

Stalked BY THE
BIKER

YOU'LL BE MINE SERIES

ELISA LEIGH

STALKED BY THE BIKER

YOU'LL BE MINE

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STALKED BY THE BIKER

After spending years in the Army, he got out and drifted until he found a brotherhood he could stand with. Ghost is the nomad biker of the Satan's Reapers MC. He's a wanderer, only coming home when his brothers need him, otherwise his restless soul has him riding everywhere and nowhere all at once.

On a visit home he's instantly obsessed with the raven haired bartender who wants nothing to do with any man. Not one to give up, he stalks his obsession until it's time for him to come out from the shadows and claim her.

Will she give into him or push him away like everyone else?

ONE

MASON "GHOST" BLACK

IN THE DIM, smoky glow of the bar, I sit in a shadowed corner, watching her as she works behind the counter, filling drinks for the people of Hells Deep. The town is a forgotten place with not much going on—the perfect location for a motorcycle club like the Satan’s Reapers MC to set up shop. Not everything the Reapers do is illegal, but there are plenty of activities that skirt the edges of the law, or outright cross the line. The club has a reputation for being ruthless and dangerous, but there’s also a sense of loyalty and brotherhood among the members that is unbreakable.

I’ve been a member of the Reapers for several years now, ever since I got out of the Army. I’ve seen firsthand the things we’re capable of. We’re not saints, but we’re not monsters either. We take care of our own, and we look out for the people in our town. But we also have enemies, and when they come after us, we don’t back down.

“Damn, Ghost. How long have you been gone?” Joker asks, clapping his hand on my back to welcome me home.

I take a sip of my beer. “four months, give or take a few weeks,” I tell him. I’m too busy staring at the raven-haired beauty behind the bar to look at my best friend.

He clinks his beer bottle against mine and settles down next to me in the seat beside mine. “Earth to Ghost, you in there, buddy?”

“Shut the fuck up, Joker,” I grumble and look over at him.

He chuckles beside me. “What’s caught your eye over there, Big Guy?”

I nod at the bartender, my gaze betraying my fascination with the mysterious woman. “Who is that? I’ve never seen her here before,” I ask, unable to tear my eyes away from her.

With a mischievous gleam twinkling in Joker’s eyes, he leans in conspiratorially, “That there is Clover Moore. She started working here a couple of months ago.”

“What do you know about her?” I question him, needing to know everything.

He shrugs. “Not much. When she first started, she was pretty skittish. But working around all these assholes, she’s toughened up a bit.”

Intrigued, I take another sip of beer, savoring the bitter taste as I contemplate my next move. The smoky atmosphere of the bar, the clinking of glasses, and the buzz of conversations fade into the background as I watch her work. “Is she claimed?” I ask, still staring.

“Her? Hell no.” He laughs loudly.

I turn away from my newfound obsession and level him with a glare. “What the fuck does that mean?”

He sighs. “Look, Ghost. She won’t let anyone near her. Don’t get me wrong, she’s a cool chick, but don’t waste your time. We’ve got plenty of women here who are ready and willing,” He grins, pulling a woman who’s been hovering near us onto his lap. “Isn’t that right, baby?” He asks, then starts making out with the chick who has nothing on my girl. The two don’t even compare.

I look back up at the bar but don’t see Clover. She’s missing, and I’m instantly pissed and on high alert. I scan the crowded bar, my eyes bouncing from table to table, but don’t see her. The rational side of me tries to reason that she’s likely just taking a break from the chaos. Deep down, I know it’s more than that. Something is wrong, and I can’t ignore the nagging feeling in my gut.

Years of training in the Army taught me to rely on my instincts, and they've never failed me before. Now, they scream at me, warning me something is wrong. I need to know where she is and that she's okay. I have to find her. "I'll be back," I tell Joker, but I don't stop to see if he heard me. He'll be busy with the chick in his lap for the next hour or two.

I head out the back entrance and find some asshole in Clover's face. He's screaming profanities at her, and she's curled into herself, looking scared shitless. I'm already making my way in her direction when he raises his hand to her. Before he has a chance to swing, I grab his hand and yank it back until I hear something crack. Pop? Who the hell cares. I hurt him, and Clover is safe.

He screams like a girl and cradles his bad arm. "What the fuck?" He yells, but when he finally looks up at me, he backs up. His eyes go round as he looks my black leather vest over. I've got my Satan's Reapers MC cut on like I do whenever I leave the house.

"Sorry man, I didn't know," He stammers, backing away from me.

"Didn't know what?" I seethe. I'm seeing red. "That you shouldn't put your hands on a woman?" I shout. I grab his shirt in my fists and shove him up against the brick building as his skull thuds against it. He winces but smartly doesn't make a sound.

"Keep your distance from her. You don't go near her ever again. Do you understand me?"

He nods.

"I don't fucking hear you," I growl, and shove my hand against the side of his face, knocking his head against the brick again. "Do you like being hit?" I growl. He shakes his head as best as he can in my grip. "Apologize."

He looks over at Clover and is about to say something when I punch him in the face. "Don't you fucking look at her."

"Shit. Sorry."

“Is that the best you’ve got motherfucker?”

“I’m so sorry, Clover! You won’t ever see me again. I promise.”

“Better. Now get the fuck out of here,” I shout, pulling him away from the building and tossing him to the gravel parking lot.

