass out,” Chains says far too calmly.

“I told you I’d help in any way I can.”

“We’ll discuss this later. For now, tell me, you get that you’re not a nobody.”

Lily nods in answer to Chains’s demand which seems good enough for him, but it’s not enough for me. She’s got to know she means something. Her life counts, just as everyone else’s does. Well, except for the spineless SOBs that need to have the life snuffed out of them.

“I made spaghetti,” Lily announces in a way to change the subject, “and garlic bread.”

“I’ll make sure to get some for Tiny and myself, but first, I need to go check on the kids for her. She wants them, and I’m not ready for her to see them with how exhausted she is.” He smirks, and I get what he means ... he wore her out. Chains switches his focus entirely to me. “Tomorrow morning, church, first thing.”

“You got it, Prez,” I mutter, giving him a chin lift.

Chains nods and heads out of the kitchen, leaving us alone once more.

I return my attention to Lily, pull her deeper into my space, and hold her to me. Tilting my head down, I brush my lips to the top of her head. “Let’s finish eating what you made for us. I have a craving for something else, and you’re gonna need your strength for what I’ve got in mind, babycakes. I intend to show you just how much of a nobody you really are. ‘Cause I meant what I said, Lily, you are not. Then afterward, I’m going to hold you close the rest of the night, and we’re going to get to know each other even more.”

“Even more?” she whispers.

“Yeah, you’ve told me about your life. Now it’s my turn to tell you about mine and the shitshow it was growing up.”

“Shitshow?” she asks, cocking her head back in order for us to lock eyes, her brows furrowed. “What do you mean by that?”

I sigh and decide to give her a little while we finish eating. Letting her go, I motion to the food. “Eat, and I’ll tell you why you do so.”

“Okay,” she murmurs and turns back to her plate.

Retaking my seat, I pull the plate back to me and start talking. “Grew up with a mom who was nothing but a bitch. She still is, and I hate her nearly as much as she hates me.”

“Why?”

“Because I ruined her life, is what she says at least.” I take a bite, chew, and keep going. “The woman is nothing more than a gold-digging whore. Not that she actually could get a man that has money. She locked herself to a deadbeat who knocks her around. The only time she calls me now is when she wants money and expects me to give it to her.”

“You don’t, do you?” Lily asks.

“Not anymore. She likes to think she can play games. Says she gave me life, and I need to be the one to take care of her.”

“Wow,” Lily whispers. “She sounds delightful.”

“You could say that,” I grunt, leaving that between us as we finish the rest of our meal. I don’t like talking about the bitch, and I’m not about to let the woman fuck up what I’ve got going for me now.”

I think between the two of us, we’ve had enough shit in our lives, my woman especially. But she doesn’t know the full story about my mom yet, and I don’t want to tell her, but she needs to know I understand her in some ways. It’s why it pisses me off that she would think she’s a nobody when she’s so much more than that.

She’s become my everything.

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# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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## LILY

“After what happened, are you okay?” Tiny asks, joining me at one of the many tables scattered around the main room. Eyes on me, one of those mugs with lids in her hands.

I guess Chains had the same thought about Tiny having a drink with a lid on it. Less chances of it getting dosed. That’s what Speed said to me when he’d given me one for my coffee this morning. I didn’t know I could love a substance as much as I do this coffee. I wasn’t allowed to have it before, but it’s good, and I enjoy it every chance I get.

“I’m good,” I answer, shifting in my seat to put my feet on the seat in front of me. “What about you?”

“It was intense,” she remarks with a sigh. “Thanks to Angelina sedating me, I was out for the worst of it, I suppose.”

Speed had explained to me that Angelina had done this with both Tiny and myself. He also told me about how I’d been hot and far too much temptation for him with the way I’d been touching myself ... his words, not mine ... He didn’t want to take the chance of me doing something that I would regret. This is why I didn’t mind giving in to him and my desire for him.

Last night after dinner, he’d done just as he said he would. He did things with me, all of them I’d done before, but with him, it felt far more intense. Passionate even. Afterward, Speed also talked to me more about his past. I get the feeling there’s more to it than he’s told me. Though I want to know, I won’t pry. It’s his story to tell when he’s ready.

“I agree it was a good idea.” I nod as a few ol’ ladies join us at the table. “Is it like this all the time?” I find myself asking, glancing around the room. For the most part, it’s empty except for children and the prospects, one at the door, another at the bar, and the third one at the doors to where the men

went. All of them have eyes scanning, watching, keeping an eye on things. What I don't see are the strays out and about.

“Chains ordered they stay out of sight for right now,” Tiny says, explaining why the strays were missing. “He doesn't like for them to be around the kids. He also isn't taking chances. They're all on lockdown in their part of the clubhouse until Fuse vets them all once again.”

“Vets them?” That confuses me. “Is that like looking into them?”

“Yeah,” Nora remarks. “The guys are looking into each of them. Making sure they haven't had contact with anyone associated with Perrin or his associates.”

This made sense to me, considering everything that's happened. Not just the other day but in general. Since getting here, I've heard the stories. These women shared with me ... opened up freely. I'm sure they did it in a way to get me to do the same. Around them, I'm comfortable. They understand me and don't judge when I feared they would.

“What do you think they're gonna do?” Rissa asks, brows drawn together in concern.

“Don't need to think,” Tiny remarks. “Those men are going to go for blood. It doesn't matter how they get it, long as they do.”

I think about what she means by those words, and though I don't hardly know them, I get her meaning. I wonder if there's a way I can help them without any of them getting hurt in the process. None of these people deserve to shed more blood than they already have. It's not fair the heartache they've been through. Enough is enough.

Perrin didn't hide his plans from me. He spoke openly about his hatred for Chains's family. I know the reasons for it and find them idiotic. Why he couldn't just get over it is beyond me. I mean, he had Brake hurt for years. He went after Victoria's son, Jamie. He's going after others now, and he wants me back.

If I were to strike a deal with him, maybe I could convince him to leave the others alone. But what could I offer?

What if I simply went back to him, bide my time, and killed him myself? Could I even do it? I'm weak compared to all these women, more so to the men who claim them. By leaving, I might be able to give them the chance.

Oh, who am I kidding? I'm not going to be able to do anything, not for them or myself. And if Perrin gets his hands on me again, there's no guarantee that I won't end up dead. I disobeyed his orders. I didn't do as he said, and for that, I know him ... he'll demand payment. That payment is my life. At the very least, he'll make me wish I were dead as he tormented me.

What I need to do is just let the club handle it. Yet, I think I need to do something. I can't sit by and let more blood be shed. Raven did say I was the key to ending Perrin. This is something I don't understand. How can I do that when I don't know how that's possible?

Sighing, I pinch the bridge of my nose to help ease the headache attempting to set in. I don't get them often, but when I do, they're painful and all but zap my energy.

"You okay, Lily?" Tiny asks.

"Yes.," I nod and release a breath as I start to stand. "I think I need to go lay down. My head is starting to hurt."

"Do you want some medicine to help?" she asks, eyeing me closely.

"No." I hate taking medicine unless I absolutely have to. With my past, I don't want to take any type of medication. I'm finally healed after being shot and no longer need the antibiotics, so I'm totally free now of all medicines. I want to stay that way if possible.

Tiny nods and gives me a small smile. "If you change your mind, just let me know."

"Thank you." I return her smile and wave to each of the ladies, not wanting to seem rude. I make my way toward Speed's room.



My chest tightens at the thought of Speed and the way he makes me feel. In the time since meeting him, I've felt things I've never felt before. I only have the books I've read as reference. Well, and seeing the way the men and women here are. So, I know what I'm feeling is strong and probably me falling for him.

Still, I don't deserve him.

Instead of stepping into his room as I should, I keep going, deciding I need some air. Speed told me when we first got to the clubhouse that I could go outside, I just couldn't leave the property. Maybe fresh air will help ease the pain away.

Pushing through the door, a sigh slips past my lips at the feel of the sun shining so brightly. This is just what I need. Time outside absorbing the fresh air. It does wonders to help ease the tension in my body, but not my headache.

That doesn't matter to me, though. Not when I'm out here.

In the time since I've been at the clubhouse, I haven't gone outside, and it's nice.

The sound of a hiss hits my ears, I twirl around, and a squeak passes my lips as my eyes widen. Standing not ten feet from me is the biggest gator I've ever seen. Not that I've seen many of them. But I have. A long time ago.

My parents are from Louisiana. The outskirts of Hammond, to be exact. So, I guess you can say this whole situation brought me back to my home state.

It's ironic, I suppose.

Slowly, I back away from the gator, not taking my eyes off it. I keep backing up until I'm far enough that I feel comfortable in turning from the massive beast. Breathing heavily, I wrap my arms around myself and start walking. The clubhouse is surrounded by a wire fence on one side with a gate you have to drive through. The fence ends only at the edge of the bayou, where the only way to get on the property is by boat. There's no way anyone would go swimming in the murky waters. Not when it's filled with more gators. I can

even see a few of those gators on the edge of the bank. I'll stay clear of that area. I don't want to get eaten.

Walking along the fence line, I cock my head back and close my eyes to enjoy the sunshine on my face. It feels amazing, and I love it. It's something I've never gotten to do so freely.

Perrin always made sure I was under lock and key whenever I wasn't with him. I wasn't allowed to go outside without him. If I was outside, it was because he wanted me there.

Sighing, I keep walking, completely lost in thought.

"Lily."

I stop at the sound of Speed shouting my name. Even distracted as I am, I'd know his voice. Twisting, I spot him coming in my direction. The way he moves, it's more of a prowl rather than him walking. Almost like he was stalking prey. From the expression on his face, I'd say he was really, really mad right now. And considering his eyes are narrowed on me, it would seem that anger is directed toward me.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demands the instant he's in my space, arms locking around me. One at the base of my neck, the other around my waist.

"I was just walking, getting fresh air," I answer, unsure if I should say any more.

"Getting fresh air?" he fumes, and I swear if smoke could escape through his ears and nose, it would be.

"Yes," I confirm and go on to explain further, hoping he'll understand. "I hadn't been outside, and you said I could as long as I was on the property. I was hoping being in the sun would help ease the pain I was getting in my head."

"You got a headache?" he asks, losing some of the anger in his expression.

I nod my answer.

"Lily, you do not go outside without letting me or someone know," he growls, squeezing my neck slightly.

“But you said ...”

“That was before shit got real,” he snarls, stepping so close our fronts meet, and I have to tilt my head back to meet his gaze. “You were drugged the other day because some cunt got greedy. Perrin got to her, offered a deal. If he can get to you by that outlet, you don’t think he’ll have someone watching this place, looking for a way to get to you?”

I didn’t think about that.

“I see what I just said is sinking in, but I’m still going to say it so we’re fuckin’ clear.” His voice deepens, and he has this harsh tone to it. “You don’t go anywhere without me until shit is handled. You want outside, fine, but not without me. When it comes to you, Lily, I’ll do what it takes to keep you safe. I’m not about to lose you, and you need to get that because to protect you, you have to listen when I tell you something. You got me?”

“I think so,” I whisper, licking my bottom lip. “I’m sorry.”

“No reason to apologize, babycakes, just don’t do it again.” He leans in, brushes his lips against mine briefly, and starts to guide me back to the clubhouse. We get nearly all the way to the door when a honking at the gates catches both of our attention.

From the way Speed tenses, I know this person wasn’t invited, and it could be a problem.

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# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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## SPEED

Anger still flows through my veins, and I'm doing my best to check it. Lily doesn't need me losing my shit on her. Swear to fuck, I thought I'd have an aneurysm when I got out of church only to find her missing. Tiny had said she was going to the room to lie down, but she wasn't there when I checked.

I started to think the worst, and fuck if it didn't have my heart racing.

I nearly lost it, and going outside to find her walking along the fence line didn't help matters. What got me to cool it was the way she mentioned the sun. I saw it in her eyes, she needed the fresh air. I'm willing to bet she didn't get a lot of that through the years. Not free air, that is. It doesn't mean I'm not still pissed with her, but I'll rein it, considering she's not used to this shit. I will still be explaining things further to her, so she gets what I'm talking about. Lily might have agreed to what I told her already, hell, it probably sunk in, but that doesn't mean I'm not going to make sure it sticks.

The sound of the car horn honky at the gate gets my attention, and I twist to see who the fuck it is, only to tense as I recognize the beat-up pickup truck.

"Speed," Lily murmurs, hand on my arm, "are you okay?"

"The hell is going on out here?" Tyres demands, coming through the doors with Breaker, Shock, Steel, and Lynch behind him.

"It's nothing." The words are harsh as I step away from them all. "I'll take care of it. Just do me a favor and get Lily out of sight."

Tyres eyes me closely, looks to the gates, then back to me. "That who I think it is?"

"Yep," I grumble. "I'll deal with this."

“You gonna give her money?” my VP asks, crossing his arms.

He and Chains are the only two who know who she is and what she’s probably doing here. They told me long ago to cut off contact with her, but I didn’t until recently. I also don’t intend to give in to her now either.

