



CHAOS KINGS
MOTORCYCLE CLUB



Conquered by
CHAOS

LINNY LAWLESS

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Conquered

By

CHAOS

By Linny Lawless

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

CONQUERED BY CHAOS

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Wez

They call me the King of Kink. I'm a loyal brother to the Chaos Kings MC, and a Master of pain and pleasure at the Underground kink club. The women I meet there like to play in *my* game. But then Lillian crosses my path, walking into our clubhouse all by her pretty little self.

She's naïve, brave, and stupid, with a little bit of that snobby, better-than-everyone-else attitude. She gets under my inked-up skin like no woman has before. Not like this. I'll have to take Lillian down off that high horse and conquer both her mind and that enticing body, until she cries for mercy, and begs for more.

Lillian

I'm a perfectionist at everything I do. I was brought up that way by my overbearing mother. But one day I look at the woman in the mirror and don't like what I see. I've been so blind to my own behavior of how I've treated others who I care about the most, and now I'm trying to set things right. But I'm shaken, like the ground shifting under my feet, when I run into the menacing biker who calls himself Wez of the Chaos Kings MC. His massive body is covered in tattoos and he's the most intimidating man I've ever met. But his overbearing and primal energy has this effect on me, like a moth with broken wings, is drawn to a hot flame.

PROLOGUE

WEZ

The Underground is a BDSM Club out in the middle of no fucking where, but close to the Chaos Kings Clubhouse. It's the place I go to feed my kink and satisfy my sexual appetites. I never had a problem getting a female playdate and they knew right out the gate, and with full consent, that I was in total control of the scene, whether it was impact play or full-on fucking.

It was a Saturday night at the Underground. The heavy sound of metal music came through the speakers in a private playroom when I finished strapping my playdate, Emily, to the St. Andrews Cross. She was naked, and her pussy was completely waxed, just the way I liked it. I strapped a ball gag on Emily last.

I stepped back a few paces and grinned, and my dick was semi-hard already. "You're such a filthy little slut, you know that?"

Emily moaned behind the ball gag.

I walked over to a table and picked up Emily's expensive camera and started snapping photos of her bound to the cross. This was the best part of the scene and it made her pussy soaking wet.

My dick was getting harder taking the photos. Later, I used two small floggers, the tails lashing at her tits, her stomach, and thighs. I used a vibrating wand on her soaked and swollen pussy, giving her multiple orgasms as she squirted all over the fucking place.

I took her out of the restraints on the cross and removed the ball gag. I shoved her down to her knees and undid my jeans, pulling out my hard dick.

"Open wide, dirty slut. I'm using your mouth as a cum bucket."

Emily slobbered all over me and moaned while she sucked me off. I twisted my fist in her hair while she looked up at me with tear-stained eyes. I fucked her mouth, choking her with my hard cock. I held her head still when I exploded, shooting my hot cum down her throat.

I paid extra special attention to Emily during our aftercare session. I wrapped her in her favorite fuzzy blanket, then sat on a couch with Emily in my lap, holding her for a good hour. I whispered that she was a very a good girl while she relaxed in my arms and fell asleep. It's what I always did with all my play partners, and it helped strengthen the bond.

We got dressed and I held Emily's hand as we walked out of the Underground together and out to the parking lot. Emily's car was parked beside my Ford truck.

“What the goddamn fuck!” I roared and Emily gasped.

Under the streetlight we saw the keyed marks on my driver side door and along the back tailgate. All four tires were slashed too.

“Who would do this, Wez?” Emily asked.

Denise Moore, that's who. I broke it off with her a few weeks back. She was an older woman, sophisticated and wealthy. We had some fun playdates for a few months, but then Denise began to get a bit too crazy and clingy for my taste. The nail that finally sealed the coffin was when she tried to call the shots and go beyond the boundaries we'd mutually agreed on.

I wrapped my arm around Emily, pulling her to my side. “Some crazy bitch.”

I got Emily to her car and kissed her good night. When she drove away, I called Ratchet for a tow to get my truck to my house and bought me a brand-new set of tires the next day. Ratchet gave me a name of a good auto body shop and it cost me a shit ton of money to get the key marks out.

CHAPTER 1

WEZ

Watching Lillian walk into the Chaos King's clubhouse all by her pretty little self was the dumbest move a smart woman could make. Her long, sandy blonde hair, and that tight-ass skirt that clung to her delicious curves. She was lucky the Chaos Kings weren't a diamond club, or she would've been the entertainment. She looked familiar, like I'd met her somewhere before, and it nagged me all night.

She distracted me from my already losing pool game with Magnet when she sashayed her ass toward us. It just pissed me off even more. I blocked her, folding my arms over my chest, and gave her my mean mug. "You're fuckin' late!"

Her brows lifted and she tilted her head to look me in the eyes. "Excuse me?"

"You're late. You were supposed to be here an hour ago. Aren't you tonight's party favorite?"

"Uh...No," she stammered, failing in her attempt to walk around me.

"You can't just walk into my clubhouse alone, dressed like that." My eyes roamed down that nice curvy body of hers. "Unless you're hoping my Chaos brothers make you airtight."

She looked down at herself, then she lifted her eyes back to me, her cute little nose turned up. "I'm not some prostitute! My name is Lillian; I'm Kat's sister. Now, move away from me, you salacious barbarian!"

Magnet slapped a hand on my shoulder "It's okay, Wez. I know her; Ratchet does too."

That's when Sam and Kat walked into the clubhouse.

I stormed over to Kat, my blood pressure rising, "Your sister just walked in here all by her fuckin' self! Don't know if

she's naive, brave, or just stupid. She's lucky Magnet and Ratchet knew who she was."

Kat placed a small hand on my chest. "It's okay, Wez. I told her to meet me here. I knew she would be safe."

I guess the night wasn't all jacked up since Ratchet announced to all the Chaos Kings that he got Sam knocked up and was going to marry her. The clubhouse rocked that night with rounds of drinks, back slapping, and hugs. But I kept my eyes on Lillian throughout the night as she drank and drank. Earlier she walked in those stiletto heels acting like a snobby little bitch. But later on, she was swaying and staggering in those same heels, about to fall flat on her face.

Lillian pulled out her keys and told Kat she was good to drive.

Oh, that wasn't fuckin' happenin'.

I walked over and stood behind her.

"Thanks, Kat. I haven't had this much fun since...I can't even remember!" She giggled and hiccupped. When she spun around, her pretty face collided into my chest.

I looked down at her and had to admit only to myself that she was kinda cute. "You're not driving, girl." I snatched the keys out of her hand. "I will. Let's go."

Lillian walked beside me, wobbling a bit on her high heels while her hand with fancy manicured nails clung onto my bicep for balance.

Magnet chuckled. "Thanks brother."

"Yeah, yeah. Fuck," I grumbled.

I helped Lillian sit in the passenger seat of her shiny Lexus, then I climbed into the driver's seat and started the car.

"Where do you live?" I asked, pulling out my phone to plug her address into my GPS.

Lillian leaned her head against the side window. She hiccupped and giggled, then closed her eyes. She was passed the fuck out. She didn't drink that much from what I observed

earlier, but guessing by her tiny frame, she couldn't handle the alcohol.

I shook my head and turned on the interior light. I leaned over her, reaching for the seat belt and buckled her in. I rummaged through her purse sitting on her lap and pulled out her wallet. I looked at her ID and I tapped her address into my phone then drove the car out of the clubhouse lot.

Lillian lived in a nice, single-family home in a suburban neighborhood not too far from the clubhouse. I parked her car in the driveway and climbed out. When I opened the passenger door, Lillian mewed like a cat, but she didn't wake up. I unfastened the seat belt and grabbed her purse. Then I pulled her out of the car and heaved her petite body onto my shoulder. I carried her up the steps and fumbled with her keys, finding the right one to unlock her front door.

The girl weighed next to nothing. My hand was on her ass, and I suddenly had an image of lifting up her skirt and spanking it. I carried her up the stairs and found her bedroom at the end of the hall before placing her on the bed and pulling her heels off. I tossed her keys and purse on the bed and made my way back down the stairs.

As I headed out the front door, a framed photo sitting on a table by the door caught my eye. I stared at it for a moment, and I knew then, why Lillian looked so familiar.

She was smiling in the photo. She had a pretty smile and I thought she should do that more often than turning her nose up like she did all night. Her arm was draped over an older woman—one I knew. Denise Moore. She must've been Lillian's mother because they looked exactly alike.

“Well, fuck me sideways,” I grumbled.

I locked the front door and left Lillian's house. I got an Uber to take me back to the clubhouse, then rode my bike home with a pounding headache.

CHAPTER 2

LILLIAN

I was in a dark room with only a bright spotlight shining down on me. I was naked and lying on a hard, flat surface. My legs were spread, my ankles shackled, and my wrists immobilized above my head. I screamed but there was no sound. Then I heard the buzzing noise, like a dental drill. I couldn't see anything beyond the spotlight above me. There was only pitch blackness. I was naked, vulnerable, cold, and terrified. I didn't ask myself *why* I was naked and bound, because I deserved it. I'd been so insensitive and sometimes cruel to the people in my life. I only asked myself *who* was doing this to me.