He scrambles to his feet and runs off. Once he’s a good distance away, I turn to look back at Clover. She’s staring in the fuckwads directing, rubbing her arms, still looking scared out of her mind. When I take a step toward her, she backs away. Realizing what she’s done, she shakes her head sadly. I know that look. I saw it one too many times from my mom when my dad would beat on her. “Thank you,” She smiles timidly.

“He shouldn’t bother you again. If he does, let me know, and I’ll take care of him.”

“You don’t have to worry about it. Jimmy is just my stupid ex. I’m sure you scared him off for good this time.” She laughs sadly.

“He may be stupid, but if he comes back, I want to know about it. You hear me, Clover.”

Her eyes widen when I say her name. “Who are you?” She asks slowly, looking me over.

“My club calls me Ghost.”

She eyes my cut for a brief moment before she looks up at me with a warm smile playing on her lips. “Ghost? Like Casper?” She laughs.

I shake my head slowly. “Most folks don’t find me particularly friendly, Darlin’,” I reply, a hint of wry humor in my tone.

She cocks her head to the side, her curiosity piqued. “Why’s that, Ghost?” she asks.

I shrug nonchalantly. “Well, for starters, I’m not the most talkative person. I tend to keep to myself, and I’m not one for small talk.”

She nods thoughtfully as if considering my words. “I can understand that,” she says. “Sometimes, silence can be powerful.”

I raise an eyebrow, “You think so?”

“Absolutely,” she agrees. “There’s a beauty in the unspoken.”

I’d never thought of silence that way before, but she was right.

She bites her lip, and it makes my dick jump. Fuck, she’s sexy, but Joker’s right, she’s off-limits, for now. She needs time to heal from her past before I can fully claim her as my own. That doesn’t mean I’m going to wait to tell my club brothers about her. They’ve all seen her. I don’t want them to get the wrong idea and try to make a move on her once she’s ready.

Mark my words, for from this moment forward, Clover Moore shall forever belong to me.

TWO

CLOVER MOORE

THREE MONTHS LATER

IN THE HEART of Hells Deep, stands a legendary biker bar named “The Rusty Sprocket.” Its weathered wooden sign and the faint smell of leather linger in the air, inviting people in.

My cousin, Lavender, works here as a waitress. One evening, as I sipped my soda at a corner table, she walked up to me, her eyes twinkling with excitement. “Hey, Clover, guess what?” she exclaimed, rubbing her hands together. I knew whatever she was about to say, I wasn’t going to like, “We need a bartender, and I think you’d be perfect for the job!”

“No,” I told her adamantly. A biker bar didn’t seem like the place for someone like me. I’d stick out like a sore thumb. I’d always been a bookworm, more comfortable with the scent of old pages than the roar of motorcycles.

Sensing my reservations, Lavender took my hand. “Look, you’re the one who keeps saying you need to get a job before your savings run out. I know it might seem like an unusual fit, but trust me, this place is more than just a bar—it’s a family. Your kind heart and quick wit will fit in perfectly around here.”

I was curious. Perhaps there was more to The Rusty Sprocket than met the eye. I decided to take a chance. As I stepped behind the bar for the first time, I was greeted by a

motley crew. There were burly bikers with tattoos adorning their arms, grizzled old-timers nursing their whiskey, and even a few off-duty police officers, who I later learned worked with the MC.

Beneath their tough exteriors, the bikers were surprisingly friendly, sharing hilarious stories of life on the open road. The old-timers had tales of their own, filled with wisdom and humor. And the police officers, despite their stern uniforms, had a mischievous twinkle in their eyes.

As the days turned into weeks, I began to feel a sense of belonging at The Rusty Sprocket. I learned how to pour a perfect pint, mix classic cocktails, and even handle the occasional rowdy customer with grace.

But more importantly, I discovered a hidden world of acceptance and friendship. People from all walks of life, came together to create a community where everyone felt welcome. It was a place where laughter filled the air, stories were shared, and bonds were formed.

I continued to work at The Rusty Sprocket, grateful for the opportunity to be part of something special. A biker bar, despite its rough exterior, could be a place of warmth, acceptance, and unexpected friendships.

When I started working here, I was scared of my own shadow. Jimmy is to blame for that, but I harbor my own guilt for putting up with his shit for so damn long. It turns out Lavender was right, I love working here. The guys are crude and rough around the edges, but I've never seen them lay a hand on a woman in anger. That says a lot in my book.

When I first started, I can't tell you how many guys tried to get in my pants. After politely telling them no, I started coming up with more colorful ways to express my disinterest. One time a guy offered up his dick as payment for a drink, and I got out a cigar cutter and grinned while I told him I was ready and willing. He paid for the drink and walked away, his friends all getting a good laugh out of it. Since then, no one has gotten too fresh with me.

Whatever Ghost did the night we met, worked. Since then, Jimmy has vanished without a trace, leaving me with an eerie silence that echoes through my life. But in the midst of his absence, Ghost has become a constant presence, a shadow that lingers at the edge of my vision. It's like he's taken Jimmy's place, becoming a fixture in my daily existence.

Unlike the other bikers who frequent the bar, Ghost is different. He exudes an air of solitude, a loner by choice. While others are surrounded by women, he keeps his distance. It's as if he's a ghost himself. I've never so much as seen him touch a woman, let alone give one any amount of attention.

The mystery surrounding Ghost deepens with each passing day. It's almost as if he's a figment of my imagination, a phantom that haunts the corners of my mind. As I heal and try to figure out my life, Ghost remains a constant.

