NOTORIOUS DEVILS NOVEL

HAYLEY FAIMAN

A NOTORIOUS DEVILS NOVELLA



HAYLEY FAIMAN

Rough and Real

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table of contents

<u>Title Page</u>
copyright
<u>epigraph</u>
dedication
special thanks
<u>prologue</u>
chapter one
<u>chapter two</u>
<u>chapter three</u>
<u>chapter four</u>
<u>chapter five</u>
<u>chapter six</u>
<u>chapter seven</u>
<u>chapter eight</u>
<u>chapter nine</u>
<u>chapter ten</u>
<u>chapter eleven</u>
<u>chapter twelve</u>
<u>chapter thirteen</u>
<u>chapter fourteen</u>
<u>chapter fifteen</u>
<u>chapter sixteen</u>
<u>chapter seventeen</u>
<u>chapter eighteen</u>
<u>chapter nineteen</u>
chapter twenty
chapter twenty-one
chapter twenty-two
chapter twenty-three
chapter twenty-four
chapter twenty-five
chapter twenty-six
chapter twenty-seven
chapter twenty-eight
chapter twenty-nine
<u>chapter thirty</u>
chapter thirty-one
<u>epilogue</u>
Rough & Risky
<u>prologue</u>

chapter one
chapter two
chapter three
chapter four
chapter five
chapter six
chapter seven
chapter eight
also by Hayley Faiman
about the author

"The real man smiles in trouble, ga	nthers strength from distress Thomas Paine	, and grows brave by reflection."

For Tammy Cole—

You are real. Thank you so much for being a great friend. I appreciate you.

special thanks

I'm going to do this a bit differently, because this is the very last Notorious Devils book in the series. I have so many people that I need to thank for this. So many, that I think it would be daunting to sit and write them all down. I am humbled by the amount of people that have no only fallen in love with this series, but have also told their friends about it as well. Never, not ever in my life did I think that I would be where I am right now, in this moment.

I always thank my husband, because he is the amazing man behind the way I've fulfilled my dreams. He supports me in every single move, that I've ever made.

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Iyy

It is official.

I've let myself go.

I know it. My husband, West, knows it. Hell, the entire *Notorious Devils* club, including the whores, know it, too. I see the way they dismiss me as their eyes always lock onto my husband's.

My Old Man is hot.

He's been mine since I was twenty-one years old. Now, fifteen years later, I think he looks even better than he did the day I met him. Unfortunately, time hasn't been as kind to me. Three children, twenty pounds, and the overall *mom-look* isn't a gorgeous sight to behold when you look at yourself in the mirror.

It doesn't help that I'd overheard West talking about me just last night. I guess he didn't realize that the bedroom window was open. He was outside talking to one of his brothers, a newer guy they call Tinker, who had been telling West that he was thinking of making some girl his Old Lady.

"Don't do it, brother," West chuckled.

"Why's that? You got an Old Lady," Tinker points out.

"Yeah, few years down the road, after a few kids, they let themselves go, man. That sexy as fuck bitch that's on the back of your bike, now? She's gonna be a member of the PTA in mom jeans and an oversized sweatshirt, carrying around an extra thirty pounds from kid number three that she's too fuckin' lazy to lose," West states.

I sat in our bedroom, the bedroom where we made our youngest son, and I cried. That was last night. Today, I make a change, and not for him—for *me*.

I didn't know he thought of me that way. How could I? Certainly, not when he told me, more often than not, that he loved the curves of my body, knowing his babies put them there, while he fucked me.

West and I aren't perfect. We're married. We argue. We've gone through weird moments off and on throughout our marriage, but what we never have done is go through dry spells. I've never once worried that my husband is fucking whores at the clubhouse, not once. Until now.

We have sex almost every single night of the week. Exhausted or not, I always make time for my man. After hearing him talk to his *brother* last night, now I'm not so sure. That conversation alone makes me question everything about us.

"Finley is picking me up and we're going to the mall," Rosalie, our thirteen-year-old daughter states from the doorway.

Finley is the president of the *Notorious Devils*', MadDog's, sixteen-year-old daughter. "Is Bailey joining you?" I ask, speaking of the youngest Duhart kid, a thirteen-year-old boy—a boy my daughter is very much in puppy love with. She blushes slightly and nods. I sigh, knowing this day was coming, yet never truly ready for it. My brown haired, blue eyed daughter is growing up.

"Have fun. Be home by dinnertime," I murmur.

"Thanks, Mom, you're the best," she squeals as she runs in to give me a quick hug.

A few minutes later, Remi, our ten-year-old son, and Reid, our eight-year-old son, come rushing into my bedroom. They ask if they can go two houses down to their cousins' to play Legos.

One of West's sisters lives two houses down from us. His other sister lives across the street, and his mother lives three houses down in the opposite direction.

Some days, I enjoy his family being so close, especially since my only family is my brother, Barry. Other days, I want them to stay out of my business.

With the children out of the house, I decide to go online and research gyms and trainers. No more feeling shitty about myself. No more hearing my own husband tell his friends about my supposed thirty-pound weight gain, even though it's only twenty—no fucking more.

I call the gym and the trainer has an opening right away, so I text my sister-in-law to let her know that I have an errand to run and I leave. If I'm going to do this, I need to just go and handle it immediately. If I wait around, I'll overthink it and avoid it.

Once I arrive at the gym, I let the front desk know that I'm here and wait for the trainer. He arrives, and I try so hard to keep from letting my mouth fall to the floor. He isn't much younger than me, maybe five years, but he's ripped, totally and completely ripped. Immediately, I want to turn and run.

"Ivy?" he asks, his voice softer than I imagined it would be. I stand and take his outstretched hand. "I'm Chad."

He tells me to follow him into his office and we talk. He asks me about my health, about my fitness level—which is pathetic—then he weighs and measures me. When I see the numbers, it makes me sick to my stomach.

How did I let this happen?

"Don't stress, Ivy. You are not in bad shape. I've seen so much worse. I predict in just a few weeks, if you follow the plan we set forth today, you're going to see a drastic change. Let's talk about your goals," Chad smiles.

I leave the gym with a workout schedule and a food plan. Our first session starts at eight o'clock tomorrow morning when the kids are in school and West is gone, doing whatever it is he does all day long.

This is the chance for me to better myself, to change my body and to love myself. Maybe my husband will look at me the way he did when we first met each other all those years ago. The way he would watch me from the window, when I worked in this little dessert bar downtown. *Carlotta's*.

Camo

I lift my chin to Tinker, who is curled on the sofa in the bar with his woman. I shake my head, knowing he's going to make her his Old Lady. She's a nice girl, but I can tell that she's into him for one reason, and one reason only. *For a brand*.

After fifteen years in the club life, I can spot the girls like her from a mile away. I tried to warn him off of her the only way I knew how. I told him she was going to get fat and lazy if he branded her. She probably will, too; she's the type. I curl my lip and make my way toward the Pres' office.

"You are absolutely not going to that college. It's nothing but a party school," I hear him growl.

I can only imagine he's talking to his oldest daughter, Riley. She's got it in her head that she wants to go to Chico State, and no way in *fuck* is her father gonna allow that shit.

"Daddy, all my friends are going, and I'll be so close to home," she whines.

"No, and that's final," MadDog's voice booms.

A few seconds later, an emotional teenager flies out of his office and past me.

"Don't laugh. You're fuckin' next," MadDog growls as I walk into his office and close the door.

"Don't I know it. Rosalie is already all starry-eyed over Bailey. I'm definitely not ready for that shit."

"Fuck," MadDog grunts. "I don't know what's worse, trying to keep all the dicks away from my girls, or trying to keep my son's dick from going after all the girls," he rumbles.

"He better keep his little pecker to himself," I state, giving him a hard look.

MadDog laughs and shakes his head. "Kids, man, who the fuck said we should do this shit? I'm too goddamn old," he murmurs.

"I recall you telling Mary you wanted one more after Bailey was born and she put her foot down," I say, arching a brow.

"Bullshit," he barks. I can't help but laugh.

We shoot the shit for a while and then we stand and head to church together. We have a meeting today. As a group, we have some important decisions to make about the future of the club.

Unfortunately, there have been murmurings of another club trying to start shit and hone in on our territories, a new club that we don't know much about. Hopefully, Soar and Torch have some more information about it since they've had a week to dig some shit up.

I pass by Grease, my brother-in-law, who gives me a chin lift. I grin at him as I continue on my way. I've been in love with his sister for fifteen years. Though he hated me for it at first, we've handled our differences. Now, we're not just brothers, we're friends.

My mind quickly drifts to my wife. She's not the same person now as the day I met her. Time has changed her, it's changed us. She's a mother to three kids, and she's damn good at it. She handles our house, the kids—and at night, she handles me.

But lately, I feel like we're in a complete rut. I don't know how to change that. We aren't spontaneous, we can't be as parents. And our sex life, while it's consistent, it's a little boring. It fucking kills me to even think that.

I pass by the free-for-all room and I pause. There's a couple prospects fucking one of the whores, together. She's on her hands and knees, sucking one cock, while another fucks her from behind. I watch.

This seems to be where I've been finding myself more often than anywhere else. I shouldn't even look, but I can't fucking help myself—it's sexy as shit.

"Let's get this meeting started," MadDog announces breaking me of my thoughts.



THREE MONTHS LATER

Ivy

"One more, you can do it," Chad shouts.

I growl at him, but I do what he asks me to, one more burpee. *Fuck* Chad and his fit self. I hate him. He laughs and it makes me hate him even more. When I'm back on my feet, I grab my towel from the bench and wipe the sweat from my face.

Smiling, Chad reaches out and tugs on my ponytail. "Don't hate me," he says, giving me a mock pouty lip.

"I do," I state.

He chuckles, "You know, me and Brian are going out tonight for my birthday. Please say you'll come," he all but begs. I start to shake my head, but he puts his hand up. "I don't want any excuses. We're going to *Bullseye*, be there at nine."

"I'll try," I lie.

Chad gives me a disapproving look. I turn around and head toward the locker rooms. Chad is my totally ripped trainer. I've been seeing him for the past three months, and he is *amazing*. His boyfriend, Brian, owns the gym and as much time as I've been spending down here recently, they've both become friends. It's been nice having people outside of my family, West's family, or the clubhouse to be around. People that don't know everything about my life, and people who don't expect me to act a certain way.

Grabbing my phone from my bag I check my notifications and frown when I see a missed call from West. He never calls me, *ever*. And lately, I hardly even see him.

I don't listen to the voicemail he left, returning his call immediately as I hitch my bag over my shoulder and head out of the gym. I give Chad, who is already with another client, a wave and make my way toward my SUV.

"Where the fuck are you?" West barks in my ear.

My hand shakes as I throw my bag into the back seat. Reaching for the door handle, I calmly reply, telling him that I'm just leaving the gym. "Get the fuck home," he barks before he ends the call.

A shiver crawls up my spine. West can be a hard ass, he can be controlling, and he can be quick to temper. However, he's never been the kind of man to jump to conclusions or to yell at me over nothing. I wonder if there is something happening with the club? That is the only reason I could think of that would have him so upset with me, maybe it's just stress.

He's been a bit on edge and distant lately, but I've just attributed that to something happening in the club. He doesn't bring that part of his life home with him. A decision he made when we had our daughter, Rosalie, thirteen years ago. That doesn't mean that I've stayed completely in the dark.

I know that he's the Road Captain of their club, but not much else, anymore. I try to find out what I can from other Old Ladies because I'm not someone who enjoys being in the *dark—ever*. The last thing I want is to look like a fool. However, the past few months I've had this niggling feeling that I've been looking just that way—like a fool.

Driving home my hands continue to shake. I need to calm down. Whatever it is that's got him all riled up, I have no doubt that it will be something we can talk through, and that I'll be able to talk him down. I'm just nervous because this behavior from him is different.

In fact, a lot of his behavior as of late is different. Then again, so is mine. I sincerely hope that we're not drifting apart, but as the days tick by, it's becoming more and more apparent that we are. I don't know what to do to fix it, either.

I feel like if I grab on too tightly to him, he'll push me away. He's not the kind of man who appreciates a clingy woman. I'm not the kind of woman who usually clings, either.

Pulling up to our driveway, I don't bother inching inside of the garage. Instead, I shift my SUV into park and slide out of the car. Leaving my bag in the backseat, I only take my keys, and phone, with me. Its only ten in the morning. All of the kids have been at school since seven-thirty, and I've been at the gym for the past two hours.

Maybe I'm becoming a little obsessed with working out, but the results have been amazing. I've dropped four dress sizes in three months. I can't remember the last time I wore a single digit size before now, and although dropping those inches and pounds meant losing some boob and booty, I really don't mind. I'm firm and tone, another thing I haven't been in years.

"You want to explain this shit to me?" West growls as soon as I step past the threshold of the front door.

I blink, coming out of my daze and look up to his dark, angry eyes. I can't tell by the rest of his features how pissed he is, as he's started keeping his beard much longer, and fuller than he ever has before. Even his hair, which he kept a little long but still neat, brushes the tops of his shoulders in a curly mop now.

My gaze shifts to a piece of paper that he holds in his hand. "Explain what, West?" I sigh.

He growls, closing the distance between us, and slaps the paper against my chest. I take it in my hand and look down. It's our credit card bill. My eyes scan the numbers and everything looks around the way I thought it would, so I'm confused.

"The fact that you spend two-fucking-thousand dollars at your *gym* every goddamn month," he spits as he places his fits on his hips and aims his angry eyes straight at me.

I nod once, biting the corner of my bottom lip, trying not to get angry at him, trying to keep myself calm. "I do spend that much, you're right," I admit.

"Explain."

"There isn't much to explain, West. I have a personal trainer who charges a hundred dollars an hour. I usually go to the gym two hours every day, five days a week, and he trains me for one hour, and the other hour I work out on my own. One hundred times five, times four weeks, equals two thousand dollars."

West runs his hand through his long hair and then scrubs it over his face. "I don't say shit when you buy the kids more clothes and shoes than they need. I don't even say anything when you buy yourself whatever you want, but this is too much, Ivy. You're wasting money, throwing it down the

fucking toilet and for what? So you can work out on a treadmill?"

"That wasn't nice," I whisper. "I don't go out and spend crazy money on clothes for me or anybody else in this house, West, and you know it. I'm a bargain shopper, and this is for me. I would think that if anybody understood, it would be you, the man who spends how much money on motorcycle shit?"

West shakes his head once before he speaks, and when he does it's low, and it's lethal sounding. "That's my job, it's different, and you know it. Without my bike, without my truck, we don't get money for you to blow. Cancel this shit, Ivy. We have college coming up in a few years, and I don't want to be strapped for cash because you wasted it on yourself. Don't be fucking selfish."

I jerk back as though he's delivered a physical blow to me. "Selfish?" I whisper. "You're calling me selfish? Are you sure you want to say that to me, West? Are you sure you want to say something like that, that you can't take back?"

He has the good sense to at least flinch. What he doesn't do is apologize. "You don't work, Ivy. You don't bring in a fucking dime. But here you are spending two grand a month to exercise? For what? You fuckin' your trainer? Is that what this is? You're spending two grand a month to fuck some hard body?"

Narrowing my eyes on his, I cross my arms over my chest. "I cannot *believe* you just said that to me," I seethe. "Not that it matters, but no, I am not fucking anybody."

"Well I know you're *not* fucking me," he growls.

It's true. I'm not fucking him. I haven't been for months. However, that isn't all me. First, he hurt my feelings when I overheard him talking shit about me to Tinker a few months ago. Then, he left on a run for a few weeks. Then it all turned into this heavy unspoken thing between us. Like we're both pissed off at each other but refusing to communicate it, or why. Then, there's the fact that he's hardly home anymore.

"Why would you want to fuck your fat wife? I mean, were you just doing me a solid all those years?" I blurt out.

He jerks his head and has the nerve, the *downright nerve*, to look confused. "Ivy," he whispers. "Is that what all this is about? All this working out, changing your eating habits. All of this is over what I said to Tinker?"

Blinking rapidly, I refuse to cry. I didn't want him to know, and I just blurted it out. He reaches out for me, but I don't allow him to touch me. I take a step back. West takes a step forward until my back is slammed against the front door and his front is pressing against mine. He slams one of his hands near my face and the other he wraps around my waist.

"I didn't mean it, baby," he whispers. I let out a shaky breath when his nose slides alongside mine. "Swear to fuck, I didn't mean it. I was trying to warn him away from that bitch. She only wanted him for his brand, it was obvious."

Letting out an unladylike snort I turn my head to the side, refusing to even speak. My eyes slide closed when the hand next to my head moves to gently wrap around the side of my neck, his thumb moving up and down my throat.

"Baby," he breathes. "Swear to fuck, it wasn't about you. You were sexy as shit before. Most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on."

I want to believe his bullshit. Three months ago, I would have. Today? I don't. "Where have you been sleeping on the weekends?" I ask.

His fingers grip my hip tighter and I open my eyes, watching as his jaw clenches. I wait it out. He'll answer me, if it's the truth or not I won't know. Our problems are more than just three months

old. We've been moving apart for a while. Essentially, the moment we had children, and I wasn't young and carefree anymore. I had to stay home, take care of them, and of the house.

West has always done what he wanted, I've been fine with that. He's been, for the most part, a present husband and father, but as the years have gone by, he's drifted, except he's moved further away from me.

We don't talk anymore, we haven't for years, and the past three months we haven't even been having sex. It's fucking depressing.

Camo

Ivy looks, *fuck*, she looks heartbroken. I want to tell her that I've just been sleeping at the clubhouse, drinking one too many beers with the guys, and nothing else. That would be a lie though. I've been spending my entire weekends in the free-for-all room.

I've been watching people fuck, and be fucked, and I've loved it—every second of it. I've come close, more than once, to joining in, too.

My love for my wife keeps me from taking the plunge, but to be honest, with the way shit is going right now, I'm not sure that the love I have for her alone, will keep me at bay. This isn't the first time I've found myself visiting the room more often than not. I've done it off and on throughout the years.

There's something about the freedom in there, something I desire. It's not the women, it's not the strange pussy, because I could fuck that anytime I wanted. It's the inhibition of the people when they walk through the door. Everything is gone, insecurities, problems, *drama*—it all just disappears. It's nothing but primal, raw, fucking.

"Been sleeping at the clubhouse," I say, telling her the partial truth. The last thing I want to do is hurt her. Her eyes slide closed again, and she lets out a breath. "There's been nobody else, baby," I admit.

I watch as her eyes open but she doesn't look relieved, she looks, confused. "What are we doing, West? You're mad because I'm spending money without your approval? You thought I'd let myself go, so I made a change. I'm finally feeling really great about myself, and you accuse me of screwing around on you. You aren't home anymore, and we aren't even having sex. This isn't a marriage," she whispers.

My fingers flex at her words. Those words ring true, she's right. This, what we're doing, it isn't a marriage. Neither of us is happy right now. I've hurt her, and I don't know how to fix it. I'm not even sure that I *want* to fix it.

"What do you want?" I ask.

I watch as tears fill her eyes and her bottom lip trembles. "I don't know."

"First things first. Cancel the trainer. Then, you and me'll go on a vacation. Just the two of us," I suggest.

She blinks back her tears as she shakes her head. "I'm not canceling. I'll get a job if you want me to, but I enjoy going down there. I like the way it makes me feel, the accomplishment I feel. I'm not willing to give that up," she states, and I'm taken aback by her words. Ivy has always been levelheaded, and agreeable. This woman, this is not my Ivy.

"What will you do?" I chuckle.

Ivy hasn't done anything since we've been married. Before that, she was a waitress downtown at

a dessert bar. It's not like she has any experience in much of anything. I highly doubt she could make two grand a month after taxes anywhere around here.

Her body stiffens beneath my fingers, and she lets out an angry growl. "I'll figure something out. It's nice to know you have so much faith in me though."

I shake my head. "Babe, you have zero work experience. None of the Old Ladies really work, so it's not like you can find a job working for a friend somewhere. You gonna go back to waiting tables? You have a household to take care of, sports to get the kids to, homework to help them with. What're you gonna do?"

Releasing her, I take a step back and try to keep the smile off of my face as I watch her process everything I've just said. I also watch as something shifts inside of her, something I'm not sure I fucking like all that much.

"A vacation isn't going to fix us, West. Not if this is the way you feel about me, and about my role. I'm a mother, yes, but our children are very much yours as well. It is not my sole responsibility to do everything around here. I've done it, and maybe that's my mistake. I've done everything so that you can work and play, probably play more than I even realize," she whispers. Her gentle voice is deceiving, and I stare at her like a fucking dumb idiot.

I wait for her to continue, not sure what else she's going to throw in my direction. "This isn't working anymore, West."

Her words are like a physical punch to my gut. I feel sick the second they leave her mouth. I rush her, bending down to wrap my hands around her thighs as I pick her up. Pressing my mouth against hers, I don't let her say anything else.

She's mine.

My wife.

"West," she moans when my lips travel down her neck.

She tastes like salty, sweet sweat, and *her*. I've missed her taste. She wraps her legs around my waist and shifts her hips so that her center rubs against my jeans, causing the semi I'm sporting to go fully erect. Stepping back, I carry her toward our bedroom.

Once we're inside, I release her onto the bed, not allowing her to even take a breath before I strip her tight workout pants off of her. I shove two fingers inside of her center and groan at how hot and wet she is for me.

"Fuck," I hiss as I fuck her with my fingers. Her legs widen, and she arches her back as she pushes against my hand, enjoying the way I touch her.

Popping the button off of my jeans with my free hand, I quickly shove them down as far as I can. Ivy wraps her hands around my wrist as I pull my fingers from her pussy. Switching our holds around, I encircle her wrist with my fingers and shove her hand above her head onto the mattress before I slam into her waiting, warm, pussy.

"West," she breathes on a hitched breath.

Wrapping my other hand around her hip, I fuck her. My eyes stay glued to our connection. Watching as her wetness coats my cock with each thrust of my hips. It isn't soft and tender, I pound into her body, taking my frustrations out on her. She cries out beneath me as I continue to take her, fucking her with quick, hard strokes until I feel her pussy flutter around my dick.

Ivy lets out a gasp as her cunt clamps down around me. I don't let up, my release is on the brink, and I continue fucking her until I plant myself deep inside of her and come, on a shout. Pulling out of her almost immediately, I tug my jeans back up as I try to catch my breath.

"West?" she mutters from the bed.

I look into her eyes for the first time since she told me that this wasn't working anymore and I slide my own closed slowly. "You're right, Ivy," I murmur.

"What?" she asks.

"This isn't working anymore," I state before I turn around and walk out of my home.

The home we bought when our son Remi was born almost eleven years ago. The home we made our eight-year-old son in, nine years ago. Ivy is right though, we aren't working. Not right now anyway. I leave her in our bed, climbing onto my bike, starting the engine—I ride.

I don't know where I'm going yet. But I know that I need to go.



Ivy

I watch him leave, walking out of our bedroom and then with a slam of the front door out of our home. The look in his eyes, it said so much without him having to say a word.

My heart shatters into a million pieces as I stand up and make my way toward the bathroom. Trying to shove the, *what ifs*, and uncertainty aside I start the shower water.

Peeling off my top and my bra, my eyes catch my brand in the mirror. The black scroll is a bit faded, it needs a touch-up, but the name is still very clear—*Camo*. I'm his, not only his wife but his Old Lady as well.

I'm not really sure that I'm going to be either of those for very long. The thought makes my heart pound against my chest. I love him, when all is said and done, I love the big stupid man. However, I know that love isn't the only thing needed in a marriage to make it work. I don't know if we have the other pieces of what's needed to make us whole again.

Stepping into the shower, I let the hot water pound against my body. Tears immediately start to fall. The realization that my marriage may be over washes over me.

Once I'm showered, I dress in a pair of loose-fitting jeans and an oversized shirt. Actually, *everything* I own is now loose fitting and oversized.

Contrary to West's belief, I don't go shopping and blow money on myself. I'm in desperate need of clothes that fit though. However, today, I think I will do just that. I still have a few hours until Reid, my youngest, is home from school.

I head toward my SUV, start the engine and go shopping. I bring my phone with me, not because I am waiting for West to call, but just in case any of the kids need to get ahold of me. Once I'm on the road, I call Chad. The car's Bluetooth picks up the call and my speakers flood with the sound of a ringing phone.

"You're bailing, aren't you?" Chad asks as his greeting.

I let out a laugh driving toward the mall. "I'm not, actually. I'm calling to let you know that I'll be there."

"Your husband?" he asks.

I sigh. "We got into a huge fight. It'll just be me," I explain.

Chad asks me what the fight was about. I know that I can't tell him everything, and I don't want to get into money, not when it was about paying him. It's not his fault that we fought. Chad has to eat and pay bills too, I don't want him to feel guilty. In reality, West's and my argument is about so much more

than just finances.

"We haven't really been doing well lately. It's just getting worse," I admit.

The wooded area of my drive starts to fade away as I make my way closer toward the mall. Chad's hum sounds throughout my car but he doesn't make a comment. I tell him that I'll see him at the bar tonight before I end the call.

I can feel my throat closing up as I think about what this fight with West means. What his words and my own meant, and what the future holds for us. This isn't how I saw my life unfolding.

Pulling into the parking lot I let out a sigh. I feel like everything has been unraveling slowly like a small thread has been being pulled at the rate of molasses. Now it's starting to reach the end of the fabric, and everything is coming to a head.

My life as a wife, and an Old Lady, may be over. I'm not sure how I feel about that. I'm not sure that I really feel all that upset at the moment. It will probably hit me when everything is said and done. West did not look like he wanted to talk things through, not that he ever has. I'm just tired of it all, and maybe that's the difference this time.

Maybe it's me who has changed, and he's stayed the same?

Throwing my car door open I make my way into the mall. I start to head to the same store I always shop in, except standing at their storefront feels different. I don't want the same shit I've always worn. The same mom jeans, the same full coverage bras and panties. I want to feel as sexy in my clothes as I do when I look in the mirror. I've worked hard, and although I don't want to look like I'm *trying*, I still want to feel beautiful.

I head into a store that is a bit too old for Rosalie, but a place I would have thought was *too* young for me and hold my breath as I cross the entrance. The music as I enter is loud, but I'm used to loud music so it doesn't bother me. What is truly intimidating is the rows and rows of jeans, all different fits and styles. I don't know where to even begin.

"Can I help you?" a perky sales girl asks. She's around twenty and all smiles.

Clearing my throat, I suck in a deep breath. "I need new clothes, new jeans for sure," I murmur.

"Do you know what size you are?" she asks as she walks over to a wall of jeans.

I sink my teeth into my bottom lip. "I think I might be a six, I'm not sure."

"I'll grab you a couple different sizes and styles, and we'll go from there."

I watch as she thumbs through the jeans and pulls out about six different pairs. Then I follow her toward the dressing room. She leaves me alone, and I stare at the clothes then myself in the mirror until my eyes shift back to the jeans.

Stripping my heavily faded, extremely loose pants off I grab the top pair and pull them on. They're meant to be skinny jeans but they're too loose in the thighs and waist. Taking them off, I notice that they're larger sized than the next, so I chance trying them on.

They fit like a glove.

"Do you have any on?" the sales girl asks.

Opening the dressing room door, she looks down then back up at me with a huge smile. "Those look so awesome on you," she practically squeals. "When you said your size, I wasn't sure, but those are a twenty-eight, which is a six. You are dead-on and they look fantastic."

I gaze at myself in the mirror, holding my shirt up to my waist so that I can see the full length of the skinny jeans. They have accented my now leaner legs and trimmer waist, without even an ounce of muffin top. I'm unable to hold back my smile as I look at myself.

"Those look so awesome on you. Let me get you some different cuts though, that way you can find your favorites. I usually rotate between, straight and skinny legs, depending on my shoes," she smiles.

I thank her and watch as she walks around the store. "I'm going to get you some tops too," she calls out.

That's how I spend the rest of my Friday afternoon. Shopping. I buy more than I need going to several different stores, including *Victoria's Secret*. By the time I need to head back to start the pick-up rounds with the kids, I feel a lot better.

In fact, I feel almost rejuvenated.

I make an appointment with my hairdresser to finish out my new style. I decide I need to change my hair as well. I don't know if West will like it, if he'll even care, but I've decided I can't worry about him anymore. I need to focus on myself, on what makes me happy, and on my children.

My babies will always, always come first for me. They have since the moment I knew they existed and they will continue to. That doesn't mean that I have to let myself go though. I need to find a healthy balance, and I'm starting now.

Camo

Walking into the clubhouse I head toward the bar. My only thought is to drink and do so heavily. It's pretty quiet right now, but it's Friday, so I know in a few hours a party will assuredly take place. Right now, all I can think about is the bottle of tequila I'm going to decimate.

Pulling the cork out of the top, I take a healthy swig straight from the bottle, then I walk over to one of the tables and chairs and sit down. *Patron* is my drink of choice, so I plan on drinking as much of my bottle as possible tonight. "What happened? Wife or kids?" Torch asks as he sinks down into the chair next to mine.

"Wife," I grunt.

Torch, the clubs current Sergeant of Arms, clears his throat but doesn't say anything. I can tell there's something on his mind. "Spit it out." Taking another swig of booze, I turn to him. I shake my head as I wait for him to speak.

"You been spending a lot of time down here. She's been spending a lot of time at the gym," he points out.

"Thanks, Captain Obvious," I growl.

Torch lets out a bark of laughter. "What I'm saying is that you two aren't spending a whole lot of time *together*."

I lift my chin in acknowledgment. He's right. We don't. I don't hate her, and I don't dislike her. The truth is, that I love her, and I will always love her. She's still sexy as ever, even if she's lost some of the curves I enjoyed. It's just, that, I'm not sure we're sexually compatible anymore.

Sure, she's comfortable, she's my home, being inside her still feels incredible, but I want different things—things I couldn't ever tell her. Things I wouldn't tell her because she's my wife, and you aren't supposed to want those things with your wife. We are not Grease and Serina, being on display like they are, isn't something she would be okay with.

"We aren't the same," I murmur as that truth slams into me like a freight train.

We are not the same. I am not the kid I was when I met her. We are not the same people now. She's the mother of my children, she takes care of the house and the kids. I can't do to her what I want to do. It somehow doesn't feel right to even broach the topic to her.

Torch lets out a bark of laughter. "No fucking shit. You've had three kids, you'll never be the

same. Me and Cleo, we aren't the same as when we met or when we found each other again. We've grown and we work hard to grow *together*. You two don't seem to be working hard at much, together."

I run my hand over my face and let out a heavy exhale. "She told me it wasn't working today. I said the same and left," I admit.

Torch doesn't say anything for what feels like ten minutes. Then he speaks. "I think just those few words tell a lot. You told her it wasn't working either, and you just left. When did you really check out, Camo?" he asks quietly.

I press my lips together before I bite my tongue. Closing my eyes, I think about all of the time I went inside of the free-for-all room, instead of going home to my warm, waiting, and willing wife. I think about all of the times I pictured fucking her right there in the open while people watched, maybe even letting someone else touch her. Going up to my room and jacking off, instead of going home.

I checked out around the time Reid was born, nine years ago. I've been like a robot, doing the things I need to do, day-to-day, but nothing more.

"Your silence is telling," he rumbles. "If you don't want to be married anymore, then you need to talk to your wife. Ivy is a good woman, she's a level-headed woman. You have three children to worry about, brother." Torch stands and I watch him walk away from me.

I feel like shit—like a fucking asshole. The realization that I fucking checked out of my marriage a decade ago, makes me feel physically ill. He's right though, I have three kids to worry about. Me and Ivy may not be good right now, but we have to be for the kids.

Letting out a breath, I stand, thankful that I didn't drink too much. I need to get home to my wife, to my kids, and I need to stop running. It's time to try and face this shit like a man.

I'm not sure that I'm ready for my sisters and mother to hate me, for my kids to be pissed at me, or to walk away from the only woman I have ever loved. But I do know that I can't continue on this way anymore.

Straddling my bike, I start the engine, surprised to see the sun setting in the distance. The short ride home doesn't give me much time to think, but when I pull into the driveway, I feel a wave of sadness. I know what the right thing to do is. I can feel it deep in my bones, but it isn't going to make this any easier.

Walking through the front door I'm surprised that Ivy isn't in the kitchen cooking, in fact, she's nowhere to be seen from the living room. Reid and Remi are on the couch watching cartoons. Rosalie is nowhere to be seen, either. Walking over to my boys, I ruffle their hair, but they don't even realize I'm there, they're so immersed in their show.

I decide to head to the master bedroom, in hopes of finding Ivy there. Walking into the room I stop dead in my tracks. Ivy is standing in the middle of the room, a pair of tight as fuck jeans on her legs, wearing red high heels, and a skintight black, low-cut, tank top. Her hair is up in a messy knot on top of her head, and she's wearing a thick layer of makeup.

"What the fuck is going on in here?" I shout.

She jumps, her body stiffening before she turns to face me completely. She looks smokin', absolutely fucking smokin'. My cock presses against the zipper of my jeans in search of her warm body. "I'm going out," she shrugs as she walks over to the bed and grabs a small purse.

"Like hell you are," I growl.

Reaching out to her, I wrap my hand around her waist and tug her against my chest. Lowering my head, I let my lips skim her cheek over to her ear. "You aren't going anywhere but in my bed, or on the back of my bike, dressed like that," I murmur.

My mission of our talk, of walking away from our marriage has completely been abandoned. One look at my wife and I've forgotten why I even wanted to speak with her.

Lifting her arms, she presses the flats of her palms against my chest and attempts to push me. I don't move, my hand tightening around her hip and my other one pressing against the middle of her back. "I'm going out with Chad and Brian to *Bullseye*," she states.

My eyes narrow and my nostrils flare just thinking about her going out with two men, and to *Bullseye*. The last time she went there was when we first met, she got tanked, I took her back to her place and took advantage of her. No way in *fuck* is she going there alone.

"I'll take you," I announce. She shakes her head in some kind of attempt to be defiant. Lowering my head again so that my nose is practically touching hers, I speak. "You aren't going out alone, Ivy. I don't know those fucks, and no way in hell are you going out unprotected, *at all*."

"Fine, suit yourself," she whispers. Her eyes deceive her, that warm brown gaze of hers is good and pissed off.

With a smile I ask, "Is there some kind of reason you don't want me to meet your friends?"

"They're gay, West. They're lovers. I don't care if you meet them."

"But you don't want me going out with you?" I ask, guessing at her irritation.

She bites the corner of her lip. "You fucked me, and left me, on the bed. You told me this wasn't working for you anymore, either, and you walked away. Now you're right here in front of me, and you want to go out with me?" she asks, her brows knitting together.

"I'll fuck you again tonight, baby. I'll take my time, too. We need to spend some time together. Now let's go and enjoy the evening," I say, ignoring most of her concerns.

I don't want to admit that I almost left her tonight. I don't want to admit that I have desires that she probably couldn't fulfill, or would wish to fulfill. I don't want to admit that we've been drifting apart for as long as we have, that I've been hiding who I am, and what I want from her.

Part of me wants shit to go back to the way it was, that moment I walked into *Carlotta's*, the first time. When I saw her cleaning up after her shift.

I want us back, but I also want more—I want different. I want to be better to her, and for her.

I don't know what the fuck I want anymore.



Ιψ

Wrapping my arms tight around his back I wonder what in the hell is happening with my husband? We leave the kids with their cousin Tori for the evening and head toward the bar.

Once he pulls into the parking lot of *Bullseye*, he nudges his kickstand down, and I quickly throw my leg around to get off of his bike, as I pull the helmet off. I'm sure my once styled blonde hair looks like complete crap now. Lifting my hand, I try to fix it as best as I can without a mirror. In the end, I don't really care too much about it. It's not as if I'm trolling for a man, tonight.

"You look good, baby," he murmurs in his gentle voice.

It's a tone I haven't heard in a while, and I turn my head and look at him in surprise. I watch as he throws his leg over his bike as well. He reaches out, wrapping his hands around my waist, and his eyes look down at where he's holding me. "When'd you get so fucking skinny?" he whispers in disbelief.

"I've been working out and eating clean for three months, West," I say keeping my voice even, and trying not to sound as confused as I am by his sudden awe.

He squeezes my waist before lifting his gaze to me. "I know you have, Ivy, but baby you're tiny. You doing all this shit so you can leave me?" he asks.

I swear my heart shatters. It breaks into a million pieces because I've thought about it. I know he's thought about it, too. We're both broken right now. Struggling to make this work, and most days have seemed pretty bleak lately.

Then, this beautiful man looks at me with doubt in his eyes and I want to reassure him that everything, will be okay. That I'll never leave him, that we'll grow old together. I can't blindly promise those things right now though, no matter how badly I want to. The truth is, I don't know.

Looking up to him, I give him the only answer I can. "I did this for me, West. I wanted to feel better about myself when I looked in the mirror. Sure, what you said triggered that, but I hadn't been feeling that great for a while. Now, I look in the mirror, and I know that I'm not perfect, but I also feel really great about myself. It's something I haven't felt in a long time."

One of his hands lifts to cup my cheek and his thumb slides across my bottom lip. "Then, baby, keep doing it. I love you no matter what you look like, regardless of what I said. You know I didn't mean it. You look just as beautiful and sexy today as you did three months ago, and same with the day I met you. You're always gorgeous."

I don't get a chance to respond as he lowers his mouth and presses his lips to mine, slipping his

tongue past and quickly tasting me. He doesn't linger, standing straight and keeping one of his hands wrapped around my waist. We walk together, toward the entrance. I'm a bit dumbfounded, unsure of what to say. Unsure of what I'm feeling.

I thought it was over—I thought we were over.

Now, I'm not so sure.

The bar is loud, and as soon as we step inside, it doesn't take me long to find Chad and Brian. They're sitting off to the side at a table for four. Chad sees us first, and his mouth drops slightly. I don't know if he's surprised at my form-fitting new clothes, or at seeing West for the first time—probably a mixture of both.

"You want a beer?" West asks.

I turn to him and shake my head. Lifting up on my toes a bit I shout that I'll have a Captain Morgan and a Diet Coke. His eyes widen in surprise. "Less calories and no sugar," I shrug. His eyes narrow before he lifts his chin.

"Go sit with your friends, I'll be right over," he shouts over the music.

We separate and I weave through the small crowd toward Chad and Brian. When I arrive, Chad stands and practically jumps toward me. He gives me a small hug and wraps his hands around my shoulders giving me a little shake. "I am a miracle worker, and you have the body of a twenty-year-old," he announces.

"I went shopping today. I figured it was time to buy some things that actually fit," I shrug.

He gives me a wide smile. "Who is the sexy beast that looks like he wants to kill me? You're cheating on your husband, right? That's why you seemed so gloomy earlier?"

"No, that's West," I giggle shaking my head. "He does look like a beast though."

Chad guides me over to the table, and I say hello to Brian, giving him a small hug before I sit down across from them in my seat. "Seriously, I didn't know, Ivy. Although I should have known you could snag a man that fine, no matter what. He's hot," Chad sighs.

"Keep it in your pants, birthday boy," Brian grunts.

I can't help but laugh at the two of them. I don't often see them interact in a setting that isn't the gym. They're always so professional at work that it's kind of nice to see them outside of their normal workspace. They go quiet a few seconds later, and that's when I know that West has arrived.

"Chad, Brian, this is my husband West," I introduce. West gives them chin lifts and a grunt as he places my drink down, then sits down beside me.

Brian clears his throat. "So, West. What is it you do for a living?"

I can feel West's eyes on me, then they shift away and move back toward Brian. "I'm a Notorious Devil," he states. I don't know why he says anything, he's wearing his cut which clearly states exactly who and what he is.

"Forgive me, I'm not sure what that is," Brian murmurs.

I'm pretty certain it's a lie. Brian is from here, and everybody in Shasta knows exactly who the Notorious Devils are.

West shakes his head with a smirk playing on his lips, though I'm not sure anybody else could see them beneath his scraggly beard. "I'm a member of a Motorcycle Club. I work for them, I'm the Road Captain," he shrugs.

"Okay, we're doing shots. It's my birthday, and I want to get white girl wasted," Chad announces.

I watch in amusement as he stands and walks over to the bar. Brian shakes his head and excuses himself as he follows after him.

West turns to me, and I notice that his eyes are smiling. It's something I haven't seen from him in a

while. "They're crazy, baby," he chuckles. "I like them though."

I'm taken aback by his words, however, a smile forms on my lips. I'm happy that he likes my new friends. I also can't deny that I'm enjoying having him sitting next to me right now. I'm glad that I'm not trying to figure out how I'm going to make it in this world without him at my side.

Maybe all of this, is just the kick in the ass we needed. I hope that whatever has been between us lately, is now on its way out, and we can go from here. That we can find our way back together and be a stronger couple in the end.

Camo

I watch her drink Captain and Coke, after Captain and Coke. She hasn't eaten that I know of, and her words start to slur about two hours into the evening. Chad's words are slurring as well, and I lift a brow to Brian when Chad announces that it's time to dance. He reaches over and wraps his fingers around Ivy's hand, trying to force her to stand. I watch as she rises from her feet with a sway, then together they go out to the dance floor.

"You know, she's really special," Brian announces as soon as they walk away from the table.

Turning to him I lift a brow in question. "She is," I agree.

"She loves her family a hell of a lot," he states. I give him a nod because she does. Ivy lives for our kids, she always has. "I just... I thought you should know."

I look at him in confusion, but he turns away from me to watch the dance floor. I don't know why he's announced how much Ivy loves her family as if I didn't know. I do know. Her love for me, for our kids, it has nothing to do with our issues. It doesn't mean that we will always be perfect.

We sit in silence watching the crowd. Well, I only have eyes for my wife. She's dancing closer to Chad than I would prefer, but it doesn't bother me. I'm not threatened by him in the slightest. I can tell that there's nothing between them but friendship, and both he and Brian seem like a happy couple.

When they make their way back to the table, I stand. I'm finished for the evening. I've been sitting next to my sexy wife sporting a semi all night, and now, I'm going to fuck her. "What, why are you standing?" She giggles as she launches herself at my chest.

Wrapping my hands around her ass and giving her a squeeze, I lower my head. "I'm going to take my tipsy wife somewhere and fuck the shit out of her, that's why I'm standing."

"West," she breathes as she clutches the side of my shirt.

"Say goodnight to your friends, baby," I murmur.

Taking a step back, I take her hand in mine while she shouts to the two men in front of us. I'm not listening to her words, my focus on trying to keep my cock at bay all the while my eyes can't stay off of her ass. She tugs on my hand, and I lift my eyes from her ass to her face. "Let's go," she murmurs.

Lifting my chin to the men, I tug her behind me, and we leave the shitty bar. I hate this fuckin' place, so I'm glad we're able to go. We walk toward my bike, and my feet falter at the sight in front of me.

Some fucking punk is standing a little too close to my bike, and he's studying it in more than just fascination. He looks like he's thinking pretty fucking hard about something as he takes in my black beast.

"Help you, boy?" I ask once my feet start moving again. Ivy slides up next to me and wraps her arms around my waist.

The punk looks up and takes a startled step back. His eyes widen when they land on my patches, and he shakes his head. "Cool bike," he shrugs.

I help Ivy on the back before I throw my leg over and straddle it myself. The kid watches, but it isn't in admiration, there's something not right in his gaze. It makes me feel on edge, and my gut tells me something ain't right with this boy.

Ignoring my gut in favor of paying attention to my cock, I start my engine, and we ride toward the clubhouse. The things I want to do to Ivy can't wait. I know if we go home, one of the kids will assuredly still be awake. I want to make her scream for me, make her beg, and make her come.

It doesn't take long for us to ride into the clubhouse parking lot and as soon as I park my bike all thoughts of the punk ass kid are gone. All I can think about is my cock and her pussy. When I turn the engine off, she squeezes my shoulder.

"We need to go home, Tori is watching the kids and I didn't tell her we were going to be gone all night."

Without responding immediately, I step off of my bike and remove my helmet. When I do, I catch her brown gaze with my own. "Not staying here all night, baby. Just long enough to make you fucking scream for me," I grin. Her breath hitches and I watch as her chest starts to rise and fall.

Ivy's eyes widen, and she opens her mouth to say something, but I have no desire to hear it. Pressing my lips to hers, I slide my tongue inside and taste her. "Let's go, baby," I whisper against her lips.

She lets out a sound that's more of a whine and whimper, combination. My cock goes from semi to fully erect.

Helping her stand, I divest her of her helmet, leaving it on the seat of my bike, before I wrap my hand around hers and pull her toward the back of the clubhouse. I don't want to go through the front. I don't want to chance getting stopped by anybody.

I just want to be inside of my wife. I know that I was just inside of her this morning, but it's not the same. We were angry and fighting, now we're going to have some goddamn fun.

"West," she giggles as she stumbles in her high heels behind me.

Once we've reached the back door, I dig my key out of my pocket and unlock it before pulling her inside. I can't wait another second to taste her, again.

The door closes behind her, and I turn, pressing her back against it and my hips against her stomach. Sliding my hand around her neck, I press my thumb against her jaw to tip her head back.

Her mouth is opened slightly and her eyes are hooded as she looks up at me. *Fuck*. How I ever thought I could be finished with this woman, I'll never know. I can't deny that she's it for me. No matter our other bullshit, the only one I want is her. Even if I want to show her off to the world, even if I might want to share her a little, I can't hide the fact that it's only *her for me*.

"Get in my room, strip down to nothin', and show me what's mine," I murmur.

She gulps with a nod before her lips turn into a smile. "Yes, daddy," she whispers.

My fingers flex against her tender throat and I can't help but grunt as I take a step back, releasing her. *Fuck*. She knows what it does to me when she calls me that. She doesn't do it often, and it's more of a control thing rather than a kink thing, but that doesn't mean that it doesn't make me hard when her sweet voice calls me *daddy*.

"Just saw Ivy sprinting to your room, you good?" Torch asks from behind me.

I adjust my cock before turning around to face him. Cleo is tucked beneath his arm and giving me a sideways smile, obviously tipsy like Ivy. I glance back at Torch who is giving me a shit eating grin as well.

"Tonight, we are," I grunt not giving anything away.

Walking past him, I ignore his laugh. The fuck always thinks he's right, and the kicker, he usually is. I hurry toward my room and slip inside, locking it behind me before turning around to look at my wife. She's standing in the middle of the room, completely naked save for her red high heels.

"How do you want me?" she asks as she takes the pins out of her hair. I watch as it tumbles down past her shoulders and skims her tight nipples.

"Shoes off. Head down. Ass up," I murmur.

I watch as what looks like disappointment washes over her features. She probably thinks I'm just going to stick my cock in her, pump a few times and be done. She doesn't realize that I plan on eating that sweet pussy before I do anything else.

Giving me a nod, I watch as she divests herself of her shoes and positions her body just like I've asked. Taking my cut off, I toss it on top of my dresser and undress, leaving the rest of my clothes and boots in a pile on the floor.

Crawling up behind Ivy on the bed I let out a groan when I reach her spread thighs. I grab ahold of her bare ass and give it a squeeze. "Baby, wish you'd let some of that ass come back, but I can't deny you look fucking amazing," I groan.

She lets out a sigh, and I lower my face toward her center, inhaling her scent. "West," she whimpers.

I chuckle as I bite the flesh of her ass. "I'm hungry, baby, give me that cunt," I announce.

"Fuck," she hisses as she arches her back and brings her hot pussy closer to me.

I bury my face in her cunt, wrapping my hands around her thighs as I jerk her even closer. Flattening my tongue against her clit, I slowly lick her. She tastes phenomenal. Taking my time, I build her up slowly, not wishing to rush this moment between us. I want to create a slow, *long*, climax. They're my favorite to give her. The noises she makes, the way her body moves—I fucking love it.

"Oh shit," she cries as her thighs start to shake. I know she's close as she tries to move away from my mouth, but I don't let her.

My fingers clamp down around her thighs and I pull her against my face again. "I can't. *Stop. Oh God*," she moans as she starts to shake even harder.

Then she lets out a long groan and reaches back to wrap her hand around my hair, fisting it between her fingers. "It hurts, holy fuck," she cries, but she doesn't push me away, not that I would go anywhere.

Her taste is all I can think about right now, her screams filling the air are all that I can hear. When I close my eyes, I imagine that we're in a room full of people, people who are watching the way I can make my wife scream.

Ivy's fingers tighten in my hair again and she lets out a sob as her body starts to go limp. She then collapses on the bed. I lick her pussy one last time, collecting her cum with my tongue before I spread her ass apart with my hands and place my tongue against her back entrance.

"Oh baby," she murmurs into the pillow as I swirl my tongue around her ass. Her hand is still in my hair, holding it loosely, and when I continue to lick her beautiful hole, her fingers tighten again. "You feel good," she admits on a sigh.

Slipping one of my hands between her legs I start to play with her swollen clit. I pet her gently knowing that she's still sensitive, but when she pushes back against me, I grin. She's climbing again. I'm going to wear her out tonight, to prove to her that we not only work, we work fucking great.

It doesn't take long before her hips start to move harder and faster. I shove two fingers inside of her as I continue to lick her ass. My other hand slides around her hip to play with her clit.

"West, oh my God, I'm going to come again," she shouts.

She rubs against my fingers at her clit and pushes her ass against my face, over and over again. Her pussy clamps down around my fingers so hard that I regret not having my dick inside of her, as she cries out and throws her head back, riding out her second climax.

"Roll over, baby," I grunt as I sit back on my calves.

She slowly rolls onto her back and looks at me through unfocused, hazy eyes, her lids drooping and a lazy smile on her lips. Thoughts of being inside of her fill my mind, but first, I want in her mouth. I crawl up the middle of her body, my knees on either side of her, and straddle her shoulders.

Leaning over, I grab ahold of the cheap headboard and lower down. Ivy instantly opens her mouth, and I tip my chin as I watch my cock disappear down her hot throat. I know she can take all of me, she's had years of practice, but no matter how many times I fuck her mouth, it's always spectacular.

I grunt before I speak, "So pretty, baby. Now play with yourself, keep that pussy primed and ready for me."

She moans and I feel her body shift beneath mine. I can feel her movements as she plays with her pussy, and I fuck her a little harder. Letting out a breath I can't stop myself from visualizing, yet again, that other eyes watch us. I want that, I want it so goddamn bad.

When I'm about to blow, I pull out of her quickly and roll off of the bed to stand at the side. I watch as her hand plays between her legs, her fingers sliding in and out of her cunt and her eyes slide closed. I'm almost content to just gaze upon her as she makes herself come again, but I need inside of her too badly to do that tonight.

Reaching down I wrap my hand around her ankle and reposition her body, tugging her closer to me. Wrapping my hand around her other ankle, I lift them both and drape them over my shoulders. Without a word, I sink into her hot, tight, swollen center.

"Fuck," I hiss when I'm seated deep inside of her. She wraps her arms around the backs of her legs and pulls them closer to her chest, widening them at the same time.

Leaning over her body, I press my lips against hers once, my tongue tasting her mouth before I straighten my body again.

Wrapping my hands around her ass cheeks, I pull out and pump back inside of her, pulling her against me at the same time. She groans and I repeat the action, slowly, one last time. Then, the third time I slam back inside with all of my strength.

She hisses as I pound into her body, my eyes staying connected to hers with each thrust. "Harder, oh God," she cries out.

I do as she asks, fucking her harder and faster, causing her to shake her head from side to side with each pump of my hips. When her pussy clamps down around me, I can't hold back, I come and let out a groan as I fill her with my release.

"No more," Ivy mumbles as her hands wrap around my forearms.

Looking down at her I grin. She's covered in sweat, her makeup is a mess, and she looks exhausted but she also looks sated. Sliding my hands up her body, leaning over her, pressing my chest and mouth against hers I whisper, "No more, tonight, baby. I love you, Ivy."

She sighs and wraps her arms around my back, shoving her face into my neck. "I love you, so much, West."

Gathering her in my arms, I hold my wife. I love her. Fuck yeah, I do, but I'm also lying to her. With every breath I take, I'm living a lie. She doesn't know that when I fuck her and close my eyes, I imagine us being in the free-for-all room.

I know she's disgusted when her brother and his woman, Serina, fuck all over the clubhouse. I know that she'd be disgusted if I even mentioned it to her. So, I lie, to her and to myself. I tell myself that my love for her is enough, that I don't need anything else—that I can and will be happy.



Ivy

Straightening my skirt, I let out a breath. Dental receptionist may not sound like much to most people, but this will be my first job since waiting tables at *Carlotta's* fifteen years ago. I'm nervous as hell. This job will be almost the exact amount I'll need a month to continue with Chad, and not use any of *West's* money.

Closing my eyes for just a second, I think back over the past week. It's been a wonderful week for West and me. He hasn't mentioned me working again, or the gym. I'm a little afraid to bring it up because things have been so great—almost too good, really. He's been more present the past week then he had been for months. However, that doesn't negate the fact that we had an argument, one that is very much unresolved. Right now, we're just ignoring it, but we won't be able to do that forever.

All of the kids are in school now all day, so there really is no reason for me not to work. I don't mind it, I just mind the way he became so upset with me and talked to me. I'm actually excited for this interview and hope that it works out.

The kids will need to be transported after school to whatever sports they have, or taken home, but other than that, this is the perfect opportunity. I'll have Fridays, weekends, and evenings off. It doesn't get much better than that.

Plastering on a smile, I open the door to the dentist's office and walk inside.

The interview was painless and I was floored when they offered me the job on the spot. Especially since I don't know much about scheduling appointments on their computer system or how to work their phone lines. I was assured that it would be easy to learn, and they would be patient with me, teaching me anything I need to know.

Climbing into my SUV, I decided to head toward the clubhouse to tell West about my new job. I'm too excited to keep it to myself. It doesn't take me long to drive there, maybe ten minutes. When I arrive, I wave at the prospect at the gate who immediately opens it for me. I pull into the spot next to West's bike and slide out of the front seat.

It's quiet as I walk through the front door. There's nobody behind the bar and it's almost like a ghost town. I'm used to people always milling around this place any time I've shown up. Instead of calling out for West or anybody else, I start looking around for people.

In the past, I've never been one to poke my head around this place too often. There are things that happen here that are sketchy, to say the least. I walk toward MadDog's office but can tell before I get too close that the door is closed and the lights are off inside.

Then I walk further down the hall to discover that the kitchen is the same, dark and empty. Turning back around, I walk through the bar and go to the one place I always refuse to go. The club whore's area. I can't really stand them, though I know they have a purpose it doesn't mean that I like them.

The room where they usually hang out is empty as well, save for a few sleeping club whores. I decide to check the room where they hold church. I assume that's where they must be. I don't hear anything, and there isn't a prospect standing outside of the door, but when I press my ear to it, I can hear voices.

I don't know how long they'll be in there, so I decide to leave and head over to the gym. I have to tell someone about my new job and Chad seems like he would care. I told him already that West and I had had an argument and part of it was about finances. So, I know that he'll be excited about my new venture, plus, I think it will be good to get out and do something else. I can only do so much housework in a day.

Pulling my car up to the gym, I smile when I see both Chad and Brian's cars are in the lot. I make my way toward the entrance and step inside. Brian's smile is the first thing I see so I tell him my news.

"I got a job," I squeal.

He blinks once, then a smile appears on his lips. "Oh yeah? Where at?"

I explain that I'll be a dental office receptionist. He nods and lifts his arm, motioning for Chad to join us. I tell him the same and Chad beams down at me before he wraps me in a hug. "Drinks to celebrate?" he asks.

I shake my head violently. "I can't drink with you for a while. I'm too old and it takes too long to recover," I murmur, placing my hand on my head.

"You're crazy," he grins. "Does this change our sessions?" he asks a few moments later.

Shaking my head, I explain that I have to be at the office at nine, which means as long as I'm at the gym at seven-thirty I can still fit in a good hour. Maybe on Fridays, I can catch up with an extra solo workout.

I start mentally planning a schedule. Perhaps I can even start coming in on Saturday and Sunday to offset the usual hours I would spend working out after my paid sessions. I smile to myself, knowing, that this is exactly what I need to do. It will be an adjustment, but I'm excited.

"Let's go out to lunch to celebrate," he announces just as my phone rings.

Pulling my brows together I reach inside of my purse and pull out my cell. It's Rosalie calling, and I frown. She should be in classes. "Hello," I murmur.

"Hey Mom, can I go to the mall with Riley and Finley after school today?"

I sigh, hell no she can't go an hour away on a freaking school night. Is she certifiable? "Umm, no. I'll be at the school at three to pick you up. Maybe you can go this weekend, but it's a school night."

Rosalie makes a noise in the back of her throat and I brace myself for the argument that I know is about to ensue. "Dad said I could go," she snaps.

Closing my eyes, I inhale a deep breath before I let it out. I give Chad and Brian a wave and leave the gym. I start to walk to my car, but there's a boy standing next to it. My steps falter and I freeze in my spot, my eyes staying on him, but I continue my conversation with Rosalie.

"I don't care what your father said. He doesn't know the schedule. Your brothers have baseball tonight, and aside from that, you have homework and school tomorrow. So the answer is no. If you

aren't there waiting for me to pick you up, you'll be grounded."

Ending the call, I shove my phone back in my bag and grip my keys tightly in my hand. Walking toward my SUV, the stranger doesn't leave, in fact, he tips his head to the side and just watches me. The closer I get, I notice that he's young, probably in his earlier twenties, and he's leaning against the passenger side of my car.

Stopping before I get too close, I tilt head back slightly and just stare at him. "May I help you?" I ask, sounding mildly curious. Inside I'm a little freaked out, wondering what in the hell this kid is doing leaning against my car.

"Nope. Just curious," he murmurs, pushing off of the car and taking a step closer toward me. I take a step back and clutch my keys, wondering if I can outrun him and get inside of the gym to ask for help if I need to. "Aren't you all a little too old to be living the lifestyle? Maybe you should just go away before you get pushed out. Shit could get really fucking ugly," he states.

The stranger walks away without saying anything else and I'm too freaking stunned to attempt to speak. Stupidly, I stay exactly where I am, in shock. The sound of motorcycle pipes causes me to jerk, and I'm suddenly ripped from my stupor.

I swiftly walk to the driver's side of my car and climb inside. Shakily, I shove my key in the ignition. I debate calling West. I decide to drive back to the clubhouse instead, this is something I need to talk to him in person about. Thankfully I'm not too shaky to drive, but I have to force myself to focus, taking care of every curve in the road and staying alert and aware because inside I'm a jumbled mess.

When the clubhouse gates come into view, I feel like I can actually breathe. I stop at the entrance and the same prospect is there. He gives me a funny look but lets me inside without question. I pull up next to West's bike, again, and throw my car in park. Leaving my purse and everything inside of the car, I step out on shaky legs.

Walking through the front door, I see that there are men all over the bar area. They're drinking and talking, a few notice me and lift their chins but my eyes frantically search for West. He's nowhere to be seen. I continue walking through the bar area in confusion. His bike is here, and yet, he's not.

"Hey, Ivy," Soar calls out. I watch as he jogs toward me.

He looks a little panicked and I don't understand it. "Where's West?" I demand. His eyes dart over to the free-for-all room and then back to me.

"Why don't I get you a drink at the bar. You look like you could use one," he offers with a kind smile.

Ignoring him, I walk around his body, only to have his hand reach for my wrist. I shake him off and start to walk a little faster to where I know my husband must be. Images flash through my mind. Images of West fucking other women and my heart starts to race. I know we've been having problems but this past week was so great. I don't want to believe that he could be here.

