



A WINGS OF DIABLO MC
NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER

WRECKER

BOOK 9

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

RAE B. LAKE

WRECKER

WINGS OF DIABLO NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER

BOOK 9

RAE B. LAKE

Copyright © 2023 by Rae B. Lake

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

CONTENTS

[Disclaimer](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Follow Rae Everywhere!](#)

[More from Rae B. Lake](#)

[Rae's on Kindle Vella](#)

DISCLAIMER

This dark MC romance contains content that may be disturbing to some readers. This story is not suitable for individuals under 18, or those who are easily disquieted by dark and complex themes of love, fear, and the unknown. Reader discretion is advised.

Some dark themes included in this story are:

Death, assault, kidnapping of minors, Natural disaster, attempted murder, captivity, mention of animal cruelty, gratuitous violence, profanity.

If you proceed, just know there will be blood, mayhem, sexy times and chaos— you've been warned.

Wrecker

I TILT MY HEAD BACK AND LET THE MOONLIGHT BATHE MY skin. I thought Louisiana was hot, but Oklahoma is a different beast. At least, back home, we had some marshlands and the river to give us a bit of a breeze. Down here, it's hot all the time. Six am? Scorching hot. Eleven pm? Boiling hot. Two-twenty-two in the morning? Melting hot!

Slowly, I make my way down a dusty hill, but I'm not paying attention to my surroundings. Not until I hear the ominous rattle of a snake, I've got no business being around.

My eyes drop, and before I can move my leg away, a rattlesnake bigger than I've ever seen in real life shoots forward, and I feel a sharp bite on my lower leg. Instantly, nausea rolls through my belly, and I swing my arm, trying to knock the snake off.

"Shit! Fuck off! Get off me!" I yell and swing again. This time, making contact and ripping the snake off my leg. It falls onto the ground, and thinking quickly, I grab a rock and bash the snake's head until it's no longer moving. My victory is short-lived as vomit surges up and out of my mouth. Everything spins, and I drop to the ground. Sweat seems to soak through my shirt. Everything is moving so fast, but I know that if I don't get back to the clubhouse soon, I'm not going to make it.

Wiping the rest of the vomit from my lips. I put my unaffected leg down on the ground and try to lift myself. I take two steps up the siding and quickly fall flat on my face. I roll down a little and end up right back where I was lying seconds earlier. The same puddle of vomit near my head.

"Shit." I reach to my waist, but I know there's nothing there. I didn't bring my phone with me, and no one will be looking for me for a while. Too long for me to survive a rattlesnake bite. "You gotta move, Wrecker," I tell myself.

My head swims in large waves. It feels like my skin is too tight for my body. Putting my hand on the ground, I get to my hands and knees and start to climb up. I slide back again, and a wave of pain wracks my body. I scream and roll to my back. My body contracts hard as I grind my teeth together and fight through the pain radiating up my leg and into my core. I can't afford to lose any more fluids by throwing up again, so I take a few more deep breaths.

"This is bullshit, Wren. Get off your ass." I continue to motivate myself as best I can.

One move at a time. One breath at a time. That's all I can do.

When I realize that I'm not going to be able to move further up the cliff, I try screaming out. It takes too much effort.

After a while, I can't stop the hysterical laughter that bubbles out of my mouth. I've been in the military, in jail, in gangs, and this is how I go out. A motherfucking snake bite?

I stare up, and a sole tear falls down my cheeks as I stare at the huge, bright moon. At least I get to die looking up at that beauty.

The air feels thick, and I'm listening to everything underwater. Slow, everything is slow.

When I think the end of my life couldn't get any stranger, I drop my gaze to the horizon and see an all-white winged horse and an angel with long braided hair sitting on top of it.

The horse rears, and I swear I see it spread its wings as if it's about to fly off.

"Hey! Wait." I croak out and blink a few times. I raise my hand and try to wave so it can see me. The horse begins to trot in my direction. The closer it gets, the more realistic it seems. The wings are no more, and the angel on the back of the large beast is wearing tight jeans, cowboy boots, and a scarf wrapped around her neck. She still looks otherworldly.

She hops off the horse and stands over me. She tilts her head to the side for a second before I see her hand lift, and in it is a six-shooter. "What the hell are you doing here?"

“Dying, I think,” I grumble.

“Seems like it.” She replies, putting her gun in the holster before leaning down to help me up. She even smells like heaven. If this is how I go, I’m okay with it.

The world sways from side to side as the woman gets closer to me. I wish everything would stay still so I could keep this beauty in my sights. Of course, that’s not going to happen.

My stomach clenches hard, and I turn away from her just in time for me to lose whatever else is in my stomach on the ground.

“Ah, fuck. This sucks.” I grumble as I roll to my back and continue to look up at the stars.

“What kind of snake was it?” The woman asks.

“What?”

“You got bit right? Did you see the snake?” She asks again, this time a little but impatient.

I reach over to the ground where I threw the snake. Without looking down, I reach down and do my best to lift the lifeless animal over my head. “This kind.” I grumble moments before I drop the snake back down to the ground.

The small animal can’t be more than a pound, but it feels like I just tried to lift a tank over my head.

“Well, I guess today just must be your lucky day.” The woman trots over to me on her horse and once she’s close enough she hops down and stands over me.

“Goodness you’re beautiful. What I wouldn’t give to have you under me right now.” I grunt. I’m slightly annoyed that my cock is not reacting to the woman above me right now, but then again I can’t be too upset, I’m dying after all.

“Ugh, I should’ve known that you’d be a pig.” She leans down and flicks a finger at the patch on my kutte.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I ask, my voice slurring.

“All you bikers are the same, thinking you’re all big and bad, when in reality you’re nothing more than a bunch of bullies

with nothing better to do besides mess things up for everyone around you.” She stands up and crosses her arms over her chest. “If I had any sense I’d leave you right here to die. Why waste the medication?” She questions herself.

A deep anger tries to push its way to the forefront of my mind, but instead all I am is a bit disappointed.

So many times people have just looked at me and thought, ruffian. They never once gave me a chance to prove that I was a good guy. It’s why by the age of 12 I’d already been in juvie three times. Things didn’t get better after that, I’ve always been the trouble maker in people’s eyes and once I realized I wasn’t going to be able to change their opinions of me I decided to be exactly what they thought I was. A thug.

I scoff and look away from the woman that’s supposed to be my angel. She’s already showed me just how small minded she is. “Of course you’d judge someone you don’t know by how they look.” I turn back to look at the night sky.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” She stands over me getting in my way. Her hands on her hips and her hair falling forward making it so I can only see her face.

“I don’t have the energy to explain, beautiful. I’m a little busy dying if you haven’t noticed.”

She stared down at me for a few more seconds. I try to stay strong but the pain is becoming unbearable. “For fucks sake if your going to leave me here, just go. I’d rather die in peace.” I bark at her, the effort I use to scream at her causes a fresh wave of sweat to break out over my brow.

I’m going to start crying like a baby at any moment. My muscles tremble and contract like their about to pull off the bones in my body. I doubt I’ve ever felt a pain like this before and the last thing I want is for her to see me like this, even if I don’t know her and she’s already made her judgements about me.

She sighs, looking up to the sky one last time before she reaches down for me. “Don’t make me regret this because the

moment I do, it'll be your last moment." My eyes are brought up to the gun she still has tucked away at her hip.

"Feisty, I like it." I reply moments before I let out a vicious roar as the woman does her best to heave me up to my feet.

The pain is unreal.

Three more tries and finally I'm up. With a click of her tongue she instructs her horse to kneel slightly so he's not so high up off the ground. Then the woman constructs what looks like a small stirrup to help me get up on the horse.

She secures me to the horse with a rope. She does it with such precision and quickness, I'm sure she's had to do something like this in the past. Looks like I've found myself a genuine cowgirl.

I don't sit up right instead she has me drape myself over the mammoth beast.

It's not comfortable, my head is still spinning, and within seconds I can feel myself losing consciousness.

Shortly after that the woman commands her horse into a quick canter, I can feel the cool touch of death creeping up on me. Even if she moves as fast as possible I don't think I'm going to make it.

At least, I know I won't die in some dried out Oklahoma field.

If I'm going to die, I'm happy to have this beautiful angel here with me for my last moments.

I just wish my patch brothers knew what happened to me, I'd hate to leave anyone behind who would worry about me. Hopefully my savior can find it in her heart to let them know she did everything she could to keep me alive...hopefully that'll be the truth.

Cassidy

THIS ISN'T SAFE.

There's no way in hell that I should've let someone like him onto my farmland but the minute he accused me of being judgemental, I knew there was no other option.

I've lived in a world where people are judgemental. Were people look at a person and base off their clothes, their figure, the color of their skin they decide who that person is without truly knowing them.

I don't want to be like that.

Still I don't trust the man.

I've trusted one person too many and that's burned me in the past. I refuse to let that happen again.

"Have you been checking on his vitals and the wound?" Gordon asks me over the phone. He's a vet and has vials of rattlesnake anti-venom on hand. He gave me a few after the influx of bites last year. I didn't think I'd ever need to use it but I'm grateful to have it now that I need it.

"Yeah, everything seems to be stable. I gave him the IV fluids already. If I see any muscle death I'll get him to the hospital. At least I'll try." I tell Gordon over the phone. Unfortunately, the nearest hospital to this part of the county is nearly sixty miles away and I know for sure it's not equipped to deal with a snake bite. It's the reason most of us farmers take care of our own.

It helps that I used to be a nurse practitioner before I came home to take over my father's farm. I know exactly what I should be looking out for. In my opinion, it was a nothing less than a blessing that I was the one who found him. Anyone else either would've left him or possibly made the situation worse.

"Alright, well you know best. I'll be around if you need anything else." Gordon left out a harsh breath, "Cass, stay safe

alright. I've heard a lot of horrible things about those men in that club. Don't take anymore chances than you have to."

I look down at the man laying on the hay in my barn. The name Wrecker is on his vest. He is exactly what I'd think a biker would look like. Scruffy beard, dirty, built, loaded with tattoos, every stereotype wrapped up in one big package. The only exception was how he talked to me as he waited in the dirt to die. It didn't sound like a man who wanted to harm me. He didn't sound like a bag guy at all.

That doesn't mean I was going to be dumb about it. No, I'd protect myself at all cost. "Don't worry Gordon. I've got everything under control." Leaning down I tug on the ropes I have tying Wrecker down. He's not getting out of those knots unless I cut him out.

The minute I hang up with Gordon and shove the phone back in my pocket I walk back out to get some chores done. Farming doesn't stop just because I have a nearly dead man in my barn. Things need to get done no matter what's going on outside. That is if you expect to keep surviving. That's exactly what I've always done.

An hour and a half of me cleaning up after my horses and the rest of my animals I hear someone calling out. Any other day hearing someone yelling on my farm would be startling, since I'm the only one who lives here. It takes me a few seconds to figure out that my patient is finally awake.

"Hey! Lady, where the hell are you? Why the fuck am I tied up like this! Yo!" He screams loud. I'm not impressed or intimidated.

I get to the barn doors and lean on the edge.

"So you think screaming is the right way to go about this, then?" I ask when he finally takes a breath and stops shouting.

"Untie me." He demands but I don't make a move in his direction.

"No, you can stay just like that."

"I said fucking untie me! Now!" He roars at me. I want to jump back but I force myself to stay still.

“Like I said, you really think that’s the best option for you right now?” He takes a deep breath and looks up at the ropes tying his wrists to a post above his head. That post is enough to keep a full grown stallion from breaking free, there’s no way Wrecker is going to break it.

Feeling safer, I walk over toward him. “How are you feeling?”

“Peachy, all better. I want to leave.” He says quickly. Too quickly.

With a roll of my eyes, I cross my arms over my chest and stare down at him, “How’s about a little bit of gratitude?”

“For fucking what? You think I want to be tied up here like a damn animal why you stare down and judge me? What part of this is something that I need to be thankful for?”

I squint my eyes at him and shake my head, so much for thinking that he might not be like the townsfolk think his kind are like. “How about for the fact that you’re even alive to be tied up like an animal. In case you forgot the last time you were awake, you were only a few minutes away from death.” I reach down and yank his pant leg up. I really have to tug since the fabric is caught up in the ties at his ankles.

He winces and hisses out in pain as I yank the fabric up and show him the bite mark along with the dark circle I made to make sure that the venom didn’t spread.

He looks down at it and then back up to me. “Thanks.” He grits out. “Now untie me.”

“I can’t do that and you should know why. I don’t know you. I have to protect myself. If you have a problem with that then so be it.” I shrug.

“I’m not going to do anything to hurt you. You can trust me.” He says hopefully.

I shake my head, I’ve heard that before. “Sorry, Wrecker I don’t trust anyone.” I turn on my heel and head out of the large barn door.

“Hey! Don’t you dare leave me here like this! Don’t fucking leave!”

I close the barn door behind me, it does a good job to muffle his screams.

I can't focus on them anyway. I've got chores that need to be done and none of them include indulging a foul mouthed biker.

I HAD to get out of there.

Thankfully, I had a few things I needed to pick up in town. I didn't think trying to help Wrecker and also keep myself safe would be a little like kidnapping.

Honestly, I should just let him go about his way. Of course there's always the chance that he comes back with the rest of his group and tries to hurt me. I don't like that option either.

Deep in the grips of indecision I can barely see the bags and bags of feed in front of me. I didn't think about the possibility that I would become a target just by helping Wrecker out.

What if this all turns bad? I'd have no one to blame but myself.

"Oh sorry, Cass, I just need to grab" Macy an older woman I've known for most of my life says from behind me. I jerk to the present and move out of her way.

"Sorry." I mutter and reach to the side to grab a bag of feed for myself.

Both Macy and a woman that she's with give me a polite smile before they start walking down the aisle.

I follow behind unintentionally. I catch the tail end of their conversation.

"They don't belong here. They all just relocated here from different cities. The only reason a bunch of bikers would come here is to start trouble." Macy says to her friend.

"Start? You haven't heard about the break ins and the assaults? They're not going to start trouble, they're already causing trouble. If we don't get them out of here soon they're going to over run the town. No one wants them here. It was bad enough when it was only a few of them." The friend shakes her head. And continues to walk through the small store.

“Yeah, those kind of people need to stick to their own.”

My blood boils at those words. People need to stick to their own? Don't they know that we are all our own?

I speed up catching up to Macy and her friends. “Do you have proof that it's one of those bikers that are causing the disturbances?” I step in front of her path so she can't move.

She stutters before she huffs out a breath and tilts her head to the side while she answers me, “I don't need proof, they're the only ones new to town and the only ones who'd do something like that. They don't belong here. Let me guess. The great holy mother Cassidy is going to take them under your wings. They're not some wounded animals for you to try and nurse back to health. They're all killers. Bad guys. Trash.” Macy snarls at me and it takes everything I have not to get closer to her face. I'm not trying to be confrontational. Even though it's my nature to fight.

“Trash? You don't know anything about them from what I heard and if I'm not mistaken didn't your brother get picked up a few times for breaking and entering? He still lives here too right?” I watch in amusement as Macy's face flushes a bright red color.

It's the exact reaction I was hoping for. So many people are ready to blame things on people simply because they don't understand or know others. I can't say for sure the bikers aren't the cause of all the bad that's been happening lately but I can say they at least deserve a chance to prove they can be civilized people.

My mind instantly goes back to Wrecker. When I picked him up and brought him back to my farm there was something that made me give him a chance, something that caused me to believe that maybe I didn't need to be so suspicious of him but the minute I got him back I tied him up like an animal. Exactly like he said. How does that make me any better than Macy and her prejudiced friend?

With a deep sense of guilt, I turn and rush to the check out line with my bag of feed. I pay for it, ignoring Macy as I hightail it out of the small store. I don't give a damn what she may think

about me. All I care about right now is not living up to the small towns mindset. If he's guilty of being an asshole I'll find out on my own.

Wrecker

SWEAT POURS DOWN THE SIDE OF MY FACE AS I TRY AND FAIL to get out of the ropes this woman tied me up with. I don't know what kind of magic ropes they are but I've never seen ropes this strong.

“Ah!” I give another yank but stop when I feel the warm blood dripping down my arms. I'm going to do more damage than good.

Taking in deep breaths I do my best to think about anything besides being tied up. It's not the fact that the ropes hurt, it's the fact that I'm stuck here. After being in and out of jails all of my life, now that I'm free I can't stand the feeling of being stuck anywhere. I need to be free. Need to be able to move no matter how minimally.

I think to call out for the woman again but she hasn't answered in a while which leads me to believe that she's left.

How long will she be gone?

What if she doesn't come back? Who will find me?

The panic starts to overwhelm me. I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to quell the anxiety building up in my gut. I need to move.

My breaths get louder and louder in my ears and I can't focus on anything else besides the fact that it feels like something is sitting on my chest.

Every breath is a chore. Even with my eyes closed I can feel the world spin violently. The sweat is drenching my shirt and hair now.

I need to fucking move.

“Hey... are you okay?”

My eyes pop open and my stomach riots at the sudden change, like a car dropping down a steep hill.

“No, let me out.” I intended the words to come out strong but they come out a little more than a whisper.

I didn't even hear her come in. No car, nothing. I'm so out of it someone could come up behind me right now and slit my throat and I wouldn't notice until it was too late.

“Jesus christ, you're sweating like crazy.” The woman leans down and puts a hand to my forehead. I shiver at her touch. “You're not feverish.”

“I just need you to let me fucking go!” I snarl at her and jerk my hands in her direction.

She doesn't even flinch, her eyes go to the binds on my wrist. Her eyebrows kiss in the middle as she examines my wrist. They must look worse than I thought, I can't get a good look at them.

The woman stands and places her hands on her hips, one hand sliding down to the six shooter that's still strapped there. “There's nothing on this farm that's worth stealing.”

“What the hell are you talking about woman? You brought me here. I didn't sneak on your land or anything like that. You're the one hold me captive.” I argue outraged. So much for her doing a good deed. What's the point of saving my life only to kidnap me?

“I'm not holding you captive just for shits and giggles, Wrecker, I'm trying to protect myself. But I realize that I'm lumping you up with the unsavory types, I'm being prejudiced even though I can't stand people like that.” She sighs and walks back and forth in front of me. Clearly she's torn about whatever is going on in her mind.

“What are the unsavory types?” I ask tilting my head.

“The ones that look like you, prison tattoos, thieves, killers.” Her voice drops on the last word.

“Yeah, I've been to prison, many times. I've stolen. I've even killed before. I've never attacked anyone. My club and I live by the golden rule.”

The woman squints for a second before she asks the obvious question, “Which golden rule is that?”

“Don’t start no shit, won’t be no shit. If we don’t have no reason to mess with you, we’re not going to mess with you. Right now I have a reason, you have my tied up against my will. Let me loose and we’re square.” I look up into her eyes and wait for her to make a decision.

“You couldn’t make it back to your camp right now if you tried.” She shakes her head and puts her hands back on her hips.

“I’ll call my club, they’ll come over here and get me.”

She scoffs at my offer, “I’m having a hard time letting just you know where I lay my head. You think I want your entire club knowing where I am?”

“Fine what’s your suggestion?”

“Tomorrow, I’ll take you back myself.”

I shake my head, dreading the fact that she’s going to leave me tied up for another night. “No. Not going to happen. You can’t leave me tied up like this.”

“I’m going to let you out.” She sighs once before taking a step in my direction, “Just remember you’re still recovering from your snake bite, you’re going to be weak. If I feel threatened in anyway I won’t hesitate to take you down. Don’t try me.” Her threat makes me smile. The hard set of her beautiful face along with the no nonsense tone of her voice does nothing but turn me on.

“What’s your name beautiful?”

She blinks at me confused, “Cassidy.”

“Well, Cassidy, I’ll try anything you allow but you don’t have to worry about me hurting you, unless you want that too?” I issue a quick wink and she rolls her eyes at me in return.

“Ugh, typical.” Cassidy walks over behind the post where I’m tied up and I feel her bend down toward her boat. The sound of metal against letter catches my attention and when I look

behind myself I see her pulling a long knife out of her boot. She shows me the sharp blade, another attempt to scare me.

Then a second later she presses the blade to the rope, it cuts through like butter.

“Ah, fuck.” I groan and pain shoots through my body as my arms drop down to the ground.

“Move them around so you can get the feeling back.” She says softly, a twinge of guilt on her face.

The pain recedes quickly and the relief takes its place. I can move. I’m free.

“My legs, please. Cut me loose.” I struggle, grabbing at the rope before she has a chance to cut it.

“Easy, easy. I’m going to...hey, easy.” She grabs hold of my hand and keeps me steady.

I move my hands away and take a deep breath.

“If I’d have known you had panic attacks I wouldn’t have ever done this.” She whispers and goes about cutting the ties off my legs.

“It’s not like you really asked my opinion on the matter.” I say through gritted teeth.

“I’m sorry.”

My eyes pop up to hers. She means it.

I release a breath. I know what it’s like to be on my own and see everyone and everything as a threat. Before I met Lex and the rest of the guys at the Wings of Diablo MC I was used to handling things for myself. That included figuring out if someone was a threat.

She’s out here on this farm alone with a big scary looking biker, if I was her I’d have tied me up too. Hell I’d have left me right there on that field to die.

“It’s okay, think nothing of it. You saved my life after all.” I shrug before I stretch my arms over my head.

After I get the feeling back in my legs I try to stand but I quickly realize that it's a big mistake. My knees wobble and even just putting a little bit of pressure on my leg is enough to have me cringing in agonizing pain.

"Yeah, there's no way you're going to make it home tonight." Cassidy rushes to my side and lets me put some weight on her shoulder.

"That's okay, sweetheart, I don't mind spending a quiet night alone with you. I'm sure you'll make it worth my while." I smirk at her again and am given another eye roll. Getting her is going to be so much harder than I'm used to but I'm up for the challenge.

Cassidy

TALK ABOUT A GUILT TRIP.

When I came back home from the feed store I figured that I'd just have to tell him what's what and explain to him why I had to tie him up in the first place. I didn't think that I'd walk in on him having what looked like a full blown panic attack.

Seeing him in such a vulnerable state really humbled me.

He's got his own fears the same as I. I wonder if his fears are a direct result of trauma the same as mine.

I grunt under his weight as I help him into the main house. It's not a luxurious hotel but it's better than the barn.

By the time we make it to the main house I'm sweating just as much as he is. I can't wait until I get into the shower and wash off today's stink.

With another grunt, I drop Wrecker down on the couch. "Don't touch anything." I mutter aggressively

He puts his hands up and my eyes are drawn to the red abrasions on his wrist. "Not like I could run off with anything if I tried." He jokes.

"Whatever, just be still. I'll get some ointment for your wrists."

"They're fine. I've had worse." He tries to brush me off.

"I'm sure you have but right now your body is still trying to recoup from the snake bite. Stop being such a macho man and let me clean your wound."

He stares at me for a moment, a grin pushing up his mouth.

"You don't like me very much do you?"

"I don't know you, and if it makes you feel any better I don't like anyone very much." I answer turning on my heel and walking to the bathroom to get the supplies I need to patch him up.

As I get into the bathroom, I lean against the sink and nearly slip forward. My palms are sweaty. Looking up into the mirror above the sink I realize that my cheeks have a pink tint to them.

Why the hell am I blushing?

So nervous?

I'm not used to having a man in my space. In fact, I can't remember the last time I had a man in my home that wasn't a vet or someone from the collection facility about some of the animals. It also can be because I know this man is dangerous, still I hate that I feel this way.

Wiping my hands down the front of my jeans I walk back out to the front room to see Wrecker leaned forward, his elbows on his knees and his head down. As I take another step toward him his head slowly raises up and I'm caught in his dark gaze. It's dangerous and calculating. Every one of my red flags pop up and at the same time I have to clench my thighs together the best I can to keep my core from contracting.

He's a sexy man. Now that he doesn't look so close to death's door, I can see the strength in him. It's a bad idea.

I shake off the fleeting desire and walk over to him. He doesn't say a word as I take his arm and begin to dress the wounds on his wrists. I'd only left him for a few hours, how did he manage to do this.

"What were you planning on doing if you got out? What was worth mutilating yourself like this?"

"You need to have a little faith, beautiful. I wasn't going to do anything." He looks away from me, "I just wanted to get out."

My eyes dart up to his face for a second, "You mean it. You just have a problem being locked up?"

"Wouldn't you? If you spent most of your life locked up in a cage. I doubt you'd ever want to be locked up again." He scoffs at me.

"No, but then again, I've never done anything that would land me in jail to have something like that happen to me." It's not

my fault the man's a miscreant.

"True, so what could I have done to be locked in a boiler room at five years old. Maybe I didn't eat all my peas?" He snarls at me before blinking a few times and pulling his arms away.

"What? That happened? Who did that to you? Your parents?" My eyes search his face but all I see is the wall he's just put up.

"I don't know why I said that. I don't want to talk about it."