“Nope,” I answer, ignoring the confused look on my woman’s face. I’ll have to finish talking to her about my past, but first, I’ve got to deal with the bitch who gave birth to me.

“Right, then Lynch, Shock, and Steel will stay out here and make sure no bullshit happens,” he states and wraps an arm around Lily’s shoulders. “Come on, Lily, let’s get you inside.”

“Okay,” she whispers, head twisting as they go. She doesn’t stop staring at me over her shoulder until they pass the threshold, and she has no other choice but to look forward once again.

Releasing a frustrated breath, I rub a hand over my face. I don’t want to have to deal with this woman, but it’s not my club’s problem. Dealing with her is my headache to handle.

“We’ve got your back, brother,” Lynch states, clasping a hand on my shoulder. “You don’t gotta deal with this bitch on your own.”

“I know.” I nod, answering him gruffly. He might not know the story, but he knows enough. He knows she wants money.

I make my way toward the gate with my brothers at my back.

“Open the fucking gate,” my mother screeches through the open driver’s side window, a cigarette bobbing in her mouth.

“Not opening the gate,” I call out, coming to a stop on my side of the gate, legs wide, arms crossed. “How about you just turn around and go back to your fucked up life.”

“Don’t you talk to me like that, Tyrese. I’m your momma, and I won’t allow you to send me away.” Of course, she says some shit like that like she was ever my mother.

Curling my lip in disgust, I take a step closer to the gate, eyes narrowed. “You might’ve pushed me out, bitch, but you ain’t my momma. You’re nothing more than a waste of fuckin’ space who shouldn’t have been allowed to have kids in the first place.” I don’t care if she got knocked up with me at fifteen. I sure as fuck don’t give a damn that she looks strung out. She no longer factors in my life. Her guilt trips and all that shit, it doesn’t mean shit to me any longer. Not when I have Lily now.

My mom gets out of the truck, staggers, gets a grip on her limbs, and rushes the gate like she could plow through it. Her fingers grip the rungs of the fence, and she shakes the damn thing. “I’m your fuckin’ mother, boy, and you won’t talk to me like that. I’ll beat some sense into you.”

“Bitch, you ain’t gonna do shit but turn your ass around and leave. I’m done with you, already told you that.” The words vibrate in my chest. Anger swirls around me, and I need to get away from the crazy bitch. Just the sight of her brings back memories I don’t want to think about.

“You need to give me money,” she demands.

“I don’t have to do shit,” I spit. “Now, get your ass back in your truck. Turn around and get the fuck away from me. Come here again, and I’ll kill you. I don’t want shit to do with you, bitch.”

Turning away from her, I don’t look at the men who stood silently behind me as I pass them.

“Tyrese,” she screams, but I ignore her.

I haven’t been Tyrese in a long time. The only thing I have to do with that name now is when it comes to important documents. To everyone else, I’m Speed. That’s who I am now, and that isn’t gonna change.

“You can’t do this to me, Tyrese. I’m your momma. I gave you life. You owe me,” she continues ranting.

“You heard him, you stupid cunt.” I hear Shock sneer. “He said leave. He ain’t the only one who’ll kill you if you don’t get the fuck out of here.”

“I’d listen to my brother here,” Lynch remarks tersely. “And you come here again, we’ll ensure you disappear for good.”

“You can’t do shit to me. He’s my son, and I demand he listen to me. Do you hear me, you bastard? I’m your momma, you’re supposed to obey me.”

Stopping, I twist around and level a glare on her. “You ain’t shit to me, woman. Now, do as you’re fuckin’ told before you get a bullet between your eyes.” My gut churns, and my anger grows. Stalking away, I don’t bother going into the clubhouse. I can’t face Lily right now. Not when I’m this angry. If I do, I’ll only hurt her, and I can’t do that to her. She doesn’t deserve it.

Not when memories of the past are rolling around in my head.

Memories of the woman who I had for a mom were always about me obeying her. She’d be strung out and let the men who rotated in and out of the house beat me. When I got around the age of ten, she drugged me and forced herself on me while she was also high. She demanded that I eat her and make her feel good. She’d make sure I did whatever she wanted. I was only alive to appease her. That’s what she informed me of plenty of times when I was growing up.

Even when I got older and knew better, she still did this to me. No matter if I fought her.

I learned to stay the fuck away from the house as much as possible. I didn’t want to deal with her shit. Social Services didn’t do shit, ‘cause the stupid bitch knew how to get around the system. I don’t even know how she’d manage it, but I’m sure it had to do with spreading her legs for the right people.

Heading toward the gym, I yank my cut and shirt off as I step inside. I set my cut on one of the benches and make my way toward one of the punching bags. The only way I will be able to beat back the memories is to exert myself to exhaustion. I normally would do it fucking some random woman, but I’m not going to do that to Lily.



My woman deserves sweet, and I can't give her that right now.

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# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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## LILY

Something isn't right. Speed's been gone a long time. Tyres and the others have been keeping a close eye on me.

I just don't understand why.

Who was it at the gates? Speed mentioned getting rid of her, but who? Another woman? An ex?

The door opens, and for a split second, I perk up, thinking Speed is back, but it's not him who comes through.

"Situation taken care of?" Chains asks gruffly.

"Yeah, Speed took off toward the gym, and we got her ass out of here," Lynch says, eyes sliding to me and then back to Chains. "He's not good."

"Fuck," Chains grunts and turns to me. "Speed claimed you as his, but do you claim him?"

"I don't know what that means."

"What he's asking, Lily, is do you care about Speed?" Tiny murmurs softly, curling herself into Chains's side.

I nod and slowly take a breath. "All of this is new to me," I admit, "But I think what I feel for Speed is something important to me. Like ... like I'm falling for him."

"Good," Chains grunts and jerks his chin toward Tyres.

"You say that, but are you willing to do anything for him? Give him what he needs?" Tyres asks.

Again, I don't know what he means, but it's Speed he's talking about. For him, I know I'd do anything. I don't have to be asked to be with him or to do things for him. To answer his question, I nod and whisper, "Yes."

"Then come on," he mutters and ushers me out of the main room down a hall and straight back to another door. Tyres stops, looks at me once more, and sighs. "Whatever happens,

don't let him push you away. Don't get scared and run from him. He needs you probably as much as you need him. He's my brother, no matter the fact we don't share blood. Every one of us men here would do anything for him. But we can't help him the way he needs it right now. That's you. From what I've seen with you two, you can beat back the anger raging inside him."

"I don't understand," I whisper, furrowing my brow.

"I know you don't, Lily." Tyres sighs, shaking his head. "But Speed needs you more or less, he needs your body. Whenever she shows herself, he gets like this, and he fucks. He doesn't think we know the whole truth, but we do, and we'd do anything for him. If you don't think you can handle what he's gonna need, then say the word. We'll figure something else out."

It dawns on me what he's getting at, and I nod, swallowing nervously. I grab the doorknob, twist it, and shove it open to step into the club's gym. My eyes find him instantly slamming his fists into a punching bag.

"Speed?" I call out, wanting him to hear me over the sounds of beating the bag to a pulp. With the way he tenses, I know he hears me but chooses to ignore me. I don't let it affect me, no matter how much it hurts. Stepping closer, I call out again, "Speed, are you okay?"

"Go back inside, Lily," he orders harshly. "You don't need to be in here."

"I'm not going anywhere." I'm proud of myself for not letting my nervousness be heard. "I'm staying right here."

"Lily, I won't tell you again," Speed punches the bag harder, "go inside. I don't want you in here."

"And I told you I'm staying," I snap, surprising myself.

Speed whirls around, nostrils flaring, eyes narrow, and heat filling them, sweat already coating his face and chest. "You need to fuckin' listen to me."

I don't have to hear the growling tone to know he's pissed and getting more so because I refuse to listen to him.

“I’m not going anywhere,” I murmur, holding his gaze. I want him to see that I’m not a weakling and can handle anything he throws at me. For him, I could do whatever he needs, be what he wants. “I’m staying right here ... with you.”

Speed advances on me before the last word leaves my lips completely, wraps an arm around my waist, and the other goes up so he tangles his fingers in my hair. He wrenches my head back roughly, and I hold back my wince but not the gasp.

“You want me to hurt you? ‘Cause that’s what will happen if you stay right now. I’ll fuckin’ hurt you.”

“You could never hurt me. Not really. Who’s to say I won’t like what you give me?” I ask boldly. This is Speed. My Speed. I don’t think he could do anything that I wouldn’t like.

Speed stares into my eyes for all of a split second before crashing his mouth down on mine. It’s nothing like the other kisses we’ve shared. This one is bruising. He is taking, not sharing. And I give it to him, wrapping my arms around his neck.

Ripping his lips from mine, he jerks away only to grip the edges of my shirt and tear it right down the middle. My bra is the next to go. The yoga pants after that. I don’t have panties on, and when he realizes this, I watch the way his eyes dilate. His breathing grows ragged.

“Speed,” I murmur, waiting for him to do something, anything.

He doesn’t speak but grips my hips, lifts me, carries me across the room, and lays me on a workbench. Drawing his fingers along my bare skin, his touch sends unheard of sensations rushing through my body. I love his touch, no matter the roughness or the gentleness.

Those fingers of his trail down to my calves, and he grasps me there, spreads my legs wide, and places them on his shoulders.

Lowering himself, he doesn’t waste time in using his mouth. He takes me with his tongue, adding his fingers as well. It feels good, and the more he does, the more I want. He

drives me nuts with just his tongue, drawing me to the edge of my release only to pull away. I don't cry out in frustration. This is about Speed and what he needs.

Over and over again, he deprives me of having an orgasm. My body shakes from the need of it, and yet I don't cry or beg him to let me come. That doesn't mean I don't moan at the simple pleasure of his mouth and fingers alone.

I wither around on the small bench and take it all.

I don't know how much time passes before he jerks up, my legs still on his shoulders, and lines his cock with my entrance. He doesn't wait or warn me as he thrusts home. The sharp pressure of it causes me to cry out from the mixture of pain and pleasure. My back bows, arching off the bench.

Speed's thrusts are relentless, consuming, and he rides me hard. When my release comes, it's overwhelming. I can't stop the tears as they roll down my cheeks. Still, it's the most beautiful feeling in the world. I know this without a doubt. Inside me, I know, because it's me giving this beautiful man what he needs to work through what he's feeling.

Suddenly, he jerks out of me, lifts until I'm straddling him, and he slams me down on his cock. In this new position, he takes me rougher, forcing me to ride him. I wrap my hands around his shoulders and help him. Encouraging him to take what he wants.

Sweat drenches the both of us. The only sound in the room is that of his grunts and my moans, pants, and cries as he gives me one orgasm after another.

The longer he goes, the more positions he puts me in. One after another, he takes me. I don't know how much more I can take, but I'll hold on for him.

Speed wraps a hand around my throat, his body over mine, and only then does he come, but not before I come again. My lips parting, eyes locked with his. The grunted groan that passes his lips as he says my name.

It's then I know I gave him everything he needed. Sighing heavily, I close my eyes and let the exhaustion take over and

sleep claim me.

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# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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## **SPEED**

Fuck me, I'm a motherfucking asshole. Pulling out of the sweet tight pussy of my woman, I let out a heavy breath. I shouldn't have done it. I should've forced her to leave, gotten ugly about it to make her do it. I couldn't, though. She's my Lily, and I didn't want to hurt her.

"Fuck," I grumble and take in her exhausted, passed-out state.

Lily took everything I had to give her, and I know she loved all of it. She wouldn't have been drenched as she was if she didn't. The way her body reacted for me, took me, and all I had to give, yeah, she fucking enjoyed it as much as I did.

I pull my jeans up, leaving the button unfastened, and step over to where I laid my shirt and cut. I put on the cut but carry the shirt back to Lily and help her into it without her so much as budging.

A sense of pride washes over me, knowing it was me who wore her out the way I did. All the other women I took to my bed could never handle me the way she does, which makes her my match. In every way there is. Because of this, I know when she wakes up, I'm going to have to tell her the rest of what I need to.

Lifting Lily in my arms, I carry her through the gym to the door, open it, and step through so I can make my way through the clubhouse and to my room. Closing us in, I walk over to the bed, strip my shirt off her, and go in the bathroom. I grab a washcloth from under the sink and wet it with warm water. I'm not going to leave her to sleep in dried sweat, no matter how hot it would be, I know she wouldn't be comfortable, and I want her to sleep easy.

Once I have her cleaned up, I head back into the bathroom, toss the cloth back in the sink, and take a shower myself. The whole time, what happened in the gym played through my

mind. The different scenarios, the way she took me, the moans and gasps, fuck me, the whole damn thing was hot, and my cock is ready for more. But not in the way I was with her a bit ago.

No, this time, I want to show her how much she means to me.

I make my shower as quick as I can, get out, dry off, and leave the towel on the bathroom floor. Naked, I head back to the bed, climb in, and pull Lily in my arms. A sigh passes her lips, and she snuggles deeper into me, like she can't get close enough. Grinning, I close my eyes and press a kiss to the top of her head.