I didn't think I'd be ready to date someone for a long time after Jimmy. I thought it would be years before I was ready, in all honesty, I still don't know if I am. All I know is I can't get Ghost out of my head. He's always there, always watching, but he never asks for more. I don't understand him. He must not like me in that way. I on the other hand lie awake thinking about the man and swear I hear motorcycles drive past my house a few times a night. I must be going crazy.

"Clover, honey. Stop drooling." Lavender laughs, laying her tray on the bar.

I wipe my face, feeling no drool, then glare at her. "Funny."

"Why don't you ask him out already?" She asks, sighing like it's a foregone conclusion.

I give her a look, and she rolls her eyes. "I'm serious, Clover. You know the guys around here, he wouldn't say no to you, none of them would."

I look back at Ghost and see that he's staring right at me. His dark brown eyes are piercing through me. I can't figure the man out. If I trusted my instincts, which I don't, I'd tell you that look meant something. The man makes me feel things I've

only read about. I want things I didn't know I could or should want. I want him to possess me, control me, and never let me go.

If Lavender knew how I felt about him and the kind of relationship I wanted, she'd tell me I was crazy. She's all independence and women's rights. She's never even had a boyfriend, but she's had plenty of sex. According to her, men are good for one thing and one thing only. After her sorry excuse of a dad, I'd probably feel the same way.

"I don't want some one night stand, Lav. Maybe some of y'all can handle that, but I can't. I want more than just sex from a man."

Lavender wrinkles up her nose. "Eww, why?"

I laugh and swat her with a bar towel. "Because, I want love and a future with someone. I want the dream. Empty sex doesn't get me that."

"Right, but it sure is fun," she grins wickedly. "Come on, we'll go out tomorrow night and see if we can find someone who can take the edge off until you're ready to get into a relationship again."

"Lav, love you girl, but I'm not going to bone some guy I just met."

"What about someone you already know?" She asks, wiggling her eyebrows.

I look back to where Ghost was sitting, but find he's no longer there. I can't help but feel disappointed. He's my constant, my anchor, whenever I'm feeling anxious. I feel safe just knowing he's there. "We can go out, but I'm not hooking up with anyone."

Lavender cheers. "Fine! Whatever. I get to dress you up, though." She says, holding her pinky out.

I roll my eyes and shake my head. "Sure," I link my pinky with hers, and she beams. Lavender isn't just my cousin, she's my best friend. We'd lost a few years together when Jimmy was in the picture. Once I had the courage to leave him, she was right there to help me pick up the pieces of my life and

has been stuck with me ever since. I'll never let a man come between us again.

THREE

GHOST

WHEN I COME BACK from taking a phone call from Pres, Joker smiles at me harder than usual. “What?”

“I just heard from a little birdy. Your girl is going out tomorrow night. She’s going to find someone to finally scratch her itch.”

“The fuck she is,” I snarl.

Joker cracks up. “Easy there, tiger. Don’t go all rawr-rawr on her just yet.”

“Shut the hell up. No one is touching her but me.”

“You’ll have your chance tomorrow. Now sit the hell down and think this through or you’ll ruin it before it’s begun.” He commands in a tone that says I can’t question him. He’s my best friend, but he’s also the VP of my club.

Begrudgingly I sit down beside him and watch my raven behind the bar like I do every night she works. Since the day I met her, she’s been mine. I watch her, waiting for the time I can finally claim her. I’ve given her the time and space to heal from that fuck Jimmy, but I’ve also had eyes on her every minute of every day.

If I can’t physically be there, the cameras I placed strategically around her house and the bar give me some comfort. I’ve also got a tracker on her car and am tracking her phone. She doesn’t go anywhere without me knowing about it. Some may call me crazy, but I don’t give a fuck. I won’t let anything hurt her again.

Walking into the country bar, I feel a bit out of place. Everyone stops and stares when me and a couple of my club brothers walk in. We're all pretty much dressed the same in jeans, black biker boots, and our club cuts. Joker, Knight, and Rider are here to support me. At least that was their excuse when they jumped on their bikes to follow us a town over. Really they want to see if I can finally do what no man has been able to. What they don't understand is that Clover isn't just some chick I'm going to fuck and never talk to again. She's the only chick I'm going to ever fuck again. She's special. She's mine.

I spot Clover immediately. Like a lion drawn to a gazelle, my heart races as I track her. She's with Lavender and some other girls from the bar. They're drinking and laughing, and better yet, there aren't any guys at their table. Clover stands there dressed to kill wearing a delightfully short jean skirt, hugging her curves perfectly, and a sleek black halter top that showcases her toned shoulders and large tits. Her dark hair hangs loosely in waves down her back and the cherry red lipstick she wore tonight makes my dick swell. Her deep emerald green eyes sparkle with a mischievous glint. For the first time since I met her, Clover exudes a quiet confidence that has me falling for her even more.

Under the dim glow of the neon lights, the guys and I make our way to the bar, our footsteps echoing off the worn wooden floor. The air is thick with the scent of alcohol and lust as we slide onto the stools, eager to quench our thirst in more ways than one.

The bartender approaches and we each order a round of ice-cold beers. We shoot the shit as we wait for our beers. I mainly listen, and watch Clover from a distance. I'm pretty sure she hasn't seen me yet, and I want to keep it that way. I take my time sipping my beer, savoring the bitter taste and allowing the alcohol to relax my nerves. In the back of my mind, a plan is forming. It has been months since I first laid eyes on Clover and tonight is the night I'll finally make my

move. But timing is everything, and I need to find the perfect moment to strike.