"But, Wrecker..."

"I said I don't want to talk about it." He barks at me and I jerk backward ready for whatever he's going to do. Ready to fight if I have to.

He chuckles humorlessly, "You're over here so ready to talk about my issues when it looks like you've got a few yourself? Someone lay a hand on you beautiful?"

I purse my lips for a second and straighten my shoulders, "Like I told you I've trusted the wrong people before."

He nods his head and slowly puts his arm back out for me to take, "If you give me a name I'll make sure they regret ever hurting you."

"Of course you will. The big bad biker always wants to rescue the damsel in distress. I wonder why."

"There's no need to wonder Cassidy. You know exactly why and better yet I'm pretty sure you want it." He leans forward like he's going to kiss me and I jerk back in disgust.

"Ugh, are you always this damn arrogant. You can't just get into every woman's pants by being a goddamn caveman."

"No," He leans further in and instead of moving backward I stay frozen. "But I can get into yours."

"You fucking savage."

He licks his lips, "Why do you think they call me Wrecker?"

That's not who he is. I may not know all of his secrets but I know this man isn't just someone who wrecks things. "What's

your real name, Wrecker?”

He blinks, caught off guard, “What?”

“You’re name? I don’t think your birth certificate says Wrecker.”

“No, It’s... Wren. My name is Wren.”

“Wren.” I smile and look away. Of course his name would be Wren.

“I’ve never liked the name but I’d love to hear you moan it in my ear.” His smirk widens.

He’s such an asshole. A handsome, fit, drool worthy asshole.

I’m going to give in. I can feel my resolve dissolving to dust every second he’s near me.

Wren leans forward even more.

I lick my lips in anticipation.

The air burns with the thick tension. I lean forward...

A loud knock shakes me out of the daze. “What the hell?”

I’ve spent years on this farm and I can count the amount of visitors I’ve had on one hand. I stand up, leaving Wren there on the couch while I walk over to the door.

I can’t stop the annoyed groan that bubbles out of my throat when I open the door and see Deputy Nathan on my front step.

If I thought having Wren in my space was distasteful, having Nathan standing here is like forcing down maggot riddled steak.

“My girl, how’ve you been?”

I grimace at the pet name, “I’m not your girl. What do you want?”

“Just here to check on you. I heard some unsettling news from a few folks in town.” He shrugs and takes a step in, even though no invitation was given.

“Unsettling news?” I think back on the day. With a shake of my head I know exactly what he’s talking about. Macy. “Is it a

crime now not to be prejudiced?”

“No, but I know how sometimes your sweet nature makes you want to find the best in the wrong people.” He gives me a patronizing smile and all I want is to smack it right off.

The town is small, everyone knows about my mistake and they don’t waste any time rubbing it in.

“I don’t find the best in anyone, you should know that.” I smile back at him, happy to see his phony smile drop from his face.

“You need to give me another chance, Cassidy. I can be everything you need.” He gets closer to me and I put my hand up to push him back.

“I don’t need to do anything, but you need to back up off me.”

“Don’t be like that, Cass, we could be so good together.” A cold sweat pops up on my skin and I feel my muscles bunch up as he pushes back into my space.

“Nathan, back up!” My words shake on the way out of my mouth.

“Cassidy-”

“I think the woman said back the fuck up.” Wren says from behind me. I hear his slow meaningful steps coming in my direction and that cold sweat turns heated. “If you know what’s good for you, I’d suggest you get on your way.”

Nathan looks over my shoulder and his eyes go wide for a moment as he takes in Wren’s large stature.

“So this is why you were so gung ho about not passing judgement on our unwanted guests? You’ve been harboring one of these assholes.” Nathan pulls his shoulders back, puffing up his chest.

“Harboring? What are you talking about?” Wren asks.

“It’s your kind that have been going through our town, stealing and burning shit down.” Nathan accuses him.

“You got any proof of that?” Wren’s voice is low. Dangerous. It tickles something inside of me. Something that hasn’t been

tickled in a long while.

“I’m going to get some.” Nathan stares back at him.

I look between both men and realize exactly what’s going on here. They’re having a fucking pissing match.

And I’m standing in the splash zone.

Wrecker

IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF DOING SOME shit that I haven't done. People take one look at me and automatically assume that I'm the one making their lives hell.

Usually it wouldn't bother me but now this stuck up prick is accusing my club of doing something that I know they haven't.

At least I hope they haven't.

My mind races with the options. I believe that the Wings of Diablo chapters wouldn't try and mess with the rest of the town but we've got other people with us.

The Spawns of Chaos, Royal Bastards, the Purged... what if someone from those clubs are making us look bad. It's messed up enough that we're all stuck together on one big farm but now if one of those clubs starts terrorizing the town there's no way the locals are going to allow us to stay.

So far this man has yet to prove to me that it us doing this shit, all he has is his accusations. I don't like to be accused of shit I didn't do.

"Until you get some I suggest you leave both my club and Cassidy alone. Neither of us want anything to do with you." I look down at Cassidy, she standing right next me, her arms crossed over her chest and a pissed off look on her face. I'm sure she's not happy about the fact that I had to step in on her behalf.

"Fine, I'll leave but the minute that I find one of your people doing something they shouldn't I'll make sure you all go down." Nathan glares at me for a second before he looks down at Cassidy, "I hope you know better than to go down with them. You've already made that mistake once."

I don't know what he's talking about but I can see the way Cassidy's eyes water up. Whatever he said rattles her.

“Get the hell out, now!” I growl at him. No one should be making this beautiful woman cry, no matter what mistakes she’s made in the past.

The deputy tips his head at Cassidy once before he looks at me again. Glaring, trying to intimidate me. Far worse have tried and failed.

I step in front of Cassidy and slam the door shut once the deputy has made his way out of the doorway.

“Are you okay?”

“What part of I don’t need you to save me do you not understand. I was handling him just fine on my own.” Cassidy screams up in my face.

“From where I was sitting it didn’t look like he was responding well to the way you were handling him. He needed a firmer touch.” I take a step back not wanting to get too close to the angry little minx standing in front of me. She’s spitting fireballs right now and I don’t want to get singed.

“I don’t care if you didn’t think he was responding well. I can protect myself. When you’re off on your bike far away from here I’m still going to be the one that has to deal with him on my own. You’re not helping me Wren. So please, just mind your damn business.” She stares me down for a second before she storms off to the other side of the main house. I hear a door slam shut followed by the sound of a lock turning.

I guess that’s the last of that conversation.

ALL NIGHT I tossed and turned on the too small couch while Cassidy never once came back out to talk to me. That bothered me the most. The fact that I’d participated in an activity that made her upset. And I never got the chance to apologize.

At some point in the middle of the night while I’d fallen asleep she must have come out because there are three separate pills on the table and a bottle of water along with a note explaining to me that they are pain pills and antibiotics for the snake bite.

Pulling up my pant leg I see the two small puncture wounds. The skin around the bite is black and blue and a little swollen

but it's nothing like it was a two days ago. The medicine she gave me really saved my life.

Standing up I wobble slightly. My legs still are struggling to hold me up. I don't know how I'm going to be able to ride.

Ride.

“Shit!” I hobble over to the back where I saw Cassidy storm toward yesterday. It's been two days since I've been here and have yet to reach out to anyone back at the club. It's quite possible that the guys have been going out of their mind trying to find me. Are they really behind the mischief that has been going on? Either way I've got to call them and let them know that I'm okay. No need to get everyone worried about me when there's absolutely nothing wrong.

I knock on one of the doors hard not sure which room Cassidy is in. “Cassidy, I need your phone.” There's no answer, in fact I don't even hear anyone moving inside the room. I knock again harder, when there's still no answer I reach for the knob and open the door, surprised that it's not still locked. I know she's really particular about her privacy so I only inch the door open a bit. “Cassidy, I'm not trying to peep on you or anything like that. I just need to use your phone.”

Finally, after waiting another few seconds I open the door more and peek in. The room smells of her and my cock gets hard. Now that the venom is out of my system, my body is working how it should. She's a hard nut to crack but I know sooner or later I'm going to get her to open up to me. Patience has never been my strong suit but I'm willing to try.

Her bed is already made up. In fact it looks like she hasn't been here in a while. My eyes drift over to the clock by the side of the bed. It's only six in the morning. Where could she be?

The sound of a goat belting catches my attention. Looking outside the window I see Cassidy is already out there tending to her animals. I should've known she's not the kind of woman to sleep in.

I quickly leave her room and walk as fast as I can to the back of the house and out into the farm.

The second I step out into the cool morning air, I'm stunned by the beauty. Since the club has relocated here I spent most of my morning sleeping or training with the rest of the boys. I never once stopped to look at how beautiful everything was around here.

"What are you doing up?" Cassidy asks as she escorts one of her goats back into its pen.

"I need to use your phone."

She stares at me for a few moments before she shakes her head no. "I'll take you back soon enough. I don't want them to know where I am." She says and tries to walk by me.

"Listen, I get it. You don't trust me. You don't trust them. But if I don't let someone know that I'm okay, now, then your cop friend is going to be right. My club is going to start getting antsy. I don't need them terrorizing this town if they don't need to. All I'm going to tell them is I'm okay and I'll be home soon. I won't say a word about where I am okay."

She stares at me for a second and I see the second she gives in, "Fine but I swear to God if you try anything a snake bite is going to be the least of your worries." She squints her eyes for a second before she reaches in her back pocket and pulls out a small cell phone.

I put out my hand and she drops the device in my palm as if she's scared to touch me. That can't be the case, she was touching me just fine yesterday. I don't know what's changed but I know that I'm affecting her. If it's a good or bad way I'm not sure.

With no time to think about that I enter in Lex's number. His is the only one I know by heart.

"Yeah." He answers on the third ring. I can barely hear anything that he's saying, instead all I hear is the rumble of motorcycles in the background. They must be on a ride. Probably looking for me.

"Lex, it's Wrecker." I say.

A loud screeching sound, tires against the pavement lets me know that he's stopped.

"Hello!" He says again.

"Yeah, man it's me."

"Oh shit, what the fuck. Hold on." Lex barks into the phone before he starts shouting for whoever else he's with to stop.

"Wrecker. What the hell man. Where are you? Jameson is pissed. Not to mention Wire has everyone out about to start going crazy on the town."

I take in a deep breath, that's exactly what we don't need right now. "Look, you need to tell everyone to stand down. Where's-" My words are cut off as I hear Jameson cursing up a storm in the background. Lex must have told them that I was on the phone.

"Give me the fucking phone! Now!"

There's some ruffling and then I can hear Jameson's rapid breathing on the phone. "You better have a damn good reason why I don't shove my foot up your ass for fucking disappearing."

I chuckle and turn my attention to Cassidy who is gnawing at her lip while she watches me on the phone, I'm not going to snitch on her. No one needs to know that she's been basically holding me captive.

"A good reason? How about I was dying?" I answer my president.

"Dying. Where are you? Did you get out?"

"It's not like that, no one took me. I got bit by a fucking rattlesnake. I was out of it while I got the anti-venom. I'm good now."

"A rattlesnake?"

Booming laughter comes through on the other side and I realize it's Pirate. I must be on speakerphone.

"Only fucking you would get bit by a damn snake." Lex says outloud.

“Fuck that, where is he now?” Bones says.

Everyone is out looking for me. Talk about making me feel wanted.

“I’m with a friend. I’m safe, I’ll be at the clubhouse later today.” My eyes dart back to Cassidy who nods her head yes.

“Why can’t we come get you now?” Jameson asks.

“Ah... well, I’m with a lovely little lady. A bunch of bikers may just give her a heartattack.” I say trying to make it so they don’t suspect much.

“Scaring the locals already are you?” Jameson chuckles into the phone, “Alright man, whatever makes her comfortable. I’m just fucking glad to hear your voice. You had the lot of us worried. I got to make some calls, let everyone know you’ll be home in a bit.”

“Thanks man.” I pull the phone from my ear and hang up.

Cassidy puts her hand up and I slide the phone into her palm but this time I don’t keep my distance. I grab hold of her hand and pull her closer to me. She puts her free hand up to press against my chest, trying to keep some distance but I don’t want any distance. I want to show her how grateful I am that she was around to help me.

Given the social climate here in this small town, I pretty sure if it were anyone else that found me in the middle of the field with a snake bite they’d have left me there to die. She put herself at risk for me and she didn’t have to.

“What are you doing?” She asks after I’ve held her for a few minutes.

“Saying thank you.” I whisper gruffly before I dip my face toward hers and finish what we started yesterday before that asshole deputy showed up at her place.

She squeals the instant my lips press against hers. Her little fist beats against my chest as she tries to pull her face away from mine. She’s used to fighting everyone that gets close to her, at least that’s what I’d bet my money. She can fight me all she wants but I’m not going to stop until she feels something

besides worry and doubt. I want her to feel desired. I want her to feel wanted and not have to worry about having to trust me. I want her to let go.

Three seconds later the pounding on my chest turns into her clawing at my shirt trying to get me closer.

Finally she's letting me in. Just the taste of her is making me want to do more than kiss her. She's not going to let me though and I don't want to add myself to the list of people she regrets letting into her life.

It doesn't take long for me to get riled up, I want this woman in the worst way. My attraction to her is intense but I know I need to take my time. I don't want to scare her off.

Slowly I pull back from her and she stares at me dazed for a few seconds before the fire returns back to her eyes.

It's not the type of fire I expect to see but then again, I guess I should've. She pulls her hand back and smacks me hard. The taste of blood floods my mouth and my face is turned slightly from the force of her blow.

"Look buddy, I'm not sure how they say thank you where you're from but here a thank you doesn't require someone to shove their tongue down my throat. If I want you lips on me, I'll let you know. Until then...hands off." She wags her finger in my face before she turns on her heel and walks away.

She'll let me know?

I toss my head back and let the sun wash over my face. It's going to be so much fun watching Cassidy squirm and drive herself crazy trying to stick to her laurels. By the time I'm done with her, not only will she be telling me exactly where on her body she wants my hands but she'll be begging me never to stop.

Wrecker

TRUE TO HER WORD, BY MIDDAY, CASSIDY HAD GOTTEN ME UP on a horse and taken me back to the clubhouse. It was a winding path with lots of open land and trees. I couldn't find my way back to her if I wanted to. She didn't stay long enough for me to introduce her to anyone in fact she barely stayed long enough for me to say good bye.

Of course that didn't stop anyone from commenting about the fact that I'd just gotten dropped off by a woman on a horse.

“What the hell is this, you a cowboy now Wrecker?” Shyne asks laughing as I walked into the main building.

“Fuck off.” I flip him the bird just for added effect.

“Tell me the truth did she have you wrangling cows and shit? Milking them?” Lex adds in as I walk by them further inside.

“*Eres en la mano de muerto.*” AZ speaks and I stare at him.

“Bro, you know I have no idea what you just said.”

He laughs and then translates, “I said you're in the hand of death. At least that's what it looks like. You sure you wasn't her prisoner? You look like you haven't eaten in days.”

Shit, I thought I was back to normal now. I just realized I haven't really looked at myself in the mirror. I could look like a fucking zombie right now for all I know.

“Yeah man, well you don't look all that great either.” I reply.

“*Mentiroso.* I'm a beautiful man. You know it's true.” AZ runs his hand through his straight and perfectly styled hair.

“Again, fuck off.” I laugh and walk by him. Out of all the different allied clubs the Ponce, PR chapter of the Royal Bastards have got to be one of my favorites. They don't take no mess from no one but they all know how to have a good time. They bring a relaxation to the clubhouse that hasn't been around in a long while.

“You think she'd ever have sex with one of her mustangs.”

The question stops me in my tracks. When I turn to see who asked it I heave out a relieved sigh.

Tex is the only person who would ask something like that and not actually mean anything disrespectful by it.

“What the hell Tex, why the hell would you ask something like that?” I ask shaking my head at him.

A collective groan rumbles through the air.

“Please don’t get him started, I don’t have enough brain power to get through the day without having to hear any of Tex’s fucked up theories.” Spark walks by, a stack of beer in his hand as he makes his way to the area where we set up the bar.

“What do you mean fucked up theories? This isn’t something I made up.” Tex says loudly trying to get his point across.

“Tex,” Shepard walks up behind the behemoth of a man and smacks him hard on the back of his head, “Shut up, read the room.”

Tex rubs the back of his head like a disciplined child before he pouts and turns away.

If the man wasn’t an absolute genius I’d be worried about him. Thankfully though Shepard has a good handle on Tex even though he’s known to talk about some wild shit from time to time. He’s mostly harmless. Mostly.

Jameson, Wire, Clean and Ink come out of church, smiles on their faces when they see me in the clubhouse.

“Fuck man we almost burned the entire fucking town down to find you. You good?” Jameson rushes over to where I am and pulls me into a quick hug.

Surprising.

He’s not really into showing his affection. To anyone but his woman.

“Yeah man, I’ll live.” I take a step back.

“Great to hear. Well, now that you’re back we can go back to normal.” He slaps me on the back before turning to walk away.

Back to normal. That reminds me of what that Deputy was talking to Cassidy about. “About that, what has the club been up to?”

“What are you talking about? We’ve been out looking for you. With all the shit going on with Rupert, the last thing we wanted was someone going missing.” He crosses his arms over his chest.

“So... I mean you guys haven’t been... I don’t know... burning houses down?”

His eyebrows cinch in the middle, “Why the hell would we do that?”

“Bro, I don’t know but the townfolks got it in their head that we’re causing havoc. Had a deputy show up and everything.”

The minute the words are out of my mouth I know it’s not what my president wants to hear. We’re here to lay low. The last thing that we need is to have heat coming down on us.

“Get your ass in church, you need to tell us exactly what the hell happened while you were on your deathbed.

I WAS RIGHT.

No one in the club knew what was going on in the town and Wire is convinced that we need to get ahead of it. He’s already setting up patrols and everyone is going to be doing what they can in order to make sure that people know it’s not them.

That’s going to be easier said than done though.

Too many personalities. Too many clubs.

In order for it to work everyone needs to be on the same page and there are people here that aren’t used to taking orders from anyone besides their president.

Like the Purged.

It may not be what anyone is talking about but I know for sure a lot of us don’t think that the Purged should be here with us.

They’ve wronged too many people. They’re too unhinged. Then again there was a time when we felt the same about the Spawns. They’ve managed to get back on our good side.

“Wrecker, you back to 100 percent?” Jameson asks as he walks by me and towards the door.

“A good 90, why, what’s up?” I follow behind him. My leg is still aching, but it’s not something that’s going to keep me from doing my duties. There’s only one major rule for all the clubs here in this large compound... If you can’t ride, you can’t wear the patch. I’ll find a way to get my ass on my bike if they need me to come in.

“We’re going to head into town to see if we can get a bead on what’s going on with the people over there. Hopefully, no one will try to send us to jail yet.”

“That’s easy for you to say,” Lex mumbles from behind as he makes his way out the door. Lex is the one who introduced me to the club in the first place. I met him in jail when he was sent there for protecting an underage girl who was about to be molested by some sleaze-bag. He’s a good guy, but I know for certain that he’s not going to want to go back to jail for any reason.

I’m in the same boat. I’d rather die than get locked up again. I’m not built for that life anymore. This is the longest I’ve been out in my life, and I intend to stay that way.

“I’m down for the ride.” I nod and follow Jameson out of the door.

There’s a bit of hesitation on my part when I walk up to my bike. I don’t know what I’m going to do if this snake bite really is enough to take me out of the game, but the best thing that I can do right now is make sure I at least give it my all.

After all, Ryder was supposed to never be able to ride again, and he managed to pull himself together and get back on his bike.

He went from being a paraplegic right back to riding like a demon from hell. He’s an inspiration to us all.

I kick-start my bike and feel the rumble of the machine vibrating through my legs. The pain is sharp and unique, but quickly dulls down.

It's going to ache like hell when I get out on the road, but I'm hoping that I won't be thinking about that too much once I get to riding.

"You sure you're good?" Jameson yells over the roar of bikes coming to life around us.

"It feels strange, but I've got control of it. Don't worry about me. I'll peel off if I can't handle it." I nod my head again, and Jameson stares me down for a second before he turns and gets himself ready for what he needs to do.

As my president, it's his job to make sure that I'm solid enough to ride behind him, and as a member of the club, it's my job to make sure that I'm not a fucking liability.

Slowly, we pull out of the large compound and make our way to the small town. Our orders are simple: ride around and check for any damages. Once there, see if we can find any clues. We're going to play detective without pissing too many people off. At least that's the plan.

I stay with Joker and Gator as we make our way to the south side. There's one house there; an entire half of it is burned to a crisp, and we see people around trying to dig out belongings.

"You've got any idea how we're supposed to approach something like this?" Gator says through the in-ear speaker. I shake my head no, but of course Joker has an answer. Joker has an answer for everything.

"We could offer our services. For a price, I'm thinking the second I take my shirt off, no one will be thinking about what their house looks like."

I huff out an annoyed breath. "Joker, this isn't a game. You're not going to be able to get through to these people by being an asshole. No one here cares how good you look. They just lost their home. "

"Are you kidding me? Everyone cares about how good I look," he says, pretending to flip his hair even though he's got a helmet on.

"Who the hell decided that he was going to ride with us?" Gator growls.

“You, if I’m not mistaken. Something about him being the only one who can really talk to people without making them want to shit their pants. I said we should leave him at home.” I shrug.

The three of us pull to a stop about half a block away from where the people are working on the house.

All eyes are on us the second we get off our bikes. An older man stands in front of three younger women. I’m guessing they are his daughters.

“What do you want? We don’t want any trouble here,” the older man says out loud.

“Don’t want any trouble either, sir.” Joker replies, I’m shocked that he actually has respect in his tone.

“Your kind always wants trouble. What are you doing here? Haven’t you done enough damage?”

“I don’t think we have? Actually, we’re just here to find out if we can help in any way. Maybe talk to you a bit about who might have done this?”

The older gentleman laughs and shoos his daughters toward the house. “Find out who did this. Don’t play me for stupid, young man. Everyone knows it was your crew of people who did this. Seems like none of you guys like to hear the word no.”

Gator and I turn to look at each other for a moment. I have no idea what this man is talking about, but he’s clearly being targeted by someone.

“Why do you think it’s someone from our crew? Did they have vests on like us? Driving motorcycles? Did they give you a name?” I ask.

“No, I didn’t get far enough to ask for a name. They told me they wanted to buy our property. When I turned them down, they left. It was all very quick, but then that very same night, my home, the same one that’s survived hurricanes, droughts, and a fucking depression, was burning down around me. It doesn’t take a fool to see what’s going on here. You want what

I have, and since I won't give in, you decided to burn it to the ground."

Finally, I've heard enough; someone is trying to force these people out of here, but it's none of us.

"Sir, we don't have anyone in our crew that would do this sort of thing. In fact, most of us aren't looking to stay here for the long term. I heard that the deputy thinks it's our club that's responsible for all this mayhem, but it's not us. We're just trying to get to the bottom of things before it gets out of hand. We're here to help."

A soft giggle catches my attention, and I dart my eyes to the side of the house where two of the girls are looking out the window. Straight at Joker who just happens to be lifting his shirt to dry off his already dry face. Showing off his abs.

"Stop the shit." I mutter under my breath at him.

"Hey, don't blame me for being right. I can diffuse this entire situation with just the shirt off my back. Literally. Give me a few minutes alone with them."

"Don't make me have to fuck you up, Joker." Gator growls this time.

"Fine, have it your way. A bunch of sticks in the mud." Joker pouts.

"Here to help? We don't need any outsider's help," the old man says, bringing the conversation back to him.

"Alright, if you say so. I'm just thinking that if you have outsiders trying to move in on your territory, maybe you can use some other outsiders to make sure that they stay in line." Gator taps the both of us on the shoulder and hooks a finger to the bikes. We don't want to upset the old man more than he is.

I turn, following orders, but there's something about the situation that makes me want to ask one more question.

Turning on my heel, I look at the old man. "When you spoke with these men, the ones that wanted to buy your land, what did they sound like? Did they sound as if they were Americans?"

The old man's eyebrows push in, and he looks down for a second as if he were truly thinking about it.

“Actually, no, the one I spoke to had an accent. And the other one spoke in a thick French accent. The main guy had to translate for me. They were dressed nicely too, like they were coming from the bank or something. Pissed me off something serious because my land is bought and paid for. All my taxes are up-to-date. There's no reason for them to be anywhere near me.”

A clue if I ever heard one.

These people who are terrorizing the town aren't from here. They're from overseas, like Rupert Giles and the rest of his cronies.

“You can't possibly think he would've sent someone over here just to fuck with us.” Joker whispers, thinking the same thing I am. All traces of joking and playing around are gone.

“That's exactly what I think.” Gator squeezes his eyes shut, and I can almost feel the tension radiating off his body.

We came to Oklahoma to get some distance, to prepare for the war that was to come. We didn't expect the war to follow us.