For what she did for me today, I'll never forget it. She's a remarkable woman, and she doesn't even know it. Throughout all this time, she was held in captivity by the sick bastard, and she is now free.

Free to be mine, and I intend for her to stay that way until I draw my last breath.

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Banging on the door wakes me from a deep sleep. I open my eyes and glance down to find my woman still sleeping soundly. The noise not waking her. Gently, I slide off the bed, tucking the covers back around her. I grab a pair of clean jeans and yank them on, heading for the door. I barely get them zipped up before opening the door to find Breaker and Fuse there.

"What's going on?" I demand, a sense of alarm growing at the fury in both their eyes.

"We got company," Breaker sneers. "Chains told me to come get you and Lily."

"Who is it?" There's no way I'm getting Lily up if it's going to be something that upsets her.

"Just get Lily up and come out here," Fuse mutters, shaking his head. "We don't need more shit happenin' than we

already got.”

“Right,” I grunt, grinding my teeth. “Give me five, and we’ll be out.”

I don’t wait for a response. I close the door, let out a heavy breath, and make my way to the bed in order to wake my woman, only to find her already sitting up.

“What’s going on?” she asks.

“Don’t know, babycakes, but need you to get dressed for me. We’ve got company.” I walk the rest of the way toward her and help her from the bed, wanting to hold her in my arms. Tilting my head, I reach up and grab her chin as I lean in to kiss her lips. She opens, allowing me entrance, and I take the moment to deepen the kiss further, though I keep it brief. “Let’s get this done so we can get on with the rest of the day.”

“Okay.” She nods and steps out of my arms.

I turn toward the dresser, snag a shirt, yank it on, and find a pair of socks. By the time I have my boots on and pull on my cut, Lily’s dressed and placing her brush back on the nightstand.

“Ready?”

“I suppose.” She shrugs.

Nodding, I take hold of her hand and guide her out of the room. I don’t have a good feeling about any of this, but I trust my brothers. They wouldn’t do anything that would put Lily at risk. They know what she means to me. They wouldn’t have sent her to me the way they did.

Before we get to the main room, I let Lily’s hand go and wrap my arm around her shoulders, holding her close. I want to be able to easily shield her with my body if need be.

“It’s about damn time,” a woman snaps the moment we step into the room.

“Can I help you?” I demand, feeling Lily shrink into herself and go tense.

“Brother, this is Jazlene Rasmussen,” Chains says, spitting out the name like it’s a bad taste in his mouth.

“She’s Perrin’s lawyer,” Lily whispers.

Now I get why my woman got so tense. Putting her behind me, I stare at the other woman with a look that’s telling. “The fuck you doing here?”

“I’ve come to collect Lily,” she announces, eyeing me up and down and holding up a folder. “These papers state that she is not mentally capable of taking care of herself and that she is a ward to my client.”

“You won’t be taking Lily anywhere,” I snarl, hearing the whimper of my woman behind me, which pisses me off all the more.

“Oh, I believe she will be,” Jazlene declares, “Now, come out here, Lily. Be good, and let’s be on the way.”

I open my mouth to say something, but another woman’s voice beats me to it.

“I think not, Rasmussen,” the woman snaps, coming through the threshold of the door, briefcase in hand, wearing a gray pencil skirt and black blouse that shows off a body that any man would appreciate. Something about her seems familiar, but I can’t put my finger on it.

“What the hell are you doing here, Camilla?” Lynch snarls, taking a step forward.

Camilla glances in his direction for all of a split second before looking at Jazlene.

“You can’t stop this, Camilla,” Jazlene snaps.

“Go ahead and think that,” Camilla snaps right back, her features neutral. “My client, Lily, will not be going anywhere with you or anyone else. The documentation you’re holding is bullshit, and you damn well know it.”

“You would be mistaken.” Jazlene scoffs and holds out the folder. “Here, see for yourself.”

I watch closely as Camilla takes the folder in question, opens it, and scans over the document inside. My anger boils, and I wait impatiently to see what's about to happen. I knew we had a law firm on retainer. Fuse's cousin, Félix DeLancy, recommended the firm not long after the truce was made between them and the club.

Camilla makes a snorting noise, closes the folder, and tosses the damn thing to the floor. "No judge would look at this and agree with you."

"Depends on the judge." Jazlene smirks.

"Maybe so," Camilla says, nodding, "But you see, I will make sure whatever judge who takes it on knows that I won't back down. Even more still, those papers will be seen as slavery documents, and I know for a fact your client," she spits, "will not want his face flashed all over the news because we both know the business he's in. Don't we?"

Damn, this bitch is ruthless. I glance in Lynch's direction to find him glaring at Camilla.

"You try to make this public, and I'll take you down," Jazlene sneers. "All he wants is Lily back where she belongs."

"That's not true," Lily whispers for only me to hear.

I reach behind me and squeeze her hand to let her know she's going to be okay.

"I highly doubt that to be true, Rasmussen." Camilla snorts, stepping closer to the other woman. "You see, I know all about him, and I've heard what he's after. It's not going to happen. Not this way," she states and reaches into her briefcase, pulls out some papers, and shoves them at Jazlene's chest. "Now, these papers, they're legit. Not only are they marriage papers, there's also a restraining order against your client, all signed by a judge and filed with the courts."

Marriage papers? For who?

"You can thank me later," Fuse mutters quietly as he steps up next to me. "Lily and you on paper are legit. She's your wife."

Holy fuck.

Slowly, I refocus on the lawyers facing off and see Jazlene's fuming, knowing she's defeated.

"This isn't over with," Jazlene snaps, narrowing her gaze.

"For now, it is," Camilla states calmly. "Now, I suggest you leave my client alone, and I'd inform yours to leave her and this club alone. I'd hate to have to get ugly."

Jazlene spins on her heels and stomps out of the clubhouse with what I can only assume is her tail tucked between her legs for losing the battle. Like she had a leg to stand on anyway.

"What just happened?" Lily asks as the door closes.

I turn toward her and cup the side of her face. "Don't really know, but it was fuckin' epic watching that bitch going down. More so finding out that my woman is my wife." I grin.

"How's that possible? Doesn't there have to be papers signed by me?" Her face scrunches up in confusion.

"Not when we got Fuse to do shit and find ways to cover our asses when we need it most." I chuckle.

Lily opens her mouth to say something, but Lynch breaks the moment.

"The fuck are you doing here, Camilla?" he demands, raising his voice.

"It's none of your business," she snaps.

I pull Lily in my arms and hold her while we all watch the two of them.

"Bullshit, you're in my clubhouse, a place you swore you'd never step foot in again. Now, you're here, what the fuck for? And don't tell me none of my business."

I don't think I've ever seen my brother so pissed.

"I know what I said," Camilla states, losing that calm expression. "I don't need the refresher. Unfortunately, I have

to listen to my boss, who put me on this and, in doing so, forced me back here.”

What the hell does that mean?

“But since I’m here,” Camilla reaches in her case again, “I’ll go ahead and give you these.” Holding out her hand, she shoves papers at Lynch. “Here’s the divorce papers, sign them, and we can be done with this.”

Oh shit.

I didn’t see that one coming. I don’t think any of us knew Lynch was married. He definitely didn’t act it.

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# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

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## LILY

What in the world is going on?

It feels like the world itself is tilting on its axis. Moreover, I should say that if you look at a globe, it is already tilted somewhat. But that's not what I'm talking about. Staring across the room, I all but taste the tension, the anger filling it. The anger I can tell is Lynch's because he's not hiding it. The tension is everyone else in the room.

I might not know Lynch very well, but what I do know is that I see him as a friend, maybe a brother figure, I don't know. He's been there for me, and I don't like that he's so mad.

Speed tenses further next to me as we all watch Lynch ball the papers up that Camilla shoved at him and take a step toward the woman. She takes a step back. I have to admit Camilla is very pretty, and I can see what he'd have seen in her even if she's scary, but only because she went up against Jazlene and won. I also know what these men will soon figure out. What she just did for me bought a target on her back.

No one goes up against Jazlene and wins. I've heard her brag plenty of times over the years. She's Perrin's lawyer for several reasons. One of them is that she likes to play the way he does. She works for him to be able to have access to the products he has coming and going. Jazlene likes to think she gets first pick, but that's not true. It's more like leftovers, she just doesn't know it.

Suddenly, Lynch reaches for Camilla, grips her waist, throws her over his shoulder, and stalks away, heading toward what I can only assume is his room.

"Well, that was interesting," one of Speed's brothers mutters.

"We need to have church, discuss what the hell just happened. I'm done with this fucker toying with us," Chains

snarls.

I can't help but flinch at the harsh tone of his voice, nor can I stop thinking it's all my fault. This whole thing. If I just went back to Perrin, it'd at least appease him for a bit. Maybe long enough for the club to take him out. Perrin won't stop though, not until he has his way or gets what he wants. He's all about deals and contracts. Once struck, he always keeps to it in order to get what he wants.

I wonder if I were to go to him if I could strike my own deal, demand he leave the others alone. If he agreed, he would honor it, wouldn't he?

"Lily." Speed grips my chin, forcing me to look at him. I meet his gaze, seeing his eyes assessing me, looking deep into mine. "Whatever you were just thinking, don't even think about it."

He couldn't know what I was thinking, could he? I mean, it's not like he's a psychic or something.

"You don't know what I was thinking," I mutter, narrowing my eyes. When it comes to Speed, I feel myself being able to speak up, pretty much grow a backbone, if you will.

"Babycakes," he utters, pulling me flush against his front. "I don't have to know it to see it written all over your face. You get this look in your eyes, and you lose that sweet smile."

My lips part as I stare at him in awe. This makes my belly feel all fluttery, and I love it all the more the fact he can see this in me. That doesn't mean it also doesn't scare me.

"Can we not talk about this?" I whisper.

"Yeah, Lily, we can stop talking about it." Speed grins, dips his head, and brushes his lips against mine while whispering, "For now."

Oh my.

I draw in a breath, my head spinning with all of this.

I mean everything that just happened. It's a lot so much so it frightens me. Seriously. First, Jazlene shows up and wants to

take me back to Perrin. Using legal formalities to do so. Is it even possible she could try it? I mean, I don't remember any of what she said ever being so. Then again, Perrin has enough money to make anything he wants happen. Secondly, I can't believe what Camilla said. She had to keep me where I was and out of Perrin's grasp. Marriage papers and a restraining order. How is all of this possible?

"What time you want to meet for church, Prez?" Breaker asks, his voice booming from behind me, making me jump.

"One hour," Chains grunts and looks toward me. "This shit ain't on you. Perrin was already coming after us. So whatever guilt you're thinkin' on, don't. We'll take care of this shit. You just help us out by sticking with us and not trying to take this on."

"How did you ..."

"Told you, babycakes, it's written all over your face." Speed chuckles. "You don't have a poker face, that's for sure."

"Oh." I drop my gaze to the floor, feeling a heat creeping over my face. Talk about embarrassing.

"We got an hour, so how about I get you some food," Speed remarks, gripping my chin and forcing my face back up.

"Okay," I whisper as my stomach growls. I don't really know what time it is. I don't even know how long Speed and I went at it before passing out or how long I slept. I guess I'm more than ready for something to eat.

Speed takes me to the kitchen and orders me to sit while he fixes breakfast. Glancing at the time on the microwave, it's nearly nine in the morning. I suppose that answers my question as to whether or not it's day or night.

It doesn't take Speed long to finish breakfast, and I can't help but smile at the bowl he places in front of me. Oatmeal with banana slices on it. So, it was him who'd make the oatmeal at the safe house. I didn't know who made the food, I honestly didn't care. For all I knew, they ordered in every day. This though, this was what I had several times, and always thought it was delicious.

“You okay with what Fuse did for us? For you?” Speed asks, finishing his bowl of oatmeal before I get even half of my down.

I cock my head toward him, the spoon drops from my hands, and I stare at him. Am I okay with what he did? It’s a decision that was taken from me. But this is Speed. I mean, I never in my life thought I’d have something with anyone, and now I’m married to him. Being free of one man, I find myself given to another. Granted, I don’t really see it that way. Speed is nothing like Perrin. He gives me freedom. He protects me. Keeps me safe. Lets me be ... well, me. Helps me understand what I don’t get yet. And makes me feel things I’m not sure of just yet.

What I do know is that I wouldn’t change anything about what’s happening between Speed and me. It’s perfectly imperfect, and I want this—all of it.

So, to answer his question, I smile. “I’m okay with it. Are you? I mean, you didn’t know he was doing it, did you?” He’d seemed shocked by the whole thing, just as I was. Granted, I didn’t understand it at the time.

“Babycakes, I wouldn’t have it any other way. I just gotta get a ring to put on your finger to seal the deal.” He grins, leans in, and presses his lips to mine. “You and me, Lily, that’s what we are. Told you, you were mine, and this just makes it all the more real. No one is taking you away from me.”

He doesn’t give me a chance to respond, mainly because his lips slam down on mine. I gasp, giving him the opening to slip his tongue inside. The kiss is enough to make my toes curl and between my legs ache for more than just him kissing me. Much, much more.