When I reach the doorway, I freeze. I feel Soar's hand wrap around my shoulder, but I plant my feet, not allowing him to pull me away. My eyes search the middle of the floor where I see men and women alike completely naked and in various stages of screwing.

Then I scan over to the sides of the room where there are sofas lining the walls. That is where I find West. He's sitting on a sofa, a beer in his hand and his eyes focused on something in the middle of the room.

My own gaze follows the path, and I suck in a breath. He's watching one of the whores. She's resting against one guy's chest while his cock is buried in her ass, and another guy is fucking her pussy, his mouth on her tits.

I try to take a step back, but I run into Soar. Turning around, I look up at him. His head tips down and something akin to *pity* flashes across his face. This isn't something new. This is something he's been doing a while and now, Soar feels sorry for me. The ex-drug addict who cheated on his wife for over a decade feels *pity*—for *me*.

Trying to scoot past him, Soar wraps his hand gently around my bicep. "I don't think it's exactly what it seems," he murmurs.

Glancing back up at him I bite the inside of my cheek. "I think it's exactly what it looks like. I think it's been happening for a while and it's why he doesn't come home. I think that I've known something was happening, I just didn't know what it was and I've been living in denial," I whisper. I feel like a fucking fool.

"Talk to him, Ivy. Communicate, trust me, you need to communicate," he urges.

Shaking my head almost violently I jerk away from his hold and I rush out of the room, heading straight for the back of the building. Only when the fresh mountain air hits my face, do I suck in a breath.

That fucking asshole.

All of this time, I've been at home alone, while he's been here, watching and most likely participating in the free-for-all room. Fuck. Him.

Hurrying toward my car, I climb into the driver's seat and start the engine. My mind starts to race as I drive home. Long gone are the thoughts of the guy from earlier, replaced are thoughts of my husband—of his desires.

Is that what he wants? Does he want me to screw other men while he watches? Does he want to screw me with another man joining? I am so confused, I don't know what any of this means, or how I feel about it all.

Glancing at the clock, I notice that it's almost time to start doing the daily pickup routine and I try to clear my head of what I've just witnessed, only I can't. I pick up Reid and Remi, both start to talk about their day as I drive toward the junior high to pick up Rosalie. She gives me the silent treatment which is fine with me since all I can do is think about West and that room.

Does he want to be like my brother and Serina? Does he want to screw in the common room, have other men join in and share me? Would I do that? I don't know.

I feel like I don't know him right now, either, and I think that is what scares me more than anything. I don't know who my own husband is anymore.

Camo

When I'm finished watching the show that Pixie puts on, I stand and make my way toward the bar area. I need to replace my empty beer with a full one and text Ivy to see what's on the kids' schedules tonight. Honestly, I hope nothing. I'm in the mood to stay here instead of going home.

"You got a second?" Soar asks as soon as I walk up to the bar.

Looking over at the blond man I give him a chin lift as I slam my beer down on the bar. Within thirty seconds a full, cold one replaces it and I wrap my hand around the bottle as I follow Soar over to an empty table. He sits down and stays silent until I join him. "What's up?" I ask.

Soar has kind of kept to himself over the past few years. He's changed his life, sobered up, and been on the straight and narrow, at least, as much as one of us can be. We're outlaws no matter how

good of men we are.

"Ivy was here earlier," he begins. I frown at his words. She was here? I open my mouth to ask him why he didn't come get me to talk to her, it must have been important if she was here. She hardly comes to the clubhouse on her own. My mind is a rambly mess until he speaks again. "She saw you, man."

I blink at his words, *she saw you, man*. Lifting my gaze to his, I see that he looks at me and there's no judgment in his eyes, only compassion. I'm glad for it, but I have a feeling what she saw and what she believes, are two different things. "I tried to keep her from running off but she took off like lightning."

Nodding, I bring my beer up to my lips and take a pull. Fuck. "Thanks for telling me."

"You aren't going to go to her?" Soar asks sounding confused.

I shrug. Maybe it's best this way. Maybe her thinking, whatever it is she's thinking, is for the best. We've been teetering, and I've been lying to myself if I think that I can hide my desires. Straight downright lying to myself if I think that I can deny what I crave, much longer. Ivy won't do it, so maybe her seeing me in there, watching everybody fuck, maybe that will be enough to end us. It's going to hurt, but sometimes there's no way to avoid pain.

"Talk to her, West. I know you love her. Avoiding shit like this, or making life-altering decisions without communication isn't the key here. You have three fucking kids, young kids, you need to think about them."

Soar doesn't allow me to respond, not that I know what I would say anyway. He stands and leaves me alone with my beer, and my thoughts.

I love Ivy, that's an undisputed fact.

Sometimes love isn't enough.

Fucking hell—this shouldn't be this goddamn hard.

I slam my beer down, and instead of going home, I go back into the free-for-all room. I do what I've been doing for years... I fucking avoid *everything*. I watch and I fantasize.



Ivy

The boys scream over which cartoon they want to watch, not that it matters because they both have baseball practice in about thirty minutes. Rosalie is up in her room, angry with me, and I'm trying to find the will to care at the moment. I really don't. I could give a shit about any of it right now.

I almost just told her to go to the mall with the girls. I almost canceled baseball practice, and I almost hid in the closet with my lemon vodka and a box of chocolate chip cookies.

I don't do any of those things.

I do what I always do.

I pull up my big girl panties and I deal.

Closing my eyes, I exhale and collect myself. There are things to do right now, and later tonight I can let myself fall apart. When the kids are all in bed, then I can cry. I can mourn, and I can let my mind wander to all of the places I'm not allowing it to go.

"C'mon boys, grab your cleats and some water, we need to get going," I call out, as I reach for the television remote control and power it down. They whine but stand up and start to shuffle toward the bin that holds their shoes by the front door.

I swiftly walk toward Rosalie's room and knock on her door, announcing that it's time to go. She grumbles from the other side. I ignore her and head to the car. I'm honestly just trying to get through my evening so that I can finally break down.

Today has been extreme. I've gone from giddy and excited, to scared, to angry and now, a mixture of anger and sadness rolled into one.

The kids load up in the car and I put it in reverse and start to drive toward the baseball fields. It doesn't take me long to get there, they're only down the street and I decide that maybe next time, we'll just walk instead. Letting out an exhale, the boys practically sprint out of the car but I don't move.

I look out in front of me, and stare at nothing, taking in nothing, and just breathe.

"Mom?"

Turning my head, I look to my daughter who is sitting in the passenger seat. "You and Dad, things aren't good, are they?" she asks.

"Honey," I whisper, trying to keep my tears at bay. Rosalie has always been my sensitive child, and she sees so much more than the boys do.

"He doesn't ever come home. Tori says that's because he's sleeping around on you. She's not right, is she? I mean I told her it was a lie, but he's really never around anymore, Mom."

I could kill my bitchy little brat of a niece. If there was ever a child I wanted to hurt, it would be her. Fuck that little bitch. Not that West's sister is much better, let's just say that the apple didn't fall far from the tree. She's constantly shoving her nose in our business, and it doesn't help that she lives right across the street from us.

"Rosalie, what happens between a husband and wife is just that, between a husband and wife. All you need to know is that me and Daddy love you very much, you and your brothers," I murmur.

She snorts and swings the car door open. "Guess I better start deciding who I want to live with now," she states before she slams the car door closed.

Closing my eyes, I try to keep the tears at bay, but one falls anyway. I exit the car as well, making my way over to the bleachers to watch the boys play.

Rosalie keeps her distance from me, but her gaze comes over to where I'm sitting throughout the boys' practice. I can tell she's thinking, and as much as I want to placate her fears, I can't. I honestly don't know what's going to happen between me and West. I know that without a doubt I love him with all of my heart, but I have a feeling that what he's interested in, sexually, may not be things that I can fulfill.

The rest of the evening I'm on autopilot. Rosalie keeps to herself, the boys do as well. Once dinner is consumed, and Rosalie's done the dishes, she goes to bed. The boys, that I know of, don't notice anything different and it's the same nighttime routine as always with them, of which I'm thankful for.

I tell all of the kids goodnight, and kiss them on the forehead before I take myself to bed—*alone*. West hasn't attempted to call or text. I don't know when, or if, he'll come home tonight and I'm trying to decide if I really want him to. In an attempt to make myself feel better, I decide to take a long hot shower. When I'm finished I pull on a soft cotton nightgown and crawl into bed.

The phone on my nightstand dances with an incoming call, just as I'm lying down. I glance at the name and let out a sigh. "Hello," I answer.

"Staying at the club tonight," West slurs.

Closing my eyes, I nod as though he can see me. "Anything else?" I ask.

"What the fuck does that mean?"

I don't want to get into an argument over the phone. In fact, I don't want to get into an argument *at all*. What I want is for us to go back to the way we were. I want my sweet husband back. I want all of this shit to just disappear. "Nothing, West," I whisper.

He ends the call without saying anything else and that is when my resolve breaks. That is the moment my tears begin to fall. I never imagined that my life would be this way, that I would ever feel this way. Not only do I feel alone, I also feel inadequate—so fucking inadequate.

My new job starts in just a few days and I have so much to do in preparation. I can't dwell on my marriage right now. I need to focus on the kids, on my job, and on my household. If West wishes to be part of that, then that's fine, if he doesn't, then we need to talk about what the future looks like.

Camo

Pixie crawls over to me and wraps her hands around my thighs, sitting between my legs. "I notice you always watching, Camo. Come join," she smiles.

I take her in, she's cute and young, but she's not Ivy. No matter what funk we're in, how mad we

are at each other, Ivy's always been the woman for me. I hate this feeling of push and pull that's become the norm between us. "Not tonight," I grunt as I move to stand on a sway.

She shrugs before turning around and crawling back over to the man who just fucked her. Stumbling, I walk out of the room and into the bar. I'm fucking drunk, completely gone. The room is blurry and hazy as I walk toward the bar.

"That's about enough," a voice booms. I jerk my head over to the side and see Ivy's brother, Grease standing next to me.

"Not done," I slur.

Grease wraps his meaty hand around my shoulder and gives me a squeeze. It's rough and almost causes my knees to buckle, but by some miracle, I stay standing upright.

"I'm taking you home to your wife," he grunts.

I shake my head, but he doesn't acknowledge my refusal. "I don't give a fuck what's happening between you two. But what I do know is my niece called me in tears because you're never home and she's convinced you and Ivy are divorcing. Now, I'm not asking about your relationship with my sister, but your kids notice something's off, and that shit ain't cool with me. I'm taking your ass home, now."

Clamping my lips shut, I don't respond. I also don't fight with him. I follow behind him to his pickup truck. Climbing into the passenger seat, closing my eyes as I lean back against the headrest. "How do you and Serina make it work?" I ask.

Grease clears his throat but doesn't answer right away. "You mean, our sex life?" he guesses. I grunt as my response. "No secrets, Camo. We don't do secrets. I know what she likes, and she knows what I like. We set boundaries a long time ago, and we've stuck with them."

"Boundaries?" I chuckle.

"Yeah, smartass, boundaries," he growls. He drives for a few more minutes in silence, then he speaks again. "Serina knows that if she wants to fuck someone else, I'm there, and vice versa. We also don't bring other people into our actual home. That is our place, our space, it's not meant for anybody else.

"Listen, what you and Ivy are into, that's your business. I won't be pissed, or whatever if you're worried about me. I will however, urge you to talk to her and stop avoiding your house, and your goddamn family," he growls as he slams the brakes on.

My head jerks up and I realize we're sitting in front of my house. I let out a grunt and open the door, ambling out of the pickup truck. I slowly make my way to my front door, then I hear Grease's tires squeal behind me. Digging around for my keys in my pocket takes me three tries to finally get them out. Then it takes me another three tries to actually open my front door.

I stumble toward my bedroom and slip inside, locking it up behind me when I do. Ivy is asleep in the bed, her blonde hair wild around her head, lying on her side and facing away from my side of the bed. Removing my clothes, I leave them in a pile on the floor before I join her, crawling up to lie down next to her.

Wrapping my hand around her stomach, I press my lips against the back of her neck and inhale her familiar scent. She lets out a moan and just the simple sound gives me a semi. Slipping my hand down her center, I let out a moan of my own to find her wearing one of my favorite nightgowns.

Bunching the fabric in my hand I pull it up to her waist, then I drift my hand down her panties and graze her pussy with my finger. She doesn't move, still deep in sleep. I alternate between playing with her clit and her slit, dipping my finger inside of her every so often.

Her hips jerk beneath my touch and I can't help but smirk. "West," she moans as she lifts her arm

behind me and twists her fingers in my hair.

I tug her panties down, moving my hand from her center to wrap around the back of her knee and spread her wide. Without a word, I align my cock with her pussy and slowly fill her.

Moving my other arm, I slide it from her waist down to her clit and start to rub against her with firm circles. "Make yourself come, fuck me," I growl against her neck.

Ivy's body jerks once, then her hips start to roll and thrust as she grinds down against my cock. I squeeze behind her knee trying to keep from coming too quickly. I love it when she takes from me, when she unabashedly fucks me to find her own release. Watching her selfishly enjoy my body is fucking beautiful.

I slap her clit with my fingers which causes her thighs to shake and she tries to close them. My grip tightens even more as I force her legs to stay open, pounding up inside of her, harder and faster. She pushes back, her ass pressing against my stomach and we meet each other's thrusts. It's hard, relentless and fucking perfect. I continue to slap her clit until she sobs out, as her pussy clamps down around me.

Only then do I fuck her, my fingers staying pressed against her clit as I slam inside of her until it's my turn to find my climax. Once I've come, I release her knee, and she lets it fall against the other one. Her pussy is so tight this way that I have to grit my teeth. I continue to fuck her, taking her tight heat as she attempts to catch her breath.

Her fingers are still twisted in my hair and she tugs back gently on my fifth stroke. "I'm so tired, and I have to be up at five," she whispers.

Pressing my lips to her shoulder I slip out of her body, but I don't roll away. Wrapping my arms around her, I hold her against my chest. "Love you, baby," I murmur against her shoulder.

She doesn't respond but I feel her inhale deeply and let out a shaky breath. I don't know what she thinks she saw or what she thinks was happening, but I know that I've hurt her. I just need to decide how I'm going to handle it, now. It isn't an easy decision, and I know that the longer I stay silent the harder it's all going to be.

"How did you get home?" she asks a few minutes later, her voice husky and raspy with sleep.

Squeezing her even closer to me I murmur my answer, telling her that her brother Barry drove me home. She falls asleep almost immediately after that, guilt crawls up my throat.

We need to talk.

This thing between us is only going to fester and grow.

Why in the *fuck* can't I talk to my own goddamn wife?



Camo

The pounding in my head won't quit. I crack my eyes open and then I realize that it's not my head, it's actually at the fucking front door. Reaching around on the floor for my jeans, I pull them on over my hips. I zip them before I run my hand through my hair, stumbling toward the front door. Yanking it open with a scowl, I'm surprised to see my mother standing on the other side. Wearing a matching scowl to mine.

"We need to have a *chat*," she announces.

Opening the door a little wider, I stand to the side and let her in. Looking around the house, I wonder where Ivy is. She's always around. Closing the door behind her, I follow her into the kitchen. I watch as she starts my coffee maker, and then begins to pull food out of my refrigerator, as though she's at her own home. She's here often enough that it shouldn't shock me how comfortable she is, but it still kind of surprises me.

"What do you want to talk about?" I sigh as I lean back.

She hums, and it's disapproving as fuck. I hate that. I love my mom, and I never want to disappoint her. "You have problems. I'm not going to ask intimate details, although, by the looks of things, I probably should."

I blink at her words and my mouth hangs open a little in surprise. "What are you going on about?"

"Rosalie came to me, Tori said some things to her. It wasn't right what Tori said, or the way she said it but I can't deny that it wasn't what all of us are already thinking," she sighs.

"What'd that little bitch say to my daughter?" I growl.

My mother grips the countertop and hangs her head slightly before she brings her gaze to mine. "Don't call your niece that, West," she whispers. "I don't remember verbatim. However, I will tell you my observations. You're not coming home at night. Your kids see it and your sisters and I see it. You don't show up to things like your children's baseball games or school functions. It's a wonder how Ivy hasn't already left your ass. You aren't present. I'm actually pretty shocked to see you home right now. However, you look hungover, so I assume someone dropped your ass off here last night?"

I grunt. Unwilling to tell my mother that she's right because she is just that. I haven't been present, and I've been a shit husband and father. "Then there's Ivy. It's not lost on everybody that she's changed her entire appearance, down to her clothing style. I know for a fact she's at the salon right now making some more changes. Plus, she's starting her new job next week. Care to explain all of that to me? It looks like she may be doing exactly what I'd hoped she wouldn't, which is planning to leave your ass."

Sitting up straight, my entire body goes tight at her words "New job?" I question.

My mom shrugs as she turns to get a bowl out of the cabinet and starts to crack eggs. "Yeah honey, she was hired at the dentist office in town as a receptionist. She asked me to help with the kids after school stuff here and there. I'm happy to do it, it'll be nice to spend some more time with my grandbabies," she says as she goes about making breakfast in my kitchen.

"I'm worried about you two," my mom admits a few minutes later when she slides a plate with toast and scrambled eggs in front of me.

Shaking my head, I pick up my fork. "We're fine, Mom," I lie.

She makes a tsking sound and taps her finger on the counter. "No, you aren't. I know what my babies look like when they're happy and when they aren't. You are not a happy man, West. Fix it. Whatever it is—*fix it*. Me and your daddy, we didn't, and he left. Don't bury your head in the sand and assume that it'll get better because it won't."

I watch as she straightens and leaves my kitchen, the front door closing softly behind her. Letting the fork fall to the plate with a clank I run my hand through my hair again. She's right. None of this shit between us is going to get better, it'll only get worse. Now, my wife has gone out and landed herself a job and she didn't even fucking tell me about it?

My body fills with anger and I take the plate and toss it in the sink, uncaring if it breaks. Jogging toward my room, I take a quick shower and dress. I need to talk to my fucking wife and it can't wait.

Once I'm dressed I slam the front door behind me and jog to my bike. I'm glad that Grease sent a prospect to drop it off sometime between last night and this morning. Apparently, my wife and I need to have a discussion about what in the fuck is going through her fucking head.

Ivy

Blinking, I look back at myself in the mirror in surprise. My hair is lighter than it was when I stepped inside of the salon. Teeny, one of the Old Ladies, went to beauty school a few years ago. She added some gorgeous light blonde highlights. Then she cut it to just below my shoulder blades. I didn't think that I would want any length taken off, but I love it.

"What do you think?" Teeny asks as she wrings her hands together.

I haven't touched my color or cut my hair in so long that I'm completely shocked by how much different I look. In fact, I feel like my face looks at least ten years younger, and I know my hair feels five pounds lighter.

Turning to her, I stand and wrap my arms around her. "I love it so much, thank you," I whisper.

Breaking our hug, I glance at the door when I hear the bell ding. When I see who walks through, I freeze. West's eyes meet mine and he's furious.

I blink, unsure of what he's so mad about but I know that he won't say anything in front of Teeny. Reaching into my pocket, I hand her the money she's owed and tell her goodbye.

"Umm, bye," she whispers from behind me as I quickly walk up to my husband.

I don't say anything to him, just scoot past him as I walk out of the front door and head toward my car. I can hear his heavy boot falls behind me and my heart speeds up with each step I take.

When I arrive at the passenger side of my SUV, I turn around and watch him close the distance between us. He doesn't stop a few feet away from me. *No*, he stands so close that his chest is pressed against mine, and I have to crane my neck back in order to look into his eyes.

"When were you planning on telling me that you got a job?" he barks. Anger spilling from every part of him.

Exhaling I close my eyes slowly before I reopen them. "You told me if I wanted to continue going to Chad that I would need to get a job. So, I got a job." I shrug.

West lifts his hand and slams it down on the car next to my head. I jump and pinch my eyes closed, my body immediately trembling in fear. Never has West ever even attempted to hit me. Not that I think he would have this time, but he was a little too close for comfort and he's scaring me. This new West is downright frightening.

"Not gonna fucking hit you, Ivy," he grunts. Slowly, I reopen my eyes and just gaze up at him, waiting for him to continue. "You doing all this shit? The working out, the clothes, the hair, and the job, to leave me?" he asks, lowering his voice.

Reaching up, I wrap my hand around the side of his neck and really look at him. Behind the anger in his eyes, there is a sea of confusion. I hate it. I hate how both of us don't know what the hell is happening between us. It hurts so damn bad, and neither of us is doing anything—or knows how—to fix it.

"West," I whisper as tears fill my eyes.

"My mom came over. Rosalie thinks we're splitting up and I couldn't fucking deny it. I couldn't tell her one hundred percent that we weren't," he rasps.

Each word is like a punch to my gut, a stab to my heart. My threatening tears fall. I hate this. I hate the way I feel right now, and I hate that he isn't reassuring me. I hate that he was in that room yesterday and came home drunk late last night. I hate so much—and yet, I love him still.

"You know what? When you figure out what you want, you let me know," I state, lifting the back of my hand to wipe my tears away.

West growls. "What the fuck does that mean?"

Lifting to the balls of my feet, I don't shout, but I make myself clear when I speak. "Whatever you're doing at the clubhouse in the free-for-all room that doesn't include me, figure it out. If you don't want to be part of this marriage, then you need to let me know. If you have been, or you want to screw whores, then just fucking tell me. Stop hiding shit from me. Stop making me look stupid and stop making me feel worthless."

His body stiffens but his eyes lose their anger immediately and soften. The hand that he slammed next to my head moves but I can't look at it, I can't look anywhere but his beautiful eyes. We're hurting each other, back and forth, over and over. It's heartbreaking.

"I haven't fucked anyone but you, baby," he murmurs, lowering his head and resting his forehead against mine. "Only you, Ivy."

I don't want to get into this right here, in a parking lot, in the middle of town but I need to know and he's talking. "What do you do in there? What have you been doing the past few months when you're not home?" I ask.

The question comes so easily, and yet, I already know that the answer will hurt. "I watch, Ivy." Three little words, and yet their impact is so much more than I imagined.

"You watch?"

He hums, keeping his forehead against my own. "I watch and I imagine whatever bitch in the middle of the room, is you," he admits.

I jerk out of his hold, and he lets me go. Stepping around him, I blink. The tears I had are now dried up, and I don't feel like I'm going to cry, but I do feel confused. I wait for him to continue, knowing that there must be so much more to his confession. It feels like an hour goes by until he

finally speaks.

"This is why I didn't want to tell you. It's my fantasy, Ivy, but it isn't right. You're the mother of my children. I shouldn't want that with you," he murmurs.

I nod once, trying to collect my thoughts for a minute. Then I inhale deeply, letting it out before I speak. "You didn't want to tell me. You decided you shouldn't want that with me because I'm the mother of your children. So, you were going to what? Divorce me so you could enjoy your kink with someone else?" I ask.

Anger suddenly surges throughout my body.

What a selfish fucking prick.

West runs his hand through his long hair before wrapping it around the back of his neck. "How can I ask you, my wife of fifteen years for something like that?" he asks lifting his eyes to me, his brows tugged together in seriousness.

I want to scream and throw things at him. This man has put me through hell, all over something he felt as though he couldn't talk to me about. The worst part of all of this is that we've been together for so long, and I've trusted him, until recently, to the point where I felt comfortable enough to tell him *anything* that crossed my mind. He obviously doesn't feel the same way about me. He doesn't trust me with a fantasy so big that he's contemplating leaving me over.

Bottom line—He. Doesn't. Trust. Me.

"So, you don't trust me," I whisper my thoughts aloud.

West lifts his face and his eyes penetrate my own as I wait for his reply. "Out of everything I just said, your only response is the fact that you think I don't trust you?" he balks.

"You're willing to throw me to the side, toss me away like trash, without talking to me. All of this shit between us, this anger, it could have been avoided if you would have just talked to me, West. But you didn't, because you don't trust me. Or maybe, what you're telling me is bullshit? Maybe you just wanted some hot young pussy to play your kinks out with? Maybe you had no intention of telling me because you've decided I'm fat and lazy?"

I watch as his nostrils flare at my heated words. His face turns red before he speaks. "Shut your goddamn mouth, Ivy. I fucking told you that I didn't mean a damn word of that. What I said, it wasn't about you. It was about Tinker and that cunt he was about to brand. I've never regretting making you mine, not ever. I've never thought you were less than completely gorgeous either."

"I can't trust a word you say to me, West," I mutter. "Nothing."

West throws his hands up in defeat and takes another step back from me. "Fine. Fucking forget I said anything. I'm not letting you go anywhere though, Ivy. If you think that you're leaving me, you've got another thing fucking coming. You're mine no matter what you want. I *own* every piece of you."

He turns around and stomps away from me. I feel—defeated, deflated, and depressed. Running my fingers through my new soft hair I let out a sigh. Nothing between us was solved today. In fact, everything is worse. There doesn't seem to be a light at the end of our tunnel and that makes me want to cry even more.

Dammit.

Why is this all so hard?



Camo

When did *life* become so fucking complicated and hard? I don't remember how it happened. One second I was a prospect for a club, a club that offered freedom and no boundaries. The next minute I'm a father of three, and on the verge of divorce.

My bike rumbles beneath me as I ride through town. I don't want to go to the clubhouse, and I definitely do not want to go home. So, I just ride. The fresh air of the California mountains swirls around me and I take the time to just enjoy it.

I don't know how long I'm gone, but I pull over at a gas station to refuel and check my phone. The sun is already starting to set and I know it must be well past five.

Once my bike has fuel, I walk away and look at my phone. I have three missed called from MadDog and a couple of texts. Without checking what the texts say, I return MadDog's call.

"Where the fuck are you?" he barks.

I groan. "I'm about ten miles from town. Needed to take a ride. What's up?"

"Get your ass back here, church is in ten minutes," he states before he ends the call.

MadDog is gruff, always has been, but he's never been quite so short with me on the phone before. Shoving the device back in my jacket I jog over to my bike and straddle it before starting it.

I hug the turns and I quickly make my way back toward the clubhouse. Something is wrong and I feel it in my gut. Whatever it is, I hope that it's something we can take care of quickly.

The parking area of the clubhouse is completely full when I arrive. The prospect lifts his chin in a greeting as he opens the gates for me. Once I've parked my bike, I divest myself of my helmet and leave it on the seat before I jog inside of the clubhouse.

Tinker is standing at the door that leads into the room we hold church in with a basket in hand. I drop my phone inside before walking toward my seat. The place is packed, every member is here and I wonder what in the fuck is going on. As soon as my ass hits the chair, MadDog takes his gavel and slams it down, calling the meeting to order.

"My wife was approached this morning at the grocery store," MadDog announces. "Some punk ass kid talked to her about the end of an era and stupid shit like that. Probably some harmless fuck, but I'm not taking any chances. Keep eyes on your families until we're able to figure this shit out. Right now, we only have four prospects so they'll be making rotations from house to house."

"Pres," I call out and MadDog lifts his chin to me. "Some kid approached me and Ivy the other day coming out of *Bullseye*. I didn't think anything of it at the time. He was a punk ass. He didn't really say anything, but he watched me. The way he did it, he was studying."

MadDog growls. "Stay vigilant. Keep an eye out and tell your women to do the same. I'd like brothers not on rotation for loading up merch in Humboldt to help out with watching the women too."

"Why don't we do a schedule, that way every woman is always protected?" Torch suggests.

"You know, I fucking hate schedules and paperwork, but it's a good idea. Okay, I'll get that done today and posted. If for any reason you can't watch the woman you need to on your designated day, then you let me know. I won't be scheduling anybody in the evenings, because you'll all be home with your women, right?"

I don't miss the fact that his question is aimed right at me. I don't respond though. After the discussion I had with Ivy today, I'm not sure if I'm even welcome at home anymore. I decide that I'll just tell whatever prospect that's assigned to Ivy and the kids to stay at my place twenty-four-seven. At least until Ivy and I get our shit straightened, or not. *Fuck*. Just thinking about my life right now, about my relationship with her gives me anxiety.

MadDog slams his gavel down and it causes me to jump. "Camo, stay," he grunts.

The rest of the guys leave and I'm left along with MadDog. He doesn't speak, watching me for a few long minutes. "You're doing the shipment this weekend in Humboldt with, Roach?" he asks.

"Yeah."

"You gonna tell me what the fuck is happening between you and your wife?" he asks, leaning back in his chair. I don't say anything, unsure of what to tell him exactly. He doesn't need to hear about my sex life, about my desires. He isn't Grease, and we aren't friends like that. "Mary-Anne is worried about her. Says she hasn't even talked to her in weeks. She came in here the other day, first time I'd even seen her in months and she looks like a completely different person."

"She's been working out," I shrug.

MadDog doesn't speak. He waits, as is his way. He's a good man, a great fucking leader, and someone I've always looked up to. He also has a picture-perfect marriage to his wife, Mary-Anne, and I honestly don't think he'd ever understand my dilemma.

"Not the same people as when we met, Pres," I murmur.

MadDog lets out a bark of laughter. "Do you know how many of you fools have said that shit to me about their Old Ladies? I swear to fuck we need to have some kind of marriage counseling in this fucking place. No fucking shit you aren't the same as when you met. None of us is, and that's a simple fact. You either work on what you got, or you need to let it go.

"Now, I don't know what's going on with you, and I really don't think I need to know. But you have a family, and you need to figure out what the fuck you want. Do it fast, because the way I see it, you've been missing a hell of a lot."

He doesn't let me respond. He stands and walks out of the conference room, leaving me alone with my thoughts. I close my eyes and images of my boys and Rosalie pop into my mind. What have I missed? A hell of a lot I'm sure. I need to be better to them, and for them. I just need to figure all this other shit out at the same time too. I feel like I'm drowning, like I'm going down and I don't know how to pull myself back up.

I don't go home like I should. I don't check on Ivy or the kids. Selfishly, my feet carry me to the place I should stay away from—the place I *cannot* stay away from. Walking over to the couch I sit down and my eyes find a threesome. I don't know either of the girls involved, they're rotated so often in here.

One is sitting on a brother's cock, riding him slowly, while the other is facing her, but sitting on his face. My cock aches. The two women lean forward and begin to kiss. The entire scene is sensual, sexy, and although I don't think Ivy would ever do anything with another woman, it still makes me

hard.

My eyes move from them to see Pixie staring right at me. She's peeking over a guy's shoulder while he holds her up, her legs wrapped around his waist. Another man is at her back and they're fucking her in tandem. One fucking her cunt, and the other her ass, back and forth. She smirks at me before her eyes slide closed.

Standing to leave, something else catches my eye. A woman is lounging on another couch that's against the opposite wall. I watch as one guy eats her pussy while the other fucks her face, he's straddling her chest, his knees pressed into the top of the couch and his hands braced on the wall while he fucks her mouth.

The sight of them causes me to sit back down. I imagine Ivy, a man bringing her pleasure while I fuck her face. It turns me on. The thought of her being so stimulated by another person, other than me, making her lose every single inhibition for the pure fact that she's so fucking on edge. The thought of me taking control and telling that other person how and where to touch her—instructing him on how to make her come. *Goddamn*.

Honest to fuck, I don't know if I can ever tamp this desire down. This need. I don't know where it came from or why. It's what I want—with or without Ivy, it's what I want—and I hate it. The last thing I want to do is hurt my wife, and yet, that's all I've been doing.

Ivy

The hours tick by. Homework has been completed, the boys are playing a board game, Rosalie is in her room, still pissed at me, and I find myself staring out into the backyard. There's a knock on my door and it breaks me out of my mindless staring. Walking over to the door, I check the peephole and am surprised to see a man with a Devils cut standing in view.

Slowly, I open the door and peek through the crack. The man looks at me and gives me a blinding white smile. He's really cute, short brown hair, clean shaven, dark eyes, and a dimple. "Ivy?" he asks.

"Um, yeah?" I actually almost giggle. His deep voice is too sexy when he says my name, and I can't help myself.

"Pres sent me over, we're supposed to be watching all the Old Lady's houses during the day." I open the door a little wider, surprised that he's said during the day, but it's already turned into evening. "Camo told me that he wouldn't be around at night much and that I could camp out on your couch."

My stomach sinks at the knowledge that there is something happening that the club. Whatever it is has required round the clock protection, and we're not important enough for West to come home at night for? What the absolute fuck? My husband is a damn dick.

"I'm Derek," he grins.

He turns around to show me his prospect rocker and I let out a breath, feeling more at ease. I should probably call West just to make sure that this guy is legit, but screw him. However, I'm not going to just let someone in my house, not with my kids home, without verifying that they're who they say they are.

Reaching into my back pocket, I pull out my phone and call MadDog. I hate to bother him in the evening, but I have to be sure.

"Hey, Ivy," he rumbles, his deep voice sounding so smooth over the phone.

"There's a prospect here. His name is Derek. He said that he's supposed to stay here as protection when West isn't around," I murmur.

A moment of complete silence passes before MadDog speaks. "He didn't come home?" he asks.

"It's fine. I didn't really expect him to," I whisper, trying not to cry.

"Derek's good, babe. He's one of us. You or the kids need anything at all, you call me, yeah?"

I agree, and then thank him before ending the call—knowing for a fact that I would never call on him for anything.

Opening the door a bit wider, I smile and ask Derek to come inside. "I need to go to the grocery store tomorrow, but I have leftover turkey enchiladas in the fridge, and tons of chips and stuff in the pantry, you're welcome to help yourself."

Derek grins, that sexy sweet grin again, and I swear I almost melt into a puddle. He steps closer to me and I suck in a breath, holding it as his hand comes up, cupping my cheek. "I'm good, babe," he murmurs.

Dammit, his voice is smooth and deep, and his eyes are completely mesmerizing. I need to get away from this guy, far, far away.

"Umm, well, whatever you want... you can have," I stammer.

I watch as his eyes smolder. "Whatever I want?" he rasps.

His gaze drops to my chest before he brings it back up and licks his bottom lip. Damn. I need to run.

"Umm," I breathe. He breaks out into a huge smile.

"Go to bed, Ivy. You're a marked Old Lady. I didn't expect you to be so gorgeous though," he states, dropping his hand as he takes a step back.

Blinking up at him, I take a step back, then another. "You didn't?" I chance asking.

He shakes his head. "Not in the slightest. If you were mine, I'd be in that bed with you every fucking chance I got."

My eyes widen at his words and I gasp. Derek chuckles and aims his panty melting grin at me again. Turning around, I don't say a word and I hurry to the boys, announcing that it's time for bed, all the while I can hear Derek chuckling behind me.

The boys are easy to put to bed, they require a hug and kiss each, and little else. Their lights go off, and their eyes close as they quickly fall into sleep.

Rosalie, on the other hand, is a different story. She's like me. She's a thinker, her mind going a million miles an hour. Knocking on her door, I hear her tell whoever she's talking to goodbye and then a few seconds later her door opens.

"Who were you talking to?" I ask as I enter her space.

She's still mad at me about not allowing her to go to the mall, plus, I think she's pretty upset about her dad. Honestly, she probably has a mix of emotions similar to my own when it comes to her father these days, and I can't blame her one bit. "Finley," she shrugs.

"Did you still want to go shopping this weekend with the girls?" I ask.

Rosalie shakes her head. "They can't go this weekend, but they said next weekend they were going for sure. Riley has some friends she's meeting there," she explains.

"And she wants you with her, with her friends?" I ask.

I don't know any eighteen-year-old that wants their little sister and even younger friend tagging along with their friends.

Rosalie nods and gives me a half smile. "Yeah, Riley's friends are cool, Mom."

I run my hand through her soft hair and smile. "Okay, you can go next weekend. The reason I came in is, there's a friend of dad's hanging out on the couch for the night. I didn't want you to get scared or anything," I explain, much like I explained to the boys.

Her eyes narrow. "Where's Dad?" she asks accusingly.

Shaking my head, I don't give her an answer she's going to like. "Where Dad is, is between him and me, Rosalie. There's nothing for you to worry about, unless we bring it to you, okay?"

"Bailey said he overheard his mom and dad talking about Daddy. He wouldn't tell me what they said, but he gave me a hug. I figure it wasn't anything good," she sniffles.

I close my eyes as my heart breaks all over again. As if West breaking my heart wasn't enough, now he's broken his daughter's. I wrap my arm around Rosalie's shoulder and give her a squeeze as my lips graze the top of her head. "Honey, please don't worry about me and Dad. We'll get everything sorted."

"Okay, Mom," she whispers.

Looking down at her I give her a grin. "Bailey hugged you, huh? How'd that feel?"

I watch as her face turns five shades of red before she whispers. "He smelled so good, Mom. *Oh my gawd*. It was absolutely perfect. Now, if I could only get him to kiss me," she smiles.

"I'm going to pretend that you want him to kiss you on the cheek," I laugh.

"Moooom," she giggles.

I give her one last hug. "Get some sleep, Rosalie. Please don't worry about your daddy and me. We've been married for a long time, sweetie. We got this."

I lie.

I boldface lie to my child.

Her face breaks out in a smile and she believes me. Closing her bedroom door, I look toward my own room, but against my better judgment, I make my way back into the living room. I need a drink.

"Thought you were headed to bed?" Derek calls out as soon as I enter the room.

Giving him a smile I shake my head. "I needed a drink? Want a beer?"

"Sure."

Walking over to the fridge, I grab two beers and a bottle opener, popping the tops before I lift my chin toward the backyard. Derek stands from the couch and together we walk into the cool night and sit down on the deck furniture. I hand him his beer before taking a pull of my own.

"Can you tell me why I need protection?" I ask as I look up at the star-filled sky.

Derek sighs. "All I know is that there's a possible threat and they don't know exactly who is making it, or why, or who it affects."

Thinking about his words, I can't help but wonder if it has to do with that young kid who approached me at the gym. I debate telling him, but then I decide that I should probably tell West, or maybe my brother, Barry. Bringing my feet into the seat of my chair I rest my cheek on my knees and just breathe.

"I'll keep you safe, Ivy. You and your kids," he murmurs.

"How old are you?" I ask, changing the subject.

He lets out a chuckle and leans back in his chair, stretching his long lean legs out in front of him. "I'm thirty," he shrugs.

"Pretty old to prospect for an MC, aren't you?" I ask.

His eyes cut to mine and he gives me a serious look which just makes me giggle. "I did ten years in the military. Medically retired, and then spent a couple months drowning in booze and getting into fistfights at *Bullseye*," he states. "Ran into some old friends of mine, they were partying at the

clubhouse, and they talked me into hanging out. Brought me around the club a few times and I showed an interest in prospecting. Rest is history, I guess," he shrugs.

"How'd you get hurt?"

He clears his throat for a moment, then he speaks. He tells me about his last tour to Afghanistan, about the bomb that killed his friend. He tells me that the same bomb shattered his hip when he was thrown into the air and landed hard on his side. His story is gut wrenching and I reach out to wrap my hand around his forearm as he's telling it, to not only show him support but to brace myself as well.

"You need to get to bed, Ivy," he rasps.

I tip my lips in a smile and shake my head. "You already told me that once," I whisper.

"I'm telling you that so that you don't make a mistake."

My brows tug together in confusion. "Mistake?"

He lifts his chin with a sad smile. "Yeah, babe. You're sweet, too sweet, and right now, I want a taste. You need to get your ass upstairs. All that you are, he's not going to just let that go, he'll fight to the death for it."

I stand, shaking my head. "No, he won't Derek, but that's sweet," I smile.

Without letting him respond, I do as he suggested. I take my ass upstairs. I change into my pajamas and I slide between my sheets. Closing my eyes, and for the first time ever, I imagine what it would be like to have another man smiling at me rather than my husband.

I imagine what this other man's touch would feel like. I feel shameful and slutty, but the whole scenario also makes me feel sad. I miss West, the West that I remember, the man I fell in love with and loved for the past fifteen years—*I miss him*.



Iyy

My phone alerts with a new notification and I glance down, rolling my eyes when I see who the new text is from. If he thinks I'm responding to a text message after he didn't come home last night, again, he's got another thing coming. I shove my phone in my back pocket before returning to mop the kitchen floor.

I feel like a cleaning maniac, and I probably am. I usually am when I'm pissed off—and right now I'm downright fucking pissed. I'm thankful that the boys ran down to my mother-in-law's house for lunch and that Rosalie has cheerleading practice at school.

Otherwise, they would be a party to my bad mood. It's bad enough that poor Derek is being subjected to my temperament. He left the house about ten minutes ago to hang out on the front porch and I do not blame him one bit.

My hands are deep in the soapy water as I swish the mop pad around, wringing it out and imagining that it's instead West's neck. Something heavy lands on my shoulder and I spin around to find Derek standing right behind me.

"Called your name, babe. You were on another planet," he murmurs.

I lift my chin and try to keep from crying as I look into his warm eyes. He shakes his head once and squeezes my shoulder. He opens his mouth to say something but the front door slams and causes me to jump back. Derek pulls his gun out of the holster at his side and raises it as he walks toward my front door.

Standing in the kitchen, I toss the wet mop cloth into the sink and hold my breath. What feels like an hour later I hear male voices murmuring and then West and Derek walk in from around the corner. I narrow my eyes on West but keep my mouth closed. I understand enough about the club life to know that you never start shit with your man in front of a brother, especially a prospect.

"You can go ahead and take off for the weekend. Be back at six Monday morning," West grunts.

Derek's concerned gaze meets mine for just a second before he confirms West's order and then walks out of the house. We stay completely silent, staring at each other until we hear the front door click closed.

"Why'd you even bother coming back here? I thought it was your weekend to work at Humboldt?" I ask, sounding just as bitter and angry as I feel.

"Traded schedules," he murmurs.

West's brows tug together and he lets out an exhaled breath. I watch as his fingers run through his

overly long, dark hair as he looks down at his boots. This is it. We're over. This fight is just not worth it to me anymore—not when I'm the only one fighting.

"Nothing happened."

I don't think. I'm too irrational to think. Quickly, I close the distance between us and I pound against his chest with my fists. West wraps his hands around my wrists, gently but firmly, to stop me. "Ivy," he whispers.

"I'm sick of it, West," I announce. My tears have all dried up, I have none left to cry. "I'm sick and tired of you announcing that nothing is happening. Not when you're down there and where you should be is at home with your family. Not watching some whores fuck your friends."

West's fingers tighten around my wrists and he gives me a shake, causing my neck to snap. Glaring up at him, I try to push away from his body, but he won't let me. "Watch yourself," he growls.

"Not me who should be watching myself, West," I state. "I'm home every night, taking care of *our* children. Running them around to and from school, to sports and everything else. What are you doing? Getting your rocks off?"

I know when he's had enough of my mouth. He releases me and takes a step back, his hand firmly planted on his hips as he glares at me. "You would have none of this shit if it wasn't for me, Ivy. None of it. What I do, my position in the club, it pays for everything around here."

"Oh, give me a fucking break. I didn't say shit about your club. I'm talking about you, West. The man who used to be present for everything his children did. You're not that man anymore. You haven't been to one of the boy's baseball practices or games this season. You haven't been to one cheer competition of Rosalie's. Why are you even pretending you want to be married? You've made it abundantly clear you don't want to be with me anymore."

West reaches behind him and grabs the only thing on the counter, a bottle of olive oil, and throws it as hard as he can. It misses me by only inches before it lands against the wall with a thudding crash. "You're making this shit too fucking hard, Ivy."

"What am I making too hard? Fatherhood? Sorry, asshole, you're the fucking father. Stop being a baby and act like a man," I hiss.

West charges toward me and my fight or flight kicks in as I stumble backward and crash into the wall that the oil landed on. I can feel the glass cutting my bare feet from the broken bottle, but I'm too afraid to look down.

"You weren't saying I wasn't a man when you were coming on my cock the other night," he rasps, lowering his head.

Lifting my hands, I press them against his chest and push against him. He, of course, doesn't budge. Closing my eyes, I inhale deeply, trying to take a cleansing breath before I reopen them.

"This isn't about sex for me, West. It may be for you but it isn't for me. This is about you being present as a husband and a father. You're focusing on what you've decided I will and won't do when it comes to sex. You're not communicating and you're not being here for your kids. That's my biggest problem. All the dirty desires and whatever else you have going on in your head doesn't really mean much to me right now."

He blinks and I swear I see a glimmer of hope as the wheels turn in his head. We cannot move on together in this marriage if he hides away from me and away from his children. It won't work at all. I don't even want to think about the kinky stuff he wants, and right now, I don't care. My only concern is our family, the other shit can wait until that part is healed and fixed.

"I start work on Monday, and I won't be off until six in the evening. If you feel like being an active participant in their lives, I think being there to pick them up from school would be a good

start."

West shakes his head. "You act like I'm some kind of deadbeat dad, Ivy. You act like I don't love them and I don't care for them."

I can tell that this conversation is hurting him, and that sucks, but it's also too bad. I've let this go on for far too long without saying something. I can't do it anymore. It needs to end.

"You were a great father for a lot of years, West. You were here when they were sick, when they met their milestones, on the first day of school, and then you just slowly drifted away," I whisper sucking in a breath. "They want their daddy back, and to be honest, I want my husband back."

He nods once, then takes a step back from me before he speaks. "I've shirked my responsibilities as a father, I can admit that. I've been inside of my own head so much that I've been neglecting that part of my life. I'll be there to pick them up after school."

Waiting for him to mention something about me having my husband back, I watch him. He looks tired, and his eyes look a little dead. It makes my heart ache. "I want my husband back, West," I whisper.

His gaze connects to mine and he holds me hostage. He doesn't speak, he just stares at me. If I had any more tears left to cry, I'd cry them. I'm pretty much past that point right now, and to the point where I'm just fed up. A woman can only take so much, and I'm afraid I've reached that limit.

"I'll be staying the nights at the clubhouse this week. I need to get my head together. Next week we can sit down when we both have cooler heads."

I have never hated my husband. I've never even thought the words. Not even when I thought he was calling me a fat mess to Tinker. However, in this moment—I *hate* him. "Yeah, that sounds like a great plan, West," I spit.

"Ivy..."

Shaking my head, I put my hand up. "I'm tired of this argument. I'm tired of begging you, and I'm tired of you pushing me away only to come to my bed when you're horny. I'm just fucking *tired*. You need a week by yourself doing whatever it is that you're so hot to do, then take it. But come next weekend we're talking and making a mutual decision. All of this shit between us, ends then. One way or another, it will be finished."

West nods as he closes his eyes then reopens them. "I'm still staying home this weekend. Where are the kids?" he asks.

He acts as though we didn't just have a whole damn conversation, and the way he can flip a switch like that, makes me even madder. I sigh and step over the broken glass, hissing at the pain in the bottoms of my feet when I do. "The boys are at your mom's, and Rosalie is at cheer practice," I announce.

Sitting down I decide to pick some of the glass out of my feet. Before my ass even hits the tile floor, West picks me up in his arms. "I'm sorry I hurt you, baby," he murmurs.

I wrap my arms around his neck as he carries me upstairs and doesn't stop until we're in our bathroom. He sets me down on the vanity and then crouches down at my feet. "Fuck, Ivy, I'm sorry," he repeats.

I could tell him that it's okay, that I'm okay, but I don't. Choosing to stay quiet, I watch as he cleans my feet, removing pieces of glass before putting hydrogen peroxide on my wounds then patching them up with Band-Aids. He picks me up and carries me to our bed, laying me down, and I'm surprised when he doesn't join me.

"Take a nap. I'll clean up the kitchen and shit," he murmurs.

This time I try to open my mouth to speak, but he's shocked me completely speechless. He stands

and walks out of our bedroom, all the while I lie there staring at the empty doorway he just walked through and wonder what the hell just happened? Did what I say to him truly penetrate? I can only hope and pray.

Camo

It takes me longer than it probably should to clean up the mess from the oil bottle I threw across the room. I was fucking heated and I snapped. The thing is, I didn't have a reason to get mad, at least not at Ivy. She wasn't wrong, not in the slightest. She was actually completely on target. I've been a shit dad, and I've been getting progressively worse. I've been so inside of my own head that I haven't just abandoned my wife, I've abandoned my whole family.

Sometimes I feel like I'm a little slow on the uptake, and for whatever reason, it all just clicked today. I need to take care of my home—my kids. Then, I can worry about the rest.

So, starting this week, I'm going to focus on them. They've noticed a change in me, especially Rosalie and I need her to know that I'm still her dad, and I'll always be here for her.

I don't know if it was a mistake or not, deciding not to stay at the house, but instead choosing to sleep at the clubhouse. I feel like me and Ivy need a little more distance. I need to think about what I want.

I've been so worried about not hurting her, about hiding what I want, that I need to figure out how to tell her exactly what I want from her. I haven't really communicated it well enough, and I don't know that I ever will be able to.

"Dad?" Rosalie's voice calls out. I stand, shifting the dustpan into a different hand and dumping the glass in the garbage can. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at your clubhouse?" she asks snottily.

I should put her in her teenage girl place, but I don't. I deserve a little sass from her. "Can you write down the pickup times for you and your brothers and stuff for the week?" I ask, ignoring her snarky attitude.

"Why?"

Letting out a puff of air, I scratch my bearded chin. "Your mom's new job starts Monday and I told her I'd help with pickups and stuff."

"I thought Grandma was helping," she shrugs as she walks over to the counter and pulls open a drawer.

I'm surprised to see that it has paper and pencils inside. Looking around, I honestly can't remember the last time that I opened any cabinet in the kitchen, other than the one that houses the drinking glasses.

"Not this week," I state.

Rosalie looks up from her writing and narrows her eyes at me. "Is this like, you spending time with us before you leave for good?" she bluntly asks.

I don't even know where that blunt part of her personality comes from. Certainly not me and Ivy, maybe it's from her Uncle Grease. That fucker lets it all hang out.

"I know I haven't been around much, sweetie, but I'm aiming to be better."

She shrugs, looking down at her paper as if it's all the same to her. I know that it isn't. I know that she's been upset with me for some time. I wish that I could ease all of her fears and worries, but the

cold fucking truth is that even I don't know what will happen between her mother and me.

That kills me because in a perfect world I would have Ivy at my side, always. Unfortunately, this isn't a perfect world, and we don't always get everything we want.

Opening my mouth to speak to her some more, to try and placate her fears, I'm interrupted when the front door slams and I hear my boys calling out for their mom.

"Where is Mom?" Rosalie asks as the boys come into view.

"She's upstairs resting," I shrug.

Reid wrinkles his little nose and I chuckle. "What's for dinner then?" he asks.

"Mom should have something frozen in the fridge, I can just bake it," Rosalie states as she starts to walk toward the refrigerator.

Wrapping my hand around her shoulder, I don't let her walk toward the fridge. "Let's order takeout, maybe stop by *Carlotta's* and get some desserts for later?" I ask with a smile.

The boys cheer, but Rosalie looks at me warily. I wait for her to speak and when she does, it makes my stomach twist. "Mom won't eat takeout, Dad. She won't eat any desserts either," she whispers. "She's afraid you'll say she's fat again."

My eyes widen at her words, unbelieving that Ivy would tell her such a thing. "Where'd you hear that, Rosalie?"

"I'm not dumb. Besides, I heard you tell Tinker all those months ago, and then Mom started her crazy gym stuff and eating clean. It wasn't hard to figure out. She's happier now though, with herself at least," she points out. She's way too mature for her age, and I don't like it.

I pull her against my chest and just hug her. "Mom knows that I didn't mean that, sweetie. Your mom has always been the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on," I murmur.

Rosalie tips her head back and looks at me straight in the eye. "Then why aren't you ever around?"

She asks me the million dollar question and fuck, I want to give her that reassuring lie. I want to make that obvious ache in her heart go away—but I can't.

"You'll understand when you're an adult, sweetie." I lie. "Now, maybe you can take something out that Mom would want, and we'll do a *Carlotta's* run and eat it in the car so we don't tempt her?" I ask, giving the boys a wink.

They cheer and dance around. She gives me a small smile and nods once in obvious approval. I know that I've not won my daughter back by any means, but at least she gave me a smile—I'll fucking take it.



Ivy

I wake up to the smell of coffee. West is standing next to my bed holding a cup in his hand. It's from the local coffee house and I'm surprised to see him there. I sit up and attempt to comb my fingers through my messy hair. West shoves the cup toward me and I wrap my hand around it, bringing it to my chest as I continue to keep my gaze on his.

"Taking the kids for the day," he announces.

Blinking I bring the cup to my lips and take a sip. "To do what?" I ask curiously. I can't remember the last time he took all of the kids anywhere, let alone for an entire day. It's probably been years.

"Dunno, yet," he shrugs. "That gonna be a problem?" he asks defensively.

I shake my head. I don't want to piss him off, and I'm glad that it seems as though he may have really turned over a new leaf. I hope that he has. I hope that whatever his issues were, that he's working on them and that we can work together.

He lifts his chin and takes a step back. "I called the prospect to come by and watch you for the day. You need to go anywhere he can follow behind you or whatever."

"Can you tell me why we need twenty-four-seven protection, West?" I chance to ask.

West sighs and looks down at his boots, not answering me immediately. Once he's gathered his thoughts he lifts his head. "It's precautionary, Ivy. Nothin' to really worry about," he lies.

I know it's a lie, I can tell by the way he won't meet my eyes. I should demand more, but right now I feel like we're just too delicate for that. Instead, I give him a nod and a smile.

"See you tonight," he murmurs as he turns around.

I watch him walk out of our bedroom and I feel a sadness wash over me. I'm sad that this is what our lives have resulted to. I can't talk to him and he feels like he can't be open and honest with me as well. It hurts. So much.

Taking another sip of my coffee, I'm surprised when my cell phone starts to ring on my nightstand. I groan at the name flashing but then I decide to go ahead and answer. I've been avoiding everybody for far too long.

"Hello," I murmur.

"Holy shit, she's alive," Mary-Anne cries.

I almost laugh. I've been the one avoiding and being a bitch, so I don't. "Hey, I'm sorry about being absent."

"Lunch today?" she asks.

I agree immediately.

Maybe I should unload some of what's happening onto Mary-Anne's shoulders and see what she thinks. She's been married to her roughneck for around the same amount of time as I've been with West. She announces the diner in town and the time before she ends the call. I only have a few hours to myself so I decide to finish my coffee before I get dressed for the day—in silence.

Once my drink is consumed, I head toward my master bathroom and start the water. Glancing in the mirror, I notice my hair and I smile. I love the new cut and color. It makes my body transformation complete. I don't think that I've ever been so happy with the way I've looked before. I just wish that the rest of my life was as together as my appearance.

West always made me feel beautiful, but I never really thought of myself that way when I was alone and facing the mirror. Things are different now. I'm different now. I'm discovering that I'm much more comfortable in my skin. I feel good about myself and I'm happy with me. I can only hope that soon, I'll be happy in my relationship with my husband as well.

After I've showered, straightened my hair, and applied my makeup I decide to put some clothes on. The diner is just a greasy spoon, so it doesn't really matter what I wear. I opt for a pair of my new distressed skinny jeans, and an off the shoulder peach body suit. Slipping my feet into my gold sandals, I grab my phone and shove it in my purse before I head downstairs.

Opening the front door, I'm startled at the sight of Derek standing just beside it. I shouldn't be, West told me he'd be here. "Hey, babe," he rasps as his eyes slowly travel every inch of my body. I feel like he can see through my clothes and the idea is exhilarating. It shouldn't be—but it is.

"I'm going to the diner, West said you had to follow me?" I squeak.

His lips tip up in a small smile and he winks. "I'll drive your rig, hand me your keys."

I do as he says and place my keys in the palm of his hand, though I'm not sure why I'm going to allow him to drive my car. He curls his hand around the keys and shifts them to his other palm before he presses his hand on my lower back. I shiver at his touch and tip my head back to look up at him.

"Let's get goin', babe," he murmurs.

I'm dumbfounded by the way his heat feels against my back, and by his soft tone when he speaks to me. I'm surprised by Derek. He helps me into the passenger side of the SUV and I watch him jog around to the driver's side before he climbs inside.

"I thought your man was going to be with you all weekend?" he asks as soon as he starts the engine.

All thoughts of how warm Derek's hand felt on my back disappear. I gulp as I turn to face the window, watching the trees in my front yard drift by as he backs down my driveway. "He decided to spend time with our children."

"And not their mama, too?" he questions. I shake my head. "Everybody at the club knows there's something up between you two, Ivy. I don't know much because I'm nobody, but I have eyes. You look fucking miserable, babe," he murmurs as his hand wraps around my knee and gives me a squeeze.

I bite the corner of my bottom lip. "When you're married, you go through ups and downs. You go through patches," I whisper.

He snorts. "Yeah, pretty sure this is more than just a fucking rough patch, babe."

I open my mouth to say something, but he pulls into a parking spot. I shouldn't be surprised by how short of a drive it was since I only live about five minutes from the diner, but I am.

"You think about how he treats you, how he's gone from you and doesn't give a fucking shit how you feel about that. Think about that and tell me it's just a fucking *rough patch*. Then think about what it would be like to be with a man who thinks you're fucking gorgeous. Who thinks you're down-to-

earth, sweet, and kind. Who would worship you."

I blink at his words, staring woodenly as he ambles out of the driver's seat of my car.

What the hell just happened here?

Derek pulls my door open and gives me a wink when I look up at him wide-eyed. I hold my breath when he leans in a bit closer and presses his lips against my ear. "What I wouldn't give to see those wide brown eyes staring up at me with awe as I make you come, Ivy."

I whimper. There's nothing else I can do. I feel strange, and turned on, and dirty all at the same time. I've never felt this way in my entire life. Derek chuckles as he takes a step back and I slide from the SUV and hurry past him into the diner.

My eyes frantically search the restaurant and I let out a sigh of relief when I see Mary-Anne sitting in a booth. I hurry toward her and my steps falter when I realize that not only is Genny with her, but so is Cleo, and my sister-in-law, Serina.

"The gang's all here," I mutter as I slip into the booth.

Serina grins. "Not really, we figured whatever was up, you wanted to keep low key, so we only invited the needs-to-know, gang," she quips like the smartass she can be.

The waitress appears and asks for our drink orders. I order water, not planning to stray from my diet, even though I really want to down a Coke right about now.

Mary-Anne announces that we're ready to order, too. I don't bother listening to anybody else's order because I know that it will just make me want junk food. I order a side of cottage cheese, a side of fruit, and grilled chicken breast.

"You've really taken this healthy lifestyle thing to heart, haven't you?" Mary-Anne asks, scrunching her nose up.

"I think you look fantastic, not that you haven't always, but you know what I mean," Genny announces.

I give them all a fake smile and when I do, Cleo's eyes widen. "You're going to need to start from the beginning," she whispers.

My bottom lip starts to wobble and I mentally curse myself when it does. I suck in a deep breath and then I tell these women, who are my closest friends in the world whom I've been avoiding —everything. Down to West's new desires, which are still confusing to me because he hasn't really explained what he wants in detail yet.

"Oh, Ivy, why didn't you tell us sooner?" Serina asks as she wraps her arm around my shoulder and gives me a hug.

I sniffle. "I've been so embarrassed," I admit.

"Please, I think you're handling things much better than I would. Plus, we're all sisters, there's absolutely nothing to be embarrassed of," Genny says.

Taking the napkin off of the table I blot beneath my eyes, trying not to smear my makeup, though it's probably a fruitless endeavor. "What do you want, Ivy? It sounds like there is a lot of West's desires and personal issues in what you've told us, and not much about you," Serina points out.

I didn't always like my sister-in-law. She was a whore who my brother decided to claim, and I couldn't understand their dynamic, especially their very open, and in public, sex life. Over the years we've become closer, and I'm so grateful to have her.