Wrecker

THINGS CAN'T GET ANY FUCKING WORSE.

That's what we all thought until the scouting crews came back, and every last one of them who managed to talk to any of the people affected in the town came back with similar responses.

Some people from out of town are going around trying to get the locals to get rid of their land. Trying to move in on the territory. There's no way that it's not Rupert.

Clay thinks this is a way for him to keep tabs on us and maybe take us all out in one shot. The idea that we were stronger together actually turned out to make us easier to be picked off.

The presidents have all been in church trying to figure out what the next plan of action is, while the rest of the guys are spending time with their families. The ones that have ol' ladies have hidden away in their rooms just in case shit goes bad. Getting all the last-minute loving they can get. I don't blame them.

Instead of focusing on the battle that we're all sure is about to come any minute, I'm focused on the fact that I have no idea where I'd find Cassidy if I needed to.

What happens if one of these fuckers decides to roll up on her property and force her to get out, or worse, what if one of them hurts her? I can't have that. She's stubborn enough to fight back, but this isn't a fight I can let her take on by herself.

I need to find a way to figure out where she is.

"Joker, if Jameson asks where I am tell him I went to check on someone." I push myself off the stool near the bar area, and he looks at me like I've just grown a second head.

"Where you headed?" He asks.

"Just to check something out." I don't want to give him any other information.

"Yeah, but where?"

“Why you want to know?” I squint my eyes at him.

“I’m thinking you might want to go back to the old man’s house. You told us you don’t know where your cowgirl lives; the old man will know.”

Ah, that’s why.

I smirk at my patch brother. I know why he wants to go back to the old man’s house, and it’s got nothing to do with the old man. It’s got to do with the three daughters the old man is hiding in his house.

“You’ve got to start thinking with something other than your dick.” I make fun of him.

“Why is that? My dick has the most fun out of anyone in this club. There’s at least one country girl in that house who wants to have just as much fun as I do. I could get more information, and I’m sure one of them has a lot on their brain. “

“Brain, huh? I’m sure you want to do other things with their heads besides find out what’s on them.” I shake my head.

It’s a stupid idea for him to get involved with one of them, but in the same light, he’s right. The old man says he’s been here for years. If I can get him to trust me a little bit, maybe he’ll tell me where Cassidy is staying. It’ll help if Joker can charm the girls into providing him more information as well.

“Fine, but I swear to God if that man chases you down the block with his shotgun, I’m not going to help you. You’re just going to be missing some body parts.”

Joker laughs and hops off his seat, ready to get his prize, while I go to find out where mine lives.

IT DOESN’T TAKE MUCH for me to get the information out of the old man. I told him about the snake bite, showed him my wound, and Joker went to town, charming the women in the house. I’m happy to see that all the girls are above the age of twenty-one at least I don’t have to worry about the old man thinking we’re corrupting his little girls.

Those women know exactly what they’re doing talking to Joker.

It pisses me off that Joker was right about them not really giving a damn about their house. The second Joker got his hooks into them, they were all giggles and blush.

I don't know what it is about Joker but the ladies really can't resist him. I wonder what he's going to do when he finds one that does.

His pretty little head might just explode.

Ten minutes after the old man, Jeb, tells me where I can find Cassidy's farm, I'm already pulling up to the dirt road that leads there. I didn't want Joker to come along with me, especially since she was so adamant about no one knowing where she lived. I left that part out of my story to the old man.

The second my tires touch the dirt road that leads to her house, the anger pulses to life inside of me.

She's not alone. Two Range Rovers are parked on her property, and I see a group of five men surrounding her. If it weren't for the seriously pissed-off look on her face, I'd be worried that maybe she was entertaining one of them. She's not they're not there with an invitation.

I park my bike behind the barn, out of sight, and walk the back way to the front of her house. So far, the five of them are all focused on whatever they are talking to her about. They don't hear me coming up.

Cassidy's voice is agitated, but I can only get the tone and not much of what she's saying.

I stand to the edge of her house, wanting to get as much information as I can before I make my presence known.

"I already told you , there's nothing that you can offer me that's going to make me want to give up my land. It's been in my family for all of my life, and I'm not going to sell." Cassidy hisses at the one man who is standing in front of her.

"Ma'am, I wouldn't get so agitated if I were you. Circumstances have a way of changing overnight. We could be good friends to you." His voice is slow, and there's a slight accent to it, but I can't place it.

Someone else talks, but they're speaking French.

"Don't worry about it, Gustav, I'm sure the little lady didn't mean to offend any of us here." The main guy looks back at Cassidy, "Tell me, how do you make sure that all the animals are taken care of? I mean, for such a large piece of property, it's got to be impossible to make sure that all the animals are safe. What would happen if, let's say, a fire were to break out? You need more help here."

"I don't need anything you're offering me, and if you think threatening me is going to get you what you want, then you're out of your mind." Cassidy takes a step forward, and the rest of the men close in on her.

"She's a feisty one. I think we should leave her property alone; she's got something more interesting to offer us." The man speaking crudely drops his hand down to his dick.

I've seen enough.

"You fucking creep, get the hell off my property right now before I call the cops." Cassidy threatens.

"The cops—it'll take them a long time to get here." The man threatening her says.

"But it'll take me three seconds to drive my knife into your skull." I say from where I'm standing by her house. I take big, purposeful steps in her direction before I pull her behind me and stare the guys in front of me down.

"Oh boys, would you look at that? We've got a WOD boy in attendance. Where you been, Wrecker?" The main guy speaks, and I stare him down, not wanting him to know that him knowing who I am is a surprise to me.

"Who the hell are you?" My eyes settled right on the leader. He's the only one I care about right now. The rest of them will take their cues from him. If I kill that one, I'm sure the rest will run off.

That's usually what happens when you hire only the spineless.

"You don't know me; Clay does, though. Tell him Kohen says hello, and it's been good to see him again. I thought I lost him

when he and his little woman left his farm back in Louisiana. I'm glad he's okay. Make sure to ask him if he's completed his job." The man turns.

"Fuck that, Clay doesn't have anything to do with you or Rupert."

"Mr. Giles seems to think so. He's very appreciative of all of you for grouping in one place for him, makes picking you off easy. If I were you, I'd tell all these lovely townsfolk that if they don't give us what we want, not only will we make their lives a living hell, but we'll make it, so they're never able to rebuild again. Or, better yet, you could just give us the people we want. Hand over our property, and we'll leave all these lovely Oklahoma natives alone. What do you say to that, Wrecker? We got a deal?"

I shake my head, "People are not your property. These people have been through much worse than you and your bullies. If you think that you're going to be able to intimidate not only them but all of our clubs, you've got another thing coming. We're not giving you anything. Tell Rupert he's already lost and just doesn't realize it."

The man laughs once and then signals with his hands for the rest of his group to get back in the cars, "We'll be seeing you, Wrecker, you and your entire club. Cassidy, we'll be seeing you too, sooner than you think. Stay safe."

It's a threat if I ever heard one.

I stand stock still while the cars pull off, a cloud of dust and smoke in the air as they drive away.

Slowly, I turn to look at Cassidy. She's spitting mad.

I'm not going to lie; seeing that fire in her eyes turns me on. If this were any other woman, I'd have already tossed her over my shoulder and taken her to the room, but I remember what she told me last time. I'm not allowed to touch her until she gives me permission. Staying hands-off is going to be the biggest challenge for me.

"You know those men?" Cassidy asks, her voice deadly low.

“I know of one of them; I didn’t get a chance to meet him. He’s not a good guy.”

“Oh, and you are?”

“No, not necessarily. I’m bad for a reason. These assholes just want to take what’s not theirs and destroy anything that gets in their way.”

She looks away from me toward the large expanse that is her farm.

“It’s really not your club that’s terrorizing the town, is it?”

“No, Cassidy. Like I told you before, we may all look like troublemakers, but all we want is peace to live our lives.”

She laughs, but there’s a pain laced through the sound, “Peace? I had that once. Then I made the mistake of saving a man dying in a field. I’m starting to think I should’ve let the rattlesnakes have you.”

Cassidy

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, WREN?” I STORM IN MY HOUSE with him close behind me. I can’t say I’m not happy he decided to show up when he did, but I made it clear to him that I didn’t want him to ever come back.

“I’m here to help you.” He replies dryly.

“Help me? With what? I told you that I didn’t need any of your help.” I turn to look at him.

It’s only been a day since I had him in my space, and I’m already having a hard time adjusting without him here. I don’t want to feel like this. I’m used to being alone, and that’s what I want to get back to.

“You say that, but I think you don’t actually know what you need. Were you going to take on the five of them by yourself?”

“Take them on? What makes you think they were going to do anything that was going to make me have to take them on?” I raise an eyebrow at him. He’s not about to make me out to be some sort of victim.

“Cassidy, you’ve been sheltered, I’m assuming, your entire life. You don’t know the kind of people that I do. Those people. Kohen in particular, will do whatever they want to get you to do what they want. You’re not safe.”

“Let me guess I’m safe with you, though? You’re going to protect me?”

“No, I’m not going to protect you, I’m going to help you. And yes, you’re safe with me.” He runs a hand through his hair, and my eyes focus on the still-healing abrasions on his wrist. “What do I have to do to prove that to you? I’m not like whoever you were dealing with before. For once, stop focusing on what I look like and listen to the fucking words coming out of my mouth. I’m not going to hurt you, I’m on your team.” His eyes are hard as they stare into me.

I want to believe him.

I want to just let go of some of this worry that's been burying me from the minute those Range Rovers pulled up on my property but I've been in this position before.

I trusted Ned, let him lead the way, and it turned out that he was one of the bad guys. And he took me down with him.

"Wren, I really appreciate it. If what you're telling me is the truth, then I truly appreciate everything you've been trying to do for me, but I need to fight my own fights." I soften my voice. So far, he's been real with me, so I can treat him with a little bit of respect.

"This isn't just your fight anymore, Cassidy, didn't you hear what he said? They want my people to leave yours alone. It's my fight too."

"I did hear that. What did he mean by that? What does he want your people for?"

"Slaves, property to sell to the highest bidder." Wren answers right away.

I balk at the idea. "What the hell, how is that possible? You need to go to the police. They can't do things like that."

Wren laughs at me and takes a few steps further into my home." You think the police can do anything to stop this? If I know those guys the way I think I do, they've already got some of the police force in their back pocket. Rupert and the rest of his people don't follow the rules like the rest of us do. They make their own rules and take what they want in the process."

I'm not seeing a lot of ways out of this. I don't see how I can help or stay out of the fire myself. "So what do you expect me to do here? Just sit back and let you take on all of this by yourself?"

"No, I expect you to give me a little bit of trust"

Quickly, I shake my head at that idea, there's no way in hell that I can do that. "Wren, I ..."

"I'm not asking for it all, just the benefit of the doubt that you're on the right side with this one." He looks up at me, but

my eyes are drawn back to his wrists. I did that to him, and it's killing me to see the marks on his body. I feel like shit.

"You should be taking better care of those wounds, they're going to get infected if you don't."

"Maybe you want to do that for me? I could use someone who knows how to take care of things like this."

My internal nurse practitioner comes to the forefront of my mind. I have everything I need to take care of him right here in the house, but that would mean that he has to be here longer than I want him to be.

Maybe it won't be so bad. Maybe he won't press his luck, and I can just kick him out the same way I did the last time. He wasn't supposed to find his way back the last time, either.

"How did you get back here anyway? I took you the back way, so you couldn't find me."

"I spoke to Jeb."

"Jedediah Tulley?" I ask completely dumbstruck.

"Yeah, he's got a house on the south end of town, three daughters." Wren nods his head.

"He told you?" That was surprising to me. I may have something against anyone who tries to get close to me, but Jeb hates the world. He never talks to people unless he absolutely has to.

"Wow, that's impressive. No one gets anything out of that old man."

"Maybe he found something about me to be trustworthy. I didn't have to twist his arm or anything." He laughs, and I can't help but join him.

God, this man is getting under my skin. I can feel it. Like a parasite latching onto my soul. I need to shake him off.

"I'm just going to clean up those wounds, then you're going to be on your way, Wren. Do you understand?"

"If you say so." Wren shrugs and gets even more comfortable on my couch. He man spreads and lengthens one leg. He's a

massive specimen of a man, and I can't help but run my eyes up his body. I've seen him without his pants, but that was when he was near death. He's got his strength back now, and he's already filled out more.

His thighs are bigger than two of my arms put together. He's powerful.

"You see something you like, beautiful?"

My eyes jerk back up to his, and I scoff at the cocky look on his face. "Nothing at all." I bite back before I turn and go into the bathroom to grab hold of the first aid kit.

I open the medicine cabinet to take out the ointment I've been using on the cuts.

I jump in shock when I close the mirror and see that he's standing right in the doorway. His arms braced against the frame, all his muscles bulging and tasty looking.

I could bite all over this man and not make a dent. He looks rock-hard. I'm surprised the rattlesnake venom affected him at all. He looks like he could go one-on-one with a fucking rhino and live to tell the tale.

"What are you doing?" My voice is barely a whisper.

"I don't want to get your couch dirty; I figure it's better we clean me up in here. Don't you think?"

He slides his vest off and hangs it on the door knob. He pulls his shirt off next, and my breath gets stuck in my throat.

What...what..." I can't get the words out of my mouth.

"You have to use the water, no?" I don't want to get my clothes dirty; I didn't come here with much, so I don't want to take the chance and get messy.

"Messy?" I repeat, my brain thinking of all the different ways I can get messy with him.

My nipples turn into peaked missiles underneath my shirt, and it dawns on me that I'm not wearing a bra right now.

It's so hot, and I hate the way the bra chafes against my skin while I'm working on the farm. Now I feel like I'd need at

least three bras to keep my nipples from showing through the fabric of the shirt.

“Mm hmm, messy.” He repeats it again before he sits down on the seat. He opens his legs wide, his massive body taking up more space in the bathroom than it has to offer. There’s only one spot for me to stand, and that’s right in between them. I clear my throat and do my best to settle my nerves. I grab all the supplies I need out of the first aid kit and get to work cleaning up his wound. They’re deeper than I first thought. One part in particular looks like it could’ve used some stitches. It’s too late now since it’s already starting to heal, but he’s going to have one hell of a scar.

The air in the small bathroom burns with tension. Neither one of us says anything to each other while I work, and he stays true to his word. He doesn’t touch me at all.

It’s maddening.

I move forward in between his legs and feel his hot breath against my lower stomach. The thin fabric of my shirt doing nothing to stop his puffs of air. Nor the way they make goosebumps explode over my skin.

“What do you plan to do?”

His eyes slowly trail up my body, making me feel a burning sensation in its wake. “Plan to do about what, Beautiful.”

“About the men in town trying to destroy your reputation?” I say, doing everything that I can to get my breathing back in control.

“Oh, beautiful, my reputation has long ago been tarnished, I’m a bad boy to my heart. Nothing I or my club can do will ever change that.”

“Bad boy? I’ve never really liked the bad boys. They’re nothing but trouble.”

“I can show you exactly what kind of trouble I’m good at, Cassidy. You only need to say the word.” The free hand that I’m not working on clenches on his thigh, and he stretches out the fingers on the hand that I am working on.

“Good? You think you can impress me, Wren? You think I’m impressed by whatever tricks you can do, at least whatever you think you can do so well?” I tease him and move a little closer, nearly close enough to feel his lips on the small sliver of skin under my belly button.

“I’m telling you right now, if you keep playing with me, I’m going to show you everything I’m good at, several times over.”

“And what if I want that?” I lean down and whisper, my heart beating a million miles a minute.

I want him to touch me. I want to feel his hands on my body.

Everything in my mind screams at me that I shouldn’t, but my body, that little pearl between my thighs, is demanding that I get some relief.

“Say the word, Cassidy.” He growls at me, and the muscles in his arms and chest contract as if he’s poised for action.

I look down into his eyes and see the same unhinged desire that I feel.

Just this once. I can give in, just this once.

“Touch me, Wren.”

It’s like shooting a starting gun for a prize horse. Wren pops up from where he’s sitting and grabs the back of my thighs at the same time. Lifting me off the ground, so I don’t have any other choice but to wrap my legs around his waist.

I gasp at the sudden display of strength, and that gives him his opening. He slams his mouth down on me and kisses me with a skill that has my eyes rolling in the back of my head.

I moan deeply and his hips jerk upwards at the sound. His large cock rubbing against the perfect spot to have me purring and grinding back down against him.

“I’m not stopping, beautiful. Can’t.” He grunts against my lips.

“Don’t.” I reply, and he turns on his heel, my body still wrapped around his like a second skin. He walks down the

long hallway and directly into my bedroom.

Vaguely, I hear my subconscious wonder how he knows which room is mine. But then he drags his tongue down the column of my neck, and I forget everything that I was thinking about.

“You drive me out of my mind,” he whispers against my ear, and I shiver in response.

I’m already out of my mind.

I know better than to do something like this. I know what getting involved with him will mean for me. I’m just praying with everything that I have that I’m not wrong about him, that underneath all the bad boy charm, he’s a good man.

Wren leans up on his knees and looks down at my body. The sudden detachment of him from me is enough to have me whining for more attention. I want to feel him, and I don’t want him to stop. I reach up for him, and he pushes my hands back down.

“In a minute, beautiful, I’ve got to get my fill first.” He slowly reaches down and begins to pop the buttons on my shirt one by one until he can see the swell of my breast underneath.

I’ve never had the biggest breasts in the world, but they are firm and very sensitive. He pushes the fabric away and moans when both of the dusty pink nipples come into view.

“So fucking gorgeous. I want to come all over these.”

“Do it.” I tell him, raising an eyebrow, daring him to do what he wants to me. Daring him to rock my world the way he seems to want to.

Of course, there’s always a chance that he could be talking big and, deep down, not know the first thing about pleasing a woman.

That train of thought derails in my mind the second he leans down and flicks his tongue delicately over the pointed peak of my nipple. He swirls and licks before he sucks the entire nipple into his mouth. My teeth chatter as my core floods with more arousal, and I whimper in need.

“Oh, Wren, it feels so good.” I run a hand into his hair, and he groans against my skin. The vibrations settling right in the pit of my stomach.

I promised myself that I wouldn't drop my guard or let myself fall victim to his charm.

How wrong was I.

I'm at his mercy right now. All I can do is hope he's as good as he says he is.

Wrecker

I CAN'T FUCK THIS UP.

That's the only thing that's running through my mind right now as I kneel in front of Cassidy. Never before have I ever been so nervous before fucking a woman, yet here I am trying to make sure that I don't come too quickly and that she's enjoying everything that I'm doing to her.

I don't usually have a problem when it comes to my stroke, but this woman has me on ten.

Her body is absolutely perfect, and I haven't seen all of it — yet.

Slowly, I reach down and pull her pants off her.

Her thighs are fit and luscious, probably from all the horse riding. My mouth waters at the thought of her having them locked around my head. I want to taste her more than I want to take my next ride, and that means a lot.

“Gorgeous. Cassidy.”

“I bet it tastes even better.” She whispers, and I can't help the wide smile that pushes up my lips. I love a woman who's sure of herself.

If she wants me to taste her, then that's what I'm going to do.

Pushing myself back on the bed, I kiss down her abs and settle right next to her juicy cunt. I'm going to lick every last drop off her.

If I were lost in the desert, I'd seek her out just for the sweet stuff between her legs.

She whimpers as I press soft kisses up and down her thighs. I'm not going to rush this. I'm going to take everything she's giving me and make sure that she remembers the day she let her guard down and let me in.

After getting her worked up enough, I press a soft kiss on her slit, and she bucks up into my mouth with a soft groan.

“Let me hear you, baby. I want to hear you screaming.” I whisper right before I stiffen my tongue and part her fold. She moans loud, and her hands grip my hair like the reins of her favorite horse. I’m ready for the ride.

Starting slowly, I swipe my tongue up and down, then around. Making sure to barely touch her clit. I want her to have to beg for me to touch her there. Though I’m sure I won’t get it. Not from someone as headstrong as Cassidy, she’d rather get herself off than beg me for it. I can’t allow that.

I can’t allow it, and I can’t wait for it either.

She tastes too good. Like fucking strawberries, sugar, and everything I didn’t know I needed.

I grip her hips and keep her latched to my face while I work my tongue on her.

“Oh, fuck, Wren, right there.” She shakes as I flick my tongue quickly over her clit. The little nub getting tighter and tighter the more I work it.

“That feels so good.”

I groan in response. Her legs go ridged on my shoulders, and her breathing accelerates.

She’s going to come with her pussy on my face. Talk about a dream coming true.

“More, more... oh god!” Before I can react her back bows off the bed, and she comes hard. Her legs slammed shut around my ears. I have to pry them away and hold them down, so I can get more of what I want.

And I want it all.

I slurp up every last drop, and when she’s shaking and mumbling words I don’t understand, I double down.

“No, what... oh god.” She whimpers as she tries to kick out of the hold I have on her.

There’s no way she’s about to give me a taste and then leave. Fuck that. She’s let me in now; I want it all. I’ve already told her, and she’s going to deliver.

I soften my swipes against her clit, knowing that it's still very sensitive, but I don't stop. When she puts the heel of her foot against my shoulder and tries to push off, I swat the side of her ass hard.

This is my show, she calls no shots right now.

The swat to her ass brings her back to reality, and she whimpers, "Wren, please."

I don't stop my assault, though. I press my fingers up into her slit from behind and then curl them so that I'm massaging her g-spot as I continue to flick my tongue on her clit.

She gasps and moves with the pressure off my fingers. Her body quivers as I move in circles against her spot. Then I pull away slightly and focus solely on the small bundle of nerves at the top of her entrance.

"I came... you don't have to... oh...fuck." She moans, and her hips begins to buck back and forth against my mouth. She's fucking my mouth.

Her thighs shake in my grasp, and I know that she's not far from another orgasm. I want this woman to be spent and boneless by the time I'm finished with her because I know for sure that I will be.

My face is an absolute mess by the time she screams my name to the ceiling, her orgasm rushing her like a battering ram as her body contracts and writhes under me.

By the end of it, she's whimpering my name. A voice so soft and sweet that it stokes the fire that's already burning blindly inside of me.

My hips have already started pumping against the bed. I'm going to get myself off like this if I don't stop.

Satisfied that she's thoroughly mouth fucked, I get back up on my knees and take off my remaining clothes. My cock is harder than it's ever been. At least that's what it feels like right now. It feels like I'm about to tear through my skin.

I close my eyes and try to take a few calming breaths, but I don't have a chance to center myself for very long. Cassidy

wraps her legs around my waist and pulls me down on top of her.

The underside of my cock rubs against her slippery folds, and I'm lost.

"Cassidy, you're killing me." I grit through clenched teeth.

"I thought you were going to take care of me, Wren?" She raises an eyebrow, questioning me.

"Fuck, I am Cassidy. I'm going to do everything you let me do." I answer and slide just the very tip of my bare cock inside of her.

It feels like absolute heaven. I want to dive in to the hilt, but I also want her to be at ease.

"I'm clean, Cassidy. If you don't trust anything, you can trust that." I stare down into her eyes, and she nods her head.

"So am I, but pull out. I'm not on birth control." She warns me.

I stomp down the need to come deep inside of her. I want to watch my come dripping down her legs. I want to know while she's out tending to her farm and the animals that her panties are wet with my seed.

I want her round with my baby.

I give her a tight nod before I slide halfway into her.

The way her mouth drops open and her head tips back lets me know she wasn't expecting me to be so large. If anything, I love surprising my woman.

I press in a little further.

"Oh fuck! Wren... it's..." I lean down and press a kiss to her mouth, stopping her before she can say anything else.

"You can take me, Cassidy. Open up more." I order her, dropping my head down to the crook of her neck and swirling my tongue against the sweet spot just below her pulse. She shivers and grabs hold of my shoulders. Her nails dig in as I slam the last quarter of my cock deep inside her. I growl against her skin as I feel myself buried to the hilt in this

woman. She's tighter than anything I've ever felt, yet it seems like her body is molding to mine.

"Go slow... Wren, you're going to kill me if you don't."

Her legs clench around my waist as I try to pull out; she's not used to my size yet.

But the longer I stay locked deep inside her like this, the quicker I'm going to finish. I bite down on the inside of my mouth, not wanting to do anything that would hurt her. At least not hurt her more than she wants me to. I know I'm bigger than average; this is going to be a challenge for her.

"Beautiful, I'm not going to last; you've gotta let me move." I suck on the bottom of her earlobe, and her body shakes harder under mine. Her inner walls already feel too good for me to keep still much longer.

"Do it," she murmurs into my ear before placing a few kisses around the curve of my neck. That's all the permission I need.

I push out slowly and then slide back in deeply, finding a rhythm that fits us both perfectly. Every thrust brings me closer and closer until I can hardly contain myself any longer. It feels like there's no air left in my lungs as the pleasure builds in me, threatening to consume me completely.