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# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

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## SPEED

“Fuse, what have you been able to find for us?” Chains asks, calling church to order with all of us gathered in the room and around the table.

I didn’t want to leave Lily alone in my room, but I had no choice, not if we were going to make plans to take out the bastard that wanted her so badly. I still can’t believe he tried using a lawyer to do his dirty work. Like he could get to Lily that way. No fucking way.

It’s a good thing the club has a law firm on retainer and that the lawyer who came this morning was as ruthless as she is.

“Sorry, Prez, but before we start, can we address the elephant in the room?” Fuse asks with a brow drawn up, and he’s looking toward Lynch who’s sitting next to me brooding.

A few minutes before we all came in here, I watched as a very pissed-off, disheveled woman slapped Lynch in the face and stalked out of the clubhouse, slamming the door behind her. At least she didn’t say to find a different lawyer.

“Yeah, would be good to know what the fuck is going on,” Chains grunts, swiveling in his chair slightly, eyes looking in our direction. “What’s going on, brother? The fuck is our lawyer doing serving you divorce papers?”

“Don’t want to talk about it.” Lynch growls, bawling his hands into fists, and clenching his jaw.

“Considering this shit affects the club, you got no choice in the matter. What the fuck is going on?” Chains demands. “She looks familiar, and I heard what you both said, but I don’t remember her.”

“That’s ‘cause she didn’t come around often ‘cause her aunt is a bitch who couldn’t stand that she and I were

together,” Lynch spits out, leans back in his seat, and shakes his head. “Didn’t know she was back in town.”

“Why’d she serve you papers? Didn’t know you were married,” Tyres remarks.

“No one knows,” Lynch grinds out. “We were young and dumb. Figured we could make it work, but she let her aunt get in her head during her first year of college. Next thing I know, she stops taking my calls. I go to check on her, and she’s not at the dorms. I find out she’s out partying it up with other people and making out with dumb fucks.”

Damn, that’s fucked up.

“Come to find out, today, her aunt told her I’d been cheating on her all along.”

Silence fills the room as Lynch’s words sink in. This is some fucked-up shit he’s got going on, and I must say I’m lucky it’s not me, as bad as that sounds.

“Right, so are we going to have issues with her working for the club? Or do we need to have the firm find us someone else?” Chains asks, clearing his throat.

“No issues from me, Prez. Long as she does her fuckin’ job, then so fuckin’ be it. And she can get over the idea of me signing those damn divorce papers she sent.”

“You gonna get her back?” I ask, cocking a brow.

“Don’t know yet. Honestly don’t know what the fuck I’m gonna do regarding her.” Lynch shrugs.

“Brother, you know she’s your match,” Pitch Black remarks. “You know what *Maman* told you years ago. I remember it, and I remember her.”

“*Maman* may have said that years ago, and I believed it, but things change. Time changes us all. She said that too. So, I don’t give a fuck about any of that right now. All I know for certain is I’m not giving her the divorce she wants,” Lynch grumbles and glances around the room. “Now, can we get to the fuckin’ point of us all being here and not talk about my shit?”

Now, that's the Lynch I know. He's my best friend and has been since I first started prospecting for the club. I wish I'd known this shit back then. I would have been there for him. But he's not one for putting his shit on other people.

"Yeah," Chains says. "Fuse, what do you got for us?"

For the next several hours, we all discuss what's happening. Fuse fills us in, though it's not a lot, it's more than we had before. Things are starting to snap into place, and soon, we can make our move. Get that fucker and take him out once and for all. But first, we need to have all the pieces to the puzzle. We don't want to leave any chances available to be upturned with blowback on the club.

Finally, once everything is organized and we know what we're doing next, Chains slams the gavel down, dismissing us.

"Speed, hold up a second," Chains mutters as I start toward the door.

"Yeah?" I ask, retaking my seat and waiting for everyone else to leave. I'm not surprised when Tyres stays seated, as do Ryder, Breaker, and Brake.

"Want you to stick close to Lily," he remarks, and I blink, not knowing where he's going with this, but when it comes to my woman, I already intend to do just that. "What I'm going to tell you stays between just us. I don't want anyone else getting this information. Not even Lily, got me?"

"What?" I demand, but my gut is tightening, and I get the sense I'm not going to like whatever the fuck they're about to divulge.

"Only two other people know the truth of this, and that's Angelina and Pitch Black. We don't want this shit out there. Not yet, at least. Don't need it to accidentally get back to the wrong people," Chains states, shaking his head.

"Right then, you going to tell me any time today what it is I've gotta keep to myself?" The words come out harsher than I mean for them. I'm not trying to disrespect my Prez, but this is my woman we're talking about.

"Lily's my little sister," Breaker announces.



“How the fuck is that possible?” I ask, not wanting to believe him.

“Don’t know how the cunt pulled it off, but she did it somehow. Maybe through IVF or some shit like that. I don’t fuckin’ know. All I know is what the DNA test results show,” Breaker explains and lets out a whooshing breath.

“My sisters were both some crazy ass bitches,” Ryder sneers.

“What made y’all do a DNA test?” I ask, curious as to why they did what they did.

“Didn’t seem right, Perrin going to all the efforts for one woman the way he is. Not unless he had ulterior motives,” Chains explains. “Angelina ran DNA on all of us to compare with Lily’s. She concluded that we all shared DNA with her, but Breaker was more of a match for being a sibling.”

“This is fucked up,” I growl, fury on Lily’s behalf flows through my veins.

“Don’t I know it,” Breaker sneers.

“What’s next?” I want to know what they’re planning on doing.

“Next up is finding the motherfuckers who sold her to Perrin and find out what they know,” Tyres grunts, rapping his knuckles on the table.

“I want in on that shit,” I declare, straightening in my seat. “Also, when this shit is dealt with, Lily gets the truth.” I’m not going to keep this shit from her. She deserves to know the truth and know that she’s not alone in the world. Granted, she has me and always will.

“We’ll tell her,” Brake mutters, nodding.

“First, let’s find out the truth of all this,” Breaker adds.

I nod my agreement, understanding the reasoning. In order to fill Lily in on the truth, we need the whole fucking truth and nothing less. “Then when do we go speak with her parents? I have a few things I’d like to ask myself.”

“Figured you would.” Chains grins and gets to his feet. “Let’s go ahead and get going. We’ve got an address.”

Well, that saves me from having to ask Fuse for it.

Following suit, I get to my feet and make my way out of the room and toward the door. I’ll find Lily when I get back. If I see her first before going out there to do what we’re about to do, I might kill them first, and we need answers. I guess it’ll be another piece to the puzzle.

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# CHAPTER NINETEEN

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## SPEED

How the hell can someone live like this? The question pops into my head as we roll to a stop in front of it.

I stare at the rundown house that should be condemned. How it's not, I don't fucking know. Part of the siding is hanging, shingles are missing from the roof, and the porch looks like it's seen better days five years ago. Now, it's just about to fall apart.

I kick the kickstand down and swing a leg over my bike as I pull my helmet off. "This place is a dump," I mutter, looking toward the others.

"Yeah, guess it's a good thing Lily didn't grow up in a place like this," Breaker grumbles.

I still can't believe that Lily is his sister. The whole situation is a total mind fuck for sure. How the hell it ended up like this is beyond me. I'm having a hard time comprehending the whole thing. There are way too many pieces to the puzzle still missing. But Chains and Tyres are right, it didn't make sense Perrin would go to so much trouble to get his hands back on Lily for no other reason than she's his property. When it comes to Perrin, there's way more to him and the games he's playing.

"Let's get this shit done. The sooner, the better. I don't like leaving Tiny or my kids longer than I have to," Chains states, lip curling in disgust as he looks at the house. "Fuckin' hell, can't people live in better conditions than this? There better not be any snakes in this joint."

"If there are, they won't be like Pocket." Brake snorts, mentioning the python that lived at his and Tyres's childhood home.

"Fuck you," Chains sneers and starts toward the porch, mumbling under his breath.

I get his reason for being overly protective of his woman and kids, especially his daughter. With what he and Tiny went through with the man who raised her until she ran away, it's all fucked up, but he's no longer a threat. That doesn't mean with his death everything was settled. He'd sold Tiny years ago, and the man who bought her had been a ghost actually to catch. Fuse found him, and we know what he's into, but he's proven to be a slippery fucker.

Then there was that shit that went down with Sera, the delusional bitch tried killing Tiny.

Those women have all gone through hell more than once. I'm hoping to keep my own woman from suffering further than she already has. I don't want to think about her being taken from me, buried alive, drugged—again—have some psycho bitch come after her—this technically happened, but not like what happened to the others—and I sure as fuck don't want her tortured or killed.

Breaker steps ahead of the others and puts his boot on the door, kicking it in. The door flies off the hinges as the wood splinters. Yeah, this place is falling apart and rotting.

I follow behind him, stepping into the room. The smell alone has my stomach turning and my gut tightening. I've never been a man with a weak stomach but fuck if this stench doesn't get to me.

What I also find gross as fuck is the sight of bodies withering around together on the floor. It's a fucking orgy, and they don't even realize anything around them.

“Talk about sick fuckin' shit right here,” Ryder growls.

“I'm not dealing with this bullshit,” Breaker remarks.

Brake steps forward, doesn't say a word, grips one of the men by his greasy ass hair, and wrenches him up, his dick pulling free of the mouth of one of the women. He protests, and the woman's eyes widen, and she screeches, sounding like a rabid feline.

“The fuck you doin', man,” the man in Brake's grasp demands.

“Shut the fuck up,” Chains barks and steps closer to the group of men and women who are all now looking at us all. “Which of you are the owners of this rundown shithole?”

Without a word, one of the women stands, grabs a towel, and shields her body. “I’m the owner,” she murmurs, eyeing us all cautiously.

“Where’s your man?” I bite out.

“OD’ed four months ago.” She shrugs. “What’s this all about?”

“What this is all about is,” Break scoffs, curling his lip in disgust, “you know the name Arlene?”

I watch as the woman’s eyes widen, and fear fills them.

“What about Arlene?” she asks, taking a step back.

I glance at the men and women still watching us, jerking my chin toward the door. “I suggest you all get fuckin’ lost.”

They don’t waste time scattering, tumbling over themselves as they rush from the room, scrambling to put their clothes on.

I return my attention to the woman. “You seem to know the name, so you know we fuckin’ know you did something for her, so start talkin’.”

“I ... I don’t know what you mean,” she stutters.

“Bitch, we know about my fuckin’ sister,” Breaker shouts and pulls out his gun, pointing it in the woman’s face, losing his hold on the little bit of patience he has left. “Start talking, and I suggest you don’t leave anything out.”

“Okay,” she whimpers and takes a step back. “I met Arlene at a café I was working, trying to get money from anyone who would give it to me. She gave me money, then gave me more. Said if I did something for her, she’d do something for me. I agreed, and then she’d taken me to some doctor who ensured I had her baby.” She licks her lips and glances around the group. “She gave me the money for this place. Said I was to take care of the baby until she said otherwise. When the little girl was five, a man approached and offered to buy her. Gave me and

my man more money, more than enough, and we did it. Gave him the girl. She wasn't mine, and I didn't care."

"You didn't care?" I grind out, my fingers itching to grip my gun and pull the trigger. This stupid cunt sold my woman because she didn't care. "You pushed her out, carried her, and didn't think she was yours in some way?"

"No," she murmurs. "Arlene didn't mind that I'd sold the girl. She said that it was perfectly fine with her. Said she was where she should be, so it wasn't anything on my shoulders."

"You know who the father was?" Tyres asks.

"No idea," she answers, shaking her head. "I didn't care. I just did what I was told."

"Yeah, and because of what you did, my woman was tormented for years," I snarl, stepping into the bitch's space and grip her neck. "Maybe if you felt just an ounce of what she went through, you'd change your mind." Squeezing, I watch the way her eyes widen and her lips open, trying to get breath that I'm not allowing her to get. "Then again, you're nothing but a whore, you might like what he did to her."

Letting her go with a shove, I have no remorse for her when she falls and trips over the little table.

"What else do you know?" Breaker demands, cocking the gun.

"Noth ... Nothing. That's it. I haven't had anything to do with them since."

"And you haven't heard from Perrin?" Ryder asks.

"No, I haven't," she answers and looks toward me. "I swear I haven't heard from either of them."

"Good," Breaker mutters and pulls the trigger.

We all watch as the woman's body crumples to the floor in a heap.

"Well, that was entertaining and informative," Brake mutters sarcastically.

“Not very much.” Breaker sneers. “Why the fuck would Arlene have someone carry a kid for her and then not raise it? How did Perrin find out about her in the first place?”

“More fuckin’ puzzle pieces, for now, let’s get back to the clubhouse. Tomorrow, we’ll fill the others in,” Chains states and looks to me. “Guess you can talk to Lily, tell her if you want or wait. This is a dead end.”

I guess it is. Then again, this was information my woman didn’t have, and it will help her in knowing who she is. As fucked up as it is, it’s something, and something is better than nothing.

