



Creed's Vengeance

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Mc

Description: CREED

It came down to the club or my bloodline. While my hate for my bloodline was strong, could I really wipe out my family? My love for Holly Kincaid answered that question. But nothing goes to plan.

? Ending of Holly and Creed's story. ? A ending everyone will love ?
Book that follows is Kobra's Opal Vol 2

Total Pages (Source): 21

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If anyone wanted to create a reckoning within the underworld, well, attempting to murder the god of the underground and his son would do it.

I was controlling the maddening of bikers—barely. The mother chapter members who weren't injured or had been discharged from the hospital weren't even the main ones pacing for a revenge hit. No, it was every biker that had a Satan's Bastards patch on their back. Every chapter within the state had rolled into the small town within days.

The men wanted blood.

Hades was like a god to most of his members. He was their shepherd, helpin the lost, and Satan's Bastards held a lot of lost souls who had found peace and life wearing a cut and being led by Hades.

I was meant to be patched as vice, but the north had to be dealt with before I stepped across to the mother chapter. So right now, I was the acting president of the mother chapter. In other words, I was stopping every member from being reactive to the situation.

Lighting up a cigarette, I stared at Holly as I put the smoke between my lips. I dropped the cigarette packet and lighter, then grabbed my vest. My eyes ran over the president patch on the front, which had never felt so heavy.

I shrugged it on and adjusted my holsters underneath, clipping my final Glock into place as I walked to the bedside. That was when I heard it; a sharp inhale. I looked at Holly and walked toward her. I saw the tears in her eyes as I knelt beside the bed. My hand went to her cheek, wiping away her tears just as they fell with my thumb.

Her gaze moved to mine, and I knew deep down she wanted yesterday to have not happened.

“I need to head down, darlin’, and handle the chaos,” I said softly, keeping my eyes locked with hers. My hand paused on the side of her face, cupping her cheek as tears ran from her beautiful eyes.

I knew the men were waiting for me to tell them, once again, to reel the anger in. Yet I remained, kneeling, beside the bed, watching as the woman I loved cried, and the worst part was I couldn’t stop the tears because the cause of the pain was out of my control.

A part of me knew that if I left her like this, she wouldn’t move for the rest of the day, yet at the same fucking time, I had to handle the club. I had to start piecing together who had done the hit and work out the direction we were heading.

Once again, I was torn between my love for Holly and the club needing me.

“Go.”

I looked back to her, and she smiled slightly.

“Go be the president the club needs,” she added, and then her hand went over mine. “I’ll be okay.”

I doubted she would be, but I didn’t know how to help her with her depression like Kobra and Hades did. I was out of my depth right now. But I knew I didn’t have a choice.

“I’ll be back, and if you need me, call me, or come find me, understand?”

She barely nodded her head, but I knew that was the best I was going to get out of her.

Kissing her forehead, I got up and left, heading out of the room.

What determined a bad man? Who was to say which man was a saint and which were sinners? It sure wasn't God because if it were, he'd see the reasons behind the chaos and madness that drove those sinners' decisions. Society often based a man's value on their criminal record, but what if there was a record that recorded the reasons why they did what they did?

Don't get me wrong; there were bad men out there—ones that raped, that raised hands to children, and committed cruel acts. However, not one man wearing a Satan's Bastards patch was a bad man to the core.

They all had reasons behind what they did.

And after all, a criminal was only a criminal when they were caught and charged by police. That made us all wonder how many blue-collar criminals there were—uncharged and deemed as "good men."

My father, brother, uncles, cousins, and the members of this club, all had reasons for why they were the way they were and why they made the decisions they did which led to actions and consequences. So as I sat here in the middle of Creed's bed, watching the full moon, I couldn't hold resentment toward my family for being in this situation.

My father stood by his beliefs, so much so that he was prepared to die for them.

The sound of the door handle moving made me turn to the side. I hadn't left the room all day. For the most part, I just couldn't face my father's empire. He was prepared to

leave me for this club, and I spent hours in anger.

Angry that he was a president.

Angry that he chose this life for us.

But most of all, I was just scared. Scared of the unknown but scared of what my future would look like without my family together.

The door opened, and Creed stood there.