Cassidy's breathing is heavy now, and each time she calls out my name, it sends a shockwave through my body.

"I'll go slow, I promise." The words are out of my mouth before I can check them.

I may promise now that I'm going to go slow, and I'm sure I'll do my best to do that, but there's no guarantee that I'm not going to lose my head at some point.

I need her badly. I want to hear her scream too much.

"I'm okay now, let me feel you, Wren." She drops her legs back down to the bed, her knees falling outward, giving me more space and the go-ahead to move.

The both of us are breathless, covered in a thin sheen of sweat, moving with a primal need that can't be contained. She's like

putty in my hands, molding and changing, as if she's made for my body.

I pull out of her tight hole, and it almost feels like I have to fight to thrust back in. She's so tight. Slowly, I pull out and thrust back in until I feel her hips rocking along with mine.

"Tell me you're okay. Tell me..." I groan loudly and fist the sheet by her head. I need more. I need to let loose, she doesn't understand the beast that I have caged up inside of me.

"Go, Wren, let it go." She mumbles, and it's all I need to hear.

"Thank fuck." I growl and bury my hand under her body. I pull back and thrust in hard. Over and over. I grunt as I thrust, the headboard banging against the wall, a counterpoint to her sweet moans. My voice is hoarse, as if I've been screaming for hours.

"Wren, oh shit, I'm going to come again. I'm..." She screams loudly, her entire body locking up as another orgasm rushes through her.

It's my life's purpose to watch this woman come over and over again.

"Can't get enough. So fucking beautiful."

My eyes are only focused on her. Focused on the way her body moves and accepts mine.

An addictive pulsing sensation slingshots around my body. I'm not going to last much longer. No matter what I will myself to do Cassidy's body has a hold on me that's too strong. I have to give in.

If only I could give in deep inside of her.

Sweat beads on my forehead, and I dip my head to the bed, grabbing hold of the sheets again, but this time with my teeth. I bite down hard, trying to expel some of this excess pressure.

"Me, bite me, Wren." Cassidy mutters in my ear while she scratches her nails down my back.

The sudden jolt of pain has me rearing up and slamming into her harder. She whines and presses down on my hips. Trying

to buffer the assault I'm putting on her body.

A deep growl rumbles in my chest as I lift my head slightly and bite down on the side of her neck. I don't bite hard enough to break the skin, but there's definitely going to be a mark there later.

"Wren!" She screams as I lift her bottom up from the mattress, trying to hit a different spot inside of her. Trying to make her feel how desperate she's got me. I must've hit the mark because her cunt clamps down hard on my cock.

A soft whisper in my ear makes me want to pull my hair out.

"Wren, don't stop. Please... please!"

Doesn't she know that I'm already too far gone? I need to come. I hurt. The pressure is too much.

Still, I do what she asks against all odds. I hold my load. When she slams her hands down on the bed by her side and cries out my name, I feel her insides milking me.

That's the end of me.

I punch my fist into the mattress with a grunt. My vision tunnels down to nothing, and the sound of her moaning my name is the only sound that keeps reverberating through my head.

Wren. Wren. Wren.

Heart pounding in my ears, I feel my balls pull up inside of me.

I slam into her once and feel the first spurt of my come exploding inside of her. I need to pull out, but it feels so good.

Shaking the thoughts of dismissing her wishes out of my mind. I grab hold of my cock and pull out just in to come all over her tight belly and onto her tits.

I'm like a fucking spraying geyser. I don't remember ever coming this much in my life.

"So much." She whispers, her eyes barely open. "Such a waste." She puts her fingers down and swipes some up, pressing it to her lips.

“Cassidy. I’m not going to let you go.” I say with complete seriousness. I might have only had her once but I already know there’s no one else I’d rather lose myself with.

“You’ll change your mind.” She smirks at me before she turns to the side and rolls out of bed, walking slowly to the bathroom.

She thinks she knows me, thinks she knows my type. I’m about to wreck every preconceived notion she’s ever had about me. I’m going to be her everything, whether she’s ready or not.

Wrecker

DREAMS OF TAKING CASSIDY OVER AND OVER AGAIN PLAGUE my mind, but nothing compares to the feel of her lying cuddled up in my arms. I turn my head to bury my nose into her hair. I can't get enough of this woman, which is a feat in itself. Usually, I'm one and done when it comes to the woman in my life.

There's no way I could just hit it and quit it with Cassidy. A woman like her deserves the entire world and even though I don't have the world to give her, I'm going to do my best to make sure that I try.

I take a big inhale of her scent and something strong and pungent assaults my nose. Not her usual scent. I don't know what it is, but I don't like it.

Grumbling, I pull her tighter against me and smell again.

That same strong odor wafts up.

Smells like smoke.

My eyes pop open, and I look around the room and under the door, but I don't see anything out of the ordinary. Turning my head to the window, I see something glowing outside and hear hooves beating on the ground.

Something is wrong.

"Cassidy, wake up." I shake her, but she only mumbles and snuggles closer into my chest. I look outside again, and now that I'm more awake, I can hear not only the animals running around, but I hear what sounds like people laughing. Someone else is here, and I'd bet my money that it's some of Rupert's people. They've come back.

"Shit! Cassidy, wake the fuck up now!" I yell at her before I pull myself from the bed and reach for my pants.

She pops up, disoriented.

"What's going on? What?" She mumbles.

“Something is on fire. I don’t know what.” I tell her, and her eyes widen. The sleepy look on her face falls off, and now she’s catapulted out of bed and on her feet.

She races to the window while I continue to put my clothes on. I don’t know how many people are here, but I know I can’t take them all on by myself. If they’ve ruined her land, I’m going to want to string each one of these motherfuckers up.

“Oh, no, they let the fucking horses out. No, no, no!” Cassidy dives to the ground, picking up her own clothes and rushing to put them on.

I grab my phone and put in a call to Jameson.

The phone rings twice before he picks up. I don’t even know what time it is, but from the sound of his groggy voice, I know it must be late.

“Yeah?” He croaks on the line.

“I need you to get a couple of people and come to Cassidy’s farm.” I say in a rush, causing Cassidy to stop what she’s doing and stare at me.

I don’t stop what I’m saying, we don’t have time to argue about it right now.

“What’s going on?” Jameson asks, and already I can hear him moving around like he’s getting himself ready.

“They’re torching the fucking farm. Too many of them for just me.” I tell him.

“Give me the address.” Jameson orders.

“What’s the address, Cassidy?”

She stares at me, her mouth locked shut.

“For fuck’s sake, if we don’t get some help, you’re going to lose everything, trust me!” I growl at her.

Finally, she shakes her head and rattles off an address for me. It gives me specific landmarks for the guys to look for, so they know they’ve reached the right place when they get there. It’s been less than a minute on the phone, and already I can see the fire has gotten bigger.

I rush outside and watch as three men hop into a small car and try to high tail it off the property.

No way in hell.

There's no way in hell I'm going to let them get away with this.

Before I can even get Cassidy to safety, she's already rushing to the stables. I can't follow her and the guys. I need to make a choice. I send up a silent prayer that whatever she has to do, she'll be safe.

I run to the back of her house and jump on my bike. It's still hidden in the brush like I left it.

The assholes are driving so fast that they leave a large cloud of dust in their wake. Easy for me to follow them. I push my bike to the absolute limit, wanting to make sure that I don't lose them. They need to pay.

"Keep fucking running assholes" I yell out to no one in particular.

Their little hatchback is shit on the dirt roads, and they fishtail a few times before they can get the wheels back on the road.

Perfect time for me to get some shots at me.

The windows roll down, and I hunker down against my bike. When the shots start to come, I swerve but keep my balance. I can't wipe out right now, not with them so close to me.

Sweat pours down my face as the anger boils inside my body. I want to make them all pay.

I don't know where they thought they were going, but it's clear after I'm following them for a few moments that they're lost. They make it to the edge of the property, but there's nothing but fields and trees in that direction. The dumb fucks race their little car over large hills, and I hear a large metal crashing sound as the undercarriage of the car hits what I'm assuming must be rocks. The car teeters on two wheels for a second before it falls hard back to the ground. I'm close enough now to see the panic on their faces.

They should be panicking, their little play time is over.

A roar of bikes draws my attention to the side and I see Jameson and a few other people with him. They catch up to me quickly.

“Go help Cassidy!” I scream over the sound of our engines.” He nods, and I watch his mouth move. I don’t know what he’s saying, but two of the bikes peel off and go back to the farm, while Jameson and Bones stay with me.

I stay on the driver’s tail and laugh when I watch the three of them get out of the car and try to run through the uneven terrain.

If they couldn’t get away from me in the car, what the fuck makes them think that they’re going to be able to get away from me on foot?

Easy pickings.

Instead of slowing down, I speed up. My eyes set on one of the men running away from me.

I’m ready to deliver the pain. Ready to make him hurt. Staying balanced, I zoom close to him, and just as I see he’s about to dart to the other side, I take my helmet off and, keeping a straight arm, hit him as hard as I can. Using the momentum of the bike and my strength, I hit him on the back of his head. The crack of the hard plastic against his skull is satisfying. He crumbles to the ground instantly.

He’s not getting up anytime soon.

Bones takes off chasing after another of the three men, and I follow the last one. No one is getting away today.

He jumps over a large ridge, and the trees get a little thicker. I’ve been this way before. I know what’s on the other side; he doesn’t. I follow him closely, making sure he can’t get away from me and hide, but also making sure he doesn’t have enough time to pay attention to his surroundings. Keeping just enough distance that I can stop in time.

“Do it, you dumb fuck.” Just like I hoped, the man continues to run straight, and as another outcropping of rocks comes into view, I watch him scale over it and hop over the other side.

I laugh out loud as I hear the panicked scream coming out of his mouth before a loud thud hits the ground below. I skid to a stop right before I get to the edge and look over.

The man is screaming in agony. I look down at the bones in his lower leg sticking out of his body. It's more than a twenty-foot drop; if he'd landed on his head, he'd be dead. This way, I know for sure he's not going to be able to go anywhere.

"Help me. Fuck man, please help me." He cries and raises his hand up to me, like I'm really about to go down there and help him up.

No, for all I care the fucking wolves and animals can have their way with him.

I stare down at him for a moment, so he knows that I can see him before I turn my bike and catch up with Bones. He's got the other man he chased down against the side of his bike. He's dragging him on the ground, but not fast enough to kill him, just enough to get him someplace safe. Someplace where we can question or kill him. Whichever comes first.

"There's another one in the field." I say to him.

Now that the threat is squashed, all I can think about is getting back to Cassidy and making sure she's okay.

"I got them; you get back to your woman." Bones barks out at me.

"Thanks, brother. Don't start on them until I get back to you."

He nods once and continues dragging the complaining man alongside of his bike. Bones knows what it is to want to need to protect what's his. He almost killed himself in an abandoned home to make sure Corrine was able to get out and get to safety. I don't have to worry about him letting either of these two go. Right now, I can worry about Cassidy and make sure she knows that while I'm around no one is going to take advantage of her.

BY THE TIME I get back to the farm I'm surprised to see that not only have all the fires been put out, but both Cassidy and Clay are on horseback rounding up the animals.

Clay is by far one of the most lethal people I know, but to see how patient and calm he is on the horse lets me know there's still a bit of the sweet man we used to know inside of him. I guess all that time with his woman on her farm must have rubbed off on him because he rides like he was born on the back of a horse.

Jameson and the rest of the guys try to flag me down, but I don't stop, I need to get to Cassidy. She herds a few goats back into their pen before she hops off her horse and begins to walk over to me. I kick the stand on my bike and get off before I walk over to her too. My stride is long and purposeful.

I don't give her a chance to say anything, by the time I get close to her, I grab hold of her and lift her off the ground, smashing her to my chest. I know she can take care of herself, but that doesn't mean that I didn't know that I could've lost her. That these bastards could have come while I wasn't here, and she'd have no one here to help.

"Wren, I'm okay. Easy." She rubs a hand through my hair, and I feel the tension in my muscles start to drain away.

"You're sure, do we need to go to the hospital? Fuck where is the nearest hospital?" I ask, looking her over, as I put her down and run my hands over her skin just to make sure that she doesn't have any injuries she's not telling me about.

"I swear." She grabs hold of my hands. They're shaking.

"I'm fine; your friends got here just in time. The fire didn't get much bigger than what you saw. They really helped me out a lot." She smiles at me and looks over my shoulder to where Jameson, Shyne and Clay are all standing.

"What about the animals? Any casualties?"

"Two goats got caught in the fire, some chickens got burned too, unfortunately, but it could've been a lot worse." She presses her lips together in a firm line.

"Fuck, I'm sorry, beautiful. I should've moved faster. Should've kept watch." I tear my fingers through my hair, thinking of all the things I could've done to make sure that she was safe.

“How the hell were you supposed to know that those assholes would show up in the middle of the night and try to burn my farm down?” Cassidy squints her eyes at me.

“I should’ve known because that’s what they did to Jeb, when he turned down their offer to sell his land, they came back that night and tried to burn his house down. Correction: They did burn his house down. I didn’t take the threat serious enough. I can’t afford to do shit like that, not when you’re involved.”

“Wren, there was nothing you could do. I know that. I believe that. You have to, too.” She presses a hand to my cheek, softly scratching my stubble and giving me a soft smile. I never would’ve thought something as simple as her hands on me would be enough to soothe me.

Then again, I never thought I’d be so nose open over a woman before either.

“Looks like everyone is getting along?” Jameson says from behind me.

Turning to look at him, I see he’s got what looks like the beginnings of a nice shiner on under his eye. The bastard must have got a good hit in while I was off getting his partner.

“Yeah, it’s cool.” I say giving him a nod.

Cassidy steps out from around me and stands in front of Jameson, looks him over and lets out a soft sigh. “So I guess it’s you I owe the apology then?”

“Ma’am?”

“When I first met Wren, I was under the misconception that everyone who looked like you were the same. That you only wanted trouble. I see that’s not true. If it weren’t for you guys I’d have lost my farm without a doubt. I’m sorry for being so prejudiced against what I didn’t understand. You’ve got a friend here whenever you need it.”

I watch shocked as she puts her hand out and shakes Jameson’s. All very polite and nothing like I would’ve expected.

“No apology needed and we appreciate that.” Jameson dips his head like the southern gentleman he is.

I on the other hand am staring at Cassidy like she just grew a new head.

“Uh, what about my apology?”

Cassidy looks at me over her shoulder, her eyes full of mischief and fire. “You already got your apology,” She leans close to me so only I can hear it, “I believe some of it is still rolling down my leg.”

My jaw drops and I wrap an arm around her waist pulling her close to me. I could always go for another apology.

“Before you two fall into bed, Wrecker, we’ve got some business to take care of.” Jameson reminds me and I grit my teeth.

“Go do what you have to do, just get that trash off my property when you’re done.” Cassidy squeezes my hand and starts to walk away.

“Ma’am...” Bones starts.

“If ya’ll are going to be my friends, I reckon you can call me Cassidy. Ma’am makes me feel old as dirt.” Cassidy laughs.

“Sorry, Cassidy, will you be using you stables this evening? I thought we might question a few of them, you know, while everything is still fresh.”

Cassidy blows a huff of breath out of her nose before she shrugs, “I can start the horses on the grazing early. Just don’t leave anything behind.” She turns to look at me. “Be safe.”

I nod once at her before she goes off and starts working on the farm, I on the other hand have to get to work on the asshole who tried to take her farm from her.

I’m pretty sure I’m going to have more fun that she is.

Wrecker

WALKING BACK INTO THE STABLES IT SEEMS A BIT GHOSTLY.

All the stalls are empty, the horses are still outside with Cassidy. I can't hear much of anything besides the groaning of the man on the phone. He's tied up with his hands above his head and his back against a bale of hay.

If looks could kill this asshole would've killed each and every one of us a million times over. Unfortunately for him, looks can't kill but Bones most definitely can.

"We're going to ask you a few questions and if I don't like the answers that you give me, my enforcer, Bones, is going to have a little fun with you." Jameson leans down and stares at our captive.

"Prez." Clay calls for him.

When I turn and look at my brother I can see just how on edge he is. He went through such an ordeal at the hands of Rene and Rupert, and I can tell what's about to happen is a trigger for him.

We all know what's about to happen.

"Go on, help Cassidy." Jameson waves him off and Clay beelines straight out the stables. The rest of us Shyne, Bones and myself stand around Jameson making sure he has the backup he needs.

"Now back to what we were talking about." Jameson reaches forward and pulls the gag out of the man's mouth.

"Fuck you. I'm not telling you shit!" The man pulls his head back and hawks a glob of spit in Jameson's direction. Before it's even had a chance to settle in the dirt, Bones takes a step forward and using a small hammer that I've never seen before, smacks the man across the face.

"Ah!" The man tips his head back again and coughs loudly, spurting up a geyser of blood. It didn't look like that hard of a hit but it broke his nose.

“Come on, stay with me here. Things get much worse for you if we can’t get your cooperation.” Jameson steps back to the front, him and Bones acting like a tag team.

“I don’t know anything. Damn it man. I don’t know.” The man pants out, his breath already hastening.

“Nah, I don’t think that’s true. Let’s start small. What’s your name?” Jameson asks.

“Gene, my name is Gene.” The man quickly answers.

“Good! See Gene, it’s not that hard. I’m Jameson and I’m the Vice... Sorry about that, I mean I’m the president of this chapter of the Wings of Diablo motorcycle club.” Jameson pulls a rag out of his back pocket and roughly wipes the blood from the man’s face. \

While Archer is away Jameson is acting president, it’s brought out a vicious side to him.

“Now, how about you tell me why you decided to burn down our friends farm?” Jameson questions.

“It’s what we were paid to do. I don’t have anything against the woman. Kohen told us that if the woman didn’t want to leave her land we were to make her, burn it to the ground.” Gene bites out.

“Kohen. Yeah, we know about him. Why does he want the land?” Jameson asks, tilting his head to the side but rising up to his full height in front of the man so he has no choice but to look up.

“I don’t know.” Gene answers. It’s the wrong one.

“Pity.” Jameson tsks and steps to the side allowing Bones to take center stage. He has what looks like a small pair of pliers in his hand but they don’t look like any tool I’ve seen.

“What the hell is that?” I ask looking over at Shyne.

“Hoof nippers.”

“What the fuck?” I stare at him wide-eyed.

Shyne just shrugs a shoulder, and I turn to look at what Bones is doing.

What the hell do you even do with...

I don't have to wait for the answer. Bones puts the very tip of Gene's pinky finger in the mouth of the hoof nipper, and using less strength than I would've thought, he snips the small bit of flesh.

Cutting all the way to the bone.

He doesn't break the bone, instead only pulling the flesh and skin from the bone, like he was stripping an electrical wire.

The screams coming from the man transform from deep and guttural to high-pitched and squealing. It reminds me more of a pig than an actual man.

"No, no, no, no screaming. You'll wake the neighbors," Jameson says over the man's whimpering.

Bones takes a step back, and now it's time for Jameson to ask more questions.

"Back to why Kohen wants this farm in particular?"

"Expansion, an ideal place to hide merchandise. They're just looking for more places to expand, merchandise."

Shyne turns to me while Bones and Jameson are taking their time with Gene.

"Does this place have an underground area as well?"

"Yeah, I think it's where she keeps her feed and things," I answer.

"That could make sense," Shyne says to Jameson, who simply shakes his head no.

"There are plenty of places around here that they could buy outright and not cause a problem with the locals. He could've gotten the land he wanted in a much more civilized way." Jameson turns back to look at Gene, who has already started sweating and losing color to his skin. He's going to pass out soon, but of course, Bones would never let that happen.

"That's not the only reason. Tell the truth now, Gene, or Bones will start taking bigger parts off your body." Jameson nods his

head at Gene, who seemingly subconsciously nods his head back.

“Now tell me what he wants this land for.”

“I can’t,” Gene cries, big tears streaking down his face.

“That’s too bad.” He steps away from him, this time moving farther away as Bones takes his place.

I watch him take a long ice-pick looking spike and a small hammer. My stomach turns as he places the spike directly on his kneecap before he sits down on both Gene’s legs. With great precision, he hammers the spike into the very center of the man’s kneecap.

The screams echo in the night, and part of me is worried about what Cassidy is thinking. We’re not supposed to be the bad guys, but there’s no doubt that we’re doing some evil stuff on her land.

I stand to the side with my jaw clenched tight, trying to keep the bile from coming up.

It takes Bones a little while to get the spike all the way through, but once he’s done, he simply slides it out like he was checking the man’s temperature with a meat thermometer. Blood drips from the edge of the metal object, and he wipes it on Gene’s leg. He stands up and walks back to the side, waiting for Jameson to continue his line of questioning. It’s the same, and poor Gene keeps giving the same response.

“I can’t tell you! I swear to God, if I could tell you, I would. He’ll kill us. You don’t understand.”

“No! You piece of shit. You don’t understand! You don’t have a choice in the matter right now. Either you tell us exactly what we want to know, or by the time Bones is through with you, they won’t be able to identify your body.” Jameson bends down and grabs Gene by the hair, wrenching his head back so he can stare down into the man’s face. “Bones here has a very special collection. You’ve got more than enough bones in your body for him to add some exciting pieces to his work. Don’t make me do that to you, Gene. Fucking tell me what you know!”

Both Gene and I look over to Bones, and I swear I see him smile. The hoof nippers are back in his hand, ready to take his next piece.

I'd hate to see Bones walking up to me in a dark alley. He's a scary individual. I thought having a kid would've mellowed him out, but it seems like that's not the case at all.

The questions keep on coming from Jameson, and by the time Gene is barely wheezing out his breath, Bones has already used the horse nippers, the spike, and something that looks like a hook.

Shyne explained to me, it's a hoof pick. I had to turn away when I watched Bones shove the hook into Gene's eyes and pop it out of the socket. The man's a bloody mess.

"You're too strong... I heard him say this would be the easiest way to flush you out. I don't know when they're going to do it," Gene mumbles.

"What do you mean, flush us out?" Jameson asks, suddenly genuinely interested in what the man is saying.

"The leader, Rupert. He only wants some of you. He thinks if he can surround you and then use the townsfolk as collateral, you'll fold. He's going to try everything."

Jameson shakes his head in disappointment. "Really, you did all that for that little piece of information? You're going to be messed up for whatever short life you have left. And it will be short because you're not telling us anything we don't already know."

"Make it fast. Please. Enough," Gene begs.

"Fast? Oh no. I can't do that."

"I'll tell you where she is... I'll tell you." The man coughs and sucks in a gurgling breath.

"Tell us where who is?" I ask, my interest piqued.

"The wife. He has the girl."

"The wife?" I step forward.

There's only one wife that we are concerned with right now. That's Daria. Archer is off in the Caribbean Islands hopping, trying to catch even the slightest hint as to where his wife is. He's going out of his mind. And that means a lot to a man like Archer. Luke Duos has always been the calmest of us all, the one to keep us level-headed. Now he's a raging lunatic and it's all because he lost his woman.

I can't even think about what I'd be like if someone took Cassidy from me and I still don't know what is happening between us.

"Whose wife?" Jameson barks.

"You're president. Daria."

"Where the fuck is she?" Shyne surges forward. Now all four of us are surrounding Gene, the anger mounting."

"St. Lucia... she's in St. Lucia." Gene quickly answers.

"St. Lucia where? What's the exact location?" Jameson asks.

"It's in the north. Large facility. I don't know the address but it's close to the water. They have their own port." Gene says.

Taking a step back, my foot squelches in something wet and mushy. When I look down I see it's part of Gene's thigh muscle. Bones was a bit messy with this one.

"That's all I know. I swear it. Please... kill me." Gene begs.

Jameson stares down at the man for a second before he turns to Bones. "Make it quiet. We've made enough noise for one night."

"Quick?" Bones asks.

Gene doesn't lift his head only whimpers.

Jameson nods once and I see Bones' face fall. He's disappointed.

"Shyne, Get Clay and get the other two bastards ready to be moved off the land. Wrecker go check on your woman. I don't like not having you at the compound, especially when we know Kohen, Rupert, and the rest of his gang are actively coming for us. See if she'll come to stay there with you. We'll

accompany her back here every day if she's got responsibilities she needs to take care of. I know Clay won't mind." Jameson orders, wiping the blood and flesh from between his fingers.

"I'll see what she says but it might be a tough sell." I shrug one shoulder as the three of us walk out of the stables leaving Bones and Gene there alone.

"Tough sell? Since when have you ever taken no for an answer?" Jameson jokes.

"Since I'm pretty sure this woman will slice my cock in half if I ever try to force her to do anything against her will."

All three of us wince in imaginary pain. For some reason, every other woman any of us have ever wanted willingly throws themselves at our feet but it's the ones we've got to work for that eventually become our ol ladies. I know Cassidy and I aren't on that page yet but I'm not dumb enough not to see the signs.