Suddenly, out of thin air, a group of men approach the girls. A primal instinct surges inside me, igniting a fire that had been simmering below the surface. The plan is up in flames and the man who had been patiently biding his time, waiting for the perfect moment, vanishes in an instant.

As soon as one of the men extends his hand to Clover, I feel a rush of jealousy wash over me. There is no way in hell I'll allow her to dance with anyone else but me. I storm over to them, my heart pounding in my chest. Tapping the man on the shoulder, I try and remain calm when I ask, "Can I cut in?"

A snort of derision escaped his lips as he prepares to dismiss me. However, before he can utter a word, I lean in close, my voice barely above a whisper. "You don't want to try me, guy," I warn. "Thank her for the dance, and get the hell out of here before I make it happen." To emphasize my point, I discreetly slip a fifty-dollar bill into the front pocket of his western-style shirt. His eyes flicker down to the money and then back up to meet mine. A slow nod signals his reluctant acceptance.

He finally steps away, leaving me alone with Clover. A wave of relief washes over me like a cool breeze on a hot summer day. I take her hand in mine, feeling the warmth of her skin against mine and pull her to my chest. I wrap my arms around her thick curves and take a deep breath, letting the scent of her perfume fill my lungs. She smells like vanilla and lavender, a soothing combination that calms my raging heart. We sway to the soft sounds of the music until the song ends and changes to something more fast paced. Eventually, she pulls back to look up at me.

"What was that all about, before?" She murmurs.

"What was what?" I try getting out the question, not wanting to ruin the moment.

"What did you say to that guy to get him to walk away?"

“I gave him an offer he couldn’t refuse.” When I see she’s about to ask more questions I stop her. “No one touches you without my permission, Clover.” I tell her, teasing the edge of her jaw with my thumb, my eyes drawn to her pouty red lips. Her eyes widen as she tries pulling out of my embrace. I’ve crossed way the hell over the line. Fuck. “Clover, I’m sorry. Ever since that night I’ve felt protective over you. I won’t let anyone hurt you ever again.”

She bites her bottom lip and sucks it into her mouth as she searches my face. “You don’t have to look out for me Ghost. I can take care of myself,” She says stubbornly.

God, I love her fire. I rub my thumb over her bruised bottom lip. “I know you can, darlin’, but you don’t have to anymore.”

FOUR

CLOVER

LAVENDER WAS RIGHT, a girl's night out was exactly what I needed to get a certain someone off my mind. It worked for all of a couple hours. As the music filled the air and the dance floor beckoned, I found myself caught in a moment of indecision. A cowboy, wearing way too much cologne, approached me asking to dance. My mind raced, searching for a reason to decline, but none came forth. In a haze of reluctance, I accepted. Little did I know that fate had a surprise in store for me.

Just as the cowboy's rough hand clasped mine and his cologne-scented embrace enveloped me, a figure emerged from the shadows like a ghostly apparition. It was Ghost, of course it was. His presence was like a bolt of lightning, igniting a spark within me. He was the man I'd been longing for, but wasn't sure I was ready for. I watched as he leaned in and asked to interrupt. I didn't think the cowboy would concede, but he did.

Seconds later, with a gentle touch, Ghost took my hand and pulled me into his embrace. As the song finishes my curiosity gets the best of me and I ask him how he got the guy to go away. What he says has me seeing red. He didn't have the right.

"You don't have to look out for me Ghost. I can take care of myself."

He rubs his thumb over my bottom lip. "I know you can, darlin', but you don't have to anymore."

Another slow song begins and Ghost looks down at me. “Dance with me?”

When I nod, he pulls me close. We sway across the dance floor, Ghost’s arms, adorned with intricate designs, wrap around my waist, creating a cocoon of warmth and safety. In that moment our connection strengthens.

It’s as if the universe conspired to bring us together, erasing all doubt and hesitation. The cowboy, now a distant memory, fades into insignificance as I lose myself in the rhythm of the music and the embrace of the man I haven’t been able to stop thinking about. The night was like a kaleidoscope of emotions, a whirl of sensations that left my head spinning.

We spend hours on the dance floor, holding onto one another as the music surrounds us like a bubble. I don’t see anything but him. Eventually, Lavender gets my attention by waving at me from across the dance floor. I feel bad for ignoring her for most of the night, but I don’t think she’s minded.

“Want to get out of here?” He asks before I have a chance to walk over to her.

I smile up at him. “What did you have in mind?”

“We could go for a ride on my bike.”

I look down at my outfit and shake my head, wishing I’d dressed in something different. There’s no way I’m getting on the back of his bike dressed like this. “That’s probably not a good idea,” I laugh.

“Good point,” He grumbles. I can tell he’s trying to figure out a way for us to spend more time together, but he’s coming up empty.

Standing on my tiptoes, I press a kiss to his cheek. “Thank you for tonight, Ghost. I had a great time.”

“Me too, Clover.”

I turn to leave, my heart filled with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. I take a step towards my cousin,

but Ghost, who had been quietly observing me, reaches out and gently grasps my hand, stopping me in my tracks.

His touch sends a shiver down my spine, and I look up into his intense brown eyes. “I’d like to see you again, Clover,” he says, his voice low and husky. “I want to get to know you better. Would you like that?”

A slow smile spreads across my lips as I nod my head. “Yeah, I’d like that,” I reply softly.