Once I let my judgments go, I found out that she's a great person. She's had her issues in the past, but when she came here, she truly did it to start anew and I couldn't be happier that Barry claimed her as his own and then married her.

"I found my new job, and I'm excited to start tomorrow. I feel like that's a step in the right

direction. I love going to the gym, and made a couple new friends there."

"But those are all things that have pretty much nothing to do with your relationship," Mary-Anne points out.

My eyes glance down as our food arrives, and after the waitress leaves, I exhale. "I love my husband. I'm in love with him, but it's the hardest thing I've ever done because he doesn't open up to me. He disappears for days at a time. He's got this whole new kinky thing that he's suddenly into, and he's been hiding it from me," I whisper.

"Would you do that with him, would you want that with him?" Cleo asks before she takes a bite of a French fry.

I think about her question for a few minutes as I stab a piece of honeydew melon. Would I want that? Would I want a man other than my husband touching me? Would I want the attention of two men on me at once? I can't deny that it sounds kind of sexy. An image of Derek crosses my mind, would I mind if it were him and West pleasuring me together? I don't think that I would.

"It's something you both have to enjoy, Ivy. It could make or break your marriage, trust me. There are special couples that can pull this off, Barry and myself included, but even we have boundaries. We communicate them, and often. Personally, I think you guys need to work on your communication before you start to play," Serina advises. She isn't wrong. We desperately need to communicate with each other before we do anything else—no matter what that is.

The rest of the lunch is spent focusing on everybody else, and I'm grateful to be able to spend time inside of my own head. I don't know what will happen in the future, a future that I thought I had all planned out.

The rug has been pulled out from beneath me, but I'm willing to readjust my life. I just hope that it's with West because, at the end of the day, I love him with my whole heart.

Camo

I watch the boys as they practice their archery, wondering how they got old enough that I don't have to help them with it anymore. Rosalie sits next to me on the bed of my pickup and plays on her phone. She hasn't said one word to me since I brought them all out here to the woods. Her fingers work fast on the screen of her phone and I want to rip it from her hands and throw it across the forest.

"Mind puttin' that shit down?" I finally ask. Her eyes widen and she looks up at me but doesn't put her phone down. "Who are you talking to?"

Her eyes slide away from me and I can already tell that I'm not going to like her answer. I can only imagine who it is, and I have a feeling I already know. She's had a crush on Bailey Duhart for far too long. At fourteen, although he's only a few months older than her, he's also far too mature for her.

I've seen him come into the clubhouse with a few of his older sister's friends. He's not my kid, and those girls aren't mine either, but I'll be damned if my thirteen-year-old baby, has anything to do with a kid that's already sexually active.

"Bailey," she admits. I'm surprised when she fesses up to the truth. "We're just friends," she lies.

Maybe he's telling her they're just friends, but he's got a little pecker and my daughter is as beautiful as her mother.

I grunt. I feel the need to tell her that he's nothing but a little prick, that he's been with other girls but then I look down at her wide, innocent eyes and I don't. The last thing I want to do is make her

cry, I have a feeling she's done enough of that lately, and I've been the cause of every single one of her tears.

"You're still young, don't hitch your star to anyone quite yet," I murmur.

"Daaaad," she giggles. "We're just friends."

I wrap my arm around her shoulders and bring her closer to my side. I've fucked up with her lately, with all three of my kids. Ivy was right. Then again, Ivy's usually right about shit. I'm just not always smart enough to listen to her.

I should apologize to my daughter, my sons, and I should get down on my knees and apologize to Ivy. What I should do, and what I actually do are two different scenarios.

"Wanna do a little target practice?" I ask.

Rosalie looks up at me with surprise. "I hate archery, Dad," she admits. I smile because I know that.

"My handgun, sweetie. All women should know how to use a gun, and I think you're old enough," I murmur.

I watch as her mouth forms a huge smile, the likes of which I haven't seen in a fuck've a long time.



Ivy

Mary-Anne wraps her hand around my bicep as we leave the diner, stopping me from continuing on toward my SUV while all the other women go on their way. Turning around to face her, I look at her in question. Her eyes flick behind me somewhere before they settle back on me.

"Be careful, Ivy. Shit may seem bleak right now, but you're still very much claimed," she warns. I open my mouth to respond but she gives me a small smile and interrupts me. "That doesn't mean that I don't get it, or that I'd judge you, at all." Without another word, she walks away from me.

Turning around, my eyes clash with Derek's. He's leaning his hip against my car, his head turned, and his eyes on me. His lips tip in a cocky little smile as I approach him. I don't know what he's doing or what I'm doing but I feel different around him. He's not just one of West's brothers, or maybe it's me that's changed? I don't know, but I want this man's touch.

"Ready?" he asks, giving me a wink as he pushes off of the car.

I nod, afraid to speak and climb into the passenger seat. Neither of us says a word as he drives back to my house. I should feel guilty for the thoughts running through my head about this man, but I'm finding it harder and harder to feel that emotion.

Once we pull into the driveway, I'm surprised to see that West's truck is parked in its usual spot. Glancing at the clock on the dash I notice that it's well after four in the afternoon. I can't believe that I spent over four hours with my friends. I really should have gone to the gym for an extra session, but I think that I needed this time with my girls. I'd been avoiding them for far too long, and I shouldn't have.

I'm appreciative that Derek didn't say anything to me on the way home. After our conversation on the way to lunch, I'm not sure that I can handle much more from him. Sliding out of the car I walk toward the front door, Derek's boots sounding behind me as he follows me up the porch and into the foyer.

"Hey, Mom," Remi calls out from the sofa. He's watching *The Sandlot* on television.

Reid's head pops up from the floor and gives me a toothy grin and wave. "Hey boys," I smile back at them. "What did you guys do today?"

"We practiced our archery. I'm pretty much the best at it," Remi announces with a shrug.

Derek laughs behind me and I can't help but chuckle as well. One thing about Remi is that he lacks humility, I love and dislike that quality in him all at the same time. He is definitely his father's son.

"I got to do some target practice with Dad's handgun," Rosalie announces from the top of the staircase.

She has this goofy smile on her face and my heart leaps inside of my chest. I haven't seen her happy, truly happy, in a long time. It's absolutely stunning.

"Wow, it sounds like you guys had a really fun day." My voice almost cracks at the end of my sentence.

They *did* have a great day, and while I'm extremely happy that they did, I'm also a little sad that I wasn't there to witness it. I feel Derek's fingers trail down the back of my arm and I turn my head to look at him. He gives me a sad look, something akin to pity and I hate it. He called it earlier. He said it like it was and he was right. What about me? Why wasn't I invited on their adventure?

"I ordered the kids pizza so you didn't have to cook," West announces as he walks into the living room.

I lift my eyes to him but he doesn't come any closer to me, in fact, he stays all the way on the other side of the room. I watch as his gaze sweeps down my body to lift to mine again. He shows zero emotion, no heat or anything. It's as though he's just looking at a stranger rather than his wife.

Derek clears his throat behind me and West's eyes shift to him. "If it's cool, I'll go ahead and head out."

"Be back around ten," West states.

Derek murmurs his agreement. I feel his presence leave from behind me, and then the door closes gently. *Be back around ten*. The words repeat in my head and I feel disappointed all over again. My husband is a fucking dick, and he's growing into an even bigger one by the freaking day.

Ignoring West since he has everything under control and has made it clear he doesn't want much to do with me right now, I walk upstairs. I make my way to Rosalie and catch her hand before I walk past her. I give her fingers a squeeze, and she tips her head to look at me. "Love you, sweetie," I whisper.

"Yeah," she nods.

I don't say anything else, releasing her hand, I continue toward my bedroom. I have my first day at work tomorrow, and the only thing I want to do right now is go to sleep. When I'm asleep, I can forget the emotional disaster that is my life.

The sun is still very much out, but that doesn't stop me from changing into a nightgown. It's one of my favorites, a navy soft cotton with spaghetti straps and lace at the short hem and along the sweetheart neckline. The bedroom door opens and I don't even turn around to see who's there. I know who it is, I can feel his presence anytime he's in a room.

"You going to bed?" he asks, sounding surprised.

Inhaling deeply, I exhale before I turn around to face him. "Yeah, I'm going to bed."

His brows tug together in confusion. "It's not even five, Ivy. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

I want to pull my hair out and scream in frustration. "Nothing, West. Absolutely nothing," I deadpan.

West runs his hand through his overly long hair. My eyes trail his fingers and I know I'm pissed at him but he looks sexy as shit right now. My spine straightens at the thought. I'm lusting after my husband only hours after I'd been lusting after another man. What the hell is *wrong* with me? What is wrong with us?

"Rosalie wrote down the kids' afterschool schedule for me. You don't have to worry about any of that. What time do you get off work all week?" he asks.

He ignores the elephant in the room, the huge suffocating elephant, and it pisses me off even more.

Of course, I'm horrible at communication just as much as he is, so I ignore it as well. "I get off at sixthirty," I murmur.

West's fingers dance from my shoulder down to my wrist before he tugs me against his chest. I place my hands on his chest for stability and tip my head back to look into his eyes.

Without a word, he smashes his lips against mine and forces his tongue into my mouth. I welcome him, lifting my arms and wrapping my hands around the back of his neck. My breasts ache and I arch closer to him, feeling them rub against his hard chest—doing little to actually ease the ache.

"I should walk away, right now," he murmurs as he nibbles on my lips.

I hum in agreement, lowering my hands to unbutton his pants. West takes a step back. I press my lips together, assuming that he's going to leave but he doesn't. He removes everything he's wearing, stripping himself completely naked. Curling my fingers around the hem of my nightgown I pull it off and toss it to the side.

West tugs my panties down and then his mouth is on mine again. His tongue fills me as we fall backward onto the mattress. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I rip my lips from his and let out a long moan when his cock fills me to the root.

He doesn't allow me to adjust to him, he rears back, his hands spanning my waist and he fucks me. I allow him, arching my back with each downward stroke, grinding his pelvis against me. My breath hitches each time. I feel my body climbing toward my release, my hips lifting on their own.

"Come, Ivy. Fuck, baby," he chants as sweat beads on his forehead. "Give it to me," he growls.

My eyes involuntarily close and I do as he's demanded. I give it to him; my body reaches its climax and I come. I don't make a noise. It's too much, but he feels it. I know he does, he groans and slams into me a few more times before he stills and fills me with his release.

Then, immediately his weight is off of me. I open my eyes and watch as he quickly dresses. My heart sinks. He's doing it to me again, fucking me and leaving me. I watch as he turns away from me. I can't let him just walk out the door, so I call out his name. Sitting up on the bed, naked and his release leaking onto the sheet.

With his hand on the doorknob, he turns just his head and watches me.

"Bye, then," I whisper.

"We'll get this sorted, Ivy," he announces. I nod, not believing a word he's said. "Trust me, baby. We will get all of this sorted. Give me this week, and swear to fuck, we got this."

He doesn't give me a chance to respond before he opens the door and walks out, promptly closing it behind him. I want to believe him, but he hasn't given me a whole lot of reasons to trust in him lately. I quickly pull my nightgown back on, refusing to be even more vulnerable than I already feel.

Changing the sheets, I quickly climb into bed, curling up into a ball, I close my eyes. I'm just so emotionally drained. This week I'm going to focus on the kids, work, and me. I'm going to try my hardest to just put West completely out of my mind. Fucking asshole.



The alarm sounds way too early. I push the stop button and force myself to stand. I shuffle to the bathroom to take care of business then shuffle to my closet and quickly dress in my gym clothes. Once my hair is up and my eyes are less bleary, I pick out an outfit for my first day of work and quickly pack a bag with my makeup and toiletries.

It doesn't take me long to get the kids up and moving on my way downstairs. This week they're all eating at school so I'm thankful that I don't have to pack any lunches.

I make them each a quick breakfast of toast and jam with scrambled eggs, and have it plated and ready to go by the time they arrive downstairs.

This morning, I also called the school and set up the bus to take them rather than me every morning. They leave my house a little earlier than I would if I were driving them, but it will shave off at least thirty minutes for me in the routine.

"Now don't forget Dad's going to pick you all up from school, okay," I try to announce cheerfully.

Remi and Reid show their enthusiasm by cheering, but Rosalie just nods and gives me a small smile. When their food is finished, I hear the bus brakes out front, and I hurry them out of the house. Reid gives me a big hug and a sweet kiss on my cheek before he runs off. My baby is still my baby boy, and I'll treasure it for as long as I'll have it.

Rosalie just waves, and Remi gives me a chin lift because he's just too big to hug his mama these days. I watch them load on the bus and I realize that *they* are what's important to me, not that I didn't already know that.

However, I've been preoccupied lately and that needs to stop. I've been so busy trying to do *everything*, to be *everywhere*. I can't do it anymore. One day, one moment, one activity at a time and that's all I can do—with or without my husband.

"You going to the gym this morning?" Derek asks. He's standing next to my front door.

I jump and let out a scream, not having realized he was there, which only causes him to laugh. "You scared the shit out of me," I scold.

He grins and gives me a wink.

"Yeah, let me grab my bags," I mutter, still pressing my hand to my heart.

I walk into the house and bend over to grab my duffle bag full of clothes and my morning routine supplies. When I stand, I feel something hard against my back. Derek's hand slides around to press against my stomach.

"Derek," I whisper.

His lips skim the back of my neck and I suck in a breath. "Will you whisper my name or whimper it when you come, Ivy?" he asks, his warm breath fanning my skin and causing me to break out in goosebumps.

His hand slides up my stomach and wraps around my ribcage, his thumb gliding back and forth on the underside of my breast. I press my thighs together and pinch my eyes closed at the sensation. Then I feel his hard length run along the crack of my ass. My exercise leggings are too thin because I can feel every freaking inch of him beneath his jeans.

"I think you'd scream my name, wouldn't you?" he rasps as his teeth nip the side of my neck. "Now step away from me, Ivy, or we'll find out right now exactly what you sound like when you come."

Moving quickly, I take a step forward, breathing heavily as I turn around to face him. Derek has a grin on his lips and a twinkle in his eyes. He looks like he's enjoying riling me up.

I should tell him not to touch me again. I should be calling West, but I don't. I like it too much, and to be honest, the bad girl inside of me wants to know what it would feel like to have him make me come. *Maybe I* would *scream?*

Camo

I walk into the clubhouse to check the new schedule. I know that I'm on rotation to do a pickup from Humboldt soon, but I can't remember what day exactly. Hopefully, that doesn't fuck with my promise to pick the kids up from school this week. I turn to head toward MadDog's office where I know the schedule is posted when Grease calls out my name.

I let out a frustrated sigh. I have no desire to talk to my brother-in-law today, but I walk toward him anyway. He looks fucking pissed and I have no idea what's crawled up his ass, but I have no doubt that I'm about to find out.

Grease stands and glares at me, his face set hard and body tight. "You haven't fixed your shit. I just found out you've got a fucking *prospect* watching my sister, my niece, and nephews, at night while you hang out here? What in the actual fuck?"

"Ivy and I are taking the week to think, not that it's any of your fucking business what happens in my marriage," I growl.

Grease shakes his head. "I made this shit my business, Camo. I'm the only father my sister has. It's my duty to protect her, even if it means protecting her against her husband. You know what? Fuck it," he states, throwing his hands up.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

He takes a step back and pins me with his glare. "Fuck it, if you don't know what you have, and you're willing to toss her away? She'll find better," he shrugs.

"Like hell she will. Ivy's claimed, divorced or not, she'll always be my Old Lady," I growl.

Grease snorts. "Yeah, you can keep thinking that all you want. Truth of the matter is, any man on this earth would be lucky to have her. You better start working on *keeping* her. I know my sister well enough to know that, no matter how much she loves you, she'll only take so much."

He turns and walks away from me, leaving me stunned and pissed off because he's right. I walk away, abandoning my mission of looking up my schedule and head toward the clubhouse gym. I need to work off some of my anger.

As soon as I walk into the workout area, I go directly to the punching bag. I can hear the weights being dropped, signaling that there's another person in here but I have one focus, and one focus only —beat the shit out of this bag.

Reaching back, I slam my balled-up fist into the hard bag. I relish in the bite of pain. I do it again with the other fist, and then again over and over until sweat breaks out over my entire body. I hit the fucking bag until I can think of nothing else. I pound my fists against it until thoughts of Ivy, of what I want from her and know I shouldn't, until all the guilt that's been piling up on me just vanishes.

"You done?" A deep voice rumbles through the room.

Dropping my hands to my sides, I turn my head to see MadDog standing in the middle of the doorway, his arms crossed over his chest.

I lift my chin to him but don't verbally answer his question. "Grease is fuckin' pissed with you, Camo. Good fucking God, you've made a mess of shit, haven't you?" he asks.

Scrubbing my hand over my face, I answer. "He'll get over it. He's just pissed that Ivy isn't happy right now." I shrug.

"Boy, you're a mess. Don't you see how good your life is?" he asks.

I don't answer him.

I'm getting tired of these know-it-all fucks telling me what my life is like. They don't know shit.

They think I don't know how good of a woman Ivy is? They think I don't appreciate her? They don't know that it's me trying to protect her from myself. They don't know fucking shit.

"You know, Fury's mom was a damn good woman. I didn't always treat her right, but that didn't mean that I lacked respect for her or loved her any less. People would say that by me fucking around on her, that it wasn't true. I beg to differ though," he murmurs.

"Nobody knew that there were things I wanted. Things that I didn't feel comfortable asking my wife to do, things that I shouldn't have *wanted* her to do. Who knows, maybe if I would have said something then what we had would have been different.

"However, I have a feeling the people that we were at the time, it wouldn't have mattered, we still wouldn't have ended up together. Mary-Anne is who I was meant to have in my life. Is Ivy who you were meant to have or is there someone else out there that you think could fulfill all of what you need?"

MadDog doesn't stay a second longer, he turns and walks away leaving me alone with his words of wisdom. *Fuck*. Just thinking about what he's said makes me feel sick. I couldn't imagine loving another woman as much as I love Ivy.

Will my desires ruin us? Then I think, haven't they already?

Our relationship isn't completely demolished yet, but I'm doing a fine job of chipping away at it —every second, of every day, piece by piece.



Iyy

I thought that my first day at work would be exhausting, but I didn't realize it would be—*exhausting*. Derek is waiting by my SUV when I finally drag my ass out of the dentist's office. I don't notice anything out of the norm until I see something in his hand. "Here," he mutters, shoving it at me.

"What?" I look down and then smile when I see that it's an iced coffee. "Seriously?"

He shrugs but doesn't say anything else before opening the door for me to climb inside. Once I'm settled in the vehicle, he asks me how my first day at work was. I don't go into too much detail, but I tell him that it was mostly learning how to work the phones, and then how to enter appointments into the computer system.

I bite on my straw while I suck the caffeine from the cup. It feels like heaven entering my body. I barely had time to eat today, I was so crazy busy and nervous.

After my workout session with Chad, I quickly dressed and hurried to the office, all while Derek drove me. I try not to even think about Derek, or the way Chad's brows rose when he saw him walking into the gym behind me, or when Derek decided to work out with me the entire time. I wanted to talk to Chad so badly, but with Derek acting as my shadow, I didn't get the opportunity.

"Same routine tomorrow, Ivy?" Derek asks as he drives us toward my house.

I suck back more of the iced latte he gave me and hum my agreement. He chuckles softly as we pull into my driveway and I'm surprised to see West's pickup parked in its spot. He usually only leaves it out when he drives it around. Otherwise, it's in the garage.

Pushing open the car door, I slide out of the seat and start to walk toward the back of the car when Derek comes up with my bag in his hand. "I got this, babe," he murmurs. His fingers dance on my lower back before he firmly presses them against me to encourage me to walk forward.

My high heels click on the walkway as I make my way up to the wooden porch. This morning I decided to wear a gray pencil skirt that I bought last week when I went shopping for a few starter, work outfits. My blouse is a white light flowy fabric that I tucked into the waist of the skirt. I kept my hair straight down my back and finished off my outfit with a pretty turquoise statement necklace and my favorite black high heels.

I wrap my hand around the handle of the front door but Derek's fingers cover my own and I feel his hard body press against my back, his warm breath against my ear. "I didn't get a chance to tell you how incredibly gorgeous, and fuckable, you looked today, Ivy," he murmurs. I squeak in response, but he only laughs as he straightens and then removes his hand from my own. "Inside now, babe," he

grunts.

My body jolts and I open the door to let myself inside. When I enter the house, I'm surprised by how incredibly quiet it is. The television is on, but it isn't very loud, more like a low hum. Reid and Remi aren't lounging on the couch like expected, and that surprises me since it's usually their favorite hangout.

A noise in the kitchen startles me and I decide to head in that direction, leaving Derek behind me. Once I step inside of the space I'm shocked to see not only Rosalie but West, cooking. I don't think I've ever seen West cook, not in all of the time we've been together. In fact, I didn't know that he even could.

"Hey, Mom," Rosalie smiles as she looks up at me.

West's head turns and his eyes lift from his spot at the stove. I wait for him to greet me but he doesn't. It feels like some sort of failure. Like we're drifting more and more apart each hour of every day. "What are you guys making? Where are your brothers?" I ask, turning my attention back to Rosalie.

"They're outside playing catch. Dad said they couldn't be lazy asses all night," she announces. My eyes widen at her words and I hear Derek chuckle behind me. "Me and Dad are making grilled chicken breast, sautéed veggies, rice, and I'm doing garlic bread for the guys," she grins.

"It all looks wonderful," I whisper.

West clears his throat and my eyes instantly move to him. "Wanted to make something you'd eat. Rosalie told me some of the stuff you been makin' lately," he shrugs.

"I appreciate it," I whisper.

I watch as something washes through him but he shakes it off before he straightens. "This stuff's about done. Chicken's in the micro keeping warm. There's enough for you Derek, I'm outta here," he announces.

West leaves his post at the stove and walks over to Rosalie. He kisses her on the forehead and then walks toward me. I hold my breath waiting to see what he'll say or do, but he doesn't *do* anything. He breezes right past me as though I don't even exist.

I stand there in shock for a full minute. Turning around, I chase after him. He's already out of the front door by the time I catch up. Wrapping my hand around his wrist I tug on him. He stops and shakes away from my grasp as he thankfully turns around to face me.

"Really, you're just going to walk away like that?" I whisper.

He lowers his head, looking at his boots before he lifts his eyes back up to me. "Yeah, I'd planned on it."

"Why are you being so cruel? I know you said it would be easier if I hated you, or if I broke it off, but West what you're doing is downright mean," I state.

West nods once as he plants his hands on his hips. "Yeah, baby, I know. I'm trying to think about shit, and seeing you looking like a fucking sex kitten doesn't help," he mutters.

"Right, because being attracted to your wife is so wrong. Okay, makes perfect fucking sense," I spit, taking a step back.

West lets out a sigh as though I'm being so irrational. He doesn't get it, he doesn't realize what he's doing and how confusing and horrible he's being to me. I'm not sure he really cares all that much either.

He's so worried about himself, about how he feels, he's not thinking about me at all. "I've never *not* been attracted to you, Ivy. That's not what any of this is about, and you know it."

I take a few steps closer to him, my chest brushing his as I tip my head back. "You want other men

to touch me, West? You want to watch while they make me come? Is that what you want?" I whisper.

He growls but doesn't speak so I continue. "All you have to do is ask, baby. Tell me what you want, and I'll do it."

"Ivy."

Lifting to my toes, I press my lips against his without kissing him, just barely touching his mouth with my own. "Whatever will make you happy, West. I love you and I'd do anything for you," I shamelessly admit.

He stumbles backward closing his eyes when he does. "That's not how I want anything to happen. It can't be just what I want, and I can't ruin you like that."

He storms off without giving me a chance to respond to his statement. He doesn't know what I really want, hell maybe I don't know what I really want. I know that I want West, but then there's Derek waiting in the house and I want his touch and kiss as well.

Maybe West isn't so far off with his desires. Maybe there is a part of me that wants it, and the more I think about it, the more excited I get imagining it. But my fucking annoying ass husband won't *talk* to me. I raise my hands in the air, giving up on him for the night.

Making my way back inside the house, I'm shocked to see everybody, including Derek, sitting at the dining room table. "Come and sit down, dinner's ready," Rosalie boasts proudly.

"This all looks so wonderful," I gush, and it does.

I sit down to a table full of great food. A beautiful family, and a man who is smiling at me and looking at me as though I'm the most beautiful woman in the world. It's just too bad that that man is not my husband.

After we all eat, the kids go up to bed and it's just me and Derek, alone. I start to clean up the dishes when he presses his front against my back. I can feel his breath against the side of my neck and my body shivers. "Derek," I whisper.

His hands gently apply pressure to my shoulders and he turns me around. His eyes seer into mine, intensity pouring out of them. Without a word his lips touch mine, tentatively tasting me his tongue sneaks out and slides along my bottom lip.

My mouth automatically opens, his tongue sliding inside and then I'm lost. Completely lost in a frenzy of teeth, lips, and tongues. That is until I pull away from him.

"We shouldn't have," I rasp. Abandoning the dirty dishes, I run. I run away from him, locking myself in my bedroom and panicking.



Work day five. Nothing's changed between me, and West, except even more distance. He doesn't even stay at the house until I get off of work anymore. Tonight, the boys have baseball games and they both told me that he promised he'd be there.

Then there's Derek. He's shown me more attention than West has in years. Not just physically, but emotionally too. He helps me in the evenings with cleaning up dinner and we spend hours talking after the kids go to bed.

Although the other night, we didn't talk much, we spent that time kissing. After my freak out, he came upstairs and talked to me. We ended up kissing again, it got seriously hot and heavy. I know that I should feel guilty, but I don't. There's something I like about Derek or maybe it's just that he's been

there for me, and I've been alone for so long?

"The boys have a game tonight, we driving straight there?" Derek asks, placing his hand on the top of my thigh.

Each day his hand slides further up my leg as we drive to and from work. Today I'm wearing a pair of pencil trousers and his hand rests on the inside of my thigh, just centimeters from my center.

All I can think about is that I want him to touch me there. After the way his tongue moved inside of my mouth last night, I can think of nothing but his touch and tongue running along my entire body.

"Yeah," I say clearing my throat. Derek squeezes my leg with a low laugh as he heads toward the ball fields.

He coughs before pulling into a parking spot and puts the SUV in park, leaving the ignition running. Then he turns to me. I hold my breath knowing exactly what he's going to ask, and unbelieving that I'm going to answer the way that I am. It's so wrong, but right now, it feels right.

"You get the kids set up with a place to stay tonight?"

Derek asked me last night if I could get the kids out of the house. He wants more from me, and admittedly, I want more from him as well. I want all of him. When I should be focused on what my future is with my husband, all I can think about is Derek, his touch, and his kiss. "I did," I whisper.

"We don't have to do anything," he murmurs. "I just want to be alone with you. I think we could work, Ivy," he states.

His words should make my heart race, and they do, but not because I want the same thing, but because it scares me. I still love West, but I'm immensely attracted to Derek, I'm just not sure if I would want Derek for... *more*.

Instead of speaking, I give him a wide smile which he returns before switching the ignition off and stepping out of the car. I don't wait for him to open my door, I let myself out and start to walk toward the ballfields.

The closer we get, the more I look around for West. When I spot Rosalie sitting next to West's mother, I'm a bit taken aback. He isn't here. This overwhelming disappointment washes over me, this finality. He didn't come. It slaps me in the face, the fact that we're not his priority. Though I already knew that I wasn't his priority. I had hoped that this past week, meant that he was putting the kids first. Now, I'm not so sure.

"Where's Dad?" I ask as I climb the bleachers and sit next to Rosalie, my mother-in-law is on the other side of her. Derek climbs up behind me and sits on the other side of me, his thigh pressing against my own.

Rosalie turns to me and rolls her eyes. "He said he had to work." She doesn't sound too convinced that he did, and the fact that it's Friday night doesn't help convince me either.

"Are you all set to go to Finley's for the night?" I ask.

I told her that she could spend the night at MadDog and Mary-Anne's and that tomorrow she could go to the mall with Riley and Finley as I'd promised her last week.

Rosalie's face breaks out into a huge smile and she nods her head. "My bag is in the car, I'm ready," she giggles. "Oh, Remi's up to bat."

Turning my attention to my middle son, I watch as he steps up to the plate and leans heavily on his back foot as he holds the bat up. The child at the pitcher's mound lifts his leg and throws a hardball right over the sweet spot.

Remi swings and that familiar crack fills the air as the ball flies out into left centerfield. Remi runs, he doesn't stop until he gets to third and I'm doing what I normally do, which is jumping up and down screaming for my boy. Derek is standing next to me his pinkie fingers in his mouth and

whistling.

Waiting, I hold my breath when the catcher misses the ball, and Remi takes off for home plate. He slides just as the catcher regains hold of the ball and dives to take him out. I don't exhale until the ump calls Remi safe. Then we all stand and scream once more.

"The boys are with me tonight?" my mother-in-law asks a few minutes later once we've all settled down from Remi stealing home.

I nod and that guilt washes over me again when her eyes shift from Derek then back to me. "Okay. They'll have fun, I'll keep them late Saturday so you can rest, and have some time to yourself, too," she murmurs.

We don't speak again as we watch the game and the longer it goes on, the more pissed off I am at West. He's proving to me over, and over, just how little he really cares about us.

Fuck him.

I decide immediately that I want to find out just what Derek has to offer tonight. It's obvious that my marriage is over, and if I'm being honest it's been over for a really long time.



Camo

I can't believe this shit. Not only did I have to load up this fucking truck last night, all the while I felt like I was fucking being watched. It was creepy as shit. I couldn't shake it either, not the entire night. Tinker is puking his guts out and he was scheduled to drive it to Denver.

An eighteen-hour one-way fucking trip. I'm too high on the goddamn food chain to have to do this shit. Normally, I wouldn't be as angry as I am, but I'm missing my boys' baseball game and I wanted to spend some time with Ivy this weekend.

I've finally made my decision about us. I'm going to leave her. She's better off without me, and my bullshit fucking up her life. Then again, she always was, and I just continued to fuck with her over and over, again.

Driving toward Colorado, I find it hard to breathe just thinking about ending my marriage. Then I think about what it'll be like to denounce her as my Old Lady and it causes me to tighten my grip on the truck's steering wheel as anger courses through me.

"You okay, brother?" Soar asks from the passenger side. He's too high on the food chain to be on this trip too, as the treasurer, but apparently all the available people have found a way out of it. I grunt as I nod my head a couple times but he clears his throat. "Bullshit."

We don't speak again until after we've made a pit stop and fueled the truck. Soar glances at me a few times, I can feel his fucking eyes on me and I know he wants to speak. "Just say it."

"I think you're making a big fucking mistake. I think you've been making some big mistakes," he announces.

I chuckle. "Way to go gentle," I mutter.

"I'm your brother, so I'm not going in gentle. I'm gonna lay it out there for you. I know Grease has tried and so have a couple of the other guys but Camo, you're fucking up."

He's one hundred percent correct, I *am* fucking up, and I know it but I keep doing it. It's like I can't fucking help myself. I've completely abandoned my family, and even when I tried to be there for them, I still missed my sons' baseball games. I could have tried harder to get someone else to come on this trip, but I didn't. I felt the need to be there for my club over the need to be there for my family, and I don't know how to fix that inside of me.

"All knowing, all wise, Soar. Why don't you tell me how to fix my shit then?" I bark.

Soar laughs, he doesn't chuckle, he fucking laughs and it pisses me off. I pull the truck over to the side of the road. Once I've thrown it into park I open the door and hop out, walking around to the passenger side. Soar is already down as well and waiting for me by the time I arrive.

"You want to know how to fix it?" he asks taunting me.

Lifting my chin, I let my arms dangle loosely at my sides. "Yeah fucker, explain shit to me, because I've been trying to figure out how to make it all work. The only thing I've come up with is to file for divorce." The words tumble from my lips and they taste fucking bitter with every word I say.

"You're a pussy," Soar spits. "It's cool brother, I was one for years so I fucking get it. But face facts. You're a goddamn pussy."

Shaking my head, I wrap my hand around the back of my neck and let my eyes close for just a second before I reopen them. "Not a pussy, Soar," I grunt.

"Yeah? You sure? From where I'm standing you're a fucking pussy. You have a beautiful wife, three awesome kids and you're worried about what? Some kink you've recently discovered. I bet if you would bring that shit up with Ivy she'd at least give it a go, for you. What are you willing to do for her?" he asks.

Without thinking I pull my arm back, making a fist with my hand and I punch him in the jaw. Soar's whole head turns to the side before I lean forward and whisper. "I'm willing to not fucking break my wife, Soar. I would think you of all people could understand not wanting to hurt someone you love? Or maybe you can't."

"Fuck you, Camo. You think you're saving her?" he hisses. "You're not a martyr. You're just as selfish as the rest of us." He grunts.

We stare at each other for a few minutes, neither one of us speaking and then Soar breaks the silence. "Now let's get the fuck to Denver and back home. You hit me ever again and I'll pull a knife on you, don't fuck with me."

"You're crazy," I murmur as I head toward the back of the truck.

Soar laughs. "I may be crazy, but brother, my face is too pretty to be battered. My Genny likes it unmarred. So you hit me again, I'm shanking your ass."

I'm unable to stop myself from bursting out laughing. I jog toward the driver's seat and for the next eight hours, I'm stuck inside of my own head. I think about Ivy, and if what I'm doing by leaving her is more selfish than asking her to try playing in the free-for-all room with me. I think they're both selfish really, Soar was right in that regard. Leaving her is being selfish too. Distancing myself from her is no better.

I need to find a way to make us both happy. Maybe Grease was onto something when he mentioned finding, and having boundaries, that we can both agree on. If it's something she's willing to try, which she's expressed she is, then maybe we can truly discuss it.

At the end of the day, when all is said and done, I truly do love my wife. I don't want to throw us away without giving it a fair go.

Maybe she'll hate me after we experiment, maybe *I'll* hate me. I don't know. But what I do know is that running away from everything isn't really the answer. I need to put my personal life first, my wife and my children.

I need to stop thinking it, and fucking do it. How many nights have I spent apart from them? Too many to count, and that's complete bullshit. Not when they want me with them, not when my wife wants me in her bed and at her side.

Fuck. I started this trip to Denver sure in my decision to leave Ivy and now I've completely changed my mind. I'm not leaving her, we're going to make this work—*together*.

Ivy

Rinsing the soap from my body, I close my eyes and just breathe for a minute. I let the steam swirl around me and sigh. I'm going to be an adulterer in a matter of minutes. How did my life get to this point where I'm lusting after another man and not feeling the least bit bad about it?

I definitely should feel guiltier than I do. Drying off my body, I glance at the lingerie that I ordered a few weeks ago. I was excited about my weight loss and wanted to wear something that made me look and feel just plain sexy. It's an extremely deep V lacey black teddy, that is crotchless.

As soon as I slip the teddy on I take a long look at myself in the mirror. My hair is straight and almost covers my nipples from peeking through the sheer lace of the teddy's fabric at my breasts. I'm regretting cutting it, but I feel beautiful, just like I wanted to in this outfit. Then I glance down at my center and cringe. I'm also very exposed, and I'm about to be so with a man who has never seen me naked before. I'm not sure how I feel about all of this, but the only emotion I can get a grasp on is —excitement.

There's a knock on the bathroom door and I jump. I press my hand against my chest and feel my heart trying to jump from my body. Wrapping my other hand around the knob, I turn the handle and pull the door open. I suck in a breath at the sight of Derek's bare chest just a foot away from me.

He's not as bulky as West, but he has lean muscle that isn't hard to look at a single bit. My eyes travel down his toned, hairless torso. I press my lips together when I notice the light brown hair that trails down his lower stomach, and disappears beneath his jeans.

"You look, *fuck*, babe," he grunts.

I take a wobbly step closer to him, and then another when his arm snakes out and wraps around my waist, tugging me against his chest. I place my hands on his pecs for stability and tip my head back to look into his eyes.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," I whisper.

Derek grins, lowering his face and presses his lips to mine. When his tongue slides past my own, I moan. Opening my mouth, I allow him entrance, and he takes—he possesses.

One of his hands wraps around my ass, while the other fists in my hair and tugs my head back. His lips travel down my neck and I shiver as he tastes my skin.

He picks me up with one arm. He's still holding onto my ass, shifting our bodies around, until my back is pressed against the wall. I watch as he then he slides down to his knees. "Show me, Ivy," he rasps as he stares at me from his place at my knees, right in eye view of my pussy.

Closing my eyes tightly, I slowly spread my legs. He groans and I feel his fingers at my center, spreading my pussy apart while he blows warm air on my clit. I'm embarrassingly wet when his mouth closes around my clit and his tongue strokes me.

"Fuck," I hiss as one of my hands tangles in his hair.

He grunts. "Fuck's right, ride my face, babe. Make yourself come," he murmurs before burying his face against me again.

I gasp when one of his hands grabs ahold of the back of my knee and lifts my leg spreading me further apart. My fingers tighten in his hair and I ride his tongue. He flicks my clit, sucks, and bites it, between fucking my pussy with his tongue. My body is on edge, it *has* been on edge for what feels like weeks. It doesn't take me long to shout out my release, my thighs shaking as my hips roll.

My hand falls from Derek's hair and I let my head fall back against the wall with a thud. Then Derek lifts me by the backs of my thighs and I wrap my legs around his hips. The tip of his cock

presses against my center and I lift my head, opening my eyes to look into his.

Suddenly I feel like I'm in panic. *This is wrong—so wrong*. "Calm down, babe, I put a condom on," Derek murmurs in an attempt to soothe me. He doesn't know that the reason I'm starting to freak out has nothing to do with a *condom*, though I'm glad he put one on.

He pushes completely inside of me, and moans as he buries his face in my neck. I feel as though I've floated completely out of my body and I'm watching this scene unfold. I'm freaked the hell out, and I want to tell him to stop but I'm frozen solid in shock.

Derek pumps away, his hips slamming against mine and even slips his fingers between us to play with my clit, but nothing could make me come again. I shake myself out of my daze and I fake it. I fake everything. I roll my hips and moan and cry out, every single noise I make is a lie.

He fucks me harder, his strokes becoming more erratic and I close my eyes when he comes, shouting against my neck. I stay wrapped around him while he continues to slowly pump in and out of me.

I've just made the *biggest* mistake of my life.

"Fuck, babe. That was good," Derek mutters as he slips from my body and helps me to my feet.

I'm thankful that I'm fairly covered but I feel extremely exposed right now. I want to cry and make him leave, but I don't know how. He's supposed to be here as protection, but I want him gone. I murmur that I need to clean up as he lifts his jeans over his hips.

Locking myself in the bathroom, I clean up quickly. While I'm washing my hands, I force myself to look in the mirror. Shame washes over me. Guilt and shame. I'm a whore, a slut, and an adulteress. What the fuck is wrong with me?

My hands shake as I dry them off on the towel and I try to figure out how I'm going to get Derek to leave me alone. I want him gone so that I can freak out, and cry, and hate myself. I inhale deeply and let out my breath. I need to be a big girl and just get him the hell out of here.

Opening the door, I notice he's completely dressed and standing in the middle of my bedroom, his phone to his ear. He looks at me and shakes his head once before ending the call and shoving it in his pocket.

"Pres called. I gotta go, the club is sending Tinker over for the night," he mutters.

I almost, *almost*, do a cartwheel. Derek walks closer to me and wraps his hand around the back of my neck, before pressing his lips to mine in a firm, quick kiss. "See you tomorrow, babe. Can't wait to taste more of that sweet pussy," he rasps against my lips.

I shiver, but not from desire, from dread. Tomorrow I'm going to have to tell Derek that what we did can never happen again. Then I have to decide how I'm going to handle it with West. If I tell him, or keep it hidden.



Iyy

I don't sleep, not a single wink all night long. I rotate between tossing, turning, and crying. Then I spend time berating myself about what a whore I am, and what a terrible person I've become.

When the clock on my nightstand turns to six in the morning, I give up. Sliding out of bed, I decide to change into my gym clothes. Today I'll spend my *me time*, that's been allotted by not only my mother-in-law but also Mary-Anne and MadDog, at the gym.

Throwing my hair in a ponytail, I grab my phone and hurry downstairs. Tinker is standing at my coffee maker, completely dressed and watching the pot brew. His head snaps up and he looks at me. "Can you take me to the gym?" I ask.

He nods with a yawn. "When the coffee's done," he grunts.

I walk over to the table near the front door and grab my keys before making my way into the kitchen and open the fridge to get a bottle of water. Tinker snatches my keys from my hand, a travel mug in his grasp and walks to the front door without a word.

Hurrying after him, I rush to my car and climb into the passenger seat as I wait for him to lock up the house. Closing my eyes, I let my head rest against the back of the seat. Silently, he gets inside of the car, starts the engine, and backs down my driveway. I'm thankful that he doesn't speak the entire way to the gym, and when we arrive he parks the car and leans the seat back.

"How long you gonna be?" he grumbles with his eyes closed.

I wrap my hand around the door handle and shrug. "A few hours." He only grunts and then I wrap my fingers around my phone and leave him.

The gym is practically empty when I walk inside, save for Chad, Brian, and someone running on a treadmill. I walk straight over to Chad and Brian, and the look on my face must put them on high alert because their eyes both widen and they hurry over to me. "In my office, now," Brian barks.

We quickly walk to Brian's office and as soon as my ass hits the sofa and the door clicks closed I burst into tears. I tell them everything, more than I've ever told them before, and when I'm finished they both stare at me a bit dumbfounded.

"No judgments here, Ivy," Brian murmurs. I give him a watery smile before my eyes shift over to Chad.

"Your husband was a dick, and he pretty much ditched you. I get it, I totally get it," Chad announces. "Now, what are you going to do about it all? Leave him? Try to make it work?"

I shake my head as I close my eyes. "I know when I tell him that it'll be over," I whisper.

Chad snorts and my eyes pop open and focus on him. "Do you really think he's innocent in all of this? I saw the man, Ivy."

I bite the corner of my mouth and lean back on the sofa letting out an exhale. "He says he hasn't been with anyone else," I murmur.

"Oh, he says that and even if that's true. What's he been doing watching all of those people screw without you? I'm sorry, but that is not like watching some porn online. That's live and in person."

I laugh at his words, but I know he's just trying to make me feel better about the situation. "I wouldn't say that guys that go to the strip clubs are cheating, and that's watching. I want to believe your justification, but I can't."

"If he went to the strip clubs every day for hours at a time, and never came home, then yeah, I would consider that maybe not cheating, but not a devoted husband either," Brian announces.

My bottom lip trembles before I speak. "I thought I was so sure we were over," I whisper.

Chad sits down next to me and wraps his arm around my shoulders, tugging me against his side and I press my cheek against his chest. "Maybe this is the wakeup call you both needed. Look, it's happened. You can't take it back, but what you can do is grow from it."

I nod as more tears fall down my cheeks. He's right. I can't take it back, and he can't take anything back. The only thing we can do is move on from now, and whatever that means I'm going to have to accept it. Even if it means that he doesn't want me anymore.

"Okay, it's time to work this stress out," Brian announces. I nod in agreement and Chad stands, holding his hand out to me and helps me up.

"Training is on the house today," Chad announces.

We spend the entire morning working out. When it's lunchtime, Brian goes and gets something healthy from this great little deli down the street, and we eat together. I spend the day with my friends, even though there are probably about a million and five things I need to do at home, I put them aside. I can't spend any more time alone and inside of my own head. I'll continue to berate myself and cry.

Rosalie

"Who is this guy?" I ask.

Riley parks her car in what seems like the furthest spot from the mall's entrance as possible. I watch her, and wait. Glancing behind us, I look for the prospect that was assigned to watch us for the day. Riley lost him, totally and completely lost him.

Her dad is going to lose his shit when he finds out. Then again, so is my dad. We've had someone protecting us for weeks, but Riley said it couldn't be that big of a deal because we aren't on lockdown. So, as soon as she could, she lost her tail and now we're at the mall to meet some guy she's been secretly seeing.

Riley smiles widely before she starts to gush. "We met online. Oh my gosh, he's so freaking cute. He's twenty with blond hair and blue eyes. We've been talking, texting, and Facetiming every day for three weeks."

My eyes widen at her words. Riley isn't really one to date much. Mostly because of who her father is. I have a feeling I'll be in her same shoes in a couple of years. Boys at school are either afraid of our dads, so they pretend we don't exist or they think we're hoes. Not that any of those boys matter to me. I only have eyes for Bailey.

"He's bringing a friend for us too," Finley grins.

My mouth gapes open a little and my face heats with embarrassment. "They know you're thirteen, and Benny has a little brother so he's bringing him along. He's going to love you, Rosalie," Riley grins. I don't respond to her, choosing to stay quiet. Doesn't she realize, I don't want any other boys?

Once we walk inside of the cool mall, I see them. I don't have to know anything about them to spot the group of boys across the food court as the ones we're supposed to be meeting. There's a tall blond, a shorter brunette, and another blond. They're all wearing boots, jeans, and leather jackets. Even from a distance, I can tell that they're trouble.

"I don't have the best feeling," I murmur tugging on Finley's hand.

Finley smiles widely. "Don't worry, babe. They're cute right?" she laughs. "We'll have fun and Bailey won't even know. Besides, you need a little practice before you dive in head first with my brother," she winks.

The three of us walk toward the three of them, and I feel nothing but dread with every step we take.

Ivy

I'm sucking down an ice-cold protein and fruit smoothie in Brian's office, late in the afternoon when my cell rings. I reach for it, from its spot at my side on the sofa and read the name of the person calling. It's Mary-Anne and I assume she wants to drop Rosalie off from her shopping date with Riley and Finley, or maybe have me come and pick her up.

"Hello?" I murmur as I answer the call.

I hear a sob and heavy breathing. "Mary-Anne, what's wrong?" I yell as I stand.

Brian looks up at me from his paperwork and must read the panic written all over my face because he quickly stands as well and hurries to my side.

"It's the girls. We can't-we can't find them," she blubbers. "The prospect, he can't find them."

All of the blood drains from my face. "What the fuck are you talking about? Where's Rosalie?" I demand.

Brian takes the phone from me and places it at his ear. "Calm down, honey. I'm Brian from Ivy's gym. Now, tell me what's happened," he murmurs soothingly. "Okay, I'll have her at the clubhouse in just a few minutes. Please tell me though, are you driving there yourself? How about you do me a favor, sweetheart, and stay put. We'll come and pick you up on the way."

I'm standing frozen in fear, my body trembling slightly as Brian ends the call. "Okay, now we're going to go and get Chad. I'm going to close down the gym, and we'll all head right on over to your girl's house," Brian calmly explains.

My eyes meet his and I can tell he's worried, which scares me. "I need to call, West," I whisper.

"How about I call him, Ivy? I got a little more information from Mary-Anne and I don't think he needs to hear your panic and fear right now," he offers with a smile. I give him a jerky nod as he goes about his business of closing down the gym.

A few minutes later Chad and Brian are both in the office and I watch as Brian punches some button on my phone and places it to his ear. What seems like hours later I hear Brian talk. "Hey, West it's Brian from Ivy's gym. Look, can you give me a call back when you get a chance. I have Ivy with

me so just call her phone."

Chad wraps his hand around mine. "C'mon, let's go."

"Tinker is my driver, he's in my SUV we can just take that. I have to call my mother-in-law," I ramble.

Brian hands me back my phone as we walk toward the SUV. I ask my mother-in-law if she can take the boys for one more night. She asks me if everything is okay, and I lie, really badly. She doesn't believe me when I tell her everything's fine. She doesn't push me either. She agrees and ends the call.

"Tinker we need to pick up Mary-Anne and go to the clubhouse," I announce as I slide into the passenger seat of the car.

Brian and Chad silently climb into the backseat and Tinker turns around to look from them to me. "What the fuck is going on here?" Tinker barks.

I shake my head. "I don't know. Mary-Anne's daughters and my daughter, are missing," I whisper. Tears fill my eyes as my bottom lip trembles and I start to shake in fear.

My baby, my baby is missing.

Tinker doesn't say anything else, but he drives like we're on a racetrack. I don't care, the quicker he gets Mary-Anne, and the faster we get to the clubhouse, the sooner we'll know what the fuck is going on.

When we pull up to Mary-Anne's, I watch as she sprints from the house. Her guard is already on his bike when she opens up the back door. Mary-Anne climbs over Brian's lap to sit in the middle.

"Go, go, go," she screams at Tinker.

Tinker presses his foot to the gas pedal and we shoot out into the street. I'm thankful that the clubhouse isn't very far from MadDog and Mary-Anne's. It only takes us a few minutes to get there, and the gate is already open when we arrive. When Tinker parks, we open the door and silently file out of the car, running toward the club's entrance.

The bar is quiet, but full of men when we arrive. I look around frantically for West but he isn't there. MadDog runs toward Mary-Anne and I watch as he pulls her into his chest for a tight embrace. She clings to him and begins to sob against his chest. It's too intimate to watch, but I can't look away. They're so in love, and so attuned to each other that even in tragedy, they're beautiful together.

"Do we know anything?" I chance asking MadDog after a few minutes.

He glances over at me and his face goes hard. "Not yet. We're getting footage from the mall's security cameras. Hacker is getting into their system as fast as he can."

Chad tugs me against his side, wrapping his arm around my shoulders and I let out a sigh. Hacker will find out whatever needs to be found out. He came to us last year, he was military intelligence and he's the smartest computer guy I've ever met. He'll find my baby. I know he will.



Camo

My phone rings *a-fucking-gain*. I'm only a few hours from home so I ignore it. Then, Soar's phone rings and my brows tug together. He sits up and fumbles with his device before he places it at his ear and barks a *hello*. I glance at him and notice that he's turned toward me his jaw hard and his face unreadable.

"Yeah. Okay," he grunts before ending the call. "How far away from the clubhouse are we?" he asks.

I glance down at the clock before I look straight ahead. "About four hours," I murmur. "What's up?"

"Pull over, I'm driving the rest of the way," he announces.

I almost tell him to fuck off but there's something about his insistence that has me following his demand. I pull the empty truck over to the side of the highway.

Without a word, I swing the door open and jump down. We switch seats and when we're back on the road, Soar tells me what the fuck is going on.

"Rosalie is missing," he announces.

My entire body locks up tight and I turn my head slowly to look at his profile. "Come again?" I mutter.

"She went to the mall with Riley and Finley this morning. They're all missing. Apparently, Ivy and her gym buddies have been calling you all day. Hacker just got the video feed from the mall's food court and watched her and the others being led out of the mall by three punk asses."

The blood boils in my body, and it takes everything inside of me not to scream. My baby, my daughter, is gone. "Do they know who the kids are?" I calmly ask.

Soar clears his throat before he continues. "Hacker's trying to get into the government's facial recognition program. He says he may be able to get something there if any of them have records. I can guess that it has to do with that punk who confronted Mary though. She said he was young."

We don't speak again for the next four hours, and I keep my phone close. I listen to the messages, two from Brian, and one from Ivy. She sounds small and scared, and my doubts of being the man for her come forward again. I should be there for her right now. I should be out looking for our daughter, but I'm stuck in the cab of this fucking truck.

I feel like a caged animal. Thankfully, the back of our truck is empty. Soar pushes the speed limit, and I know if we get pulled over, we won't get hauled into jail for having anything illegal with us. When the clubhouse finally comes into view both Soar and I let out a collective sigh of relief.

I open the door and jump out before he's even put the truck in park and I spring toward the main clubhouse doors. When I wrench the door open, I search for Ivy. I find her sitting at a table, her friends Chad and Brian on either side of her and her girls across from her.

She must sense me because she looks up and I watch as her eyes widen. I stay planted where I am as she stands and then it's as if all of our shit just melts away.

I hold my arms out for her and she launches herself at my chest, wrapping her legs around my waist and shoving her face into my neck. I hold her tight, feeling her warm body against mine as her tears touch my neck.

"It's gonna be okay, baby," I murmur against her ear. "Everything's gonna be okay now."

Ivy's trembling in my arms so I carry her over to a sofa and sit down, her body still attached to mine.

"Our baby," she whispers against my neck. I run my hands up and down her back soothingly.

"I know. Have faith, baby, we'll get the girls back, and we'll hunt those fucks down. I'll take care of one myself, swear to fuck," I whisper.

She lifts her head and looks at me in the eyes. Her face is red and splotchy but she still looks amazingly beautiful.

"I love you, West."

Her words are my undoing and I feel my own eyes water. I shake my head and choke back the tears, my hands fisting in her tank top. "We'll work everything out, baby."

"Promise me?" she begs. "Promise me that we're going to be okay, no matter what."

Lowering my head so that our foreheads rest on each other's I whisper just loud enough for her to hear. "I promise, Ivy. I fucking love you, baby. Nothing will keep us apart, not ever again. We'll get our girl back, then we'll get us back."

I mean every fucking word too. I've been thinking for the past four hours about my life, about my family. I've realized a few things, and one of them is that I fucking love my family. They're all that matters. I've been a selfish prick. That shit stops now.

Ivy loves me, and all I can ask her to do is give my desires a try, and if she's got some as well, I'll give them a try, too. But, at the end of the day, I love her too much to ever walk away from our beautiful life together. I was telling myself a handful of lies when I thought I could.

She's mine, forever.

MadDog barks my name and I peek around Ivy to see his furious gaze pointed directly at me. I'm not foolish enough to think that he's angry with me. His daughters are missing just as much as mine is, and I know what a terrified parent looks like when I see one. Shifting Ivy off of my lap I press my lips against hers before I stand.

"I'll be back when I can, I need to be briefed. You'll be okay?" I ask, wrapping my hand around the side of her neck.

She nods as she bites the corner of her cheek. "Be right back, baby," I murmur.

"Okay," she whispers.

Leaving her on that sofa is fucking hard, but I do it. Once I'm inside of MadDog's office I'm surprised to see Grease, Hacker, Torch, and Texas standing around. "I've called Fury, Sniper, and Dirty Johnny over to help us. They should be about halfway here by now," MadDog announces.

I'm surprised to hear that he's called his son, brother-in-law, and another member of the Notorious Devils from Idaho over, but at this point, I'm grateful for any extra help. I don't care who it is as long as they help me find my Rosalie.

"Texas, activate lockdown. I need everybody here as soon as possible. Get a couple of the Old

Ladies to the store to stock up on food. I want enough to feed a fuckin' army," MadDog growls. Texas quickly leaves without saying another word.

"Hacker, update me," I demand.

Hacker lets out a sigh. "There are thousands of faces that their system is going through. I just have to let it do its thing right now. I scanned the parking lot video and tried to find the vehicle, and license plate numbers, but they're smarter than I gave them credit for. They covered the numbers of the white van that they put the girls in. All I have are three guys and a driver, all between the ages of about fifteen and twenty-one."

"Fuck," I curse.

"What about hacking their phones? Don't they have GPS trackers on that shit?" Torch asks.

Hacker grins. "That's my next mission."

"Then get the fuck on it," MadDog barks.

I watch as he scrambles out of the office and closes the door behind him. "I'm assuming this shit has to do with the fuck who confronted Mary-Anne and the one who was hanging around *Bullseye*?"

"I'd bet my life on it," MadDog announces.

Ivy

I splash cold water on my face and take a paper towel to dry it off, looking at myself in the mirror. I've been in these sweaty, stinky, gym clothes for almost twenty-four hours but I don't even care.

The eyes looking back at me are tired, puffy, and rimmed in red. I want my baby back. I want this ache I feel to go away, and I know that it will when I have her in my arms again.

Sending up a silent prayer I hope that she isn't being hurt in any way. I can't let myself go there right now though. If I do, I'll imagine the absolute worst, and I'll just make myself fucking sick thinking about it, although I'm pretty sure I'm already just plain sick with worry as it is.

I let out a sigh and head out of the bathroom only to have an arm wrap around my waist and pull me back into the hallway. My body is shifted and my back slams against the wall. When I look up at the figure pressing me against the wall my breathing falters.

Derek is above me, his eyes glaring down at me and his jaw hard. "What the fuck, Ivy?" he barks. "What?"

He shakes his head once. "You think I didn't see you run and jump in his arms? Kiss him and hug him? What the fuck?"

"Derek, please don't. What we did, it was a mistake," I whisper, I beg.

Derek doesn't say anything else, his lips press against mine, hard and I put my hands on his chest to push him away. A couple seconds later he disappears and I open my eyes to see West is holding him by the collar of his cut, almost to the point where his feet are dangling in the air.

"What the fuck is going on here?" West growls.

I don't waste even a second. "It's not what it looks like," I quickly announce.

"Fuck it isn't. It's exactly what it looks like you fuckin' asshole," Derek growls. I slap my hand over my mouth in shock. "You treat your woman like shit, and she'll go sniffin' around other dick, man."

I gasp at his words. This is a side to him I've never seen before and my stomach roils. West looks from Derek to me, then back to Derek. "You get the fuck away from my wife, my Old Lady," West

growls as he releases him. Derek scrambles away from us as West stalks up to me.

He wraps his hand around my bicep and pulls me further down the hall until we arrive at his bedroom. He throws me in and I land hard on my hip against the floor. "You leave this room and I'll punish you, Ivy. I'm focusing on Rosalie right now, and I'm dealing with your ass later," he barks as he slams the door closed behind him.

I hear him lock it and then I hear muffled voices. I know that he's set someone up at the outside of the room, and whoever it is, won't allow me to leave.

I fucked everything up.

Alone in West's room, I pace. I feel helpless and heartless. Trying not to think about my personal dilemma, I focus on Rosalie. I wish that Remi and Reid were here with me. I want my boys. Tears fall down my cheeks and I wipe them away just as quickly as they fall.

I hope that my mistake with Derek doesn't keep West from being able to concentrate on finding Rosalie. She's what's important right now, finding her is all that matters.

Camo

Anger.

Hurt.

Betrayal.

The words and feelings flow through me with each step I take further away from the room where I've locked Ivy away. I'm not sure I truly have the right to feel any of them though. Sure, Ivy let another man touch her, but didn't I push her to it?

I made it crystal fucking clear that I wasn't fully in our relationship. I wasn't sleeping with her regularly and I wasn't even home. Can I really blame her? I want to *Fuck*, I want to *crucify* her. I can't though. Not really. Then I think about the fact that she's let another man touch her and for some reason that makes me hard. Maybe she's more open to my desires than I had originally thought?

"Hacker has some shit," MadDog rumbles. I quicken my steps and practically break out into a jog to get to his office faster.

As soon as I walk into the office, I slam the door closed behind me and find Hacker with my gaze, waiting in anticipation to find out anything, any piece of information I can about my daughter.

"It's not much," he begins. "Their GPS' have been disabled on their phones. I have some text messages between Riley and someone named, Benny *Lucky* Watson. The fuck was stupid and messaged her from his fucking *Facebook* page," Hacker chuckles.

"Tell me you have an address," MadDog murmurs.

Glancing at him from across the room he looks fucking beat, and I wonder if I look the same. I feel it, inside, I feel like I've run a marathon and I'm just fucking exhausted. I can't imagine this going on much longer, it's only been a few hours and I want to claw out of my fucking skin.

Hacker shakes his head. "The facial recognition software is still sifting through people. I don't know if Benny is a real name yet. He's got pictures though, and they definitely match one of the guys. What I don't want to do is spook them and send them running," he murmurs.

"Shouldn't they be contacting us with whatever demands they have by now?" Soar asks.

I grunt because I've been thinking the exact same thing. We should have heard something from them. They didn't take our girls just because, they want something from us—from our club. We're all

looking from one another, obviously lost in deep thought when the office door swings open.