Cassidy could be my once-in-a-lifetime, I just have to find a way to get her to accept all that I am. I have to get her to trust me.

Cassidy

LAST NIGHT WAS ONE OF THE WORST OF MY LIFE. NOT ONLY did I have to round up all my animals with the help of some seriously scary dudes, but I also had to pretend that I didn't hear whatever messed up stuff they were doing in my stables.

I know better than to ask any questions. As long as it doesn't come back to haunt me, I'm not going to worry about it.

That should've been my motto from the start.

When I went to sleep early this morning, I was alone in my bed. But now, as I wake up, I can hear the very distinctive rumbling breath of a man behind me.

Usually, I'd be freaking out right about now, but I recognize these hands and know the way this beard feels against my skin. I don't know what he's doing in my bed or when he got here, but Wren has decided to make himself at home.

Pushing his hands off my stomach, I put my feet to the ground, ready to get up. I've already slept too much of the day away. I have responsibilities that I need to be focused on.

"Where are you going?"

The deep voice startles me, and I turn around to see Wren still with his eyes closed but with his hand reached out for me.

"I'm going to start my day. I have to check on the animals and maybe get the vet out here for any of them who were hurt last night," I tell him before running a hand through my hair, combing it back in nervousness. "Am I going to freak out when I go into my stables?"

"No, everything is exactly how we found it," he tells me, and that eases my anxiety, but only slightly. There's no way everything could be as they found it. I heard that man screaming last night; there's got to be some evidence of what happened.

"You don't have to get up, though. Clay and his woman already did the chores this morning."

“What?” I snap my head back around to glare at him. This time his eyes are open, and he’s looking at me.

“Clay, the man who helped you wrangle the animals last night. He and his woman have a farm back where we live. They’ve been here for hours doing chores. I think Clay may have even patrolled your fence to make sure you didn’t have any openings. I don’t know; I was too tired to keep my eyes open.” He stretches, raising his arms above his head, before he turns in the bed and pulls the pillow further under his cheek.

“Too tired to even find your way back to your own bed, it seems.”

“You don’t want me in your bed, Cassidy?” The question cuts through the room, igniting a spark in my gut.

He’s got the nerve to question me? I barely know the man. Sure, we shared a night of fun together, but that doesn’t mean I’m just going to let him barge his way into my life. I’m not set up for that. I did that once before, and it ruined my life.

“Excuse me? Did you even ask if I wanted you in my bed? Or did you just assume that because we had a fling, it gave you ultimate power over me?”

“What the hell are you talking about, Cassidy? I never said anything about having power over you. I simply asked if you didn’t want me in your bed.”

“Yeah, but what I’m trying to figure out is what would make you think that I did in the first place. Do you just walk around and jump into random women’s beds?”

“You know damn well that you’re not some random woman. You can fight me all you want, but like I told you before, I’m not just going to let you go. Whatever we have happening here is enough for me to want to fight this out with you. As for your bed, if you didn’t want me in it, I’d just have to find a way to change your mind.” He smirks at me, and it only infuriates me even more.

“You arrogant bastard!” I snarl at him as I jump to my feet and stomp over to my closet to get my clothes on. I don’t need anyone else coming to my farm and doing my work. I’ve made

it work for this many years on my own. I didn't need help now.

"We're having a conversation," Wren says as he gets out of the bed and follows me to my closet.

"Like hell we are. I think you should leave, Wren. Leave, take your buddies with you, and don't come back."

"Not an option," He says seriously, as if my demand was nothing more than a pipe dream.

"What do you mean, not an option? This is my house."

"And it was my problems that came to your house last night and started to mess with you. I'm not leaving. Better yet, if I do leave, you're going to come with me."

My eyes go wide, and I feel the skin on my face grow taut as I stare at him in absolute shock.

"Are you out of your mind? I'm not going anywhere with you. I've got no part in this mess you've got going on here."

"Bullshit, yes you are. I'm sorry that you are, but there's no getting away from it now." Wren grabs the shirt that I must have pulled out of my closet from my hand and flings it over his shoulder.

"You can't make me do something I don't want to do," I spit through my teeth.

"No, I can't, and I don't want to, but I'm telling you, me leaving isn't an option unless you're leaving with me. So you're just going to have to get used to having me around for a while." He shrugs and walks back toward the bed as if he were going to lay back down and go to sleep.

The damn bastard was dismissing me. I can't stand it.

In a fit of rage, I bend down and pick up one of my cowboy boots. With all my might, I fling it at the back of his ego-filled head. I miss the mark but hit him heel down on his shoulder blade.

"Ah, what the fuck?" he turns around to stare at me, but I'm not afraid of him. I'll shoot him in the face before I let him lay

a hand on me. Moving as fast as I can, I rush out of my room and toward the living room where I keep my gun locked up.

I pull it out of the case and make sure it's loaded.

When Wren comes out of the back room, I've already got the small pistol up and steady, ready to fire at any chance.

"I told you I want you to leave. This is my last warning. Leave and take your friends with you," I order, making sure to leave all the anger out of my voice. I want to make him think I'm calm. I want him to think that I don't have anything else on my mind besides the fact that I will shoot him down if I have to. And I will.

"You're not going to shoot me, Cassidy. You have a big bark, but you're not going to shoot me." Wren walks a little further into the living room, his hands down by his side and his eyes focused on mine. The fact that there's a gun in my hand means nothing to him.

"Bullshit, you don't know me," I hiss at him.

"I know all I need to know about you, Cassidy. I want to know more. In fact, it's one of my life's goals to know everything there is to know about you. But the one thing I know right now is that you're not going to shoot me."

"I will... I've done it before," I admit, my voice breaking on the last statement.

"You have? Did you kill him?" His eyebrow hitches up.

"What... no. I didn't kill him." I shake my head.

"What's his name? Let me go finish the job." Wren takes another step in my direction.

"Jesus Christ. Why can't you just leave me alone?" I breathe out, defeated, the gun dropping down just a little.

"I can't, beautiful. I'm already stuck on you. You're my girl now, and I'll stay here for the rest of my days until I get to prove that to you." He takes another step in my direction, and I drop the gun to my side.

I can't be his girl, even if everything in my body is screaming at me to throw myself in his arms and let him take me back to bed. I can't allow myself to make another mistake like that.

"You don't want to get involved with me, Wren. I'll never be able to trust you. You'll never be able to break through to me." I shake my head as he pulls the gun out of my hand and lays it on the hallway table as if he were putting down a bunch of keys and not a loaded weapon.

"Why not, Cassidy?"

"I'm not getting into this with you." I shake my head and turn on my heel, now desperately needing to get away from him.

I need the distance. He's so overwhelming. My brain is a jumbled mess every time I'm with him.

I grab my flannel off the hook and slide it on before I step out into the front yard. I don't have anything underneath. I'm just happy it covers my ass. My bare feet tickle with the feel of the grass underneath them. I take in a steady breath and squeeze my eyes shut. I just need to breathe for a second. Need to get him out of my mind.

When I open my eyes again, I see two people in my fields on horseback. One is definitely a woman, and the other looks like the same man that I saw last night, the one who was helping me get the horses back on the land. Both of them seem to be expert riders. I can't see the woman's face from so far away, but I see her raise her hand in my direction and give me a friendly wave.

Turning my head to the side, I look into the goat pen and see that their water is full and so is their feed. The horses are in the stables, and from the one I see tied up outside of it, I can tell that someone has recently brushed and washed his coat. Wren was right; they really were trying to help me.

"You're lucky Clay is my brother and I trust him, or I'd have to go over there and rip his eyes out of his head," Wren says from behind me.

"What?" I ask on an exhale.

"You're not wearing any damn clothes."

“I’ve got a shirt on. This is my property. I can wear whatever the hell I want,” I snap back at him, turning to try to get away from him again.

“Cassidy, stop!” He calls out to me, and the authority in his voice causes a cold shiver to snake up my spine. Part of me wants to give in, but the stubborn part of me decides he can fuck off.

I continue on my way to the stalls just to make sure everything is in the right area, but before I can get there, Wren has my arm in his grasp, and he’s turning me around to face him.

“God dammit, woman, do you have to be so damn frustrating all the time?” His eyebrows are furrowed together and his jaw is clenched tight. I’m pushing him to the limit.

That’s good. He needs to be at his limit. He needs to know that he’s not going to be able to get anywhere with me. I just can’t trust anyone like that again.

“Yes, I’m frustrating all the time. Not just sometimes. Not when I have my period. Not when I want something but all the fucking time. I told you this before that you don’t need to be messing around with me but you decided to play this game anyway. Are you happy with what you see?” I put my hands up and scream in his face. He doesn’t even flinch instead a soft smirk curls up one side of his mouth and he nods his head.

“Absolutely. Now, tell me what else I can do to get you to scream at me like that?”

Did he just... “Ugh! You’re absolutely impossible!” I yell at him before turning away from him. Hoping by acting like a petulant teenager it’ll be enough to push him over the edge. Besides actively stabbing this man in the eye I’m not sure how to get him to stop looking at me like that.

“I’m not impossible but I will tell you I don’t give up. Ever. I’ve already made my mind up about this.”

I drop my head backward and look up at the bright sky. There isn’t a cloud in sight. It’d be a wonderful day if I didn’t have to deal with this. It’d be a wonderful day if I could let Wren into my life.

“It’ll never work, Wren.” I say softly more to myself than to him. Of course that doesn’t mean that he doesn’t hear me. He walks over to where I am and grips my chin, pulling it down so I have to look at him.

“Tell me why. What’s got you so scared that you refuse to give this any type of chance?” I can see the sincerity in his eyes. All he wants is a chance with me but I’m so scarred that I didn’t think I could ever let down my walls and let him in.

“Because the last time I fell for someone, they destroyed my life. All without me even noticing. I’m scared that by the time I look up you’re going to do the same thing. I can’t take that chance.”

“Who... tell me who it was.”

I sigh and look away from him, “There’s no need for me to tell you who he was. He’s out of my life. He left me but not before he made sure I was completely broken. That’s what you’re chasing after right now. I’m broken, Wren. You don’t want me.”

He leans in capturing my eyes and slowly dips his head so his lips press against mine. “You’re not broken, Cassidy. your jagged pieces fit perfectly with mine. You just can’t see it yet.”

My heart pumps hard for a second before it seems to stop all at once as he rubs his thumb over my cheek and gives me that cocky smile I’m becoming powerless against.

“Now tell me everything.” He grabs hold of my hand and with great reluctance, I follow him. It’s so much easier to just go with the man than trying to fight him.

If he wants to know this fucked up story than I guess I don’t have a choice but to tell him. It’s going to suck when I wake up tomorrow and he’s gone with the wind.

People don’t stick around after what I’ve done.

Wrecker

I CAN TELL THAT WHATEVER IT IS THAT SHE'S HIDING FROM ME she feels like will make me turn against her but what she doesn't understand is there's nothing she can tell me that can take away from the type of person I know she is.

Cassidy is the type of person I strive to be.

The one that helps people but still looks out for themselves. The one who isn't afraid to let their guests know that they'll shoot them in the face if they have to.

Then again, I threaten to shoot my friends all the time so we do have that in common.

I bring her into the small kitchen area and sit her down at the table. It's taking everything in me not to rub my hand up her thigh, she's still only wearing that flannel shirt. This isn't the time for me to be feeling up on her but the minute we're through with our conversation I'm going to throw her over my shoulder and take her back to bed where I can touch her properly.

Walking over to the fridge, I pull out a bottle of orange juice and take two cups out of the cupboard. It's not breakfast but it's something for her to do with her hands. If this is as bad as she thinks it is she's going to be nervous about it. I don't want her to be nervous about anything.

I pour her a glass and slide it to her across the table as I take my seat.

"Now, tell me about this big bad you've done in your life that you think is going to have me running scared." I take a sip of my juice, slowly licking the remains off the bottom one and hoping that it's enough to distract her.

"Not think. I know." She huffs out a deep breath and looks away.

"I'm thinking you may be surprised. I rarely react how people think I'm going to react." I shrug and settle into my seat

getting as comfortable as I can.

“Fine, it’s a shit story.” She cuts her eyes in my direction.

“I’ve got nothing but time beautiful.”

“Whatever.” She mumbles, “When I was fresh out of college I met a man, Colt, he was from Nebraska and was doing a little manual work. He was such a charmer. I knew it from the minute I met him. He asked me out constantly and I must have told him no at least a dozen times but he was persistent.”

“Seems like the man knew exactly what he wanted,” I say nodding my head so she can continue.

“Yeah, he definitely knew exactly what he wanted from me. Shame I didn’t.” She squeezes her eyes shut for a second before she continues, “Anyway, finally I gave in. I decided someone who seems that into me couldn’t be so bad. We went on a date. Then two and three. He never pressured me for anything. He took me to nice places, bought me expensive things, spoiled me in ways I’d never been spoiled before. I didn’t think to question where he was getting all this money from. He said he worked lots of jobs and some of the money was under the table but I never thought to question whether he was getting his money through anything besides his job. It got to the point where I wanted him to marry me. I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. Wanted to have his children, the white picket fence. The whole nine yards. I didn’t expect the FBI to come to my house searching for illegal weapons and contraband but they did. When I confronted Colt about it he told me that it was his friends and that it was all a misunderstanding. And my dumbass believed him.” She scoffs and I squeeze the cup in my hand tighter. I can’t stand that someone might have used her like that.

I stayed with him after that. Then shortly after more misunderstandings started to happen. More strange things. He eventually started to gaslight me and make me feel like I was going crazy. When I told him that I was tired of being questioned by authorities he made it seem like I was looking for a reason to leave him. Not even when the asshole stole my work ID and decided to break into the narcotics locker at my

job did I leave him. I was so wrapped around his finger. He could have told me to jump off a bridge and I would've done it because I was sure that I could trust him. I lost my NP license when I couldn't explain what happened and didn't want to put him in jail. All those years of school down the drain because of him.

Finally, when I was down on my ass, jobless about to get kicked out of my neighborhood for the constant nuisance of having the FBI questioning everyone, he convinced me that I needed to get some help from my parents. He told me that this was the break that we needed. There was space and a place for us to start over. I thought it was the best option so once again being a dummy..."

I can't help the growl that pushes out of my mouth as I fist my hand on the table, "Stop doing that. You're not a dummy. I don't like that shit, Cassidy."

She stares at me for a few more seconds before she continues.

"Like I was saying, I thought it was for the best. So I packed up everything I had and we moved back here to my family home. My mother and father were accepting at first. They were just happy to have me here. It was my mother who first told me that something was wrong. She's the one who let me know something about Colt wasn't right. I didn't believe her though. I was too far gone. Too stuck on him. I ignored every single red flag. I ignored it until it was too late." She looks down and a tear trails down her cheek.

"One night while we all slept, Colt let his friends into the house to get the drugs that Colt managed to hide in the cellar. I didn't know they were there. In the exchange, there was a shoot-out. My father jumped in front of my mother and me to protect us. He got shot in the stomach. My father laid there in front of me and my mom, bleeding out and begging for someone to help him. I did everything I could to reason with Colt but he didn't care. The man never loved me. I was blinded by what I thought was love. He let my father die in front of us and then left us tied up in our house while my father rotted in front of us. It took the sheriff two days to find us by that time my mother was already changed. The doctor

told us it was a heart attack that took her but I knew the truth, she couldn't stand to be in a world without my father. Colt left me after that but not before he stopped at the bank and cleaned out every dime I had. By the time I looked up to see what kind of damage he'd done he'd run my credit score into the ground, nearly destroyed my farm and left me an orphan." She cried a little harder and I wanted to reach over and grab her but I didn't want to overstep my mark. I'll wait for her to reach for me. I'll be here for her no matter what.

"I tried afterward to get him arrested. Tried to give the police officers all the information that I had. Turns out I'm not the first woman that he'd done something like this too. They said it was a scam from the very beginning though it doesn't usually take as long as I did to figure it out. I thought that man was my everything. I trusted him with everything I had and he broke me down to what I am now. So yeah, no, I'm never going to trust anyone ever again. I can't afford it. I've got nothing left to lose. I'm sorry if you thought I was leading you on but that's my final decision." She nods her head once and I have to take a sip of the juice to make sure that I don't laugh out loud.

That's her final decision? She must not know who she's messing with. Honestly, if she were to tell me that she killed someone I still don't think I'd have left her here alone. I meant it when I told her that there was nothing that she could tell me that would make me not want to be with her.

"Cassidy, I don't think that's the final decision on anything. In fact, I think we're going to have a lot more to say about it." I smile at her and take another drink.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the fact that I'm not going to give up on you because you had a lapse in judgment." I down the rest of the drink before I get up and walk over to her towering over her as she looks up at me from the chair.

"Did you not hear what happened. My own father got killed horrifically because of what I did."

“No, that’s not what I heard. What I heard is some microdick asshole betrayed your trust and unfortunately your family just so happened to be in the crossfire because of it. You can’t control what the people you trust will do on their own. You didn’t put the gun or drugs in his hand and tell him to take your father’s life. You didn’t tell him to run off with your money or credit cards. You had no hand in any of that, all you did was trust someone you thought was trustworthy. I can’t say that I’ve always been trustworthy but what I can say is I can prove to you that I am now. I’m never going to hurt you the way Colt did. I know it’s going to take you a while to believe that but I’ve got the time. All you have to do is not close me out. Don’t keep pushing me away because you think everyone is going to come out like your ex. I’m not him and I’ll never be him.” I push the hair she got around her face back so I can stare down at her beauty.

I remember the first time I saw her I thought she was some sort of angel riding on a winged horse. Now I know that was just the venom talking but I still think she’s as gorgeous as an angel.

Slowly, I dip my head down and press my lips to hers. I just can’t seem to get enough of her taste. Enough of her lips. When she leans forward and moans in my mouth I know she’s given up all hope of me leaving her. I’m glad.

A gruff grunt lodges in my throat as I continue to kiss and touch her but she’s too far away. I need her closer. Using as much gentleness as I can I grab her by her thighs and lift her up and into my arms.

“What about your friends?” She asks as she pulls her mouth away from mine.

“They no better than to come in here. I’m sure Clay probably has his woman in the trees somewhere with her pants around her ankles.”

She gasps, “In the trees... they don’t have to do that. I mean I have space for them to come inside.”

I chuckle lightly before I press my lips to her neck and continue on my journey back to her room. “Nah, trust me

outside is better. Clay likes it all natural.”

“Oh.” she squeaks before I drop her down on the bed and pop all the buttons on her flannel shirt off.

“Now let’s talk about your punishment.” I pull my shirt over my head and drop it to the ground.

“Punishment? What makes you think I’m going to sit here and let you punish me?” Cassidy asks, her eyebrow going up in defiance.

“Beautiful, you held a gun on me. I don’t think I’m going to just be able to let that go. I think you need to be punished.” I drop down on her and pull her legs apart so she can feel just how hard I still am for her. Story and mistakes be damned I still want this woman.

“How many times do you think I can make you scream my name before you tell me you can’t take anymore? Five times? Seven?” I run the edge of my teeth along the shell of her ear and she trembles under me.

“That’s way too many, you can’t make me come that many times.” She whispers back.

“Mmm, beautiful, I’m starting to think you just like to challenge me. I say we go for eight. Just because you lack faith in me. I told you I was going to prove who I was to you. I think this is a good place for me to start.” I smile down at her quickly. Seconds before I pounce taking what I know in my soul is rightfully mine.

Wrecker

I'M WORE OUT.

Better yet, I wore Cassidy out. She's laid here across the bed, the sheet bunched up around her waist, her a mess and thoroughly fucked. Exactly how I like her.

We made it all the way to ten before she was begging me to come. She couldn't take anymore. Of course, that just meant I had to take it to eleven. She cursed me out, tried to claw my skin off but by the end of it she was mewling like a little kitten exactly how I wanted it.

I feel so at ease as I lay in the bed with her hair fanned across my arm. I didn't expect anything like her to come into my life but now that she's here I don't know if I could see myself without her. That's a problem in itself. I don't live here. Oklahoma isn't my home. My home and my club is back in new Orleans. Either I get her to leave with me and go back home or I stay here with her.

Either way one of us is going to lose and we're going to lose big.

My phone buzzes and I quickly roll over to pick it up in order to avoid waking Cassidy up.

As gently as I can I push myself out of the bed, making sure not to uncover Cassidy any more than she already is. I rush outside and the heat smacks me in the face.

"What the hell." I mutter to myself before I quickly hit the accept icon on my phone and answer it. "Yeah?"

"You ever going to come in or do I have to go back to that farm to find you?" Jameson croaks on the phone.

"Nah, I'm going to come in. I'm having a little difficulty getting Cassidy to come in with me. She's got some trust issues."

Jameson sighs and I hear the phone creak, "Make them less of a problem. Get her here Wrecker. I don't like having you so far

away.”

With Archer off scouring the world looking for Daria, Bishop and the doctor missing as well, none of us really like to be away from anyone in the club. It’s like everyone all of a sudden has abandonment trauma.

“I’m working on it prez. I’m coming in.” I say softly as I hang up the phone and look out at the beautiful scenery. I don’t see Clay or his woman out there anymore which means we’re truly out here on our owns. I can protect Cassidy and she can take care of herself if needed but the area is so large I wouldn’t really be able to see the danger until it was right up on our asses. Not something I typically would want to happen.

“So what happens if I don’t leave with you? Are you going to tie me up and toss me over your shoulder, drag me back to the club house?” Cassidy says from behind me.

I startle, my body jerking forward at the sound of her voice. “Jesus christ, how long have you been out here?” I ask.

“Long enough to hear you whispering on the phone.” She says crossing her arms over her chest and staring at me.

“I wasn’t whispering because I was trying to hide things from you. I just didn’t want to wake you up. If you don’t come with me I’ll just have to find a way to convince you. I know we got rid of the three assholes that were here last night but that doesn’t mean that Kohen isn’t going to send more. It doesn’t mean that you’re not still in danger. At my clubhouse there are way more people willing to protect you. Protect us. You could stay in my room, it’s not as large as a farm but it’s safe.” I say a small wish that she doesn’t just dismiss the idea right out but of course she does.

“I can’t. I have the animals to take care of.” She shrugs and looks away from me.

“We can come back and check on them. Same as earlier. You’ll have people willing to help you with the chores. We just need to make sure that we get to somewhere safe.”

“I know.” She nods. “Fine, I’ll come with you. I’m not stupid. I don’t want to be here on my own either but I can’t just

abandon my animals. We'd need to come back every day until this is all taken care of."

My jaw nearly drops to the ground I hadn't been expecting her to really give in so easily, that only means she must really be scared about what is going to happen. She doesn't need to be scared, not while she's with me.

"I hear you, let's get some clothes together and head on over. I want you to meet my family."

She turns to go back into the house but not before I see the soft smile lighten up her face. Cassidy may play hard but she's as soft as they come.

"OH MY GOD. You're trying to tell me that all of you get along in here?" Cassidy whispers as I tug her alongside me making my way to where Jameson, Shepard, and Wire are speaking to each other.

Everyone here is one big family but we all know the presidents of each chapter are the ones that are keeping this all together. In order for Cassidy to be here I have to get the okay from them first.

"Wrecker, nice of you to join us," Shepard says raising his beer in my direction. It's been a few days since I was back home.

"Yeah, I've had some business to handle," I say trying to keep things as respectful as I can.

"We see that. And who is this lovely woman?" Wire puts his hand out and I'm almost startled at his diplomacy. He's one of the oldest members of the club, part of the original club. I know first hand the damage this man can do so anytime I see him acting so civilized it kind of throws me for a loop.

"This is Cassidy. She's the one that saved me from the snake bite and the one our friends came to see last night. I wanted to come check in but I don't think it's smart to leave her there on her own when we don't know what kind of damage she can get into."

Wire nods his head as do the rest of the president's in attendance. "She's welcome here, granted she's not a spy or

anything like that.” Wire says with a slight smirk on her face.

“Spy? Why the hell would I need to spy on anyone in here? You’ve got nothing I want.” Cassidy snaps at Wire and the other two President’s by his side move forward.

I tug on Cassidy’s hand pulling her back and simultaneously trying to let her know that he’s not the one to bare her teeth at. She doesn’t move simply stares Wire down like she’s not scared of anything about him.

I’m a grown man, been around killers and psychopaths, and I still hold a little fear in my heart when it comes to Wire. That man is ruthless.

Wire stares her down for another second before he smiles wide, “You remind me of my wife. Good luck Wrecker.” He shakes his head before he turns back towards Jameson. The conversation is over.

Jameson nods his head at me and gestures to the rooms letting me know I’ve got the okay to bring her in our sacred ground.

“Is he always such an asshole?” Cassidy asks as I open the door to my room and let her in.

“Who? Wire? That was cheery compared to what we normally get from him. The only people he’s nice to are his wife and his kids.” I chuckle as I go to the closet and pull out my clothes. I’ve been showering at Cassidy’s house but I’ve had to wear the same clothes for a few days. I know they must smell rank as fuck.