A spark of joy ignites in his eyes, and he reaches for my hand, lacing his fingers through mine. He pulls my hand up to his lips and places a warm kiss against my wrist. “Can I have your number, Darlin’?” he asks.

“Sure, I’ll be right back. I have to get my phone,” I say, feeling a rush of butterflies in my stomach.

With a promise to return soon, I hurry back to my cousin’s side, my mind racing with possibilities.

“So, how did it go?” She smiles.

I shrug. “Pretty good. He wants my number.”

“Of course he does.”

Grabbing my phone, I can’t help but feel like I’ve been transported back to my middle school days, when the simple act of exchanging numbers with a crush felt like the most significant event in the world.

But in this moment, the simplicity of it all feels incredibly sweet and exactly what I need. We exchange numbers, and a sense of anticipation stirs within me. His text message lights up my phone and my cheeks heat.

Ghost: You look beautiful tonight

I look up at Ghost, my heart still pounding in my chest. “Thank you,” I say, my voice barely above a whisper.

Ghost smiles. “No need to thank me, just stating the facts.”

“See you tomorrow?” I ask.

Ghost nods. "Tomorrow," he says. And I know that he'll be there, just like he is every other night I'm working.

Just then, Lavender walks up and loops her arm through mine. "Ready to go, Clo?" she asks.

I nod, still a little dazed. "Yeah, let's go."

As we walk away, I look back at Ghost. He's still standing there, watching me leave.

"Oh my God. I knew he liked you, but damn, I think that man is falling in love." Lavender laughs.

"No, he's not."

Lavender lets out a knowing giggle. "I've worked at The Rusty Sprocket for a few years now, and in all that time, I've never seen him look at anyone the way he looks and talks to you. You mean something to him, Clover."

I hope so, because he's starting to mean something to me too. My heart skips a beat. I've always felt a connection to the mysterious man. Deep down, I know Lavender is right. The way he looks at me, the intensity in his eyes, the gentle touch of his hand. He is the epitome of the man I have always wanted, a man who can ignite my soul and make me feel truly alive.

But fear has been holding me back. I have been hurt in the past, and the scars run deep. I'm terrified of letting down my guard and being vulnerable once again. Yet, the pull towards this man was undeniable, an irresistible force that seems to defy reason.

Sitting next to Lavender in the Uber, I'm lost in thought. My feelings for Ghost are growing stronger with each passing day. He has the power to make me smile, to fill my heart with joy, and to banish all my worries with a single glance. That kind of power scares me.

FIVE

GHOST

BETWEEN CLOVER'S shifts at the bar and the jobs I've been working for the club, we've had to reschedule our date three times. It's been almost two weeks since the night we spent dancing in each other's arms and I'm dying to feel her body pressed against mine once again. We've been texting and talking over the phone non-stop, but there's only so much getting to know each other we can do over the phone. Everything I've learned has me falling even harder. Hopefully after tonight, things will change for us.

Ghost: Pick you up at seven tonight?

Clover: See you then 😊

I slide my phone into my back pocket when Pres comes out into the garage where I'm working with Rider and Knight on a bike. "Ghost, get cleaned up and come on back to the office."

"You got it Pres. Be back there in a minute," I tell him.

Once I wash up, I head back to his office, only to find him in the room where he and the other officers meet. "Come on in."

Nodding, I come in and shut the door when he signals me to.

"How's it going with your girl?" Pres asks me.

I nod. "So far so good."

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. You’ve been a Nomad for years. I think it’s time we talk about changing your patch.”

My brows pull together in confusion. “Really?”

“Unless you still want to be a Nomad. I had figured since you had all but claimed the girl, you’d be in Hells Deep for the long haul.”

I don’t know why I hadn’t thought of that before now. Am I ready to give up the freedom my life affords me? What does that mean for me here? Will I have to finally put down some roots?

“As you know, Baker moved down to Florida to help take care of his parents. At the moment, I’m in need of an enforcer and I’d like you to consider taking the position.”

Damn, he’s offering for me to be an officer in the club. My heart starts racing as the words hang in the air. “Are you serious?” I ask in disbelief.

He nods, a confident smile on his face. “Absolutely. I’m impressed with your dedication and hard work, and I think you’d be an excellent officer in our club. “

I’m speechless for a moment, trying to process the weight of his offer. Becoming an officer in the club would be an incredible opportunity, a chance to contribute more to the organization and make a real difference. But I also know it comes with more responsibilities.

“I’m honored that you would consider me, but I need to think about it before I make a decision.”

He nods, “Of course. Take your time and let me know when you’ve come to a decision, but please don’t take too long.”

“You got it, Pres.”

Pres leans back in his chair and steeples fingers as he studies me for a long moment. “Mason, I know how much you enjoy your time out on the road and you’ve got your reasons. I won’t fault a man for doing what he needs to do. But, I want

you to know I've witnessed how much the other guys around here look up to you. You're respected and your experience in the club and in the military are invaluable."

"Thank you, sir. I'll take that all into consideration while I decide."

"Very well."

As I exit the MC compound, my mind is teeming with thoughts and emotions that I had not anticipated. While I had come to the realization that I want to be with Clover, I had not given much thought to what our future together would look like. The overwhelming sense of possession that consumed me in the moment had blinded me to the larger implications of my decision.

Questions swirl through my head. Where would we live? Would I remain a Nomad, constantly on the move, or would I accept the Enforcer position that Pres has offered me? Each option presents its own set of challenges and opportunities. I feel overwhelmed by the weight of the choices before me.