My eyes widen when I see MadDog's youngest son, Bailey, standing at the entrance. His face is red and he looks fucking pissed.

"Where's Rosalie?" he demands.

My back straightens and I turn to him. "Now, son you know we're trying our hardest to find the girls," MadDog murmurs, his voice deep and vibrating.

"Fuck that," Bailey shouts. MadDog's spine straightens as well at his son's bold words. "Fucking find her. I hate this fucking club, if anything happens to Rosalie because of this, I'll never forgive any of you," he announces before he spins around and runs off.

I turn my head and lift my brows toward MadDog in surprise. "Obviously the boy has feelings about Rosalie," he murmurs.

Hacker snorts but all I can think is that little Bailey Duhart isn't quite so little, he's had his fair share of girls in and out of here, and he's got eyes for my baby. It was one thing knowing Rosalie had a crush on him, but the other way around makes me fucking wary.

I'll kill the little fuck if he goes anywhere near her with his pecker. Choosing to keep that promise to myself I decide to ignore the scene that just unfolded in front of us—we all do.

"We need addresses," MadDog barks.

Hacker shakes his head. "This punk is only twenty. The only address I can find for him is his parents. I highly doubt that's where the girls are."

"What we need is to go to the parents and extract that goddamn information out of them of where their piece of shit kid is," a voice growls.

I turn toward the still open office door and see Fury leaning against the jamb. MadDog's face breaks out into a smile at the sight of his oldest child and walks over to him. I watch as they embrace and clap each other on the back.

"How's Mary doin'?" I hear Fury murmur as they separate.

MadDog shakes his head, "She's a fuckin' mess. Be good to have Sniper and Kentlee here for support," he states speaking of her brother and Fury's wife.

"Let's roll out to Mommy and Daddy's house. I'm feeling like I need some release from being cooped up in a cage the whole way down here."

MadDog nods as a grin breaks out on his face. "Blinder and Tinker are on lookout, me, Camo, Fury, Soar, and Mammoth are going to handle shit with the parents. Don't stop whatever it is you're doing with getting more info, Hacker. I want updates on the half-hour."

"Tinker can't go," I announce. MadDog turns to me and his brows furrow. "He's watching Ivy. She's on lockdown."

"Brother, all the women are on lockdown," Torch states.

I shake my head once. "She's on lockdown in my room, not allowed to leave. It's none of any of your fuckin' business why, either. Has nothing to do with this shit," I bark waving my hand around.

"You have her locked away from her boys while her daughter is missing?" Fury asks.

I don't know the man well, but he's been around here and there throughout the years. However, his commentary on what I do with my own Old Lady and wife, isn't welcome.

"It's none of your goddamn business how I handle my Old Lady," I state.

Fury's face turns red and I think he's going to charge me when Mammoth speaks up from the corner of the room. "Brother, whatever shit you and your Old Lady are going through, it don't trump what's happening right now. She needs to be with her kids, and I think your boys need their mama," his deep voice rumbles.

"She stays in her room, and I want Tinker on her," I stubbornly announce.

Mammoth and Fury both shake their heads. They don't agree with me but I don't give a fuck. My Old Lady, my fuckin' call. Hacker gives us directions to the parents of Benny Watson. Thankfully, everyone takes their focus off of me, to devise a plan on surrounding their house as inconspicuously as possible.

"Let's pull it up on Google Earth and see how we can gain access with the least amount of attention and the greatest impact," MadDog says.

I can still feel eyes on me as we discuss our plans on gaining access to the Watson's home. By the time we have everything hashed out, I feel like we've wasted another hour of our day. I'm tired of wasting precious time. I want my girl back, and I want her back now.

We walk out of the office and into the common room where the kids and women are sitting around, all in various stages of fear. They should be scared, whoever this group is, they could have very well targeted any one of them.

"Dad," Remi shouts. He's against the wall sitting with Reid. I quickly walk over to them and both boys jump up and wrap their arms around my waist. "Why can't we see Mom? We went to your room and Uncle Tinker said she couldn't come out," Remi asks taking a step back.

He's ten, a little man, and he knows far too much for his age, more than I probably realize. I shake my head. "She's staying there for a while. Now, I need you to watch over your brother, okay?" I ask.

Remi narrows his eyes on me, obviously pissed he can't see his mama. Well too fuckin' bad, she's being punished and I'm not quite sure what I'm going to do with her yet. "Yeah, whatever," Remi mumbles.

"What's that?" I ask a litter harsher than I'd intended.

Remi's eyes meet mine and I'm surprised to see the anger that I do filling them, and aimed toward me nonetheless. "You're being a dick, Dad. You've been a dick. I hope when you get Rosalie back that Mom leaves your worthless ass."

I reach out to slap him, but someone's hand wraps around my wrist to stop me. "Don't take your anger out on the kid," Grease's loud voice booms. "Boys, go on up to me and Aunt Serina's room. She went to the store and got junk food for you both."

Watching, Reid wraps his hand around Remi's, but Remi glares at me for what seems like an eternity before he turns and runs off with Reid in tow. Grease releases my hand and I let it fall to my side. "Get ahold of yourself, Camo," he murmurs.

"I am," I lie.

He snorts, not believing me, as he shouldn't. "You still haven't worked your shit out with your wife, and now your kids are giving you shit for it too. You're hurting them when you hurt Ivy."

"She fucked a prospect," I growl.

Grease's eyes widen and then he chuckles. "You mad at her because she fucked someone else or because you weren't around to watch it?" he asks.

Placing my hands on my hips, I tip my head down and look at my boots. He's not wrong in his line of questioning, and he knows it better than anybody. "We hadn't even talked, Grease. She fucked him, and I can't just pretend she didn't."

"Either you want to play, or you don't. If you would have set up boundaries, *like I fucking suggested*, it wouldn't be a problem. She's my sister, I love her, but I also understand she's a woman and, brother, you have not been treating her fairly for months. Can you really blame her for straying?"

"Let's roll out," MadDog shouts interrupting our serious conversations.

Grease claps his hand on my shoulder before I leave, giving it a squeeze. "Think about it, brother.

Think about all of it. Don't worry about the boys. Me and Serina got them. They've got snacks and movies to keep them occupied."

I lift my chin to Grease and turn away from him, jogging out of the clubhouse to meet the other men in the parking lot before we load on our bikes and get the fuck out of here. I do need to think about it, to think about everything, but first I need to find my baby girl.



Camo

We only had to travel about thirty minutes to arrive at our destination. The back alley of this neighborhood is exactly the way it was depicted on Google Maps, which is good.

We cut the engines of our bikes three houses back, then creep up and park behind the house. The alley and surrounding area are quiet, which can be a good or a bad thing. Hopefully there aren't any busybody neighbors living around here.

Blinder lifts his chin and jumps the fence in the back, hugging the fence line as he walks around to the side of the house to stand next to the only back entrance.

Roach is already placed at the front of the house, as Tinker's replacement for a lookout, there. Fury is with him, ready to storm through the front door at the right time.

"Ready?" MadDog asks.

We all grunt and lift our chins simultaneously. Luckily, there's a back gate that leads from the yard to the alley for the trash. Soar hops the fence and a few minutes later the gate opens and the rest of us waltz into the Watson's backyard.

Quietly we make our way to the back porch, and I lift my chin to Blinder, who is standing guard at the sliding glass door. "They're watching television in the living room," he murmurs softly. MadDog grunts as his only response and slowly opens the sliding glass door, careful not to make a noise.

As silently as our boots allow, we enter the home, and the couple is where Blinder said they would be. Sitting in their prospective spots, watching something on TV. Fury walks up to my side and I lift my chin to him as I slip past him and make my way in front of the couple. The woman reacts to my presence first, letting out a loud blood-curdling scream.

I'm surprised by their ages. They're both fairly young, around my own age, but they look beat down by life. The woman's blonde hair looks greasy and limp, she's overweight and has a cigarette dangling from her fingertips. The man is overweight as well, although he doesn't look scared, he looks almost resigned.

"What did those fuckup kids of mine do now?" he asks.

Fury coughs from behind them but I don't look away from the couple in front of me. The man knows his kids are scum, but the woman, she's terrified which means she either has no clue, or she refuses to see what's happening around her.

"Where are they?" MadDog asks, walking around from behind them, his handgun loosely hanging from his fingertips.

The man sits up a little straighter and I watch as his eyes take in our vests and when he realizes

just who we are, something akin to terror crosses over his features. "Why are the *Notorious Devils* looking for my sons?" he asks, his voice trembling with fear.

I watch as he shifts in his seat. Pulling out my own weapon, I point it directly at him. Then, his pants turn a different color as he fucking pisses himself. Turning my nose up in disgust I try not to gag at the fact that a grown fucking man just pissed himself. I should end his life right this fucking minute just to save him from the embarrassment.

"Your sons kidnapped three Notorious Devils' daughters. Where the fuck are they?" MadDog barks.

The woman jumps to her feet before MadDog turns his weapon on her, pointing it directly at her face. "My Benny and Jerry would never do that, you're a liar," she shouts.

MadDog chuckles humorlessly. "Pretty strong words for having a gun pointed at your fat head," he murmurs.

"You wouldn't hurt a woman," she snorts.

MadDog grunts. "Bitch I've killed women for a lot less than calling me a liar. You think I give a fuck if you've got a cunt or a dick between your legs when it comes to the safety of my goddamn daughters? I fucking do not. If you weren't so fat and ugly I'd whore you out instead of kill you, but I only got one choice. Now where are those pieces of shit you shot outta your fat cunt?" he shouts.

Mammoth whistles before turning his head to look at the woman's profile from behind. "If I were you, lady, I'd tell the man where your kids are. They're in a lot of trouble, taking the president's daughters and all. I would think you'd want your precious kids found before he loses his patience," he warns.

It's a lie. MadDog doesn't have patience, especially when it comes to someone fucking with his family.

"They've been staying at his friend Kodie's house. Benny's been staying there for weeks," the father quickly blurts out.

"I cannot believe you just signed our babies death wish," the woman hisses.

The man shakes his head. "Woman, your sons signed all of our deaths when they fucked with the Notorious Devils," he murmurs.

"Damn fucking straight," MadDog states before he pulls his trigger and kills the woman, then aims his gun at the man and pulls the trigger, killing him. "You get a couple of the kids," MadDog mutters, turning to me.

"Thanks," I grunt.

"You know you could have fucking warned us you were going to blow their brains out," Mammoth announces.

Lifting my eyes, I see that both him and Soar are covered in blood, brain, hair and skull matter.

I can't help it, I start to laugh. Soar flips me off and I watch him walk away, Mammoth at his back. Then I hear a door open and close and water running. "Call a couple of prospects over to clean this shit up," Fury mutters.

I run my hand over my face and turn to MadDog. "Well, I guess one of the other kid's name is Kodie, and the other's Jerry."

I watch as his lips twitch before he lifts his phone to his ear. He walks away from us and I look around the room. It's not a well-kept house, in fact, it's littered with trash. These people were lazy to the core.

"Might wanna get in here, and have a look," Mammoth calls out from the hall.

MadDog's brows tug together and he storms past me. I quickly follow behind him. He walks into

a bedroom and I do the same, stopping as soon as I catch a glance at what is surrounding me.

It's hundreds of photographs. They're all of people I recognize. They're all of Notorious Devils members and our families. They've been watching us for a while, by the looks of things. These aren't just some stupid punk ass kids, these boys have a fucking plan, and they've been planning for months.

"What the fuck is all of this?" MadDog whispers.

My eyes catch a picture of Ivy. She's got her gym clothes on, and she's walking inside. I take long quick, strides to get close to the photo. Tugging it off of the wall I study it. I can tell it was taken a few months ago. She's still got some of her sexy curves, not quite the trim woman she is now. "This was at least two months ago," I mutter.

"This one was a while ago too," Soar says with a picture in his own hand.

My eyes find MadDog. "We need to find our girls," I state.

"Fuck yeah we do."

Rosalie

I've turned my wrists raw, and I know they're bleeding. They have to be. I can't get this fucking rope off of them, and my ankles are just as bad. Finley has tears running down her cheeks, but I can't cry, not yet. Tears equal defeat and I'm not giving up. Although, I don't know what they did to her when they took her in the back room.

Benny, Riley's supposed *boyfriend* won't let the other guys anywhere near her. Which is good for her, but unfortunately, he didn't state the same rules applied to Finley or me.

"You need to get it together, Finny. We have to figure out a way to get out of here," I whisper.

Benny has Riley on the sofa and he's whispering in her ear and kissing her neck but she looks just as terrified as us. Turning back to Finley, I wait for her to speak. Her bottom lip trembles. "There's no way out, Rosalie. We're tied up. We just have to wait for our dads to find us."

"How?" I hiss.

She shakes her head rapidly. "I don't know, but for now, we need to focus on trying to stay alive. They held a gun to my head, Rosie. The look in their eyes, they're high as shit. There's no reasoning with them."

At her words, my bottom lip starts to tremble too. All of my hope vanishes. She's right. We're doomed, and we need to shift our focus from running to surviving.

I close my eyes and I pray. I hope that God or whoever, can hear me. I need help, we need help, and I pray that my daddy finds us. Fast.

Ivy

I would like to think that no news is good news, and in some cases, that is probably true. In this case, it isn't, not even close. It's been hours and I'm still locked up under guard and key in West's room. I haven't heard a peep, nothing, about my daughter.

My sons are... somewhere, and I haven't seen West since he tossed me in here like yesterday's garbage. I want my babies, and I want my husband. No matter how much he pisses me off right now, I

need him, I want my family together. I'm trying to stay strong but I'm weakening. Fuck, I don't know how much more I can take.

There's a rustling outside of my room and then a pounding on the door. Rushing over to it, I unlatch the bolt and am caught staring at Chad and Brian. Well, Chad's face and Brian's back because he's got Tinker in a headlock and his face pushed against the door.

"Oh my God, you're okay," Chad sighs.

I look from Brian to Chad and give him a shaky smile. "I'm okay," I whisper.

"Brian she's okay, you can let the Neanderthal go, sweetie," Chad cries out.

Brian steps back but Tinker swings around and tries to punch him in the face, missing terribly as Brian side-steps him.

"Tinker, stop," I cry.

Tinker growls and looks to me, clearly completely frustrated. "That fuck almost choked me out," he growls.

"We thought she was being beaten bloody. We've been asking your people where she is for hours," Chad states.

"They can come in with me, can't they? I'm going insane," I plead.

Tinker looks from Brian to Chad, and then back to me and tips his head back to look at the ceiling. "If Camo asks, it's your head, not mine. I'll fucking deny, deny, deny," he announces.

Grabbing Chad's hand, I tug him inside and Brian quickly follows. Tinker slams and locks the door behind Brian, and I launch myself at my friends. "Those girls down there are fucking crazy, they kind of scare me and yet, I'm in awe of them," Chad whispers against my ear.

I step back and look at them before I burst out into laughter. "They can be a tiny bit scary, can't they?"

Brian's eyes widen before he turns to Chad. "A tiny bit?"

"Ivy, they're terrifying. I love them to pieces. You know I gave all of them a free session at the gym. I want to be part of your pack." He smiles.

I laugh again, thankful for these two beautiful men and the timing that they came into my life. "Now, I assume he found out about the sexy prospect?" Brian asks.

We walk over to the bed and I sink down to lean against it with my ass on the hard floor. "He found out. He said he didn't know what he wanted to do with me yet," I whisper. "Have you seen my boys down there?" I ask immediately.

"Both boys are fine. Your brother came and got them, took them to his room where he said Serina had movies and snacks all set up for them. He's keeping them away from the crowd, and with family," Brian explains. I let out a sigh of relief before he goes on. "Your oldest boy, Remi. He gave West a piece of his mind, stood up for you. It was pretty badass."

My eyes water as he speaks. I want them here with me, I want to hold them and know they're safe from whoever these fucking monsters are that took my Rosalie. "For the record, your brother is pissed that West wouldn't let them come in here with you. Your husband is conflicted."

I snort. "That's an understatement. Honestly?" I ask. They both look at me and wait for me to go on. "He's been conflicted, for a long time. I've chosen to ignore it, and now it's spiraled out of control," I admit.

"Then it's time you took charge, reined him in, and stopped taking his shit," Chad states.

I nod once, my eyes shifting back and forth between these men. I've come to care for them so much, and I don't think that I would have been able to go through half of what I have without them. "I think you're right."

"Fuck yes we are," Brian states.

I lean my head against Chad's shoulder while I take Brian's hand and on the floor of West's clubhouse bedroom, I cry and pray. I pray for my baby, and I cry for what she's suffering right now. I pray that whatever she's going through that we'll find a way to heal her.

I cry for my marriage, but I let out a sigh as I feel a peace wash over me. We'll work it out. I love him and I know that he loves me. This is just a gigantic hurdle, but we're meant to be, we have been and nothing we've done has been easy, but we've always come out quite all right.



Camo

We wait for the prospects to arrive and when Derek walks through the door, I can't hold back my growl. The fuck. He gives me a smirk, that is until MadDog tells them to move the bodies into the middle of the living room. Then he tells them to search for something they can tamper with that would cause a house fire.

"Waiting for Hacker to get back with me on this Kodie kid's info," MadDog murmurs.

I'm so focused on watching Derek that I just lift my chin in acknowledgment but don't look away from him. There's something about him that I don't like. I don't know what it is, or maybe I do. Maybe I don't like the fact that he took advantage of my wife and of me. As a prospect, I could kill him for touching my Old Lady.

"You gonna let that slide?" MadDog asks.

I think about his words. "I'm not sure what I'm going to do yet," I admit.

Part of me wants to teach him a lesson, the other part of me wants to teach Ivy one. Then there's that part of me that I've been fighting with, the part that wants to see exactly how he touched my wife, and if she liked it.

"Better figure it out," MadDog grumbles.

I turn away from Derek when my phone rings. It's Tinker and my brows pull together, my heart races as I imagine something is wrong with Ivy. "Hello," I bark.

"Just wanted to let you know her two friends ganged up on me to get into your room," he announces.

With a chuckle, I imagine Brian and Chad ganging up on Tinker. They probably kicked his ass since I don't recall the last time he stepped foot in a gym, let alone got any type of exercise that wasn't fucking some whore.

"That's fine," I murmur.

This whole thing has lasted longer than I expected, and Ivy is probably a complete mess. I really should let her go to her brother's room to be with the boys, but I'm being fucking stubborn, and an ass. Not really some new trait, it's just who I am sometimes, and I know that she'll forgive me—she always does.

One of the prospects comes over to us and announces that there's a gas leak in the house now which makes MadDog chuckle. His phone rings and I watch him answer it, his eyes go from their normal color to almost black with anger. Fuck the man can be truly terrifying.

"Text me the address," he announces, turning to the prospect. "Set fire to the bodies first. I want

them good and burned before the rest of the house goes up in flames. Don't get fucking caught," he sighs.

"What's goin' on, Pops?" Fury asks.

MadDog grins. "We found an address for Kodie. It's in the fucking ghetto, and he's been renting it with a roommate for six months. Hacker's facial recognition shit came back and we got a hit on Benny and Kodie. They've both been popped for burglary."

"Let's go get those little fucks, and our girls," I announce.

MadDog lifts his chin with a smile. "I'm ready to maim some boys that thought they could fuck with the Devils," he rasps.

"I haven't really maimed anyone in a while. This should be fun," Fury chuckles.

We hurry out of the back of the house with Blinder staying behind to supervise the prospects. The rental house is only twenty minutes away so we ride together. I'm on fucking edge, anxious to get my baby back, but also terrified of what she's suffered at the hands of these pricks.

We still don't know their endgame. Not one of them called anyone to make any types of demands, which makes me think that their intentions aren't ransom. They want our girls for something else and I refuse to let my mind wander into what that could mean.

When we arrive at the rental house's street, we all kill our bikes. The house they're staying at is about halfway down the block. "When the prospects are finished, have them come here to watch our bikes. For now, Roach, you stay with them and keep an eye out. Send out a text if you have a problem. Call Sniper out here, I want him *ASAP*," MadDog growls.

Roach lifts his chin and punches some buttons on his phone before putting it up to his ear. The rest of us take off on foot to the house. The neighborhood is just as shitty as I'd anticipated, maybe even a little worse. Every house is more rundown than the last.

Movement catches the corner of my eyes and I watch as a drug deal is made on the sidewalk, all while kids play in the front yard. This shit shouldn't bother me, not when it's probably dope we brought into the country, and yet, it fucking does. It bothers the hell out of me.

"You don't shove it up their nose or in their veins," Soar murmurs.

I glance up at him and he lifts his chin toward the deal. "Know what you're thinking. I've thought about it a million times since being clean, especially since having kids. But, brother, they're going to score no matter what. Until they want to change, they'll continue to get high. Whether we supply it or another group does. They'll always get their shit."

Trying to push that shit out of my head, understanding the logic but still not feeling all that great about it. We collectively stop one house before our target.

"We have to surround the place, try to get in any way we can. The last thing we want is the girls to get hurt. We're going in completely blind," MadDog whispers.

"Should we wait for Sniper? Maybe he can set up across the street," Fury suggests.

MadDog shakes his head. "Fuck that, I'm not waiting almost an hour for him to show up, then another however long for him to set up. I want my fucking daughters back," he growls.

"We go in quiet and we go in quick," Soar murmurs.

Fury juts his chin out. "Let's do this."

We all make noises of agreement and head toward the house. Mammoth and Soar go around the back. Fury, MadDog and I go in the front. We have no clue where they're at, but we're running high on our emotions and as I pull my gun out of its holster, I send a prayer that my Rosalie is all in one piece.

MadDog goes against everything we've said and literally lifts his leg and kicks the cheap ass door open.

"Holy fuck," Fury moans. "Pops, that is not quiet."

MadDog already has his gun in his hand and is storming inside of the shitty little house. We file in one at a time to follow him. Mammoth and Soar are already coming up from the back with their weapons drawn and I suck in a breath when I see Riley on the couch, a knife held to her throat and that Benny kid behind her.

"Welcome boys," he grins.

MadDog growls, but I don't let him speak. "Where are the other girls?" I demand.

Benny smirks as his other hand wraps around Riley's stomach. MadDog growls, again, and I glance up at Riley who has tears swimming in her eyes. "Daddy," she whispers.

Benny's hand slides up her body and squeezes her breast hard before he hisses. "Shut the fuck up, you dirty little cum dumpster."

My fingers tighten on the grip of my gun and it takes everything inside of me not to fill this little fuck with bullets. "Touch her again like that, call her names, and I'll fill your head with bullets, kind of like I did to your parents," MadDog rumbles.

"Liar," Benny states.

MadDog lets out a bark of laughter and I feel movement from beside me. It's Fury and from the corner of my eye, I watch him make his way down the hall with Soar at his back. Once we know all the girls are safe then we can get these punks strung up and we can play.

"Honestly, I couldn't listen to that fat bitch mother of yours squawk for another minute. I think killing her really did the world a service," I shrug.

Benny stands up, his emotions not in check as he screams, releasing Riley at the same time. Riley scrambles away from him, crawling until she's behind MadDog's legs.

"Wow. Had I known it would have been that easy, I would have opened with that," I shrug.

MadDog chuckles. "No shit." We keep both of our guns trained on the kid and wait. He's still got a knife which if he wanted to try and charge us with it, he might be able to do some damage, but he wouldn't live long enough to see what he inflicted.

"Where's your sister and Rosalie?" MadDog asks, keeping his eyes trained on Benny.

"In the back bedrooms," she whispers through her muffled sobs.

A few minutes later, Soar comes in carrying a kid that looks around fifteen by the collar of his shirt and Fury has the other guy, who is in his early twenties, and he's frog marching him into the room. There's only three of them and I know there have to be more. Then the back door opens and Mammoth walks in, his gun pointed at the backs of two more guys in their early twenties.

"Look, the gang's all here," he announces as he forces them to stand with their friends.

"Girls are in the back bedrooms. I told them to stay there, Riles, why don't you join them," Fury murmurs gently.

I hear her scurry behind me, but there's no way in hell I can take my eyes off of these fucks. "Sniper's bringing the van," Mammoth announces. "Texted me about ten minutes ago, says he's close."

"Where are you taking us?" the youngest one, probably Jerry, asks.

MadDog laughs and it sounds fucking evil. "What? You guys thought you were big men. Taking our daughters the way you did. You too pussy to accept the consequences?"

Benny tips his head back, sticking his nose in the air. "You're all a bunch of has-been washed-up old fucks. You ain't gonna do shit to us."

It's my turn to burst out laughing. "Boy, I've shit bigger turds than you. We're taking your asses to our warehouse. It's nice and secluded out there. Nobody will hear you scream," I grin.

Benny has the sense to take a big gulp of air and his face pales at my words. It fucking should. The front door opens and Sniper's gigantic frame fills the space. "Load 'em up, boys," he announces with ropes and handcuffs dangling from his fingertips.

"Let's go get our girls, they can load up these little piss-ants," MadDog murmurs to me.

Together we walk down the hall. It only takes a second to realize which room they're in. I can hear their sobs from the hallway. My legs start moving a little faster and when I enter the room, the three of them are huddled into a ball in the middle of the floor.

Riley is the first to stand and she runs past me to launch herself into MadDog's arms. Rosalie stands next and she runs to me. I finally breathe when her thin arms are around my neck. She breathes against my skin, and my eyes close. She's alive. "Sweetie," I whisper.

"I knew you would save us, Daddy," she responds.

I hold her a little tighter. My baby girl is safe. She's in my arms, and she's safe. I'm never letting her out of my sight again. The other girls' frantic voices fill the air as they tell MadDog everything that happened. "Are you okay?" I ask Rosalie quietly.

"I'm okay, Daddy. They didn't hurt me, but Daddy?" She whispers. Lowering her to her feet, and my head so that her lips are against my ear. "They hurt Finley, Daddy," she whispers as tears fill her eyes.

I close my eyes and tug her against my chest again. I need to feel her. "Let's go, sweetie," I murmur.

"Texas brought an SUV to bring the girls back home," Fury murmurs from the doorway.

I watch as Finley's head lifts at the sound of her older brother's voice and she rushes over to him wrapping her arms around his waist and burying her face in his chest. Finley and Fury have always been close, and right now maybe he's exactly what she needs to feel safe.

Fury picks her up, cradling her like a child and silently walks out of the bedroom. I follow behind him, my arm wrapped around Rosalie's shoulders, keeping her close to my side. MadDog and Riley follow suit behind me.

Together we walk to the SUV and I load Rosalie inside, sitting her next to the girls and telling her that I'll see her as soon as we get back to the clubhouse. MadDog, Fury, and I watch the SUV pull out of the shitty neighborhood, the van full of little pieces of shit behind them.

"They're going to suffer," MadDog states. Fury grunts in agreement. "And pay. Suffer and pay," I whisper, also agreeing.

Iyy

There's a loud knock on the bedroom door and it bursts open with Tinker standing on the other side. He has a smile as big as the state of Texas on his face and my whole body relaxes. I already know what he's going to say before the words even leave his lips.

"They've been found. They're on their way back," he announces.

Chad thanks God and Brian squeezes my hand. I jump to my feet but I don't know what to do. I'm sure I'm not allowed out, but my baby, she's coming back and I need to see her.

"He said you could come down to greet her," Tinker murmurs as he steps to the side.

I don't waste even a second. I sprint down to the bar area. Everything and everybody is a blur as I hurry to the clubhouse doors. I wrench it open to see Mary-Anne standing, waiting for her daughters

as well.

"They should be pulling up any second," she breathes.

Reaching over to her, I wrap my fingers around hers and give them a squeeze. "They're alive," I remind her.

Her body jerks and her head turns to look at me. "Thank God," she whispers.

"Whatever else comes from this. They're alive and we have a hell of a big family here to help us and them get through anything that comes our way," I remind her.

"Hell yes we do," she murmurs as her lips tremble.

The SUV pulls in and there's a white van behind it, but it drives straight to the metal warehouse building off to the edge of the property. I don't care about that, the only thing I can see is that SUV because I know my baby is inside.

Mary-Anne's grip on my hand tightens as the SUV parks right in front of us. She releases me and takes one step, then another toward the car before she runs. I do the same, my mind only on seeing my baby.

The girls start to file out of the car and as soon as I see Rosalie the tears fall from my eyes. Her gaze finds mine and she starts to run toward me too. We crash into each other, our arms wrapping around one another and I inhale her scent. She was gone for less than two days, but it felt like a fucking lifetime.



Camo

Pulling into the clubhouse parking area, I kick my stand down and turn the engine of my bike off. I don't climb off of my machine quite yet, though. Instead, I watch. My gaze points toward my wife. I watch as she stands next to Mary-Anne and then I continue to study her as Rosalie climbs out of the van and runs into Ivy's waiting arms.

I love her.

I'm pissed off, but nothing could shake the love I have for my wife. What we have isn't perfect, never has been, but what we have is fucking real.

I can't let her go, and I can't push her away anymore. What's done is done. What will be, will fucking be. She's mine as I'm hers. Now, we just need to define everything—simply, clearly, and with boundaries.

"Called doc in to see the girls," MadDog rumbles next to me.

I lift my leg and climb off of my bike, running my hand through my hair with a nod. Rosalie looks okay, but Finley isn't looking so good, and I'm sure he's worried. I wonder if I should tell him what Rosalie said about her, but I decide against it. I'll let the doctor handle it, and maybe it's not as bad as Rosalie claimed—though I doubt it.

"The guys strung up?" I ask, lifting my chin toward our warehouse.

MadDog's smile turns fucking maniacal. "Fuck yeah they are. Told the boys to hang them by the hooks in the ceiling. We'll let them stay there until after the girls are checked out and settled in." He doesn't wait for me to reply before he walks toward his wife and daughters.

I start to walk toward Ivy and Rosalie when I see MadDog's son Bailey rush out of the clubhouse. I expect him to head toward his sisters, but he doesn't. He makes a beeline for Rosalie and practically rips her out of Ivy's arms to take her in his own.

Ivy turns to look at me, her eyes wide in shock. I want to be surprised, but after Bailey's outburst the other day, I'm not. However, this is his one free pass. I'll be having a conversation with him a little later today. No way in *fuck* am I going to have him corrupting my baby girl.

Continuing to walk toward Ivy, her eyes dart around before they drop as I approach her. I wrap my hand around her waist and tug her against my chest, my hand wrapping around the side of her neck and forcing her head back.

"West," she whispers.

Running the pad of my thumb along the apple of her cheek, I stare into those light brown eyes I love so much. "We're gonna be okay, baby," I whisper. Watching as her eyes water, I lean down and

press my lips to hers as I squeeze her waist. "Swear to fuck, we're gonna be okay," I repeat.

"Okay," she sighs. I sweep my tongue into her mouth once before I straighten and release her neck.

"Let's get our girl inside and to her brothers," I murmur.

Rosalie hesitantly walks up to us and I wrap my arm around her shoulders and bring her into my other side. With both of my girls flanking me, we make our way into the clubhouse. As soon as we walk inside the entire room erupts in cheers of joy. Grease barrels through the crowd and pulls Rosalie out of my arms to pick her up into a huge bear hug.

Remi and Reid are anxiously waiting at his side, and as he releases Rosalie they surround her and give her hugs as well. This is our family, this is our life. It ain't always pretty but it's always one hundred percent fucking authentic.

A few minutes later MadDog, Mary-Anne, and their kids walk through the door and they're greeted the same way we were, with loud applause and cheers of joy. A beer is thrust into my hand, and the drinks start to flow.

I gladly take a pull of my beer as Ivy disengages from my side. I let her, but keep my eyes on her the entire time. She wraps her hand around Rosalie's as she talks to other people in the room, including her friends, Brian and Chad. Remi and Reid slowly find their way to her side as well.

We may not have everything completely worked out between us, but I finally feel resolute in the fact that we're not leaving one another. Not now—not ever. I won't let her go and I'm going to stop being such a fucking pussy about my needs and desires.

"Got your shit together?" Grease asks me.

I don't look away from Ivy, or the kids "I think so," I admit.

"Fucking finally," he grunts. "Does it include taking out a prospect?" he asks with a chuckle.

I think about that for a moment. I'm not sure if I want him dead, or if I'm going to use him. I know Ivy must be attracted to him, so what better person to have some fun with?

"Oh fuck," Grease chuckles. I glance up at him. "You're going to play with him, aren't you?" he asks.

"You know, talking about your sister's sex life is fucking disgusting," I announce.

Grease shrugs. "She's seen me fuck my wife, more times than she can count."

"You're a sick fucker," I grunt.

Grease winks but doesn't respond. Instead, he walks away and leaves me to my thoughts. I don't think much more about it. The next thing I know, the doctor arrives and the girls are all ushered into MadDog and Mary-Anne's bedroom.

"I'm going to go with them," Ivy announces. I grab her hand and tug her back before allowing her to follow them.

"Baby, I think they may not want to relive anything in front of their parents. Let the doctor find out whatever he needs to, he'll relay the information to us," I murmur.

Her eyes widen. "That's against patient-doctor privilege laws, West," she mutters.

I grin, as I shake my head a couple of times. "That shit goes out the window when the doc steps foot into this place. He knows it, too," I explain, squeezing her fingers.

"We're going to head back home unless you want us to stay," Brian says as he and Chad step up to us.

Ivy shakes her head, pulling away from my grasp. I watch as she gives each of the men a hug and whispers something to them. They whisper back to her and small smiles are exchanged between them. "Remember what we said. Free training session for your girls," Chad announces.

I watch them walk out of the clubhouse and it dawns on me that I didn't thank them for watching after my woman the way they did. I make a mental note to pay them a visit once this shit settles down a bit, and properly thank them.

We wait for the doctor to appear for what seems like an hour. Ivy chats to a few of the other women, staying close to Mary-Anne and her posse. I don't blame her, they're probably both going through the same types of emotions.

MadDog is bellied up to the bar with his son, Fury, and his brother-in-law, Sniper. I decide to observe. Not feeling much like conversing with much of anyone right now.

My mind keeps drifting back to those little pricks hanging in that metal building. I can't wait to make them fucking suffer. First, we need to find out what exactly they thought they would gain by taking our girls.

The doctor appears and makes a beeline for MadDog. I jump to my feet and am at his side as soon as the doctor arrives. "I'd like to talk to you privately, Mr. Duhart," the doctor murmurs.

"I'm joining, my daughter was there too," I announce.

MadDog stands and the doctor opens his mouth, he raises his hand and the doctor snaps his lips closed. "Fury and Camo are joining me," MadDog announces. He stands and walks away toward his office. We all follow behind him, and the doctor brings up the rear.

MadDog walks behind his desk and I walk in as he sinks down into his chair. He looks fuckin' wiped and that doesn't surprise me, but he looks like he's also aged about ten years. I wonder offhandedly if I look the same—God knows I feel it.

"The girls, they were dehydrated and hungry," the doctor begins.

"Just fuckin' spit it the fuck out," MadDog demands on a growl.

The doctor nods. "Riley and Rosalie weren't harmed much more than being slapped around a little, and of course the rope burns on their wrists. You'll need to keep those clean. Unfortunately—"

MadDog interrupts. "Finley was sexually assaulted?" he guesses and I watch in horror as the doctor nods.

"Yes, Finley was indeed sexually assaulted. Her body will heal, in time," he murmurs. "There was a little tearing, and a small amount of loss of blood as she was a virgin," he explains, and my stomach roils.

MadDog nods but doesn't speak, his eyes close and he turns his head away. Fury steps up to the doctor. "Is there anything she needs?" he asks.

"I administered the morning after pill for her, and have taken samples to test her for any STI's," he mutters softly. "She said they used condoms, but I prefer to be overly cautious," he explains.

"Thanks, doc," Fury murmurs.

"I gave her some pain meds to ease her discomfort. If you need anything else, please feel free to call. My only other advice would be to get her someone to talk to about her experience," he states before he walks out of the office, leaving the three of us alone.

We all stay silent for at least a minute. MadDog rises and the anger and pain swirling in his eyes is too much to fucking bear. He leans forward and places his balled up fists on his desk before he speaks.

"I get the one who hurt my baby. I'm going to fucking cut his little dick off and make him eat it," he growls.

Fury lifts his chin. "Fuck yeah, let's go torture some little boys who thought they could fuck with the Devils and live to see another day."

We file out of the office and MadDog calls for Sniper and Grease to join us. Once we're outside,

I see Dirty Johnny standing against the building smoking a cigarette. "You guys need any help?" he asks, arching his brow.

"Fuck yeah, we do," Fury growls.

Dirty Johnny pushes off of the wall and throws his smoke to the ground before he steps on it with a twist of his heel. He follows us and I hear Fury telling him exactly what the doctor said. Johnny growls and it sounds purely animalistic.

The warehouse is dark when we walk inside. I laugh to myself, those little fuckers are probably terrified being strung up in this dark as fuck building. MadDog flips the overhead lights on and sure enough, all five of the fucks have pissed their pants and are crying.

"Lookie what we have here, boys," MadDog barks. "Some little piss-ants that thought they would play at being men. Bit them in the ass, now didn't it?"

"We won't say shit," the obvious leader of the group, Benny, announces.

We all let out low chuckles at his brave words. Oh, they'll be talking, or *screaming* rather. I decide to make my first move, and it's on the little boy who was apparently supposed to be for my daughter.

Taking my favorite knife out of its holster, I walk directly up to him. He's hanging by his wrists, his feet dangling in the air and his arms probably numb by now.

"One of you needs to tell us what you thought you were going to accomplish by kidnapping our girls," I shout out, but my eyes stay connected to this kid.

His bottom lips wobbles but he shakes his head.

"If any of you talk, you're dead," Benny announces.

MadDog lets out a loud bark of laughter. "Boys, you're already all dead. At this point, what information you come forward with will determine the amount you suffer before you die."

"How old are you?" I ask the kid.

He lowers his eyes to look at the ground. "Eighteen," he whispers.

He doesn't look eighteen, but fuck, maybe he is. "Pretty fucked up you let your brother get you killed. Mind telling me what was goin' through your head?" I murmur.

His eyes ignite and I swear to fuck they look like they could shoot fire at me. "You're old, worn out, and a bunch of pussies. It's time for new blood to come in and take control," he spits.

Fury wraps his hand around his stomach letting out a full-on belly laugh. I watch as he wipes fake tears away from his eyes. "You hear that, Pops? We're old, and worn out, *and* pussies."

"Guess these little fucks sure showed us," MadDog grumbles. "Though, I don't feel like much of a pussy right about now," he shrugs.

"Funny you mention it, me either," Fury murmurs.

MadDog steps up a little closer to the prisoners before he asks which one violated his daughter. Stupidly enough one of them actually fesses up. "It was me. Never had a tighter snatch in my life," he boasts.

I think MadDog is going to kill him quickly when he grabs a knife from the side table that is loaded with weapons. He doesn't. He cuts the kids clothes off, his shirt first, then his pants and boxers.

The other boys gasp when MadDog grabs ahold of his minuscule cock. All of this he does completely silently. Then, he slowly saws off the guy's dick.

The boys all around their friend start to gag and then vomit as his blood-curdling screams meet our ears, and his dick is removed from his body.

"He passed out," MadDog murmurs. "Guess we'll wait for the rest of it, then. I really don't want

him to miss anything."

"What're you gonna do to him?" the kid in front of me asks.

I turn my head to him and grin. "He's gonna make him eat his own cock, kid." He gags and turns his head to puke again. "You know, I thought it would be kind of hard torturing kids young enough to be my own," I announce to the room.

"Me too," Fury states. "But it's really not," he shrugs.

"Not in the slightest," I grin. I press my knife against the boy's stomach. "Anything else you need to tell me?" I ask him.

His eyes water and he sucks in a breath. "They thought you'd make a bargain with them. They were going to contact you by tonight," he whispers. "They just wanted you to leave us the club, let us take over," he confesses.

I shake my head. "Boy, that ain't how it works." He nods and for whatever reason, I feel the need to end his life quickly.

I shove the knife into his gut once. He makes a gasping noise before I wrap my fingers in the back of his hair and tug his neck back, slitting his throat. His blood squirts everywhere, but his death is swift and virtually painless.

"You did that quick," Sniper mutters from behind me.

Turning around I give him a shrug. "He gave me more information than the rest of the pricks."

"You forgot a couple important details," he says, and I look at him in question, waiting for him to continue. "How many more are there? And who is, *they*?"

I blink at his words. He's fucking right.

"You'll never know," one of the other boys says with an evil grin.

"Maybe not, but we'll make sure to leave your little friends a reminder of what happens when you fuck with our *old* asses," MadDog says.

We spend the next two hours torturing the assholes. The kid who hurt Finley wakes up in the middle of it and I watch as MadDog actually makes him eat his own cock. It's fucking disgusting but deserved. When all of the boys are dead and hanging lifelessly from hooks, Fury turns to me.

"Now we show any of their little friends exactly what happens when you fuck with us," he states.

I lift my chin and help him take the guys down from the hooks. We toss them into the van. MadDog had one of the prospects line it with plastic before we got started. We load into the van ourselves as we can't bring out bikes, we're trying to be inconspicuous.

Dirty Johnny has the least amount of blood on him so he's our driver. It doesn't take long to get to our destination, the rental house we picked these fucks up from. We quickly unload their bodies from the van and dump them on the front lawn. Then we climb back inside of the van and Johnny takes off.

"You got your cops on payroll?" Johnny asks as he drives down the street.

MadDog grunts. "Boy, been in this town for a long ass time, everybody's on my fuckin' payroll."

"Christ, MadDog just making sure," he murmurs.

The rest of the drive to the clubhouse is in silence. We're all lost inside of our own heads, something that happens when you end the lives of five men who are really just boys. I didn't know all of their names, and I don't care.

All I know is that they tried to play a game, a game that they thought they could win. It was a game they fucking lost, but in the end our girls, are the ones who suffered. All because we are members of this club, brothers in this group.



Ivy

I was thankful when MadDog sent a message to the entirety of the club canceling lockdown. Tinker brought us home. I hadn't showered in a couple of days, and neither had Rosalie. I set her up with a bath and then took a long, hot shower myself.

Once I was clean, I decided to make a good, traditional home-cooked meal. The kids almost wept, it's been months since I've cooked something akin to comfort food.

Tonight, Rosalie's favorite meal of chicken, rice, broccoli and cheese casserole. I haven't heard from West, but I don't expect to either. I can only assume that he and the other guys are taking care of the men who took our girls. I know one thing is certain when it comes to West. He'll do whatever it takes to protect our family from outside danger.

"I'm tired," Rosalie admits when dinner has been consumed and the boys have run off to play *PlayStation*.

I look at my girl, who now, has a shadow in her eyes that makes her appear at least five years older than she really is. "Bailey was sure glad to see you," I murmur with a grin.

Rosalie's face pinks and she looks down at her lap. "He said he was really worried about me. He asked me to call him tonight so that we can talk a bit," she admits.

"You know, your father probably wouldn't like that," I say. She nods, and I stand up as I walk over to the vacant chair next to hers. Slipping my arm around her shoulder, I exhale before I speak again. "But, I think tonight, it would be okay."

"Really?" she breathes.

I nod, giving her a small smile. "Just tonight, Rosalie. He was very concerned and he just wants to make sure you're okay. Plus, it's only over the phone," I shrug.

"Thanks, Mom," she beams, throwing her arms around me. Then she stands and rushes upstairs.

I watch her as she disappears into her room and let out a sigh of relief. All of my babies are in one home, and they're *safe*. As many times as we've had to be on lockdown throughout the years, I've never had anything happen to me, or my children, personally. I can completely understand the dangers of this life, of our lifestyle. I never imagined that something this bad could ever happen to us, but it did.

As much as I would like to tell West to leave the club, I know that he won't. Bad things happen to people all of the time, with or without being involved in a club like we are.

When we were young, I wanted nothing to do with a member of the club, but it had nothing to do

with safety, and more to do with the way some of the men treat their women.

Isn't it a fucking hoot that I ended up being the one to cheat?

The front door opens and I jump when I see West enter. He's wearing his cut, but the rest of his clothes are different. I don't ask him why, I already know he had to wash the blood away I'm sure. "There's some leftover chicken and rice casserole if you want it," I murmur pointing to the dish that's still in the middle of the table.

"Where are the kids?" he asks.

I explain that Rosalie is tired and wanted to sleep and that the boys are playing video games. He sits down in Rosalie's now empty seat next to me and throws his arm around my shoulders. "We got them handled, we can all rest easy tonight," he murmurs.

His hand wraps around the back of my neck and his thumb starts to massage me. We sit in silence for what seems like a lifetime, then he finally speaks. "We've been through hell the past couple of months," he says quietly.

I nod, unsure of where this conversation is leading. "I love you, Ivy." I wait for him to add a, *but*, and when he does my entire body deflates. "But we can't go on like this. Neither of us is happy."

Lifting my gaze to meet his I turn my head. "So, this is it? This is the end of us?" I ask, trying to fight back the tears.

"Never, baby," he murmurs. "This is only the beginning."

"West," I whisper.

He grins and leans forward, his head pressing against mine. "We aren't perfect, neither of us are. We've both fucked up, but baby, there's too much here to just walk away."

"Too much of what?" I breathe.

He leans back and lets his hand fall away from my neck, his eyes focused on me and nothing else. "Too much of everything. Too much history, too much love, just too fucking much."

"And what I did?"

He shakes his head. "What you did, it's nothing more than what I wanted you to do, except I wasn't there to watch," he shrugs. "Next time, I'm there."

My eyes widen and my mouth falls open slightly in shock. With shaky fingers, I reach up and grasp his forearm, squeezing him, trying to imagine both him and Derek, and me—together. I can't pretend that the thought doesn't intrigue me, it does, very much so. I just don't want it to come crashing down around me.

Moving my hand up his forearm to his bicep, I keep my eyes on his and I let out a trembling whisper, "Okay."

"Tonight, we put our boys to bed. We put our girl to bed, and we just breathe and sleep. Fuck, I feel like I haven't slept in a fuckin' year," he grunts. "And I need to eat."

West turns to the table, grabbing the entire casserole dish and I watch as he starts to shovel food into his mouth. Deciding it's creepy to sit and watch him eat, I start to clean up the dinner dishes. West hasn't eaten at home in probably months and if I could get away with just watching him at our dining room table, I would.

Camo

I watch her move around our home, clearing the table and picking up the house. I can't believe I

almost walked away from her, that I actually pushed her away. She's my Old Lady, my woman, and I was willing to keep her up on some pedestal, afraid to dirty her up, all the while willing to lose her because of it. *Fuck that*. She's made herself dirty, and I should fucking be pissed, but I'm not, in fact, I'm the exact opposite.

Once I'm finished eating, I drop the dirty dish and fork in the sink before making my way over to my boys. They don't even realize I'm home, they're so focused on their game. I leave them to it and walk upstairs to see my Rosalie. When I reach her bedroom door, I wrap my hand around the knob and close my eyes. She could have been lost to me forever, or she could have been hurt the way Finley was and forever damaged.

There are so many variables of what could have happened to her, and all because some punk ass kids wanted to prove they were men. They wanted to make some kind of statement that we are old, washed-up, has-beens. They didn't succeed in that, but they did take our daughters, and they damaged them, forever ruining an innocence that they can never get back.

I knock once before turning the handle and walking inside of her room. She's lying in bed on her side and her eyes are closed. I can tell she's not asleep though. Making my way over to her bed, I sit down and rest my hand on her thigh from the top of the covers.

"Daddy," she whispers.

Clearing my throat, I squeeze her leg gently. "You doing okay?"

She shifts beneath her covers to sit up and my hand falls from her as I watch her. She gives me a sad nod and then tips her head back to look at the ceiling of her bedroom. "I feel guilty," she admits.

"Why?"

Rosalie shakes her head and then drops it to look into her lap. "Finley, she was hurt, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. I tried to break out of the restraints they had my arms and legs in but I couldn't."

Anger fills me at the mention of her being restrained, but I tamp it down as best as I can. "Don't feel guilty for a fucking thing. Those pricks are to blame for everything. Not you, not Riley, and not Finley."

Rosalie's eyes fill with tears and she launches herself at me, her arms wrapping around my neck and squeezing. "I love you, Daddy. Thank you for saving me," she whispers against my ear.

I squeeze her tight, too tightly I know, against me and just hold her. My baby girl, she was almost lost to me forever, and now she's here in my house breathing free and safe. "I love you too, Rosalie. I'll always save you. I would die doing it."

I hold her for just a few more minutes until my emotions start to get the best of me, then I clear my throat and release her to stand on my feet. "Get some sleep, sweetie," I murmur, turning around and walking out of her room.

Ivy is leaning against the wall in the hallway her eyes filled with tears. "You're here to stay?" she asks.

"How could you even ask that?"

She looks down at her feet then glances back up at me. "I just feel like we're still on the edge of losing, us," she whispers.

Closing the distance between us I wrap my hands around her cheeks and press my lips to hers, just feeling her breath against my mouth. "Maybe we were, but not now, baby."

"So I slept with someone else and suddenly our marriage is saved?" she whispers.

Deciding we need to have this conversation in our bedroom and not the hallway, I take a step back from her and wrap my hand around hers. Tugging her behind me we walk to our bedroom. Once

we're inside, she closed the door behind her and locks it.

"The boys?" I ask turning around to face her.

She smiles. "In bed."

"Good."

She doesn't move, staying in her spot, her back leaning against the bedroom door before she asks me to explain.

"You sleeping with Derek should piss me the fuck off, and it does, to a degree," I murmur. Ivy's brows furrow together and I try to explain further. "I shouldn't want to watch another man touch you, I should hate the idea of it. However, I don't. It fucking excites me to think about," I admit.

"Do you want someone else to have sex with me, in front of you?" she asks.

I shake my head wrapping my hand around the back of my neck. "I don't know," I admit truthfully.

She nods and steps closer to me. "Okay, West. I want to, but no sex with someone else," she murmurs.

I don't question her further, I don't ask her if she enjoyed fucking Derek or not, but the way she's looking at me, with her doe-eyes, I decide not to push her. "Let's get some sleep, baby," I murmur.

"Okay," she breathes.



Ivy

"You do this shit every day?" Kentlee whines as she does another burpee.

I can't stop myself from giggling at her complaints. She's obviously not someone who works out often, though it's not as if she really needs to. The woman's curves are out of this world and sexy as hell. "Chad is a slave driver," I grumble.

"Yeah, okay," Chad calls out, rolling his eyes.

"Look at them, those skinny bitches," Kentlee mumbles.

I turn my head and see Brentlee, Mary-Anne, and Hattie jogging on the three treadmills that are lined up in a row. I laugh and continue with my burpees right next to Kentlee. She acts like she can't do it, but she's definitely holding her own right next to me.

"We get some kind of carb after this, right?" she asks breathlessly.

Chad's eyes widen and he shakes his head. "No way. Lean protein and vegetables," he announces.

"That's bullshit, I want pancakes," she pouts.

I'm unable to do one more set. Instead, I fall to the ground laughing. Working out with these girls is horrible for my body, but awesome for my soul.

"You know she's just going to keep complaining, don't you?" Genny asks.

"You're a skinny bitch too," Kentlee shouts.

Brian walks over to us and sits down next to me, smiling widely as he looks around the gym. He locked the doors as soon as we all walked in and close the place down. He wanted to make sure that the women of the Notorious Devils had their privacy, and I honestly don't blame him. They're a little crazy.

"You doing okay?" he asks, nudging my shoulder.

Bringing my knees up to my chest I wrap my arms around them and rest my chin on top. "You know, I am," I admit.

"You and West?"

I turn to him slightly and give him a grin. "We're going to be okay," I murmur.

"Going to be?" he asks.

I shrug one shoulder and turn toward the other women but keep my voice low. "He's not mad at me for cheating, although he hasn't touched me since it happened," I state. "He's been home every night, and he's been an attentive husband and father. Baby steps," I shrug.

"The kinky stuff?"

I don't hold back my smile. "We made boundaries, for the most part. We'll see what happens."

Brian slips his arm around my shoulders and tugs me a little closer to his side. "I have a feeling whatever is meant to be, will be, Ivy. You love each other."

"We do," I nod.

"Okay, we worked out for an hour. My ass and thighs are going to ache for two weeks, I need food," Kentlee announces.

"Whatever aches I'm sure Fury will kiss all better," Mary-Anne calls out as she hops off of the treadmill.

Kentlee flashes her a big smile. "Oh, you know he will, and happily," she winks.

"Smoothies," Chad calls out. "I'll make smoothies." He rushes off to the back room and Kentlee cringes. "I don't want a smoothie, I want a muffin or pancakes," she whispers.

I giggle and stand from my spot. "Don't worry, *Carlotta's* is open for breakfast now, we'll get pastries when we're finished here," I murmur.

"I heard that," Chad calls out with a wink.

Kentlee ignores him but gives me a hug. "I could kiss you, Ivy. Seriously, women cannot live on smoothies, chicken, and veggies alone. Chad's crazy."

We spend the next hour talking and having a good time, just the girls with Chad and Brian. My boss gave me the week off with everything that happened with Rosalie. I'm enjoying spending some much-needed time with Brentlee, Kentlee, and Hattie, whom I don't see too often since they live in Idaho.

"How are your girls?" I ask Mary-Anne.

Her eyes cloud and her shoulders deflate a bit. "Riley is feeling extra guilty and hasn't slept much. Finley only sleeps. It's been rough. I really needed today," she admits. "Bailey has been out of sorts as well."

I wrap my arm around her shoulder and give her a hug. Nobody should ever have to go through what Finley went through, and I don't know how, as a mother, I would be able to handle it if it were Rosalie. I think that Mary-Anne is probably the strongest woman I know right about now.

"Whatever you and MadDog need, I'm here for you," I murmur.

"How's Rosalie doing?" she asks.

I shrug. Rosalie has been pretty much herself, albeit a bit more quiet than usual. She's been a little more attached to her phone as well, but I assume it's because she's still talking to Bailey. "She's okay," I murmur.

She nods. "Good."

"So since we leave Sunday, we're going to have a party Friday night and recover Saturday, then do a family BBQ," Kentlee announces.

"You always have to have a party," Hattie says, rolling her eyes.

Genny walks over to our group with a smile and a smoothie in hand. "Parties are fun. Let's do it."

We spend the next few minutes deciding who will bring what to the family BBQ Saturday afternoon. The Friday night party is easy, booze, music and people are all we'll need. Saturday will be a bit more tame, at least for a while. Things could get a little wild after the kids are sent off home.

"You and Chad are of course invited Saturday," Kentlee announces, looking over at Brian.

He grins. "What no invite to the Friday night party?"

"Lisandro and Theo will be there," Cleo announces, speaking of her two best friends.

My eyes widen as I think about Chad and Brian at a Notorious Devils clubhouse party. A real party.

"Things get a little wild," I mutter.

Chad throws his head back laughing. "Ivy, we're big boys. We can handle wild," he winks.

It's set then, Chad and Brian are coming to the party Friday night. I wonder what exactly this party will hold for me. What will happen? Will it be where West shows me exactly what his fantasies are? I'm nervous and yet excited with the anticipation of what is to come.

Camo

Derek eyes me from his place at the bar. He's cleaning, but he's completely focused on me, and me alone. It's been a few days since everything has settled with the girls being taken. MadDog hasn't been around the clubhouse lately, choosing to stay home with his family. I don't blame him one bit, in fact, I should be doing the same. However, I have to work. There's a load that's supposed to be ready for us tonight. I'm glad that I don't have to drive it anywhere, but I do have to help unload it from the docks and then load it onto the truck.

"Derek," I call out after a few minutes. His spine straightens and he abandons his cleaning rag before heading in my direction.

"Sir," he grinds out.

He doesn't want to call me that. I'm sure he has much more colorful words he'd prefer to use, but he's a prospect and his station in this club depends on me at the moment. "You like my wife?" I ask bluntly.

Derek takes a step back and I watch as his eyes darken. "Doesn't matter. She's your Old Lady," he mutters.

I shake my head once. "It does matter. I know you have a thing for her. So I'm willing to help you out with that," I grin.

He eyes me warily but doesn't speak. Standing straight in front of me, he waits for me to continue.

"Have a seat," I offer. He sits but it's with a straight spine, and I almost laugh about his posture and body language, he's scared shitless—but I don't. "I want to share her. She likes you, and she's already had you, so I figure you're the perfect person to start out with."

Derek's eyes flash, but I don't know him well enough to understand what his problem is. I'm giving him what he wants, more of Ivy, just under my fucking rules.

"Share her," he murmurs leaning back in his seat slightly.

"You follow my rules. What I say goes, and nothing else," I state.

He watches me. I can practically see the wheels spinning inside of his head. "I'll do it." He nods, as though he's making the decision on his own—he's not. I say what goes around here, especially with my Old Lady, and he doesn't really have much of a choice in the matter.

I stand and look down at him. "You make any contact with her before Friday and I'll end you," I murmur, turning around and walking away from him without a backward glance.

Leaving the clubhouse, I head toward Humboldt. Tinker is supposed to unload the shit from the dock with me, but I don't feel like riding together with him. I need to be alone for a little while.

Deciding to ride by my house before I head out, I turn toward that direction. Rosalie hasn't been back at school since her ordeal, and today Riley and Finley were supposed to come to our place with MadDog as their escort.

When I pull up, I see MadDog sitting on the bench on my front patio. Parking, I amble off of my

bike and make my way toward him. His head pops up when I approach a bit closer and he runs his hand over his face.

"I'm old, brother," he murmurs.

I sit down next to him with a groan. "I feel you," I chuckle.

He shakes his head. "Nah, this last bit, with my girls. I think I'm ready to hang up my cut," he mutters.

I blink, feeling surprise and yet, not. The man is almost eighty years old, I don't blame him for wanting to relax a bit. His children are almost grown, and they'll be leaving the house soon.

"What'll you do?" I ask propping my elbows on my knees.

He shrugs. "Always thought Fury would take over the club," he murmurs. "He's got his own shit, and four kids to take care of in Idaho. I wouldn't ever ask him to leave the life he has there. I thought I could wait it out until Bailey was ready, but I'm fuckin' tired," he admits.

I wrap my hand around his shoulder and give him a squeeze. "Nobody would say shit if you hung up your gavel, Pres. We all love you, and you've run this club like a well-oiled machine for a long fuckin' time."

He nods but doesn't reply and we sit there for a few minutes in silence. "How're the girls?" I ask quietly.

"Hangin' on, but fuckin' barely," he states.

I grunt in acknowledgment because my Rosalie is about the same. "I'm heading to Humboldt to unload that new shipment," I murmur. "See you Friday night?"

"Yeah," he admits, but he doesn't look excited about it.

I squeeze his shoulder again as I stand to my feet and start to head back down to my bike. As soon as I'm straddling my bike, I look up and notice that MadDog is watching me. He does look fucking worn, but he looks resigned too. As though he's ready to move on, and like I told him, nobody would say shit if he wanted to quit tomorrow, if he wanted to name a new President.

This life is fucking brutal sometimes, and he's lived it for a long fucking time. He's due to relax, enjoy the rest of his year and his kids and grandkids.



Camo

Standing next to my bike, I look toward the docks. The air feels... wrong, just like the last time I was here, I feel like I'm being watched. I don't know what it is, or why, but something in my gut is telling me that there is something very wrong about to go down here tonight. It's probably nothing, probably just remnants of the bullshit that just happened with Rosalie and the girls. I try to shake it off and get on with my business.