I’m just not looking forward to telling Lily this shit. Though in the end, she gets a brother out of it.

Fuck.



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## CHAPTER TWENTY

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## LILY

Speed's been gone for hours, and I feel like I'm sitting on pins and needles, waiting for him to return. I didn't even know he left until Tiny and Nora told me he and a few others went out. Neither Tiny nor Nora knew where they went and explained when it comes to club business, they don't ask. If it's something they're meant to know, the guys will tell them.

I understand and get that. It's not hard to figure out. Growing up as Perrin's pet, I knew when to speak and when not to. I was, as he'd say, trained properly. He made sure of it. There were plenty of times he would be complimented on my training. A few men even asked him for tips on the matter and used me to give them.

The thought sends a shiver racing up my spine, and I find it hard to distract myself.

With what Perrin attempted to do using Jazlene, it makes me wonder what else he'll try for. My thoughts wander further, and memories best forgotten come to the forefront of my mind.

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*"You've done well with this one," Nixon says, eyeing me closely. "She's lovely and well-mannered."*

*"I do agree that I did well with my prized pet." Perrin chuckles and strokes a hand through my hair. "Didn't I, my sweet Lily?"*

*"Yes, sir," I answer quietly, not looking up from the ground where I sit at his feet.*

*As long as I behave, Perrin won't leash me. I learned a long time ago not to go against him. I hate the leash, the constricting feeling of it.*

*“When I finally get my hands on the pet I bought from Collins, I will have to see what you can do with her.”*

*“You know I’ll gladly take that one off your hands as well,” Perrin states. “I know exactly where she is and that she’s fertile. Ripe and the drugs forced into her system to make her a breeder.”*

*I don’t know who they’re talking about, but I feel for the person. “I might have to take you up on the offer.” Nixon snickers. “She’s had a few brats now that have ruined her body. But I got to say, I would enjoy having the little girl she gave birth to. She would be a good collection, and Collins got himself dead because he’s an idiot.”*

*“This is true,” Perrin states, laughing. “If I get my hands on her for you, I will let you know. Besides, she’s married now to a man I want to hurt more than anything. He needs to pay, as do the rest of them.”*

*“And what is it that they need to pay for?”*

*It’s a question I don’t understand, and neither do I understand Perrin’s answer.*

*“That is for me to know. There’s nothing that will stop me from getting what I want, and I swore a long time ago that I would have what I want. Nothing is going to get in the way of that. It’s why I have my sweet Lily here,” he says, stroking my hair once more before gripping it in his hands. “See, she shares the blood of the enemy, and I do enjoy the fact of this. More so that none of them know she exists.”*

*Nixon throws his head back and laughs. A moment later, he straightens in his chair and sobers. “If I were to give you the papers for Sloane, I’ll take the next shipment you have coming in. I hear it’s got a few women that would be worth a fortune.”*

*“You have a deal,” Perrin states, not arguing over a shipment. This is something he never allows. He’s not one for giving over property.*

*This Sloane must be very valuable to him. I fear if he gets his hands on her or the little girl they mention, their fate will be worse than mine.*

*Perrin grips my hair, turns me, and I push back all thoughts of this Sloane woman because nothing can be worse than my life. Not when I'm a slave to a man like this.*

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“Lily, hello, earth to Lily,” Tiny murmurs, waving a hand in my face. “Are you okay?”

Blinking, I shake my head, hoping to clear it, but something about the memory is bugging me. “I don’t think so,” I whisper.

“What’s wrong?” Nora asks, watching me closely.

“I was just thinking of something,” I explain, rubbing my hands up and down my arms.

“About what?” Tiny looks at me closely, almost assessing me as she reaches for my hand, stops my movement, and takes it in hers. “We’re here for you. To talk. To listen. Anything. It’s what we do. We’re friends, but we’re also family. This club it’s what we all are. We support each other and give one another what they need when they need it.”

I nod and sigh heavily. They’d all told me what they’d been through, and I know they wouldn’t lie about something like that. I mean, who would make up what they endured? “A memory just came to me. It’s nothing really, well it’s something. I guess you can say it was a day in the life that I lived.”

“What was it about?” Nora takes my other hand.

Taking a deep breath, I tell them about the memory. About Nixon. About the conversation. And the last about the girl they were talking about. I even tell them about what Perrin made me do while Nixon watched on.

Tiny sucks in a breath, her bottom lip wobbling, eyes wide, tears shimmering in them.

“What?” I ask, unsure if it was a good idea to share so much.

“This isn’t good,” Nora whispers.

“It was something that I lived through,” I utter softly.

“I know it is,” Tiny breathes, squeezing my hand. “But what you just said, what they were talking about, it was me. My name is Sloane, and the man who raised me sold me to a man named Nixon.”

All the air in my lungs seems to vanish and I can’t breathe. My head goes light, and if Nora and Tiny weren’t holding my hands, I’d surely fall.

“We need to tell Chains and the others,” Tiny states.

“I can’t.” The words are not more than a breath, and tears sting my eyes. I don’t want to tell any of them in detail what I went through. I don’t want Speed to hear the horrors of it all.

What will he think of me then?

“They need to know, Lily,” Nora urges. “This could help them.”

“Help us with what?”

A small scream slips out at the voice that comes up behind us. Together, the three of us turn to find not only Speed but Breaker, Chains, and the others who’d gone out with them. My eyes go from Speed to Breaker, who’d been the one to speak up.

“We didn’t hear you come in,” Tiny murmurs, lets my hand go, and steps over to Chains. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, Bitsy,” he grunts, tilts down, kisses her briefly, and returns his attention back to us. “What’s going on here?”

Speed steps toward me and grips my chin as Nora releases my other hand and moves toward her man. “Why do you look ready to cry, Lily?” he asks, wrapping an arm around my waist.

“It’s nothing,” I whisper, shaking my head the best I can with his fingers still gripping my chin.

“It’s not nothing, babycakes, now talk to me,” he states, firm yet gentle. I’m not sure there is a way to explain the tone

of his voice.

“Lily, I promise they’ll understand,” Nora murmurs.

“Understand what?” Breaker demands.

“It will all be okay, I swear it,” Tiny adds. “It’ll help.”

“Someone needs to start talking,” Tyres remarks.

“I promise,” Tiny whispers and presses deeper against Chains’s side.

Considering the girl in the memory they’d been talking about is Tiny, I suppose they all have a right to know. I don’t have to tell them everything I’d told Tiny and Nora. I can keep to the part about Tiny. I don’t have to talk about myself.

“Whatever it is, babycakes,” Speed says, releases my chin, and draws me flush against him. “I’m right here and not going anywhere.”

I nod and take a deep breath, inhaling all things Speed. The smell of him alone is enough to soothe a part of me that needed it more.

Needing the courage, I close my eyes, take another breath, lean my head against Speed’s chest, clutch at his shirt, and start talking. I keep it as impersonal as I can, but when they start asking questions, it’s not easy. I end up telling them everything, including the other times I can recall Nixon coming around.

The whole time, Speed doesn’t let me go. If anything, he holds me tighter. He doesn’t let me go, not once.

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

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## SPEED

Stepping into my room, I can all but sense the uncertainty coming from my woman. Throughout the conversation where she told us about something she remembered, something that is fucking massive, I felt her tension, all but tasted her fear. It doesn't take a genius to know she was scared as fuck telling us what she did, but she did it.

Now, it's time for me to take care of my woman. I know I've got shit to tell her. More than I want to tell her, but she deserves to know the truth. Everything. I can't keep the past from her. I need her to know that when it comes to a shit past, I get it. Sure, she knows some of it, but she needs the rest. She needs to know that no matter what, I ain't gonna judge her.

First, though, I'm going to show Lily how beautiful she is to me.

I close the door, locking it behind us. Letting Lily's hand go, I grip her waist and spin her to face me. Her eyes immediately meet mine. I don't say a word, instead, I slide my hands up her sides, the curve of her breasts, up to the nape of her neck. I focus on all of her, the way her lips part, her cheeks flush, and her beautiful eyes sparkle. The fear that still lingers in those depths.

Tilting down, I claim her lips, sipping at them nice and slow. I slip my tongue in with hers and cock my head to deepen the kiss further. Dropping my hands on her ass, I lift her in my arms. Lily wraps her legs around my waist, arms going around my neck. I don't need to see where I'm going to know where the bed is.

At the edge of the bed, I put a knee to it, climb up, and bend, laying Lily on her back. Lifting my lips from hers, I kiss her chin, jawline, to right behind her ear. Lily's moans are like music to my ears. The way her body moves under mine,



rubbing against my denim-covered cock, spurs me on further. I want inside her.

Fuck, I need to be inside my woman.

So much shit has happened today. I need to feel connected to the one person who means the most to me.

Jerking away, I quickly strip her of the shirt she's wearing, all but ripping her bra off, and yank the jeans she's wearing, not surprised to find her without panties. I find my woman isn't one for wearing them, and it's hot as fuck.

I yank my shirt off, tossing it with my cut onto my dresser. I unbutton my jeans and, holding Lily's gaze, I grip her ankles, set them on my shoulders, and slide my cock through her slick entrance. A groan of approval vibrates in my chest at how drenched she is for me.

"Eyes on me, Lily, keep them there and don't look away. Don't close them. I want you to watch every moment of what I do to you. What I make you feel," I command, slipping inside her one inch at a time until I'm fully seated deep in her pussy.

"Speed," she gasps, back coming off the bed.

"That's right, babycakes, it's me inside this sweet pussy." I growl, pulling all the way out, leaving only the tip of my cock inside her. "It's me fuckin' you." Thrusting home, I focus on her, the way her lips part. The moans that she makes. The way her eyes glaze over with lust. It spurs me on.

I take my time, pulling out, only to thrust deep each time. I keep the movements powerful, but slow. I burn the intensity between us nice and bright. Just the sight of her being enthralled in the pleasure is enough to send me the edge. Needing more, I start plowing into her, coming over her to claim her mouth. I drink in her cries of pleasure, and fuck, if the way her pussy doesn't constrict around me draw my release from my balls. I spill myself inside her as I have every other time. Consequences be damned. It'll just be another thing to add to the list. But that will wait.

Wait until my woman and I have enjoyed each other for more than this moment.

Breathing heavily, still seated deeply inside Lily, I roll us until she's sprawled on top of me.

"That was ..." Lily breathes, not able to finish what she was saying. Not that words are needed.

"Yeah," I mutter, stroking up and down her spine.

Lily lays still, the only sound is that of our breathing. I keep myself buried inside her and don't pull out. The way she fits around me, I want to stay as long as I can. Unfortunately, I don't get to stay this way for much longer.

The time for us to talk is now. She needs to know everything. From what happened today, what I found out, to that of my mother and what I endured at her hands.

First things first, shower, get cleaned up, and order food. I highly doubt she's eaten much at all today.

Swatting at her ass, I lift her off my cock with a groan. "Come on, babycakes, let's get cleaned up."

"Can't we stay like this a while longer?" she asks, her head coming off my chest, eyes pleading, and mouth pouting. It's fucking cute, and I can't deny it.

"Yeah, we can stay like this a while longer. Long as you want," I answer. "But we're still gonna have to talk, and I want to make sure you eat something."

"What do we need to talk about?"

I don't miss the reluctance in her voice.

"There's a shit ton we've got to talk about."

"But does it have to be now?"

Sighing, I cup the side of her face, "Sorry to say, babycakes, but some of it needs to be talked about. The sooner, the better."

Lily eyes me, seeing that I'm serious about this and won't give in on it, and nods with a sigh. "Okay," she whispers, rolls off me, and drags the sheets up and over her breasts, shielding her body.

Wanting her to feel comfortable with what we're about to talk about, I climb out of bed, nab my shirt off the dresser, and toss it to her. "Put this on, babycakes," I tell her and grab my jeans, pull them on, leaving them unbuttoned. I climb back on the bed, adjust myself against the headboard, and pull Lily to my side.

"First things first," I mutter and brush my fingers through her hair. "Today, a lot happened. With the bitch who tried to use the system to take you away from me. Finding out Fuse did the marriage certificate thing and the restraining order. You talking to the others about a memory you had. You good with all this? I want to know where your head's at with it all."

"I already told you I was okay with what Fuse did," Lily utters, pushes up, and sits facing me with her legs crossed, her fingers fidgeting. "The rest ..." she shrugs, "it was my life. I can't forget the past no matter how much I want to."

"But ..." I know there's more to it.

"But the whole thing scares me. All of it. I fear the day Perrin himself comes after me. He might be older, but that doesn't mean he hasn't kept himself in good health. He doesn't even look as old as he really is," she says and keeps going. "I mean everything in my life when it comes to him, it's been nothing but hell. I was a pet to him. Property that belongs solely to him. I wasn't allowed to do anything without his approval first until the day he wanted to test my loyalty. And I failed him. I don't regret what I did. I would gladly have died to keep Jamie safe for Victoria. None of them, not her, not Tiny, not any of the people I've met since being here, deserve to suffer at the hands of Perrin."

"Lily," I say her name, but she shakes her head and keeps on with her rant.