That irritating buzzing noise came again. It grew louder behind the blinding spotlight before the sound of boots thudding on the hardwood floor grew closer until a hulking shape appeared out of the darkness.

A beast!

No, not a beast. A man.

He was so tall, his shoulders broad. His arms, chest, and neck were covered in tattoos. He had a short growth of beard, and his eyes were primal, predatory.

Danger.

He grinned, walking closer. He reached down and unbuckled his belt.

“You can scream all you want, little bitch, but no one will hear you,” he said, his gruff voice deep and low. “I'm going to enjoy breaking you.”

No!

I screamed and opened my eyes. It was a dream. No—a nightmare. My head pounded with a throbbing headache from the sunlight coming through the bedroom window. My mouth was as dry as a desert. I was lying in my own bed, fully

dressed except for my heels, which were lying on the floor. I remembered having a good time with Kat and Noah at the Chaos Kings MC clubhouse the night before. They were celebrating with their friends

I took a Xanax to help calm my anxiety and relieve the tight knot in my stomach. But then I made the stupid mistake of drinking alcohol. The last thing I remembered was Wez, walking me to my car. And then I must have passed out.

Wez was the beast in my nightmare!

I glanced over at my dresser to see that my purse and car keys were there, then I looked at the clock on the bedside table.

It was 10:00 a.m.

“Shit!” I shouted as I climbed out of bed.

I was late. I had appointments to show three new houses this afternoon. I quickly took a shower, then styled my hair and did my makeup in record time.

I fetched my keys and purse, pulling out my phone as I left my house and climbed in my car. I remembered Kat telling me that Wez owned his own tattoo business called Mad Ink. I pulled up the GPS on my phone and found the address, which was only a few miles from the Chaos Kings clubhouse.

I parked beside a black motorcycle in front of Mad Ink. When I entered the small shop the first thing that hit me was a strange chemical smell. And then I heard it—the same buzzing noise I’d heard in my nightmare that morning. I walked down the narrow hallway, my heels clicking on the hardwood floor, glancing at the colorful images adorning the walls.

Passing through the hallway, I approached the front desk and spotted Wez standing behind it. His eyes locked on mine instantly. A girl with long red hair stood with her back turned from me, leaning on the desk that separated her from Wez. She was barely dressed in a tight pink tank top and the tacky jean shorts she had on were at least two sizes too small for her figure. They were cut so high, her ass cheeks were on full display.

Wez frowned at me, then directed his attention back to the girl. He smiled, looking down the front of her top, practically salivating like the perverted biker he was.

“I can’t wait to ink up that bodacious ass of yours tomorrow, darlin’,” he said, grinning like a wolf about to eat his prey.

The redheaded floozy came around the desk and threw her arms around Wez’s broad shoulders, squealing like a piglet. “Thank you, Wez! I’m already turned on just thinking about it.”

When she released him and turned around, she saw me and waved. “Hi!”

I didn’t even acknowledge her and rolled my eyes, folding my arms in front of me. But Wez’s eyes were glued to the girl’s ass as she shook it all the way out of his shop. When she left, his eyes turned back to me.

Wez was just as frightening in real life as he was in my dream.

“If you’re not here to get inked, then get the fuck out,” he grunted and turned away.

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “I just came by to thank you for driving me home last night.”

He turned back to face me. “You’re welcome. Now, leave.”

“How did you get me up to my room and in my bed? And why do you have to be so rude? I’ve given you no reason to be.”

He rolled his eyes, crossing his burly arms across his chest. “It’s too early for so many fuckin’ questions. You passed out the second I got your ass in the car. I drove to your house then carried you up the stairs to your bed.” He started rubbing his beard as he came around the desk, stalking toward me. “You’re just a snobby little bitch who wants to hang with the dirty bad bikers but can’t handle her liquor.”

“And you’re just an arrogant, stupid brute who can only utilize the puny brain in your pants!”

Wez moved so fast, I almost tripped in my heels. My back bumped up against the wall. I lifted my chin and met his fiery, lustful glare. My heart skipped a beat, feeling the heat from his body as he towered over me.

“My dick is *not* puny,” he growled.

I was tempted to look down at his crotch. Then I felt my nipples harden. But I glared directly into his eyes. “What are you going to do? Pull it out right here and show me?”

His furrowed brow disappeared and he grinned, reaching down to the front of his jeans. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” Then he stepped back. “But you’re not my type.”

I turned and walked away, hearing Wez’s laughter follow me all the way out of his shop.

CHAPTER 3

WEZ

I couldn't get Lillian out of my head for the rest of the day. Even though her eyes were full of fear, it was the way she tilted her cute nose in a desperate show of bravery and bitchiness. I frightened her. She was afraid I'd hurt her. I did want to hurt her, but not in a bad way. I'd do it the way she'd like it. I sensed her submissive nature. She needed to let go—she needed to be dominated. That's why I was drawn to her. But we were on opposite ends of the spectrum. We had nothing in common, so it could never work between us. Plus, I'd already fucked Lillian's mother. It sounded like a reality TV show train wreck.

It was Friday night a few weeks later when I sat at the bar with Seth at a local micro-brewery called Union Brew. I had several tattoo artists working for me, along with Fiona's brother, Seth. I gave him a job to help around the shop and book appointments. I didn't know much about him, only that Seth and Fiona had a really tough upbringing at home and had an asshole for a father. Soon after Fiona ran away, Seth did too. All anyone knew was that he lived on the streets, fighting to survive. He came to town and found his sister Fiona. He started prospecting for the Chaos Kings and my brother Skully was his sponsor. Seth wouldn't get his club name until he was fully patched in, but everyone started calling him Scrapper. I learned that Skully also had a tough upbringing as an orphan, going from one foster home to the next. So it was only natural to see Skully and Seth form a brotherly bond. Seth passed the motorcycle riding course and got his M-class license. The Chaos Kings all pitched in and bought him a used Harley Sportster from Torque, who owned his own bike shop called Hardcore Cycles.

We chugged down a frosty mug of the Union Brew's new batch of beer before we headed over to the clubhouse to hang

with my Chaos brothers. Seth was telling me about this horny chick he met at Mad Ink. “So, I take this girl out for a ride on the sporty. She liked the sound of my pipes and the vibration got her all turned on. I pull off the highway and down a backroad ‘cause she told me she wanted to suck my dick...”

Just as Seth was giving me the deets on his blow job, I heard a familiar female voice. My head swiveled to the sound of laughter.

There sat Lillian three tables away. There was a man with light brown hair, dressed in a suit, sitting at her table with his back to me.

Lillian stopped laughing the next second when her eyes locked on mine. Her jaw dropped.

I chuckled and turned back around to Seth. “Isn’t this just fan-fucking-tastic.”

Seth saw her too. “Isn’t that Kat’s sister?”

“Stepsister.”

“She’s a hottie.”

“Yeah, but she’s a snotty little bitch.”

We finished our beers and paid our tabs. Seth walked ahead of me as we approached Lillian’s table. She kept her eyes on me as I approached, while Seth walked ahead of me.

I stopped, placed both my palms flat on the table and grinned. “Hello, Lillian. Who’s your date?”

The dude in the monkey suit tilted his head to look at me.

Lillian stammered, “Uh. Wez, this is William Harris. He’s a client of mine.”

I saw William’s Adam’s apple bob up and down right above the knot of his tie. He offered me his hand. “Hello, Wez.”

I just ignored monkey suit boy and squinted my eyes at Lillian. “You’ll get bored with William before this day is over. And when you’re ready for a really good fucking. Time. You know where to find me.”

I winked at her, then left.

Seth was sitting on his bike out front, putting on his lid and shades. “What did you say? Did they piss themselves?”

“Maybe,” I said, swinging a leg over my bike and putting on my lid. “Lillian’s jaw was still on the table when I walked away.”

Seth chuckled then started his bike. I started mine, twisting the throttle and revving it a few times just for the fuck of it.

By the time we parked our bikes next to Magnet and Skully’s, my blood was at a boiling point. Seeing Lillian with some boy in a suit pissed me off. Nagging images crept into my head—her kissing him, his hands touching Lillian’s mouthwatering body. When I climbed off the bike, I was set on getting more info on Lillian with Magnet’s help.

I remembered the day a few months back when I had Kat ride on the back of my bike to the clubhouse. It was all just a stunt we pulled to get Magnet jealous. And it worked, because he landed a good punch to my mouth as soon as we climbed off my bike. They worked it out and ended up fucking in the clubhouse later.

Seth went behind the clubhouse bar to pour us some shots of whiskey. I grabbed a stool and sat while Magnet racked a new game of pool with Skully.

Seth handed me a cold bottle of beer, then we downed our whiskey shots. I lit up a cigar and walked over to the pool table.

“Just ran into Kat’s stuck up stepsister at the Union Brew,” I said to Magnet as he took his shot.

The cue ball struck the colored ones, scattering them on the table.