“He’s got a family? No way.”

“Yeah, He’s got a little girl, Lily and a son, MC, his wife’s name is Keeley. They’ve been together forever.” I tell her and pull my shirt off.

“The kids and his wife live here too?”

“For now yes, but they do have a much larger house just for them close by.” I toe my boots off.

“Larger house...?” Cassidy asks, her words more breathy than usual. When I turn to look at her I see why. She’s not looking

at my face anymore. Her eyes are glued to my body, her eyes barely blinking and she's licking her lips appreciatively.

My wild beauty is turned on. She's just as insatiable as me. We're so compatible and to think I would've never found her had I not almost fucking died.

Sometimes a little pain is worth the reward.

"You keep staring at me like that I'm going to start to think you like me." I tease.

"I don't." She answers right away.

"No?" I pop open the very top button of my pants opening them slightly so she can see the very beginning of my shaft. I've been going commando for a few days now. What's the point of wearing dirty ass boxers.

She sucks in a breath and her eyes follow my hands as I rub the length of my cock through my jeans. "You're okay, nothing special." She says and my ego smarts a little.

"Ouch, beautiful. I'm nothing special? I thought I was extra special. How many people can make you come the way I do?" I get closer to her and press a hand to her back. She comes to me without hesitation.

"I can make myself come if I wanted." She whispers raising an eyebrow.

"I think I'd like to see that." I say, pushing her toward the bathroom. "Take your clothes off."

"No, we can't. Your friends will hear us."

"I don't care if all of Oklahoma hears us right now beautiful. I need to prove to you just how special I can make you feel." I push her again toward the bathroom. This time she turns on her heel and walks ahead of me. No more debate just cooperation.

Quickly I strip her of her clothes in the bathroom, kissing the back of her neck and down her spine. I tweak her nipples and let her see how hot she gets for me in the small mirror above the sink. There's not much that I can do but I can make sure she knows just how well I work her body over.

“God, you make me feel so good.” She mutters and I bite down on the sensitive part of her neck. She moans loud and I have to wrap my arms around her midsection to keep her buckling legs from going out from under her.

“Always. I’ll always make you feel good beautiful. Hearing you moan my name is the sweetest drug.” I speak directly into her ear and she moans loud, her eyes fluttering closed.

Quickly getting rid of the tights she through on to get over here I turn the shower on and make sure the water is warm enough. Once she’s inside I pull my pants off and get in the shower with her.

I grab the bar of soap and quickly wash myself before I run the soap over her body. I turn her back around so I can watch the water stream down her front. The water dripping off her peaked nipples just begging me for a taste. I can’t resist.

Dipping my head I suck in one of her nipples and I hear her moaning and gasping as I lap and suck at her breast. Everything about her is perfect. From the way she tastes to the way she fights me on everything.

“Still not special?” I ask pulling away from her chest.

“You’re okay... I could get used to you.” She mutters.

I laugh loud before I trail my tongue through the water on her breast before I suck in the other nipple. I suck and play with it in the way I know she likes before I pop the hard pebble out of my mouth and look into her eyes.

“Just okay?”

“Good...sss so good.” She mumbles trying to bring my lips back to her breast.

I slowly lift her up and she wraps her legs around my waist and tries to bring her face down to mine to kiss me but I move away. “I’m not sure I like just good. I want to be special to you.” I say teasing her as I slip the underside of my cock right between her folds making sure to press hard on that tight little bundle of nerves.

“Wren, stop it.” She whimpers and tries to kiss me again but this time I thread my fingers into her hair and pull her head back so I can look into her eyes.

“We already talked about that. I don’t stop Cassidy. I go after what I want and usually, I take it. I’m not polite or a good guy. I’m used to being the one people run away from. I don’t want that for you. I want to be special to you so until I’m someone special in your life, and I’m not going to stop until I am. So you better get used to this. Now let’s get back to how well I make you come. I’m starting to think I need a few pointers.” Ever slowly I rock my hips upward and have to close my eyes at the feeling.

This plan is about to backfire on me. The water makes her slide so easily up and down my length. I need her to get off. Even though all I want to do is tilt my hips back and slam into her.

“Fuck... Oh Wren.” She moans and holds onto my shoulders as I lay her back against the wall.

I continue to slide myself against her and soon she begins to work her hips on her own. “Wren, I need to feel you. Fuck me.”

“Not yet,” I grunt and press myself harder against her. I’m going to come myself just from this. So much for making her feel like I could do anything for her. She’s going to make me blow my load at any second.

“Wren, please... fuck!” She claws at my arms and her hips are bucking against me wildly.

“Am I special to you, Cassidy?”

“Oh... Wren.” She sucks in a breath.

“Tell me I mean something to you, beautiful. Don’t deny what you feel for me. I’m not going to deny what I feel for you. You’re it for me. Tell me I mean something to you.” My voice is raw, it grates against my throat. I’m as vulnerable as I’ve ever been with her.

“You mean so much. Too much. I’m scared.” She admits and I watch a tear trickle down her cheek mixing with the water

from the shower.

“Never. Never with me.” I growl and I can’t hold back anymore. I didn’t think hearing her say that she wants more with me would drive me so wild but it’s like I’ve been waiting my whole life for her to say that.

Tipping my hips back I line up with her core and thrust in hard.

She tosses her head back and screams loud.

“Wren, I’m there. Oh God!” She whimpers and I pound away at her. Three hard thrusts later she’s shaking all over my cock. I love it. Love to hear her call for me, cling to me like I’m her safe place. that’s what I want. I want to be her safe place.

The water splashes off my back as I lose myself in her warm tight walls. I bang my hand on the tile trying to keep my cool. When Cassidy leans forward and sucks my ear into her mouth I can’t keep my tempo, all thoughts of trying to make this last evaporate out of my mind.

Now all I can think about is getting as deep as I can inside of her.

“Wren, you’re going to make me come again. Oh please... yes... yes...yes!” She wails loud and I’m sure someone may have actually heard her this time. I don’t care. My club knows the deal. She’s with me so she’s okay. I don’t just want her to be with me now though, I want her to stay with me.

“Wren, birth control...” She whimpers and I snarl at the words.

“Don’t ask me to pull out. I can’t do it. Trust me to take care of you and my seed.” I stare into her eyes. My muscles bunched and tight my balls pulling up hard against my body. “Trust me Cassidy.” I beg her once again.

She pulls her face close, laying her forehead on mine, “Don’t make me regret this Wren. I trust you.” She whispers and I lose my ever-loving mind.

I pound up into her and the orgasm that roars through me is so strong I can’t stay on my feet. I groan her name and squeeze

my eyes shut as stream after stream of my hot cum pulses inside her tight walls.

My knees buckle and clutching her to me, I lower us down to the floor all the while the shower is still pelting my back and my cock is still pulsing inside of her.

I pray that my seed takes root. That I came so deep inside her, her body has no choice but to create a child. I never wanted that before but with Cassidy, I want it all. I want everything she's willing to give me and then things I have to persuade her I need. I want her to trust me with everything down to her soul.

Her breathing evens out as she gets more comfortable on my lap, "If I didn't know any better I would think you were trying to knock me up." She laughs.

"I'm not going anywhere, Cassidy. Knocked up or not knocked up, I'm here to stay." So much for not wanting to leave New Orleans.

I guess I'm going to have to talk to Jameson and Wire about becoming a nomad. This is my home now.

Cassidy

FALLING ASLEEP IN WREN'S ARMS IS BECOMING EASIER AND easier.

I should be more concerned with how easy it is for him to get under my skin but I'm finding that every time I try to push him out I have less and less effort to do it.

It just feels better to let him love on me.

He may not have said it yet but that's exactly what he's been doing. Loving on me. Making sure I felt safe. Being patient. Taking his time to break down all my walls. He's been here when I was so sure that I didn't want anyone in my life.

I was so wrong.

A deep rumbling sound captures my attention and part of me thinks it's his stomach. I know I'm pretty hungry even though he made sure I had at least a sandwich after we got out of the shower. I never saw him take out anything for himself. He must be starving.

Slowly I put on the shorts and shirt that Wren's left out for me and I make my way out of his room, walking as quietly as I can trying my hardest not to wake anyone up. Of course with so many people in one place there was bound to be someone else roaming around at this time.

Walking into the kitchen I see a very beautiful woman with very long dark hair. It's braided and in her arms is a small child maybe no more than three or four.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did we wake you? This one had a bit of a nightmare." She smiles at me.

"No, my stomach woke me up. I'm a little hungry." I say.

"After all your exercise last night I'm sure you are." Another woman who is sitting at the table says. She's got two toned hair, it's split down the center, one side is red the other side is a vibrant blue. She's got tattoos on her neck going all the way down her arms and onto her fingers. She looks like she'd be

ready to kill someone in a heartbeat if they deserved it. Hell maybe if they didn't deserve it.

My mind registers the fact that she's talking about the marathon fucking that Wren and I were doing and I feel my face heat up. The man has a way to make me scream that I never thought possible.

"Yeah... sorry." I mumble and look away.

"Nah, don't be. It's about time Wrecker found someone. You seem like a good girl but I have to warn you us ladies are very protective over these boys so if you're trying to play games with him it's not going to end well for you." The woman with the two toned hair says. My eyes jump to hers, "You're Wire's wife, Keeley?"

"Me? God no. That woman is a saint. I'm Maven. My husband is Barry, or Clean as he's called in here."

I don't think I've met this one but from the conversation that me and Wren had I know Clean is a one of the few presidents in here."

"What would make you think I was Keeley?"

"You seem like you're the head hen. Wire said I reminded him of his wife."

"Ah, I see, well would you've been flattered or pissed off if it was me?" Maven raises an eyebrow at me in question.

"Can't tell yet. Honestly, you seem like a bitch." I answer honestly.

The smile that crosses Maven's face is beautiful but at the same time just a bit unhinged.

"Oh yeah?" Maven stands up and saunters over to me slowly.

"Maven." The other woman says with a tinge of warning in her tone.

I don't know what she's warning against until I see the flash of silver come up from her side. It takes me only a minute to figure out that it's a blade. I don't jump back when she twirls it

in my face just stare her down. She stares back at me as she finishes her flourish, gauging my reaction.

I'm not easily scared.

I know that's what she's trying to do, put some fear in my heart. Slowly I tap the sharp metal knife I pulled out from my side holster and have pressed against her inner thigh right where the femoral artery runs. If she wants to play this game I can play just as well.

Slowly, Maven looks down where I'm tapping and then back up to me. Her face goes stone for a second before she breaks out in raucous laughter.

"Holy shit! You're fast! Yeah, you're going to fit in right away. What's your name sweetheart?" She steps back and puts her knife away. The other woman laughs and goes to the fridge to get herself a bottle of water. This is normal for them.

"I'm Cassidy."

"Nice to meet you Cassidy. Like I said I'm Maven, that beauty over there is Ruthie."

"Is that how you greet everyone?" I ask walking away toward Ruthie.

"No, but the word around town was you could take care of yourself. I like that. These boys need someone who is strong. We've all had to adapt somewhat. But it doesn't look like you'll have any problems there. Such a badass. I love it!" Maven claps and I can't help but smile at her.

She's rough around the edges but she means well. At least I hope she does.

"Come sit down, let me tell you about my family." Ruthie grabs my arm and escorts me to the table but not before fixing me a plate of food and getting me something to drink.

It's late at night and I know everyone else is asleep but I'm so glad I got to speak with these women one on one. I'm sure this place has a dynamic I've never experienced but then again I'm looking forward to knowing what I'm about to get myself into.

“SHIT, THAT DOESN’T LOOK GOOD.” A man with blue hair stares out the window up at the mid-day sky.

“Nah, it doesn’t.” I say as I stand right next to him and look up as well.

Everyone else looks as if they’re having a great time but they’re not from here. None of them see what I see. As a native to Oklahoma I know what that sky means. We’re about to have a major storm.

“Fuck, maybe we should start boarding up the windows.” Another man says from behind me. Looking at his vest I see his name is Oro. He looks young. His long hair making him look softer than the rest of the men in the clubs.

“Yeah, that’s not good.” I say crossing my arms over my chest. “Has anyone turned on the news recently? Weather channel?” I ask looking around.

All of them shake their heads.

I turn and go find Wren, I need to get back to the farm as soon as possible to get everything boarded up. “Wren, we need to get to the farm.” I grab hold of hi, cutting off the conversation he’s having with two other club members.

“What, now?” He asks surprised.

“Yeah, right now.” I demand.

“Wire!” The man with the blue hair calls out and goes rushing.

“What is it?” I ask getting his attention before he can move any farther.

He skids to a stop and shows me his phone. It’s worse than I expected. It was a small storm that has almost instantly turned into a tornado warning. I’ve dealt with tornado’s before. The worst part about it is the fact that we’ve had little to no warning.

“Wren, now!” I hand the phone back to the blue haired guy.

He takes the phone and sees what I’m looking at. “Fuck, what about the people in town. Do you think they’ll have enough time to prepare?”

I'm surprised the thought crosses his mind. If this tornado escalates as quickly as it looks like it is I doubt anyone has had any chance to prepare for this. This tornado is going to tear through the town like a wrecking ball. I can only hope that the damage won't be as bad as it looks like it's about to be.

"Men, round up!" I hear someone yell out and then a flashing light start to strobe in the space. Everyone comes out of the rooms. People come in through the front door and suddenly I'm seeing more people in the large compound than I've seen since I've been here.

I turn my head ready to start pulling Wren again, the need to get back to my farm becoming overwhelming. Before Wren and I can start walking I see Wire stand up on the bar to get everyone's attention.

"Fly just brought some disturbing news to my attention. It looks like there's about to be a tornado pushing it's way through the area." A thick round of grumbles goes through the room. The tension instantly rises.

"We don't know shit about a tornado, Wire. We don't got that up north." Cody, his name on his vest, calls out.

"No shit, Sherlock, most of us don't know what the fuck to do with a tornado up our ass." Another of the club members say.

"No you don't know what to do in a tornado but all of you assholes can swing a hammer. This is a great opportunity for us to make good with the locals, let them see that we're not here to harm them. Besides when all you jerks leave I'm still going to have to deal with them." Wire smiles and everyone laughs.

The power he has over this large group of people is incredible. Talk about being the man in charge.

"So this is what you're going to do, everyone is going to go out and help where they can. Board up windows, bring furniture in, deliver fucking candles. I don't care what you do but you're all going to go out and help."

"What if we don't want to help? Why the hell should we put our asses on the line for people who don't even want us here. I

know you think you're hot shit Wire but we don't take orders from you." Some says from the side and I watch as the majority of the group turn in his direction. The bulk of them with balled fist as if they are ready to fight.

"No, but you do take orders from me." A man with the name tag Boss says walking over to where the trouble maker is standing. "I'm your president and i've already talk to Wire about all this. This shit is happening or you can ride out the tornado in the fucking field. Either we all stand together or you can get the fuck out."

The trouble maker nods his head and looks away.

"Now with that said, the news says the tornado should touch down in the area in about two hours. I want you gone an hour tops." Wire searches the crowd and I can feel his eyes lock onto me. "Cassidy, do you think you'd be able to tell us where the folks are that would need the most help. We got a limited amount of time and I want to make sure we hit those people who really need us."

My mouth drops open, I wasn't expecting to be a player in this plan but I'm willing to help out if it means the people in the town have a better shot a being safe. "Absolutely, can someone print me out a town map."

Wire nods and then looks to the side, "Keeley, you and the girls get as many candles from the store room as you can. Take out what we need and the guys will take the rest to hand out."

"Got it babe." She replies.

"Alright, everyone knows what to do let's get going. I meant what I said, an hour, tops. I don't want to have to send people out to look for you." Wire barks and everyone starts moving.

It's like a well-oiled machine. Within seconds I'm shown a map on an Ipad and given a stylus to circle the areas that need the most help. Luckily the town isn't very big so there are only about seven or eight places that really need the help. Along with a few businesses. The guys can go in teams and help out.

I hear Wren arguing in the background and now my attention is on him.

“No way, it’s bullshit. I need to be with her. She needs help like everyone else.”

Jameson sees me and waves me over, I don’t know what the problem is but I’m hoping I can help de-escalate the problem.

“Wren, what’s wrong?”

“I told Jameson I was taking you to your farm to board up but he wants me to go with some of the other guys in town. I’m not going to let you go by yourself. That’s bullshit.”

“Bro, she’s not going by herself. Clay and Faelynn are going to be with her.”

“Yeah but-”

“Wren, Jameson is right. Clay and his wife know how to deal with the farm and the animals. If you were to come I’d have to spend more time than I need to trying to explain things to you. I want everyone to come back safely, myself included. You know this is the right thing to do.” I grab his hand and squeeze it.

Wren glares at me for a moment. Obviously upset that I chose Jameson’s side over his but we don’t have time to argue about it. The longer we stand here and talk about it the darker the sky gets outside. We’re running on borrowed time.

“Wren.” I urge him.

“Fuck it, fine but I swear to God if you get hurt I’m going to find someone’s head to knock off.” He grabs me hard and presses his lips to mine. The fire behind the gestures warms me in a way that I’ve never felt. I couldn’t care less about the tornado brewing outside, it’s what’s happening with my body that I’m consumed with.

“Clay, let’s make moves.” Jameson calls out and I shake my head.

“You got her?” Wren stares at Clay.

“You know I do brother, guard her with my own life.” Clay answers.

Only then does Wren let me go. I can see the pain written all over his face. I know what to do in a tornado. I can prepare but he doesn't this isn't his life.

"It'll be fine. You make sure you come back to me." I back peddle as both Faelynn and Clay start toward the door.

"Like a little tornado could keep me from getting to you." He smirks and I can't help but chuckle.

That arrogant man is worming his way deep in my heart and I think I like it.

Wrecker

I HATE EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS.

All I want is to go back to the farm and pick Cassidy up, take her to my room, and lock the doors. I hate being away from her but I know that she can take care of herself. I know that Clay is going to do everything in his power to make sure that She stays safe.

Still, I hate this.

“Wrecker, the faster we get through this the faster we can go home,” Lex says through the in-ear receiver as we blow through the town in search of the homes that we are assigned to.

I push my bike to go faster. I know he’s right. I just have to get this done. Soon it’ll be done and I can get back to my woman. There’s no doubt in my mind now, Cassidy is meant to be my ol’ lady. I can’t think of anyone that would ever be a better match for me. She’s perfect in the most imperfect ways.

I’m riding with Lex, Yang, Lobo and Ryder. Lobo is from Puerto Rico and actually does have some experience with extreme weather. Being from an island he’ll know best what to do in this situation.

We pull up to a small cul-de-sac with three houses. There’s people outside struggling to get furniture in. One house belongs to a woman and three small children, another a much older man and in the center is a family of four. The father is running back and forth between the three houses trying to do what he can but it’s easy to see he’s overwhelmed.

The minute the five of us pull up everyone is on edge. I can see it in their faces. They think we’re here to start trouble.

“Ryder, Yang, you two take the lead. We gotta get them to trust us as fast as possible.” I tell them.

They both get off their bikes and rush over to the center so they can talk to everyone. “Things are going to get bad in a

few minutes. We're just here to help."

"We got all the help we need." The older man says, his frail voice barely carrying over the wind.

"I know what we look like but that tornado is going to hit all of us no matter what. Let us help you so we can all get into safety, everyone." I say.

"Can you help board up?" The single mother says.

Lobo and I jump into action. I grab one sheet of wood from the ground and rush to get it lined up against the window. Before I can even start hammering away. Lobo bends down near the three small children and hands them a bag of candles.

"Niños, I need you to be brave little soldiers and go inside. Put two of these candles in as many rooms as you can, okay. Don't light them. Just put them in there and get all the water you have into the living room okay." Lobo smiles at the kids and they return the gesture. Happy to help the three of them dart off to do what Lobo asked of them.

Lobo stands tall and looks at the woman, "You have a basement? Cellar?"

"Yeah." She says, "Okay, go down and make sure you have everything you need in there, flashlight, everything you can use in this situation." The woman nods her head and rushes off.

I look over my shoulder and already see the rest of the guys split up and helping the other two neighbors. The windows are getting boarded up lightening fast but the wind is picking up even faster. In a split second, I shout out to Yang and Lex who are helping out the older man. The wind is so strong it causes the elderly man to stumble backward. Yang quickly grabs the man before he can fall. Slowly the two of them walk up the stairs and into the house. Yang returns on his own and continues to board the old man's house. No one here expects anything from anyone but I know Yang is feeling really good about himself that he's able to help.

We all are.

Sure we may be ready to battle and kill at any moment but working with the community is the one part of being in the club that really makes me feel fulfilled. That and the fact I know I can get into any amount of trouble and my brothers will have my back. I've never really had a family, this is the kind of family I wish everyone could have.

The hour goes faster than I thought possible but we still get all three houses boarded up and as safe as they're going to get. Unfortunately, the tornado isn't running on the same timeline.

The five of us all run up to our bikes and get ready to shove off not even staying long enough for any of the people we helped to tell us thank you.

"Hey! Wait!" The single mother shouts at us but none of us turn, we're too busy looking up at the pitch black sky and the strange funnel shape that is reaching down from the sky in the near distance.

"Hey!" She screams again. "You're not going to make it back! Don't be fools!"

"Lock your bikes up in my shed!" The younger man yells from his porch. His entire family already inside.

I look over to Lex and he's looking back at me. We can ride like the wind but I don't think any of us is going to be able to out run mother nature.

With the decision already made for us we start up our bikes and race to the back of the house where the shed is. Without much organization, we drop our bikes in the shed and lock it up.

The noise is getting unbearable as the funnel gets bigger and closer. As we come out of the shed, I see the single mother waving frantically for us to run toward us. Winnie falls twice, the wind now strong enough to push him to the ground. Thankfully, I've got more weight than him and I help him up so we can run to the woman's house. We don't stop when we cross the threshold. Only Yang does.

"I've got to get Peter!" He screams over the roar of the wind.

"What!"

“Peter, the old man! He’s alone. No basement. I gotta get him!” Yang yells again and I watch from the doorway as he barges in the old man’s house and grabs the old man.

Yang doesn’t waste anytime picking the elderly man up over his shoulder and running like his life depended on it back to the woman’s house.

It only takes him seconds but by the time he’s over the threshold I can hear the windows rattling violently.

“Get downstairs! Hurry up!” The woman yells at us in a panic.

Yang settles the man on his feet and we rush down into the very secure cellar.

The three small children are crying and yelling for their mother who rushes to them. They squeeze hold of her and she pulls them to a corner to calm them down.

“Light those candles, and stay as close to the corners as you can.” Lobo orders us. We do as we’re told. Instead of going to separate corners all of us end up near the small family.

So much for getting back to the clubhouse on time.

Everyone settles down, Lobo even starts to show the kids photos on his phone of animals he has back in his home town. Telling stories, doing what he can to keep the children calm.

I pull out my phone, there’s only one voice I want to hear right now.

I call Cassidy, praying to God that she picks up the phone.

“Wren!” She answers out of breath. “Where are you? I can’t find you.”

“We didn’t make it back, babe. Are you okay?”

“Oh no, oh no no, where are you maybe we can make it to you.” I can hear the fear in her words.

I can’t focus without knowing she’s okay. “Cassidy! Are you okay?” I ask again.

“Yes. Yeah, we made it back. Everyone did besides you guys.” She whimpers softly, “Are you safe?”

“Yeah, one of the townfolks is letting us stay in her cellar.”

“Who? What’s her name?”

I look up realizing I don’t even know who’s house we’re in.

“Ma’am, what’s your name?”

“I’m Emma.”

“Emma” I repeat back to Cassidy.

“Emma Lockwood?”

“Lockwood?” The woman nods in response. “Yeah, that’s where we are. It’s going to be fine, Cassidy. I promise you.”

“How do you know. Even strong people die in tornados” She sniffles.

“Nothing is going to stop me from coming back to you. Nothing.” I can feel that promise in my soul.

“Oh, Wren... I wish-”

A static replaces her voice and I pull my phone back to see that there’s no more service. This is it.

I squeeze the small phone in my hand and let my head fall back against the wall. I want to get home. I want Cassidy in my arms.

When I open my eyes again, I see Emma staring at me, a soft smile on her face.

“What?” I ask wondering why she’s staring at me like that.

“You really care for her. Cassidy?”

“With everything I am.” I say proud. I don’t care who hears me. I don’t care what anyone else thinks. Cassidy has already told me that many of the people in the town don’t like her because of what happened with her ex. They’ve shunned her for the mistakes of the past. None of their opinions matter to me. I know Cassidy and nothing anyone can say is going to make me change my mind.

“Good. She deserves someone like you. Someone who can see how wonderful she is. She’s had it rough, it’s nice she found

someone who wants to make things easy.” Emma nods and turns her attention back to her children.