Tinker pulls up next to me and kills his engine before sliding off of his bike. "You haven't started yet?" he asks, looking from me to the shipping container of merchandise.

"Nope," I answer.

We walk together to the container and I watch as Roach climbs out of the driver's side of the waiting truck. He unlocks and opens the back, then does the same to the container so that we can get started.

"Where's the dock worker?" I ask as my eyes search the dark shittily lit area.

Roach shrugs. "He was here when I pulled up. Took his money and I haven't seen him since. Probably had a hot date to spend his cash on," he chuckles.

We get to work, knowing that it's going to take at least a couple of hours to get everything transferred over to the truck. By the time we have the truck loaded, I'm hot, sweaty and physically exhausted. I don't mind it though, it's a nice change compared to how I've been feeling lately, which has been on edge and restless.

"You headed back to the club?" Tinker asks as we walk to our bikes.

I shake my head. "Nah, gonna go home," I murmur.

He grins and straddles his bike, looking back at me before he starts his engine. "Good to see you two getting your shit together," he chuckles.

I flip him off and he laughs a little harder before he starts his engine and then he and the truck are gone. I don't leave right away though. I decide to make my way to the edge of the dock and look out at the black water. So many changes have happened in such a short period of time and I've been so fucking lost for so long that I just need to take a moment to breathe.

My back straightens when I hear a sound behind me. It's unmistakable. The sound of a gun being cocked. I don't move, not even a twitch, as I wait for whatever my fate will be.

"So, you killed a bunch of little boys. Good for you," the voice laughs.

"But you're a man?" I ask. "Pointing a gun at the back of my head?"

He growls and tells me to turn around. I don't recognize the man that I come face-to-face with.

Perhaps I should, but I don't recall anything about him. I wait for him to speak, not wishing to give anything about myself, or my lack of recognition away if possible.

"You have no clue who I am, and I suppose you shouldn't," he mutters. "Honestly, I shouldn't have sent boys to do a man's job. That was my own doing," he murmurs. I wait, silently, wondering what he's going to say next.

He tips his head to the side and watches me. Waiting. "Your daughter wasn't supposed to be involved. Just the old man's," he mutters. It's then that I know that this has nothing to do with anybody but MadDog, whatever *this* is.

"You probably don't even know my brother, but MadDog and Fury do since they killed him a few years ago," he mutters.

I shake my head, trying to figure out what the fuck he's talking about and then I lift my eyes to his and really look at him. He's white, tall, bulky in the center, and mean as shit looking. "The boys were supposed to load up those bitches of MadDog's and bring them to me. Then Fury's were next. Of course, you can't get decent men working for you these days, not unless you raise them up yourself and train them from birth."

Aryan's. This fucker is one of them. It's been years, and our club has killed so many of them, but there's no way to know how many are left. He grins, leaning forward a bit. "I see you realize what group I belong to. But you don't really know *who* I am yet," he chuckles.

It's been a while. A long fucking while, since this asshole group has taken up any headspace of mine. However, I'm pretty sure I know who this fucker's brother is. I only know of one man Fury and MadDog both killed, or were at least present for their killing.

Drifter.

Fucking shit.

He was the Vice President of Fury's club, his right-hand brother, and he was also a fucking Aryan spy. He was in charge of kidnapping Old Ladies and women of the club across the country. The club, as a whole, has been rescuing them since, finding them, and bringing them, and sometimes even their children, to safety.

"So, you're Drifter's brother," I announce.

He nods, sucking air through his teeth. "Now, I have a dilemma. I don't have those bitches, and I don't have men anymore. Your club has been slowly killing off my men across the country. In today's time, it's not easy to recruit pure white men to join me. You people keep fucking other races and procreating. You know it's really starting to *piss me off*," he screams.

I don't speak. He's fucking crazy. What I do, is try to figure out how I'm going to get my gun out of my holster and shoot this whacko. He starts ranting, his words becoming louder, his tone angrier. He runs his hand through his hair and waves his piece around.

Slowly I move my hand from my side to my hip and then around the back of my jeans. He stops and points the gun at my head again. "You know my club is all but gone?" he whispers.

My eyes don't leave his as I nod. "That must fuckin' blow," I mutter.

"The babies, these bitches, they were my only chance at rising up again," he sputters. "Your president, his son, they killed my brother. My blood," he rambles.

I decide to forego my gun, unsure if I could get it out, cocked, and the trigger pulled in time to save my own skin as well. I shift my fingers around until they find my knife and I wrap them around the handle.

"I was going to create my own army, an army of loyal followers, of blood soldiers," he continues. His words make me physically ill, but I allow him to continue. He drops his head for just a second

and I use it as my opportunity.

Bringing my hand up, I lunge at him, shoving my knife into his side. His warm blood spurts all over me as he falls to his knees. Wrapping his hand around my back, he brings me down. His hand lifts between our bodies and I rear back. Taking my knife back out, and thrusting it into his chest. At the same time, his body jerks, and the sound of his gun firing fills the quiet air.

I stay where I am, afraid to move, unsure of what my injuries are. My arm feels like it's burning, but I want to make sure this bastard beneath me doesn't do more damage.

Looking down at him, I notice that his eyes are open, but he's not moving. I sit back on my ass and let out a sigh of relief. He's gone.

I chance touching my shoulder and grunt when I realize it's only been grazed. Fumbling for my phone, I call MadDog.

"Camo?" he mutters groggily.

"At the docks, I was attacked," I admit. "You and Fury need to come here. I took the guy down."

MadDog shouts that they'll be there as soon as they can and to sit tight. I decide that I can't scare Ivy, so I don't call her. I sit and I wait for my men to show. My arm bleeds the entire time, but I don't care.

As the adrenaline begins to wear off, I close my eyes and rest. This stranger, this brother of Drifters, he claimed that the Aryan's were all but killed off. That means that all of this, this decadelong fight, it could finally be fuckin' over.

"The fuck happened here?" a deep voice rumbles, rousing me from my rest.

My eyes open and I'm met with not only, MadDog and Fury, but Grease, Sniper, Dirty Johnny, and Torch. "That's supposedly Drifter's brother," I announce as I stand up from my place on the ground.

"Your arm okay?" Torch asks, lifting his chin toward my bleeding bicep.

I shrug. "Grazed, probably needs a few stitches."

"Give us CliffsNotes," Fury demands.

I tell them what the stranger said. Every word of our brief conversation and his rants. Fury breaks away when I mention his own kids and places his phone against his ear. A few minutes later he returns and announces that his kids are all safe and at home.

"Is all this shit over?" I ask.

MadDog runs his hand through his hair. "Get this fuck's ID and I'm going to have Hacker double check, but fuckin' shit I think it could be," he mutters.

"Be nice not to have them in the shadows any longer," Dirty Johnny announces.

I watch as Fury sifts through the guy's pockets and pulls out his ID, then takes out an old picture. "Sure as fuck is Drifter's brother, look at this shit," he mutters holding out the photo. We pass it around and I almost do a double take, they look like they could have been twins. "No pictures of kids or anything, so we can hope that he's the last of that fucked up line."

"We gonna dump him in the water?" I ask, glancing from the water to the body.

Torch shakes his head and gives me a grim look. "Bodies always float to the surface. I'll burn him, then have the bones dumped elsewhere," he announces before bending down. I watch as both he and Dirty Johnny pick up the fat fuck and cart him off into the woods.

"Go on home, nurse that arm," MadDog murmurs.

He doesn't have to ask me twice, I'm already questioning my ability to ride the few hours back to home at this point. I'm fucking exhausted and I've lost a bit of blood which is making my head feel a little loopy.

Straddling my bike, I start the engine and head toward home. I need to make sure my wife and

kids are okay.

Iyy

Something isn't right. I can feel it down to my bones. I glance at the clock noticing that it's well after two in the morning. I know West has to work in Humboldt tonight, so I don't expect him home anytime soon, but something is very wrong. I find myself pacing our bedroom floor. I walk to the window and glance outside, before walking to the other side of the room. Over and over I repeat the motion.

I don't stop, my legs are shaky and achy but I can't get rid of this feeling. I don't care how late it is, nothing could help me rest right now. Nothing could ease my worry. I've even gone and checked all of the kids' rooms more than once.

One headlight flashes in my window and I glance at the clock to see that it's now well after four in the morning. Rushing over to the glass, I watch as West gets off his bike and starts to walk toward the front door. I know it's him just by his gait.

I stand frozen in the bedroom, waiting for him to make his way upstairs. He doesn't dally as he walks up the stairs and quietly opens the bedroom door. His body jerks but he freezes in place.

"Something happened," I announce.

He nods slowly and closes the bedroom door behind him. He doesn't respond other than that and just starts walking toward the bathroom. I follow him and when he flips the light on I gasp at the sight of him. He's covered in blood.

"West," I whisper.

"Close the door," he announces. I do, locking it quickly as he drops his cut on the closed toilet lid and removes his shirt. "Don't freak out. I was only grazed."

"Someone shot at you," I state.

He nods looking down into my eyes. Standing in front of him my lips tremble and tears fall down my cheeks. "Baby," I whisper.

"Clean me up and patch me up," he mutters. I shake my head, trying to clear my thoughts as I reach for his bleeding arm. West's hand wraps around the side of my neck and his thumb presses into the underside of my chin, forcing my head back. "Clean me up, baby. I'm good. It needed to be done and it's done now."

"Who was it?" I ask, knowing the fate of the person. No way would West let someone shoot at him and live to see another day.

His lips graze mine before he whispers against them. "Old club business. It's all good now, baby."

I close my eyes as he lets his hand drop away from my face. "Patch me up," he repeats.

I nod and then turn toward the cabinet and pull out the first aid kit. I go about cleaning my husband's mysterious gunshot wound, then bandage it after I try to talk him into going to the doctor for stitches, which he refuses.

By the time we're finished, he goes to bed, but it's time for me to start my day. After zero sleep, I get the boys up and fed. I'm so thankful, yet again, that I don't have to work this week. It is a blessing with everything that has happened.

"Mom, will you just watch a movie with me?" Rosalie asks.

I smile and wrap my girl in a hug in the kitchen, whisper a yes and together we curl up on the





Ivy

I spent the morning at the gym, and now I'm getting dressed to go to a party—a party where my husband's desires will be out and met. I'm both excited and nervous.

We haven't made love since he found out about me and Derek, then again, we've gone through a hell of a lot since then, too. Tonight is the night though. I'm not exactly sure what to expect, but at least I know the man he's chosen, it's not as though it's just some stranger.

"Baby, you ready?" West calls out.

I look at myself in the full-length mirror one last time. I'm wearing a beige spaghetti strap dress fits me like a glove. It's short and tight, showing off more than I normally would, especially with its deep scoop neck at my cleavage. I feel sexy in it though.

The nude suede high heel pumps finish off the dress and make my legs look a million miles long. My hair is up in a thick high ponytail and I did my makeup darker than usual since we'll be partying tonight.

West opens the door and walks into our room, stopping in the doorframe as his eyes scan my body. Mine do the same to his, he's wearing worn jeans that he's probably had since before we were married but they still fit him like a freaking glove. His tight T-shirt is black but shows off his trim, muscular body and I'm surprised that he's not only trimmed his long hair, but also his beard.

"You look beautiful," he murmurs closing the distance between us. I gasp when his hand travels down to my ass and gives me a hard squeeze. "Mom's downstairs, she's going to stay with the kids all night."

"All night?" I breathe, looking up at him.

West grins, giving me a wink. "Yeah, baby. All night," he chuckles.

A thrill shimmies up and down my spine at the thought. I can't remember the last time I stayed all night somewhere, other than home. Then guilt slams inside of me, at the thought of leaving Rosalie. I can't do it. I need to be here for her, just in case. She's been so strong, but if she needs me and I'm not here, I couldn't handle that.

"Rosalie will be fine. I talked to her already, she knows we're only a few minutes away, and she's excited to spend time with her grandma," West announces.

I blush at the fact that I was speaking aloud without even realizing it, but I'm glad that I did, and I'm glad that my husband already has everything under control. I tip my head back and brush my lips across his.

"Now let's get the fuck out of here. I haven't had sex with my wife in far too long, and I've been anticipating tonight for what feels like for-fuckin-ever."

West slaps my ass and another shiver runs through me. I don't bother grabbing my purse or anything else. I have a few shorts, jeans, and tops in West's room at the clubhouse along with toiletries. He wraps his hand around mine and tugs me behind him as we walk downstairs.

Rosalie is curled up in a ball at her favorite place on the sofa and the boys are completely spread out. West's mother is sitting next to Rosalie with a smile on her face and a bowl of popcorn in her lap. "You kids have fun," she calls out.

I thank her as I go around and deliver a kiss to both of the boys and Rosalie's forehead before I follow West out of the front door. He locks our family inside and then we head toward his bike. I feel like it's been a lifetime since I climbed on the back of this thing.

West straddles his machine with ease, but it takes me a minute or two since I'm in a short, tight, dress. I blush when I feel the cool air hit my center before I press myself closer toward his back. West doesn't know it, but I'm wearing light pink lace crotchless panties.

I don't know why I decided to wear them. They're brand new, and unlike anything I've ever worn with him before, out in public. They make me feel dirty and sexy, all rolled into one, and considering what I'm about to engage in, I figured this was right on track.

I'm glad that the ride to the clubhouse is quick. I really need some liquid courage. With each curve of the road that led us here, I started becoming more and more nervous. I've dismounted West's bike before he even kills the engine. I stand nervously wringing my fingers together as he slowly dismounts, himself.

I want to hurry him up, but I don't say anything. He wraps his arm around my waist and tugs me to his side. Together we walk into the clubhouse and my nerves ramp up with every single freaking step. I can't believe that this is it.

When I cross over this threshold, my life will forever be changed—though hasn't it already been? It seems like every corner that's turned starts a new journey with us. This will be nothing different.

"Ready, baby?" West asks as his lips brush the shell of my ear.

Turning to him I let out a shaky breath. "I love you," I whisper.

"Love you, baby, more than anything," he says and the way he's looking at me, I believe it down to my soul. He loves me, and I love him, so that is why doing something this crazy, it's something I'm willing to try.

Camo

The bar is already full of smoke, music and naked bodies when we walk through the door. Ivy is a trembling mess next to me, and if I didn't recognize the look in her pretty brown eyes as excitement, I would cancel the whole fuckin' thing. It is excitement though, she's clearly nervous, but equally anticipating what's to come later, as well.

"Let's get a drink," she shouts up at me.

Moving my hand, I press it against the small of her back as I guide her toward the bar. The prospect working behind the counter lifts his chin and I order a beer and a seven and seven for Ivy. He's quick to fill our order and I watch as Ivy's fingers wrap around her glass before she brings it to her lips. She drinks the entire thing in one gulp and I can't keep from laughing. I order another and her

glass is replaced almost instantly.

"You want to see any of your friends?" I ask, pressing my body against hers and wrapping my hand around the outside of her toned thigh.

She lets out a sigh and shakes her head. "Not tonight," she whispers.

"We're going to go into that room, Ivy, but we're not going to do anything until you ask for it," I murmur against her ear.

She lets out a breath. "We're not?" she asks.

I shake my head. "No, baby. We're going to watch, drink our drinks, and relax a little."

"Okay," she breathes.

Wrapping my hand around hers, I guide us both toward the free-for-all room. We pass by a lot of people we know, but I don't stop to talk to them, and they don't talk to us. Except Chad appears in front of us. "Have fun kids," he smiles and gives us a drunken wave as Brian pulls him away.

"Chad?" I ask in confusion.

She shakes her head with a smile. "They wanted to come to a real biker party. All the girls said it would be cool," she shrugs.

"You want to hang with them for a while?"

Her eyes widen and she looks back at her friends, then at me. "Really?"

"That room will be there later, and we'll have some fun, but once we're in there I won't want to come out for a while, so we can socialize now," I explain.

I watch as she takes a sip of her drink and nods. I feel a bit disappointed but not enough to complain. She walks over to Chad and Brian but I hang back. I'm content to watch her from a distance, in fact, I'm happy to do so. She's beautiful and sexy, and it makes me sick how I was willing to throw her away so quickly. My woman.

"You all worked out?" Grease asks me. Serina is hanging on his waist but she's turning and talking to some guy I've never seen before.

I don't look away from her when I answer him. "Yeah, we're good, brother."

"Thank fuck," he chuckles. "Didn't want you two to throw something away that could be fuckin' great."

I grunt. "I may be slow on the uptake, but no way in fuck could I throw that woman away, and stay away," I murmur.

"Ain't that the fuckin' truth of it all," he states. I feel his presence leave my side, but my eyes stay glued to my wife's ass.

I glance up when I feel someone watch me, and look around. There are a couple men looking, but they aren't looking anywhere near me. They're hangers, men I've seen around here or there, but I don't know their names. Their eyes, however, are aimed directly at my wife as she talks animatedly to her friends.

What should be jealousy, fills me, except it isn't that. It's a different emotion, it's a mixture of pride, and maybe a little cockiness. I'm proud that Ivy is mine, and that other men find her attractive, they can look, and if they're lucky I might allow them to touch one day, but Ivy will always be mine, I'm confident in that fact.

I watch her talk until her cocktail is empty, then I decide that it's time to go. Turning to the bar, I order her another drink and myself another beer. Then I make my way toward her. She doesn't jump or show any reaction when I slip my arm around her waist, holding her drink in my hand. She turns her head to the side and grazes my cheek with her lips.

"Thanks, baby," she whispers, taking the drink from my hand. I remove her empty glass and place

it on the table.

Without any nudging or prompting, she says goodnight to her friends and turns toward the free-forall room. I walk beside her, and together we make our way toward the room.

We stand at the threshold but don't enter. Her eyes dart all around as she takes everything in. She's been by here before, but never during a party.

I wrap my arm around her waist tightly, and guide her over to a sofa, sitting down first before I pull her on my lap.

Pressing my lips to the shell of her ear I speak. "I want you to drink your cocktail and just watch. Nothing more, yet," I murmur.

Slipping my hand around to hold onto the inside of her thigh. My other hand I wrap around her ribs, just under her breasts. Her body is tense, but I wait her out. Slowly, she starts to relax against me.

I gently begin to massage her thigh and brush my fingertips along the outside of her breast. I'm not even watching anyone in the room, I'm just enjoying the hitches in her breathing and the feel of her beneath my fingertips.

Tonight is going to be fucking fun.



Iyy

I watch as a woman who is on her hands and knees is being fucked by one man, while she gives another one a blow job. It's erotic, but not exactly the fantasy I imagined when West brought the idea up to me. His hand leaves my ribs and moves to my neck, wrapping around the underside of my jaw, and he turns my head to the side.

My eyes widen, and I let out a gasp at the sight in front of me. There's a woman laying on a table, she's completely naked. One man is eating her out, while another is sucking and caressing her breasts.

"That's what I want, Ivy," he whispers.

The hand on my thigh travels further up, and his fingers find my center. He lets out a groan, discovering that my core is bare. Two of his fingers dip inside of me, and the hand holding my cocktail shakes.

"They're focused on her, on pleasing her, on making her come," he murmurs against my ear.

I moan, unable to come up with any type of response. My body is starting to heat and my legs are beginning to tremble as he pumps his fingers in and out of me. Then he fills me and curls them inside, only moving while they're buried.

"West," I breathe.

"Watch them," he growls in my ear.

My eyes snap to the threesome and I watch. The woman's back bows and she shouts as she comes against one of the men's mouth. They don't give her even a second to recuperate. They switch places and the other man spreads her legs and enters her, his cock glistening with each stroke as he takes into her.

West's fingers move faster inside of me, his thumb pressing against my clit. My body climbs higher and higher until I feel like I want to claw at my own skin. My half-empty glass tumbles to the floor, my back arches, and my eyes automatically close as I come.

"Beautiful, right?" he says.

I open my eyes and am taken aback to find Derek standing right in front of us. West shifts me over to sit on the sofa and stands up next to him.

My eyes dart from man-to-man, they're both beautiful but the love I have is only for my husband. "Time to lose the dress, Ivy," he murmurs.

With shaky fingers, and my eyes only on West's, I grasp the hem of my dress. Slowly, I lift it from my body, tossing it next to me on the cushion. I remove my bra next but leave my panties and shoes on.

"Stand up, walk over to us," he says.

I do as is demanded, standing on trembling legs, moving toward them. West doesn't stand still, he moves around to the back of me, his chest pressed against my entire body.

"Do you want to touch her?" he asks, his voice deeper, gravellier than normal.

"Yeah," Derek grunts.

"Touch her tits, but not her nipples," West instructs. I don't know what's hotter, West instructing Derek or Derek following his lead.

Derek's rough fingertips trace along the swells of my breasts. He slowly, gently caresses me everywhere but my hardened buds—the place I want him most.

My entire body breaks out in goosebumps with his continued touch. I lean my head back and turn my face to kiss West's neck. "Tug on her nipples, play with them," his deep voice groans behind me.

I let out a gasp at the sharp painful tug on one of my nipples before I moan. I rub my thighs together trying to ease the ache between my legs. West wraps his hands around my waist and chuckles.

"Do you need your pussy touched?" he asks. Another sharp tug on my opposite nipple has me groaning against his skin.

I feel his hand shift from my waist to between my thighs. "Put your mouth on her tits, tease her," West orders.

I'm unable to open my eyes, my body humming from my recent orgasm and the new sensations of touch. West's fingers don't enter me, he pets, *feels*, and just caresses my pussy and clit, while Derek's mouth licks, sucks, and gently nibbles my breasts and nipples.

"Oh fuck," I moan as my hips jerk.

My hand flies to the back of Derek's head and I hold his mouth to my breast as I ride West's fingers. He presses his palm against my clit and I find that my body is uncontrollable. I can't stop myself, and if I tried, I feel like I would explode.

Derek moans against my breast at the same time West does the same against my ear. I cry out as my climax completely takes over and my hips start to wildly jerk against these two men.

"I need to fuck her, please," Derek begs, taking a step back.

West's body goes hard behind me. I try to turn around but he doesn't allow me to. He holds me a little tighter before he speaks. His words surprise me, completely shock me, because I assume I knew exactly what he was going to say, and I was so wrong.

"No part of your dick comes anywhere near my wife," he growls.

I struggle in his grasp a little, but he keeps a tight hold on me. "West," I whisper.

"On your knees," West growls. I try to pull his hands away but his grip is still unwilling to budge.

Derek wraps his hands around the backs of my knees and spreads my legs apart, his mouth immediately finding my center. "Oh fuck," I gasp.

He eats at me as though it's his sole purpose in life. He's much more aggressive than he was the last time we were together. On top of that, my pussy is so sensitive, that it almost hurts every time his tongue and teeth graze my clit.

Lifting one of my arms I wrap it around the back of West's neck and grip him tightly, my nails surely scoring into his skin. I'm so on edge, that it doesn't take much for me to have my third orgasm, my entire body trembles and shakes against West's back and Derek's face.

"Fuck this," West growls.

Then as if something has taken over, he bends down, throws me over his shoulder and starts to quickly walk out of the room. A few minutes later we're in his room and he unceremoniously drops

me to the bed as he slams the door behind him.

I open my mouth to speak but he puts his hands on his hips and levels me with a glare, if looks could kill I would seriously be worried about my health.

Camo

I'm pissed.

I'm so fucking pissed.

At myself.

Derek's hands on her, his mouth on her tits, that didn't bother me. In fact, giving him instructions, being the one in control it was a huge fucking turn on. What bothered me, was when he asked if he could fuck her. Something snapped inside of me, something primal, animalistic—claiming. Ivy is mine.

He's already been inside of her body, and I thought if I had the full control that it would be hot. I thought it would be sexy as fuck, and it was—until it wasn't.

Until he asked to fuck her, until his mouth was on her cunt. Everything changed in that moment. She is mine. Nobody can have that part of her, I was living in a fucking dreamland if I thought that's what I wanted—to share what's mine—with another man.

"You are mine," I announce.

She looks up at me with wide doe-eyes and nods. Rising to her knees in the center of the bed she holds out her hands, palms up. "I'm yours," she whispers with tears filling her eyes.

I undress, ignoring her outstretched palms. When my clothes are shed in the center of the floor, I close the distance between us. Wrapping my hands around her waist I flip her over to her stomach and wrench her hips back.

Filling her cunt with my cock, I let out a groan. *This* is mine, *she* is mine. How I thought I wanted another man to touch or be inside of her I don't know. I was fucking wrong.

She rises to her elbows and pushes back against me with a groan. My grip tightens on her hips as I use her pussy, fucking my cock with her soft, tight, warm center.

"West," she moans.

Her breath hitches, it only fuels me on, harder, and faster. I continue to slam inside of her, enjoying each noise she makes with every down stroke. My fingers dig into her flesh harder, my eyes moving from the way my cock disappears into her wet pussy, to her brand.

Mine.

She. Is. Mine.

"More, please, West. Give me more," she begs.

My balls tighten at her words and my back tingles. I fuck her harder, giving her more. One of my hands leaves her hip and tangles in the back of her hair, tugging her head back. "You give this to anybody else again, and I'll fucking kill him," I growl. Her head jerks in a nod.

I come, my release filling her body as I press my chest against her back, pushing her into the mattress, my hand still in her hair. My lips are at the shell of her ear, when I whisper, "Nobody touches you again, without my permission. Nobody ever touches your pussy, but me." I growl.

Her lips graze the underside of my jaw. "Yes, baby," she whispers. Turning my head slightly I look into her eyes and she's crying. I feel like a fucking asshole, but I'm not about to admit as much.

"Only you, West."

"Damn straight," I grunt. "You didn't come, again."

She closes her eyes and reopens them, giving me a sad smile. "I didn't need to. Have you come back to me, now?" she asks.

Pressing my forehead to hers, my grip tightens even more in her hair. "I'm back, baby. Fucking shit, I should have never left you," I state.

"I don't care, none of it matters. Nothing else matters, but the fact that you're back, and we're good. That you forgive me."

I release her hair and slowly slide out of her warm cunt, turning and sitting on the edge of the bed.

Resting my elbows on my knees, I bury my face in my hands. Ivy wraps her arms around me from behind, and I feel her cheek on my back.

"Please say you forgive me," she whispers.

Scrubbing my hands down my face, I lift my head. "Nothing to forgive, baby."

She scrambles off of the bed, and I assume she's going to run out of the room, but she doesn't. Instead, she stands in front of me and sinks to her knees, her eyes looking up into mine. "We both need to take blame for our parts. I shouldn't have run to another man," she murmurs.

"I shouldn't have shut you out for months and put you through the mental anguish that I did," I admit. The words flow so easily, I wonder why I didn't say them earlier. "We're both to blame, baby."

"We are," she whispers. "What happens now?"

"With?"

With a small smile, playing on her lips, she lets out a sigh. "Everything, West. What happens with *everything*. You can't hide the fact that you enjoyed some of tonight, I felt it," she winks.

I shake my head and wrap my hand around the back of my neck, giving it a squeeze to release some tension. "I did. I liked being in control. I liked the fact that he wanted you, but I wouldn't let him have you."

"Did you like him touching me?" she asks hesitantly.

Pressing my lips together I shake my head once. "I don't know if I didn't like it because it was him, or because I just didn't like it."

"I liked you touching me in there, with all of those other people. Knowing that they could watch, that they could see, but that I was safe with you there and they wouldn't try anything," she whispers.

"My little exhibitionist," I chuckle, touching my finger to her nose.

Ivy gives me a small smile and rises a little higher on her knees, pressing her lips to mine. "I love you, West," she whispers against my mouth.

"Let me make you come, baby," I grunt.

To my surprise she reaches forward and wraps her hand around my cock, gently stroking it. It feels so fucking good, her wetness still coats it as she strokes. Closing my eyes, I let out a long groan as I shift my hips. "How about we make each other come?" she asks with a grin.

I wrap my hands under her arms and bring her to standing. "That sounds fucking perfect," I chuckle.

Laying back, I tug her on top of me and wrap her in my arms. Thankful that this shit is done and over. Grateful that she's stuck with me through all of it, and happy that we've found a common ground and a kink that we both enjoy.

I slap her ass before I roll her over so that she's on her back, and I'm between her thighs. Running my nose alongside hers, I move to press my lips to her mouth. No more words are spoken between us,





Camo

Tugging my cut over my shoulders, I wrap my hand around the doorknob, then I look back at my wife. She's sleeping peacefully, her body completely exhausted from countless orgasms last night, and again this morning. I bite my bottom lip as my eyes rake over her body.

Fuck, she's absolutely beautiful. Still like nobody else I've ever seen.

Quietly, I slip out of our room and lock the door behind me. I don't know how many hangers we still have around this place, but I want my wife safe.

Making my way down to the main part of the clubhouse I look around. The person I'm looking for isn't there, so I look in the last place I saw him—the free-for-all room.

It doesn't take me long to find him, he's passed out in the middle of the room, buck ass naked with Pixie sprawled on top of him. I kick his thigh with my boot, harder than I need to. He jumps and sits straight up, throwing the whore from his body.

"Camo?" he asks in confusion as he looks around.

"Get dressed, meet me out front," I bark.

I don't stand around and wait for him to do as I've ordered. I turn around and start to head toward the front of the bar. I walk past body after body of passed out people. I don't stop long enough to even notice who I'm walking by. My only mission is to get outside.

My blood starts to pump and rush through my body with each step I take. Once I'm outside, the sun beats down on me and I suck in a deep breath, letting it out.

The door to the clubhouse slams and I turn around to find Derek standing in front of me, his hands dangling loosely at his side.

"So you're going to punish me for last night?" he asks, tipping his head to the side.

I shake my own head. "No, not last night," I admit. "You still fucked my wife, my Old Lady, my *property*," I hiss. "Without my permission."

Derek's shoulders drop a bit. "You want to fight for her? I want her as my own woman, you don't know how to treat her," he grinds out.

I can't help myself, I can't control myself. I throw back my head in laughter at his words. "Boy, she doesn't want you, and you can't handle a woman like her," I grunt.

"Fuck you," he spits.

Pulling my arm back, I ball my hand into a fist and smash it against the side of his face. He stumbles back, shocked, and I take advantage. I hit him in the gut with my other fist. Then, again in the face. I don't stop. Our arms fly and our fists land on each other's faces and torsos.

We end up in a cinch, and I only have one hand free. I hit him, over and over again in the side of the head. His body goes limp, bringing me down on top of him and I don't stop. I take everything out on his fucking face. My anger, my rage, and my frustrations not only at him but at myself as well.

"Camo," a voice calls. I feel my body being dragged away a second later.

"Call the doc," someone else screams.

I'm deposited on my ass and I look up to see Torch standing above me. "What the fuck, man?" he shouts.

Standing to my feet I sway slightly before I right myself. "He fucked my wife," I announce.

Torch's eyes widen and he looks back at Derek, then to me. "You should've brought it up in church first," he murmurs.

I shake my head. "I'll take my punishment, but that shit needed to happen," I announce.

Torch wraps his hand around my shoulder and gives me a squeeze. "I get it, brother. If someone would have come in when Cleo and me were having issues, I probably would do the same."

"You wouldn't have let anyone tear you away from him until he was dead," I deadpan.

Torch's lips break out into a big ass grin. "Fucking right," he chuckles. "Let me get you a beer."

We walk back into the clubhouse, I groan as I sit down on the bar stool. Torch jogs over to the other side of the bar and gets a couple of beers. We don't speak again, staring at the back of the bar I think about what just went down.

I should have just let it all fucking go. I shouldn't have lost my shit the way that I did.

When I'm finished with my beer, I leave Torch and head back to my room. I've cooled off. I need to see my wife. I need to tell her what just happened before she hears it from someone else.

I'm curious to see her reaction as well. She claims that Derek was a mistake, that she has no feelings for him. I guess I'll find out if that's the truth or not.

Iyy

I stretch, wrapped up in the comforter and sheets, and smile. The warm sun shines down on my face. I love the way it feels and I don't want to open my eyes. I hear a male's voice chuckle. Reluctantly, I open one eye to see West watching me from a chair across the room.

"Baby," I whisper.

Lazily my eyes roam his body and then I go stiff when I see blood on his shirt and his hands. Sitting up, I pull the sheet up my chest. "What happened?" I demand.

West's eyes go from smiling to alert. He looks down at his hands, his shirt, and then back up to me. He only shrugs but doesn't give me an answer. Keeping the sheet around me, I slide off of the bed and quickly walk up to him.

Sinking down to my knees in front of his legs, I place one of my palms on his knee while I hold the sheet with my other hand. "Tell me what happened?"

"Club business is the answer I should give you," he murmurs cupping my jaw. His thumb traces my bottom lip and I shiver at the feel of his rough finger on my skin. "I beat the fuck out of Derek."

"West," I gasp.

He shakes his head. "He had it comin' to him, baby. He touched what's mine without my permission." He drops to his knees and rips the sheet down from my body. "This is done. We'll never

speak of him again, of what happened. Know that I'm not mad at you, baby. What happened with me and Derek was a necessity though."

Tears fill my eyes and they start to fall down my cheeks. The guilt I felt when I let Derek inside of my body, consumes me yet again. West is telling me with his words that everything is okay, but the hurt in his eyes is speaking volumes about something completely different. "Never again, West, I swear," I whisper.

He wraps one of his hands in the back of my hair and fists it tightly. Tugging my neck back, he wraps his other hand around my waist and pulls my body against his. His face is centimeters away from mine. He opens his mouth to speak, but no words come. Instead, he smashes his lips against mine and slowly lowers me to the ground.

My back is flat on the hard floor, and West's body is heavy on top of my own, but I don't care. I welcome every part of his weight against me. His teeth tug on my bottom lip before his tongue fills my mouth and I let out a moan. Lifting my own arms, I thread my fingers through his hair and hold him against me. He shifts above me and I hear the teeth of his zipper on his jeans lower.

West's cock slides through my center. I let out a whimper as I spread my legs wider. I want him inside of me, it doesn't matter how sore I am right now—I'll recover.

When he finally fills me, he lets out a long groan. His dark eyes connect with mine and he doesn't break away as he begins to pump in and out of my body.

"This is us, Ivy. Right here, inside of you, this has always been perfect," he murmurs. His thrusts stay languid, lazy, and even. "My wife, my woman, my life."

Hitching my legs up a little higher, I tightly wrap them around him. I don't care how cheesy it sounds, in this moment, it *fits*. Our rebirth of a life, of a marriage, is happening right now on this dirty as shit clubhouse bedroom floor, and it's absolutely beautiful.

I place my hand on his cheek and feel his beard between my fingers as he continues to fuck me, his pace beginning to speed up. His hand leaves my back and he slips it between us as his fingers tighten in my hair. When his thumb presses against my clit, I shiver.

"Come, Ivy," he rasps.

I nod, my fingers biting into his cheek and I lift my hips to meet his thrusts. I know I'm close, so close, and I suck in a breath and try to keep my eyes from floating closed, not wanting to miss a second of this moment.

His fingers pinch my clit and my climax rushes through me. I open my mouth but no sound escapes. West takes the opportunity to fill my mouth with his tongue and slams into me a few more times before he moans and I feel him fill me with his release.

"Goddamn," he grunts, ripping his lips from mine.

I try not to giggle, but I fail, mainly because I feel the exact same way. *Goddamn*. I open my mouth to speak but there's a knock on the door. West starts to yell something but the door opens and I let out a squeak, pulling him down further on top of me to cover me up.

"Seen what you got to offer already, Ivy, no need to cover it up now," Tinker winks.

I gasp at his words, but West growls. "The fuck?" he shouts.

"Pres called emergency church. Wanted to make sure you were front and center, brother," Tinker announces before he turns around and walks off.

West grumbles as he slips from my body and stands, pulling his jeans up as he walks over to the door and slams it closed before locking it. "Get some fucking clothes on," he growls.

"Are you seriously pissed because he saw me last night?" I demand as I pick up the earlier discarded sheet and wrap it around my body.

West places his hands on his hips and shakes his head as he looks down at his booted feet. "I'm pissed because he mentioned it, Ivy. No other fucking reason. I like showing you off for the world."

I'm unable to control the smile that appears on my lips. "Okay, baby," I whisper.

I let my sheet fall again and I run toward him, my arms wrapping around his neck. My lips graze his. West wraps his hands around my ass and gives it a squeeze.

"I gotta go, baby," he murmurs. I nod and take a step back from him. "See you in a few, love you," he murmurs as he unlocks, opens, and closed the door behind him.

I flip the lock before I go in search of some of my clothes and toiletries. I need a shower after all the sex we've had, I seriously stink. Once I've gathered everything, I also find one of West's shirts and slip it over my naked body. I really hate the communal showers in this place.

Hurrying down the hall, I slip into the bathroom and rush through my routine, washing and shaving everything that needs it. I quickly get dressed and dump all of my shit in West's room before I head downstairs in search of food. I'm freaking starving.

The entire clubhouse is pretty much silent as I make my way toward the kitchen. I expect the kitchen to be just as quiet, but it's not. There are women everywhere, Old Ladies, and it's then that I realize they're starting to prep for the family barbeque that's about to go down.

"Hey," Hattie calls out with a smile. Her long blonde hair is pulled into a ponytail and she's stirring what looks like pasta salad in a commercial sized metal bowl. I give her a silent wave and go in search of fresh coffee.

Serina is standing next to the coffee maker and gives me a grin. "Heard about last night, then about Derek getting his ass beat this morning," she whispers before pouring me a cup and handing it over.

I nod, sipping the warm liquid, but not elaborating. "Guessing, daddy doesn't like his toys touched as much as he thought he would," she states. I lift my eyes to hers and she winks. "It's okay, sometimes they think they know what they want, but they have no fucking clue," she shrugs.

"Care to elaborate on that?" I ask, raising a brow.

Serina shrugs. "Me and your brother are open, obviously," she says. "That doesn't mean that it's always been that way. We have our own set of rules, ones that happened to come about because he didn't like me bringing another man home. He didn't know he was going to hate it, but he did. That's why we only play here, and only in the open."

"I had no clue," I murmur.

She giggles. "Most people don't. It's a boundary he didn't even know existed until it was infringed on, you know?" I nod. She squeezes my hand, then walks away to help get the party food ready.

Thinking about her words, I see things a little clearer now. West didn't know what he wanted, and there's no way to know what he would have been cool with, especially without trying it. Now he knows.

Now I know that he's the only man I want inside of my pussy. The thrill of being watched is still there, and the way he takes control is sexy as shit, but that part of me is only for him.



Camo

Everybody watches me as I walk through the door. I'm the last to arrive and MadDog's eyes track me with every single move I make until I reach my seat and sit down. He leans back in his chair and places his elbows on the armrests as he just looks at me. I wait for him to speak, becoming a little uncomfortable in my own seat every passing second.

"You beat the shit out of a prospect. Do you realize that he's lost his eye? Doc couldn't save it," he announces.

I wince at the unimaginable pain Derek must feel. I should feel fucking guilty as fuck. I don't. He had it coming for touching my wife, though maybe I should have broken his fingers and dick, instead? I don't respond though, choosing to stay quiet and listen to my fate.

"Do you want to explain to the class why you did that without bringing it up in church first?" MadDog asks.

Clearing my throat, I rub my hand on the back of my neck. "He fucked my wife," I announce.

MadDog chuckles and my eyes snap up to his. "Brother, he ate her in front of an entire room of people last night, you didn't have a fucking issue then."

Rage fills me at his words. What happens in there, stays in there, and I'm getting pretty fucking pissed off that everybody keeps fucking mentioning it this morning. "He fucked her before I gave him permission," I murmur.

MadDog nods. "You should have come to me, at least. I have to punish you somehow for today. You're on dock duty for the next two months," he announces. "Now, everything cool with you and Ivy?" he asks.

"Yeah, Pres, we're cool," I murmur.

He lifts his chin. "I'm retiring," he announces. Everybody makes a noise of surprise except me. I knew it was coming, although I'm surprised he's announcing it today. "I don't know who I'm going to choose as my successor. Fury has his own club to run in Idaho, but I wanted to let you all know that I'll be making a decision within a month's time."

"What the fuck?" Tinker whispers beside me.

MadDog's eyes scan the room. "I'm tired and I'm old as fuck. Time's come," he murmurs.

He throws down his gavel but nobody moves. It's as if they're all frozen in their spots, staring at their president.

"If any of you wants the position, let me know," he shrugs as he stands. We all watch him walk out of the room, still frozen in surprise.

Torch stands and shakes his head. "It's the end of a goddamn era," he mutters.

"I don't blame him, I'm feeling pretty fuckin' old myself these days," Mammoth announces.

"Somebody in this room will be the new president of the original charter of the Notorious Devils. I for one don't care which one of you all, it is. I trust all of you with my life, every single one of you, and I trust you with this club," I announce standing to my feet.

The room bursts out in applause and voices of agreement. "Now, let's party," Texas hollers. As the Vice President he should probably be the one to take over, however, he's not much younger than MadDog and I have a feeling he's close to retirement as well.

We all file out of the room, a bit of weight lifted from us from MadDog's announcement, but there is definitely a note of change in the air. I don't go anywhere but straight toward the female voices coming out of the kitchen. When I walk through the door, my eyes take less than a second to find her.

Ivy's back is to me, but I'd know her sweet ass anywhere. Quietly, I make my way toward her. She's stirring something in a bowl and chatting with Kentlee.

Shifting her hair to the side, I press my lips to her neck. Immediately her arm wraps around the back of my head, with a moan, and her fingers grab ahold of my hair.

"Hey, baby," she whispers. The sound of her sweet throaty voice goes straight to my cock and I rub it against her ass so she can feel how she affects me. "West," she giggles.

Wrapping my hands around her small waist, I give her a squeeze. "Kids'll be here soon," I announce against her soft skin. She nods, not verbalizing her answer. "All my selfish bullshit lately, I fuckin' miss them," I admit.

Ivy drops what she's doing and turns around in my arms. Placing her hands on my chest, she tips her head back. "It's not like you were completely gone for years, West. You can make it all good, again. They love you so much."

Cupping her cheek in my hand, I look into her soft brown eyes. They're eyes that I thought I could walk away from, eyes that I had decided I could live without. Lies I told myself, over and over again. I could never leave my Ivy. Not ever. "Just like their mama," I rasp.

"Hell yes, baby." She grins lifting to her toes and pressing her lips to mine.

"Okay lovebirds, we have food to get out there. We're going to have some hungry teenagers and men soon, and I'm not about to get my ass reamed because you two couldn't stop sucking face so we could get this food ready in time," Colleen shouts.

Ivy giggles against my lips before taking a step back. "Okay, out you go," she announces.

I lift my hand back and slap it hard against her firm ass, causing her to let out a yelp. Then I turn around and leave the kitchen, all while the rest of the women's laughter fills the air.

Walking into the bar, I look around. Less than a minute later I watch as my boys barrel through the doors to the clubhouse. I let out a sigh as they head straight for me. My kids, my club, my brothers, and my wife—life couldn't get any fucking sweeter.

Ivy

"Last night I saw so many tits, swear to shit, I haven't seen that since I was confused in college and went to a titty bar," Chad slurs.

The barbeque is well underway, the food has been consumed, the little kids are gone, and the teenagers are all milling around outside, assuredly causing problems. I giggle, sipping a water. I

drank too much last night and I'm still recovering, old age is a bitch.

"Let's get you home," Brian mutters as he helps Chad rise to his feet. "You bitches can sure cook. Come to the gym tomorrow so we can work all this food and booze off," Chad calls out as Brian drags him out the door.

The crowd all starts to disburse after they leave. West takes my hand and calls out a goodnight to the crowd as well. I give all of the girls from Idaho hugs and well wishes on safe returns home. Then I tell the men thank you, for all of their help with finding Rosalie.

West and I walk outside and I freeze at the sight ahead of us. It's Rosalie and Bailey. One of his hands is wrapped around her waist and the other is buried in the back of her hair. They're kissing.

"What the fuck?" West growls beside me.

I squeeze his hand in mine. "West, don't. Let her have this," I whisper.

"That boy is trouble, Ivy," West announces as he turns to me. He's pissed but I can't help but laugh lightly.

"I know he is, baby, and you can have a little father to teenage boy chat with him tomorrow. But for tonight, let her have this first kiss." West grunts but doesn't say anything, he also doesn't take his eyes off of the young pair.

"Can we go now?" Remi asks, running up to us.

West wraps his arm around his neck and gives it a squeeze. "Yeah, son, let's go."

A few minutes later, my family of five is loaded up in our SUV and we're headed home —together. I can't contain my happiness at the way things have turned out. Our life may not be perfect, it may not be where I ever thought it would be, but it's real, and I fucking love it.

West grasps my knee and gives it a squeeze as we drive down the road. Turning my head to the side, I look over at him just stare at his profile. His long hair, his scruffy bearded face, all of it I absolutely love—every part of him.

He parks the SUV in front of the house and the kids all file out, but neither of us makes a move to leave the confines of the vehicle.

"You're happy?" he asks, turning slightly to look at me.

"I am," I murmur. "Are you?"

West's eyes smile before his mouth does, and his hand squeezes my knee again. "Baby, being your man makes me fucking happy. Now let's go inside and you can show me just how happy you are," he winks.

He moves his hand from my leg and his fingers wrap around the door handle but I grab his wrist to stop him. He pauses and looks back at me questioningly. I sink my teeth into my bottom lip before I speak.

"This whole thing we went through, between us, and then with Rosalie. It was awful, West," I murmur. "It was downright horrible. However, I'm pretty sure that we wouldn't be right where we are if we hadn't."

"Silver lining," he mutters. "Now, get out of the car and let's get upstairs," he smirks.

I watch him finish exiting the car, and then I do the same before following behind him into the house. The boys are already passed out on the sofa, unable to even make it upstairs, and I'm sure that Rosalie is on the phone in her bedroom. "I'll get them to bed, check on our girl, yeah?"

"Yeah," I whisper.

Walking upstairs, I lightly knock on Rosalie's door. She calls out for me to come in and I watch as she sets her phone down on the nightstand next to her. My eyes glance from the phone to her and I give her a small smile. "So, you and Bailey?" I ask.

Her face pinks and she shakes her head. "Your daddy saw you two," I announce. Her face pales but I ignore it and continue. "I told him not to do anything, but he'll probably have a talk with Bailey eventually. You know that it's probably not a good idea for you two to continue on with anything. Our families are close, and the last thing we need is to have any kind of family drama with his parents."

"I know, it's just, I love him," she whispers.

Walking over to her bed, I sit down next to her. "I know that you feel like you love him, sweetie." She puts her hand up to stop me from speaking.

"I don't feel like I love him, Mom. I *know* that I love him. There's nobody else, and there never will be. He's been there for me since everything that happened, he cares about me," she practically pleads.

I wring my hands together in my lap, thinking of the right words to say. I don't want her to hate me, her father, or Bailey, but this cannot be. I let out a breath before I speak. "You are your father's and my responsibility until you're eighteen years old. I'm sorry, Rosalie but we cannot allow you to be involved with Bailey. We like him, love him actually, but he's not who we want for our daughter."

Her eyes fill with tears, instantly before she speaks. "What's wrong with him, Mom? He's perfect," she cries.

I shake my head. "Nobody is perfect, sweetie. Not a single person is. We want someone who will treat you right. We don't want you to cut off your options at such a young age," I try to explain delicately.

I personally don't want my thirteen-year-old with a fourteen-year-old who is already sexually active, but I don't want to forbid her and push her closer to him, either.

There's a fine line that I feel like I have to walk. I want to keep a little innocence inside of her for as long as possible, although with everything that's happened, I'm not sure how much is really left.

"You don't understand," she announces.

I reach for her and take her hand with my own. "You've gone through a lot recently. Why don't we all just take a breather. Calm down and then maybe in a few months, a year, we can revisit this?"

She looks from my eyes, then tips her head down to look at her phone, and then back to me. I can see the wheels turning inside of her head as she thinks through and analyzes every word I'm saying.

She sucks in a deep breath before letting it out and then she nods. "I think that would be okay," she whispers.

Leaning forward, I press my lips to her forehead before I drop her hand and stand. "Now, get in bed and try to get some sleep?"

"Yeah."

I leave her room walking straight to mine. West is inside, his back facing me, wearing only his tight boxer briefs. I close the door softly behind me, locking it, then I slowly make my way toward him. I wrap my arms around his middle and press my lips to the center of his strong back.

"You got our girl straightened out?" he asks.

"She's in love with him, or so she says," I whisper, not hiding it from him.

West grunts reaching behind him to grab ahold of my ass and squeezes. "She doesn't know what love is."

I laugh softly. "No, she doesn't. I told her that she's gone through a lot recently and to just take a breather, for a few months."

West takes a step forward and turns around, sitting on the edge of the bed before tugging me against him. His hands wrap around my knees and he pulls them against his sides. They sink into the mattress at his hips and I rest my ass against his thighs. "Baby, she's not dating him in a few months,

not ever."

I almost let out a giggle as my fingers dive into his hair. "Let's not talk about it right now, in fact," I lean in and whisper against his lips. "I don't want to talk at all, *Daddy*."

"Sounds like a goddamn plan," he grunts as his palm slaps down against my ass, hard.

I let out a cry, along with a laugh. West rolls us over so that I'm on my back and he slowly strips my clothes off of me. Then we spend the next hour, *not* talking, in fact, the only sounds that can be heard are moans, sobs, cries, and grunts along with slapping skin.



Camo THREE WEEKS LATER

Another fucking night at the docks unloading and loading, one box after another. It's repetitive bullshit, and MadDog knows how much I hate it, which is why he decided on this as my punishment. It's cool, it's better than cleaning the clubhouse or some stupid shit like that.

Derek hasn't been back, in fact, I doubt he'll ever show his face again. I should feel bad for causing the loss of his eye, but I'm not sure I could find it inside of me, not really—he *fucked* my *wife*.

Once the truck is all loaded up, I leave the dock. I wait until the truck is started and out of view before I follow in its path. Normally, I would go straight home on a night like this, but not tonight. I continue to follow the truck all the way back to the clubhouse. The cars that litter the parking area cause me to grin.

"You headed inside?" Tinker calls out from the front seat of the truck. I give him a wave as I make my way toward the entrance of the club.

One step inside and I can feel the buzz and excitement of the evening. Smoke fills the air, naked bodies do too, but I am on a mission. I head straight for the free-for-all room. Stepping inside, my eyes find her immediately. She's sitting on the sofa talking to a stranger, a man I've never seen before. He grins down at her, probably hoping for a taste. He won't get it, not the way he's thinking anyway.

"Ivy," I grunt when I'm finally right in front of them.

She jumps to her feet wrapping her arms around my neck, her lips touching mine. "This is Jacob," she breathes.

My eyes glance from the stranger, then back to her. "You like what you see?" I ask with a grin.

Our boundaries are clear now. Her pussy is only for me. The rest of her though? That's up for discussion, and debate.

"I do," she says as her cheeks tint pink. A smile slowly appears on her lips.

Turning her around I grasp her shoulders in my hand and lift my chin to the man across from us. "Take off her dress," I order.

His eyes shift from my patches to Ivy, and he gives her a small smile as he stands. His fingers touch the straps of the tiny scrap of material she's trying to pull off as a dress. I'd never be okay with her out in public wearing something this miniscule, but in here, the rules are different. I watch as he peels the dress down the length of her body to expose her naked form.

Jacob lets out an exhale as Ivy kicks her dress to the side. We'll probably never see it again, we

never did find the last couple ones we've brought in here.

This has become an every other weekend thing of ours. It satisfies our needs. My desire for this type of kink, and then my need to reclaim my wife as my own—something I didn't think I really needed except, I do.

I watch as Jacob puts his hands to his sides and balls them into fists. "Touch her stomach," I rasp against her ear, but loud enough for him to hear me.

Jacob reaches out and runs the backs of his fingers along her stomach once, twice, three times. Ivy trembles against the feel of his fingers against her skin. "Move up to her tits," I instruct.

Ivy lifts her arm and wraps it around the back of my neck, pushing her chest out while he slowly glides his hand up to cup her breast.

"How do they feel?" I ask.

"So goddamn soft," he groans. His free hand goes to his dick and I chuckle when he holds himself. "Can I suck?" he asks.

I lift my chin to him and hold Ivy's hips while he reaches forward and sucks one of her nipples in his mouth.

He and Ivy moan simultaneously. Her other hand dives into his hair and holds his face to her while he feasts. His hand slips behind her and up her back, forcing her to arch a little more. I don't mind because her ass presses against my cock a little harder. Ivy shakes against me, her legs moving back and forth, her pussy searching for release.

"I need more," she finally moans.

"On your knees, Ivy." Following my command, she slowly sinks.

I walk around, standing next to Jacob. Ivy is on her knees with a little smile pulling on her lips, looking like an angel, and the devil, all at the same time. I grasp her chin in my hand and tip her head back a little further. Moving my head to the side, I look over to Jacob.

"You can't have her pussy," I announce.

He blinks then grins. "What part of her can I play with?"

"Ivy, baby, where do you want Jacob to play?" I ask her, curious as to what her answer will be.

Last time we were here, we played a little more than the first time, but she's still owning her adventurous side. I'm leaving everything up to her right now. She blinks and then her eyes dart around the room. I know when she's seen Pixie because her eyes widen.

"Do you want what Pixie is doing?" I ask, not having to look in the direction of the whore.

Pixie has all three of her holes filled. Ivy wants that, she can have it, I would give it to her in a heartbeat. Doesn't matter what she wants, she can have it, just as long as I'm the only one inside of her cunt.

"I don't think I can do quite all of that yet, but I'd like to do a little," she blushes.

"Take your clothes off, Jake," I grunt as I start to remove my own.

I completely undress, leaving my clothes in a pile on the floor, but putting my cut back on over my naked torso. I walk around behind Ivy, and tell her to spread her legs, wide, and lean forward. She's just inches from Jacob's dick and I can tell he's about two seconds from losing his shit.

Sliding my cock through Ivy's slick folds, I slowly sink inside of her tight pussy. Jacob groans and wraps his hand around his dick. I move my arm and hug it against Ivy's chest, letting her tits rest against my forearm and I lift her up slightly.

"Fuck that sexy mouth of hers, Jacob. Open up for him, baby," I murmur to her as I slip my hand around her hip and press my fingers against her clit.

I gently rub Ivy's clit, caressing and tenderly touching her while Jacob fucks her mouth. Every

time he sinks down her throat, I thrust my hips up inside of her cunt. We use her body for our pleasure, but don't disregard hers, I can feel her pussy growing wetter with each thrust, her clit throbbing beneath my touch as we fuck her together.

"When you come, come on her tits," I announce.

Ivy reaches up and plays with his balls, lavishing him with attention, while I lavish her with my own. Her thighs begin to tremble as her hips move and buck on top of me. I slap her clit, then pinch it, *hard*, which causes her to let out a sob.

I let out a groan when her hot pussy clamps down around my cock. My own balls draw up, just as Jacob takes a step back, and starts to jack his dick. I wrap my hands around Ivy's waist and use her body to jack my own. I come on a grunt just as Jake's jizz spurts all over her tits.

Gently, I pick her up and set her down so that her ass is on the floor but her back is against the sofa. "Spread those legs," I gently demand.

Ivy spreads her legs and I look at her. My cum is leaking from her cunt, Jacob's is splattered all over her tits and she looks sated, and happy.

Ivy

These two men are staring at me and the looks on their faces scream *proud*. They're proud of themselves that I'm covered in their release and to be honest, it's so damn hot. I never thought that I would be okay with what just happened, but, *I want more*.

Rising to my feet, with shaky legs, I walk over to West. His hand gently fists my hair and he holds my head still as he lowers his face and presses his lips to mine. His tongue fills my mouth and I let out a low moan.

"You're not done, are you?" he whispers against my mouth.

I smile, glancing over to Jacob, then back to him. "Not really," I admit. West chuckles and shakes his head. Then he turns.

"She wants more," he announces to Jacob.

"Then more is what she'll get," he grunts with a smirk.

The rules are the same, they won't change, nobody but West is ever inside of my pussy. I reach for Jacob's cock and wrap my fingers around it, giving it a gentle squeeze before I start to slowly stroke him.

He reaches up and starts spreading the remains of his release all over my breasts, pinching and tugging on my nipples as he does. Bending over slightly, his tongue licks my neck before he sucks on my skin.

"I want her ass," Jacob announces as he looks over my shoulder.

I haven't done much anal play, but I've done a little. I've only ever been with West, though. However, I can't deny that having both of these men, inside of me at once, isn't exciting.

West leads me over to the sofa and sits down before pulling me on top of him to straddle his hips. I feel his hard cock rub against my sticky center.

"Do you want that, Ivy? You can say no," he murmurs as his eyes search my own. I look over my shoulder at Jacob who has his cock in his hand and is stroking it as his eyes stay focused on my ass.

"I want it," I breathe.

West wraps his hand around the back of my head and pulls me closer to him so that he can kiss

me. I can feel his length against my pussy lips, he's already hard and a thrill shimmies up my spine. His tongue invades my mouth.

Placing my hands on his shoulders, I slowly sink down onto his already hard cock. "Lean a little more forward, show Jacob that gorgeous little ass of yours," he whispers.

I lean forward like West asks and groan when his hands wrap around the cheeks of my ass and he spreads me apart. I continue to fuck West, unable to stop my body from moving. Turning my head back again I watch as Jacob slips a condom down his length.

"Lube in my jeans pocket," West grumbles.

My eyes widen in surprise that West had the foresight to actually bring lube, but I guess I shouldn't be surprised. He's usually prepared for just about anything. Jacob grabs the lube and I watch as he squeezes some onto his fingers before making his way closer toward us.

"Play with that ass of hers, Jacob. Get her nice and ready for your cock," West growls.

Jacob wastes no time nor does he speak. His fingers begin to gently massage my ass and I shudder as I push against them, my body silently begging for more. He fills me with his fingers and I gasp. "Look at me, Ivy," West demands.

Turning my head to face my husband, I continue to fuck him and fuck Jacob's fingers simultaneously. I love how full I feel, and I'm so turned on at the anticipation of feeling even more.

"She's ready," West announces.

The sofa cushions dip on either side of me, and then Jacob starts to gently sink inside of my ass. He fills me achingly slow and I can't keep from hissing, my eyes still staying on West's.

"Fuck, baby, you feel so goddamn tight with him in your ass. How do you feel?" West asks.

"So full. It's so good," I moan.

I'm surprised anything other than sounds escape my lips. I'm holding on by a thread. I feel like I'm about to explode, it's all too much, and I'm not sure how much more I can take. I move up and down on West's thick cock, pushing against Jacob's—back and forth, up and down—over and over again. My orgasm builds, I feel like clawing out of my skin, it's so much, and my body is so hot.

West fists the back of my hair and tugs my neck back. "We fuck you now, Ivy," he rasps.

Then they do.

Jacob grabs ahold of my breasts from behind and they fuck me, in tandem. I don't last long, their hips slam against my ass and my pussy relentlessly as they use me. It is amazing—I never want it to end.

Unfortunately, my body doesn't get the memo because my second orgasm rushes through me like a freight train. I scream as I come, and West groans when my pussy clamps down around his cock. Jacob does the same when my ass pulses around him. They both shout with their own climaxes and I fall against West's chest as Jacob falls against my back.

I'm unable to move, and I let out a whimper when Jacob disappears. My eyes slide closed and I expect him to come back, but he doesn't and I lift my head to look around. "He's gone, baby," West murmurs. "Let's get you cleaned up and to our room."

My head feels heavy as I nod. West keeps me in his arms and I wrap my legs around his hips as he stands. He carries me to the bathroom and washes me from head-to-toe before he wraps me in a towel and carries me to his room.