Magnet gave me the side-eye and smirked. “Did you say something to her?”

“Yeah, and she turned beet red with her jaw on the table. I embarrassed her in front of the boy in a monkey suit she was sitting with.”

“You like her!” he said, taking a drink off his beer.

“The fuck I do! She’s a spoiled rotten little bitch with a stick up her tight ass.”

Magnet spit out beer, laughing. “That’s cool, bro, ‘cause Lillian is definitely not your type.”

We all turned to the sound of Lillian’s heels clicking on the cement floor of the clubhouse.

“Oh, shit,” Magnet whispered, turning back to the pool game.

“I’ll get us another beer,” Skully said, skirting away toward the bar.

Lillian stormed right over, her pretty blue eyes full of fire. She jabbed her finger into my chest. “How dare you embarrass me like that, you dimwitted oaf! William is a *client* of mine.”

I took her small hand in mine. “You came in here to pick a fight.”

She snatched her hand away. “You owe me an apology!”

“You’re a little brat and you’re funny, too. I don’t owe you shit.”

She rolled her eyes, clenching her small fists “You are not even worth another moment of my time, Wez. Don’t speak to me ever again!”

Lillian turned and I chuckled while she stormed out of the clubhouse.

CHAPTER 4

LILLIAN

Like clockwork, I met my mother for lunch every other Wednesday. The restaurants were chosen and approved by my mother, of course, always needing to meet her standards—upscale with five-star ratings. Rarely did I ever miss our lunch date, but there were times we cancelled due to bad weather or if one of us was out of town on travel. This was a tradition my mother started when I graduated from college and moved out of her house a few years ago.

I was expected to be seated before she arrived, then she would make her grand entrance while being fashionably late. I loved my mother, but as I grew older, I understood more and more why my father divorced her and married Kat's mother, Jean. I was jealous of Kat and Jean for years, because I felt my father had left me too. But he didn't. And I saw how happy he was with Jean; she was the complete opposite of my overbearing, melodramatic, and demanding mother.

Keeping all the jealousy and that negative energy bottled up inside me was exhausting. When I looked at myself in the mirror every day, I realized I didn't want to be just like my mother. I apologized to Kat recently and when we sat and talked, it helped to ease some of the tension we'd felt over the years. Kat met Magnet—or Noah—and in the beginning, I'd been terribly rude to him. But then I saw Kat's eyes light up with desire and love for him...so, I gave her advice on how to make Magnet jealous. Wez letting her ride on the back of his bike did just the trick.

And Wez. The moment I saw him at the clubhouse, it felt like the earth shifted. He was completely different from the men I'd dated. I felt his sexual magnetism, and even though the giant man frightened me, I couldn't help but pick a fight—like poking a bear. So why did I keep fantasizing what it would feel like to kiss that beast?

And when Wez pulled that stunt in the brewery just to embarrass me in front of a client, I was so angry, I could have slapped him right there.

My mother finally arrived, following the hostess to my table. She was dressed in a sexy but sophisticated cream-colored pantsuit with a blouse the color of peach, and crème colored heels. Her long chestnut hair was up in a tight bun, her makeup flawless along with her French manicured nails.

She sat down and reached for my hand from across the table. “Lillian, sweetheart, I hope you weren’t waiting too long. I’m only ten minutes late.”

I squeezed her hand. “It’s okay, Mother. I wasn’t waiting too long.”

She was actually twenty minutes late, but I wouldn’t dare complain to her about it.

The waiter approached, pouring our water and asking what we’d like to drink. Of course, we both ordered a glass of their most expensive Pino Grigio.

My stomach was tied in knots as we sipped on our wine, because I knew she would ask me about Raymond Mitchell. He was also in the same line of business as me, working for a competing real estate company. Our workplaces were tough competitors, vying for the highest bidding houses on the market in our area. Ray was attractive—tall with an athletic build, thick brown hair and dimples when he smiled. He was charming on our first dinner date, picking me up in his brand new Porsche 911 Carrera.

But after the first date at a nice French restaurant, things felt weird with Ray. He would text me and call me every day. One day he just showed up at my office and threw a fit in front of our receptionist, yelling that I had ignored his calls and messages. One late night I was sitting on my couch, reading, dressed in my comfy clothes when he showed up at my front door. He wanted to come in and talk, saying that he missed me and that he was sorry for getting angry with me at the office.

I didn't let him inside and became frightened when he wouldn't leave. He finally left when I promised I'd call him the next morning and go out to dinner with him again. I should have trusted my gut and just stopped communicating with him immediately, but my mother insisted—no, she pushed me to go out with Ray. *“Raymond comes from a well-to-do family and his brother is an attorney practicing family law. He won't be able to resist your beauty and style. Leave a good impression on him because my daughter will marry into wealth and prestige. You will not be like that frumpy girl, Kat, who probably spreads her legs on the first date with any blue-collar hillbilly she can find.”*

He came over the next night to pick me up for dinner, but he changed the plan and insisted on coming over to share a bottle of his family's most expensive wine, bringing me dinner instead, but after the first glass of wine, I blacked out. I woke up naked in my bed the next morning. I never told anyone.

I listened to my mother talk on and on about an upcoming cruise she was going on with her uppity friends—those wealthy divorcees who had weekly alimony deposited in their bank accounts.

“How are things with you and Ray, sweetheart?”

I felt my cheeks flush and it wasn't from the wine. “I broke it off a few weeks ago, Mother. I just don't have any feelings for him.”

I jumped when she dropped her fork onto her plate then pounded the table with her fist. “Lillian Michelle Moore! Raymond is handsome and rich! Oh, I get it. You think feelings matter when catching a good man. No, it has everything to do with marrying a good man like Ray before some fat, frumpy, and stupid little bitch snatches him up!”

Images from my childhood flashed in my mind—the hard slap across my face from my mother when I was ten, because I ripped the hem of my dress while playing with a girl in my neighborhood.

I took a deep breath and looked down at my food that I couldn't eat anymore. “Yes, Mother. I'm sorry. I'll give Ray a

call tonight.”

“Good,” she said. “Say you’re sorry. Hopefully, he’ll accept your apology and take you back.”

After we ate our lunch and finished the wine, I paid the tab, as always. I gave my mother a hug and while I was driving home, I rolled my window down to feel the breeze. I wondered then what it felt like to ride on a motorcycle and knew it probably felt ten times better than just riding in a car with the window rolled down.

CHAPTER 5

WEZ

The forecast said it was supposed to be a nice sunny day, which meant a good day for a ride to the mountains out west. Plus, Seth needed more miles to ride for experience since he was still prospecting. My Chaos brothers, along with the women of the Coven, met at the clubhouse early that morning, so kickstands were up at ten a.m. for a long ride up to the mountains. I was one of the last to role in, so I parked my bike next to the others and noticed Lillian's Lexus. I climbed off my bike, made my way into the clubhouse and spotted Lillian right away.

I gave out hugs to the Coven women—Tanya, Sam, Fiona, and Madge, the prez's old lady. I looked over to the bar where my brothers all stood, along with Kat and Magnet. And Lillian. Only this time, she wasn't wearing something professional like a dress or a suit. She wore a pair of jeans, a tight white top and a pair of heels. She stood by the bar chatting it up with Kat while Magnet had his arm draped over her shoulders.

Lillian's back was turned to me and I arched a brow at Kat.

What the fuck was Lillian doing here?

Kat beamed a smile and waved me over. I growled under my breath and approached them.

Lillian turned, watching me walk toward her. She even smiled.

Why the fuck was Lillian smiling?

I reached for Kat, giving her a hug, and threw a jab at Magnet's shoulder.

I finally turned to Lillian. "What are you doing here?"

Her smile left and she tilted her chin.

"I invited Lillian." Kat answered my question.

Lillian turned and started marching out of the clubhouse. I caught up to her, blocking her path. “Come on, I’m sorry.”

Her brows shot up. “Oh! The big, mean Chaos King said the ‘s’ word?”

Lillian folded her arms and stuck out that hip. Damn, did she look sexy as fuck in tight jeans with those pretty eyes of hers set ablaze. All I wanted to do was get my hands in those jeans and play with her pussy.

“I’m not afraid to apologize, Lillian. I figure I owe you one this time. You look different today.”

“Different?” she asked, looking down at herself.

“Yeah, you smiled. And you’re casually dressed. You look good—really good.”

She brought that smile back. “Thanks. I should dress in jeans more often then, I guess.”

I was still curious as to why she came to the clubhouse.

“So, Kat invited you here today. Are you riding with one of my Chaos brothers?”

An image flashed in my mind of Lillian riding on the back of a brother’s bike. I didn’t like it.

“Well, yes. I asked Kat what it felt like to ride on a motorcycle, and she invited me here today.” She relaxed and looked around. “I don’t know any single men in your club—except you.”

“Then you can ride with me.” I looked down at her shoes. “But you can’t ride in those heels. They’re too dangerous.”

“I wear the same size as Kat and she brought me an extra pair of her riding boots. Oh, and she has an extra helmet I can wear. I left them in my car. I’ll go put them on.”