"It's horrible being at the hands of Perrin. He hates Chains for some reason. All of them, and I don't know why. He'd get in moods and end up hurting me when things don't go the way he wanted them to. When I say he'd hurt me, I'm not talking about beating me or anything like that. It was always sexual. Well, it wasn't always sexual. When I was little, he'd make me

stand naked in front of him while holding a stack of books in front of me. Other times, I'd have to stand on a bed of nails. As I got older, it changed. By the time I learned my lesson, I knew better than to fight him."

"How did he hurt you sexually?" I demand. This is something I need to know so in the future, I know not to do it to her.

Lily stares at me for a moment, eyes wide, and bites her lip.

"Lily, babycakes, this is something I need to know," I explain softly, leaning toward her to stroke my fingers across her cheek. "I need to know what not to do when it comes to us and anything sexual. I don't want to hurt you."

"When it comes to you, I don't think you could do anything I wouldn't like," she whispers.

"Still need to know," urging her, I lean deeper to press a kiss to her lips. "I'm not one for taking chances."

Lily stares for long moments and nods. "Perrin would use things like dildos, a crop, and allow others to play with me. Sometimes he'd bite me. That was the only time he'd mark me. Was when he wanted to use his teeth. The worst was when he'd take me into the chamber and tie me down. He'd connect clamps to my body that sent electrode jolts through me. When he was done, I'd have to endure him inside me."

*Motherfucker.*

My blood burns through my veins, rage unlike anything I've ever felt washes over me. She's been through more than she should ever have, and I'll make sure the bastard who's responsible for it dies. I don't care how as long as he gets to feel me rip his dick off and shove it down his throat first. I want him to know what it feels like to hurt the way he hurt her.

"That's enough of that, babycakes," I say, pulling her to me and holding her tight. "I'm going to make the motherfucker pay for all that he's done to you. I promise you that. He'll pay, and you won't ever have to worry about him again."

“But ...”

I kiss the top of her head and stop her from saying another word. “No buts, Lily. Now that I know what you went through, I can promise you, you ain’t gonna feel that shit again. And I hate the fact I’ve got to do this, but we’ve got more shit to talk about,” I inform her. “Well, I’ve got shit I’ve got to share with you. I don’t know how you’ll handle some of it. You might not like hearing it. Especially the shit I’m gonna tell you about my past.”

“You already told me about that.” Lily’s brows crease, and she stares at me, confused.

“I told you a small portion of it. What you need to know is I can relate to your past, even if just marginally,” I state, watching the way her eyes widen.

“You ...”

“My mother is the bitch of all times. She drugged me and forced herself on me. Made me her personal toy. She allowed men to beat me. Allowed other women to fuck me, had me fuck them. Guess you can say I was her cash cow. The first chance I got, I got out of there and never looked back, but she wasn’t done with me. She comes to me wanting money, and until recently, I gave in just so she’d leave me alone. But no more, I’m not doing that anymore. I’m washing my hands of her. I want to be able to give you what you want and not have what she did to me fuck with my head. And that’s what it does. Any time she comes around, that’s what it does. Fucks with my head.”

“That’s why you—”

“Yeah, babycakes, that’s why I fuck the way I do. I don’t do gentle and soft. Not with anyone else. I give it to you the way I do because you make me want to give it to you in every possible way I can,” I say, taking a breath and finishing it. “When it comes to you, I want to fuck you hard and fast, sweet and slow. Make it so we both burn like I did earlier. I also want to fuck you the way I did in the gym. Make you come for me until you think you can’t come no more. More than that, I

want to spend every possible moment simply enjoying the touch of you.”

“I like the idea of that,” she whispers all breathy-like.

“I do too, but there’s more to talk about.”

“Is it about your mother? Because if it is, I’ll say now, I don’t need to know more to know I want to go track her down and kill her.” Those words do something to my chest. The fact my Lily would say them shatters what little walls were left around my heart. Fuck me, I love her.

“It’s not about my mother, but it’s good to know you feel that way.” I smirk.

“I don’t just feel that way. I’m warning you, if she comes around again, I don’t mind you having sex with me the way you do. I love it, truthfully, but fair warning, she shows up again, it’ll be the last time. I don’t care if I don’t know how to shoot a gun or wield a knife. I’ll figure it out or kill her with my own bare hands,” she snaps, holding her hands up like she was about to choke something. “I mean, it’s bad enough the life I endured. My own mother sold me, but at least it wasn’t her who did it. God, why would a parent who’s supposed to love a child do something so horrific? I hate that she did that to you, and I wish I could take the memories of it all away.”

“I think you’re doing a pretty damn good job.” I grin, enjoying this side of my woman. I’ve only ever seen her as timid, sweet, and shy. That is when I wasn’t buried inside her. Guess when she finally overcomes all the trauma she’s endured in her life, my woman will be a spitfire for sure.

“Well, good,” she remarks, huffing.

“Now, we need to discuss one last thing, and I promise we’ll drop the rest for another day,” I inform her. “And I promise it’s not about my past in any way.”

“Okay,” she whispers apprehensively, eyes assessing mine.

“It’s about you.”

“What about me?”

Confusion mars her expression, and I'm torn. I don't want to hurt her, but she has a right to know. She needs to know. There was a reason Perrin bought her, and honestly, she might know more than she's letting on.

"It's about the fact ..." I let out a heavy breath and shake my head. "Fuck, babycakes, I don't know any easy way to say it, but to just get it out there," I say. "Angelina did a DNA test on you and compared it to that of Chains and the others. Results came back, and you're Breaker's little sister."

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

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## LILY

“What?” My breath whooshes from my lungs, and my chest tightens.

It can't be possible. I had to have misheard him. There's no way I have a brother. I mean, if that were true, where was he when I was little?

“Long story short, we paid a visit to the woman who was supposedly your mother. She's not your biological mother. She did give birth to you, but as a surrogate. Your real mother, Arlene, is Breaker's mother. Arlene, well, she paid the woman who sold you. Don't know the full depth of that, but Perrin found out about you, offered more money, and Arlene told the woman that you were where you were supposed to be.”

“Because it would hurt people when they found out. Cripple them,” I whisper, remembering Perrin saying those last words. It was years ago, but he said them. I remember it. I was a little girl. Perrin even then, always had me with him. He'd been stroking a hand through my hair and talking to another man, telling him all about how he intended to cripple those he was after. He was going to make them pay and do it where it hurt most by taking what means most to them.

“What?” Speed blinks and stares at me in confusion.

Sucking in a deep breath, I explain to Speed about those words and remembering them.

“He had you with him at all times.” Speed nods. “Means you heard everything. Things you might not even realize are important. That's what Raven meant by you being the key. You know Perrin's weakness and how to get to him, we just need to figure it out.”

“But how do I figure it out if I don't know what I'm trying to remember?” The very thought gives me a headache and has my pulse racing in fear. Fear that I will fail in helping the club. Helping save the others.

“Simple,” Speed mutters, “Tomorrow, during church, you’re coming with me—”

“I thought women weren’t allowed in there,” I blurt.

“Usually they’re not,” he confirms. “But this will be an exception. We need to know what you know, and in order to get that, it seems facing things will help bring the memories out. I hate to have to dredge through your past. It’s the last thing I want—”

“But if it’ll get the answers we need, then it’s the only way,” I finish for him.

“Exactly.” He nods, a grimace on his lips.

“I’ll do what I have to do to help,” I whisper. “Though can we leave the rest of it for the time being and relax you and me for now? Maybe watch another movie?”

“Yeah, babycakes, we can do that,” he agrees, “And I know the perfect movie for us to watch.”

“Please don’t let it be a scary movie,” I say, giving him pleading eyes.

“Not a scary movie, and I think you’ll enjoy it.” Chuckling, Speed readjusts himself on the bed, pulling me with him, and snags the remote. “I’ll get our movie on and then order food for us. We’re gonna have dinner and a movie. You and me, no disturbances. The rest of the night, babycakes, it’s just you and me. The outside world doesn’t exist for us until morning.”

“That sounds like a good plan,” I utter, nodding.

“Good,” he says, presses a kiss to the top of my head, and turns the TV on.

A moment later, he’s pulling up a movie called *Halloweentown*. Moments after that, I’m sucked in. It’s an older movie, but it’s cute, and I love it. The way Marnie and her brother go at each other it’s adorable.

Not long into the movie, Speed puts in an order with the diner in town and spends a prospect to get it for us. He wasn’t lying when he said the outside world doesn’t exist for us. Once

the food was delivered, he turned his phone off and locked us in. And the rest of the night is spent finishing *Halloweentown* and watching the three other ones. I really liked *Return to Halloweentown*.

After the movie marathon, I return my focus to Speed, and the two of us do other things. Things I enjoy thanks to him. I even do something I've always despised and thought I'd never want to do again. I use my mouth on him, and in return Speed uses his on me. It's beautiful and loving. What it's not is harmful in any way. Speed doesn't rush me, and he doesn't hurt me. He lets me have my time with him before he takes over. When he does, he rides me the way he wants, which luckily is the same as I want him to take me.

Much later, I curl into him content and close my eyes ready to sleep, knowing with him, I can sleep easy. Sleep safe, knowing nothing will happen to me. He'll protect me.

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"Come on, babycakes, it's gonna be okay," Speed says encouragingly, squeezing my hand, and guiding me from the room.

"If you say so," I mutter, blowing out a heavy sigh. I'm not looking forward to this.

Speed stops and twirls me around until I'm in front of him, his hands moving to my waist. "Not going to let anything happen to you. Even if that means protecting you from my brothers. Not that you have anything to worry about where they're concerned. You're family, baby, we just need to know what you know. To be able to fully take Perrin and his whole operation down, we need you."

"I know." And I did, doesn't mean it doesn't scare me. I don't want to think about the past. I would prefer to forget about it all completely.

Last night, while Speed and I had our conversation, it was so raw and intense, and I didn't know how I felt about all of it. Well, the part about his mom, I know how I feel about that.

The woman is just as vile, if not worse, than Perrin. The rest of it those ... inwardly shaking my head, I cringe. I'd told Speed about the ways Perrin would hurt me. It wasn't even all of it, just enough to suffice. I'd ranted about it, though, giving him the information, and not once did he look at me with pity or disgust. He'd been angry, I could see it in his eyes. Furious even.

Then first thing this morning, I woke up to him between my thighs, mouth devouring me. It was total bliss, and I loved every second of it. We'd then taken a shower together, this being something I enjoy. Every moment I'm with Speed, he shows me something new, and I fall deeper for him when I didn't think I could in the first place.

"We're gonna get this done, after we'll chill, and I'll help you relax," he murmurs, tilting his head down to press a gentle kiss to my lips, his hand sliding to my bottom and squeezing.

"Fuck, I don't need to see that shit."

The moment is broken by Breaker's growl.

"Get the fuck over it." Speed snorts.

"Not gonna happen. Now, let's get to fuckin' church," Breaker grumbles, shaking his hand as he walks past.

"Lily's coming with me," Speed announces.

Breaker halts his steps and slowly turns back toward us. Speed tucks me into his side as he faces off with the man who is supposedly my big brother.

God, just the thought alone has my head spinning.

"She ain't coming in church, brother. Not a place for her," Breaker remarks.

"Know that, but you'll all want to hear what she has to say. It's fuckin' important, and from what I put together last night, it's going to help us put an end to all this shit," Speed states, his voice firm and body tense.

Breaker stares at him briefly, glances at me, and gives a jerk of his chin. "Fine, let's get this fuckin' over with before I get a damn headache."

I swallow my nerves as Speed also starts us in the direction to follow after Breaker. Everything is about to change. I can sense it, and I'm not sure if that's a good thing or not. Regardless, it's happening, and I have to deal with it whether I want to or not.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

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## LILY

“Someone want to tell me why Lily is in here?” Chains demands, eyes directed in my direction.

“You’re gonna want to hear what she needs to say,” Speed says calmly, rubbing a hand up and down my side as I sit perched on his lap. “We’re all gonna want to hear this shit.”

Chains stares at me, clenches his jaw, and nods. “Fine, she might as well be here to listen as I fill everyone in on this shit.”

“On what?” Lynch asks from his place next to Speed, glancing from Chains to Speed and me. “What’s going on here?”

“It seems the bitches that spawned us,” Tyres sneers, “weren’t done fuckin’ with us.”

“What’s that mean?” Fuse asks, furrowing his brow.

“DNA tests I had Angelina run for me,” Chains announces. “Results came in, and Lily is Breaker’s biological sister.”

“You’ve gotta be shittin’,” Axel remarks gruffly, eyes wide.

“Nope,” Chains mutters and explains the rest of what they know and have found out. When he finishes, he sits forward, fingers clasped, and stares at me. “Now that we have that part out of the way. Speed, you wanna start talking?”

“Last night, I started telling Lily about this, and she made a comment,” he says and gives me a squeeze. “Tell them what you remembered hearing Perrin say.”

Nodding, I suck a breath and whisper, “Because it would hurt people when they found out. Cripple them.” I drop my gaze and wait.