The nomad lifestyle is ingrained in my very being. It's a life of freedom, adventure, and the open road. But could I truly provide for Clover and give her the stability she deserves? Would the constant travel and uncertainty take a toll on our relationship? Of course it would.

On the other hand, accepting the Enforcer position would mean settling down in one place. It would offer a sense of security and the potential for a more traditional life. But would I be content with the responsibilities that came with being tied to a specific location? Would I miss the exhilaration of the nomadic lifestyle?

As I ponder these questions, I realize there is no easy answer. Each path holds its own allure and pitfalls, and the decision ultimately rests on what was best for both Clover and me. I know that I need to carefully consider all the factors involved before making a choice that would shape our future together.

The one thing I know is my future is with Clover. As long as she's by my side, nothing else matters in comparison.

As I pull into my driveway, I can't help but wonder what Clover would think of my house. It's not much to look at, just a two-bedroom bungalow with a white picket fence that needs a fresh coat of paint. But it's mine, and it's been my home for the past five years.

I bought it when I got out of the military. I had been living in the barracks for years, and I was ready for a place of my own. I didn't want anything fancy, just a place where I could relax and be myself. The house is nothing special, but it's comfortable and it's mine.

Even though I've lived here for five years, I still don't feel emotionally tied to the place. Maybe it's because I've moved so much in my life, or maybe it's because I don't see this as my forever home. I don't know. But what I do know is that I'm grateful for this place. It's a roof over my head, and it's a place where I can always come home to.

Clover: How should I dress?

Ghost: Comfortably. We're taking the bike.

Clover: YAY!

A few hours later I pull up to Clover's house, the one she shares with her cousin Lavender. She's sitting on the front stoop waiting.

When I pull into the driveway, she jumps up and walks up to me with a huge smile on her face.

"Why didn't you wait inside?"

She shrugs sheepishly.

"Tell me, Clover. Are you embarrassed of me? You didn't want Lavender to know that I'm taking you out."

"No, that's not it at all!" She's quick to assure me.

“Then what is it?” I growl, not understanding what’s going on.

“I didn’t want her to ask you a million questions and do that whole “if you hurt her, I’ll kill you,” bit.”

My frown fades and in its place is a huge smile. “She just cares about you.”

Clover sighs. “Yeah, I know. Ever since everything that happened with Jimmy she’s been extra protective over me.”

“Makes sense. Should we tell her we’re leaving?”

“I don’t think that’s necessary. She’s been staring out the window every few minutes checking on me,” she says, rolling her eyes.

She looks behind her and waves exuberantly making me laugh. I can tell she’s irritated with her cousin, but I love that she has someone who cares about her.

Lavender stands at the window waving excitedly at us. When I wave, she points at Clover then gives me a hard look. I nod, understanding her meaning. One day very soon she’ll realize just how much I care about her cousin and know I’d never let anything bad happen to her.

“Ready to go?” I ask Clover.

She beams. “I’m so ready to go. I’ve never ridden on a bike before.”

“Never?” I grin.

“Nope, this will be my first time. I’m so freaking excited!”

“Well, let’s get going then.”

I guide Clover over to my bike, her tiny hand slipping into mine. I carefully lift her onto the seat, and with gentle hands, I help her put on the extra helmet I bought just for her. I take a moment to make sure it’s securely fastened, and then I give her a quick rundown of everything she needs to know.

“Hold on to me tight, and don’t let go. If you feel scared, just squeeze my waist, and I’ll slow down. And if you want to stop, just tap me on the shoulder, okay?”

She nods eagerly, her eyes shining with excitement. Satisfied that she understands, I climb onto the bike and adjust the mirrors. I reach back to help Clover slide on behind me, her curvy body fitting snugly against my back. My dick, once again hard, I adjust myself before we're off. This is going to be a long damn ride.

As we ride, Clover's arms tightening around me. She's gripping me tightly, her huge tits pressed against my back. I smile to myself, feeling a surge of protectiveness wash over me.

We ride for a while, enjoying the fresh air and the beautiful scenery as the sun begins to set. Eventually, we reach the restaurant as a few stars peak out of the night sky. I pull over and park, then carefully help Clover off the bike. I hold her hips, knowing her legs might feel like jelly after riding for that long.

“So, what did you think?” I ask.

Her cheeks are flushed with color. “That was so much fun!” she exclaims, throwing her arms around me. I hug her tightly, reveling in her happiness.

“That was just the beginning, Darlin’.”

SIX

CLOVER

GHOST LED me to a secluded restaurant nestled an hour's drive away from Hells Deep. The journey through the winding roads, shrouded in the misty embrace of the night was everything I'd hoped for. As we arrived at the quaint restaurant tucked away from city life, the faint melodies of a live rock band drifted through the air.

Dimly lit lanterns hung from the ceiling, casting a warm glow over the polished wooden tables. In the corner, a live rock band belted out classic rock anthems. The atmosphere was inviting and relaxed, creating the perfect setting for a low-key evening.

As the evening drew to a close, I felt a sense of contentment wash over me. The night I had been hoping for was better than I could have dreamed up. Ghost and I hopped back on his bike, with the memories of an evening filled with laughter, music, and delicious burgers. Now I'm curled up against him as he drives me home under the stars.

We're about halfway home when he pulls off to the side of the old country road. I have no idea what's going on, but when he helps me off his bike then stands in front of me with hungry eyes, I know what he wants. Sliding his hand into my hair, he tangles his fingers between my strands and pulls me close. Leaning down, his mouth fits perfectly against mine.