I walked back over to Kat and Magnet while Lillian went to put on the boots.

Magnet had a smug look on his face. I guess he saw this as payback for that time I rode Kat up to the clubhouse on *my* bike.

But Kat looked pissed and she arched a brow. “What is up with the two of you anyway, Wez?”

I rubbed both hands down my face. “We just rub each other the wrong way, I guess. I don’t fuckin’ know,” I grumbled.

I climbed on my bike and was impressed at how easily Lillian climbed on behind me. I caught the scent of her perfume and it drove me fucking nuts. The Chaos Kings kicked their stands up and rolled out of the clubhouse lot. Lillian was a natural at riding. When she wrapped her arms around my waist, my dick jumped in my jeans. Why was my dick getting hard? I fucked Lillian’s mother, for fuck’s sake!

Lillian was quiet during the whole ride up to the mountains. She didn’t say one damn word. We rode for a good two hours and stopped a few times to stretch our legs and so the women could take pictures with their phones at scenic stops on the side of the main road. I stood with my brothers and lit a smoke, watching Lillian chirp away with the other women in the Coven. She seemed to fit in okay with the rest of them.

My Prez Rocky came up from behind and socked me in the shoulder. “Never seen the King of Kink so pre-goddamn-occupied!”

All the brothers laughed, causing the women’s heads to turn our way. I just rolled my eyes, taking a long drag off my smoke.

When we rode back to the clubhouse, I felt Lillian wrap her arms around me a bit tighter this time. I couldn’t help but smile feeling her tits press up against my back.

I planted my feet down in the clubhouse lot and Lillian climbed off before I did. I was surprised when she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and hugged me. “Thank you, Wez. I think that was the most fun thing I’ve ever done!”

I put my hands on her small waist and smelled her perfume again. I hoped she ignored the hard bulge in my jeans. Then I

looked down into her eyes. Damn. I didn't want to let go. But she pulled away first and her face turned a shade of pink.

I cleared my throat. "You're a natural, but since this was your first time on a bike, I went easy and wanted you to enjoy the ride."

"Well, I guess I'm going home now. I don't want to start drinking and end up like I did the last time."

Lillian ran over to Kat and hugged her, then left. The party was just getting started as we twisted caps off beers and poured some shots in the clubhouse.

"Thanks for taking Lillian on the ride, Wez," Kat said to me. "She asked me what it feels like to ride on a motorcycle, so I invited her out with us today. There used to always be this stepsister competition thing between us. I know it's because her mother, Denise, hates my mother because she married her ex-husband—Lillian's father. But Lillian is trying her best now to reconcile and we've actually grown a little closer."

Listening to Kat helped me see Lillian in a different light. I knew how much of a bitch Denise was and understood why Lillian gave off that snobby attitude. "She was quiet as a mouse during the whole ride. I kept waiting for her to say something just to pick a fight."

"I don't think she has any *real* friends, thanks to her mother. Lillian confided in me the other day about this guy she dated a few times last month. His name is Raymond...I can't remember his last name. She didn't go into any detail, only that the guy weirded her out and made her anxious—like she's afraid of him. Her mother pretty much bullied her into going out with this guy."

"Did he hurt her? Threaten her?" An image of some man even touching Lillian made my temples throb.

"Lillian didn't tell me. But this guy sounds like an asshole. I'm worried about her."

"Get me his last name. I'll ask Spider to get some intel on him."

Kat hugged me. “Thanks, Wez. I knew I could count on you.”

CHAPTER 6

LILLIAN

It was midnight when Ray sent me the pictures of me passed out and naked on my bed.

Then he called. “You will regret this, Lillian.”

“Don’t talk to me, don’t call me, don’t text me! Just leave me the fuck alone!” I shouted to Ray through my phone and hung up on him. I scrolled through my contact list and blocked his number.

My heart raced, and I felt a flush of heat spread through my chest.

Anxiety attack.

Ray was relentless and I was terrified of him now.

I called Kat and told her what Ray had done.

“You need to go to the police, Lillian. You’re not safe!” she said over the phone.

The acrylic cracked as I bit down on my thumbnail. I didn’t want the fake nails anymore. “He has pictures of me, Kat.”

“Pictures? What kind?” A moment of silence passed on the phone. “Lillian! Oh my God!”

“But I was passed out. He must’ve put something in my drink when he came over with the wine and dinner. I don’t know what to do. I’m scared.”

“I’ll talk to Noah. The Chaos Kings are good men and they’re very protective of their tribe. All the women in the Coven like you too. It’ll be okay, sis.”

Tears welled up in my eyes. “Thank you, Kat. You don’t know how much that means to me.”

Later that day, I had an open house for a client of mine who put their house on the market for \$600,000. I was exhausted. I couldn't sleep after I spoke with Kat, but I had to be at the open house since I was getting a huge commission from the sale of this house. I handed out my business cards, flashing my smile at the people who came. By 4:00 p.m., things died down. I walked through all the rooms before I locked up the house and gathered the pamphlets on a side table in the living room, when Ray suddenly appeared. I dropped the pamphlets and they scattered on the hardwood floor. He sauntered in through the front door dressed in a suit with a smug look on his face.

I carried pepper spray in my purse, which sat on the counter in the hallway, too far out of reach.

My adrenaline kicked in and I squared my shoulders, looking directly into Ray's eyes. "Get. The. Fuck. Out, or I'll call the police!"

I stepped back as he came toward me. He cocked his head. "You'll do no such thing, you spoiled, stuck up little brat! I called your mother and told her how rude you were to me last night. She told me you'd be here today and hopes you'll apologize to me."

I stared at my purse. It was so far away. My heart pounded in my chest.

He grabbed my arms, jerking me hard against him, pressing me against the hard bulge in his pants. Terror gripped me and I lashed out, slapping him across the face.

He let me go and stepped back, with shock. "You like it rough, huh? You stuck up little whore!"

He came at me again, this time twisting behind my back. I kicked, struggling against him as I screamed.

A woosh of air and Ray was off me. I stumbled back, tripping in my heels, and fell to the floor.

It was Wez! He swung, punching Ray square in the mouth.

Wez held a night stick.

No. It was a cattle prod.

Ray cried out when Wez zapped him in the chest with the end of the cattle prod. Ray fell back to the floor.

Wez dropped the cattle prod and reached down and pulled out Ray's cell phone from his suit jacket. He dropped it on the floor and stomped on it with his booted heel, smashing it to pieces. He twisted his fists into the front of Ray's jacket, hauling him up off the floor.

Wez bared his teeth and reached down. He grabbed ahold of Ray's crotch and twisted. Ray screamed out in pain. "You like drugging and hurting women, huh? How about I twist your shit off and make you a fucking eunuch?" Wez twisted and jerked, making Ray scream and sob. "Stay away from Lillian. If I smell your stench even fifty yards from her, you're fucking dead. Got me?"

"Yes!" Ray yelped. His lip was bleeding.

Wez spun Ray around, then hiked his leg up, kicking him square in the ass. He stumbled and ran out the front door.

Wez walked over to me as I sat on the floor sobbing. When he knelt down, I flung myself on him, wrapping my arms around his neck.

I felt his big arms come around me, his warm hands on my back. "Shh. It's okay, Lillian. You're safe now. That piece of shit is gone and soon to be dead."

I don't know how long Wez just knelt there holding me in his arms while I cried. When my sobs turned into hiccups, he picked me up and carried me to the couch. He sat down and cradled me in his lap.

"Can you just hold me?"

"I'll hold you as long as you need me to."

It was the first time in my life I felt safe and protected.

CHAPTER 7

WEZ

Lillian was all I thought about ever since the ride. And while I held her in my lap as she cried, I realized how much I wanted her. I wanted her to belong to me, but it could never happen—especially after I told her about Denise and me.

She calmed down, wiping her tears, and then gathered her things. She locked up the house and I followed her home in my truck. I pulled in the driveway behind her car as she climbed out and asked me if I'd like to come inside. I figured she didn't want to be alone after what just happened, so, of course, I said yes.

I sat on her couch while she went upstairs. A few minutes later she came back down dressed in a pair of stretchy yoga pants and a T-shirt. Her blonde hair was pulled up in a messy bun and her face looked clean of makeup. She was even prettier than when she got all dolled up. I liked it. A lot.

She plopped down next to me and crossed her legs. Then she cocked her head and arched her brow. “Yes, I know I look plain and frumpy. Can you please close your mouth?”

I chuckled. “You looked good the other day on the ride. But seeing you right now, just natural and real... You're gorgeous, Lillian.”

This girl was turning me into a fucking sap.

She smiled and her cheeks turned pink. “Thank you.”

There was a moment of that uncomfortable silence before Lillian asked, “Did Kat tell you about Ray?”

“Yeah, she told me about him after you left the clubhouse last week. Then she called me yesterday because she remembered his last name. Spider is my club's VP and he's got relatives in the local law enforcement. He was able to get me all kinds of good intel on that douchebag—the make and model of Ray's car, his tag number, where he worked, his

home address, and even his social security number. I was watching him for a few days and followed him to that house. Your car was parked in the driveway and I was glad I brought the cattle prod.