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He was the spitting image of everything you should run from. He was the man that blue-collar parents warned you about, and yes, maybe it was because road dust covered him, that blood smeared the patches on his cut, and his knuckles were bleeding and clearly bruising. Blood slowly dripped from a cut lip, but as he ran his fingers through his hair, I knew that he wasn't the sinner most would see him as.

Pushing the blankets off, I got up and slowly walked toward him. I watched as his eyes ran over me, almost to check if I was okay. But I was far from okay, and I doubted I would ever be "okay" again.

My eyes were red and slightly swollen, and I felt as cold as ice—from exhaustion and being consumed with fear.

However, that didn't stop me from standing in front of him. My hand slowly cupped his cheek while my thumb wiped the blood away from his lip. I looked up at him, and I saw his intense stare.

Looking into his intense smoldering gray eyes, I knew that today, he had done things he could never tell me.

He slowly lowered his forehead to mine, his gaze holding mine, and in that second, I knew I had a choice—to be by his side as he faced this or let him face this one on his own. For some reason, it felt like a life-defining moment. I'd never vowed to be by his side, yet right now, I knew that was the only place I wanted to be. So as I linked my hand with his, my fingers moving over his bleeding knuckles, I watched as the ghosts slowly disappeared from his eyes, and I pulled back on his hand. I watched the confusion play across his face until I let go of his hand and peeled off the T-shirt he

gave me earlier. As it dropped at my feet, I saw the hollowness drain from his eyes as lust crept through his deep gray eyes.

Standing only in my panties, my hands went to his vest, and I pushed it down his arms. As his calculating eyes locked on me, my hand went to his gray T-shirt, which had blood on it. Just as I pushed it over his abdomen, he gripped the bottom of it and pulled it off. In one fluent moment, he pulled me against his tattooed chest. As his hands ran up my sides, I pretended I wasn't nervous that I could stand by his side without letting the love I felt for him consume me once more.

He had burnt me once, and now I stood basically naked in front of him, all while knowing he could knife out my heart again. Perhaps this was the definition of addiction—to know it will kill you, yet risking and hoping that it won't.

His thumbs went to my panties, and he threaded them down, lowering his body in front of me. Just as I stepped out of the black lace, his hands gripped my thighs, and he lifted me up. My legs went around his waist as we headed to the bathroom.

Was it love, lust, or grief that made me risk my heart on Creed again? I wasn't sure, but as I kissed his broken, bleeding lips while he held me pressed to his chest, all I knew was that when the lines were drawn, I would always be by his side.

It wasn't love that was lit within me as he kissed me back; it was my pure intoxicating addiction to him as I tasted the whiskey on his lips. Placing me on the vanity, I watched as he undid his belt and pushed his jeans down. His legs were now completely tattooed, leaving barely any skin not tattooed. My fingers reached out, and I softly traced his chest tattoo, the club's emblem mixed with a code detailed around skull heads. It had never made more sense.

He took my hand from his chest, kissing my knuckles before placing it on the back of his neck, then he lifted me back up and walked me into the shower. I turned the tap

on as he held me under it. For a split moment, it felt as if the water was able to wash the sorrows of the day away until he pulled me out of the spray and pushed me back against the bathroom tiles.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, bringing my face to his.

I didn't want to make love. No, I wanted him to fuck the ability to think from my mind because all day, I had sat on that bed, dwelling on things outside of my control, waiting on news, consumed with worry.

I wanted him to fuck the madness from my mind. Then he thrust into me, and I got my wish.

I wasn't going to lie. I had it bad, but then, as soon as she was out of sight, the chaos I was facing flooded my thoughts. They had attacked silently, and there was no doubting it was done on my father's orders.

He was waiting on my next move. Did I retaliate, or did I keep knocking down street gangs' doors, demanding answers? When the men found out I was leading a war against my own blood, would they stand by me? Would they believe that I wanted my father dead just as much as they did?

The club made a move to wipe out the trafficking, and weeks later, this happened. There was no denying only one man would have a problem with Hades's ability to begin to shut down a trafficking circle. My father. Gamble Winston. The man had made his name, the Winston's name, by abusing the rights of women. But most of all, he was seen as untouchable. The question was, could the heir that was meant to take over from him be the one to not just wipe out his operation but end his life? Hades had started the war, but I was prepared to take it over.

And so the club war became a war against a father and son.