Ghost sits on his bike and pulls me between his open legs, deepening our kiss. His hands roam up and down my back before squeezing my ass. I moan into his mouth. It's been such

a long time since someone has touched me like this I feel close to exploding.

After long heated moments, he slows down our kiss before placing one last kiss against my lips. “God you’re beautiful, Clover. Everything I’ve ever dreamed of. I’ll take you home if you want me to, but I really want to bring you back to my place.”

“Yes, let’s do that,” I smile brightly.

“You sure? I don’t want to pressure you.”

“I’m a big girl, Ghost and I’m not ready to go home. Take me back to your place.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

With Ghost’s steady hand guiding me, I climb back onto his bike, feeling a rush of excitement wash over me. The roar of the engine fills the air as we take off. The wind whips past us as we speed down the desolate country road. What seem like only minutes later, we turn into a long driveway illuminated by floodlights, revealing Ghost’s property. A black truck is parked next to the garage, where Ghost skillfully parks his bike.

As we get off the bike, the realization of what might possibly happen starts to sink in. I can feel the tension in Ghost’s movements as he leads me toward the house. As soon as we’re through the front door, Ghost has me slammed against the wall taking my mouth in a passionate kiss. We haphazardly pull our clothes off of each other until I’m left standing in my lacy thong and he’s in his jeans.

“Fuck, you’re a goddamn angel, Clover. Come here, baby” he growls, lifting me up. I wrap my legs around his middle and he carries me toward the back of the house and into his bedroom.

He slides me down his front and I drop to my knees in front of him needing a taste. When I grab the button to his jeans he steadies my hand. “As much as I want your lips around my cock, now is not the right time. It’s been way too

fucking long since I've come and as soon as you put your mouth on me I won't last."

I bite my lip and look up at him. "Soon?"

"Fuck, get up here baby," He growls, pulling me up to my feet before pushing me onto his bed. I watch him pull his jeans off and stand before me, stroking his thick cock. I'm no virgin, but the size of his cock is intimidating.

Ghost grips the sides of my thong and slides it down my legs before sliding the head of his cock between my wet lips. My core pulses with need, wanting him more than anything I've ever wanted in my life.

"Please, Ghost. I need you."

"When I fuck you, you call me Mason. Understand?"

"Mason," I moan, and he rewards me with a deep plunge of his cock into my wanton pussy.

"Fuck, Clover. Do you know how good you feel?"

I can't answer him. I'm too far gone. His thick cock is stretching me in ways I've never imagined, touching me in places that has me seeing colors.

Mason thrusts in and out of me, over and over again. The crescendo is building and I'm about to fall over the edge. Mason captures my mouth in a heated kiss and I fall, taking him with me. Hot splashes of cum fill my pussy.

A few moments later he pulls out of me and gives me a quick kiss before leaving me lying in his bed alone.

Where the hell did he go? Why did he leave me here? Did I do something wrong?

Mason returns a moment later with a warm washcloth. He runs the cloth over my pussy, thoroughly cleaning me up. When he's done he kisses my mound before returning to the bathroom I hadn't noticed before.

When he comes back to bed, he pulls the covers down on one side of the bed, then has me scoot over so he can pull the other side down. Once he's covered me up, he crawls into bed

beside me, cuddling his front to my back, then kisses the top of my head.

“That was everything, Clover. Thank you.”

Who is this man and how did I get so lucky.

SEVEN

GHOST

THE ANTICIPATION HAS BEEN BUILDING for weeks, a whirlwind of emotions coursing through my veins. Tonight is the night I finally take the plunge, the night I make my move on Clover, the girl who has captured my heart.

The stars seem to be aligned as the evening unfolds, a gentle breeze carrying the scent of jasmine through the air. The moon casts a soft glow across the terrace where we stand, creating an intimate and romantic atmosphere. The conversation flows effortlessly between us, filled with laughter and shared dreams. With each passing moment, my resolve grows stronger, and I sense that the time is ripe to make my move.

But I know that timing is everything. I need to find the perfect balance between confidence and caution, to ensure that my words and actions convey the depth of my feelings without overwhelming her. I watch for subtle signs, her eyes meeting mine with a hint of longing, her laughter echoing with a touch of sadness. These are the moments I have been waiting for, the moments when I can finally let my heart speak.

As the night reaches its peak, the music swells, and the dance floor comes alive. I gently take Clover's hand and lead her into the rhythm, our bodies swaying in perfect harmony. It is in this moment, surrounded by the energy of the crowd, that I finally gather the courage to speak my truth.

With trembling hands, I reach into my pocket and retrieve a small velvet box. As I open it, the moonlight reflects off the sparkling diamond, a symbol of the love and commitment I

feel for her. I take a deep breath and look into her eyes, pouring all my emotions into that single gaze.

“Clover,” I begin, my voice barely above a whisper, “from the moment I first laid eyes on you, my heart has been yours. Your beauty, your intelligence, and your kindness have captivated me in a way I never thought possible. Tonight, I stand before you, filled with love and hope, asking if you would do me the greatest honor of becoming my partner in life.”

Time seems to stand still as Clover stares at me, her eyes wide with surprise and emotion. A tear rolls down her cheek as she reaches out and takes my hand.

“Yes,” she whispers, her voice trembling with happiness. “Yes, a thousand times yes.”