“It was all I could do not to kill the motherfucker when I saw him hurting you. I wanted to shove the cattle prod up his fuckin’ ass.”

Lillian was off the couch and pacing in her living room, her hands balled in fists. “My mother told Ray I was there today!”

Luckily, she didn’t see me wince when she mentioned Denise.

She started rummaging through her purse on the coffee table. “I need my phone. I’m calling her.”

“Wait,” I said, leaving the couch and taking her hands in mine. “Lillian, I need to tell you something.”

“What?”

“I know your mother. Her name is Denise, right?”

Lillian pulled her hands away. “How do you know my mother?”

I heaved a sigh. “I was fucking seeing her. But it was only for a few weeks.”

“You had sex with my mother?” She started to giggle. “No way!”

“Yes. It’s true. I did.”

“But how? Why?”

“I’m a longtime member of another kind of club. You’ve heard of BDSM, right? That kind of club.”

She stepped back and her jaw dropped. “Like whips and chains and handcuffs?”

“Well, that’s what the vanilla world wants to label it. But there’s so much more to it, Lillian.”

“But my mother... She cannot be into BDSM. It’s not possible. Why didn’t you tell me this before?”

“I’m the one who ended it with Denise. She slashed my tires and keyed up the whole truck, cost me thousands to get repaired. I found out she was your mom when I drove you home from the clubhouse that night and put you in your bed. I saw that photo there of you two by the door there. I thought I’d never see you again. But then you walk into Mad Ink the very next day, then I run into you at the brewery, then the ride ___”

She slapped me hard across the face. It tickled more than it stung.

“Come here.” I grabbed her, smashing my lips onto hers. She struggled, trying to pull away, but it was useless. I fisted a handful of her blonde hair and pulled to keep her still. My greedy tongue slid into her mouth, tasting her. She moaned and stopped wiggling, then wrapped her arms over my shoulders. Her tongue wrestled with mine, getting my dick hard as a rock. She tasted so good, and she was so soft and willing, letting my other hand grab a handful of her plump ass.

I broke the kiss, looking into her hooded eyes. “I deserved the slap, but that’ll never happen again. Understood?”

“Mmhmm.” She nodded.

I released my grip on her hair and stepped back. “So long, Lillian. Take care of yourself.”

I turned and walked out her front door.

CHAPTER 8

LILLIAN

When Wez walked out the door, I slapped a hand over my mouth, ran to the bathroom and threw up. My mother was having sex with Wez! Just the thought of it made me sick. I brushed my teeth, hurried back into my living room, pulled out my phone and called her.

“Where are you, Mother?” I asked the moment she answered my call.

“Hello, sweetheart. I’m at Pamela’s pool party enjoying my third mojito.” I heard music, laughter and splashing water in the background.

“You and I need to talk.”

“Yes, we do, young lady. Ray called me yesterday. He was very upset with you. And so am I.”

“You told him where I was today?”

“Yes, of course, I did!”

“I’ll be over at Pamela’s house in fifteen minutes.”

I hung up on her right as she was about to say something else. I drove my car, speeding through town, hoping I wouldn’t get pulled over and given a ticket. My mother’s friend Pamela Joyce lived in a wealthy neighborhood. I pulled up and parked on her street along with the Porsches, Navigators, and Mercedes. I got out of my car and climbed the steps then walked around to the backyard. Some 80s pop song was playing loudly, as the rich women in their fifties danced and laughed. Two young men who looked like high school boys were there too. They were shirtless, wearing only black bow ties and tight black slacks, walking around the pool serving drinks on trays to the women. I watched as Pamela Joyce walked by one of the boys and smacked him on the ass when he bent over to serve a woman her glass of wine.

My mother was sitting in a chair at the poolside along with a few other women in bathing suits. Karen Parker's bikini top barely covered her nipples and the new breasts she just bought a few months ago.

My hands balled into fists as I marched right over to my mother. She looked up, pulling her sunglasses on her head and gasped. "Lillian Michelle! You look horrible!"

I looked down and remembered I was dressed down in the T-shirt, yoga pants, and flip-flops. I had no makeup on and my hair was up in a messy bun. Wez said I looked gorgeous and he kissed me.

"Shut up, Denise, and listen," I said.

The women seated around her gasped.

Mother stood up. "Don't you talk to me like that, young lady."

"You bullied me into going out with Ray and he's a piece of shit! He came to my house, drugged me and took photos of me naked in my own goddamn bed!"

"What?"

"Then you told him where I was today. He came to the open house and attacked me! But he got his ass handed to him! By none other than Wez—the man you used to **fuck!**"

"What the hell are you talking about, Lillian?"

"I know all about you and Wez. He told me that you vandalized his truck when he broke it off with you!"

My mother glared at me with the anger I'd seen in her eyes so many times before. "You stay away from that man, Lillian. He's a bad man, a criminal, and he likes to beat on women!"

"He doesn't beat on women! He drove me home one night when I was drunk, he took me for a ride on his motorcycle, and he just saved me from being assaulted again by Ray!"

"So, you're his little slut, now? Is that it?"

"I'm done, Denise. You may be my mother, but I want *nothing* to do with you from now on. You never cared about

me! You were never kind to me! It was always about you! You almost destroyed my father and I'm *glad* he found love with Kat's mother!"

Everyone gasped when my mother slapped me across the face. It stung like a son of a bitch.

I used both my hands and shoved my mother hard. She cried out as she stumbled back in her high heels and fell into the pool with a big splash.

I heard my mother yell while one woman snickered as I walked away. I climbed back in my car and drove home.

My fingers were numb from gripping the steering wheel so hard when I pulled into my driveway. I broke down and began to cry. All those years of emotional pain that my mother caused when I was a little girl. The fond memories of my father and how good he was to me. He never left me. He left my bitch of a mother and I was glad he did. He died a happy man being married to Kat's mother.

Kat. She was the only person I felt I could talk to. I pulled my phone from my purse and called her and within thirty minutes, she was at my house.

When I opened my door, I pulled her in and hugged her tight.

"What happened? Are you okay?" she asked.

I took her hand and we sat on my couch. "I'm okay, Kat. Ray tried to attack me today, but Wez saved me. Thank you for telling him about Ray. If Wez hadn't been there, I don't know what would have happened to me."

"Oh, Lillian! Thank God! I don't know Wez that well, but he's a good man. Why do men think they can just take advantage of women?" Kat cried angrily.

"It's about control and power. Not all men are like Ray. Noah isn't like that. Neither is Wez. He held me in his arms then followed me home. But he left and I don't think he wants to have anything to do with me now."

"But why? He cares about you!"

“Kat, Wez was sleeping with my mother.”

“What? No way!” Kat’s eyes went wide.

“Now I understand why he was so abrasive toward me in the beginning. Wez saw that photo of my mother and me over there on the table the night he drove me home from the clubhouse. When he told me about the two of them, I just reacted and slapped him hard. But then he surprised me by kissing me...and then he left.”

Kat smiled. “So? How was it?”

“How was what?”

“The kiss, silly!”

I giggled. “It was nice. No. It was amazing! His kiss made my toes curl.”

We both started laughing.

“I went over to see my mother before I called you. She was at a pool party with her rich girlfriends. When I confronted her about Ray and Wez, she slapped me right in front of all of those stuck up bitches.”

“Oh my God Lillian!”

“That’s okay. I said what I needed to say. Then I pushed her into the pool.”

Kat started laughing again and gave me a high five. “I wish I’d been there to see that!”

CHAPTER 9

WEZ

I was a miserable fuck ever since I walked out of Lillian's house three days ago. I couldn't get her out of my mind. I was obsessed with her. I wanted to call her, but Kat told me to give her time to let everything sink in. But I knew she hated me. How could she not? I had banged her mother, for fuck's sake.

On the third day, I blew up at Seth when he messed up some tattoo appointments for the following week. I cussed him out, acting like a big dickwad. He sat in a chair in front of the computer, typing on the keyboard.

I walked over, slapping him on the shoulder. "Sorry, man. I'm being an asshole today. You've been a great help here at Mad Ink."

Seth clicked the mouse and spun the chair around. "No probs. It's fixed, boss."

When I closed my shop that night, I didn't feel like going home or hanging out with any of my brothers at the clubhouse. I wasn't in the mood to play, but the Underground was the only other place I liked to go, even if it was to sit and have a beer. I twisted the throttle on my bike, enjoying the rush of warm air pushing against me. I remembered how good Lillian's hands felt wrapped around me and how her soft tits were crushed against my back that day she rode with me.

I parked the bike, climbed off and entered the Underground, walking straight to the bar. I sat down on a stool and the cute redheaded bartender named Amanda served me a frosty mug of beer. It was a weeknight and only a handful of people gathered in a group to organize the upcoming weekend's event called Dungeon Demo night. It was held at the Underground once a month and opened to the public. Stations were set up inside the club with instructors and people knowledgeable in the BDSM lifestyle to demonstrate different kinds of impact play using floggers, whips, canes, and paddles.