“So, he fuckin’ knows,” Breaker snarls. The harsh tone causes me to flinch. “What else do you remember him

saying?”

“That’s why I wanted her in here,” Speed speaks up. “To help her remember things by us asking questions. But doing it without you being a dick. I figured out what Raven meant, and I think if we can ask the right questions, we’ll be able to figure this shit out once and for all.”

Silence fills the room, but the tension is thick enough to slice through, and it makes me uncomfortable. I want to help them, all I actually need to do is remember what they need to know. It’s hard considering everything I’ve heard over the years. I have so many horrible memories, and I try to block them all out.

Ryder is the first to break the silence with a question of his own. “Perrin kept you with him at all times, do you remember him meeting with a Delano DeLancy?”

“Fuck me, I hadn’t thought of that shit,” Chains remarks with a sneer, seeming disgusted by the name.

I think about his question and shift through my mind. “Yes, I remember him. He scared me nearly as much as Perrin did. He and Perrin would meet quite often. That is until several years ago ...” I trail off as a memory comes forward. It was the last time Delano had come to visit. He would stare at me while the two of them talked. Delano would chuckle and laugh about how he was going to make the lives of these people miserable. But what confuses me most is the question of my paternity that Delano brought up. Perrin had laughed it off and shrugged, saying it was a given as to who the father was and thought that Delano would have figured it out long ago. This started an argument between the two of them. Delano didn’t like being made a fool of.

I remember him waving the other man’s anger off. Perrin then stated that it didn’t matter about my paternity as I belonged to him and would stay that way. I was created to be used for his purposes. His to keep and do as he pleased. Delano mentioned that if his sons were to find out, they would make sure he paid for this. I didn’t know what he meant, and Perrin brushed that off as well. But it was the next part that



really had me confused, and that's when Delano asked him about a drug. Not the ones he used on me.

I don't exactly know what drug it was, but it was important to Perrin. Perrin liked to be in control of everything he could. From the drugs to those he bought and sold. He was into everything, but there was only one person he feared. He and Delano both. That's what they wanted the drug for. To take him out, they had to do it in secrecy. They didn't want him to find out what they were doing.

Doing my best, I try to remember the name. It's there, I know it is, just out of reach.

"Lily," Speed calls bringing me back to my thoughts. "Come on, babycakes, come back to me." His voice is soothing, and I blink, focusing in on him.

"I'm sorry," I whisper.

"Don't be." He kisses my temple and shifts me in his lap to meet his gaze. "Did you remember something else?"

I nod, lick my lips nervously, and tell him what I remember. About Delano. About his interest in my paternity. About Delano mentioning his sons. I mentioned the drug they were talking about and the man they intended to use it on.

"Fuck me, this just got even more complicated," Fuse snarls. "We're going to have to call them."

"I know," Chains says, slamming his fist on the table, eyes coming to me. "Do you remember who this man is?"

I shake my head, unable to give him an answer. The rage vibrating off him scares me. I wish I could remember the name. I mean, I know it, I just can't remember right off the top of my head.

A knock at the door interrupts the rest of the meeting.

"The fuck is going on now?" Brake gets out of his seat and opens the door. "Lawson, we're busy right now."

"Don't even attempt to use that tone with me, Brake," Lawson mutters and steps inside. "I just got back from the club where I had a very interesting conversation."

“With who?” Brake growls.

“One of Perrin’s men came by,” Lawson warns, “Said he had a message from his boss.”

“What’s the message?” Breaker demands.

“Said to tell Lily, time’s up, it’s time for her to return back to where she belongs, or Perrin will ensure she regrets it by starting his rounds.”

“What’s that mean?” Tyres snarls.

“He’s going to start killing. If I don’t go back to him, he’ll start killing. He’s lost patience,” I whisper, tears streaming down my eyes. “He doesn’t kill with guns. He uses his men for that. But if he’s going to do something, he has other ways of seeing to business.”

*The drug.*

The answer whispers through my mind. He’ll use the drug to kill them all. But how would he be able to do something like that without getting close to them? More memories pop into my mind, and I suck in a breath as they all rush through all at once. I struggle for a moment to get my bearings. To grasp a hold of reality once again.

“What is it?” Speed asks, brushing the loose hair from my face.

“He’s going to use a drug to kill everyone. You have to let me go. I can’t let him do it.” Panic starts to seep through my veins.

“He’s not going to get close enough to do shit, Lils,” Lynch states.

“He doesn’t have to be. We won’t even know when it happens, not until it’s too late. The best way to explain it is kind of like a smoke bomb, once it’s out, it’ll take out anyone in close range,” I explain. “It was created to take out the man I was telling you about, Ezra Pennington. He wants to take him out with it, and now you all.”

“Ezra Pennington?” Lynch mutters the name, his lip curling in disgust. “That fucker is dead.”

“No, he’s not,” I remark, shaking my head.

“Oh, I can promise you the bastard is dead,” Lynch growls, getting to his feet. “I know he’s dead because I fuckin’ killed him myself four years ago.”

“When was this?” Chains demands.

“Ezra Pennington was killed by my hands four years ago,” Lynch repeats, glancing around the room. “I killed him because he killed my mother.”

“The fuck did you just say?” Fury demands, speaking up for the first time. I hadn’t seen him around much, but I knew he was Lynch’s uncle and Pitch Black’s dad.

“You heard me.” The tone of his voice is full of warning.

“We’ll discuss this later.” Chains states, fury radiating off him, “For now, let’s get this shit with Perrin dealt with. Once we do that, I want to know who the fuck Ezra Pennington is and what he did to your mother.” Switching his gaze to Lawson, he asks, “Did the fuckhead give you a location for Lily to go to?”

“No, but Reed is having fun with him while we speak, getting information out of him.” Lawson smirks.

“I know where to find him,” I whisper, swallowing back the bile burning in my throat.

“Where?” Speed’s arms tighten around me.

“Shreveport,” I answer. “He has a home there that he likes to stay at more often than the others.”

“Thank you, babycakes.” Speed presses his lips to mine and kisses me gently.

“Now that we know a location, I’m done waiting, we’re taking the fight to him. Time to kill the bastard once and for all.”

My breath catches as Chains’s words sink in. They’re going after Perrin. Fear threatens to overwhelm me, but Tiny told me yesterday to trust these men. They know what they’re doing. So, I’m choosing to trust rather than fear them.

They can do this, and Speed will come back to me. It'll all be over, but I'll have him, and I can finally move on with my life and ride free without looking over my shoulder in fear of Perrin coming after me.

I refuse to think of anything else happening. Or the possibility of Perrin winning.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

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## **SPEED**

I didn't want to leave Lily at the clubhouse after church, not with so much going through her mind. But this shit is serious, if not deadly. Perrin's time is up. It's one thing with what he's trying, but what my woman told us all, yeah, the fucker is going to die.

So much bullshit has been going on, it's time to end this shit once and for all.

Hell, it should have been dealt with long before now, but we needed all the pieces and now we've got them. Granted, those puzzle pieces came with the price of Lily having to think about the past, be questioned, and reveal more truths than she wanted to show. Not that she actually knew what she was revealing in the first place.

It was fucked up to put her through, but we got what we needed. Even more so, we know what Perrin is capable of. I figured he was a coward and would try to take us on himself. Fuck, he'd use a drug that would kill us all without him getting near shows just how cowardly he really is. He'll hide behind his men, a cunt of a lawyer, and everyone else he can use to do his bidding.

Chains declared before leaving the clubhouse, we were all on bikes. Perrin was going to know who was coming for him. No sneaking. If the bastard tries to run, then we'll catch him, together as a club. Perrin fucked us all over with his games. Doesn't matter who we went up against, we all know it. He's the top of the Supreme Masters fuckers, and it's time to take them down.

What I still want to find out is about this Ezra Pennington fucker Lynch killed and why Perrin would think he was still alive. There's no way Lynch would lie about something like that. It's not who he is. He's not a liar, but he also doesn't keep

shit like this from us. Then again, he kept the fact he was married to a fine-ass woman hidden.

Guess when this is all over, he's got a lot of explaining to do.

For now, the focus is on taking out Perrin. Once that's done, it's time to get back to my woman and see to it that she's in a good head space.



We cut a five-hour trip down to four and a half hours, stopping only to fill up once. By the time we pull up to the mansion Fuse got the address for, I'm more than ready to make the miserable fucker pay. I've had plenty of time to think about all the things he'd done to Lily for more than half her life. On top of that, for me having to leave her alone to come after his sorry ass.

Kicking the kickstand down, I swing a leg over and climb off my bike. I roll my neck side to side, feeling it pop from the tension of what's to come along with the ride here.

"Let's get this done, and then we're burning this place to the ground," Chains commands. "Torch, you got your kit?"

"Got it, Prez," he answers, giving a chin lift.

"Good, let's do it."

We all split into two groups, some going to the back and others through the front. Men come through the front doors, guns aimed our way.

The night is filled with gunfire and the sounds of men either being shot or dying. The noises are thrilling and fuel me on. Burning pain sears my arm, and I ignore it as I head into the house.

I'm not surprised to find the man of the hour sitting in a high-back lounge, a glass in hand resting on his leg. He looks

...

“Fuck me, he’s dead,” I snarl, stepping closer to the man to find him stiff as a board, eyes open, glazed over.

“The fuck happened here?” Chains growls.

Rounding the dead bastard, I glance down and spot a paper on the table next to him. Lifting it, I scan over it and curse.

“Bastard.” A sneer on my lips, I read the damn thing to the others.

*“I knew you would come for me with that last threat. As much as I want my Lily back, I want to make you all pay more. You see, I always get what I want. Always. I refuse to allow lowlifes like yourselves to beat me. So, I dealt the hands at play, and because of this, I know everything that will come to pass. Something you’ll soon find out. You see, I may have taken my own life, but there’s one man above me with more power. It might be rumored he’s dead, that doesn’t mean his power doesn’t remain. To seal all of your fates, I’ve signed the papers with the devil. You think it’s over with my death, but it’s not. In my death, I’ll know you have lost. Everything will be gone for you. You’ll lose the ones you love most. My vengeance was only the beginning. He’ll come for you. All of you. If you think what I’ve done to sweet Lily is the worst, fear not, he’ll make you all suffer.”*

*“And I will answer the question you must all have. Lily is the daughter of Arlene and Delano. She was created to be my pet. Not that Delano knew. You see, Arlene wanted to toy with Delano, and when he didn’t take the bait, she decided to do something else altogether. That’s when Lily was born. She’ intended to use the girl as a way to Delano. I found out first and bought the girl, she fit my agenda perfectly.”*

*“Now, as for those of you who are your father’s blood and grandfather’s, I will see to it that in this life or the next, you suffer for taking what is rightfully mine. Lily knows, and Lily learned to be my good girl. To do as I say. She’s sweet and knows how to ...”*

“Fuck I can’t repeat the rest of this shit,” I snarl, balling the paper in my hand. “I don’t want to read what he did to her.”



It'll only piss me off all the more that he beat me to the punch.

“He killed himself to keep us from taking his ass out,” Breaker snarls.

“Who the fuck is he talking about?” Tyres growls.

“Pennington,” Lynch states.

I nod, agreeing with him. “He had to be talking about Pennington. What papers, though?”

“That’s what we need to find out.” Chains glares at the body of Perrin and curls his lip in hatred. “Fuse, I want you to find out what the fuck was on those papers.”

“You got it, Prez,” Fuse mutters. “Brake, Speed, Lynch, help me get all the files out to the bikes. I want everything this bastard has on hand.”

“Make sure to check the rest of this damn place as well,” Chain commands. “Torch, prep the house for when we’re done. I want the whole damn thing leveled.”

“On it, Prez.” Torch gives a two-finger salute and heads out of the room.

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For the next few hours, we finish going through the house. One of the rooms I went into had to have been Lily’s, and the sight of it had my stomach churning. It didn’t take much to imagine what she endured in this room. Chains on the wall. Shackles on the bed. Bars on the windows. Little skimpy things to wear in the closet. Kits for preparing herself in the drawers. The sight infuriated me.

I made sure the others didn’t go in there, or the room that Lily told me about. The one where she’d be punished. It was far worse than what she let on, and I wish to God I could make the fucker suffer. He died way too easy for what he did. It enrages me that he was able to get away with what he did without paying the consequences.

“I’ve got all the files,” Fuse announces, holding a folder in one hand and slapping it against his thigh.

“What’s that one?” Chains demands, giving a jerk of his chin.

“Something I wish I never had to see,” Fuse answers and holds the folder out to me. “You want to know the true horrors your woman lived through? Take a look at these.”

Slowly, I take the folder, open it, glance down, flip through a few of the images, and slam the damn thing shut. “Burn this shit with the rest of the place.” I don’t ever want to have to see those images again. It was bad enough seeing her room, but to see those, fuck, I want to shield my woman from ever going through anything horrible about the world.

“Do I even want to take a guess as to what’s in that file?” Breaker grunts.