I lay my head back against the wall and do my best to ignore the wild banging happening upstairs. I’m sitting in the middle of a tornado but all I can think about is getting back to the woman I love.

Wrecker

WE SURVIVED.

The tornado lasted for a whopping forty-five minutes before it blew out of the area, enough for us to come out of the cellar. Unfortunately, by the time we made it out, the damage was astronomical.

It's lucky for Peter that Yang pulled him out when he did because half of the man's house was pancaked to the ground. If he were still in there, there would be no way he'd have survived.

The old-timer recognized that immediately and pulled Yang into a genuine hug, telling him that he had friends here no matter when he came back. They were all grateful for our help.

Happy that we all survived. The family of four was in good shape as well. Lots of external damage, but their house was still standing.

The five of us got on our bikes and slowly rode through the town, stopping to help where we could along the way. Even digging out a man who was buried under some debris.

None of us talked on the way home. We'd been through mass casualties before, some of us even in the military, where people died constantly, but none of us had ever seen the kind of destruction we saw here.

Still, even with all the destruction in front of us, I was ecstatic to be on my way home.

Cassidy was waiting for me, and I knew there was nothing more I could do to help the people in the town than what I was already doing.

We'd all have to regroup and figure out our next steps.

Of course, once the shit storm starts, it doesn't just go away.

"What the hell is that?" Lex speaks through the in-ear receiver, and I look in my side-view mirror to figure out what he's

talking about. Three cars are slowly trailing behind us. No clear destination in sight. It looks like they're following us, but I don't know that for sure.

"You think they're after us?" Winnie asks. I see the panic already starting. He's already been through a tragedy on the bike, and we all know it's left some trauma.

"Fuck if I know, but I'm not trying to find out. Let's move, boys," I say, and we push our bikes to go faster. The best part about having the bikes in this situation is we can get through the debris easily, while the cars behind us have to move at a slower pace.

"They're staying on our tail. They're not trying to get home; they're following us," Ryder says out loud.

"Fuck, I know. Let's make sure they don't." Instantly, the five of us start to maneuver our bikes, taking dangerous dips and drifts, trying to get away from the people behind us. It's not until we see the flaming liquid coming in our direction that we realize how dire our situation is.

"What the fuck is that?" We all look up as a bottle of flaming liquid is thrown at Yang. It hits his back wheel with a small explosion and quickly engulfs him. He skids his bike to a stop and rolls to the ground, screaming and patting at his legs as the fire starts to engulf him.

All of us drop to help him, but the minute I get close to him, I see it's not just a normal Molotov cocktail those assholes threw, but something sticky. The more he swipes at the material, the more he spreads the fire around.

"Stop! Fucking stop!" I grab hold of his kutte and his pants, starting to rip them off his body.

Ryder, Lex, and Lobo post up next to us, ready to take on the fight that's already coming, but instead of the cars stopping, they just hoot, holler, and race on by, screaming obscenities and threats along the way.

I don't know what kind of message that was, but it's enough for us to get the picture. If we thought Kohen and the rest of his cronies had forgotten about us, we were wrong.

IT TAKES us another hour to get Yang home. He's got burns on his legs and torso, but luckily, they're not bad enough that he couldn't ride home. He's freezing by the time we make it to the compound, having to ride home in just a pair of boxers and an undershirt.

The presidents find out what happened and immediately go into the church to figure out our next steps. There's only one option for us. We're going to have to take out Kohen, and we're going to have to do it now.

Still, I'm glad to be home with my woman.

"I was so scared for you," Cassidy rushes over to me and wraps her arms around my body, squeezing me tight as if she were afraid I'd never come back home.

"No need to worry, beautiful. I'm here." I kiss the top of her head and try to pull her in the direction of my room.

She looks around the large clubhouse, her eyes widening at the sudden movement of weapons.

"This can't be good," she whispers.

"No, it's not. Those guys that were trying to take your farm attacked us on the way home. If they're that brazen, it's only a matter of time before they come here to the clubhouse and try to push their luck. Hopefully, with all the force we have here, it won't," I shrug and pull her forward again.

"You're going to go looking for them. Looking to kill them?" she asks, her voice even lower than before.

I turn to catch her gaze; she's looking at the floor. "Cassidy, we can't let something like this stand."

"You don't have to fight. You don't have to be the bad guys everyone thinks you are," she says, finally bringing her eyes up to mine.

That's what this is about. She thinks we're about to be the thugs everyone assumes we are. "Cassidy, I told you when we met that I wasn't a good guy. I told you that we do messed up things for a reason. To protect my family, to protect this town, we'll do some crazy things. I know what Colt did before

blindsided you, and you never want to be a part of that again, but this is different. I'm telling you now, when we find these guys, we're going to take them out. I need you to accept that this is part of my life. If you stay with me, this is going to be part of your life. It's part of club life." I hope I'm not pushing her away, but she needs to understand that sometimes things are going to get ugly.

"Would you give it up for me? If I told you I wanted to stay with you, would you leave all this behind?" Her eyes widen.

I drop her hand and take a step back. "If you cared for me even half as much as I care for you, you'd never ask me to do something like that. These people are my family, and I'll do whatever I need to do to protect them."

I do care for you. That's why I'm saying this. I've seen this road before. I don't want you ending up neck-deep in some bullshit that's either going to end your life or send you to prison for the rest of it." She puts her hands on her hips and glares at me.

"We all gotta die, Cassidy. If I'm going to do that for my family and for a good cause, I'm okay with it. Tell me, if you had a second chance, you wouldn't do it too. Tell me if you could give your life for your parents, you wouldn't do the same."

Her face falls and she is left speechless. She knows I'm right. Knows that if given the chance, she'd do whatever she had to in order to save her father from the horrible fate that was given to him.

After a few moments, she reaches out and grabs my hand. "I hope you know what you're doing. Don't burn me, Wren."

Little does she know, I'd rather throw myself on the stake than ever watch her burn.

Wrecker

IT'S NOW OR NEVER.

The town is still in disarray from the tornado. Jameson and the other presidents think this is the best time to try and catch them with their pants down. Now all we need to know is where they're staying. It shouldn't be that hard to figure out. They're the only people that don't fit here.

Three days of recon and we've got a location. It's a compound similar to ours, on a farm deep in the southern part of town.

"Boys, time to talk," Jameson pulls all of us together and we have a group meeting. The air in the clubhouse is tense. Everyone knows what's about to happen. We need to end this once and for all; hopefully, by the time word gets back to Rupert Giles that we took out his number two man, he'll think twice about messing with us. That is if everything goes to plan.

"Shit did not go to plan," Wire is the first one to speak up, as he is most of the time. "We all came here to try and get a breather from the mess that we were in back home. We thought we'd be together and be stronger for it. We are. Unfortunately, our enemy has adapted and become stronger too. It's going to be a fight, and I can't promise all of you will come back. You have to know that we're doing this to make sure that our family and the people that depend on us to be safe are just that: safe. Even the people in the town don't deserve to be put in the line of danger. We're doing this for them."

Wyatt is the next person to speak up, "We've done some recon on Kohen and the rest of the people in this group that are here. From what I can tell, pulling in all my favors, there's about twenty of them here. We've taken on a force that large before and we've made it out in one piece; there's no reason why we shouldn't come out on top again."

A round of grumbles goes through the crowd; Wyatt's right. If it's only twenty people like we think, then we should be able to take them out without much trouble. The problem is if they have anything else up their sleeves, we're going to be screwed.

"So how are we planning on doing this? We're just going to go at them head-on?" I ask where I'm standing.

"No, Boss and his crew were able to find a back way into the compound. They don't have any guards posted there; we should be able to hit them when they least expect it," one of us replies.

All of us nod, taking in the information.

"What if it's not what we think? What if we get there and they're waiting for us, ready to blow us away?" Storm asks from where he's standing.

"Then we'll be prepared for that," Wire answers.

"We need to be prepared for whatever goes down," Clean pipes up.

"And what if we lose?" Mack asks, not bothering to look at Clean. "What if all there's left to do is give them what they wham?" Mack cringes as the wrong word comes out of his mouth, but we all know what he means.

"If it comes down to it, I'm not going to run away. They want some of us. That's what this is about; all of this fighting is because Rupert wants a few of us for his personal property. If it comes down to my family and being taken, I'm going to go," Lex says loudly.

"Bullshit, I'm not just going to let you martyr yourself," Jameson replies.

"I'm not martyring myself. I'm saving my family. You can't tell me not to do it," Lex replies to Jameson.

"Hopefully it won't come to that," I say, trying to break the tension in the room.

"Hopefully. But Lex is right, we know who Kohen wants; that's why I think those on his list need to stay to the back of the fight."

“Well, that’s bullshit,” Ink says out loud.

“Out of everyone here, I’d think you’d know better than to try to go one-on-one with something like this,” Wire turns to him.

Ink knows firsthand what it’s like to be taken by the Giles family; he was kidnapped and tortured for years at the hands of Rupert’s brother.

“You’re right, and I know that if he’s serious about wanting us to be on his roster, he’ll stop at nothing to get us. If it’s the last option, I’m going. The same as Lex.”

Suddenly there’s an uproar; no one is good with this plan, no one wants to acknowledge the fact that they might have to trade lives.

As if on cue, the shitstorm we’re in right now catapults to a level five. Boss rushes in and announces to everyone just how screwed we are.

“The locals are in a panic,” he says loudly, getting everyone’s attention, “There’s been a rash of kidnappings and killings overnight.”

“What? How many?” Wire asks.

“So far, four dead, fifteen kidnappings.”

“What the fuck?” I say in shock.

“Do the cops have any leads? Anything? Do we know who was kidnapped?”

“Yeah, I got a list; bro, it’s bad,” Boss shakes his head and hands the list over to Clean, “They’re all kids.”

“You’ve got to be shitting me,” I say out loud and move closer to where Clean is so I can see the list.

“No, fuck no.” Lobo runs a hand through his hair as he looks over the list too. The minute I get there I understand why he’s so upset. One of the first names that I see is Mikey Lockwood. They took the three kids we were locked in the cellar with.

“We need to get them all back. We need...” I try to talk but instantly I’m rendered speechless. There’s only one way to get them all back in one piece. One way we all know of. I’m sure

it's on everyone else's mind too. We're going to have to give in.

As everyone is standing around arguing about what we need to do, Justin calls out from where he's standing watch at the door.

“Wire! Ink!”

Everyone quiets down and the tension in the air gets thicker when we see the youngest prospect reach to his side for his weapon.

“Report!” Ink calls back rushing toward him.

“Someone's driving up. A lot of someone's” Justin says.

Shit.

It's going down already. We're not prepared. Not as prepared as we want to be.

My skin prickles with anxiety as I look back to my room where Cassidy is still resting. I need to make sure she's away from the danger but I've got nowhere to send her. I see people looking around probably thinking the same things. All of our families are here. If this is going to be ground zero then it's a possibility that we're going to have more casualties and this time it's going to be our families.

I can't have that.

From the look on everyone's face, no one is ready to have that.

“Wait... Wait... I think it's okay.” Justin says.

The cars come to a screeching halt outside and a second later there's banging on the doors.

“Lobo! Are you in there? Wren? Ryder?” Someone yells.

I know that voice. It's Emma.

Everyone rushes to the door and when we open we see nearly a dozen people mostly women, some of them bleeding from cuts and bruises.

“Emma,” I call for her and she comes over to me. She looks around the crowd and we can all see how nervous they are. Wyatt and Wire come to the front.

“What’s going on? You don’t have to fear anyone here. No one is going to hurt you.” Wire says calmly.

“Those other guys. The ones we all thought were part of your gang,” Emma starts. It burns not to correct her. We’re not a gang, we’re family. But I let it slide, she’s obviously upset right now. “They’re in the square. Ripping the kids from people’s arms. Beating on the old-timers. We’re trying to fight them off but we can’t. Even the sheriff departments out there but it’s just getting worse. We don’t know...” She ends, her voice cracking.

“We don’t know you guys but everyone you’ve helped swear that you’re good guys.” Another woman I don’t know speaks. “Things like this never happened before. We’ve always been safe. If this is your problem, you need to fix it now. They’re taking our babies. Please... Please help us.” She cries, turning into someone else’s arms, and starts to wail.

The mother’s tears are like knives twisting in my heart. We’re the ones who did this. We can’t let this go on any longer.

“Wire, we’re moving... now,” Jameson calls out. Shepard, Vado, Wyatt, and everyone else nodding their heads. We need to make moves.

“Let’s move then.” Wire says and the entire clubhouse erupts in movement.

Emma catches up to me, grabs my arm, and looks deep into my eyes. “What are you going to do?”

“We’re going to do what we do best. Protect our own.”

Wrecker

WE'RE AN ARMY.

The entire procession of us is intimidating as we take our bikes and trucks out, speeding in the direction of the town. It's nothing like I thought I'd see. It looks like a warzone. Businesses are on fire. People are running screaming for family members through the streets. Citizens dead on the floor.

"Everyone stay together. No one goes off on their own." Jameson calls out, his military training kicking in.

I keep my eyes peeled as I look for any enemy coming our way. It's like thier hiding in the smoke.

"I don't fucking see them." I grit out.

Walking another twenty meters and we hear someone screaming out. The lot of us take off running in that direction, we come across a group of five men beating a woman behind a feed store. They're pulling at her clothes obviously trying to force themselves on her.

"Not today, motherfucker." Mack is the one to jump first. We deliver a beat down from hell on those men and allow the woman to run away.

Group after group we disarm and beat them. We're taking them down with ease. Too much ease.

Walking back out into the main road, it's surprisingly quiet.

We get back into lines and continue our sweep of the town, it's only when Oro screams out in pain and goes down do we realize what the hell is really happening.

"Ah, mierda, madre de dios. Estoy disparado. me dispararon"
He yells in Spanish.

Vado grabs hold of Oro, looking up, "We got fucking snipers!"

Like lightning, bullets start raining down on us. In the mass confusion, everyone dives in different directions. When I look up I'm with Cody, Bones and Clean.

“What the fuck, we didn’t see them up there. How the fuck did they get around us?” Clean kicks at a car providing us cover.

“There fucking snipers Bro, that’s the whole point.” Cody grunts.

“We need to get around them. Need to find a way up.” I say through my teeth.

“You think you can make it up the fire escape?” Clean asks.

“Not a chance.” I reply. Just putting my head out gives the people above us a clear shot. I’d be dead before I even made it across the road.

“Shit, we’re fucking sitting ducks out here.”

“Boys, stay put. We’re going to have to wait for them to reload.”

We all hear the presidents giving orders over the walkie-talkies; now everyone is spread out. This is exactly what we didn’t want to happen.

“Molotov!” I hear Yang yell out, and when I peek over the car, I see fireballs in the sky going in the direction of where a group is hiding out. Two are coming in my direction. I never thought I’d be back in a situation like this, never thought that I’d have to be ducking for cover from bombs and snipers. Yet, here I am.

“We gotta move. We can’t stay still any longer,” Clean says, and he’s right. Sitting behind this truck, we’re dead men.

I look around the area trying to find any exit that we can use. There’s an alleyway near the feed store.

“Down there, it looks clear,” I point out to everyone next to me, and within seconds we’re up and running in that direction. Another group must have seen the same thing we see, and they’re on their way there. Bullets rain down on us, and we have to weave in and out, tripping over one another as we try to dodge these bullets.

I hear someone else cry out, and when I turn, I see Fly is down, shot. He’s still moving though. Wire grabs him under

his arms and begins dragging him in the direction of the alley we're running in.

Something is wrong; the shots aren't high enough to hit us in the head. Most snipers go for the headshot unless they're specifically told not to. They are shooting at our feet and legs.

They're herding us in a specific direction.

"Clean, this is fucked. They want us to go this way," I yell at him, even as we're still running in that direction.

"We don't have a fucking choice!" he yells back.

The farther down the alleyway we run, the more of a sick feeling I get in my stomach. For some reason, I feel like I might have lied to my girl earlier when I told her that I'd be coming home to her. I don't think we're going to make it out of here this time.

Finally, we make it down the alley, along with three other groups. Almost all of us have the same idea. All of us are.

It was a bad idea; there's nothing behind the stores besides an open field. The minute the bulk of us get behind the buildings, snipers appear on the roof of both the stores next to us, and a car pulls out from the back.

"This is it, boys. Die well!" Jameson calls out, raising his gun, ready to fire.

"Now, now, I don't think we need to do all that," a voice says from behind the car. A man in a very sharp suit comes out, his accent letting me know that he's not from around here. European.

"Fuck, that's Rupert," someone says out loud, and when we look at him, we realize that he's got no intention of engaging in a shootout.

"Where are the kids?"

Lobo calls out and steps to the front.

"Oh, the young ones? They're right here." He snaps his finger, and a U-Haul truck pulls up. The back gate is lifted, and it's

full to the brim with children of all ages, most of them crying through the gags in their mouths.

“I think we all need to have a bit of a conversation,” Rupert says and steps forward.

“We don’t have shit to say to you. You don’t need the children; they’re nothing to you. Give them back to their parents and be done with it,” Wire says out loud.

“You’re right; I don’t have the market for these children right now, but there are a few of your people that I’m dying to have by my side,” Rupert smirks at us, and I already know who he’s talking about.

Ink, Winnie, Lex, Clay, Toon, and a few other people he’s been asking for since the beginning.

“We’re not going to just give you our people,” Wyatt says.

“No, I think you are.” Before I have a chance to look up, I hear the sounds of guns cocking.

“What the fuck! What are you doing?” Boss yells out; he’s got a gun pressed against the side of his head, as well as every other president in this group.

The Purged have turned on us.

“Sorry, Mike, Rupert is calling the shots now.”

“The hell he is!” Boss tries to fight back, but his man quickly shoots him twice in the stomach.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Wire asks as he is forced down to the ground by another Purged member. All the presidents are now on their knees.

“Now, we can do this the easy way or the hard way.” Rupert says clearing the dirt from his nails.

“What exactly is the hard way?” Wire grinds through his teeth.

“Well, we can burn these kids alive, destroy this little town that you’ve chosen to hide out in and shoot every one of your club members in the head.” Rupert says without batting a lash.

He’ll do it. I know he will.

“And the easy way?” I ask.

“You can give me who I want in exchange for the safety of the town and these babies. Be the heroes you want to be.” Rupert nods his head.

It’s exactly what he wanted this whole time. Here we thought that we were going to be able to pull together and beat Rupert at his own game. He played us from the beginning and with the Purged switching sides we never had a fucking chance.

Suddenly, the children get more excited in the back of the van, the tears coming more quickly as they try to get out. Looking behind me I see some of the towns folk. All of them are being held back by others in the town. Mothers screaming for their kids, father’s fighting to get to their family.

We did this. We did it and now we have to fix it.

To my surprise, Toon is the first one to step up. He drops his weapons and walks to the front.

“Toon, what the fuck are you doing! Back the hell up!” Clean orders him.

“No way, I’m not going to sit back and let this shit go down. If this is the only way, so be it.” Toon says and slowly everyone else on Rupert’s list makes their way to the front.

We’ve lost. This is the end.

“Good men. That’s the smartest decision any of you have made in a long time.” Rupert claps his hands slowly.

Rupert has them all. Once the group of them get to the middle they stop, “Send the kids over.” Lex calls out.

“Not yet. I’ve made a few amendments to the people I want on my list. A few additions you might say. I’ve been watching how in sync you boys are. There’s a level of commitment and passion that comes with being in one of these little gangs and I know it has to do with the leaders. I need that.” Rupert smiles wider, “My Purged brothers, if you’d bring your packages up to me I’d appreciate it.”

“No! Fuck you!” The chaos is instantaneous. Everyone starts to fight again trying to break away, no one shoots in fear

they'd hit one of the presidents.

It's not until Rupert's men start filling the uhaul with dry hay and bring one of the Molotov's over do we settle down. "Don't make me do this boys. I'm going to get who I want one way or another."

"Boys!" Wire screams out.

Everyone stops and looks down at the man we all thought would be our savior. "One person doesn't make the patch. This is happening. We'll survive and so will you. Do what's right," He says before he stands up, the gun still pressed against the base of his skull, and begins to walk toward Rupert. The other presidents all do the same. I feel a pang of dread as Jameson gets up. We've already lost one president recently; to lose another one is going to kill us. We're dropping like flies. Soon about half our force has gone over to the middle where Rupert is standing. His men quickly bind and gag them.

"Alright, now walk over like the good men you are," Rupert orders, and they comply.

As they get closer, Rupert allows the kids to climb out of the U-Haul. Our presidents and the other members on Rupert's shopping list take the kids' places, and the kids go running to their parents.

"Hey, what about our cash?" one of the traitor Purged members says.

"Yes, your reward is on the way."

Once the kids are with their families, I turn and tell them to get away. I don't know what else Rupert has up his sleeve, but they don't need to be around here to see it. The townsfolk quickly run off, with the police being the only ones left behind. There are only three left in the sheriff's unit. This entire ordeal has become a travesty, one I'm not sure we're going to be able to come back from.

Once the kids are clear, the Purged members move a little closer to Rupert, obviously expecting something in return for turning on all of us. I wonder how long it's been since they...

"Rupert! We had a deal!" one says.

Rupert sighs and looks at the men in front of him. “You’re right, we did. I promised to reward you for your loyalty, but you see, you swore to your brothers that you’d be loyal to them too. You stayed in these people’s houses and swore that you’d protect them. You fed us information about where the weakest houses were, helped us go against your brothers in arms. All but two of you turned quicker than I could get the word ‘reward’ out of my mouth. Now tell me the truth: is that really what loyalty is all about?”

“I don’t think so. But I’m going to give you the chance to make that right. You can die along with them.”

“May God be with you,” Rupert says and nods his head. One second it’s dead quiet, and then the next second a storm of bullets comes flying at us. The Purged are the first to go, and then they direct the spray at us. We all dash back behind the buildings and into the alleyways as Rupert closes the U-Haul with our brothers and speeds off in the opposite direction.

“Retreat!” I hear Yang yell out.

I want to tell him that it’s not going to happen that we’re not going to leave our brothers behind but I realize with Jameson in the back of that Uhaul, he’s now the acting president. His word is law.

“We’re not going to fucking make it through that spray. We’d be dead before we even got a hand on that truck.” Brendan says as he beelines straight out of the alley and back in the direction of our bikes.

We’re going to run, with our tails tucked between our legs.

The snipers on the roofs follow their shots in our direction once again not aiming high enough to kill us but making sure we don’t get anywhere near the truck. We’ve only got one way to go. Home.

The rest of us jump on our bikes and kick into high gear. My heart breaks as I see the sea of bikes that are left abandoned. My president’s Harley being one of them.

A tear streams down my cheek as I feel the wind whipping by me as we rush to get back home and lick our wounds.

Cassidy

WHO KNEW TIME COULD MOVE SO SLOW?

Wren left here to go with the rest of the boys and help the townspeople. He came into the room in a rush and promised me that he'd be back for me. He said that nothing would keep him away, but now that I'm sitting here waiting for him, I'm getting more and more worried. How can he promise me something like that? We don't know what they're running into. We don't know the mess that this other group of people has waiting for them.

Dropping my head into my hands, I can't stop the tears from falling.

I love him, as much as I've tried not to fall for him. Wren, with his arrogant, abrasive personality, has become a standing figure in my life now, and I can't bear the thought of losing him.

A soft knock on the door has me rushing to wipe the tears off my face.

"Yes?" I croak.

Keeley walks in, and I see her eyes are red as well. "I know you don't really know us that well, but most of us are down in the main area. We all need someone to lean on right now." She reaches her hand out to me, waiting for me to join them.

I'm used to being alone. Used to drying my own tears, but I could really use someone's shoulder to lean on right now.

I get up from the bed and follow her down to the main area.

All the kids are around, the wives and friends of the club that didn't go to the meetup.

"Everything is going to be fine." A woman with one golden eye and one gray eye says as she walks around with tissues and water for people.

I don't believe her words. Something deep inside my gut tells me that things are going to be anything but fine.

As I catch her gaze, I see the unshed tears she's trying desperately to hold back. Slowly, she sits down, and I go to take the seat next to her. She wraps an arm around my waist, and without even knowing her name, we turn into each other's embrace and start to cry together. Everyone is worried. Everyone is on edge.

The time ticks by slowly, and it's only when we hear the roar of bikes that all the tears stop.

They're replaced with a thick silence and a vibration in the air, letting me know how tense everyone is.

"No, no, no, no." Maven is at the front door, and when I see her crumble to the ground, I know I was right in my assumption that things aren't going right.

The doors to the clubhouse open, and the men come in, in a rush, some of them being carried, others unconscious, but definitely not all of them.

People are missing.

"Please, please," I whisper to myself as the people already in the club break out into a panic, trying to find their loved ones.

I stand still, looking over the crowd, trying to figure out if Wren is with them.

My heart drops to my feet when I finally see his head bobbing above the rest. He's got one of the bikers in his arms and is rushing to get him inside.