There were also stations set up to demonstrate bondage with various kinds of rope.

I spotted Emily with the group of organizers. She walked up behind me and wrapped her arms over my shoulders. “Hello there, my king,” she whispered next to my ear.

I swiveled around on the barstool and pulled her in for a hug. I leaned back, settling my hands on her hips. “You don’t need to call me King out here. Only when we play. Got it, darlin’?”

“I got it, Wez,” she replied, scratching my beard. “You look like a lion in a cage, needing to break out. I’m a good listener, if you want to vent.”

I patted the stool next to me. “Hop on up here and have a drink with me.”

Amanda served Emily a martini while I told her the whole fucked-up situation with Lillian and her crazy mother, Denise.

“Denise? Is she that woman who vandalized your truck that night here at the club?”

I clinked my beer mug against her martini glass “Yeppers, that’s the one.”

“Oh, boy, what a mess. But you really like Lillian, don’t you?”

“Not at first. But then I got to know her and she’s all I ever think about. My friend Kat is Lillian’s stepsister. She told me to give Lillian time, give her some space.”

“I’m sure she’ll come around.”

“But I won’t be there when she does.”

Emily shook her head. “Because the worse thing she can say is to fuck off, and that’s what you don’t want to hear. It’s your worst fear.”

I almost spit out my beer but swallowed it down. “My worst fear? The fuck you mean by that, Emily?”

She rolled her eyes. “Come on, Wez. Even Alpha Doms like you have insecurities. You’re afraid of rejection. You’re

afraid Lillian won't like who you really are, your true self. That's why you kissed her and left."

"We're complete opposites. We have nothing in common."

"How do you even know that? Sounds like you two clashed from the moment you met. Plus, add in the fact that you were banging her mother. If she comes around, then ask her out on a date. Be patient. Learn more about her and show her the hell of a good man that you are, Wez."

I leaned over, kissing Emily on the cheek. "The Dom who captures and makes you his most cherished submissive is going to be a very lucky man."

Emily blushed and her eyes lit up, and it wasn't from my kiss. "I've actually met someone. He's been in the lifestyle for twenty years. His name is Jack and he's into bondage, lots of impact play, and other things that I like. He's coming to the club this weekend for Dungeon Demo night. Would you come by and meet him?"

I wrapped my arm around Emily. "I may be losing a play partner, but I'm also your protector and friend. I'll be here Saturday to meet Jack."

The next night, I did a double take when Lillian walked into my shop. No. She weaved and staggered her way down the hall toward Seth and me. Her hair was up in a messy bun, and she wore a pink tank top and jeans. She revealed way too much cleavage when she leaned down and placed her elbows on the desk.

She smiled and waved. "Hi, guys!"

I looked down at Seth who sat in front of the computer but stared and drooled at Lillian's cleavage. "Do you need a bib, prospect?"

"Huh? Oh," he replied, moving his eyes back to the computer.

I walked over to Lillian and could tell right away she'd been drinking.

I arched a brow. “You better not tell me you drove here.”

She huffed, waving her hand. “No, silly. I had an Uber driver drop me off.” She swayed then walked around the desk before she stumbled into me. I caught her by the arms and noticed she was wearing flip-flops. She was so much shorter without the high heels. “I want a tattoo and I want you to put it on me. But put it somewhere where it won’t hurt too much.” She slapped her ass. “How about right here?”

My hands were at her waist. Fuck, she smelled so good. “No tattoos tonight. Not while you’re trashed.”

She scrunched her brows. “I’m not trashed! I’m just a little tipsy, that’s all.” She flung her arms around my neck. “Why did you kiss me like that and then just leave? Is Wez your real name? It can’t be...” She started giggling. “You should’ve seen the look on my bitch mother’s face when I shoved her into the pool!”

What the fuck was she talking about?

I rode my bike to the shop that day and there was no way Lillian could ride in her fucked-up state. But Seth had driven his truck, an old Ford Ranger he bought for real cheap from his neighbor.

I pulled my bike keys out of my jean pocket and traded them for Seth’s truck keys. “I’m taking Lillian home. Just wear my lid. It’s hanging on the bars. Be good to my bike, bro.”

I took Lillian by the hand and led her out of the shop. She staggered behind, trying to keep up with my pace, so I slowed down a little as we walked out to the parking lot. I unlocked and opened the passenger door and she climbed in. I came around, climbing into the driver’s seat, and started the truck.

When I shifted the truck in first gear, Lillian hiccupped then slid across the seat and wrapped her arms around my shoulders.

She started kissing my neck, pressing her soft tits against my bicep. “I had a dream about you. It was both scary and naughty at the same time.”

Lillian's whispering in my ear gave me an instant goddamn raging hard-on. "Hmm. You'll have to tell me about this dream someday."

She sat next to me, laying her cheek against my shoulder the whole drive to her place. I parked the truck behind her car in the driveway, then she looked up at me with doe eyes and pouted. "Stay with me tonight, Wez. I don't want to be alone."

I curled a strand of Lillian's blonde hair over her earlobe, then brushed a soft kiss on her lips. "I'm trying my best to be a good guy here, but you're making it difficult. I want to get downright dirty with you."

"That's why I trust you, because you *are* a good guy and would never do anything to hurt me."

Gaining her trust in me was the first step, and I wanted to know everything about her. What was her favorite color? What did she like on her pizza? What were her pet peeves? Her hopes, dreams, and fears?

I followed her into the house, sat on her couch, then patted my thigh. "Sit here and tell me what happened between you and your mother."

She smiled and planted her soft ass on my lap and began to tell me what happened. Then she started to cry. "I love my mother, but she never really cared about me. It was always about her. She was never kind to me or my father. Nothing I did was ever good enough for her. I always felt incompetent. Then as I grew older, I was becoming just like her—cold-hearted, stuck up, seeing everyone else as beneath my standards. Guess what? I had no goddamn standards!"

I wrapped my arms around her. I put my bearded chin on top of her head, soothing her. "You're a good woman, Lillian. You care about others and have a good heart. You realized you wanted to be better than that. No one can change who you are inside."

She wiped her tears "You think so?"

"I know so."

I cupped her soft cheek. “My real name is Devon. Devon Bradley.”

She smiled and then her eyes went wide when she squirmed on my lap and felt my hard rod. I gripped a handful of her hair and pulled. She gasped and I grunted, clamping my teeth down on the nape of her neck. She tasted so good as I ran my tongue up and down her soft skin. She dug her nails into my shoulders and moaned.

There was no way I could stop now. I wanted to fuck this girl right there on the couch. She wasn't resisting. In fact, it was the complete opposite—she needed more. I let my primal nature take over and took her wrists, twisting them behind her back.

“I should buckle a leather collar around your throat. Make you my pet,” I growled as I restrained her with one hand and started unzipping her jeans with the other.

“What would you make me do if I was your pet?” she asked, her breathing heavy.

“Lots of dirty things.” My hand snaked down into the front of her jeans, skimming over her panties. “You're soaking wet.”

I slid two fingers under her panties and right up in the middle of her slit. I could smell her sex, driving me insane. She closed her eyes and moaned.

“Open your eyes,” I commanded. “You're going to look at me when you come on my fingers.”

I pushed two fingers into her tight wet hole, easing back out slowly, then back in again. She arched her back and licked her lips. I twirled my fingers around her swollen clit over and over. Slow at first, then faster.

“I bet this nice slick pussy tastes so good,” I grumbled as she stared into my eyes, her chest heaving. My dick was so hard it hurt and pre cum soaked through my jeans.

My fingers dipped back into her pussy, then out again, rubbing her swollen clit. It was music to my ears when she cried out with an orgasm.

I let go of her wrists and she was off my lap, dropping down on her knees between my legs. “I want to pleasure you too, Devon,” she said, reaching for the button and zipper on my jeans.

I slouched on the couch, letting her undo them. I raised my hips as she pulled them down along with my boxers, just enough so my dick sprang up and bounced.

I liked her reaction when she saw my cock. “You’re so big. I don’t know if I can make you feel as good as you did me.”

I lifted her chin. “Yes, you can, little pet. Do what feels natural. Enjoy pleasuring me and I guarantee I’ll shoot my load all over that pretty face of yours.”

I wound my fist into her hair and watched as she stroked me with her soft hands, twisting and jerking. Her tongue darted out, licking the thick head and I groaned. She wrapped her lips around it and went down as much as she could fit into her warm mouth. Her head bobbed as she sucked while her hand stroked the rest of my length.

“Fuck, you do that so good, Lillian,” I grunted “Are you ready for it?”

“Mmhmm,” she hummed, working those lips and tongue.

I gripped her hair tighter, pulling out of her mouth. I pumped my cock twice and exploded. A thick stream of milky cum squirted on her beautiful face.

I left the couch as she sat on the floor and went into her kitchen. I soaked a washcloth with warm water from the sink. I came back to Lillian and she smiled while I wiped my cum off her cheeks and lips.