“Fuck no, you don’t.” I stalk from the room back to where Perrin sits dead. I toss the folder to the floor at his feet, pull my knife out, jab it with enough force right between his eyes, and twist it in place. “Burn in hell, motherfucker.” He might not be able to hear me, but it makes me feel better.

Turning toward my brothers, I stare at them, knowing they see the pure rage inside me. “Don’t give a fuck what y’all do now, but I’m heading back to the clubhouse.” I need to set eyes on my woman and know that she’s good. That she’s safe from the past.

“I’m with you,” Chains declares, and Breaker nods.

“We’ll finish this shit up and be right behind y’all,” Tyres grunts.

I don’t bother agreeing with them or saying another word. I simply make my way from what was once Lily’s prison to my bike.

It’s time to get back to her. To ensure that for the rest of her life, she knows nothing but freedom and to be on the back of my bike. To take the ride of a lifetime with me by her side.

She's mine, and I'm hers. I won't let anything come between us, and I'll kill anyone who tries.

Never again will life be anything but what she wants it to be. Not while I'm breathing.

I ride hard. Fuck hard. Everything I do is hard. But for Lily, I'll ride it sweet like knowing it's for her, with her, and only her.

And it's a sweet I really like.

Fuck, I love the sweet that she gives me, and I'm gonna enjoy the sweet ride I'm gonna give her until I'm no longer here to give it to her.

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# EPILOGUE

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## LILY

*Three Years Later ...*

“Babycakes,” Speed calls from the bottom of the stairs. “Let’s get a move on it, we’re already running late.”

“I’m coming,” I shout and set the brush down, giving myself a once over in the mirror, and head for the stairs.

In the past few years, I’ve grown in so many ways. All of them good. Some even beautiful.

After everything was handled with Perrin, the first thing to happen was Speed and I got a house built like the others did. Lynch even built one right next to ours. It’s nice having a space to make a home. Never before did I think this would happen. Not in my wildest dreams. Speed changed that for me. He changed everything, and I will forever love him for it.

Tonight, we’re going to the clubhouse for a party. We’ve got members of the Montana, Arizona, and Florida charters in town. Over the years, there have been a few parties like this, but tonight, it’s different. We’re celebrating Shock and Steel taking an ol’ lady. Considering they’re originally from here and transferred to the Montana charter, I didn’t think we’d have a celebration here. But Tiny’s their cousin, and she demanded it, claiming she wanted to meet the woman who stole their hearts.

I personally hadn’t met her yet. I spent most of the time in the clubhouse’s kitchen prepping for tonight’s party.

Talk about food galore. I learned and became a really good cook. Good enough that last year when the diner’s owner decided to sell, Speed and Breaker bought it for me. Breaker refused to let Speed do it alone and said he wouldn’t be a good big brother if he didn’t help out. I love working at the diner. I changed it up some, made it more modern, and the food is even better.

What I haven't done is have a baby. Speed and I talked about it, but I wasn't ready. I don't think I'll ever be ready, though I know one day I want a family with Speed. I love seeing the way he is with his brothers' kids. I know he'll be a good dad to our own and protect them in a way neither of us were. He'd do whatever it takes to give a child the life they deserve. I want to be able to give this as well. But only when the time is right, we'll have that, not before. I know without a doubt, it'll happen. I'm sure of it. The very fact that we both have overcome so much in the past, finally found happiness ... you can't have a happily ever after without it being well rounded. I mean, that's the way it is in books, and I refuse to settle for less. It's probably stupid to think that way, but I can dream.

Making my way downstairs, I smile when I spot Speed standing there, arms crossed and looking peeved. Not really peeved, he doesn't get mad with me. That doesn't mean we don't have arguments.

The first time we had one was because I didn't want anyone telling Felix or any of the other DeLancy siblings that they had another sibling. I didn't want to disrupt their lives. I already impeded in on Breaker's. Not that he's complaining. Speed thought I needed to let the DeLancys know. Said they deserved to hear the truth. He ended up winning the argument, mainly due to Chains taking it upon himself to call and fill Felix in on the truth. It was a shock and adjustment. I don't really talk to them much, but I do talk to them.

With all that had happened, what I'd been through in my life, there's only so much I can handle. Finding out I had even more family was just one thing to many. I mean, I know I can't blame them, they didn't know. Perrin made sure that no one really knew, though he gave clues about what he would say to keep the questions in the back of a person's mind.

"You finally ready?" Speed asks, dropping his gaze to take in my outfit. With the dim lighting, I can still see his eyes darken with lust and approval as he grins mischievously.

It took me a bit, once the dust settled, to finally decide to find my own way, my own style. My hair that's always been

long, I kept it that way. Speed loves to be able to wrap my hair in his fingers, and I admit I do too. My clothes, though, I found I love wearing jeans. I stick to skinny jeans most of the time with the occasional bootcut and flare, but those are the times I wear my combat boots Speed bought me. The rest of the time, it's flat boots that come up to my knee. It's one of the few things I love to buy myself. Boots of any style, as long as it's flat booted or a very small heel.

Most of the time, I match these up with hoodies. However, I do have other shirts, all fitted to show off my curves. This is something Speed loves. He doesn't have to say it for me to see it in his eyes. He enjoys seeing me show off my body for him.

However, tonight's outfit, Tiny, and the others convinced me to the dark side a bit. The other day, we'd all gone shopping, and I'd bought a pair of boots that came way above the knee, and I matched it with a mini denim skirt. My shirt was low cut and showed an ample amount of cleavage. It's hot, and I was hoping that he would like it.

"I'm ready," I murmur, stopping directly in front of him.

"Babycakes, you ain't ready to go to the party," he remarks, hands coming to settle on my hips.

"I'm not?" I breathe, watching his gaze and the way he steps close to me.

"Nope, the way you look right now, you're looking ready to get fucked by your man," Speed announces. He tightens his grip on my waist, lifts me off the stairs, tosses me over his shoulder, and starts up the stairs, taking me back to our room. "And that's exactly what I'm gonna do."

Well, I guess he likes what I'm wearing.

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"You know if we don't get up, we're not going to be making it to the party," I whisper, content to be in his arms.

"Don't care," he grunts, trailing his fingers up and down my bare back. "I'm good right here."

“But what about seeing the others?” I knew he wanted to be able to spend time with everyone.

“I’ll see ‘em tomorrow. I got to party in my own way with my woman.” He chuckles and rolls. “And talking about partying with my woman, I’m about to do it again. I’m thinking tonight, you’ll be feeling for a few days. You good with that?”

“Definitely.” I smile brightly.

No matter what Speed does, it’s always a beautiful thing to me. I love it. For that matter, I crave it. The whole thing. It’s not just a part of him, it’s all of who he is. And when it comes to this man, I know I want to spend the rest of my life taking this ride with him.

It’s well worth it, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.



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## **BONUS SCENE**

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## LYNCH

This is bullshit.

Total bullshit.

What the hell am I doing here? It's been years since I've seen her. I didn't even know she was back in town. Not until the other day when, out of the blue, she strutted that sweet ass of hers back into my life.

My fucking wife.

We'd been stupid and young. I wanted to believe I could have something as sweet as Camilla, but she proved me wrong. Being that I'm older than her by five years, I should have known better. But I met her and started out as just friends. I didn't want to end up locked up for falling for a girl. It was her eighteenth birthday, and she wanted to take the next step. We ended up taking things further by sealing the deal. Her aunt wanted us apart, and Camilla refused to hear of it. Even when she left for college, I made the trips there to see her, and when she came home for holiday breaks, I made sure to spend every minute I could with her.

That all changed about six months into it.

Shit went down, and I lost her. She did shit to hurt me, and for that, I can't forgive her, but she's still my wife. I'm not about to sign those papers for her. Not without knowing the truth. Why did she fuck us up? Why leave me stranded? Why come back here? And why the fuck does she want those papers signed all of a sudden?

I could easily ask Fuse to look into her and find out what all I want to know, but after what I did to her in my room, hiking that sweet ass skirt of hers up and fucking her the way I did, I need to do this myself. The way she caught fire for me, yeah, it was hot, and I want inside her again.

Sitting astride my bike, I readjust my cock behind the zipper. I check the time again and wonder when the fuck she'll step out of the damn office building. I'm giving her another five minutes, and then I'm going in there.

The two of us have quite a bit to get straight, and I'd prefer to deal with it privately.

Moments later, I spot her coming out the front doors and nearly see red. She walks into the arms of another man. One I know. One that is my personal enemy.

Four years ago, I killed his father. Now he's touching my wife.

Is he the reason she wants a divorce? If that's the case, she isn't fucking getting it. No fucking way. There's no way he's with her to be with her. Pennington warned me years ago, just before I slit his throat, I wouldn't get away with it, not without repercussions.

Now, I'm going to have to deal with this shit. I'm not about to let this fucker take Camilla and do as his father did. She's my wife, and it's time to reclaim the woman that was once mine.



Dear Readers,

Thank you for reading Speed and Lily's story. I hope you enjoyed the ride with them. It's not easy for what they've both been through in their lives. Up next is the last book in the series, Lynch's Match and I can't wait to give it to you.

Until then I definitely have more for you all.

Sincerely,

E.C.

## **ALSO BY E.C. LAND**

### **Devil's Riot MC**

Horse's Bride

Thorn's Revenge

Twister's Survival

Reclaimed (Devil's Riot MC Boxset Bks 1 – 3)

Cleo's Rage

Connors' Devils

Hades Pain

Badger's Claim

Burner's Absolution

Redeemed (Devil's Riot MC Boxset Bks 4 – 6)

K-9's Fight

Revived Boxset (Devil's Riot MC Boxset Bks 7 — 9)

Red's Calm

Brass's Surrender

### **Devil's Riot MC Originals**

Stoney's Property

Owning Victoria

Blaze's Mark

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Luna's Shadow

Devil's Ride (DRMC Boxset 1 – 5)

Choosing Nerd

Stoney's Gift

Ranger's Fury

Carrying Blaze's Mark

Neo's Strength

Cane's Dominance

Venom's Prize

Protecting Blaze's Mark

Devil's Reign (DRMC Boxset 6 – 10)

Whip's Breath

Viper's Touch

Cyprus's Truth

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Savage's Honor

**Devil's Riot MC Tennessee**

Breaking Storm  
Blow's Smoke  
Nines's Time  
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Their Redemption Boxset 1 - 5  
Tiny's Hope  
Fuse's Hold  
Nora's Outrage  
Tyres' Wraith  
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Their Salvation Boxset 6 - 10

Pipe's Burn  
Faith's Tears  
Lyrica's Lasting  
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**Dark Lullabies**

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A Demon's Bliss  
A Demon's Harmony  
A Demon's Soul  
A Demon's Song  
Dark Lullabies Boxset

**Royal Bastards MC (Elizabeth City Charter)**

Cyclone of Chaos

Spiral into Chaos

**Aligned Hearts**

Embraced

Entwined

Entangled

Crush Boxset 1-3

Ensnared

Entrapped

**Night's Bliss**

Finley's Adoration (Co-Write with Elizabeth Knox)

Cedric's Ecstasy

Arwen's Rapture

Christmas Delight

**Satan's Keepers MC**

Keeping Reaper

Forever Tombstone's

Hellhound's Sacrifice

Outrage Boxset 1 – 3

Mercy's Angel

Facing Daemon

Scythe's Grasp

Mayhem Boxset 4 – 6

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Viking

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Storm Boxset 1 – 3

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## **Fighting Rosemary**

*All's fair in love and war, or so they say. Sometimes you have to play dirty to win.*

## **KEVLAR**

Never thought of myself wanting one woman. But there she is, and she's unlike any other. I had her in my bed once, but then I screwed up. She's stubborn and refuses to listen to reason.

She's also a fighter.

When things happen and I find she's not exactly who she claims to be, I have to make things right before it's too late. Even if it means getting down and dirty to do it.

I've no problem getting bloody if it means she survives what's to come.

## **Holding Beast**

*Only so much pain the mind can take before it succumbs to  
the beast within.*

## **BEAST**

I watch her lose herself. Saw the pain she endured. No matter the help I wanted to give her, nothing will do. She's lost to me. There's no way she can take anymore. Nor does she need a man like me. A man who has his own demons to hold on to.

With her at the clubhouse, I need to get away, but when death comes to our door, my demons demand out. Secrets I've held onto are revealed and there's only one who keeps me sane. Her. Will she be able to handle it all? Or am I left to my own demise?

My brothers can't help. Not this time. I'm called Beast for a reason and now they all know why.

**Corbin's Conflict**

*This life is a choice.*

*One you make with or without confliction.*

## **CORBIN**

Things are happening in my town and my county. We're split between two clubs. Rivals that share blood and a common enemy.

Witches.

I hate them. All of them. I have my reasons, but fate seems to have other plans. Plans I don't care much for.

The day she comes into my life, I want to throw the raven-haired, emerald-eyed beauty out, but she can help in ways we need. The question is, can I resist the bond between us when the heat grows hot?

Danger swirls around us and we're left with no other choice but to trust one another. Conflicted, I decide to let my instincts lead, even when that decision puts her in my arms.

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