In that moment, the world around us fades into insignificance. It is just the two of us, our hearts beating as one, our dreams intertwined. The perfect timing has brought us together, and I know that this is the beginning of a love story that will last a lifetime.

EPILOGUE

CLOVER

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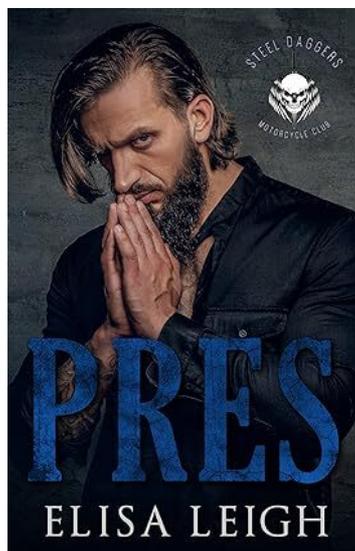
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PRES

STEEL DAGGERS MC



You got this Emersen. Walk in there, find Chelsea, and everything will be okay. I hope. The truth is, things haven't been okay between Chelsea and me for a while now. In college, we had been complete opposites, but I thought we balanced each other well. Her outgoing personality and my quiet one worked when we roomed together.

We graduated about six months ago, and we haven't seen each other much. We stopped talking and hanging out altogether about a month after graduation. Chelsea surprised me when she called me last week and invited me to a costume party on Halloween at a bar she is working at.

I almost didn't come, but my interest won out. Where has she been? My hand hovers over the handle to the vibrating door. I'm about to walk away when the man at the door interrupts my inner battle.

“You going in, or what?” The man is well over six feet and built to cause damage. He’s got a black leather vest on with Steel Daggers on one side and Sergeant At Arms on the other. Judging by the look he’s giving me, I doubt the man is wearing a costume.

I look down at my costume that I had so much fun picking out and smile. I remember when I was a little girl and my momma would take me trick or treating. We used to have so much fun for those few uninterrupted hours. I loved getting to play dress up with momma and spending time with her. Stew didn’t like going trick or treating with us. So, one day a year we could be together not worrying about my stepfather.

“Look, babe, it’s in or out. If you aren’t coming in, you need to leave.”

“Do you know Chelsea?”

He quirks an eyebrow at me but stays silent. There’s something there, recognition maybe?

“Right. Okay, going in then.”

He opens the door for me, and as soon as I walk in, I immediately know this is a mistake. The people closest to the door stop talking and stare. Yep. I’d stare too if I were them. I look around the entire bar and see that no one is wearing a costume. In fact, most of the men I see are wearing leather vests like the guy outside. Am I in a biker bar? Chels didn’t say anything about it being a biker bar.

Not seeing Chelsea, I decide I can’t do this and turn around to leave without making a bigger ass of myself. Before I get to the door, I hear someone call my name. I look back and see her waving me over to where a group of women standing and staring. I really don’t want to go over there, but I do, for Chelsea.

I feel the eyes of everyone I pass and my skin begins to crawl at the awareness of being watched. I know they’re laughing at me. I hear their sarcastic comments about what I look like. Every step I take, I regret my choice to walk in here.

“Emersen. I can’t believe you came!” Chelsea yells over the music and hugs me quick.

“Hey, Chels.”

She releases me and stumbles backward, but rights herself by grabbing onto my arm.

“Girls, this is my friend Emerson I told you about.”

They nod. Not ‘Hey, I’m so and so, nice to meet you.’ It’s basically a fuck off, in the form of a chin lift. Yep, my night is rocking. Not! I can’t believe she invited me to this and let me think it was a costume party when it apparently isn’t!

“Uh, Chels. Why am I the only person in here wearing a costume?”

She just laughs and shrugs. The girl is wasted. She can’t stand still, and her eyes are glazed over. Great, she’s going to be no help.

“Come on, let’s go get you some water,” I tell her, grabbing her hand, trying to pull her over to the bar.

“No, I love this song!” She screams and runs out into the crowd of people dancing.

“So, no costumes?” I ask the women standing near me. They eye me over but go back to their own conversations.

“Alrighty then.” Used to being ignored, I let the sting of their rebuff roll off my back. I need a drink if I’m going to stay for this, which I feel obligated to do now that my once best friend is here, out of her mind.

I push through the groups of people and eventually make it to the bar. The men sitting there staring at me, but quickly go back to their conversations.

“What can I get you doll?” The man behind the bar asks. He’s tall and is wearing a leather vest like everyone sitting here at the bar. He’s younger than some of the guys in here but older than me. He’s in his late twenties maybe. He’s got a kind face but looks like he’s seen too much to be free from the pain of regret.

“A shot of whiskey.”

“You got it.” He says, pouring it quickly and handing it over.

I grab it and shoot it quickly. Not used to the taste or the burn of it going down my throat, I shiver. I set the shot glass down on the bar, and the bartender laughs and asks if I want another. I hold up a finger, and he pours me one more, sliding it over to me.

“Thank you.”

Still smiling, he nods and watches me take my second shot. This time the cool liquid goes down easier.

I’m wearing a black tutu with a black corset laced with ribbon down the back. The cherry on the top of my embarrassing sundae is the black wings attached to the corset. I wanted to be a dark fairy, but now I’m left feeling like an idiot.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Elisa Leigh writes dirty talking alpha men who are rough, possessive, and totally in love with their women. Elisa promises with every book she writes, to give you a sometimes sweet and always steamy love story that will end with a Happily Ever After and absolutely no cheating!

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