I lifted her off the floor and picked her up into my arms. She laid her cheek against my chest while I carried her up the stairs to her bedroom.

I set her down on her feet. “Raise your arms, little pet.” I took her top off over her head, unhooked her bra, then pulled her jeans and panties off. My eyes drank in the sight of her delicious body and my dick jumped—so soon after I just shot my load.

I stripped out of my clothes and we climbed into her bed together. I pulled her soft body up against my chest.

She pressed her soft ass against me. “Pet, huh? I like it.”

“Yes.” I squeezed her. “Me too. A lot.”

CHAPTER 10

LILLIAN

I woke up to see Wez's broad back as he sat on the edge of my bed. I yawned and looked over at the clock on the bedside table. It was 8:00 a.m. He was getting dressed, pulling his T-shirt and reached out for him, running my nails lightly down his back. "Do you have to leave so early?"

He turned, laying over me, nuzzling my neck. "I have a full day, pet. Need to drop off Seth's truck and get my bike. I have a few appointments at the shop today, then tonight I'm going to the Underground for Dungeon Demo to meet a few friends of mine."

I sighed, wrapping my arms around his neck, remembering how he used his big hands and mouth to pleasure me, bringing me to several mind-blowing orgasms during the night. He left me completely wet and in total bliss while he held me in his strong arms.

He told me to just *let go* with him. No inhibitions. That there was nothing too kinky or taboo; the important thing is communication. That one day when we felt as close as we could be, he wanted us to both discover what we liked, to play out and experience our most secret fantasies. I fell asleep with a smile on my face. He never once tried to go any further with me, showing how much he respected me which made me want him even more.

"Would you like to meet me there tonight?" he asked, while he planted soft kisses down my neck.

"Yes, I would love to!"

"I'll get you signed in. You'll be my special guest."

"But what should I wear?"

Wez ran his fingers through my hair, playing with the ends. "Surprise me. Wear something slutty that makes you *feel* sexy."

It was 9:00 p.m. when I pulled into the parking lot at the Underground and spotted Wez standing beside his truck. He looked dangerous and sexy as hell, dressed all in black, leaning against his truck, with one boot crossed over the other. I parked next to his truck and giggled. I was so nervous to see Wez's reaction to what I was wearing.

He smiled and I felt my face blush when I climbed out of the car. Then his smile faded and his jaw dropped open.

“Holy fuck me to heaven, you look so good, I wanna eat you up,” he said as his eyes traveled down my body.

I wore a black satin corset that fit snug, my breasts spilling over the top. My tight black skirt was so short, if I bent over you could see my ass. I wasn't wearing any panties, only black fishnet stockings with black stilettos. He snatched me around the waist, pulling me up against his hard body.

“You like?” I asked.

“No. I fucking love it!”

I gripped his big shoulders as he kissed me, our tongues playing together in a frenzy. He released me and cleared his throat, then turned and opened the door of his truck. He handed me a red box. “I bought this just for you.”

Red was my favorite color.

I opened the lid to see a black leather collar with silver studs. “It's so sexy!”

“Will you wear this for me tonight, little pet? It'll symbolize that you belong to me when we walk into the club together.”

I felt a flutter in my stomach. “Yes, Wez. I'd be honored to wear it for you.”

His eyes gleamed when he pulled the collar from the box and wrapped it around my neck. “Is this too tight?” he asked.

“It's perfect,” I told him as he buckled it closed.

“While we play our roles in the club, I'd like you to call me King, and I'll call you pet. Is this good with you?”

“Yes, King.”

He grinned then took my hand in his and I followed him into the club. I discovered that Wez was quite popular at the Underground. So many people of different ages greeted him and he introduced me as Lillian, his playdate. There were people standing in line to get in who had to present their photo ID and fill out a consent form. Wez led me right up to the front desk and handed me the form, which basically stated that the Underground would not be held liable for any injuries, and that I give my full consent to be there.

We walked down a dark hall and entered an immense open area. There were various areas portioned off and set up for different demonstrations. One was set up with a huge wooden structure in the shape of a big X. Wez told me it was called a St. Andrews cross. A woman wearing only a bra and panties was facing the cross and her wrists and ankles were strapped in restraints to each end of it.

I was introduced to a middle-aged man Wez called Wolfgang. He was in great shape—built just like Wez, all bulging muscles and tattoos, with the addition of salt and pepper hair. He wore a black kilt and black boots and held a black leather flogger.

He licked his lips, looking just like a grinning wolf as he took my hand. “What a delicious little treat you brought with you tonight, King. The tails of this flogger would love to taste this soft skin of hers.”

Wez chuckled, wrapping his arm around my shoulders. “That’s all up to the little pet.” He looked down at me. “Would you like to feel what it’s like to be flogged? Wolfgang has thirty years of experience and knows what he’s doing. He’d go gentle.”

My nipples hardened just feeling the heat from Wez’s body next to mine. “No, but I would like to watch.”

We both watched as Wolfgang used the flogger on the woman on the cross. He was *not* gentle, and she cried out as the slapping of the flogger tails lashed at her ass and the back of her thighs.

I gripped Wez's bicep and winced. "She's crying. How does she take it?"

"That's Foxy and she's a regular here. She's a true masochist and loves the pain. Gets off on it. By the time she comes off that cross, her pussy will be dripping wet. Foxy plays with Wolfgang lots of times because she trusts him. He's an expert at inflicting the right amount of pain and pleasure for her."

Wolfgang used various kinds of floggers on Foxy and by the time he was finished, her upper back and thighs were covered in red welts from the lashings. When he helped her off the cross, I saw the big wet spot on her panties.

Wez showed me other demonstration areas of what he called "impact play"—paddling, caning, spanking, and other activities that I just learned about for the first time. It was like an adult Disney World!

"Have you ever been spanked, little pet?"

"No. Never."

"I've had this fantasy of having you bent over across my lap, shoving your panties down and giving you a good bare ass spanking."

I looked up at him coyly and said, "But I'm not wearing any panties tonight."

"That's sexy as fuck." His brows furrowed, and he looked angry. But he wasn't. He nodded his head over to a padded bench. "Would you like to try it tonight, little pet?"

The gleam in his eyes made my stomach flutter and I squeezed my thighs together as I suddenly became wet. "Okay, but can you start off easy?"

"Of course. When you want me to stop, just say the word pink, okay?"

"Yes, King."

"Good pet."

I walked over to the bench, leaned over and laid my stomach across it. Wez came around the bench and when I looked up, I was eye level to his crotch. I could see the thick bulge in his black denim jeans as he anchored his hands at his waist.

“You’ve already brought an audience,” he said with satisfaction, moving around to stand behind me. I suddenly felt cool air when he pulled my skirt up to my waist.

He placed his warm hand on my lower back and the other on my ass cheek, rubbing and squeezing but not too hard.

“Spread those legs for me, pet,” he commanded, his voice deep.

I did and arched my back.

Smack!

I jumped and gasped at the first sting. It felt good.

His hand came down over my other ass cheek and he alternated, spanking me with the same consistency of pain and I knew my ass was getting redder by the second. After a few more minutes, it became much too painful and numb.

“Pink!” I yelped.

Wez stopped and feathered his fingers across my ass as the people who gathered to watch clapped.

I stood up, pushing my tight skirt down and inhaled deeply. Wez pulled me to him, rubbing my back with his hands. “I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did, pet,” he said, taking my hand and placing it over the hard bulge in his jeans.

“I can feel how much it turned you on,” I whispered, squeezing his hardness.

His eyes were hungry as he hissed, “It was much better than how I fantasized.”

Just then, a pretty woman with red hair approached us holding hands with a tall, handsome dark-haired man wearing a black suit and a red tie. When Wez hugged the woman, I felt a pang of jealousy because she was tall and gorgeous, wearing

a sexy and tight cream-colored dress. Wez introduced her as Emily. She smiled and shook my hand, then introduced us to her date whose name was Jack.

They both seemed nice and polite, but I could see this energy between Wez and Emily by the look in their eyes as they talked.

They'd been intimate with each other.

The unnerving feelings of insecurity crept in and settled in the pit of my stomach. I lifted my chin, clenched my jaw, and wrenched my hand away from Wez's. I turned and stormed out of the club.

I pushed the entrance door of the club as people in line stared. I marched toward my car, turning to look behind me at Wez. His strides were much faster than mine.

"Get back here, you little brat!" he yelled. I unbuckled the leather collar and threw it at him. It thumped against his chest before landing in his hands. "What the fuck?"

"You're such a goddamned whore!" I shouted.

Wez caught me around the waist, spinning me around and gripping my arms. "Are you jealous of Emily?"

I yanked my arms away. "You had sex with her!"

"Yes, I did a few times. She *was* a play partner of mine—before I met you! She's also been a good friend. She's now with Jack and wanted me to meet him tonight. But now I only want to play with you, Lillian. I want to do so many other things with you, not just play."

My eyes welled up with tears. "The way you looked at Emily... I was just so jealous, Devon."

I'm falling in love. I want us both to learn about each other, grow together.