"Get some rest," he murmurs against the side of my head.

I fall asleep almost immediately. Only rousing when I feel the bed dip behind me. "West?" I slur. He wraps his arm around me, tugging my back against his chest and slipping his thigh between my legs.

"Sleep, baby," he whispers. "I love you, West," I exhale.

His lips graze the side of my head. "Baby, I fucking love you. You're like a goddamn dream come true."



Ivy

West's heavy arm is draped across my middle. I open my eyes before I promptly close them. It's far too bright in this room, which means we forgot to close the drapes. West's arm hugs me a little tighter and his hand travels up my body, squeezing my bare breast.

"Mornin'," he grunts in my ear. My only response is to stretch and then moan when I feel his hard length against my ass. He plucks my nipple, sending a shiver to roll through me. "On your knees, show me what's mine, baby," he rasps.

I do as he so gruffly requests. I slide onto my knees, spreading my legs widely, and tipping my hips so that he can see exactly what is his. Goosebumps slide across my flesh when his hands graze my upper thighs, and then my ass. He squeezes my flesh, spreading my cheeks apart. "Did you like having his dick in your ass?" he asks.

Pinching my eyes closed, I answer truthfully. "I did," I admit.

"How did you feel when we were both buried deep inside of you?"

His voice is gruff, sexy, and I can feel his breath with each word he speaks wash over my tender asshole.

"I felt beautiful, and desired," I admit.

Without another word spoken I feel his tongue press against my ass. He licks me, moaning as his tongue swirls around me there. I push against him, reaching back to grab ahold of his hair as I unabashedly accept and crave more of his tongue on me. My hand falls away when he begins to pull away from me and then his cock fills my pussy with one swift move.

"I should fuck this ass, Ivy. Remind you who you belong to," he growls as he slams into my body.

Looking back over my shoulder I give him a playful grin. "Baby, you know you own me, stop being a caveman," I murmur. West's hand leaves my hip and I feel the sting against my ass as he brings it down.

"Quiet, I'm fucking my wife," he grunts.

I rear back against him which causes us both to groan. His hand that slapped me reaches around and pinches my clit. I don't say another word, too lost in the way my body reacts to his. I come with a long sob as his hips continue to slam against me with each powerful thrust.

When his hand moves from my clit to fist in my hair, I groan as my head falls back. His strokes become a little more powerful and then he stills as he fills me with his release. I fall to my stomach and he gently lies on top of my back, his hips slowly gliding in and out of me as his lips touch the side

of my neck.

"You're good after last night?" he whispers against my skin.

I hum, turning a bit. "I wasn't expecting it, and I was worried you would get pissed off. I liked it though," I admit. "Not just because it was another man, but I could tell you really were enjoying it. That was my favorite part," I whisper.

West's cock stays buried inside of me as he speaks. "I didn't think any of this was possible, especially after that Derek thing. I thought if another man touched you again, I would be fucking irate. Maybe because there are no feelings, I'm cool with it, maybe because nobody touches your pussy but me. I don't know what it is, and I'm not sure I care to find out. I'm just glad that we both enjoy it."

He rolls off of me and I, in turn, move so that I'm lying against his chest. I prop my chin on his muscles and look up at him. "I don't think I could handle it every day, or even every weekend, but I like how it is right now. Even if it went to once a month, that would be fine with me," I admit. "I was worried it would become an obsession. That you would want to spend all of your time here like you were doing before."

He sifts his fingers through my hair and nods. "Yeah, I could get where you would worry about that. I enjoy the arrangement for what it is right now, baby. Once a month would be cool with me too. I like what we have when it's just us. But I like what happens in that room too. There's something freeing about it, in a way I've never had before," he admits.

Reaching up, I tuck some of his longer hair behind his ear, giving him a smile. "Let's get home to our babies," I whisper.

West leans forward and presses his lips to mine. "Let's go, beautiful," he murmurs.

It doesn't take us long to dress and we quietly slip out of the clubhouse while everybody else is still passed out from the night before. The ride home is peaceful, and the crisp mountain air feels like heaven against my face as West heads toward home.

Our street is quiet when we pull down the road and into our driveway. We quietly climb off of West's bike and make our way inside of our home.

I'm surprised that all of the kids are up and at the table with plates in front of them. Although I probably shouldn't be, West's mother is grandma of the year and she's hard at work on the griddle making pancakes.

"Oh good, I was hoping you would be home in time for breakfast," she calls out. "Rosalie set you both plates."

West and I make our way to the table and sit down. Our boys are chattering about a new video game they want, begging West to buy it for them and download it on their iPads. Rosalie quietly asks me if I'll take her shopping for a dress for her eighth-grade dance. I want to cry that she's so grown up but I agree and tell her that we can go this afternoon.

"Where are you going today?" West asks as he grabs some pancakes from the plate his mother just sat down in the middle of the table.

"Dress shopping for Rosalie," I announce.

"Can Grandma come too?" Rosalie asks.

I look from her over to West's mother who is attempting not to look hopeful, but she fails miserably. "Of course," I smile.

"The boys and me'll go fishing then," West announces. They cheer and pile pancakes on their plates.

The rest of the morning our table is full of conversation. It's a beautiful chaos, one that could have been lost to me forever, first when my marriage was on the brink of divorce, and second when

Rosalie was taken. There was a time when I didn't believe that this moment could ever be a reality again, yet here we are. I couldn't ask for anything better either.

Camo

I sit down at the long table knowing that today will probably change everything I've ever known about this club. I thought that MadDog would end up taking months to choose a successor, but it seems like he's going to make the announcement today. I can't imagine what else he would call us all here for.

Life has been quiet since killing those fucking punks, and then Drifter's brother. Hopefully it doesn't take too long, I promised my boys fishing, and I intend to deliver.

The entire room is silent while we wait for MadDog to call our meeting to order. "I lost a lot of sleep over this decision," he begins. "I'm not going to beat around the bush. I nominate Torch to take over as president in my retirement."

The room stays silent and I glance over at Torch who looks about as surprised as everybody else standing around. "I second, Torch as our new president," I announce.

He's a good man, still young enough to run the club for a long time, and he's been part of not only our club but the Idaho chapter as well. He's ex-military, and his knowledge and leadership abilities will be an asset. Slowly every single man in the room puts his hand up and verbalizes his vote for Torch.

"Unanimously, voted as President of the Notorious Devils, Original Charter of Shasta California, Torch, Paxton Hill," MadDog announces before he slams his gavel down. We all break out with cheers and applaud.

Torch walks over to MadDog and I don't think I've ever seen the fucker embarrassed before. His cheeks are pink and there's a small smile playing on his lips.

MadDog holds the hand with the gavel out for him and Torch looks from the gavel to MadDog's blue eyes and then back down again. He slowly brings his hand out, palm up, and MadDog places the gavel in his waiting grasp.

We all watch as MadDog leans in and murmurs something before he takes a step back. He turns away and walks out of the room without another word. Torch stares down at the small piece of wood in his hand, a piece of wood that means everything in this room. Then he looks up at us and slams it down.

"Holy fuckin' shit," he breathes. "I never thought I would want something like this, but thank you to every single one of you. I will not let you or your families down, not ever," he vows.

He dismisses us with an announcement of a party next weekend. A barbeque for the families as a sendoff for MadDog, and an adult party in the evening as is normal for a patch-in. This isn't exactly what that is, but we'll treat it as such since none of us has ever known a Notorious Devils new president takeover.

The beer and booze are starting to flow as I make my way through the main part of the clubhouse. I stop and shake hands with MadDog, and then Torch, on my way out.

I'm not staying, my only mission today is to spend time with my sons. I've wasted enough of that over the past few months especially. I now know where my priorities lie, something that I had lost sight of.

Remi and Reid are playing catch on the side of the clubhouse building and I whistle to them. Without hesitation, they jog my direction. "Ready to go fishing?" I ask. Their mouths turn up into wide face-splitting smiles and we all head toward the truck.

It doesn't take us long to drive toward our favorite fishing spot. When we arrive, we quickly unload and the boys have their poles cast before I can even blink. I don't bother getting my shit out, content to watch my boys have fun.

My phone rings about two hours into our trip, and I answer it without looking at the caller ID assured that it's probably Ivy, to tell me something about their shopping trip, or when she'll be home.

"Yeah," I mutter as my greeting.

A throat clears before a voice rasps on the other end. "You know, I never noticed how pretty the little girl was. Standing next to Ivy, they're quite a duo. How much do you think a man would pay to play with both mother and daughter?" he asks.

Turning away from my boys, I swiftly walk away from them, so that they can't hear me. "Who the fuck are you?"

He laughs sounding just as fucking sinister as he is. "Wouldn't you like to know?" he chuckles. "I think I'll try them out myself before I offer them up for service," he states before he ends the call.

My heart stops beating, and I look down at the device in my hand. I go to my received calls and find that the number is blocked. I try to redial but nothing happens. Then as if a jolt of adrenaline jumpstarts my brain, I scroll through my contacts before I find Ivy.

"Hello," she laughs. I can hear Rosalie giggling in the background.

"Are you girls okay?" I demand, unable to keep the panic from my voice.

I hear some rustling around and then Ivy's voice drops to a whisper. "Talk to me, what's wrong?" she demands.

Clearing my throat, I tell her that I received a phone call that threatened her safety. "Come home from the mall. Don't alarm my mom or Rosalie, but I need you guys home," I plead.

"Rosalie has a dress, we'll leave right now," she announces.

I close my eyes and let out a sigh of relief. "Text me every twenty-minutes, let me know where you are and that you're safe." Ivy agrees and ends the call.

I glance back at my boys and they're having so much fun I don't want to make them leave, not yet at least. Letting them enjoy themselves, I find Torch's name in my phone, and I call my new president.

"You left," he laughs as he answers the call.

"Get somewhere, where you can talk," I growl.

Just a few minutes later the background noise has completely faded and he demands that I speak. I tell him everything.

"You didn't see who called?" he asks. I explain that I looked through my received calls but it came from a blocked number. I tried to redial it, but nothing happened. "Fuck. Get them to the clubhouse. I'll shut this fucking party down right now."

"They're on their way back from the mall, I'll get them to pack some shit and bring them over myself. I'm not going to fuck around with this," I announce.

He clears his throat before he speaks. "I agree. I'm going to put the whole fucking club on lockdown until we can find out more. Get here as soon as you can, and I can get Hacker your phone. Who knows maybe he can find something." The line goes dead and I look back at my boys. Reid is happily casting his line, but Remi is looking right at me and I can tell he's concerned.

"C'mon boys we gotta go," I rumble.

Reid quickly packs up his stuff but Remi continues to stare at me. "C'mere boy," I call out to him.

He quickly drops his pole and rushes to my side. I wrap my hand around the side of his neck and look down into his pretty brown eyes. He looks so much like his mama that I find myself getting a little choked up before I even speak a word.

"Got a phone call, a bad one. Everyone is okay for now, but I need your mom and Rosalie in the clubhouse where it's safe," I murmur.

"Lockdown," he nods.

I agree with a nod of my own. "Yeah, lockdown. I have to make sure my family is safe, can you help me with that? We're going to head on home and pack our bags for a few days stay while we wait for the girls to come home, okay?"

"Yeah, Dad," he nods.

He can't hide the concern in his eyes as I'm sure I can't either. I squeeze the side of his neck gently before I release him. I watch as he helps his brother gather the rest of our shit and they quickly load it into the truck.

"Buckle up," I grunt. They do and I peel out of the gravel road, flipping my truck around before I press the pedal down and speed toward home.

I have one thing and one thing only on my mind—my girls' safety. Nothing else fucking matters.



Ivy

West's mom glances at me with every mile I drive toward home. She hasn't said anything, but I know that she can feel my anxiety. Rosalie does too. I can't explain to her what's happened, and I'm not willing to let her out of my sight so that I can explain it to my mother-in-law. So, I stay quiet, and I drive, texting West every ten minutes, instead of twenty.

Glancing in my rearview mirror, I take into account every car that I can see behind me. It doesn't appear as though I'm being followed, but what the fuck do I know? I'm trembling, scared shitless that someone is going to try to take my baby again. I don't know who it could be, or why—why us?

When I pull onto our street, I glance at West's sister's house and it looks normal. My niece is in the front yard and gives us a small wave. I watch as she turns around and heads back into her home. Then I pull up to West's mother's. She wraps her hand around mine and gives it a gentle squeeze. "You'll call me if you need to, right?"

"Yeah," I whisper. She nods and exits the car, calling out a fake cheerful goodbye to Rosalie.

"Tell me," Rosalie demands as I turn the car around and head back toward our home.

Clearing my throat, I think about telling her, but I can't, not after what she's already been through. "Nothing to tell you, honey. We just need to go to the clubhouse for a few days. We're going to meet Dad at home and pack a bag," I state through trembling lips.

"Bailey already texted me. Says there was a threat made," she announces.

I don't contain my groan, half tempted to take her fucking phone and throw it out of the window as I pull into our driveway. "A threat was made," I confirm as I shift the car into park.

"Against who, Mom?" she asks in a demanding tone.

Turning around in my seat, I let out a breath, trying not to be irritated at her, or Bailey. He's just trying to help, I'm sure. She's been through enough, that she's probably terrified. "How about you let Dad and the club worry about things? We're going to follow directions. Walk in that house and pack our bags, okay?"

"Okay, Mom," she whispers.

I don't waste another second, I open my door and slide out of the car as Rosalie does the same with her shopping bags in tow.

West is pacing in the living room as soon as I open the front door. He stops and looks up at me, his face pale and his eyes nothing short of relieved. I hold my breath when he hurries toward us, and without a word, he wraps me in his arms, burying his face in my neck.

"Thank fuck you're here," he murmurs against my skin.

"Anything else?" I ask.

West lifts his head, shaking it. "You girls go on up and pack some shit," he murmurs running his thumb along my bottom lip.

I nod and take a step back, holding my hand out for Rosalie. She puts her hand in mine and together we hurry up the stairs.

She releases my grasp only when we arrive at her room. I don't look back as I hurry to mine and I pack a week's worth of things. I hear West's boots as he enters our bedroom and I let out a sigh. "I should just quit my job," I mutter.

"I'll pay for your training with Chad," he quickly replies.

Stopping I turn my head and glance up at him. "West," I whisper.

He shakes his head. "Not discussing it. I'm paying for it. I want you home, you're happiest being available for the kids and you love working out with your friends. I was being a stubborn ass, Ivy. A fucking dickhead and I'm sorry."

I blink, trying to keep my tears at bay. "Seriously?" I ask.

He nods but doesn't say anything else, I watch as he turns and walks away. He leaves me alone in our room. I let out a breath and try, again, not to cry. Instead, I focus on packing my bags.

The past few months have been, eye-opening to say the least. Our marriage has been teetering, and then actually started to fall and crash into a million pieces. Somehow, we picked them up, we discovered some new things about each other, and now West is having a change of heart concerning my employment.

I shouldn't be as excited as I am about being able to be a stay-at-home mom again. I should want to be that independent woman, who applied and was hired by the dentist's office. However, I can't deny that I love being home, I love being with my children whenever they need me.

Glancing at my phone on the nightstand, I walk over to it, picking it up in my palm. I scroll through the numbers until I find my boss's name. Pressing send, my eyes travel out of the window and I hold the phone to my ear as it rings. Nobody answers, so I leave a message. Just as I'm pressing end on the call, I see a motorcycle ride by very slowly. It doesn't stop, but a chill runs down my spine nonetheless.

Turning back to my bag I quickly finish packing. I'm just zipping up my bag when West appears again. "I'm all ready to go," I state. He grunts as he reaches for the handle of my suitcase.

I follow closely behind him, down the staircase and glance around the living room to the rest of my family. "Let's get the fuck outta here," West growls.

Rosalie wraps her hand around mine, and I give it a squeeze as I follow behind my three strong boys. I feel like I'm seconds from breaking apart. The unknown is what is scaring me the most. All I can imagine is Rosalie being taken again—the thought will not leave my headspace.

Once we're loaded up in our SUV, West drives toward the clubhouse. He doesn't speak, and neither do the rest of us. It's the quietest car ride I think I've ever been in with the entire family.

I can't keep my legs from bouncing up and down as we continue to drive. West glances in the rearview mirror every couple of seconds and I hold my breath until I see those clubhouse gates in front of us.

One of the prospects opens the gate and I let out a long exhale as the car drives through the entrance.

"Kids you go inside, quickly," West announces. I'm thankful when we don't have to tell them twice and they hurry inside of the building.

"Do you have anything else?" I ask before we exit the car.

West shakes his head. "I'm going to give my phone to Hacker, see if he can find anything out about who called me," he explains.

I watch him walk around the SUV to my side. He opens the door for me and I quickly exit before I wrap my arms around his neck. "I love you. Whatever happens, I know that you'll keep us safe," I whisper.

West's hands wrap around my ass and he tugs me close to his body, his head dipping down and his lips brushing mine. "I'll die for you and the kids, Ivy. Swear to fuck, nobody will touch you without my permission," he winks as his hand taps me on the ass.

"Don't be cute," I grumble. "I'm scared."

His face turns serious and his lips gently touch mine again. "I know you are, baby. Trust your Old Man, yeah?"

"Okay," I breathe.

"Go inside, keep the kids calm. I'm going to see what I can find out," he grunts.

I nod as his lips graze mine one more time and he takes a step back from me. I turn around and walk away from him, sending a prayer up that he's got this, that whoever this weirdo is, he's found and dealt with—quickly.

Camo

"Swear to God if you can't find, *anything*, I'll beat the shit out of you," I growl as I slam my phone down on Hacker's desk.

Hacker's eyes widen and he grunts. "Brother, I'm only a man. I can only find what's there. I'll do my fuckin' best though," he mutters.

I watch as he starts to press a bunch of buttons on his computer. Then, he plugs my phone into his laptop and squints as he punches a bunch more buttons. He isn't moving fast enough for my taste, but I don't bitch him out.

"You said he knew the girls were together?" Torch asks from his spot, leaning against the wall.

I run my hand through my hair. "Yeah, he said they were standing next to each other, they were shoppin' earlier today."

Torch nods, but doesn't say anything right away. "Nobody else has had anything like that happen. I have to wonder if whoever it is, he's only gunning for your family," he mutters.

"Why?" I ask.

Torch shrugs. "Fuck if I know, why do crazy fucks do much of anything?"

I wait. Watching Hacker and hoping that he'll find something—anything.



Hours tick by. Hacker hasn't found a fucking thing, and my patience is starting to wane. "Brother, there's nothing. Whoever this guy is, he knew what he was doing when he called you," Hacker admits.

I turn around and walk away from him. I don't go into the open bar area where I know Ivy and

everybody else is. Instead, I make my way to the gym. I need to blow off some fucking pent up anger.

Once I'm inside of the gym I drop my cut on the workout bench, and grab my shirt from behind my neck and take it off as well.

Pounding the bag in front of me, my fists slam against it over, and over. I should have taped them but I don't really give a fuck if they're tore up right now.

All I can think about is that I've finally got my shit together, my family's in a great fucking place, and now someone is trying to fuck with me—with us. I feel out of fucking control.

"Baby." Ivy's voice breaks through my grunting.

I stop, placing my palms on the bag to keep it from swinging and hitting me. Glancing over at her, she looks fucking small and fragile. I've never imagined my strong woman as anything but just that, unbreakable. Right now, she could break like a goddamn twig.

"We got nothin'," I admit.

She quickly closes the distance between us and wraps her arms around my waist. I shift one of my hands, placing my palm on her lower back. "You're wrong," she whispers.

"I'm not."

"We have everything, that's why this person, this stranger wants to mess with us. Whoever he is, knows that we have it all," she murmurs, tipping her head back with a wide, watery smile. "We have a happy, healthy, family and people who love us. We have, *everything*."

I only grunt. She's right. We do have everything, but I'm not naïve enough to think that this person wants to fuck with us, *just because*, there's a goddamn reason. I aim to get to the bottom of it. Ivy lowers to her knees, and I grab at the back of her hair, looking down at her in confusion.

"You need to be able to think, and the only way to clear your head that I've ever found is through sex," she smirks. My cock goes hard instantly at her words.

Ivy unbuttons my jeans, and reaches inside, wrapping her hand around my already hard dick. She works my jeans past my hips as she gently strokes me. Leaning forward, she sticks her sweet tongue out and tastes the tip of my cock. "Open," I grunt.

Without hesitation, she opens her mouth and I sink down inside of her. Grasping onto her hair even tighter, I wrap my other hand around the front of her neck and I fuck her mouth. I know what she can take and she takes it so goddamn well.

Keeping my eyes focused on her, I sink further down her throat with each pump of my hips. When I feel my balls begin to draw up, I pull out of her.

Her breathing is labored, and without even being instructed, she quickly rips all of her clothes off, leaving them in a pile next to my cut and T-shirt. I push my jeans down my legs a little further before sinking to my knees on the gym floor. Ivy is already positioned in front of me, on her own knees, her legs spread and her ass tipped.

"I'm fucking you in the ass later tonight, baby," I murmur as I sink my fingers into the flesh of her gorgeous ass cheeks. She moans and pushes against me a little more.

With a chuckle, I slap one of her cheeks before I guide my cock into her warm pussy. She's so goddamn wet from sucking me that I groan as I slip between her folds.

Wrapping my hands around her hips, I hold her still. It's a warning she knows all too well, it means this is going to be hard and fast, she needs to brace.

"Play with that gorgeous clit, baby, make yourself come."

I rear back until just the head of my cock is still inside and then I slam back inside of her. I don't stop, I continue to fuck her with rapid, hard strokes. She only moans, her pussy growing even slicker with each down stroke of my cock as she plays with herself.

This is us. This is my woman, and I'm her Old Man. Nothing will ever come between our bond, or break it, no matter how hard they try.

My fingers grip her skin even harder, leaving bruises, I'm sure. I don't give a fuck. The only thing that matters is my cock filling her cunt, over and over again. When my back tingles, I growl with a warning of my impending climax.

"I'm coming, oh fuck," Ivy sobs as her pussy clamps down around me. It's all I need to send me over the edge and I bury myself as deeply as I can inside of my wife and I come.

When my balls are empty, I gently ease out of her and sit back on my ass. Ivy doesn't wait even a second before she's crawling over to me and rests her head on my shoulder, her face in my neck. "You'll find whoever it is," she whispers.

Reaching up, I shift her blonde hair to the side. "Yeah, I will," I murmur. "Nobody will hurt my family, fucking nobody," I growl.

Ivy lifts her head and her lips brush mine before she whispers against them. "I love you so much, West. You are amazing."

I don't feel amazing. I feel fucking helpless, but I don't tell her that. We dress in silence and she leaves me to go back to the kids. I don't stay in the gym.

Instead, I make my way back to Torch's new office, the president's office. I *will* figure this shit out. I *will* find out who the fuck is threatening my family, and I'm going to fucking *torture* them.



Ivy

I don't know if I feel any better after my time with West in the gym, or not. I feel a little less frazzled, so that should count for something I suppose. Unfortunately, I'm on edge and I don't know that anything will make that feeling go away, not until we find out who made the threatening phone call.

"Between Hacker, Torch, West, and the rest of these boys, everything will be just fine," Genny states, sitting next to me with a nod.

I want to believe her, and I want to agree, but I can't. My daughter was taken, she was scooped up and stolen from a public place. I don't put anything past *anyone* these days. I find it hard to speak at all, my focus on Rosalie.

What have I done to my daughter? I brought her into this world, I brought all of my children into this world—into this chaos.

"Don't think like that," Genny whispers.

I turn my head and place my fingers over my lips, unbelieving that I said those words aloud. "It's true though. This is the second time in a matter of just *weeks* that she's been threatened," I murmur.

Genny shakes her head and wraps her hand around mine. "It doesn't matter who you are, where you come from, or how much money you have. The world is an ugly place, Ivy. People will do bad things. I know it feels like this is all because of the club, and it very well could be. But that doesn't mean that all of you would be completely safe out in the world either."

"I know," I admit, and I do know. It's hard to see past the fact that this club shit is the cause of a lot of fucking headaches sometimes.

I decide I need to change the subject so I tell her that West has asked me to quit my job. "How do you feel about that?"

Shrugging, I turn back to watch Rosalie who is talking quietly to Finley across the room. They look like they're deep in conversation and I hope that it's helping Finley. She's been having a hell of a time coping with everything that happened to her.

Glancing back to Genny, I answer her, honestly. "I've really enjoyed being home with my kids, and being the one to take care of everything around the house. There was something a little freeing about going to work every day, though. It was something I did, like working out, that was just for me," I admit.

"But..."

I smile, Genny knows me well enough to know that, that statement definitely had a but attached to

"But, I think there is such a thing as doing too much for myself. I felt like I didn't have time to go to the boys' sports practices, or go to the football games to watch Rosalie cheer, and then I was trying to figure out how I was going to go to all of their school stuff during the day. I've been a little overwhelmed thinking about that aspect."

"All of this was because you and West were having problems?" she asks. "Do you think that those will come back, and he'll fly off of the handle about money again?"

Letting out a breath I look to the ceiling and then back to her. "I want to say that we'll never have problems on the scale that we just worked out. However—"

"That's not real life," she chuckles.

"Exactly. It's not real life, and I don't know what tomorrow will bring."

Genny snaps and points to me which causes me to close my mouth. "What if you did secretarial work for Chad and Brian? It would be a little something to do, but not to the degree of full-time, and it would give you experience in case you needed it, in the future."

My eyes widen at her suggestion and I'm unable to stop myself from throwing my arms around her in a huge hug. "You are the freaking best, Genny," I whisper.

We break apart and she smiles at me. "Chad kicked my ass, I signed up for personal training for the rest of the year. I'm sure they can pay you part-time now," she winks.

We continue to talk about the gym for a few minutes, then our conversation turns toward our kids and their sports. Mary-Anne joins us a few minutes later and then the rest of our close group of friends join as well.

It's nice having the distraction of conversation as the minutes tick by. Unfortunately, for me, it doesn't distract me at all. My eyes keep darting around from Rosalie to the hallway, where I know West is working on figuring out who called him.

"Can I talk to you?" Mary-Anne's soft voice asks interrupting my internal screaming.

I glance over at her and I nod. "Bailey is completely smitten," she states.

My eyes widen at her words. "Rosalie is too," I admit.

"Shit, what are we going to do? I'm sure if West is anything like Max, he won't want him anywhere near his baby girl," she murmurs.

"That's an understatement," I exhale under my breath.

She shakes her head and looks across the room at something, I follow her line of sight and I suck in a breath. I can only see the profile of Bailey's face because he's staring directly at my daughter. He isn't just staring at her in a friendly manner, either. I know the look on his face, it's one of want and desire. He may be just a boy, but he's also MadDog's son, and he knows what he wants—*Rosalie*.

"Shit," Mary-Anne whispers.

I bite the corner of my lip and close my eyes. "They have to stay away from each other. We have to keep reminding them of that."

"They would be so freaking cute together," Mary-Anne exhales.

I laugh at her words because she's right. They really would. Bailey has light hair like his father and oldest brother, Fury. His blue eyes are piercing, and so bright that you can't help but stare at them when you're talking to him. He's taller than most boys his age, and more muscular too.

I can completely understand why Rosalie is smitten with him, I would have been too at her age. They're also forbidden fruit for each other, which only makes them want one another even more.

"Can I just say that we would be related, and I would love that? Plus, the kids they would make would be absolutely gorgeous," I announce.

Mary-Anne laughs huskily and nods. "No freaking, shit."

"Maybe one day..."

"Yeah," she whispers.

We let the conversation die, and turn back to the rest of the group. No matter how cute they would be together, it can't happen, at least not anytime soon. He needs to mature a hell of a lot more before I let him anywhere near my sweet girl. Rosalie has been through too much in the past couple of weeks to even *think* about boys—let alone *Bailey Duhart*.

Camo

Hacker looks up at me and grunts. I know what that means, he's got fucking nothing. None of us has a damn thing and it's frustrating as hell.

My wife and daughter were threatened and I can't even protect them. I can't find out who the fuck called me. I feel helpless and fucking useless.

"I need some fresh air," I mutter.

I don't wait for a response, turning away from the group of men that have been helping. Walking outside I let the brisk breeze surround me and tip my head toward the sunshine. I bring my hand to the back of my neck and try to ease a little tension.

"It's the unknown. It's fucking stressful," Soar announces, as the door to the clubhouse slams closed behind him.

I let out a grunt in agreement. It is fucking stressful, not knowing when, how, why or where harm could come to my family.

"No shit," I mumble.

We stand in silence outside. My eyes just scan the area, unsure of what I'm looking for, if anything. I feel like a caged animal. I need to get the fuck out. I need to do something. I'm antsy and working out then fucking my wife, did very little to take the edge off. I don't know that anything would actually calm me down at this point.

I hear the sound of pipes blaring in the silent parking area and my back stiffens as I automatically turn toward them. "I thought everybody was already here?" I mutter.

"Me too," Soar agrees.

The two of us start to walk toward the lone bike. He stops his bike, kicking his stand down. My eyes don't leave his, as he removes his helmet. It doesn't take me long to figure out who it is. The eye patch is telling, although he didn't have it the last time I saw him, but I know from reports that I'm the one who gifted him with it.

"What're you doing here?" I call out.

He's wearing his prospect jacket and I find it odd since he hasn't made an attempt to come back here, since our incident. I beat the fucking shit out of him, causing him to lose his eye, and one would think he wouldn't ever want to come back. I know I fucking wouldn't want to show my face again anytime soon.

Derek shrugs and he looks up at me, his good eye focusing directly on my face. "Do you even give a shit about what you did to me?" he calmly asks.

I blink glancing over to Soar but his focus is on Derek, and Derek alone. "When you play with fire, you're bound to get burned, prospect," I grunt, returning my attention back to him.

His face starts to turn red and he takes one step closer to me before stopping himself. "You asked me to fuck her with you." Soar makes a choking sound next to me but I can't look anywhere but at Derek.

"I didn't ask you to fuck my wife in my bedroom," I growl.

Derek smirks and it's cocky as fuck. "Nope, but she did, goddamn begged for my dick."

There's a female's gasp behind me and I know that it's Ivy. I reach behind me for my gun but Derek must have already anticipated my move because he lifts his and points it at me. "Don't even fucking think about it," he warns. "How should I fuck with you, Camo?"

My back straightens and my body goes alert. "You're the one who called me," I whisper.

He snorts. "You're a dumbfuck, Camo. A complete dumbfuck," he chuckles. "Killing you in front of your wife and daughter is going to be fucking awesome."

"Then what's your plan? You have a whole fucking club here to take you down, and they will," Torch shouts from behind me.

Derek shrugs. "It's easy, Torch. Did you think that I came here completely unprepared?" he asks. Nobody answers, we all just wait for him to continue. "All I have to do is press a button on my cell and your little clubhouse goes... *boom*," he laughs.

I want to ask him how, but he was a prospect and we've never stripped him of his cut, which means the other prospects guarding the entrance wouldn't know not to let him in. Hell, we didn't even think about it, we all assumed he was too embarrassed to show his face here again.

"After I fuck them, both, I'm going to whore them out, Camo. Every time some sick fuck pays me to stick his dick in your little girl, I'm going to laugh as I pocket his cash."

I growl but Soar wraps his hand around my forearm to keep me from charging after him. "Ivy, go get your kid. We're going to have a great time together, the three of us."

"Don't do anything stupid, we have him surrounded. He will not leave with your girls," Soar whispers under his breath.

I keep my body locked tight, forcing myself not to move, my eyes focused on the barrel of Derek's gun. I hear rustling behind me then in my peripheral vision, I see Ivy walking past me, Rosalie close behind her. I don't know if I feel relieved or more anxious about them being so close to this asshole. However, I can't deny that I like the fact that they're now in my sight.

"Now the little one can sit on my lap, and you can hug in close behind me," Derek says with a sick sounding laugh.

The fucking pervert.

Once Ivy and Rosalie are behind him, I shift my eyes to them. My gaze connects with my wife's and she looks eerily calm. I don't know why, and I don't have the time to really decipher her look before Derek barks out a laugh and I feel something sharp pierce my shoulder.

My knees buckle as I suck in a breath as I go down, slamming against the ground with a cry. I hear screaming in front of me and I lift my head to see what's happening. I look up just as Ivy's hand comes down to Derek's neck. Something in her grip catches the sunlight, glinting, and I watch as the fuck goes down. He grabs ahold of his neck but Ivy's hands come down on him again.

Soar rushes forward and reaches into Derek's pocket while his hands are occupied, trying to stop the flow of blood from his injury. Everything seems to be moving in slow motion as Soar tosses the device away from the action.

Grease appears out of nowhere and picks Ivy up from behind, dragging her backward and Rosalie, automatically follows. Torch rushes up to Derek and Soar. I close my eyes. They're safe. My girls are safe.

I allow my body to relax, knowing that they're going to be okay.



Ivy

My brother wraps his arms around me but it doesn't comfort me or stop my body from shaking. I'm past trembling. Trembling was when I lifted my hand and shoved a knife into Derek's neck, twice. I didn't know what else to do. He was going to do unspeakable things to my baby, and he said he had a bomb. No way in hell was he just going to take us and not detonate that thing.

All I could imagine was that all of the people I love would be blown to pieces. I couldn't let that happen. Something inside of me snapped. I grabbed the knife when he sent me inside for Rosalie and I told everybody to run out the back of the clubhouse, just in case.

"You need to snap the fuck out of it," Barry shouts, giving me a hard shake.

My eyes lift to his and I nod once. "B-B-Barry," I whimper.

I watch as his face softens and he pulls me into his arms for a hug. "You're okay, Ivy. Everybody is okay," he murmurs.

It's a lie.

West isn't okay. I heard the gun go off and I watched him fall to the ground. I allow my brother to comfort me for just a moment though, allowing myself to be lulled into the false security that he's offering me. As soon as I take a step back, reality will come crashing down on me.

"Go to Rosalie, now," Barry states.

Taking a step back from him, I look into his eyes and I give him a nod. Without a word, I turn slightly and I look at Rosalie. Her focus is on what I assume is her father's body. I don't want to think about that yet, about what his fate is. He isn't standing and wrapping me in his arms, so I can only assume it's for one reason, and one reason only.

"Mom," Rosalie cries when I wrap my arms around her and force her head into my neck, turning her back to the scene before us. "Dad's not moving," she breathes.

My eyes close for a beat before I open them. I lock my gaze on West's unmoving body and my heart starts to slam even harder in my chest. He's not moving and I know that his brothers are rushing around us doing everything they need to, but my focus is on him, and him alone.

"He's going to be all right," I lie. Her body trembles as I hold her, careful not to get Derek's blood all over her.

I watch as Torch rolls my husband's lifeless body over and searches for a pulse. It feels like this whole ordeal has been going on for hours instead of mere minutes. I wait for him to say something, anything, but he doesn't. He looks up at me and gives me a sad smile, then I hear the sirens.

The club never calls an ambulance—not ever.

My brother shuffles Rosalie into his arms and I look up at him. "Go to him, Ivy. Me and Serina got the kids. We'll meet you at the hospital," he murmurs.

I nod as my feet carry me toward my husband. Torch looks up at me from his position, which is still kneeling at his side. "He's breathing," he murmurs. It's too much for me, the entire situation. I fall to my knees. Covering my mouth with my hand, I let out a sob. "He'll be okay, it looks pretty clean, babe."

"No more," I whisper.

"Ivy?"

I reach out and wrap my fingers in Torch's shirt, tugging him closer to me. "No fucking more," I grind out. "*Enough*." I know I'm not making any sense, but I don't care.

Torch wraps his hand around mine and he gives me a squeeze. "Okay, babe. No more," he agrees.

The ambulance arrives and they bring out a stretcher. I watch in horror as my husband is loaded on and strapped down. I don't even ask if I can ride along, I climb up inside of the back and sit down across from him.

My knees bounce as I wait for the driver to load up. The man sitting next to me doesn't say anything as the vehicle starts to drive out of the club.

"You look pretty pale, you're not gonna pass out, are you?" he finally asks as we drive through the mountains.

I shake my head, unable to look away from West. "I'll be okay," I mutter.

"You're covered in blood," he announces.

I look down at my hands, arms, and shirt. My legs start to bounce a little harder. I *am* covered in blood. Derek's blood. I can't tell them that though, in fact, I didn't even see his body there when we left. I have a feeling they moved it and will take care of his remains themselves. I'm not sure I want to know how, either.

"I am."

"Who shot him?" he asks dipping his chin to West's body.

Pressing my lips together I look from West to the EMT, then back to West again before I answer. "I don't know."

"Seriously?" he snorts. "He's in a motorcycle gang, don't bullshit me."

Tipping my head to the side. I open my mouth to rip this guy a new asshole when the ambulance stops and the doors are pulled open. I'm glad for it, I don't really have the energy at this point to get into it with some snot-nosed EMT who looks old enough to be my kid.

I hop down from the ambulance and run after the stretcher, but as soon as it disappears through a set of doors, I'm stopped in my tracks. "Sorry ma'am you can't go in there," someone in scrubs tells me.

"That's my husband," I state calmly.

He shakes his head. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to stay out here. We have some paperwork for you to fill out though." I watch him walk away and he returns just a few seconds later with a clipboard and a pen. He guides me over to an empty chair and I sit down.

I don't even know what I'm doing as I fill this paperwork out. It's as though I'm on autopilot. I'm just writing information down, and thankfully, I know the answer to every question they're asking. Once I'm finished, I hear a commotion and I look up to see Barry, my children, and the rest of the club run through the emergency room doors.

"I have to get this back to the nurses' station," I whisper. Serina takes it from my hand without a

word and walks away with it. "Did anybody call West's mom and sisters?" I ask.

"Already on it, Ivy," Barry murmurs.

The nurse from earlier walks over to us and announces that there's a waiting room ready for our large group. We follow him, but I'm in a complete daze. Reid flings his arm around my waist and holds onto me as we walk.

"Let's get you cleaned up," Mary-Anne whispers as she wraps her hand around mine. Reid falls away from me and she guides me toward the bathroom. "I grabbed an extra shirt for you before we left the clubhouse. I figured you would want out of that one," she rambles.

I whisper a *thanks*, as I turn the water on at the sink. I use the shitty foaming soap and start to rub it all over my arms. Mary-Anne tugs my shirt over my body and then grabs a paper towel and wets it before she starts to clean my neck and face off. I'm too scared to actually look in the mirror, so I keep my gaze down on my arms.

"Here," she whispers, shoving a wad of dry paper towels at me. I quickly dry off before taking the plain black T-shirt she offers and pulling it over my body. Only then do I glance at myself in the mirror. I look pale and scared. "He's going to be okay," Mary-Anne whispers.

I look at her through the reflection of the mirror and my bottom lip trembles. "I won't be able to survive if he leaves me. I thought I could when we weren't doing so well, but if he leaves me *forever*, I won't make it, Mary," I whisper as tears begin to fall down my cheeks.

Mary-Anne grabs ahold of my shoulders and spins me to face her. She looks serious and almost lethal before she speaks. "Listen up, Ivy. Stop it, dammit. West is going to be fine. Nothing will happen to him. If you freak the fuck out, then your kids will freak the fuck out," she announces. "You are an Old Lady, now fucking act like it."

My trembling lips turn into a shaky smile and I can't help but let out a little laugh. "You're scary when you get all badass," I whisper.

"Damn straight," she nods. "Now, suck in a deep breath, let it out, and let's get the fuck out there to your kids. They need you."

"They do," I admit.

I do as she demands and I inhale deeply before I let it all out. I have to admit the calming breath does just that, calms me. I follow behind her and walk out of the bathroom, my shirt free of blood as is the rest of me.

I ignore everyone's glances and walk straight over to my children. Reid is sitting between Rosalie and Remi. Reaching down I pick him up and sit down where he was, rearranging him to sit in my lap. Reid lays his head on my chest and I feel his body relax. Remi wraps his hand around mine and Rosalie does the same with the other.

"Dad's a mountain, Mom. He's going to be okay," Remi announces. My ten-year-old little man, he knows just what to say. I squeeze his hand and close my eyes.

I'm thankful that the room stays quiet while my body comes down from the adrenaline rush it has experienced. I don't even realize that West's family has arrived, or that Torch and the other men are keeping everybody away from the kids and me. I'm thankful for the peace and quiet.

"Mom," Rosalie whispers.

I glance down at her and she looks at me, almost as if more of her is broken and I hate it. "Did you love Derek?" she asks. My heart stops beating in my chest at her question.

"Why would you think that?"

She shrugs and glances down at her lap. "I know you guys stayed up late and talked a lot. He was around a lot, and then he was just gone."

"The only man I have ever loved is your father," I truthfully state. "I may have had a small crush on Derek, but it was nothing more and nothing became of it," I lie.

She lets out a sigh of relief and lays her head on my shoulder just as someone in scrubs walks into the room. I don't wait for him to call out West's name. I hop to my feet, placing Reid on his own, and with all three of my children at my side, we rush over to the waiting doctor.

"I'm West's wife," I announce as soon as I'm right in front of him.

He looks down at me with a small smile. "He's going to be okay. It was a clean through-and-through. He lost quite a bit of blood so we did a transfusion, but he's all stitched up and should be awake soon," he explains.

"When can I see him?" I practically beg.

The doctor looks down at the kids and then back up at me. "One at a time until he's in his regular room. I can take you back now."

Serina and Barry appear at my side and Barry lifts his chin. "Go, we got them," he grumbles. "Their grandma has been hangin' on pins and needles to give them hugs, anyway," he chuckles. Barry shuffles the kids away and I follow behind the doctor.

Camo

I grunt as I roll my head from side-to-side. My fucking shoulder hurts like a motherfucker. The first thing I notice before I even open my eyes is the smell. I know exactly where I am, and then the events from earlier rush through me. My heart starts to race and my eyes pop open.

Something squeezes my hand and I suck in a breath as I look down. The light brown eyes that look back at me are a fucking welcome sight. "Baby," I rasp.

"You scared the shit out of me," she whispers.

The room is dark, I don't know how long I've been out or what time it is, but I don't care. All I care about is my woman sitting right in front of me, safe.

I shake my hand from her tight grasp and cup her cheek, feeling her soft skin beneath my fingers. "You killed him," I whisper.

"I wasn't going to let him take my baby," she replies gently.

My thumb runs along her bottom lip, my eyes staying on hers. "Thank you, baby. Thank you for saving her, and yourself."

"I love you, West," she whimpers as tears fall from her eyes. "Only ever you, baby."

We stay that way for a few minutes. Whispering to one another and she recalls what happened after I went down. She doesn't know everything and I'm glad for that. However, I need to know everything, including where Derek's body is. "Go get, Torch, yeah?" I murmur.

"Okay."

I watch her walk away and I let my head fall back on the pillow, closing my eyes for a brief moment. I hurt, but I'm relieved. Nobody was injured, except me. Nobody died, except Derek. My family is safe, and there isn't some unknown threat still out there.

"Holy shit, your woman is a badass," Torch's voice calls out a few minutes later.

Turning my head to the side, I open my eyes and watch him walk into the room, closing the door behind him. He's not wrong. Ivy is a fucking badass. "That being said, she freaked out and basically told me to kick you out of the club," he chuckles.

"Shit," I mutter, scrubbing my hand down my face.

Torch shrugs. "Pretty sure she doesn't realize how shit works, but if you want to live a different kind of life, I'd probably allow that," he announces as he sits down on the sofa.

"What the fuck would I do for a job?" I ask, lifting my brows. "I got three kids creeping up on college age. I can't do anything different and I don't fucking *want* to. She's just killed a man, I think she gets a pass for an outburst."

"She does," he chuckles. "Derek's body is in the warehouse, by the way. Figured you'd want to deal with it when you get outta here," he shrugs. Fuck yes, I would, and I will.

I grunt and lift my chin to Torch as my only response. He knows I want that sick fucking pervert, dead or alive, I don't care—he's mine to dispose of. "Doc says you can get out of here tomorrow morning," he announces.

"The bomb, was that shit real?"

Torch glances at me and gives me a slow nod. "Apparently when Ivy went into the clubhouse to get Rosalie, she told everybody to leave out the back, and grabbed a knife," he explains. "We had Hacker get into his phone and yeah, that shit was real. We don't know where he got the bomb or the idea, but he did it. Hacker disabled the phone, and we found the bomb, and I personally disabled that shit."

"Fuck," I hiss.

Torch shakes his head and lets out a puff of air. "Nobody knew he was capable of that, brother. It's not on anybody. He was fucking unstable."

"Who vouched for him to prospect?" I ask, unable to remember. We had several prospects start at once and he was one of them.

Torch rubs the back of his neck with his hand and exhales. "Nobody. He was a hanger. He'd come to every single fucking party for over a year, made some friends. Hacker is gathering intel on him now, seeing if anybody will come looking for him, but brother, nobody really knew him."

"I fucking trusted him with my family," I grunt.

Torch stands and walks over to my bed. "You did, but Camo, we all did," he mutters. "Your mom is about to tear someone a new asshole, so I'm going to send in her next, then the kids one at a time," he announces. I watch him walk out of the room and let out a heavy sigh.

This fuck, nobody knew him, and he just wormed his way into our club and into my wife's panties. Although, I can't really blame him, or Ivy for that, I practically forced that shit to happen with my adolescent behavior.

However, I didn't know him, not really, and I blindly trusted him because he was prospecting with my club. I trusted him with my entire fucking family, and it almost not only got me killed but got my wife and daughter seriously hurt.

"Never again," I whisper to myself. "Never again."



Iyy

"Don't you dare," I scold, planting my hand on my hip.

West growls at me, his eyes narrowed into slits as he sits on the edge of the bed. "Woman, I'm not an invalid. I got shot in the arm."

"You just got out of the hospital last night. I'm sorry but, no, you need to rest," I urge, sounding more demanding than anything.

He stands, ignoring me completely. I watch as he starts to walk toward me. I take one step backward with each advancing step he takes in my direction. "What are you doing?" I whisper as my back crashes against the closed door.

"Maybe if I fuck you, you'll realize that I'm fine," he murmurs.

His lips brush mine and my entire body breaks out in a shiver. West's lips press hard against mine and his hand slips between my thighs. His fingers tug down my panties, and I've never been so glad I wore a dress than I am right now.

West spins me around and I place my palms flat on the door, pushing my ass out and spreading my thighs. "Fuck, Ivy," he groans as his fingers gently brush through my wet center.

"Baby," I whisper, dropping my head back.

His hand fists in my hair and tugs my head back a little further, right before his cock slams inside of me. I'm unable to hold in my gasp at the surprise of his sudden entrance. He doesn't move immediately, allowing me to stretch around him.

"Look at me," he demands. I open my eyes and look at his face upside down. "I'm okay, baby," he whispers as the hand not fisted in my hair gently slides around the front of my throat.

Tears well in my eyes at his words. West leans over slightly and presses his lips to my forehead. "Baby, I'm okay," he repeats.

My words are caught in a lump in my throat so I don't even try to speak them aloud. West doesn't allow me a moment anyway, he releases my throat and wraps his fingers around my hip before he starts to roughly thrust in and out of me.

It's almost painful, but the place he's hitting inside of me causes a warmth to spread throughout my entire body. I let myself relax against his hold and just feel him fucking me. He's relentless, and my scalp burns, but I couldn't ask him to stop if I tried—I wouldn't want him to.

I pinch my eyes closed tightly and try to push against him, meeting his thrusts as much as I can before my entire body freezes and my climax washes over me. West continues to grunt, and his

fingertips bite into my hip before he stills. I feel his release spill inside of me and he lets out a long moan before his hips begin moving again in languid strokes.

He releases my hair and his fingers gently skim down my spine. They make their way to my chest, and he grabs ahold of one of my breasts in his hand. He holds onto my breast, tightly, then presses his chest against my back. "I'm okay, baby," he whispers against my ear.

"No riding your bike," I breathe.

He chuckles as he rolls his hips, causing me to gasp. "I'll take the truck," he grunts, slipping from me.

I turn around and grab my panties from their discarded place on the floor as he tucks himself back into his jeans and buttons them.

"What are your plans today?" I ask.

West's head lifts and something dark crosses his gaze before it completely disappears. He grins and shakes his head once, reaching out to cup my cheek. His dark eyes stay on mine as his thumb runs beneath my eye. "I'll be home for dinner," he states.

I open my mouth to reply but his fingers flex. "You know that I'll answer what I can, when I can, Ivy. This isn't one of those times that I can give you a complete answer."

Nodding, I wrap my hand around his wrist and give him a smile. "Boys have a baseball game at six tonight. I promised them I'd take them out for burgers afterward at the diner."

"I'll be here at five, we'll all go together," he murmurs. He leans forward, his lips grazing mine before he whispers against them. "Love you, baby."

Releasing me, he walks past me and out of the bedroom before I can reply. I don't mind, I love him too, and he knows it. Closing my eyes, I suck in a deep breath. Making my way to the bathroom, I quickly clean up before I head out for the day. I glance at the drawer that holds my workout gear and I make a snap decision.

Dressing quickly, I throw on a pair of exercise leggings and a sports bra, covering myself with a tank and switching my shoes. Running out of the house, I head toward the gym. I haven't seen Chad and Brian since West was shot. I need not only to work out but to talk to them about possibly working for them.

I already quit my job at the dentist office, and I felt guilty, but to be honest, I had more time off than I actually worked. It wasn't fair to them.

The gym looks busy and I'm glad for that, although it will make getting some alone time with both of the boys a bit harder.

Hurrying out of my SUV, I make my way into the building and smile when I see Brian behind the counter. "I thought we'd lost you forever. The gym at the clubhouse isn't really that great and I would have been sad if you'd chosen to hang out there more than here," he announces as soon as I step through the door.

"I could never ditch you guys for that shitty equipment. Besides I'm pretty sure they don't clean that shit," I state. Brian laughs and walks around the counter to wrap his arms around me.

I welcome his embrace and let out a heavy sigh. "How's he doing?" he asks quietly.

"Driving me crazy. He won't just rest."

Brian takes a step back and chuckles. "I didn't expect him to, how could, you?"

Rolling my eyes, I let out a laugh. "I know, I know," I wave my hand. "Could I talk to you guys when you're both free?"

Brian looks at me, his eyes scanning my face and he tips his head to the side. "Must be serious."

"Kinda," I shrug. "I'm going to work out for a while, let me know?"

He nods and I give him another quick hug before I hurry to the equipment. I haven't had a really good work out in a while so I'm going to spend the afternoon here, trying to get my ass back in gear. Then, hopefully I'll leave this place with a little side job, which would be like a dream come true.

Camo

My lip curls when I walk into the warehouse. It smells so fucking bad in here. Derek's lifeless body hangs on a hook that's suspended from the ceiling. I tip my head to the side and take him in. The hook is the same one that one of the boys who took Rosalie hung from just months ago. I should probably feel bad about that, and about Derek. I should, but I don't.

"He's pretty fucking ripe," Grease grumbles next to me.

I turn my head and glace over to him. "Yeah. I'm not sure what to do with him. Kind of wish he would have lived so I could torture him a little," I shrug.

"Apparently my sister doesn't fuck around."

I chuckle thinking about Ivy stabbing this fuck in the neck, more than once. "She scares me a little, now," I murmur.

Grease laughs and slaps me on the shoulder. "She fucking should."

Derek's cut is on the ground in a heap of leather beneath his feet. "Shall we deal with that thing first?" I ask, pointing at it.

Grease takes a few steps toward it, bending over to grab it before bringing it back to me. "Cut the patches off," he murmurs.

I pull my knife out of my pocket and start to cut the fabric away. My shoulder burns but I don't stop. I want his patches fucking off. When I'm finally done, I drop the leather to the ground at my feet and hand Grease the patches. I shove my knife back in my pocket before I pull my dick out and piss on the leather cut. Grease laughs but as soon as I'm done, he starts to piss on it too.

"His body?" he asks.

I glance at the body, then the piss soaked leather cut at my feet. "Burn him," I murmur.

"Not worthy of a burial." Grease nods in agreement.

Walking over to the door, I stick my head out and tell the prospect to come inside. "He needs to be burned, with the cut. There's a barrel out at the edge of the property where we do that."

"Yeah, I know," he states, lifting his chin.

The prospect is young, only about nineteen years old. I highly doubt he's anywhere near twenty-one. He's probably seen some fucked up shit here the past few months, but he needs to understand that this is the life we live. We're all about the party, we're all about the dope and the pussy too. But when it's time to get shit handled, it ain't fuckin' pretty.

I leave the warehouse with Grease behind me. We don't speak another word walking straight toward Torch's office. Once we're inside, Grease throws the patches down on Torch's desk. He looks up from the computer and then glances at the material before he lifts his eyes to us. Leaning back in his chair, he grins.

"Prospect is burning the body," I announce.

Torch nods. "Everything good with you?" he asks.

My hand automatically touches the healing bullet wound at my chest and I nod. "I'm good."

"Ivy?"

I know what he's asking. Ivy kind of flipped out on him and I don't blame her. I'm not leaving my club, my brothers though. We haven't talked about it, but I know she just had a moment. A lot of shit went down in just a short period of time.

I don't blame her for being scared. "She'll be okay," I state wrapping my hand around the back of my neck. "It was just a lot."

"She's been through a hell of a lot. If she needs to talk, you make sure you get her help before it turns into something else," he advises.

I nod in agreement. He's right. I could see Ivy getting lost inside her own head, the events from the past few months piling up and becoming overwhelming.

"She'll be okay, though. I talked her into quitting her full-time job at the dentist office. She's going to ask her friends at the gym if they need some part-time help there. I just don't want her to be too busy to process."

Torch nods and Grease slaps me on the back. "Good idea, on both counts. Now that Derek is dealt with, and you're off of your punishment," Torch winks. "I don't want to send you off to Colorado anytime soon. Let's get you healed up, and make sure Ivy, and the kids, are okay before I add you back to rotation. You cool to work the docks until then?"

"Yeah, I'm good."

We spend the next hour or so shooting the shit. I stand, deciding I need to get going when MadDog walks into the room. His eyes scan me and he lets out an exhale.

"You're good?" he asks.

"I'm good, brother," I admit.

He runs his hand through his hair and looks down at his boots. "Fuckin' shit. I should have checked into him better," he admits. "Loner, no family, an orphan. Military background. I should have paid more attention to him," he rambles.

"Nobody could have known, MadDog," I say. "I fucked up. I fucked up with my marriage, and I fucked up with how I reacted. I should have come to the club, done a vote, and done shit the right way."

"What a clusterfuck," he rasps.

I wrap my hand around his shoulder and give it a squeeze. "None of this is on you, not a goddamn thing. Get that shit outta your head. I'm okay, Ivy's okay—we're all fuckin' good."

"Finley ain't good," he mutters as he shakes his head. "I'm sending her off for some help. I can't help her, none of us can help her," he admits.

"Where are you sending her?" Torch asks. I glance over at him and he looks about as worried as I feel.

MadDog walks over to the sofa in the room and sinks down, spreading his legs wide and letting his head fall backward. "A PTSD trauma retreat place. It's in Newport Beach. Mary-Anne found it."

"How bad is it?" I chance asking him.

MadDog opens his eyes and turns to me. "I haven't slept a full night since it happened, neither has she," he admits. "She leaves tomorrow. We're drivin' her down there as a family. Gonna miss the fuck out've her, but she's my baby and she needs help."

"You're doing the right thing," I murmur. Grease and Torch agree as well.

MadDog changes the subject and we all talk about Torch's latest meeting with the Russians. He tells us that their new shipments will have even more supplies on them. We're going to have to load up two trucks at the docks, instead of just the one. They're fucking ruling New York and have started transferring a portion of our shipment all the way from Colorado to the East Coast.

"How are the law enforcement payoffs in Humboldt area?" I ask.

Torch grins leaning all the way back in his chair. "Got the Feds in that area on my payroll, the locals, and the state highway patrol. We're fuckin' good, brother."

"Shit, yeah," I laugh. "Then that sounds like a good fuckin' deal for us and our bank accounts."

"I agree," Grease chuckles. "Wanted to talk about that prospect, Jordan, is it?" he asks, mentioning the kid that's burning Derek's body right now.

"He's up for a vote this week," Torch states.

Grease nods with a grin.

We all disperse a few minutes later, and I glance at my phone to see that it's already after four. I don't go to the bar like I normally would. Instead, I make my way to my truck and I drive home to my family.

Tonight, I'm going to watch my boys play some fuckin' baseball.



Ivy

I kiss all three of my babies on the forehead before I meet West at the front door. I glance back at them, taking them in. They're not babies anymore. Granted they still need an adult around, but they don't need me twenty-four-seven like they used to. I miss that, and yet, there is a freeing feeling about not having to be *mom*, all day, every day.

"Ready?" West asks, reaching out for my hand.

His warm fingers curl around mine and I look up to him. He's still the sexiest man I've ever met, time has only enhanced his appeal. He grins and leans down slightly "Let's go, baby," he whispers against my ear.

Looking back at the kids one last time, I smile. Calling out my goodbyes, they distractedly wave back to me. My mother-in-law tells us to come back early enough in the morning for breakfast and we agree. Then we're out the front door.

I carefully throw my leg over West's motorcycle seat and straddle it in my short black dress and black high heels. He puts my helmet on before climbing on his bike himself. I fit myself against his back before we take off down the street.

The wind whips around us and I close my eyes as I enjoy the ride. My life has forever been changed by the crazy events from the past six months, however, I'm not sure that I would change very much of it.

I wouldn't want my Rosalie to have gone through any of the things she did, but in her trauma, West and I got our shit together. I'm not sure if that makes me a bad person, but I do believe that everything in this life, happens for a reason.

West doesn't ride straight toward the clubhouse. Instead, we go through the mountains and stop when there is a clearing that looks over the valley below. He kicks his stand down but doesn't move to get off of his bike. I take my helmet off and gently drop it to the ground by our feet, West does the same.

Lifting my chin, I rest it on his shoulder as we quietly look out at the twinkling lights from the houses below us.

"A year ago, I thought that I needed to set you free. I thought that nothing I could want from you would make you happy. I thought that I would ruin you," he whispers.

"I didn't know that I wanted to be ruined by you," I murmur against his ear.

His hand slides up my leg and he squeezes my thigh. "I could have never imagined that our lives

would be quite like they turned out to be."

"Do you regret anything?" I hesitantly ask.

He chuckles, turning his head slightly to look back at me. "I've never regretted a single fucking moment with you, Ivy. Not from the moment I laid eyes on you have I regretted a goddamn thing."

"Me either," I admit.

He lifts his chin and then looks down at his lap. I know what his silent request is, so I climb off of his bike and then get back on, this time to straddle it, facing him. His hands wrap around my waist and he squeezes me. Lifting my hands, I take hold of the edges of his cut. "Thank you for giving me such a beautiful life," I whisper, leaning in and pressing my lips against his.

"Baby, as long as you're right here with me, our life is going to be fucking spectacular," he states.

I don't respond. His mouth crashes against mine before I get the chance, and his tongue fills me. I moan as he fucks me with his tongue, tasting every part of me. When he slows the kiss down, he nibbles on my lips as his fingers gently stroke the lace covering my pussy. I whimper in his mouth when he moves the lace to the side and fills me with two fingers.

"I want you dripping with my cum before we have any fun tonight," he murmurs against my mouth.

I shiver, goosebumps covering my entire body. "Where do you want me dripping from?" I ask. My face gets hot just at the words, embarrassment washing over me.