I can see the blood pouring out of a wound in his upper chest. His face is pale, and Wren is doing everything he can to keep him upright.

I follow behind as he rushes to the back and lays the man down.

"Cassidy!" he calls out for me, not realizing I'm right behind him. The minute he turns and sees me, he wraps me up in his arms, and I feel his shoulders shaking from the tears he's spilling for his family.

“What happened? What’s going on?” I ask, pulling away from him so I can see his face.

“They beat us. They were waiting for us. The Purged played us. We thought we had it handled, but we were so fucking wrong. I don’t know what to do. I don’t know...” He trails off, his head hanging down and tears dropping to the floor.

“We’ll figure it out. You’ve got the rest of your family here. You will figure it out,” I grab his chin and lift his face, trying to give him hope. I can’t bear to see him give up, especially when I know how strong he can be.

“We won’t; they took them all. All the presidents are gone. A large chunk of all the clubs, just taken, and we’ve got no way of getting them back.”

“We need a fucking medic!” Someone screams out, and my medical training kicks into gear. I want to stay with Wren right now, care for him the way I know he’d care for me, but there are people dying all around me. I have to do what I can to help.

“Shit, I need some help in here,” I hear Brendan say aloud.

“Go, help my family. Please, do what I couldn’t,” Wren pushes me away, and I can barely stop myself from running back into his arms. I know he’s right. I need to help these people.

Turning on my heel, I run to the first man I see on the ground. He’s bleeding profusely from his head, and at first, I think it might be a gunshot wound, but one of the people with him quickly informs me that it’s debris from a Molotov cocktail. Glass and fire did this to him. I examine the wound, and even though it’s deep, it’s not life-threatening.

“I need some supplies over here. I have to stop the bleeding.”

Keeley runs up behind me with a large suitcase full of medical equipment. Her face is pale white, and tears are still streaming down her cheeks. I don’t see Wire. He’s a president. I can’t imagine what she’s going through right now. I nearly lost my mind when I thought Wren was gone; to find out that her husband is really one of the people that didn’t come back, I’m

sure she's about to lose her mind. Still, she's running around, helping those in need. She's still supporting her family.

I don't have time to focus on her as much as I want to. I have to focus on the man bleeding from his head sitting right in front of me.

"Hey, can you talk to me? What's your name?" I ask the man.

"Azriel. AZ." He replies.

"Okay, AZ, I'm just going to clean this up; you're going to be fine." He nods his head weakly, and I get to work bandaging him up.

It takes only a matter of minutes to get him patched up.

I don't have the time to examine him any further; I have to get to the next person. The minute I see that there are people with more severe wounds, I rush over to them. Brendan is working on one of his brothers, Spark. He's bleeding from a wound in his leg. The more pressure they put on the wound, the more it bleeds. When I pull the packing away, I can see that it's squirting. "Shit, this is an artery. I've got to get in there and clamp that off."

"What do you need?" Brendan asks right away, quickly deferring leadership to me.

"Give me some light and some clamps if you have them. I'm going to need someone to hold him down; this isn't going to be fun for him," I say. When I strip him of his pants, I see his leg is covered in what looks like skin grafts. He's already been through something atrocious. I'd hate to have a small gunshot wound be what takes him away from his brothers.

"Quick, quick!" I order, and everyone around me runs to get what I need. They hold him down while I get to work. I clamp the artery and quickly use what I can to sew him back up. Still, when I finish with him, there's someone else that needs to be helped. The chaos doesn't die down for a minute. Suddenly, a few moments turn into hours. I'm rushing around, trying to save people. There's a slight thrill that comes along with working in the medical profession. I can feel the buzz inside of me. I'm happy that I'm here to help them.

By the time it's done, I'm so exhausted I can't do anything but walk up to my room. The men that are here and can walk on their own are all in a closed room, probably trying to figure out what the next move is. At least that's what I hope they're doing.

I won't leave Wren, so I go up to his room and wait for my man to come back to me.

After waiting for about an hour for him, I can feel the stickiness of the blood on my skin. I need to get in the shower; I want to wash this day off.

Soon after I turn the water on, I hear the door open. I pull the shower curtain back and look at Wren's defeated eyes. He's just staring at me, unsure of what he wants to do next.

"Join me." I put my hand out to him, the same gesture Keeley made for me earlier. He slowly strips his clothes off, not in a seductive way but just one of fatigue. He's beaten down.

I've been there before. Not to this extreme, but I know what it's like to lose your family.

He steps in the shower with me, and I press myself against him. His hands don't move. I don't need him to hold me back; I just need him to be okay. Pulling him further into the stream, I grab the soap and begin to wash his body. Every one of his muscles is locked up and ready to just crumble under my touch.

"I'm here, Wren. I'm here for you," I whisper up at him, and I see the bough break behind his cold eyes. He wraps his arms around me and buries his head in my neck. He cries again. This time, I cry right along with him. I'm not sure how we're going to get through this, but I know we're going to get through it together.

Chapter 21

Wrecker

IT FEELS like I'm walking through a fog.

From the look on everyone else's face, they feel the same way I do. No one expected it to go down like this. Sure, we thought we might not be victorious, but we never thought we'd be dealt such a devastating blow.

All the presidents are gone. The clubs no longer believe in the "one place for all" notion and have started going back to their respective locations. And I'm still waiting to see what I'm going to do about Cassidy.

There's just so much going on at once. So much to take in, and the last thing I want to worry about right now is asking Yang to transfer me to the nomad chapter. I don't want him to think I'm leaving as well.

I'm not. I can't... not right now.

"You need to eat something," Cassidy says, sitting next to me on the bed. Besides taking a shower, I haven't moved from where I am right now.

"I'm fine," I mutter.

"You're not fine. I haven't seen you eat or drink anything all day. This heat will sneak up on you, and then you'll be dehydrated," she says, grabbing hold of my hand and gently giving me a tug.

"I said I'm fine." My voice is harsher than necessary, but she drops my hand from her grasp and sighs deeply.

"You need to talk to someone. You need to move. This isn't the end, and you know it," she says, looking down at me from where she's standing. I glare up at her. How the hell would she know? How can she stand there and tell me that this isn't the end for us? My entire family is in shambles.

“Really? Is that what you know? You think because you got over a fucked-up ex, you’re an expert on the situation?” I hate myself as soon as the words come out of my mouth.

“Oh, Wren, that was foul, and you know it. My situation has nothing to do with yours. Sure, I know trauma and travesty, but these are two separate situations. I am somewhat of an expert on the human body. I know that you need to move, talk, and eat. Now you need to watch how you talk to me, or you’re going to have another problem,” she crosses her arms over her chest, and I wait for her to turn and walk out.

Leave, she deserves to leave me.

“Why are you still here?” I ask, squinting my eyes at her.

“What do you mean, why am I still here? You wanted me to be here.”

“That was when I thought I could protect you. When I thought my promise to keep you safe meant something. After what happened today, I can be sure that it doesn’t mean a damn thing,” I snarl and finally get up from the bed, walking over to the small desk and making sure my back is turned to her. I don’t want her to see me like this. Don’t want her to know that I’m broken on the inside.

“Hey!” She storms over to me, grabs my shoulder, and turns me around so I’m facing her. “Don’t you dare do that. I told you from the beginning that I didn’t need anyone to save me. We can save each other.” She reaches her hand out and gently caresses my cheek. I want to fall back into her arms, take her on the bed, and forget myself in her warm core. I can’t. I can’t do that.

“Don’t,” I pull away from her.

“Why not? What has changed? I thought...” she cuts herself off, shaking her head in the process.

“Everything has changed, Cassidy, don’t you see that? Everything has changed,” I throw my hands up in the air and walk by her.

“I can’t do this with you. I can’t let you in and lose you too.”

“Wren, you’re not going to lose me,” she says, once again trying to get closer to me.

“Yes, I am!” I roar loudly now, making her jump back. “I’m going to lose you because I can’t be with you. I can’t stay. I have to go home with my brothers and leave you here, and it feels like my heart is being ripped out of my chest.” I beat my hand against the hollow space in my chest, hoping she can feel how empty I am.

“Why? Tell me why,” she says, raising her chin and keeping my gaze.

“Because I fucking love you, Cassidy. I’m so damn in love with you, and I know you have your responsibilities here, but my responsibilities are in New Orleans. As much as I want to keep you, I have to let you go. I can’t bear it. Not now.” I release a harsh sigh and go back to sit on the bed. All my cards are on the table now. She knows how I feel and why we can’t be together. If she tries to make me choose her over my club, I don’t know how I’m going to say no. I’m so fucking lost right now.

“I love you too, Wren,” she whispers and comes to sit next to me.

She doesn’t say anything else, but those four little words shatter me.

I found my person. The one woman I’ve been looking for my entire life, and I’m going to have to leave her here in Oklahoma.

“I can’t stay,” I tell her again, my voice low and cracking.

She sniffles and turns to hug me. This time I wrap my arms around her and hold her back. “I know, Wren. I know,” she whispers against my skin.

With those words, I know I have to officially give her up. I have to let the love of my life go so I can go home and deal with the fallout that has become my life.

Cassidy

FOUR WEEKS LATER.

Watching Wrecker get on his bike was by far the hardest thing I've had to do besides watching my parents die in front of my eyes. It was harder than discovering that Colt had betrayed me. Harder than losing my license as a Nurse Practitioner. I swear I could feel my heart ripping out of my chest and following him as I watched him ride off into the sunset.

Of course, we'd promised we'd keep in touch. Promised that we'd visit, but it's not the same, and I know it. There's no amount of phone calls that could replicate the feelings that I get when he's here with me.

Even now, my decision was easy. It wasn't as hard as I thought it was going to be to get a permanent hand for my farm. With all the destruction around town, there were plenty of people looking for field work. In exchange for staying at my home with their family, they agreed to tend my farm, and I'd split the profits from any sales I made from the horses or other farm animals. It was me that took the longest to get out of the house.

Mason was ready to move in a week after I offered him the job.

My hesitation isn't so much that I'm going to a new state or that I'm leaving my childhood home, but more about how Wren will react when he sees me. I don't know if he wants me to follow him. I'm only going off what my heart is telling me to do, and right now, it's telling me that I need to be with him.

I'm going to feel incredibly foolish if I get there and find out that it wasn't as serious for him as it is for me. Still, I'm willing to risk it. Take a chance on him the same way he took a chance on me.

Finally, the time has come for me to be reunited with him, and I can't get my hands to stop shaking.

Slowly, I reach up to knock on the door, but before I can, it swings open, and I see Joker standing there in front of me.

“You need something, Cassidy?” He asks but doesn’t move to let me in.

“Um, yeah, I’m here to see Wren. Is he available?” I ask, feeling silly for keeping things so professional. It’s almost like I’ve forgotten that I know some of these people intimately. Hell, I’ve had their blood on my hands.

“We don’t let uninvited guests in. Does he know you’re coming?”

“No, I didn’t tell him. I guess I wanted to surprise him.”

“Surprise? You really think after everything that went down we could deal with any more surprises?”

I shake my head and look down. I guess he’s right. A surprise really isn’t the best way to make my presence known.

“So should I call him or what do I need to do?” I ask Joker. There’s no way I can turn around and go back home. Hell, right now I have no home to go back to. I barely have enough to stay in a hotel for a night.

“Just hold on,” Joker grumbles before he closes the door in my face.

I stand at the doorway overthinking every one of my decisions that led me here. What if he’s in there with another woman? What if he’s trying to move on from me already? What if, like he said, he has no time for me? This could be a really bad idea.

The door swings open again, and I turn fast, expecting to see Wren but instead, I see a much skinnier, sleepy-eyed Yang standing at the door.

“Why are you here?” He asks me. His voice is gruff. The man looks like he hasn’t slept since I last saw him a month ago.

“For Wren,” I answer again.

“What about him? What do you want from him?” He asks.

I realize he’s trying to feel me out. Trying to find out if I’m playing games of some sort. I couldn’t be further from doing

that.

“I’m here because we love each other, and there’s nothing in Oklahoma for me without him.” The words flow smoothly out of my mouth. Every syllable is the truth.

“Don’t play around with him. None of us can take it right now. Either you’re here to stay or you gotta go,” Yang says, folding his hands over his chest.

“Everything I have is here in Louisiana right now. I got a hotel room. I wouldn’t have given up everything I’ve ever known to come after him if I didn’t think that I wanted to stay here. Like I said, there’s nothing left in Oklahoma for me. I need to be here with him.”

He stares at me for a moment before speaking again, “Do you have a weapon on you?”

I shake my head, “No.”

“Can I check?” He asks, raising an eyebrow in question.

“Sure.” I raise my arms and wait for him to pat me down. Added security, I guess that’s to be expected.

“He’s in his room. Second floor, third door on the left.”

Yang steps back and pushes the door open so I can walk through. It’s like a desert wasteland. There’s no one in the main area. No kids running around. No one in the kitchen laughing and playing. It’s just empty.

I don’t focus on that; instead, I focus on finding my way to the stairs and getting to the second floor, third room on the left.

Standing in front of the door, all the nerves that I had come to the surface with the force of a geyser.

“Trust him,” I say to myself, giving one last pep talk.

Slowly, I raise my hand and knock on his door.

I don’t hear anything when I knock, so I push the door open slightly and see he’s fast asleep on his bed. The room is a mess, but its mostly papers, books, and one pair of clothes.

I'm relieved he's not entertaining another woman but still scared that he may not want to see me.

Slowly, I make my way into his room and kick off my shoes. He needs his sleep, and I could use some myself. Sleeping next to him was one of the main things I missed during our month apart. Hopefully, he won't mind if I get just a few minutes of shut-eye next to him.

For now, everything is perfect, even if I know I'm only fooling myself to think that this will fix it all.

Wrecker

IT HURTS EVEN IN MY DREAMS.

I just want to wrap my arms around Cassidy again. Erase some of these horrid feelings that I have inside of me and let myself feel her one more time.

My subconscious must really want to give me a mental break because I swear I can smell her lying right next to me. I can feel her in my arms.

But it's not her; she's still on her farm in Oklahoma.

Sleep slowly recedes from my consciousness, but I can still feel the curves of my woman's body.

I squeeze her ass and realize, without a shadow of a doubt, that I have a woman in my bed.

Oh, fuck, what have I done?

I freeze, not wanting to wake my guest. A guest I have no idea how they got into my bed. How could I have been with another woman when I was so hung up on not having Cassidy?

Just the thought of touching another woman makes me want to throw up in my mouth.

I open one eye, but everything is blurry. I can't see who it is. I move back a little, trying to dislodge my arm from under the woman's head, but she only grumbles and snuggles up closer to me.

I try a little harder and that gets a response.

"Wren, be still," she mutters.

My ears ring like a freight train is coming straight at me, and I can feel the air filling my lungs again. It feels like I haven't breathed for weeks.

I push her away harder, determined to prove my ears wrong.

I swear I just heard Cassidy's voice. Swear I just...

The last push is enough to bring her entire face into view, and gray eyes peer up at me.

“Cassidy?” I ask, needing her to say something else.

If this is a nightmare, this is truly messed up.

“Yeah? You want me to get up? I can leave if you don’t...”

I cut her off with my mouth against her lips before she can finish her sentence.

“Oh god, you’re here. What are you doing here? What the fuck? When did you... oh God.” I kiss her hard again, and she squeals as she tries to keep up with my affection.

“I need to feel you. Fuck. Cassidy. Beautiful.” I kiss and suck on her neck, my hands skating all around her body. I can’t get enough. I don’t even wait for her response. I don’t know how she got in my room, but I’m not going to question it.

She’s wearing a pair of boyshort panties and a tank top. I have no time to waste. Roughly, I tear the panties off her body and shove my boxers down as far as I can without getting up. I bring my mouth back up to hers and assault her with my kisses. I need to taste everything she has inside of her. I want to merge my soul with hers. It feels like it already has.

My heart is beating a million miles a minute as I line myself up with her slit, and with one hard thrust, bottom out inside of her.

I groan at the feeling of her and have to grind my teeth to keep from whimpering like a little girl. She feels so good. She’s perfect and she’s right here.

“Cassidy,” I whisper again, slowing my movements down and swiping the hair from in front of her face. Her cheeks are flushed and her eyes are wet with tears.

“I’m hurting you?” I ask, suddenly afraid that in my haste I might have messed up.

“No, it’s perfect. I thought maybe... Maybe...”

“Maybe what, Cassidy?”

“I thought maybe you wouldn’t have wanted me to come. That maybe you’d have already started your life over without me. I thought when you rode off to come home that I lost my chance to be with you.”

I drop my forehead to hers and slowly begin to move my hips. I want to feel every inch of her. “Cassidy, I have no life without you. Nothing feels as good without you here. I prayed for you. I cursed myself for wanting to stay loyal to my family. I was dying without you. Right now, feeling you, hearing you, you’ve brought me back to life. Thank you, thank you so much, Cassidy.”

She sniffles, and tears breach her eyelashes and cascade down her face. I kiss each drop away. I never want her to cry again. At least not for anything bad.

“How long are you here? How long can I pretend we’re in heaven?”

“Well, it depends, can I stay with you?” She whispers, and I slam into her harder.

“You’re all mine? Really?” I ask, wanting to make sure she knows what she’s offering up.

“Yes, Wren, I’m all yours. I trust you more than I trust anyone else. You’ve got me, body and soul.” She rubs her hand down my face again, and I lose all semblance of control. I pick her legs up and start a brutal pace. She moans my name, and it’s the sweetest sound I think I’ve ever heard.

I don’t ever want it to end, but my body is already racing toward the finish. I hold out long enough to feel her climax, and then I roar my release, moaning her name into her neck as everything drains out of me.

We lay there holding each other and breathing each others air until both of us calm down.

“You know you’re really going to knock me up if you keep doing that.” She mumbles.

“It’ll be the best news I’ve had in my life. I’m not scared. If you want that so do I.” I tell her raising up to look down at her face.

She only smiles, but keeps her eyes closed.

“How about we deal with one major life event before we deal with another.” She tells me.

“Yeah.”

I pull out and roll to the side bringing her with me so I don't have to let her go.

“I didn't see anyone downstairs.” She whispers.

“The ones that are left are spending time with their families. We're broken. All of us.” I explain.

Since we've been back in New Orleans, Yang has taken on the reins as President but it's obvious he doesn't want it. We've been trying to track down where Rupert might have taken the guys but everywhere we turn it's another dead end. Everyone is still on edge from being beat so completely that the different chapters are having a hard time working with each other.

The Wings of Diablo has shattered from the foundation, every chapter floundering and searching for just a scrap of hope.

“You're broken now, but we've all been broken before. You can come back from this. You all can.”

She turns her face and stares at me.

“You believe that?”

“I do, the Wren I know never give up. If your brothers are anything like you, this comeback is about to be epic.” She leans forward and kisses me before snuggling down into my chest.

Is that what this is?

Maybe we truly have lost the battle but are gearing up to win the war.

EPILOGUE

Luke

MY LUNGS BURN AS I HIKE UP THE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN.

Only the burning desire to find Daria keeps me moving.

When I left home to find her, I had no idea that I'd be backpacking through dense forests and uncharted plains, but then again, if it means that I find her, I'll do it until I die.

It's been weeks since I've been able to check in back home, but I'm sure that everyone is doing alright. Last I heard, they were all together, one big unit down at the Nomad compound in Oklahoma.

Wire will take care of them. He's the absolute best of us, even if he doesn't want to believe it himself. He knows how to handle the men.

I hack my way through another tall bit of brush and see that the end of the forest is right at my feet. This isn't the way. I've been walking in circles for what feels like forever.

I don't have much to go on, only that she's somewhere in the Caribbean. Logic tells me that Rupert isn't going to be somewhere we can all see him. He's not going to be somewhere that's going to gather a lot of attention. He'd be the one to hide out in the woods or underground. I just need to find a clue or a hint as to which damn island he's on.

Feeling myself grow weaker, I slide down the trunk of a large tree and pull out my map and the ration bar I've got stashed in my backpack. I've got enough food in the backpack to make it another three weeks. Food, water, a map, and a tent. That's all I need, along with my rifle, of course.

The minute I get Rupert in my sights, I'm taking him out. There's no question about it.

As I chew on the nasty but nutritious bar, and mark off my location on the map my mind drifts back home. Part of me feels bad that I didn't stay back long enough to make sure that my club had everything they needed if there was a battle

ahead. I didn't make sure Jameson was ready to take on the chair.

Getting tossed into the president's seat isn't something to be taken lightly. I know all the men respect him, but having that many lives in your hands can turn even the most level-headed man into a raving lunatic. It's happened to Alex, and it happened to Wire. Thankfully, both of them came back stronger for it, but it was a tough road. Unfortunately, for Alex his ultimate death was at the end of that road.

Shaking my head and doing my best to push the thoughts away, I focus on the next part of the island I'm going to need to explore. There's another smaller, mostly uninhabited island about two hundred miles from here that I can go look at too. Once that's over, I'm going to have to choose another island.

It feels like I'm looking for a needle in a haystack.

I could call back home and see if they have any more information. Find out if they got any more information from Rupert or any other member of his crew that would lead me in the right direction.

Even in my crazed state, I know my brothers always have my back.

A fly the size of my thumb buzzes and lands right on my face. I smack at it hard, hitting myself in the process. In fact, I smack so hard I make myself see stars.

"Fuck!" I shout as I rub the mark I'm sure I'll leave. I'm too high-strung, too on edge, and it's all because I don't have my Daria. She's the only one I need, and I'm not going to be the same if I can't find her.

"Stop it." I ball my fist up and punch my temple hard. I can't think about things like that. I won't survive without my woman. My life before her is nothing compared to the peace and joy she brings to it now.

My eyes burn with unwanted tears as my mind drifts again, thinking about the type of torture she must be enduring. It's been weeks.

My Daria is soft. Sure, she's got a little bite to her if she needs to, but the woman would never hurt a fly if she had a choice. She's not built to be tortured and played like a pawn in Rupert's game. This is all my fault; I'm the one who brought her around these people in the first place. I should've protected her better. Should've taught her how to fight. There are so many things that I could've done to prepare her for this mess, and now that she's gone, I feel like absolute crap thinking about the fact that I'm going to be the reason she may not survive.

"Fuck! Stop it! Stop!" I roar so loud that a flock of birds flies out of the top of the tree near me.

I'm losing my mind. Too much time alone. Too much time in the wilderness. I need some help, whether I want it or not.

Finishing off the last of my ration bar, I pull out my canteen and take a few chugs of water. That's going to have to last me for a while before I can get back to a stream and refill.

Besides, I'm not thinking about being thirsty or how hot it is; all I'm thinking about is the next island I need to check out. The next place I might find Daria.

My love. My life.

Retracing my steps through the treacherous forest, I steel my mind with one single thought.

"Find Daria, kill Rupert."

When I was back in the military, I was always commended on being able to keep a level head. Always being able to see the end goal and completing the mission.

That's where I am now.

On a mission. And there's only one ending I can see.

By the time I'm finished, Rupert Giles will be dead.

FOLLOW RAE EVERYWHERE!

[FACEBOOK](#)

[READER GROUP](#)

[TWITTER](#)

[INSTAGRAM](#)

[GOODREADS](#)

[AMAZON](#)

[WEBSITE](#)

[BOOKBUB](#)

[NEWSLETTER](#)

[TIKTOK](#)

MORE FROM RAE B. LAKE

Wings of Diablo MC

Wire

Archer

Clean

Cherry

Prez

Ryder

Ink

Roth

Mack

Storm

Dillon

Pope

Treble

Wings Of Diablo MC - New Orleans

Jameson

Yang

Bones

Pirate

Shyne

Lex

Clay.

Gator

Wrecker

Spawns of Chaos MC

Shepard

Tex

Maino

Nitro

Juric Crime Family.

Sven's Mark

Josip's Secret

Kaja's Bet

Luka's Captive

Zeus's Sinner

Eve's Fury MC

Becoming Vexx

Free

Riot

Duchess

Sugar

Dark Duet

His Darkest Needs

Her Darkest Gift

Boys of Djinn MC

Wyatt

Cody.

Spark

Preston

Devin

Brendan

Jagged Peaks

Secret Capture

Buried Memories

Bianucci Mafia

Deceit for my Good Girl

Lies for my Good Girl

Royal Bastards MC

Death & Paradise

Chaos & Paradise

Standalones

Drunk Love

Saving Valentine

On The Edge of Ecstasy

RAE'S ON KINDLE VELLA



I'm the President of the Chrome Creed MC. A position that comes with privileges. I've never been an easy man, nothing about me soft or slow. I take what I want, hard and fast, until I'm through. Holding back is not something I do until I set my eyes on Nisa. She's young, pure, and not meant for a man like me. Something about her calls to the beast inside me, pushing me past the point of control. I warned her, but she didn't listen. She's completely off-limits. Forbidden. Now she's all mine.

[Read it here!](#)