He lifted my chin. "It's only natural to feel jealousy. I like it because that means you care about me. Kink is in my nature and I'm a very possessive man. I must be the one in control in a relationship. The more time I spend with you, the more my

feelings grow.” He cleared his throat. “I’m falling in love with you, Lillian.”

He wrapped the collar back around my neck and buckled it. “This collar is a gift. I bought it just for you.” I yelped when he bent down and scooped me up in his arms. “Now, I’ll show you how possessive I am and how fucking hard you got me.”

It was dark outside and not a person in sight as he carried me to his truck and put me down. Then he spun me around and I placed my hands on the hood. “What are you doing?” I asked, knowing already what he had planned and it excited me so much that my knees felt weak.

“Spread your legs, pet,” he commanded.

When I did, he yanked up my skirt and pulled my fishnets down. I cried out as he glided two thick fingers inside my slick center. “Just as I thought. That spanking got this pretty pussy nice and wet. So ready for my big, hard cock.”

When he slid his fingers out of me, I turned to look at him when he pulled out a condom from his pocket. He ripped the wrapper with his teeth and unzipped his jeans, pulling them down along with his briefs, and slid the condom on his thick shaft.

He gripped my hips and with one hard thrust, he was deep inside me.

“Oh my God!” I cried out.

He was relentless, and he grunted, pulling all the way out and slamming back inside. Then he slowed down and slid out half-way. He reached around and pressed his fingers over my swollen, sensitive spot, and started to rub. I closed my eyes and my head fell back as I enjoyed the exhilarating way Wez made my whole body feel.

“You’re gonna come while I slam into your pussy, little pet,” he growled and I suddenly came undone, exploding with an orgasm and clamping my walls around him.

He sped up his pace again, fucking me the way I’d never been fucked before, the way I needed to be fucked. He growled when he came, and I felt him spasm and throb.

He pulled out of me and slid the used condom off. I giggled when he tossed it on the pavement behind the truck.

“I’m sure that’s not the first used condom in this parking lot,” I said as I pulled up my fishnets and yanked down my skirt.

Wez chuckled while he zipped himself up. I wrapped my arms around his waist and placed my cheek against his hard chest. I heard his heart pounding fast and felt all giddy and happy with this big beast of a man.

CHAPTER 11

WEZ

After several weeks of spending most of my time with Lillian, I learned so much more about her. Her favorite color was red; her favorite ice cream was chocolate chip. She loved strawberry Twizzlers and would live off that sweet liquorish if she were alone on a deserted island. One of her pet peeves were people who were always late to an appointment or date, or people who drove too slow in the fast lane on the highway. Lillian learned more about me too. She was very attentive, and I saw this change in her when we opened up to each other. There was no more of that snobby I'm-better-than-you attitude. She had this gleam in her eye when I talked about my experience and funny shit that happened at the Underground, or some dumb shit one of my Chaos brothers got into.

Lillian was a Virgo and I was a Leo and the signs were compatible. We were both serious and appreciated the rewards of working hard for what we wanted in life. And then there were times when my kidding around would help take the edge off Lillian when she'd had a bad day at work. But Lillian could really test my patience when it came to getting what I wanted, which was her. I wanted her body, her heart, and her mind.

Lillian finally decided on the tattoo she wanted—a dragonfly that I inked on her left hip, representing change, transformation, and self-awareness. If I had it my way, I would've inked up all the sexy places on Lillian's body, but this was a start.

We skipped out of work one day and I left Seth to manage the shop since I didn't have any appointments. He worked above and beyond what I expected of him at Mad Ink and also prospecting for the Chaos Kings. Rocky and Spider would soon gather all the brothers at the clubhouse to vote him in as a fully patched-in member, same as we did with Skully not too long ago. Our club was growing strong with good men who

did the right thing. Being a Chaos King meant you belonged. It was tribal, same with the people I knew at the Underground. There was no judgment and you could be whoever you wanted to be without fear or feeling like an outcast.

I rode the bike to Lillian's house and surprised her with a brand-new helmet. She dressed in a white tank top and jeans, with the new pair of riding boots she bought while shopping with Kat. But seeing her wearing the studded black leather collar I gave to her put a big smile on my face and a big hard-on in my jeans. She stood beside my bike and put the new helmet on.

Lillian arched her back, striking a pose. "So, do I look like a biker babe now?"

She held on to the helmet when I tightened my arms around her, kissing down her soft neck. "Wez, your beard tickles and you're going to make my panties wet."

I let her go and had to rub a palm down the front of my jeans. I snapped the new helmet on under her chin. She did look like a sexy carefree biker babe—one I'd fallen in love with. We climbed on the bike and rode west toward the mountains. It was a clear, warm day. The summer heat was on its way out and the chill of fall was taking its place in a few weeks. The rush of adrenaline was one of the best feelings as Lillian's body was pressed against my back. We hugged the curves on the back roads and every once in a while, Lillian's hands would roam. She's playfully teased as they inched their way down my stomach down to the front of my jeans.

We parked the bike at the old diner that my Chaos brothers stopped in from time to time called the Knotty Pine. It'd been in business since the 1950's and a stop we'd make every time because the food was good and the beer was ice cold.

The sun was going down when we pulled in and parked the bike at the clubhouse. Some of my Chaos brothers were already there to start the weekend with music, booze, and placing bets on some rounds of pool.

Magnet and Kat were there. Kat's mother, Jean, was there too with her new boyfriend, Hank. He was one of Magnet's

coworkers and rode a Harley. Kat's and Lillian's mothers were polar opposites. The more I got to know Lillian, the more I understood why she was so uppity the first time we met. But she was finally free of her mother's narcissism and hateful grip on her life. Lillian hurried into the clubhouse to give Kat and Jean a hug.

I played a few rounds of pool with Magnet while the girls chatted and laughed as they chose music from the high-tech juke box we had installed in the clubhouse. Skully and Tanya rolled in later, along with Gunner and Fiona. Lillian fit so well with the other Coven girls as they all huddled planning their next girl's night out.

After a few rounds of shots, Gunner lifted Fiona on the bar so she could dance to some Buckcherry song. Then Magnet put Kat on the bar next.

"I wanna go up there and dance too!" Lillian said, shaking her sweet ass in those tight jeans.

I picked her up underneath her arms and planted her ass on the bar. She squealed and jumped up to dance with Kat and Fiona. I stood there and couldn't take my eyes off Lillian as she danced and laughed, blowing me a kiss.

But then Skully hollered at me from the pool tables. "You're up to play Gunner!"

"Fuckin' hell." I hardly ever won a game of pool. It just wasn't a thing I was good at. But then nobody ever won a game against Gunner anyway. He was the shark.

I shook my head, tearing my eyes away from Lillian, to get my ass handed to me and lose some money.

EPILOGUE

LILLIAN

I woke up beside Wez. I propped my head on my elbow and looked down at him. He was so rugged and dangerously handsome, but he looked like a big teddy bear while he slept. I giggled then, remembering how my man-beast was the night before. He stripped me naked and then blindfolded me with one of my scarves. I could only hear and feel what he was doing and I trusted him completely. He used soft nylon rope to tie my wrists and ankles to the bed posts so that I was spread eagle on the bed.

“You’re all tied up, exposed for my pleasure. There’s nothing you can do about it, my little pet,” I heard him say and my nipples hardened just at the sound of his deep, hungry voice.

I felt safe but a little frightened and excited all at the same time. I was safe, though, because Wez knew my safe word was pink and if I said it, he would immediately stop playing the scene.

I felt an ice cube on my left nipple, then slide across to my right, making them both bead up tight. I inhaled deep when the ice cube slowly slid down my stomach as it melted its way down to my exposed pussy. Then the cube was pressed in between the folds of my slit.

“Mmm, your pretty pussy is so hot,” Wez groaned.

Then I heard a buzzing sound like in the dream I had. I yelped when a strong vibrating object was pressed on my sensitive clit. My hips rose off the bed when the vibration began to slide up and down my opening. I felt Wez’s warm hands tease and caress my nipples as the vibrating thing moved round and round, up and down. He wouldn’t stop. I couldn’t see. I could only hear and feel. I exploded, crying out again and again with multiple orgasms. I was breathing fast

and heavy and the vibration was gone. I felt Wez's huge body climb over me as I was tied down and at his mercy.

His hard, thick shaft slid inside me so easily. He was slow at first, driving into me, and I felt his lips clamp onto my beaded nipple. He sucked, then licked and teased it with his tongue as he fucked me. I squeezed my walls around his thick, hard cock. He roared his release, throbbing and squirting deep inside me.

Moments later, Wez slid out of me and the bed shifted when he began to untie the knots around my wrists and ankles. He pulled the blindfold off last and rolled me to lie on top of him, holding me tight. This was something he called "aftercare." It was so important after a play scene to bring us both back to reality and help with our bonding, both physical and emotional.

"You're all mine, Lillian. Mine to play with, mine to fuck, and mine to cherish. My pet."

"Yes, my King. I belong to you. My body, my mind, and my heart."

THE END