He chuckles against my neck as he starts to kiss down my skin. "Everywhere, baby," he rasps. "I'm going to fuck your pussy first. Fill you up. Then you can work me back up so I can fuck that sweet little ass."

I slide one of my hands up his shoulder to his hair and hold onto him, twisting my fingers in his soft strands. "West," I breathe as I begin to ride his hand. What he describes sounds absolutely sinful and perfect, all at the same time. I want that, I want it all.

He rips my panties away before he fumbles with his belt and then he pulls me down on his waiting cock. His thumb presses against my clit as I ride him. Unfortunately, I can't move the way I want, but it doesn't take away from how good it feels to have his hands on me and his dick inside of me.

West places his hand on my back and shifts us so that I'm lying against his handlebars and he fucks me. His thumb stays pressed against my clit and he adds a bit more pressure with each down stroke of his cock.

"Oh God," I moan, tightening my legs around his waist and my arms around his back. He buries his face in my neck.

I'm climbing higher with each thrust of his hips, and my climax rushes through me, my thighs shaking and my arms holding him to me. Every part of me wants to keep him still, my pussy squeezing to keep him inside of me. It doesn't work, he bucks his hips wildly before he lifts his head and comes.

West buries his face in my neck again, but he doesn't make any other motion to move. We stay wrapped in each other for a while. Our heavy breathing filling the night air around us. There is nothing out here but the trees, the stars, and us. When he lifts his face, he looks into my eyes and he smiles.

I hold my breath when his hand cups my cheek and his thumb glides along my bottom lip. "God, prettiest woman to walk the earth, and she's mine."

"You're cheesy," I laugh.

He smirks. "Need my dick sucked, did it work?"

I'm unable to control my laughter. Leaning up I press my lips to his before I answer. "It worked," I breathe. He grins and slips from my body. He reaches into a saddlebag and takes out a towel.

"For your knees," he winks.

"You thought of everything, didn't you?" I ask, arranging the towel and sinking down to my knees.

West wraps his hand around the back of my neck and squeezes me gently. Without another word spoken I kiss the tip of his dick, then I suck his softened cock into my mouth. He tastes like a mixture of both of us, and I can't deny how turned on it makes me. I suck my husband's cock, my eyes on his the entire time until he's ready for more.

Camo

One of the prettiest sights in the world, my wife on her knees in the middle of the woods with the valley behind her. I doubt it's a sight I'll soon be able to forget, not that I ever wish to. I hold her neck and fuck her mouth, closing my eyes as I feel her throat constrict around me. I want to come, but her ass holds more appeal than her throat right now. I wasn't fucking around when I said I wanted her dripping with my cum tonight.

I pull out of her and wrap my hands beneath her armpits, bringing her to her feet. With my cock in hand, I guide us over to a tree and I sit down. My back is pressed against the bark and Ivy straddles me. Cocking my knees, she leans back against them, and I drag my fingers through her still wet center back to her tight ass.

"West," she says with a hitch to her breath when I slip two fingers inside of her back entrance.

I play with her, watching as her eyes close and she starts to move her hips, searching for more. Dragging my gaze down to her pussy, I grin when I see that she's fucking soaking wet. "Ready for me?" I ask as I scissor my fingers inside of her.

Ivy lets out a whimper and I take it as my signal that she is indeed ready. I pull some of the lube I brought with me out of my pocket and coat my dick with it. Removing my fingers, I wrap my hand around her waist and hold my cock steady as I place it at her entrance. "You need to take me in, baby," I whisper my instruction.

I watch our connection as she slowly sinks down, taking all of me inside of her ass. I almost whimper at the tight feel of her around me. I let my head fall back against the tree trunk and try to calm myself down.

"I need to move," she grinds out.

Lifting my gaze to hers, I straighten my legs a little, and I watch as she leans back, placing her hands on my thighs. Her tits are pushed out, so I reach for them and tug her top down, exposing them to me. I want to watch all of her while she fucks me.

"Will you play with my pussy, I love the way you touch me, West," she whimpers as she starts to glide up and down on me. She doesn't need to ask, her pussy is fucking phenomenal and I always want to touch it.

However, I do as she asks and I don't say anything. There's nothing to say. All I do is watch as she enjoys what I'm giving her. She does enjoy it, too. I know when she's close, her thighs start to shake and her fucking body starts vibrating. I bite back my groan, clenching my jaw, trying to keep from coming too soon.

"Baby, you have to come," I plead, seconds from losing my shit. I start to rub her clit, harder and faster, bringing her closer toward her release.

Ivy gasps and her eyes open wide as she cries out that she's coming, and then she starts to sob.

"Don't stop, fucking, don't stop," she practically screams at me.

She slams down harder and faster, and then she stills, her ass squeezing me so goddamn tight I swear my cock is going to break off, and only then do I allow myself to come.

My head falls back and hits the tree hard, but I don't care, my fucking body is spent to shit right now. Ivy falls forward and curls against my chest, burying her face in my neck.

"I love you," she whispers.

I can't help but chuckle and then I groan when she lifts herself from my cock. "I love you, baby," I reply as my fingers start to trail up and down her back. "You ready to party now?" I ask.

She groans and kisses my neck. "So sleepy," she whispers.

Closing my eyes for a brief moment, I take her in—us in. "Thought you wanted to play?" I ask.

She sits up, a smile tugging at her lips. "I thought we just played?" she asks, sounding like a smart ass.

"Get your ass up so we can have some fun," I chuckle.

Ivy's face breaks out into a wide smile and she stands on shaky legs. I tuck my cock back in my pants before I help her situate herself then we walk over to my bike. "My panties are shredded," she sighs.

"You'll survive," I grunt, throwing my leg over my seat.

She wraps her arms around my waist and hugs me closely. She'll fuckin' survive all right, and so will I.

Our whole fuckin' family will, blood and brotherhood.



FIVE YEARS LATER

Ivy

Stretching my arms above my head, I roll over and find the bed cold. It doesn't surprise me, West always wakes up at the crack of dawn. I sit up and groan at how sore I am. Last night was a wild one, for sure, and I'm going to need some serious recovery time.

"You okay?" a deep voice asks from the doorway.

Turning my head, I glance at the man who has my heart. "I'm sore as shit," I admit.

West chuckles and closes the door behind him before walking toward me with a cup of coffee.

I happily take the warm drink from his grasp, holding it to my lips and closing my eyes as I take my first sip. "Good?" he asks.

"The best," I admit.

"No, that was you last night, you win the award, baby," he says, his voice dipping low, laced with honey almost, it's so smooth.

West sits down next to me and I rest my head on his shoulder. "How are we still doing this, and enjoying it?" I ask.

It's a question that's been running through my head recently. We've been, *playing*, at the clubhouse for the past five years and then we live the rest of our lives completely normally, or as normal as we can. It should cause problems in our marriage, it should cause jealousy or at least some kind of trust issues, but we fight less now than we ever did before.

"Boundaries. Your brother warned me that we would need them. He said that they would save a lot of fighting and heartache, and he was right," West states.

"Free-for-all room only, twice a month only, never the same person and never my pussy," I murmur.

West laughs, slipping his hand around my waist. "You got it right, baby," he grunts.

A knock on the door has both of us jumping to our feet. I grab the sheet and hold it up to my naked body as West walks over to the door. "Sorry to bug you, but you might want to come downstairs," Tinker announces.

"The wedding doesn't start until noon, why do I need to be downstairs right now?" West asks.

Tinker shakes his head and turns, walking away from us. I urge West to go and I start to gather my things to take to the bathroom. Today we're having a clubhouse wedding. I can't believe that it's happening.

Finley Duhart is marrying Hacker.

When Finley went through her abuse at the hands of those evil little bastards, nobody thought that she would ever make it through, especially not MadDog. I think he was the most concerned out of anybody.

Finley went to Newport Beach and lived in a recovery center there for a while. She came back and started working at *Carlotta's* of all places.

She and Hacker started seeing each other about a year ago. MadDog wasn't thrilled, but Hacker is a good man, and he knew it. He's also good *for* her, he's gentler than the other men around this place and usually stays out of trouble, his focus being primarily the computers. I like them together, and eventually, MadDog decided he would approve, though according to Mary-Anne it took a hell of a lot of convincing on her part.

I hurry to the bathroom and quickly shower, wash my hair, and shave for the day's festivities. I throw on a pair of leggings and an oversized shirt before hurrying back to our bedroom, only to find Rosalie sitting on our bed, crying.

"Rosalie?" I ask in confusion.

She looks up at me with a look of complete distraught. "I love him," she cries.

"Oh, shit," I whisper.

"Oh, shit is goddamn right," West booms.

Camo

I follow behind Tinker, curious as to what I absolutely have to see. The clubhouse is already starting to transform from the night of debauchery, into something that could resemble a wedding reception. It'll look better when it's finished, assuredly. Right now, it still just looks like a bar.

Tinker swiftly walks toward Torch's office. When I step inside I look at Torch, then my gaze roams over to the couch and I see Rosalie and Bailey sitting next to each other. My blood starts to heat as anger fills my body.

"I don't want to know, but you're gonna fuckin' tell me," I state, pointing at that little fuck, Bailey Duhart.

He's had a goddamn hard-on for my daughter since they were thirteen years old. I've always forbidden it knowing that he was fuckin' whores and other town girls when he was that age. No way in fuck did I want that pencil dick near my baby girl.

"Daddy, don't yell at him," Rosalie whines.

I glare at her until her mouth closes and she shrinks back in her spot. Then, I turn back to Bailey. "I love her, sir," he mutters.

Sir. Fucking sir. I've known this kid since the day he was born. Fuckin' sir.

"Yeah, sir, he loves her," Tinker chuckles behind me.

Bailey's eyes narrow on Tinker and his chest puffs out.

"Stay the fuck away from my daughter. How many times do I have to tell you?" I demand.

"You could tell me a million times, but I couldn't do it. I love her."

I shake my head but Torch walks around his desk and appears in front of me. "She's eighteen, Camo, there's not much you can do about it. He's not a member of the club, not even a prospect. You can't claim her as off limits," he calmly states.

I feel rage building inside of me. I want to choke the life out of this kid. Not only for defying my orders, but for going near my Rosalie. "Get the fuck upstairs, Rosalie. Go to my room," I grind out.

"But-"

"Go on, go," Bailey murmurs to her. I watch as she looks to him, fucking *looks to him*, before she nods and stands. Then she runs away from me.

I lean down slightly and point toward him. "Stay the fuck away from my daughter," I growl.

"I'm leaving for boot camp tomorrow, sir. With your permission, when I return, I'd like to ask for Rosalie's hand in marriage."

I straighten and take a step back. "She's eighteen," I whisper.

Bailey stands with a nod. "I know, I love her. I've loved her since I was fourteen years old. There hasn't been anybody else in four years. Rosalie is it for me," he shrugs.

"Can I kill him, where he stands?" I ask, turning my head to Torch.

"Sorry, brother," he chuckles.

I close my eyes, unbelieving that I'm having this fucking conversation. "You come back from boot camp and I might consider you being allowed to *date* my daughter. Marriage is off the table though."

Bailey smirks, taking a step toward me. "Without sounding like an asshole. I was only asking for Rosalie's benefit. I'm marrying her, West." He walks past me, leaving me speechless.

The little fuck.

"You know I always thought he was more like Mary-Anne. I think I could have been wrong all of these years," Torch announces after Bailey walks out of the door.

"He's a dead fucking man walking," I growl.

Tinker slaps me on the back. "Don't get your boxers in a bunch, Camo. You know how kids are, he'll probably find some hot snatch where he'll be stationed and he'll forget about her."

I think about his words and I know they're meant to make me feel better, but they don't. Thinking back, I haven't seen Bailey bring a girl around in years. He's fucking in love with my baby. He wants to marry her, take her away from me. I'm not sure how I feel about that. No, I know how I feel about that. I'm fucking pissed off about it.

Hurrying back to my room, I find Ivy sitting on the bed next to Rosalie, her arm wrapped around her. "Go find your brothers and make sure they're getting ready," I bark. Rosalie doesn't look at me as she stands and skirts past me, closing the door on her way out.

"She loves him, West," Ivy whispers.

I grunt as I sit down next to her and bury my face in my hands. "He asked me if he could marry her," I groan.

"Oh shit," she sighs. My only response is a grunt. Because *oh-fucking-shit* is right. "He's a good boy, from a good family," she offers.

"He's a Duhart," I state, lifting my head from my hands.

Ivy giggles and cups my cheek in her hand. "I love you, West, but who are we to judge? He's a Duhart but he has wonderful grades, he's going into the military, he's never been in trouble with the law, and he's been in love with Rosalie since she was thirteen years old. I think it's kind of beautiful," she whispers.

"I hate it."

She leans forward and presses her lips to mine. "I hate it, too. However, who are we to stop them from living their lives. When he comes back, if he still wants her and she wants him, you can't deny them."

"I told him they could date when he came back. He basically laughed in my face, said he was

marrying her," I grumble.

Ivy's smile widens. "Big balls talking to you like that. I think he's going to be good for her," she murmurs.

I hate that she's right. I fucking hate it. I don't agree with her, or admit it, but I know she's figured me out when she starts to giggle. Grabbing her waist, I push her down on the bed, rolling on top of her.

"We'll see who thinks shit's funny in just a minute," I murmur as I flex my hips and press my cock against her center.

Ivy gasps and her hands fly to my shoulders. "West, I'm sore," she moans as her hips start to roll. "I'll be gentle," I lie.

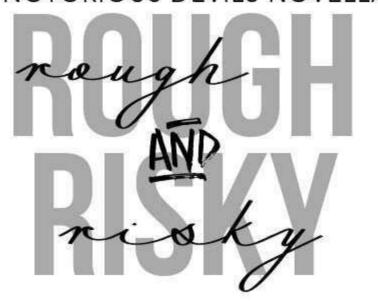
Ivy lifts her head and presses her lips to mine. "No you won't," she whispers.

I grin, "Not even a little but you want me anyway."

"Always, I always want you," she murmurs against my lips.

I kiss her, my tongue filling her mouth and sweeping through, tasting all of her. I make love to her mouth as I slowly undress her. Then I kiss down her body and make love to that delicious cunt of hers. Only after she's come on my tongue, do I fuck her hard and rough. She cries out with her climax and I fill her pussy with my own release—marking her as solely mine again, at least for today.

A NOTORIOUS DEVILS NOVELLA



HAYLEY FAIMAN



Rosalie

I watch as Finley walks down the aisle toward her waiting fiancé, Hacker. She's a beautiful bride. My eyes quickly stray from her to Bailey Duhart. He's standing across from me, as one of Hacker's groomsman, and I'm one of Finley's bridesmaids. His intense blue eyes meet mine, and I can feel my face heat. I know that I'm probably blushing from my cheeks down to my chest, but I can't look away from him.

"He's watching you," Riley whispers through her teeth. She's standing in front of me, a smile on her lips. Her head is turned slightly toward my direction.

I quietly clear my throat and grip my small bouquet of hydrangeas, tighter. "I know," I whisper.

"Your daddy's already pissed, you need to pretend he doesn't exist," she states.

I almost snort at her words. She's good at that, pretending the men she's into, don't exist. Like the way she completely ignores Tinker. I know they have a thing going on, but he's a complete *manwhore*. I don't know how she can be with someone like that. I always see him hanging all over the whores, especially Pixie. I think she's got a thing for him, too.

Bailey isn't like any of the men in our fathers' club. He's different, and he's going to go into the Marines, completely breaking his family's tradition. He's always told me that he wants nothing to do with the Devil's. He's made it clear that he wants a life free of the stigma that surrounds the motorcycle club lifestyle. We've been secretly together for the past *five* years. He's nothing like our fathers—absolutely nothing.

The entire room erupts in cheers, and I jump slightly, turning my head to watch as Finley and Hacker kiss. The pastor announces them as husband and wife, then Hacker bends down and picks Finley up, marching her down the aisle. The rest of the wedding party pairs off two-by-two to follow them.

My partner is Tinker, and he gives me a wink as I wrap my hand around his arm. "If I wasn't already fuckin' one of the bridesmaids, I would totally try to get into your panties, Rosie," he murmurs.

I glance up at him, shock assuredly crossing my features, but he ignores me and just smiles. "You're disgusting," I hiss. Tinker just laughs.

I quickly break away from him once we're finished with our walk. I'm thankful that all of our picture taking obligations are finished. The rest of the night is going to be nothing but a party according to Finley.

My father found out about Bailey and me earlier today, I can feel his eyes on me, watching me. I

have a pretty good idea that he'll be watching me like a hawk all evening, or until he's too drunk to remember the fight from earlier.

Bailey leaves tomorrow, and I need to spend some time with him before he goes off to boot camp. My man is going to be a Marine, and then he's going to come back here, and sweep me away from everything. We're going to live somewhere *else*, away from clubs and kidnappings, away from illegal drugs and guns. We're just going to *live*. Free and happy.

The night continues, and I can't keep my gaze from straying over to Bailey. He's sitting with his nieces and nephews from Idaho. Their family is a bit, *unconventional*. His half-brother is older than his own mother, his nephews and one of his nieces, are older than he is. Yet, they always look so happy, and according to him, they are, too.

I'm not sure what a happy family like that is like. My aunts and Mom don't always get along, and I certainly don't always get along with my cousins. I don't really understand how they can always be so damn happy—maybe because they live in different states? *I don't know*, but I kind of envy their close-knit family dynamic.

Bailey looks up, his blue eyes meet mine, and he gives me a wink. I watch as he tips his head toward the back door. My cheeks blush and I nod.

We had a plan before the wedding started, before we were caught. Tonight, we were going to sneak away from everybody else, and we're finally going to *do it*. It's probably ridiculous that I'm still a virgin, especially since Bailey and I have been together, secretly, for so long.

I wanted to wait until I was married, he's known this since the beginning, and he's never tried to press me for more. We've fooled around plenty, but we've never actually done the deed itself. Tonight, all of that changes.

I can't wait until we're married, especially since my dad freaked the fuck out at the idea of us even dating seriously. He's known that I've always had a crush on Bailey and that he's always had one on me. I think my dad really thought we hadn't acted on our feelings just because he told us not to, or that they would eventually just go away.

Glancing around the room, I find my parents. They're dancing, their bodies are swaying as they hold each other really close together. They're ridiculously lovey dovey, but I like that, especially since at one point I thought they might split up.

Turning away from them, I make my way to the dark hallway that leads to the bathroom and the back exit of the building. I know that Bailey is waiting for me on the other side of the door. I'm so nervous that my legs shake with each step that I take toward him.

Wrapping my hand around the doorknob, I suck in a deep breath, then exhale as I turn the handle. I quickly step outside and close the door behind me. As soon as the lock clicks into place, Bailey lifts his head with a grin.

"Hey," he grins.

I give him a shy wave. "Did my dad threaten to kill you?" I ask, referring to the conversation they had earlier today when he found out about us.

Bailey shakes his head. "Not in so many words. He said we could possibly date after I get back from basic training though," he shrugs. My eyes widen, in surprise that my dad agreed to that, or even suggested it. "I told him it wasn't an option. We're getting married. I'm not dating you anymore," Bailey announces.

I hold my breath when he steps toward me, his hand wrapping around my waist before he roughly tugs me against his body. Placing my hands on his chest, I tip my head back and look into his gorgeous blue eyes.

"I don't want to leave you for twelve weeks," he murmurs, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear. My eyes water just thinking about being separated for three whole months. "And I refuse to be away from you a minute longer than I have to. I don't know where I'll be stationed and there's no way in fuck I'm leaving you here when I go."

Lifting my hand, I place my palm against his cheek. "I love you, Bailey," I whisper.

He doesn't say a word; his chin dipping and his lips touch mine. My mouth automatically opens as his tongue sweeps through me. "It's our last night together," I whisper against his lips.

"Let's get the fuck outta here then," he grunts.

I don't question him for even a second. My feet start moving immediately as he holds my hand and we hurry toward his single cab pickup truck.

Bailey

I start toward our destination, an old country road where my dad and the rest of the brothers target shoot and fish. It's a big piece of forest owned by the club, but I'm pretty certain that nobody will be out here tonight, not with the wedding going on.

I can't believe my shy sister married a member of the club. My oldest sister, Riley, I could see. *Finley*? Not so much. Although if there were a member I'd want to be with either of my sisters, it would be Hacker. He's not quite as rough as the others.

Glancing over at Rosalie, who is sitting in her short, peach, bridesmaid's dress, I clench my jaw. I'm trying to keep my dick at bay. I want her so fucking bad, and in this dress, it's almost impossible to keep my hands off of her. I can't believe it's been five years since I've been inside of a girl.

When Rosalie said she wanted to wait until marriage, I almost laughed at her. I thought there was no way I could do it, that I could wait. But here I am, five years later, and there's been nobody else.

I love her too much to hurt her like that. I'm *nothing* like the men I'm surrounded by, which is why I'm choosing to leave, why I'm choosing the Marines. I want to start a clean life, just me and Rosalie.

I shift the truck into park and look out at the valley below us.

"Bailey?" Rosalie breathes from her spot next to me. Her voice is so sweet, fuck, *she's* so sweet. I turn my head to the side and wait for her to continue. "I'm ready," she whispers.

My eyes widen at her words, her meaning crystal fucking clear. "We've waited this long, Blue Eyes. We can wait a few more months."

Rosalie shakes her head almost furiously and my brows knit together. "I want you now, we're engaged."

"But—"

Rosalie lifts her hand and places her fingertips against my lips. I can't believe I'm actually *trying* to talk her out of having sex, I must be fucking sick.

"I love you, Bailey. I know that you love me too, and once you're finished with boot camp you'll come back here, pick me up, and we'll run away together," she whispers. "Tonight, I want to be with you. I want all of you."

Something inside of me snaps, she doesn't have to tell me twice. I open my pickup door and slide out, jogging over to her side to help her out as well.

Once she's steady on her feet, I fold the seat over and grab a couple blankets. They're always in my truck in case of an emergency. It snows up here in the winter, and my pickup isn't the most reliable

mode of transportation. I lay them down in the bed of the truck and then climb inside, helping her up to join me.

Rosalie lays down on her back and looks up at me, her bright blue eyes not quite innocent, but not quite knowledgeable either. She's been through a lot in her childhood, some shit I wouldn't wish on anybody. Yet, somehow, she's stayed somewhat innocent. I run the tip of my index finger over her lips, feeling the softness beneath me.

"I love you, Blue Eyes," I whisper.

Rosalie lifts her hand, sinking her fingers into my hair and scratches my scalp. By tomorrow I won't have this hair anymore, and this feeling will be nothing but a memory. "I love you more," she smiles, sweetly.

I move back on my knees as she sits up and I watch. Rosalie slowly unzips her dress before lifting it over her head and discarding it to the side of the pickup bed. Then she removes her strapless bra and exposes her soft tits for me.

When she reaches for her panties, I shake my head. I reach for her shoes, taking them off, then I unbutton my own shirt and toss it on top of her dress. "Lay back, I want to taste you," I rasp, hooking my fingers in the waistband of her lacy panties. I drag them down her thighs and throw them to join the rest of our clothes.

Rosalie slowly spreads her legs for me and I lean in, inhaling her scent before I kiss her clit. "Bailey," she whimpers, sinking her fingers into my hair again.

I lick her slit, the entirety of it, before I swirl my tongue around her clit and gently suck. I know what she likes, I've eaten her sweet cunt more than a hundred times, but this feels different, everything feels different right now. Her fingers tighten in my hair as I take my time, showing her just how much I fucking love her.

Rosalie's hips jerk and she moans loudly, knowing that there is nobody else around us. I let out a groan when I feel her body grow closer toward its release. Slipping two fingers inside of her, I concentrate my mouth on her clit, my tongue flicking between my teeth scraping and sucking it hard.

"I'm going to come," she practically screams.

When she does, I don't stop eating her until her body stops jerking and twitching. Quickly, I remove my pants and align my cock with her entrance. I glance up at her, her eyes are closed and she's got a small smile tipped on her lips.

"Let me see those blue eyes, Rosalie," I whisper. She opens her eyes slowly. Pressing my cock against her entrance, I grit my teeth together. "Are you sure?" I ask. "I don't have anything," I admit.

She widens her legs and lifts her hips slightly in reply. Without saying another word, I slowly sink inside of her pussy. "I need you," she whimpers.

It's been so long, and I don't remember it ever feeling like this with another girl. My heart starts to race, it's practically leaping out of my chest as I continue to slowly sink inside of her. I feel the barrier of her hymen and I stop. Deciding I'm going to pull out as a precaution, I exhale, closing my eyes.

"Blue Eyes, it's gonna hurt," I warn.

She gives me a small smile and slides her palms up my arms to cup both of my cheeks. "I know," she whispers.

I break through her innocence and wince when she lets out a loud gasp. Tears fill her eyes, and I try to feel bad but she feels so fucking good that it's hard. I slide one of my hands around her head to lift her face closer to mine, as I lower down.

Pressing my lips to her cheeks, I kiss her tears away as I let her body adjust around mine. I lick

the seam of her lips and she opens them, an invitation for me to invade.

I fuck her with my tongue, then when her body loses tension beneath mine, I fuck her with my cock. I already know that I won't last long, she's too fucking tight, and she feels too damn good.

I close my eyes, continuing to kiss her, and glide in and out of her pussy, feeling every inch of her —relishing in this moment. This will keep me company for the next twelve weeks, this single memory alone.



SIX WEEKS LATER

Rosalie

Shit.

"I'm pretty sure we learned about how to prevent this little problem in sixth grade," Riley announces from her spot sitting on the edge of the bathtub.

I lift my gaze to her and glare. She winks, giving me a smile. She's forever a smartass, and I usually love that about her, but right now? Not so much. "Haven't you ever done something in the heat of the moment?" I ask, looking down at my hand.

Riley snorts. "Girl, you do know who I sleep with, right? In general, he's a decision I make in the heat of the moment. No sane woman would choose a whore like him."

Riley's face softens, and she wraps her hand around my knee and gives it a squeeze. "Is it Bailey's?" she whispers. I almost throw the pee stick at her face for even asking me a question like that. She shakes her head and then shrugs. "I assume it is, but you know what they say about assumptions, plus he's gone," she shrugs.

I wish I would have had Finley do this with me. She's much sweeter, calmer, and more compassionate than her sister. "We had sex the night of Finley's wedding before he left for San Diego," I admit.

"You say that in a way, where it sounds like it was the first time. I know that can't be accurate though. You guys have been sneaking around for five years," she whispers.

I press my lips together and look at her, afraid to say the words aloud, afraid she'll think I'm a weirdo or something. "Oh my God. You and Bailey never... before that night?" she breathes. I shake my head, refusing to actually say the words. "And that little fuck got you knocked up?" she practically yells. "You know he's lucky he's not here right now, I'd beat the shit out of him... or have Tinker do it at least," then her body locks up tight. Her eyes widen and her eyes connect with mine. "What's your dad gonna do?" she whispers.

I shake my head, tears spilling down my cheeks. I've been doing this a lot lately, crying, and at least now I know why.

I'm pregnant.

Pregnant with Bailey Duhart's baby.

Bailey Duhart who is in Marine Corps boot camp and not scheduled to come back home for another six weeks.

Bailey Duhart who has only written to me once.

"My dad will probably kill both of us," I whisper as I try to wipe some of the tears away from my

eyes.

Riley snorts. "Bullshit. Your dad loves you. He might get pissed, maybe beat the shit out of Bailey when he gets home, but he won't kill you. You're being dramatic."

"What would your dad do?" I ask, lifting a brow.

Riley shakes her head once before she gives me a sad smile. "He'd be mad, he'd beat the shit out of Tinker, then they'd have a beer, and he'd tell Tinker he had to do right by me," she laughs.

"Is there something you're not telling me?" I ask, looking down at her stomach. Her hand lays on it and she quickly moves it before she looks away from me. "Riley?" I whisper.

"Heat of the moment, right?" she says with a wobbly chin as she turns her head back toward me. "I reminded him. I told him to use a condom," she whispers. "He didn't."

I reach out for her hand and take it in mine. We're both in similar predicaments. Maybe this will be good for both of us, maybe we can lean on each other for support. "Are you going to marry him? Do you love him?" I ask.

Tinker is the exact opposite of a man that I would want. He still fucks around with club whores even though he has Riley. Although he couldn't really go public with her, not until now. Maybe he'll change? I highly doubt it, but he could—stranger things have happened.

"I've always loved Tinker. Why did you think I was always so boy crazy? I wanted to make him jealous," she smiles sadly. "My dad's made it pretty clear he wants us married, and Tinker is all about the club. We're doing it all next weekend," she shrugs.

I can tell that there is a hurt in her eyes, something she's not telling me but it's also something she doesn't want to talk about. Riley is usually an open book. If she doesn't want to talk about something, though, you can't pry it out of her. No matter how hard you try.

"So when are you going to tell your parents?" she asks, changing the subject.

I shake my head almost violently. "I'm not telling them shit, and you can't tell anybody. I need to talk to Bailey first."

"You have six weeks until he comes back, Rosie," she whispers. "How are you going to keep this a secret, you're going to be like three months along."

Closing my eyes, I let out a heavy exhale. "I don't know, but I have to talk to him first."

"I won't tell anybody, I swear," she whispers.

I hide the pregnancy test in a box of tampons, snorting as I do. How fitting. Riley tells me that she has to go and I thank her before giving her a hug.

"We got this," she whispers in my ear.

I watch her walk away and try to keep from crying. If my father didn't hate Bailey before, he's definitely going to hate him now.



My phone buzzes in my hand and I look down once I'm inside of my car and away from Rosalie. It's an angry text from Tinker. He wants to know where the fuck I am. I guess I should tell him, especially since I ran out of his bedroom this morning while he was passed out. I could blame it on Rosalie, but I didn't get her urgent phone call until I was already in my apartment and showering.

Dustin "*Tinker*" Brady has been my crush since I was old enough to notice boys. He's always been the one. Unfortunately, for me, I'm not his one and only.

In fact, I'm one of many.

He almost made some brand-slut his Old Lady around six years ago. My uncle Camo talked him out of it, and I leapt for joy when Tinker listened to his advice and didn't go through with it.

However, after that, he turned from wild to feral. He started fucking anything and everything that had tits. Every time I would see him with some new whore, it chipped away at my heart.

When I turned eighteen I had some bright idea that I would make him mine. It was right before I got my sister and Rosalie, kidnapped. Another bright idea of mine. I decided to date someone closer to my own age. I just didn't go about it the smartest way.

I met Benny online. He seemed awesome, and when he wanted to meet in a public place, I just knew he was going to be someone who would keep my mind off of Tinker. No other boy had been able to do that, keep me from thinking, or lusting, after my father's man—and trust me I'd tried with other boys before.

The entire plan of mine blew up in my face. Benny was part of some club that was going to take over the Notorious Devils, and they kidnapped me, Finley, and Rosalie in an attempt to do just that. Luckily, it didn't work. My dad may be older, but he's a badass and pretty damn scary. Combine him with the rest of the Devils, and they're virtually unstoppable. Thank God. They *saved* our lives.

I start my engine, and my phone buzzes again. I ignore it and drive back to my apartment. I need to come up with some kind of plan. If I don't, I'll be married to Tinker by next weekend.

The teenager inside of me does a cartwheel at that thought, but the intelligent woman, she has no desire to be shackled to a guy who can't keep his dick in his pants—no matter how great that dick feels.

My phone won't stop. Tinker keeps calling me over-and-over. I can almost tell how angry he is just by the way the phone dances on the passenger side of the car. Letting out a sigh of relief, I pull into my parking spot at my apartment complex and put my car in park.

Glancing down at my cell, I debate on taking it upstairs with me. Deciding if my dad, or anybody in my family calls, they'll be pissed if I don't have it with me. I shove it in my purse before unfolding out of my car. I hurry toward the staircase and upstairs, turning down my hall.

I keep my head down, focusing on my steps, and trying to figure out what I'm going to do about Tinker. I think about where I'm going to run to, and if I'm going to go east or south, maybe even north.

When I reach my front door, I suck in a gasp. He's standing right in front of my door, his eyes pointed at me, and he's fucking pissed—no *livid*. I've actually never seen him angry before, and I fearfully take a step back.

"Oh, no you don't," he growls, reaching for me.

He wraps his hand around my wrist and tugs me forward, taking my keys from my hand. I stand shocked still as he unlocks my apartment door and drags me inside, slamming it closed and locking it.

"Tinker," I whisper.

He makes a growling noise as he reaches for my purse. I watch in horror when he sticks his hand inside, roots around and pulls out my phone. "So it ain't dead," he announces. "And it ain't broke." He throws the phone back in my bag and drops the whole thing on the floor. "I thought something happened to you," he states.

"I-I-I went to see, Rosalie. She needed me," I stammer.

Tinker shakes his head. "What the fuck is going through that pretty head of yours, Riley?" he hisses.

I shake my head and look down at my feet. I don't want to tell him. I don't want to tell him my fears and have him give me some bullshit empty promises to appease me. I just want him to love me

as much as I love him, but I know that won't ever happen.

He's marrying me because my dad's making him. He didn't even want anybody to know about us until I got pregnant, then he had no choice. I want a man who wants me, for me, not because my dad is forcing him to do anything.

"What do you want? We had sex this morning, you can't possibly be horny again," I exhale.

Tinker's head jerks back and his eyes narrow. "You think that's why I'm calling you, that's why I'm here?"

I blink. There is obvious disbelief and maybe a little hurt in his voice, but I can't be hearing that correctly. I honestly can't remember a time when he contacted me, and sex wasn't what he was after. That's pretty much what our entire relationship has revolved around.

"Sugar, you're fucked up," he murmurs. I gasp when his hands wrap around my waist and he tugs me against his chest. "We got shit to discuss. Like where we're going to live after next weekend, and I gotta take you over to Cleo's shop to pick out a ring."

Pressing my lips together, I shake my head once. "I don't want any of it," I whisper. The lie tumbles from my lips easy enough but I'm not sure the look on my face is pulling it off.

Tinker shakes his head and dips his chin. His lips brush mine and I can't stop the shiver from running through me. "You're full of shit, sugar. My baby's in your belly, my ring'll be on your finger, and you'll have my brand on your body. You're mine now, Riley—fuckin' *mine*."

I open my mouth to protest but he fills it with his tongue. His hands slide down to cup my ass and he picks me up. Without a word, he carries me to my bedroom, never breaking our kiss.

Like the love drunk fool that I am, I let him, in fact, I kiss him back with everything that I am. I'm completely unable to control myself.

My fingers dive into his longish hair and I grip him tightly, tugging his head back. I bite his bottom lip, rougher than I had anticipated but his dark eyes almost glitter.

"Sugar, you think you can push me away, you got another thing comin'," he growls as he lowers me to my feet.

Tinker grabs ahold of the hem of my shirt and lifts it from my body, he expertly divests me of my bra next, throwing both items on the floor. Then he takes his own shirt off before he reaches for the button of my shorts and tugs it off. "Strip it down," he grunts as he tugs down his jeans and kicks his boots off.

I do as he demands, stripping my shorts and panties off. My entire body feels like it's on fire. I'm one ball of aching flesh and I need *him* to help me relieve the pain.

Once he's naked, I press my hands against his chest, and push him down, crawling up his body. Wrapping my hand around his hard cock, I position it at my center and I slowly sink down, taking all of him inside of me.

"Goddammit, Riley," he groans, his hands wrapping around my hips.

Placing my hands behind me gripping his thighs, I start to ride him. *Fuck me*, he feels so damn good. Each stroke sends me higher, and then one of his hands tugs on my nipple, and I swear it's connected to my clit. I gasp and fall forward slightly, my hands moving to brace myself against his chest.

"Look at me when you fuck me, sugar," he rasps.

My eyes stay glued to his. Gone are my slow, sensual movements. My body is wound too tight, and I slam down against him, grinding my clit against his pelvis over and over. There is no slowing me down. I'm on a mission, a mission to take from this man. I love him, the bastard, and I know he's going to break me into a million pieces.

One of his hands gently caresses my breast while the other moves to my belly. His touch is so gentle, it's beyond anything I've ever felt from him before, and my eyes water. "Fuck me, sugar. Take it all out on me, everything," he whispers.

I do. I fuck him hard and fast, my orgasm rushing through me until I collapse against his chest, burying my face in his neck. Tinker lifts his hips a few times before he lets his own groan out and fills me with his release.

Then he gently strokes my hair and my back. "Talk to me, Riley," he whispers.

I pinch my eyes closed so tightly that it forces more tears out against his skin. I shake my head, unwilling to tell him anything. I'm scared.

"We have a lifetime together, take your time," he whispers.

A lifetime?

We have a *lifetime* together?

Is he high?

He must be.

"Sleep, sugar," he murmurs.

It sounds like a good idea. My body starts to relax and wrapped up in his arms it doesn't take me long to fall asleep. No matter what, even if it will hurt me, kill me actually, my heart will always love this man. This is where I belong, or at least where I want to belong. In his arms. It's where I will most likely be hurt the worst, too.

Tinken

I hold her while she sleeps. My Riley. I've wanted her since she was too young for me to notice. I slept with her when she was too young for me to even think about like that. I've kept her at arm's distance because it was safer for her, and for me.

I selfishly wanted to wait until the timing was right to announce that she was mine. I kept putting it off, it was easier to just enjoy what we had without defining it to the world. It was fucking lazy of me. Now, she can be mine forever and she's resisting.

She's scared, maybe she's scared of me?

Maybe she's scared to be a mother?

Maybe she thinks I'm going to fuck everything up? I probably will.

I love her. I've always loved her. Now, I just have to make her see that. I have to prove to her that I'm hers and she's mine, and this is the way it was always meant to be—no matter how it all came about. I'm going to prove it to her. I'm going to prove that I'm who she needs.



FOUR WEEKS LATER

Bailey

I'm fucking exhausted. I didn't think that this would be so hard. In fact, I thought that it would be a piece of cake. I thought I was fit. I thought I could handle it all. I couldn't handle a goddamn thing.

"Mail call," the drill instructor calls out. I practically hold my breath as he starts throwing letters toward each guy.

"Duhart," he shouts. I can't help but feel that thrill of excitement as he throws a letter in my direction. I know it's from Rosalie. She's sent me a letter for every single day I've been in here.

I rip open the envelope and unfold the pages, craving her words like a fucking drug. *Bailey*,

I hope you're doing okay. I miss you. I just found out that I won't be able to go down to San Diego to see you graduate. My dad made it perfectly clear that he wants you to come here and talk to him before we even see each other. Whatever. I miss you, I already said that I know, but it's true.

Riley and Tinker are married, like married-married. It's weird. They're having a baby together, I don't know if anybody else told you that.

I haven't heard from you yet. Are you okay? I'm starting to get a little worried. Please tell me that we're good.

I love you,

Rosalie

Her words roll around in my head. I pull out a piece of paper, noting the time. It's not that I don't want to write to her, it's that I'm not given much time to do so. Also, I never know what to say.

My days are pretty much the same thing over and over. I enjoy the monotony. I like knowing what is expected, and what's to come. It's organized, and structured, something I haven't had a lot of in my life

I write my letter quickly. Ten weeks without a word from me has made my girl self-conscious. I don't blame her, I would probably be going crazy if I were in her shoes.



I flush the toilet and stand on wobbly legs. *Damn*. Morning sickness, or as I like to call it, *every-second-of-every-day-sickness*, blows. I'm exhausted all of the time and sick, and emotional as hell. I thought as the pregnancy went along that I would start to feel better, but I feel worse as each day passes.

Riley and I made joint doctor appointments, mainly because I didn't want to have to explain why I was going to the doctor to my parents. She's been a godsend, during this whole thing. Both of our babies measure healthy and growing. We saw their heartbeats, and the machine said that we conceived the same night. It's creepy as hell, but I guess weddings will do that to people.

I splash water on my face and look in the mirror. I look pale, but there's an undertone shine to my skin, all those wives' tales are right, pregnant women do glow. A knock on my bathroom door startles me and my mom calls out from the other side.

"You have mail," she practically squeals.

I reach for the handle and quickly yank the door open. My mom is holding a letter in her hand and I know without even looking at the writing that it must be from Bailey. "Is it from him?" I ask quietly.

She nods and hands it to me. I scoot past her and walk over to my bed, sinking down and holding the small envelope in my hand. I turn it from front to back and am almost scared to open it. I haven't heard from him in almost eleven weeks. He has one more full week before he comes home, and then I have to tell him about our baby.

I'm scared of his reaction, and I'm nervous that after his experience he won't want to marry me anymore. I'm still just Rosalie, and he's been through what I'm sure is a life-changing experience. What if he's outgrown me?

"Are you going to open it?" my mom whispers.

Glancing up from my place at the bed, I notice that she's hovering in the doorway. "I am," I murmur.

"I'll leave you alone then," she states.

I watch as she turns around and walks away, closing my bedroom door behind her. My mom has been kind of sad lately, and she keeps asking me if I'm okay. I don't know why, or maybe I do. I think that maybe she suspects something is up with me. I don't know if she suspects that I'm pregnant, but she knows that something is wrong. I want to tell her so badly, but I can't risk my father finding out yet —not until Bailey knows.

Ripping open the envelope, I close my eyes as I unfold the paper and let out a breath. Reopening my eyes, I focus on Bailey's strong small uppercase words.

ROSALIE,

HEY BLUE EYES.

I MISS YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD KNOW.

THIS WILL BE SHORT BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU SOON. I HOPE YOU'RE READY TO BE ROSALIE DUHART. I'M NOT WAITING EVEN A SECOND LONGER TO MAKE YOU MINE.

MOM WROTE ME AND TOLD ME ABOUT RILES. CRAZY. I CAN'T IMAGINE TINKER BEING A DAD. I HOPE THEY'RE HAPPY THOUGH.

GTG. CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THOSE BLUE EYES AGAIN.

BAILEY

It's short and sweet. To the point. It makes my heart practically sing. One week, one week and he'll be here with me. I fold the letter back up and stick it in my nightstand drawer.

"Ready for the barbeque?" Remi yells from the other side of my bedroom door.

I stand and wipe my hands on my jean shorts. I glance at myself in my full-length mirror and am glad for the tucked in oversized shirt—it hides my growing belly. I throw my hair up in a ponytail and head out of the bedroom.

Today we're just having a family barbeque, hanging out with the Devils and enjoying the end of summer. I have a feeling that the women are using today as an opportunity to plan a welcome home party for Bailey.

My mom is in the driver's seat, my brothers are in the back and I hurry to the passenger side, slipping in and closing the door. "Where's Dad?" I ask as my mom shifts the car into reverse.

"He's already there, setting up," she shrugs. "What did Bailey have to say?"

I clear my throat and tell her, summarizing his letter and leaving out the part about us being married as soon as he arrives back home. We drive toward the clubhouse in silence. As soon as my mom parks my brothers are out and running off.

My mom wraps her hand around my knee and gives it a squeeze. "I'm sorry you can't go to his graduation."

"Me too," I nod.

Her brows furrow and her eyes search mine. "You know, you can talk to me about anything, right?" she urges.

I shake my head. I want to tell her, I want to tell her so damn badly, but I can't. I want to believe that she would understand, that she would help me, however, I don't know what her reaction will be. I need Bailey with me, he needs to know, and together we can figure everything out.

"I'm good, Mom, I swear," I lie.

She gives me a look that tells me that she knows I'm lying, but she doesn't push for more. Together we exit the car and head toward the party. It's a daytime family party, so the whores aren't supposed to be hanging around, but there's one that's standing against the wall, watching.

I find Riley in the crowd and start to walk toward her but then I stop in my tracks. She takes her drink and throws it in Tinker's face before she stomps off. "Holy shit," Finley whispers behind me.

Spinning around I give her a shocked look. "She hasn't talked to me about him, or them," I admit.

Finley shakes her head, her eyes flicking behind me and then back to mine. "She hasn't told anyone. She won't talk about their relationship. He won't either. I tried getting information out of Hacker, but he claims he doesn't know. My next resort is to have their apartment and his room bugged," she grins.

"Would he do that?" I exhale.

Finley smirks. "For a price, I'm sure he would," she winks. I can't help but giggle. "I'm going with Mom and Dad to watch Bailey graduate, is there anything you want me to tell him?" she whispers.

"Just that I love him," I shrug.

Finley reaches down and wraps her hand around mine, giving it a squeeze. "I'm sure he already knows that," she winks. I nod in agreement. He does know that. It's what he doesn't know about me, about us, that has me anxious.

"Let's get something to eat," I announce. Finley grins, and together we walk toward the table overloaded with food.



"Your whore is waiting for you," I seethe.

Tinker growls and plants his hands on his hips as he looks up to the sky. I've annoyed him, assuredly, and it's like I can't help myself. I feel like I'm going crazy, but all I can do is imagine him with whore-after-whore, no matter what he tells me.

He claims he hasn't touched any since we said our vows. I want so badly to believe him. However, a part of me, a large part, is not willing to be that vulnerable with this man.

"What do you want, Riley? You want me to tell you that she sucked my dick yesterday? I'm horny and you're not fucking me. Do you want to hear the details?" he growls.

My instant reaction is to turn and run, I don't, I do my second instant reaction which is throwing my Sprite in his face. *Then*, I turn and run.

Pixie smirks at me as I pass by her and make my way into the clubhouse. The bitch. I don't know where I'm going to go, and I don't have time to formulate a plan. Tinker is behind me and his hand wraps around my bicep. I gasp, looking around to try and find someone to help me, but everybody is outside.

Tinker drags me through the clubhouse until we're in his bedroom and he slams the door behind him. "What in the fuck, Riley?" he shouts.

"You let that whore suck your dick?" I scream. I don't care if anybody hears me, I'm fucking irrational.

Tinker wraps his hand around the back of his neck and massages the nape. "What do you want from me, sugar?" he asks.

I can't believe he's really asking me that. I drop my shoulders in defeat and take a step back. "Nothing, Dustin," I whisper as I look at my feet. "Absolutely, nothing."

Not even a second later, one of his arms wraps around my waist, and he lifts the other, cupping my cheek and forcing my head back. He looks legitimately concerned, maybe even confused. I hate that. How could he be confused? How could he think that I would be okay with some nasty whore putting her mouth on his dick?

"Sugar," he mutters gently. "You don't want me around. You've made it clear. I go somewhere else and it pisses you off. I'm trying here, but you're confusing as fuck."

I exhale and shift my eyes to the side since he's holding my face hostage and I can't move it. "You're supposed to be my husband," I whisper.

"You won't let me be that, Riley. You wouldn't even let me go to the doctor's appointment for my own fuckin' kid," he growls.

I wince at his words. I didn't let him go because Rosalie went with me. Nobody knows about her pregnancy yet and I'm sworn to secrecy. Tinker would definitely tell Camo that his daughter was knocked up. "You won't let me touch you," he rasps. "You're the only woman I want, and you won't let me near you."

Sucking in a shaky breath, I look back up to him, into his eyes and I break. My own eyes fill with tears. I love him. I don't know how to make all of this work. He's not the man I should have ever fallen in love with, and I know without a doubt that I can't trust him with my heart, but he has it nonetheless.

"I wish you wouldn't go to whores, for anything," I admit.

Tinker smirks and slides his hand down my throat, placing it at the center of my chest. "Does that mean, I get to fuck my wife?" he asks.

"No more whores," I announce. "No more blowjobs from them, no nothing."

His eyes search mine, and he must like what he sees because his smirk turns into a blinding white smile. "Sugar, you're all the woman I need," he mutters as his hand travels even lower to place against my stomach. "No more keeping yourself from me, or keeping my baby from me."

I nod my head with a jerk. "Just us then?" I ask.

He shakes his head once. "It's been just us for a fuck've a long time. You've just been too goddamn blind to see," he smirks.

I open my mouth to ask him what he means, but he doesn't allow me to speak. His lips touch mine and his tongue slips inside of me, taking me. He starts to take steps, forcing me backward until my legs hit the mattress.

Tinken

I'm so goddamn horny that I can't think straight. It's been weeks since Riley and I have fucked. I haven't touched anybody but her in over a year, but she doesn't need to know that. She has some idea that I've been fucking, and whores have been sucking. I don't know why I continue to let her believe that, maybe because I want to know how she really feels about me.

Riley is so fucking hard to read.

I peel her dress up her body and over her head, exposing her to me. She kicks her sandals off and unhooks her bra. I almost weep at the sight of her bare breasts but as my eyes travel down, I notice the slight roundness of her belly. I felt it beneath my hand but seeing it is totally different.

Sinking to my knees, I place my hands on either side of her rounded stomach. Tipping my head back slightly I look into her eyes. She lifts one of her hands and sinks her fingers into my hair. "It's real," I whisper as my thumbs rub her skin.

"It's real," she confirms with a nod.

I decide to throw my feelings out there. She isn't going to come forward anytime soon. "You're mine, Riley—both of you. Mine to protect, just mine."

"Tinker," she mutters.

"Dustin."

Her lips turn up into a smile as I hook my fingers in her panties and drag them down her legs. She sits down on the edge of the bed and spreads her thighs without being told. "Dustin," she whimpers.

"What, sugar?" I ask as I spread her pussy apart with my thumbs.

I gaze at her pink center, she's wet, so I gently blow on her which causes her to groan. "Make me come," she practically demands.

I chuckle. "How?"

The fingers that are still in my hair, tighten their grip and then she pulls my face against her cunt. "With your tongue, you asshole," she growls.

I don't hold back my chuckle, but I do as my sugar wants. I make her come, with my tongue, my teeth, and my lips.



BASIC TRAINING GRADUATION

Bailey

Once the ceremony is all finished, I wait for my family to come and find me. My mom is first. She practically runs toward me and launches herself against my chest. I wrap my arms around her and hold her close to me.

"I missed you so much," she whispers. She tips her head back and I can see the tears swimming in her eyes. "You look like a man now," she states, reaching up to cup my cheek. "No longer a boy."

"Mom," I grumble, shifting from foot to foot.

She thankfully takes a step back and wipes her eyes. "I'm sorry, it's just, I expected to see the same boy, but you aren't him anymore."

I watch as my dad makes his way closer toward her, sliding his arm around her waist and tugging her against his side. He holds out his hand and I slip my own palm in his, giving it a shake. "Proud of you, son," he murmurs.

"Thanks, Pops," I reply with a grin. I glance around and frown. My sisters aren't here. "They're back at the clubhouse. They wanted to be in charge of your party. Plus, Riley didn't think she could make the trip down," he grimaces.

"Heard she was knocked up," I chuckle.

My mom shakes her head. "She's sick as hell too, and hormonal. I seriously do not remember being that crazy when I was pregnant."

I look up to my dad, and his eyes widen. I hold back my laughter. "Let's go home," I suggest.

"You don't want to stay around here at all, see the sights?" my mom questions, but she looks like she's trying to hold back a laugh.

"Be nice to the boy," my dad rumbles.

I lift my chin to my dad. "I want to get my girl, and make her my wife."

"I'll try to keep her dad from killing you, but no promises," my dad announces.

My mom reaches for me and wraps her hand around mine, giving it a squeeze. I look into her eyes and the rest of the room kind of melts away. My mom and I have always been close, but I can tell she has something to say, and she's going to say it right now.

"You need to do what makes you happy, and what makes her happy. But also, you need to do what's right for the both of you," she states.

I dip my chin. "She's what makes me happy, Mom. Being her man is the right thing to do. Camo

might hate me for a while, but he'll see how much I love her, and he'll be cool with it eventually."

My mom lets my hand fall and then announces to my dad that I'm too thin and I need a good meal before we get back on the road. I don't hold back my chuckle and I agree that I'm starving. The food here wasn't that great, and I exercised my fucking ass off. I need a good meal and my girl, and then all will be right in the world.



The clubhouse comes into view, and I swear to fuck, I feel like a kid pulling up to the Disneyland entrance. I'm so goddamn excited to see Rosalie. I know she's here, my mom told me that she was. I don't give a fuck if it pisses her father off, or anybody else. I'm grabbing her in my arms and I'm giving her a fucking indecent kiss.

I don't bother waiting for the car to come to a complete stop, I lunge out of the backseat, and toward the picnic area. I see tons of people I know, trying not to stop to talk to them. I want to see them, but Rosalie comes first. It's been three long months and I want my woman.

Then, I see her.

She's standing with her back to me. Her dress loose and short, barely skimming her ass as it hangs on her body. Her hair is long and dark, she's wearing it down like a straight curtain covering her back. She's talking to someone but I can't take my eyes off of her long enough to see who. I stalk up behind her, wrapping my arms around her ribcage and pulling her against my front. I bury my face in her neck and inhale her sweet scent.

Rosalie's body stiffens. "Hey, Blue Eyes," I murmur against her.

I loosen my arms and she spins around as I lift my head. Fuck me, she's absolutely gorgeous. I cup her cheeks with my hands and press my lips to hers. Sliding my tongue inside of her mouth, I taste her. She tastes so fucking good, better than I could have ever remembered. She whimpers against me and slides her arms around my waist, pressing her tits even closer to my chest.

"Fuck, Blue Eyes, I fucking missed you," I rasp against her lips.

"Oh shit," I hear Riley's voice whisper.

A hand clamps down on my shoulder and I'm tugged backward. "What the fuck is wrong with you, boy?" Camo shouts as he turns me around.

He's bigger than me, but I'm leaner. My body is pretty much all muscle right now, and I could kill him if I really wanted to, I'm sure of it. Although, if I did it would probably upset Rosalie, so I just tip my head to the side and wait for him to continue.

"Keep your fuckin' hands off my daughter," he growls.

"Dad," Rosalie shouts. She tries to step around me but I place my hand on her stomach to keep her from advancing.

My hand flexes against her, and she tries to push my hand away, but I don't let her. Ignoring her father, I turn my head to look down at her. "What's going on with your stomach?" Her eyes widen and she looks from her father, then back to me, and shakes her head. "Rosie, what the fuck is going on with your stomach?" I ask a little firmer.

"Now, now, everyone just needs to chill out," Riley announces and takes Rosalie's hand, trying to pull her away from me.

"Will someone tell me what the fuck is going on here?" Camo shouts.

Riley looks at me, her eyes pleading but I don't understand what she's trying to tell me. "Rosalie?" I ask.

I feel like everything is spinning out of control. Something is happening here, but I don't know what it is and it's starting to piss me off.

"Bailey," she whispers as tears fill her eyes. "I'm pregnant."

I feel like my breathing stops, immediately. I can't hear anything else around me, all I can do is stare at her, in shock. *Pregnant*. The word doesn't register right away. I look down at her stomach, and then back up to her face.

"The fuck?" Camo roars from somewhere behind me. "I'll fucking kill you, you little cock sucking piece of shit."

I expect him to grab me from behind, but there's a sound of a scuffle instead. I'm frozen, unable to move, only staring at Rosalie.

"Say something," she urges as tears fall down her cheeks.

My eyes flick down to her belly and then back up to her tear-stained face. "I-I-," I stammer.

I don't speak.

I wrap my hand around hers, and I run, dragging her behind me. I can hear people calling our names, but I don't care. I need to be alone with her.

Rosalie

My feet move faster than they ever have as I try to keep up with Bailey. My heart is threatening to literally pound out of my chest. I can't believe that I blurted out that I was pregnant in front of my entire family and the club. The look on my dad's face was enough to break my heart. He's confused and pissed off, rightfully so, on both accounts.

I don't know where we are, but I know we're in the woods behind the clubhouse somewhere. Anybody could find us, but hopefully, they'll give us a few minutes to talk. Bailey maneuvers me so that my back is against a tree trunk. Then he releases my hand and takes a step back. I watch as he runs his hand over his short-cropped hair.

When he lifts his head, he smiles. "A baby," he whispers. Then I watch as he drops to his knees and places his hands on my stomach. "I can't fucking believe it."

"Bailey?"

He tips his head back and he's smiling, *huge*, bigger than I've ever seen him smile before in my life. Bigger than when we won state champ his senior year for football and he made the winning touchdown. "Let's run away. Right now, let's get the fuck out of this party and get married."

"Everybody is here, for you," I say, shaking my head.

Bailey's hands slide up my waist, and he stands slowly as they continue to glide up and wrap around the sides of my throat.

"I missed my parents, I missed my sisters, but to be honest—I *fucking* missed *you*, Rosalie. Now, you're telling me that you're pregnant with my baby? We're leaving right now. We're getting married and we'll be back here as soon as a judge signs the dotted line. Then, with my *wife* on my arm, I'll enjoy my friends and family."

He doesn't give me a chance to reply. He presses his lips to mine and his hips against my stomach. I groan at the feel of his hard length against my belly. I want him so bad. All of the sickness

from the pregnancy is gone, and desire replaces it. I want him, I want his touch, and I feel like I'm going to explode if I don't get it.

"Let's go," I whisper against his lips.

He lifts his head slightly. "Really?" he asks.

"Yes," I breathe.

His hand wraps around mine and we start to run again. Except we take off toward the parking area of the clubhouse. "My mom left the keys in her car," he chuckles as we dart toward his mom's SUV.

He opens the passenger door for me and I hop inside. A few seconds later he's in the driver's seat and he takes off. I can't believe we're doing this, that we're running away together. That when we return, I'll be *Mrs. Rosalie Duhart*. Holy Shit.

"Ready to start our lives together?" he asks as he reaches for my hand and gives it a squeeze. Looking over at him, I give him a wide smile. "Hell yeah, I am."

Tinken

I shove Riley behind me as Grease and Soar hold Camo's arms to keep him from killing Bailey. I watch as the couple runs off into the woods behind the club's property.

Riley's small hands fist at the waist of my cut as she holds onto me. "Holy shit, Camo is about to have a heart attack," she whispers. She's not wrong. Camo's face is bright fuckin' red, almost purple.

Grease releases him and moves around to get in his face. I can't hear what he tells him but Camo's head jerks back. "He knocked her up," he growls. "That little prick touched my baby and knocked her up. She's only eighteen goddamn years old."

"Ain't a baby anymore, brother," Grease's low voice rumbles. "You gotta come to terms with that. You knew they'd had a thing for years, this shit cannot be a surprise to you."

I don't bother standing around for the rest of the fight or whatever is about to happen. Turning around, I take Riley's hand in mine and I lead her away from the crowd. They're all concerned with Bailey and Rosalie. Honestly, I don't give much of a fuck what they do. My concern is my wife.

Leading her around the side of the clubhouse, away from the rest of the party. I push her back up against the wall and tip my chin to look down at her. "You okay?"

"My poor brother, poor Rosie," she whispers. Her big eyes are watery as she looks up at me.

"You knew," I grunt. Riley's eyes widen even more and she presses her lips together. "Fuck, sugar, you *knew*."

She lets out an exhale and slides her eyes to the side before she moves her gaze back to me. "I've known for six weeks," she admits.

"Christ. You didn't think to tell me?"

Riley lets out a harsh laugh. "That scene out there? How do you think it would have gone if Camo already knew? And I know you, you would have told him because you're a loyal brother."

Lifting my arm, I wrap my hand around the back of my neck and massage the tension building. She's right. I would have told Camo. There would have been no way that I could have kept it from him. I hate that *she* kept something from *me* though. "That's why you didn't tell me about your doctor appointment," I guess.

"Yeah, we went together," she admits, her voice soft and sweet.

"Christ, what a mess," I grunt.

Riley's hands touch my chest then slide up to my neck and she wraps them around each side of my throat. Dropping my hand, I raise my eyes to meet hers. I'm not mad although maybe I should be.

I'm disappointed that all of the outside shit caused me to miss her first appointment. However, my own shit kind of did that, too. We weren't in a good place six weeks ago. In all honesty, we're consistently teetering between a good, and not a good place, every day.

Leaning down, I brush my lips against hers. "Don't keep shit from me again. You don't want me to tell the club, then as long as it won't hurt anyone, I won't."

"Really?" she breathes against my mouth.

I hum sticking my tongue out and licking her lips, tasting the sweetness that is all her. "Yeah, sugar, really," I groan before slipping my tongue inside of her warm mouth.

I fuck her mouth, wishing it was my cock slipping between her lips rather than my tongue. I let out a growl when her hand slides from my neck and her small fingers wrap around my cock from the outside of my jeans. Slowly, she pulls away from me and sinks to her knees. "Riley," I rasp.

"I need a taste," she winks.

Her small hands quickly unbuckle my belt, unbutton, and tug the zipper down on my jeans. I wrap my hand around the back of her head and fist her hair. "I'm fucking your mouth, sugar. Then later you can fuck mine," I growl.

"Shit," she hisses.

I press my cock against her lips, and my eyes automatically close as I sink all the way down her throat. I do exactly as I said I would. I hold her head still and I fuck her mouth. It doesn't take me long to feel that tingle in my back as my balls draw up in a warning that I'm going to come. As much as I want to come down her throat, I decide it probably wouldn't be a good idea.

"Show me your tits, sugar," I grind out.

Without hesitation, she tugs her top and bra down. With almost a whimper, I pull out of her mouth and jerk my cock a few times, watching with rapt anticipation as my cum spurts all over her gorgeous as fuck tits.

"Goddamn, sugar," I grunt.

My knees are weak and it takes everything inside of me not to join her on the ground. I tuck my cock back in my pants and tug my cut off, then my t-shirt.

"Dustin?" she asks. Fuck, every time she says my given name I want to fuck her, it sounds so damn sweet tumbling from her lips.

Without a word, I bend over slightly and clean her tits off with my shirt. Then I pull her bra and top back up, covering her tits from being exposed to the world. I slip my cut back on, sans shirt, holding my palm out for her to take. She slips her small hand into mine and I pull her up, tugging her against my chest.

I press my lips to her, taking her mouth and owning it like I own her.



Rosalie

I feel something warm against my pussy, wet and warm. It's so delicious that I want to stay asleep so that I can keep this feeling for longer. Something swirls around my clit and I suck in a breath as my eyes pop open. Looking down, there's an almost bald head between my legs. It wasn't a dream, Bailey is waking me up in the most perfect way.

Reaching forward I gently scrape my nails down his scalp. Bailey's eyes open and focus on me. He lifts his head slightly, I moan, unable to stop my hips from searching for more of him. "Morning, Blue Eyes," he grins.

"Bailey," I whine.

He chuckles, his warm breath hitting my center. I can't suppress the shiver that rolls through me. My entire body is thrumming and aching with need for his touch. "I'm going to make you come, we're going to the courthouse, and I'm going to make you my wife. Then, I'm going to bring you right back here and I'm fucking my wife," he whispers.

"Oh God, yes," I breathe.

I want that, I want all of it, and I want it now. Bailey shifts my legs so that my knees drape over his shoulders and then his mouth is on me again. He gently slides two fingers inside of me as his mouth moves to my clit, and he focuses his tongue there.

I moan as my hips lift to thrust against his fingers. His tongue continues to flick my clit, over and over. My entire body vibrates as I climb closer toward my release, and when it finally hits me, it's almost more than I can withstand.

Bailey groans against me, his tongue licking my clit with less intensity. I'm so sensitive that my body twitches with each stroke. He slowly slips his fingers from my pussy, and I start to relax, but he continues to lap at my center.

"Bailey," I hiss.

He lifts his face and gives me a smirk. "Blue Eyes, I missed your taste. Fuck me, never thought I could crave something that fucking badly."

Reaching out, I touch my fingertips to his cheek, then his wet lips. "I missed you so much," I whisper.

He crawls up my body but doesn't rest against me. Instead, he shifts to the side. I roll over to my side as well and tuck my hands beneath my head, just looking at his face, memorizing his features.

Bailey reaches out and tucks a piece of hair behind my ear, his gaze completely focused on mine.

"I should have told you before I snatched you away."

My heart rate starts to speed up and I begin to panic. He either doesn't notice or doesn't realize because he just keeps speaking, his tone soft and gentle. "After my ten days are up, here. I have to go to Camp Pendleton, down in Oceanside."

"That's all the way down in LA," I gasp.

He gives me a sad smile. "It's only for eight weeks, Blue Eyes, don't be so sad." I do some math in my head and give him a nod.

"The pregnancy will be at the halfway point," I state.

"I'll talk to your dad. After we get back home, I'll make sure it's cool that you stay here," he murmurs.

I shake my head. "He's not going to be okay with that. I'd be surprised if he ever speaks to me again," I whisper.

Bailey chuckles as if I'm just silly and hilarious or something. Doesn't he know my father at all? He must not. His thumb presses against my lips. "Your father loves you, he won't cast you aside. Trust me. If he does, he answers to me. Besides, my mom would fucking love to have you for a few weeks. Riley and Finley are gone, I'm gone, she would love to have someone to take care of for a while again."

I'm not so sure his father would love having me in his house for eight weeks, but I know that Mary-Anne would be okay with it. To be honest, I'm kind of intimidated by Bailey's father, MadDog. He's big, burly, and gruff. I've only ever seen him smile at Mary or his kids, nobody else.

"Let's go and get married," Bailey whispers, letting his hand fall away from my lips before he leans in and gives me a gentle kiss.

Bailey

Standing in front of a judge in my dress blues, and Rosalie next to me, I can't help but grin. She's wearing a light pink dress I bought her at the mall a few hours ago.

I marry the love of my life. The ceremony is boring, nothing special, but that doesn't matter. She's the only thing that matters. I slip the plain cheap ass band on her finger and she does the same. Bands I bought at the mall while she was looking for a dress. Leaning down I press my lips to hers and seal our union.

My wife—officially.

We leave the judge's chambers, and I ask a woman who is leaning against the wall, to take a picture of us with my phone. Rosalie leans into my side and looks up at me. I glance down at her, a smile tipping my lips when the flash goes off. The woman offers to take a few more photos and we happily accept. I thank her, then grab Rosalie's hand, and together with quick strides, we hurry out of the courthouse.

Rosalie stops once we're outside. I stop as well and turn to face her. "I love you so much, Bailey," she rasps.

Cupping her cheek in my hand, I stare into the blue eyes that I love so much, of hers. "I love you more than anything else in this world, Mrs. Duhart." Leaning down I press my lips to her, not deepening the kiss, but just tasting my wife's lips.

Rosalie whimpers into my mouth, and I decide I need to take her back to the hotel, *immediately*. I

made sure to find a place that had room service, as I don't plan on leaving once we're back in there, at least not for a few days.

We load into my mom's SUV and I head back toward the hotel. We don't speak. Rosalie is looking down at her fingers and I notice she's spinning her ring around. I wrap my hand around hers as I pull into the hotel's parking garage. "I'll get you diamonds when we're at our more permanent station," I promise her.

Rosalie looks up at me in surprise. "No way, I love this ring," she declares. "It's just, I never thought that I would have your ring on my finger. Never in a million years," she whispers.

I take her hand, bringing it up to my lips before I murmur, "Blue Eyes, I've wanted to make you my wife since I was fourteen years old. This ring was meant to be here. My name was meant to be yours, and you've always been the woman for me."

She lets out a loud sob as her fingers tighten around my hand.

"Now, let's get upstairs. I need to be inside of my wife," I wink.

I wiggle my hand from her grip, and slide out of the car, walking over to her side to help her out as well. Taking her hand in mine, we quickly walk toward the entrance of the hotel. I glance around, hoping that my family hasn't found us yet.

I'm fairly certain that my dad has GPS on my mom's car. We're only about an hour away from home, so they could potentially show up anytime.

Opening the hotel door, I hold it for Rosalie to slip past me. "I'm going to take a quick shower, freshen up," she whispers.

I watch her walk away from me and decide to look at my phone. I haven't really looked at anything since we left, including notifications. I have over fifty missed calls and about the same amount of text messages. I ignore them all except the ones from my sisters.

RILEY: Where the hell are you? Everybody is freaking out.

RILEY: This shit isn't funny anymore. Where did you go?

RILEY: Okay just tell me you're safe. Rosie's safe.

SAFE. MR. & MRS. BAILEY DUHART

*<Attachment>

I reply sending her a picture of us at the courthouse. The three little dots pop up as soon as the picture is delivered. She must have been keeping her phone next to her the entire time I've been gone. I feel like an ass for making my family, and Rosalie's family, worry. I couldn't *not* make her my wife though, and I couldn't wait. She's carrying my baby.

"Bailey?" Rosalie's sweet voice calls out. I glance up from my phone, abandoning my sister's reply as my mouth goes dry.

She's standing in front of me, wearing nothing but a small scrap of fabric that barely covers her pussy and a sheer white lace bra. I can see her peaked nipples from my spot across the room. Her dark hair tumbles around her shoulders and as my eyes sweep over her body again, they pause at the small swell of her stomach.

"Go over to the bed, Blue Eyes."

My body is humming with need, with desire. I'm so fucking wound up. I haven't been laid since I left her twelve weeks ago. Last night we just kissed, and I held her. She whispered everything that had happened while I was away.

This morning, I ate *her* for breakfast, and it was the best fucking meal of my life, but man cannot live on pussy alone. I need to be inside of her, but what I don't want to do is hurt her. Right now, I feel like if I went after her, I could do just that—hurt her.

Rosalie doesn't follow my command, in fact, she walks right up to me and sinks down to her knees between my thighs. *Fuck*, what I wouldn't give to be able to fuck her face right now, my control is hanging on by a thread. Her shaky fingers reach for my belt, but I wrap my hand around hers, halting her.

"Rosalie if you touch my dick right now, I won't be able to control myself. I don't want to hurt you," I grind.

She smirks and wiggles her fingers beneath my grasp. "I don't want you to have control, Bailey. I want you to enjoy yourself."

"I don't want to hurt the baby," I whisper.

She giggles as she pulls my zipper down slowly. I groan as her small hand wraps around my cock and she gives it a gentle pump.

Rosalie leans over and presses her lips to the head of my dick, her eyes focused on mine. My breath hitches when her tongue peeks out and licks the seam, then swirls around the head, tasting me.

"Rosalie," I moan.

She opens her mouth, leaning down further and sucks me. Her fingernails dig into my thighs as she bobs on my cock, her eyes never leaving mine. I don't lose control like I thought I would. In fact, I stay in complete control as she plays with my cock. She's playing too. The twinkle in her eye is enough to prove it. She slowly sucks me, her tongue swirling and tasting every so often, it feels so fucking good.

Reaching out to her, I twist my fingers in her hair and guide her along my length, careful not to push her down too far. She lets out a moan, I feel it vibrate through my dick, and into my goddamn soul. I gently tug her away from me. "I need to be inside of you," I grunt. "On the bed, Blue Eyes."

She nods and stands. I watch as her ass sways on the way to the bed. She's a little fuller *everywhere* than when I left her, and I fucking love it. I quickly strip out of my dress blues, neatly folding them and placing them on the chair. Turning to her, I walk toward her on shaky legs. I've never felt more nervous in my entire fucking life.

Reaching for her panties, I slip them down her body until they fall to the floor. "Spread your legs, Rosalie, let me see you," I whisper.

She spreads her thighs, and I fall to the floor. Wrapping my fingers around the backs of her knees I tug her to the edge of the bed and lean forward, inhaling her scent.

I nuzzle her clit, which causes her hand to fly forward and land on the side of my head. Without any hair for her to hold onto, her nails dig into my scalp, and it turns me on even more.

I want her to come on my tongue, I need her to. Quite honestly, I don't know how fucking long I'm going to last. I want to make sure she's satisfied before I blow my load. Her hips start to buck and jerk and she rubs her pussy against my face, grinding down as I flick my tongue even faster against her clit.

"Bailey, oh my God," she sobs.

I suck her clit once, then lick her pussy one last time, tasting her sweet release on my tongue before I stand. I glide my fingers over her soft body until they touch the sheer fabric of her bra. "You're so fucking sexy, Rosalie," I groan, plucking her taut nipples.

Pressing my cock against her entrance, I slowly sink into her. She arches her back and pushes down the rest of the way. Moving my arms to cradle her back, I gently pull her closer to my chest. Her ass only resting on the edge of the bed, her legs wrapping around my hips.

We don't speak, our bodies meeting, our gazes locked. My wife. The most beautiful fucking girl in the world. Her hands grip my biceps as I slowly pump into her. I can feel my back tingle and my balls

tighten.

I'm so fucking close, but I don't want it to end.

I want to stay inside of her for fucking ever.

I pump into her a few more times, then I finally come, my cock twitching as I empty inside of her. Fuck me, if she wasn't already pregnant, the amount of cum that's coming out of me right now would seal the deal for certain.

Collapsing forward, I cage her head with my elbows in an effort to keep my body from smashing hers. Sliding my nose alongside hers, I close my eyes and just inhale. She smells like, sweat, sex, and a sweetness that's all her.

"I love you, Bailey," she whispers as her nails drag up and down my back.

I groan as my hips flex, my cock happily still buried inside of her. "Love you, Mrs. Rosalie Duhart."

She lets out a little giggle, and my softened cock slips from her pussy. She lifts, pressing her lips to mine. We spend the rest of our first married day, just like this, wrapped in each other's arms, alternating between fucking and eating. It's the best day of my life.

Unfortunately, tomorrow it's back to reality. Which means a fucking shit storm is about to go down. I'm sure Camo and my dad are going to have words. I would care, but I don't—not really.

I have my woman, who is now my wife, and she's carrying my baby.

Nothing could get me down.



Riley

My fucking brother. *The selfish little prick*. I respond to his message and picture, but he doesn't even read it. The asshole. Tinker shifts my hair from my neck to my shoulder and places a sweet kiss against my skin. It's sweet too, and he's *been* sweet. It's a little unnerving, but since we had our major blow out a few weeks ago, we've been good—really good.

He moved into my apartment, practically cleaning out his room at the clubhouse. He only left his bed and a few changes of clothes there. He said he didn't need to have a bunch of shit there since he wasn't planning on sleeping anywhere but beside me. It's nothing like the Tinker I've known in the past. I keep waiting for something to happen, but I really hope it doesn't. I hope he's always like this. A girl could get used to this.

"Sugar, let him enjoy his honeymoon," he rasps against my neck.

I turn my head slightly. "He's in deep shit when he gets home."

Tinker chuckles and takes a step back, flopping down on my sofa. I cringe every time he does that, imagining my cushions breaking down, and my sofa being ruined. I love my teal couch, it's a soft microfiber type of material, and it's girlie without being over the top. I would cry if his big ass ruined it.

"Can you sit down... not like that," I mention, dropping my phone on the counter and making my way over to him.

I start to lower down next to him, but he grabs my waist and guides me over to his lap. "How'd I sit?" he asks as his hand begins to rub the side of my leg. I whimper as his fingers dance beneath my shirt and make their way up to my bra.

"You flopped," I breathe.

My breasts are so sensitive, he knows this which is why he begins to gently play with them. He tugs the cup of my bra down. He ever so slightly caresses everywhere but my nipple, causing me to crave him even more.

"Dustin," I whisper.

"Love it when you say my name, sugar," he mutters as his lips suck on my neck. "I'll try not to land heavy on the sofa, again." He pinches my nipple with his last word. I yelp, before goosebumps breakout over my skin.

I'm unable to control myself, I need him, or need something. I slip my hand down my leggings and start to slide my fingers through my folds.

He groans, "Fuck."

He stands but doesn't let me fall to the ground. He sets me down on the cushion, yanking my leggings completely off. "I'm watching you get yourself off, Riley," he groans as he removes his own jeans and sits on the edge of the coffee table.

He wraps his hand around his hard cock, and I can't help but lick my lips. I want to suck him, I want him inside of me, dammit—I want him *everywhere*. I wrench my shirt off, tossing it behind me before I unhook my bra and drag it down my arms.

Spreading my legs wide, I prop my feet on the edge of the couch and I start to touch myself. My eyes stay connected to the way Dustin strokes his thick cock. He squeezes the head then strokes again, and I moan. Slipping my fingers inside, feeling how wet I am, I start to pump in and out of myself.

"That's it, sugar. Play with your tits too, *fuck*, you look so damn hot right now," he groans.

I do as he asks. I fuck my pussy with my fingers, then with my other hand, I pinch and tug on my nipples, moving from one breast to the other. It feels so dirty, and yet, it feels so right. Everything I do with Tinker, my Dustin, feels right.

I'm on the edge of my climax, so close that I can practically taste it as it starts to roll through me. My hand is suddenly, ripped from between my legs, and I let out a cry.

"Fuck that, you only come with me," he growls, filling me with his cock in one swift move.

His knees are resting on the edge of the couch, and he places his hands on the back as he pounds into me. He doesn't speak, his head tipped down as he watches his cock disappear inside of me, over and over again.

Dustin's tongue peeks out with his concentration, it's sexy as shit, and I can't keep my eyes off of him. That is until my orgasm rolls through me without warning.

"Oh fuck, yes, don't stop. Fuck me, Dustin," I practically scream. His hips pump harder, and faster, *erratically*. Then he stills with a moan and I feel his dick twitch inside of me.

"I love you, sugar," he murmurs.

I blink. Unbelieving that he's said it, that he's said it after he's come, and he's still inside of me.

"Are you fucking kidding me right now? Get the fuck off of me," I scream.

He stands and takes a step back, having the fucking nerve to look confused. "Riley?"

"You're such a fucking dick," I scream irrationally.

I hurry out of the room, into our bedroom and slam the door, locking it. Then I rush over to the closet grabbing my robe, covering myself up before I make my way toward the bed and sit down. I don't know what to do, what to say to him.

I've loved this asshole for years, and *that's* how he decides to tell me he loves me, too? What a fucking *asshole*.

Tinken

I stand in disbelief, naked, in the middle of the living room. What the fuck just happened here? One minute I'm buried deep inside of my wife, and the next she's pissed off and locking herself in our bedroom. Then my blood begins to boil in anger. I grab my jeans, quickly pulling them up my legs. Marching toward our bedroom, I try to open it, but it's locked.

Fuck that.

I'm not going to be locked out of my own goddamn room. "Open the fucking door, Riley," I shout,

banging on the wood.

"Go away," her muffled voice calls. She sounds like she's crying, but my patience is nil. Lifting my leg, I kick the shitty door and watch as it breaks open.

Riley is sitting on the edge of the bed, her robe wrapped around her. She looks up at me, her eyes red-rimmed and watery.

"The next time you think about locking a door between us, you better fucking think twice," I grunt.

I can't stay here, I'll do, or say, something that I'll regret. I don't know what her fucking problem is, but I'm not going to try and guess either. She can act like an adult and tell me. Turning my back on her, I walk away.

Grabbing my socks and boots from the floor, then slipping my cut on. I snatch my keys from the counter and slam the front door behind me. I hurry down the stairs barefoot until I reach my bike then quickly slide my boots on.

Once I've straddled my motorcycle, I look up toward our apartment, shaking my head. She isn't there. She didn't come after me. I told her that I loved her, and she got pissed and ran off.

Starting my engine, I rev it once before I speed out of the parking lot. I need some fucking booze. I need my brothers. What I don't need is some overly emotional cunt, who can't decide how she goddamn feels about me.

It doesn't take long for the clubhouse to come into view. I feel a bit guilty for leaving Riley alone at home, but I couldn't stay there. She needs to learn how to fucking *communicate* with me.

I've been available to her. I've been present, home every night and shit. She still doesn't fucking talk to me, and tonight just proves that she's got a fucking problem.

I can't read her fucking mind.

Walking inside I notice that the clubhouse is pretty low-key tonight. There are a couple whores walking around, but not much else is going on. Making my way up to the bar, I ask for a bottle of vodka. The prospect hands it to me.

Once it's in my grasp, I head toward one of the sofas that's pushed up against the wall. I flop down on the cushions, purposely, in defiance. It doesn't matter that Riley can't see me, it makes me feel a little bit better.

Nobody bothers me as I scowl in the corner and drink. The night wanes on and I find myself getting drunker and drunker. The room is a little fuzzy when I see Pixie approach me. She's only wearing a tiny little G-string, her tits on full display.

My cock should at least jerk at the sight of her, but it doesn't. It's flaccid, and as much as I want to blame it on the booze, I can't. I know that it's all because of Riley.

This has been an ongoing thing for almost a year. Riley is the only one my dick wants. The fucker of it all is that I don't even mind. My heart wants only her too—even when she's being a fucking crazy bitch.

"I've missed you," Pixie whispers as she moves in and nuzzles her face against my neck.

I sit stock still, my hazy brain unable to communicate to the rest of me that I need to push this bitch off. Her hand presses against my bare chest and then slides all the way down to my crotch.

She cups my junk and sighs. "Looks like I have my work cut out for me tonight. But I know once this whiskey dick is up, it'll last *all night long*."

Her hand starts to unbutton my pants, and I finally get my ass in gear. I wrap my fingers around her wrist to halt her movements. My head slowly dips down to look at her face. "No," I slur.

"Baby, I've missed this cock of yours. You can't tell me no. Not when you're here drinking alone. She's nowhere around. You need this as much as I do," she whispers.

I lean forward, my voice low and lethal. "Bitch, you try to touch my dick again, and I'm going to knock your fuckin' ass out."

Pixie's head jerks back and then I watch as she falls to the ground. My unfocused eyes slowly look up and I'm surprised to see Riley standing in front of me. Her hand has a fistful of Pixie's hair, but her eyes are directed at me and she is fucking pissed.

"Grease called, told me to come get your drunk ass and take you home," she states. Her voice is flat, but I can tell she's upset.

I watch as she releases Pixie's hair. "You fucking bitch," Pixie squeals.

"If you don't get your whore ass outta here, I'll give you something to scream about," I grunt.

Pixie scrambles to her feet, and thankfully, she disappears. Riley smirks and shakes her head. "Had I not heard you tell her to leave, I may have taken that little scene you two had going on, the wrong way," she whispers.

I don't try to stand, I honestly don't think that I could even if I wanted to. Reaching for Riley, I wrap my fingers around her wrist and tug her between my legs, then down to my thigh. Wrapping my arms around her, I pull her closer to my chest.

"Why're you so fuckin' pissed?" I slur.

Her eyes and chin lower. I wait her out though. I'm fuckin' patient now that I have vodka flowing through my bloodstream.

"I've loved you for so long," she whispers. "Then you finally said it, and it was in the middle of sex," she says wrinkling her nose and finally looking up at me.

I wrap my hand around the back of her neck, and tug her forward so that her forehead is pressed against my own. "I love you, Riley," I mutter.

"And now you're drunk," she sighs.

Frustration fills me. I move her to the side, depositing her to the couch and I stand. My legs feel like Jell-O, and I know that I sway. "I don't know what the fuck you want from me, woman. Honest to fuck, I have no goddamn idea. When you figure it out, come find me."

I walk away from her. I don't go to my room but instead make my way outside. I need the cool air to cool me the fuck off. I'm pissed. I don't know what she wants. Whatever it is, I'm willing to give it to her. She just has to fucking *tell* me.



Rosalie

My stomach turns more with each passing mile we drive toward home. Bailey seems pretty unaffected. He taps his finger on the steering wheel while his other hand is wrapped around my thigh. My palms start to sweat as the city limit sign approaches.

I have no clue what my dad is going to say or do. I'm worried that he'll be angry, but more importantly, I'm worried that he'll be disappointed in me.

"You're thinking pretty loud over there," Bailey murmurs, giving my thigh a gentle squeeze.

I shake my head and look out the window. "I'm worried about what my parents are going to say. What your parents are going to say," I whisper.

"They can say whatever they want, Blue Eyes. What's done is done, nothing can change the fact that you're my wife or that my baby is inside of you," he mutters.

I let out a sigh. He doesn't get it. Maybe because he has this new career on the horizon, and he has training in a few days. But I'll still be here, and if they're pissed at *me*, if they're disappointed in *me*—I'll have to look them in the eyes and see that. He won't.

My phone vibrates in my hand and I look down to see there's a text from Riley.

RILEY: We're at Mom and Dad's. Everybody is. Come here first.

Okay. We're about twenty minutes out. I reply. Then I inform Bailey who only gives me a nod with a grunt.

I wring my fingers together and try to stay calm, but I fail. I'm so damn nervous that I'm practically vibrating in my seat. Bailey pulls up in front of his parents' house about fifteen minutes later, but he doesn't open the car door. Instead, he turns to me and cups my cheek, forcing my face to turn toward his.

"I love you, Rosalie Duhart," he whispers.

I suck in a deep breath. "I love you too."

"Now, let's go get this shit over with. I'm sure they're ready to scream and yell. They can get it out of their system, but after today, I won't allow it anymore."

I snort at his words. "You won't allow it? You've met our fathers, haven't you?"

Bailey's fingers grip my cheek and he shakes his head. "Blue Eyes, you're a married woman now. I'm a man. We're adults, and they don't get to yell at us anymore like children. I'm giving them today only, then I'm putting my foot down," he grunts.

I almost laugh at him, but I don't. He's so strong in his words. I want to believe him and I want to

think the best of our fathers, that they'll understand where we're coming from. However, I just don't. I think that they're going to have a really hard time with *this*—with *us*.

Bailey exits the vehicle, then comes to my side and helps me out. He places his warm palm on the small of my back, and together we walk toward the front door. We don't even get halfway up the walk when the door flies open. Riley is standing there, but she isn't giving me her normal smile. Her eyes look sunken in, almost haunted.

"Are you all right?" I ask when we're closer.

She smiles, and if I didn't know her I would think it was genuine. However, I do know her so I know that it certainly is not. "I'm fine, just tired. Now, fair warning. The dads are pissed, but not as pissed as the moms," she announces.

"Why're they pissed?" Bailey grumbles.

Riley snorts. "They said they've been waiting to plan your wedding." She opens the door a bit wider and we walk past her. Bailey laughs as we step inside of the house.

"No way in fuck are they planning a wedding," he mutters.

"And why the hell not?" Mary-Anne shouts. She's standing in the living room, and she must have the best hearing on earth because I barely heard him and I'm standing next to him.

Bailey lifts his hand and rubs at the back of his neck. "Because I didn't want to wait a year or two, and anyway, we don't have that kind of time now so it doesn't matter."

Mary-Anne narrows her eyes at him and lifts her chin. Bailey guides me into the living room. The whole family is here, including my little brothers. We sit down on the only unoccupied furniture, a loveseat and look around.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourselves?" MadDog asks, his voice rumbling through the space.

I look down at my hands, specifically my small rose gold band. A bit of peace washes over me. No matter what, I'm married to the man I love. *That* is what's important, that and our child.

"I don't know why you all are surprised," Bailey begins. I hear my dad growl from across the room. "I've been in love with Rosalie since I was a kid. We've been in love with each other since we were kids. I'm going to be stationed somewhere else, it could be across the country, hell, it could be anywhere. Did you all think that I would leave without taking Rosalie with me?"

I'm surprised by the way he's talking not only to his father but to mine as well. He's not wrong though. We've been in love since we were children, none of this should come as a surprise to any of them.

"Well, big man, what are your plans now?" my dad asks, narrowing his eyes at Bailey.

Bailey clears his throat, and I glance over at him. He's looking between our fathers and then he finally speaks. "I have eight more weeks of training before I'm sent to school. Rosalie can't go with me. I'll be living in the barracks. I would like for her to stay here during those eight weeks. Her doctor is here and our families are here."

I glance up at my mom as she wipes a tear, from beneath her eyes. "I don't want you to leave, not even in eight weeks," she whispers.

"Mom."

Mary-Anne straightens and brushes her palms on her thighs. "Now, we're all emotional. I don't want my baby to leave, you guys don't want yours to leave, and none of us wants our grandbaby to leave," she states. "Unfortunately, we don't always get what we want. What's done is done. I say we celebrate the new life and the new marriage."

My face breaks out into a smile. I love Mary-Anne, I always have. She doesn't have a problem

saying the way shit is, but then, she's just so positive sometimes it's ridiculously amazing. Bailey slips his arm around my shoulder and gives me a squeeze.

"I want to kill the little fuck still," my dad announces. My body tenses but then he continues. "But I can't say that I'm surprised it happened the way it all did," he sighs.

I stand up and hurry toward my dad, he rises as well and wraps me in his arms. "I love you, Dad," I whisper as I bury my face in his chest.

"Fuck, I love you too, sweetie. I could throttle you for getting knocked up, but I fuckin' love you."

Mary-Anne announces that it's time to eat and celebrate. Nobody makes a sound of protest. Once I break free from my father, Bailey is at my side. He presses his lips to my temple before asking my dad if he can talk to him outside.

I watch as the two most important men in my life head outside toward the backyard. My mom and Mary-Anne have already disappeared into the kitchen, my brothers have taken off as well. I turn around to see Finley and Riley sitting on the sofa.

"Tell us everything," Finley practically squeals.

I glance at Riley and I want to talk to her about whatever is bothering her. She looks so closed off that I decide to tell them about my wedding and our one day honeymoon, instead.

The entire time I talk to them, I keep my eyes on Riley. She's smiling where she's supposed to and laughing when it's required, but none of her expressions or reactions reach her eyes. There is something seriously wrong with her.

Bailey

"You wanted to talk, so talk," Camo mutters as soon as we're outside.

I clear my throat and shove my hands in my pockets. "I didn't mean to get her pregnant. It just happened. I wouldn't have planned it, not in a million years. I'm not sorry though," I state.

For whatever reason, I can't look at him. Maybe I don't want to see the disappointment in his eyes or his anger. He doesn't know that I never pushed Rosalie to have sex. That I waited five years to make her mine. He has no clue, and I'm not going to explain it to him, that is our journey and has nothing to do with her father.

"If you were in the club, I could beat the shit out of you, and nobody would say a goddamn word," he grunts. "But you're not and you did right by marrying her. No matter how angry I am, you behaved like a responsible man in the situation. I appreciate that," he exhales. "I don't want her to leave, not ever, but I know she's eighteen and I can't stop her. I just want you to know that if you fuck up, I'll kill you."

I don't laugh because Camo isn't joking. He would kill me, without thinking twice about it. Then my dad would probably kill him, and it would turn into some really nasty shit. I don't plan on ever hurting Rosalie, so it's kind of a moot point.

"Not planning on hurting her, Camo," I murmur.

He wraps his hand around my shoulder and gives it a squeeze. I turn my head to look up at him. He isn't smiling, but there's a peace that kind of comes over him it seems. "I was pissed the other day. When everything came out, I was fucking livid. You did the right thing by taking her and leaving. I wasn't thinking. I had turned a blind eye to what you two had going. Thought it would just go away, that you would find someone else, or she would. It's hard to accept that your baby is growin' up.

You'll understand one day."

I open my mouth to respond when I hear Riley scream from inside of the house. "Fuck you, you fucking asshole."

"Oh shit," I whisper.

Camo grunts, "Those two have been at it since the day they said, 'I do,' not sure how long that shit's gonna last."

I groan in response. I still don't understand how they ended up married, other than my dad forced Tinker to marry her because he knocked her up. They weren't in a relationship as far as I knew. I thought they were just fuck buddies, now I don't know.

Camo and I walk back inside. I'm not sure I want to see Tinker and my sister interact. I may have to intervene, and I've always liked Tinker, so that would fucking suck.



The doorbell rings, and my eyes widen. Every person in our family is in this room, except for one—my own husband. "Riles, do you want me to get that? Maybe have Hacker grab it?" Finley asks as her eyes flick from the door, then back to me.

I shake my head.

I haven't seen him since he deposited me on my ass last night in the clubhouse, and walked out. He was so angry, and I was so hurt. I don't know how to make us work, how to make us *better*. I keep screwing it up. Standing from my place on the couch, I suck in a breath, and slowly walk toward the front door.

Tinker is on the other side when I pull it open. He sways, and I know he's drunk, or most likely *still* drunk. He takes a step toward me and wraps his hand in my hair pulling me against him. His lips crash against mine in a bruising kiss. I push against his chest to no avail, but when he lifts his head, I can see the hurt and anger swimming in his eyes.

"This doesn't work. I'm fucking done," he mutters taking a step back. He grabs onto the wooden railing to steady himself.

I blink once. "You're done?" I whisper.

"You're too fucking hard. I'm done. I'll pay child support for the kid, but we're done."

My eyes widen and my body begins to tremble. "Dustin, you can't mean that."

He shakes his head. "Sugar. You're too much fucking work. Before we were married, it was fun. We fucked, and you were great, but your pussy ain't worth all this other shit."

Heat rises throughout my body, anger fills me and I reach out, slapping him across the face. "Fuck you, you fucking asshole," I scream.

He doesn't respond. He doesn't say a fucking word, in fact, he turns his back on me and he walks away. He is a fucking asshole.

"Riley what the hell?" my dad's voice booms.

I turn around to face him, tears streaming down my face. "He left me," I whisper.

"The fuck he did," my dad states, taking a step forward.

I hold my hand up to stop him from going after Tinker and shake my head. "I don't want him to feel forced," I whisper.

"You're moving back in here," my dad announces.

"Dad?"

He shakes his head and runs his hand down his face. "You're havin' a baby. I didn't like you livin' in those apartments alone before, now I won't allow it. You'll move back in here and we'll help you."

I don't know why he's offering, and I don't care. I accept. Rushing over to my dad, I bury my face in his chest and I inhale his familiar scent. He may be a grumpy old ass, but he's *my* grumpy old ass, he's my dad.

"It's gonna be okay," he whispers and places a kiss on my head. "No matter what, it'll be okay Riley."

The rest of the evening is kind of subdued, and I'm glad for it. I stay pretty far removed from everyone else, lost inside of my own head. I should have gone to him last night or this morning. I should have made everything right. I shouldn't have been so upset with the way he told me loved me, and just accepted the fact that he does.

I fucked everything up.

"Go upstairs and sleep in your old room tonight, honey," my mom murmurs as she runs her fingers through my hair.

"I should go home, pack some stuff. I'll sleep here starting tomorrow."

My mom gives me a sad smile and shakes her head once. "You know it's all going to work out. Whatever is meant to be, it will happen the way it does for a reason. Even if you can't understand that right away."

I nod in agreement. She's right and I know that she is, but that doesn't take away the ache I have inside of me. I've loved Tinker, my Dustin, for far longer than I've ever let on. This is killing me inside. I need one night alone to grieve before I'm surrounded by my family on a twenty-four-seven basis.

Quietly, I slip out of the house. Bailey and Rosalie are still there, but her parents have left and so has Finley and Hacker. I don't want the conversation to turn to me, *for anything*, so I know that I need to leave.

Once I'm in my car, I head toward my apartment. Just thinking about the broken bedroom door, and the questions that my father will bring up once he sees it, makes my stomach ache. Stopping at the red light, I press my hand to my belly and let out an exhale. I need to calm down. This anxiety inside of me, this stress, cannot be good for the baby—at all.

I continue toward my apartment building and park in my designated spot. I look to the side, hoping to see Tinker's bike, but it isn't there. I let out a sigh and exit the vehicle. I hate coming home late at night. No matter how safe I know that I am, I can't help but feel scared. My apartment complex is one of those where most people who live here, work full-time so it's always shut down and eerily quiet early in the evening.

Hurrying up the stairs, and then unlocking my door quickly I slip inside, flipping the lock closed with a heavy breath. I'm being silly. I know that I am. Throwing my purse down on the sofa, I glance in the direction of my pretty couch and cringe. I don't want the pretty sofa anymore. I decide immediately that I'm going to sell it on *Craigslist* or something. I don't really ever want to see it again.

I pass by the broken door in the hallway, that's leaning against the wall. My fingers skim the splintered wood and my gaze drops. I fucked it all up. I had him in my grasp and I messed us up. I hate that—absolutely *hate* it.

Taking a quick shower, I cry as I dry off. I don't bother changing into pajamas. I just don't care

enough right now. Slipping between my sheets, I pull my comforter over my head and bury my face in the pillow. Everything smells like Dustin. It makes my heart ache that much more. I cry myself to sleep, swimming in my own misery.

Tinken

When the booze finally wears off enough that I'm not a danger to kill anybody on the road, I make my way toward my bike. Earlier, I had Blinder drive me over to MadDog's to talk to Riley, or rather, tell her that we were done.

I'm a fucking liar.

The second I turned away from her, I felt it in my gut that it was a mistake. Now that I'm a little more sober, a little more aware, I want my woman.

I don't know what the future holds for us, but I do know that I can't just leave her like that. I wasn't nice, the things I said weren't nice. I don't blame her for screaming at me and being pissed. I would be mad at me too.

It's well past midnight when I park my bike and make my way up the staircase that leads to her door. I shove my key in the lock and turn it, quietly slipping inside, locking the front door behind me when I do. The apartment is completely silent as I walk toward the bedroom. I know that she's probably asleep, her car is in the parking lot, so I'm certain that she's here.

When I walk into our bedroom, I see her small body curled into a ball beneath the sheets. Her dark hair pokes out from the top and I smirk.

I divest myself of my clothes and boots, slowly creeping toward her sleeping form. Gently I grab ahold of the bedding and drag it down her body. My eyes widen when I realize that she's completely naked.

Sliding my fingertips up the outside of her thigh, I gently wrap them around her hip and guide her to her back. She rolls over with a groan, which I emulate at the sight of her bare pussy in front of me. Leaning forward, I slide my tongue through her folds, tasting her sweet cunt. On the second glide of my tongue her body jerks, and that's when I know she's awake.

"Tinker?" she whispers as one of her hands slides through my hair.

I lift my eyes to look up at her, only moving my mouth from her pussy enough to speak. "No talking right now," I mutter.

She nods as if she understands my meaning. I don't know that she does, but I'll explain it to her in a little bit. Right now, I just want her to feel good, I want to make her come. I want to enjoy her body. I do just that, too.



Bailey

I watch her sleep. We only have a couple days left together, and then I have to leave to Oceanside for eight-weeks of training at Camp Pendleton. She's going to look so different by the next time I see her. I can't wait. Her belly will be fuller, rounder, and maybe I'll be able to feel our baby move inside of her by then.

Our journey has just begun and I'm excited to finally start on it with her.

"You're staring at me," she murmurs, keeping her eyes closed.

I smile and reach forward, touching her nose with the tip of my finger. I rented a vacation cabin for us in town, feeling the need to spend the next few days completely alone with her. "You're beautiful. I'm trying to imagine what you're going to look like in eight-weeks," I admit.

"I'm going to be a giant fat-ass, is what I'm going to be," she grumbles.

I push her onto her back, placing my elbows on each side of her head and fitting my hips between her thighs. Gliding my cock through her folds, I moan when I discover that she's already wet. Her hips shift and she rolls beneath me, meeting my strokes.

"Keep doing that and I'm going to blow my load before I'm even inside of you," I groan.

She giggles before my cock hits her clit, then she lets out a moan of her own. On my next stroke, I gently slide inside of her. Filling her to the hilt.

"Bailey," she gasps when she's full of me.

"I love you, Blue Eyes," I whisper as I slowly pull almost completely out of her, then fill her again. "You're not going to be fat, you're going to be fucking perfect—just like you always are."

I grind my pelvis against her clit on my down stroke, and enjoy the little noises she makes each time I do. I don't know how I'm going to survive eight more weeks without her, twelve almost killed me. Now that she's officially my wife and carrying my baby? I don't know how I'm going to make it.

Her hands wrap around my biceps and she meets my strokes as her mouth opens in an adorable *O* shape. Lowering my head, I bury my face in her neck and lose myself in her body. I can feel her pussy flutter around me as her hips jerk beneath me. I know that she's close, and I'm on the edge of losing my own shit. Inhaling her scent as I drive into her body is not helping but there's no way in fuck I can stop now.

"Oh yes," Rosalie hisses beneath me.

I moan as her pussy clamps down around my cock. She's so fucking tight that I swear to *Christ* she's going to strangle me. It only takes one more pump inside of her body to climax. I let out a growl

against her skin as I come. I want to stay buried inside of her for the entire day, but the muscles in my arms are shaking and I can't let myself rest against her body. Reluctantly, I pull out of her and roll to the side.

"Next time you're on top," I state.

Rosalie rolls to her side and presses her soft body against mine. Her breathing is labored as she rests her head on my chest. Running my fingers through her soft hair, I just enjoy her naked body against mine.

"Do you have to go?" she whispers a few minutes later.

I gently tug on the strands of her hair, tilting her head back. "I do, Blue Eyes. Know that it kills me though. The last thing I want to do is leave you," I truthfully confess.

She shakes her hair from my grasp, and crawls on top of me, straddling me with her thighs. I can feel her wet pussy against my cock, and I'm unable to suppress my groan. I know it's my cum leaking from her center and it makes me feel wild, possessive, and irrational. I want to fill her up again. I want her to always be full of my cock or my cum—always.

I grip her hips in my hands and hold her still. My cock is growing hard, and I'm sure she's sore. I haven't given her pussy much of a break since our wedding day.

"Bailey," she whimpers. Lifting my eyes from our connection I look up at her. "I need you," she whispers.

Rosalie lifts up slightly, and I align my cock with her entrance, groaning as her wet heat sinks down slowly around me.

"I just want you inside of me. You feel so good," she murmurs.

I slide one of my hands up the center of her body and over to cup her breast. The other hand I keep around her hip. "Take whatever you want, Blue Eyes, any way you want it," I grunt. She could stay just like this forever and I wouldn't mind in the slightest.

We don't say anything else. Our words lost as we enjoy each other's bodies. Rosalie fucks me so slowly that I feel like I'm going to snap and lose my shit. Everything inside of me screams to flip her over, onto her back, and pound into her pussy until I'm roaring with my release. I don't do that, though. I allow her to have complete control.

I watch as she enjoys my cock, enjoys the way I make her feel as I run my hands all over her body. When I can't handle anymore of her torture, I slide my hand from her hip to her pussy. Pressing my thumb against her clit, I begin to rub in firm circles. It doesn't take her long to move faster, and grind against me harder before she lets out a cry, and drops her head back.

Her pussy contracts and I finally let go, filling her again with my release. Rosalie collapses down against my chest with heavy breaths. Her lips skim my neck, and my arms wrap around her, holding her to me tightly. "Eight weeks will feel like an eternity," I whisper against the side of her head.

"I know," she admits.

We stay like that, my cock softening inside of her, but we're both unwilling to move a muscle. I'm enjoying having her close against me and I imagine she's feeling much of the same way.



I chance opening my eyes, wondering if last night was a dream. Did Tinker really come home, and make love to me? It was lovely, he's never been so gentle with me before, and it has me wondering if

that was his way of saying goodbye?

Turning to the side, I spy him asleep on his stomach. Fuck, why does he have to be so damn sexy? I don't know if it's just my pregnancy hormones, but I doubt it since I've always thought he was sexy as shit.

I want him again, and if he really says we're over, I don't know how I'm going to be able to cope with that. I'll have to move to a different state. Maybe I'll move to Idaho, where my half-brother and his family lives.

I yelp when I feel his hand rest on my bare stomach. "Sugar, you're too fucking loud. I can't sleep," he rasps. His eyes are closed and his expression hasn't changed in the slightest. I didn't even know he was awake, the sneaky bastard. "You're thinking. Don't over analyze shit. It gets us in trouble," he mutters.

Sighing, I roll to my side, his hand goes with me and is now resting heavily on my hip. "Was last night your goodbye to me?" I blurt.

Tinker's eyes pop open and I watch as he frowns. "Did you want it to be?" he asks, clearly confused.

I shake my head, almost violently. "Never," I admit.

"I love you, Riley," he whispers. "You're mine. My woman. No matter what, I won't let you go," he grunts.

Tears well in my eyes at his words. Now that, *that*, is how you tell a girl you love her. "Are we good?" I mutter through trembling lips.

His hand moves up my side and cups my cheek, his eyes never leaving mine. "I don't know, sugar, are we?"

I suck in a breath, thinking about his question. "You can't threaten to leave me again," I state, sounding stronger than I feel. "You can't drink like that, or fuck around on me."

He chuckles, reaching out, dragging me over his body so that I'm lying against his chest. My breasts are smashed against him, and he's so warm that I want to rub myself against him.

"Some things you need to do, too, sugar," he grunts as his nose glides alongside mine. My breath hitches, and I know I'm growing wet just from this simple touch. "You can't go crazy on me. I won't say shit you always like. I'm not a romantic guy, I'm rough, and this thing we got, it's a fuckin' risk, but it's ours. You can't assume the worst of me because, sugar, that shit could get you, and us, in trouble."

"No whores?" I ask, my voice breathy. I try to keep from climbing over his body and shoving my pussy in his face.

He chuckles, his body shaking slightly beneath me. "I wasn't lying when I said I haven't been with any, and as long as I have you—all of you—it'll stay that way," he grunts.

"I'll try to be less... crazy." I grin.

He smirks and touches his lips to the tip of my nose. "I'll try to be less, hot-headed." It's a partial truth, honestly, he could try all day long, but I think that's just his personality.

Tilting my head to the side, I press my mouth to his. I kiss him, slipping my tongue between his lips, I taste him. I missed him. A couple days felt like a fucking eternity without him. His hands grab ahold of my ass and squeeze my flesh. "Fuck, I love how fat your ass is getting, sugar," he groans.

"I should take offense to that," I whisper against his lips.

He chuckles. "But you don't."

Biting my bottom lip, I sit up. Dustin's eyes widen at my move, but he doesn't grin until I start climbing up his chest. "Fuck, yeah, sugar. Give me some, honey," he grins.

Straddling his face, I slowly lower down against his mouth. Tipping my head, so that I can watch, I ride my husband's gorgeous face. He wraps his fingers around my thighs and tugs me even closer to his mouth.

His tongue flicks my clit, sending shivers throughout my entire body. I'm so close, my thighs shaking with each touch of his tongue. My hips jerk and grind, and I lose all self-control. I take, and take, and take, until my body hums and I come against him.

I let out a moan when his hand releases my thigh and slaps my ass. Lifting from his face, I look down and give him a lazy smile. "Hands and knees, now sugar. It's my turn to take," he grunts.

A thrill shimmies up my spine, and I hurry to the opposite side of the bed, my ass facing him on my hands and knees. Dustin drags his fingertips up the backs of my thighs, and then he spreads me apart.

"Fuck, you don't know how good your pussy tastes, sugar. Best thing I've ever had my tongue on." I moan at his words, pushing my hips a bit closer to him, aching for more of his touch.

I feel his cock press against my opening, and my breath hitches. When he sinks completely inside of me, I expect him to pull out and slam back in, but he doesn't. He stays seated and lets out an exhaled breath. Then his fingers dance up my spine and wrap around my ribcage from beneath me tugging me upright.

"Fuck me, sugar. Fuck me so good," he groans against my neck.

I moan, turning my head to the side so that I can press my lips to the underside of his jaw. I fuck him. Rolling my body, while he stays still, only one of his hands moving as he pinches and gently tugs on my nipples, one after the other. Slipping my hand to between my legs, I touch myself. I'm so damn close, but I need just a little bit more to take me over the edge, again.

"Yeah, touch that pretty cunt, sugar," Dustin whispers against my ear.

In what feels like just a matter of seconds, I'm coming around him. He doesn't waste a second, he gently pushes me back over, and I brace myself on my hands and knees.

Both of his fingers grip my hips and he tugs me back while he thrusts forward. He pounds into me, his body slamming against mine until he lets out a satisfied roar with his release.

"Goddamn, motherfucker," he grunts as he continues to fuck me, his cock twitching with each stroke.

I fall forward, careful to land on my side, losing him from inside of me when I do. My eyes are closed and my breathing labored.

Yeah, he can't leave me, not ever.

"Sugar, ain't going nowhere," he murmurs, and I gasp.

I said that out loud.

My face heats with embarrassment, but I keep my eyes closed, afraid to open them. Then I feel his lips on my hip as he wraps his arm around me from behind. He straightens, his chest pressing against my back as he places his big hand on my belly.

"You two are mine. Nobody is going fucking anywhere," he grunts.

I smile.

My unspoken dream has come true. Granted, it didn't happen the way I had anticipated it to. However, it happened, and I can't ever be sorry about that. I don't think I've ever actually been this happy. I finally feel a peace wash over me—wash over us.

His hand gently rubs my belly until it becomes heavy, and I know he's fallen asleep behind me. I snuggle against his warmth, content to lie in bed with him. We'll have to get up and face the day, face my family, *eventually*, but right now, I just want to bask in this warm happy feeling.



My phone buzzes a few hours later, and I gently disengage myself from Riley's sleeping body to answer it. I grab it and hurry out of the bedroom into the living room. I cringe when I see that it's her father, MadDog on the other end. I accept the call, and before I can say a word, he's already talking.

"Did a drive-by of Riley's this morning and a familiar looking bike was parked next to her car," he rumbles.

Clearing my throat, I look down at my feet. "Yeah," I sigh.

"You're gonna need to say more than, 'yeah,'" he grunts.

I pinch my eyes closed, and then reopen them. Riley is standing at the mouth of the hall, completely naked. My mouth waters at the sight of her bare body. I want to lick her all over and make her come on my tongue again.

"We're good, MadDog. We worked our shit out," I grumble.

MadDog snorts. "Stop making stupid as fuck threats. Next time I won't give a fuck what either of you say. She'll be in my house and you'll be out on the goddamn street."

"I expect nothing less," I state.

I can almost see him shaking his head with a smile on his face when he speaks again. "We're doing a going away thing for Bailey. You'll both be there tomorrow at six in the evening." He doesn't give me an opportunity to reply before he ends the call.

"Sugar, if you don't go put something on, I'm going to need to fuck you again. Honest to fuck, I've rested, I'm ready to go," I growl.

She smirks. "I'm hungry, but I could eat while I ride you," she winks.

My cock goes fully erect at the idea. Fuck me, this is the woman for me, a hundred percent.

"What did my dad want?" she asks.

I tell her about the party tomorrow and she grins. "That means we get to be together all day long with no interruptions," she whispers.

"Go get a snack, grab something for me too. My dick's ready for you."

She walks past me, and I slap her ass which causes her to squeal. That's how I spend my day, fucking my sexy as fuck wife. Best day of my goddamn life.



Rosalie

I gasp when we pull up to the clubhouse. What I thought was just a small family get-together is really a gigantic *party*. I reach over and wrap my hand around Bailey's thigh, giving it a squeeze. "Holy shit," I whisper.

He chuckles next to me and guides his mom's SUV into an empty spot. "It's so pretty," I blubber.

The entire clubhouse is decorated with balloons and streamers, all in light pinks and whites. It looks soft and light, nothing like the usual. There are even rented tables with linens and chairs all around. Bailey doesn't respond, he instead, slips out of the car and jogs over to my side to help me out as well.

We start to walk toward the crowd and I gasp when I see his brother and his entire family from Idaho are there. Including his cousins and their families. "Holy shit," I whisper again. Bailey takes my hand and gives it a gentle squeeze.

His brother, Fury, starts toward us before anyone else. Only when he's right in front of us does Bailey drop my hand. He wraps his arms around his brother and they embrace. "Congratulations, kid," Fury murmurs.

My eyes water at the affection, my hormones have been extra crazy the past few days, so I don't even try to rein it in. In what seems like just the next second, we're surrounded by all of Bailey's family from Idaho. They give us both hugs and congratulations as we continue to walk toward the party.

This is how our lives were meant to be. We were always meant to be together, and our families were always meant to be intertwined. There is no other man for me, and although I'm only eighteen, I know without a doubt that there is nobody else for me on this earth.

Fury's wife, Kentlee, and her sister Brentlee rush up to me a few minutes later. Each one of them takes each of my hands and they drag me away from Bailey. The next thing I know I'm standing with them, my mom, and Bailey's mom while they congratulate and hug me.

"Ok, spill, how long have you secretly been dating?" Brentlee asks with a wink.

My eyes widen and I glance up to my mom, then Mary-Anne, but they both just smirk at me. "Girl, we've always known. Just because we didn't bring it up to the men, doesn't mean we didn't have a clue," Mary-Anne says.

"Sweetie, I knew from the beginning. You can't hide shit from a mom," my mom smirks.

Kentlee raises her hand and they high-five each other. I can't hold back my giggle, and I place my

hand on my stomach when I do. "I can't believe we're getting two new babies in the family," Kentlee whispers as her eyes drop to my stomach.

"Three," Brentlee states. Kentlee's eyes widen and she turns to her sister. "Oh, God, my baby days are over, you crazy bitch. Stella," she chuckles.

"Stella?" Kentlee chokes.

Stella is Brentlee and Bates' daughter. She's been married to a member of the Idaho Devils for the past few years. I'm surprised she hasn't already had a few kids, they're always all over each other every time that I've seen them.

"I can't believe that this whole new group of kids are grown. It seems like only yesterday we were in their shoes causing drama and sneaking around," Kentlee whispers as she looks around the crowd.

Her eyes are unfocused and I follow them. There are so many people here, especially with the Idaho group. It's almost overwhelming, but I don't feel anything but happiness as I scan them all.

We chat for a few minutes, they ask me about the baby and when it's due, and a few other things about the quickie wedding we had. Then, I feel a warm hand slide around my waist and a palm press against my stomach.

"You hungry, Blue Eyes?" Bailey whispers against the shell of my ear.

My eyes automatically close and when they reopen, we're alone. I turn in his arms and wrap my hands around the back of his neck. "I'm starving," I whisper. He moves his hand to the small of my back and presses my hips against his. I can feel his hard length press against my belly. "For food," I giggle.

"I'll be feeding you later, don't you worry about a thing," he grunts. I can't help but laugh at his words. Looking up, I notice that he's smiling down at me. "You know if I had to spend my last night somewhere other than inside of you, I'm glad it's here, surrounded by our families."

"Me, too," I whisper.

He leans down slightly and brushes his lips, across mine. "Let's get my babies fed," he mutters against my mouth.

Bailey

My eyes never leave her, even when she's across the room from me—I watch. My beautiful wife. "How are you going to live this life without knowing when you'll have to leave her, or for how long?" Fury asks from beside me.

I shrug. I don't know, actually. I can't imagine leaving her for the next eight weeks, let alone for months if I get shipped out.

"It ain't easy to be away from your woman for long periods of time," he announces. He should know. He spent three years in prison before I was born when his son, Bear, was just a baby.

"I imagine it's not," I agree.

He wraps his hand around my shoulder and gives me a squeeze. "Tell me why you didn't join the Devils? Pops won't ask you, but I sure as fuck will."

I think about his question. In fact, I've thought about it a lot over the past year or so. I could have been a Devil, and it would have been a fucking cakewalk. Then, I would think about the time Rosalie and my sisters were kidnapped, and all of the other shit that went down because of the club. I didn't

want that life, not for me, and not for Rosalie. I try to explain that to Fury and he nods his head as though he understands.

"But you're willing to risk dyin' on the battlefield? Life is a risk, Bail. No matter your career choice, just breathing is a fucking risk."

I wrap my hand around the back of my neck as his falls from my shoulder, then I glance up and my eyes catch Rosalie. She's good and pure, always has been. She deserves to have a nice, clean life, and that's why I'm doing what I'm doing. I tell my brother as much, and he clears his throat.

"I get you, kid. I fuckin' get you more than you know," he murmurs.

Fury doesn't say much else and a few minutes later he walks away just as Rosalie begins to head in my direction. When she's right in front of me the rest of the world slips away, just like it always does. I slip my hand around her waist and press against her back. "You ready, Blue Eyes?"

She yawns and looks up at me, her face smiling and her eyes shining. "I am," she whispers.

It takes us another forty-five minutes before we actually leave. Tonight is our last night together, and I know that she's tired, but I also know that she'll have plenty of time to rest when I'm gone.

I have to be inside of her at least one last time.

I'm going to fucking miss my girl.

My wife.

My Blue Eyes.

Rosalie

I don't want to wake up yet, but I know that I must. Today is the day. Last night we made love so many times, that it's almost hard to believe Bailey is a human man and not a machine.

This morning, however, it's time for him to leave. I can't just let him wake up and take off though. I decide I need to give him something to think about while he's away.

Wiggling down the bed, I'm not surprised to find his dick half-mast already. I smile before I stick my tongue out and lick the entire underside of his length. I swirl my tongue around the head before I suck him deep down my throat.

His hand grabs ahold of the back of my head. I expect him to tug me off of him, but he doesn't. His hips flex, and he slides a bit deeper down my throat. I moan, looking up at him. His eyes are open, swirling with need as he gently pumps into my mouth.

"Fuck, Blue Eyes, so good," he rasps.

I slip my hand between my legs, touching my clit with another moan. I need more, I'm so sore, but I don't care. I'll recover later. Right now, I just want him to make me come—it's the only thing on my mind, that, and making him come too.

I start to rub myself and jerk my hips against my fingers when he tugs my mouth away and lets out a groan.

"Blue Eyes, how do you want me?" he grunts.

My mind is on the edge, I'm so needy. I don't care how he fucks me, as long as I climax. "Climb on up, Rosalie," he mutters.

I do, and quickly. His cock is already in his hand and within a breath, I'm sinking all the way down. He groans, but I'm too close to think of anything but finding my release.

When his thumb presses against my clit, I gasp. I move, my hips jerking, bucking, and rolling with

zero rhyme or reason. I have one mission, and one mission only—coming.

It doesn't take me long to succeed in my mission, and I sob as my body hums, and trembles slightly against his touch. Bailey wraps his hands around my hips and holds me still as he thrusts up from the bed.

My entire body is so sensitive that I can't help but gasp with each move, and then he groans as he fills me with his climax. Only then do I fall against his chest, my lips licking and touching his neck. "I'm going to miss you," I whisper against his skin.

"Eight weeks and then our journey starts, Blue Eyes," he murmurs as his fingers run through my hair.

I hum, enjoying the way he feels. "Only eight weeks," I whisper. "I can't believe it's all real."

"Oh, it's real. You're my wife. I'm your husband. We're having a baby. In just a few weeks, we'll be moving somewhere new, and it'll just be us."

"A fresh start where nobody knows who we are," I whisper.

We've talked about it a million times. A fresh start away from everyone, away from the Notorious Devils. Where we can be *Bailey and Rosalie Duhart*, and that means absolutely nothing, other than we're just a Marine and his wife.

It's a dream come true.

A good clean life, for us, and our family.

One where we aren't constantly waiting for something bad to happen.

One where we're safe.

We'll miss our families, and I'm sure we'll visit them often. But this has always been our plan—to break away from the stigma of living the life in a motorcycle club. While it works for everybody else, it's not for us, and never has been.

This new journey is scary, exciting, and exhilarating all at once.

Bailey presses his lips to mine before he whispers. "I love you, Blue Eyes, let's get this journey started."

"I love you too, my husband. Don't you know? It's already begun?" I reply with a giggle.

"Fuck yeah it has."



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about the author

As an only child, Hayley Faiman had to entertain herself somehow. She started writing stories at the age of six and never really stopped.

Born in California, she met her now husband at the age of sixteen and married him at the age of twenty in 2004. After all of these years together, he's still the love of her life.

Hayley's husband joined the military and they lived in Oregon, where he was stationed with the US Coast Guard. They moved back to California in 2006, where they had two little boys. Recently, the four of them moved out to the Hill Country of Texas, where they adopted a new family member, a chocolate lab named Optimus Prime.

Most of Hayley's days are spent taking care of her two boys, going to the baseball fields for practice, or helping them with homework. Her evenings are spent with her husband and her nights—those are spent creating alpha book boyfriends.