However, before I could make one move, I had a phone call to make, an international one.

I didn't need Hades's brothers to approve my plans, but I also wasn't stupid. They, like every other fucking person in the underworld, were waiting for our club's next move—my move.

So I would call Khaos and Thanatos Kincaid, but to do that, I'd have to talk to Holly because it was no secret that her uncles didn't take phone calls, not even one coming from the acting president of their eldest brother's MC.

Connor was unwell. We'd assumed it was just a cold, but I saw the toll it was taking on Ivy, having both Ollie and Connor to look after. So I decided I was taking Ollie for the night.

"Hol, carry me?" Ollie continued to ask as she tapped my hip, wanting me to pick her up. Dad would carry her everywhere, and as much as I loved holding Ollie, I just didn't have the muscles to carry her around all day, and neither did Ivy.

"Hold on a sec, Ollie. I'm trying to get the door unlocked," I said while groaning because the key wouldn't work for one of the spare dorm rooms.

I really should have set up my own room earlier and not just stayed with Creed.

My phone buzzed in my back pocket. I pulled it out only because Mom would only message when she needed something, but I saw Creed's name, not hers.

Creed: Where are you?

It was after nine at night, and I had tried, with Ivy, to get Ollie to sleep, but Ollie wouldn't settle. Ivy went on to tell me that Ollie hadn't been sleeping at all. Between

caring for Connor and Ollie's lack of sleeping, Ivy looked exhausted, so I was prepared to stay up all night with Ollie if that was what it took.

My fingers typed across the keyboard, telling Creed I was sleeping in one of the spare dorm rooms with Ollie tonight, and I then went back to trying to unlock the door.

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Fuck it. Maybe I should try one of the other doors. I swore Dad told me once that these keys were all the same for the spare dorm rooms.

Ollie continually tapped my hip, begging to be picked up.

“No, Olenna!” I snapped at her when she got in the way of me and the door, pushing me away from it.

I then wanted to slap myself because I saw the tears forming in her eyes from my snapping.

“I don’t want to sleep in a stinky room!” She huffed, crossing her arms and then taking a noticeable step away from me.

I sighed. Okay, damage control.

“You girls all right?”

My head turned to the side and saw Creed standing there. He had clearly had a shower because his hair was still wet. The tattoos running up his neck were still slightly wet, glistening, and I noticed even his vest looked the cleanest it had in days. Ollie was standing beside me with her arms crossed and tears brimming in her eyes.

“No. I don’t want to be with Hols,” Ollie said, her voice breaking all because I raised my voice.

“Olenna,” I said firmly. I was not having her throwing a tantrum in front of Creed.

She did not need to be carried all the time. I blamed this on my father for always spoiling her. If he didn't baby her, she wouldn't be like this. But then just the thought of Dad caused my throat to tighten, and I found my eyes going glassy. Ollie wasn't the only one that could have used Dad's arms right now, for him to tell me it was going to be okay, just for him to tell me—we'd get through this.

As I blinked, fighting back the tears, Creed lowered to his knees in front of Ollie.

"I don't think we've met," he said, his voice soft and friendly—two things that you would not think a man like Creed was capable of. One look at Creed, and he screamed intimidating. His broad muscles, the club ink, mixed with vest—yeah, he wasn't approachable. But Ollie was used to the comfort of Dad and Kobra, so of course, she didn't shy away from him. No, if anything, Creed reminded Ollie of safety. At least, that was what I liked to think as she looked him in the eyes.

"I'm Ollie. My arm's sore, and my feet hurt." She lifted her chin stubbornly. "And Hols is being mean. What's your name?"

Being mean? All I did was refuse to carry her!

"Creed," he replied.

"Creed, I don't want to sleep in this stinky room. I want Dad or Kob." And then her lip trembled. It was official. I was in over my head. What I wouldn't do to see my brother smirk or hear his laugh. And to feel Dad's arms wrapped around me. I wrapped my arms around myself. I had tried to keep a front up all day, yet here I was, breaking.

"Can I stay with you?" Ollie asked, and my eyes widened immediately.

"Olenna, you can't just ask to stay in random people's rooms!" I said, shocked. She

didn't know Creed! Yes, he was a great guy and would never hurt her, but she didn't know that. The fact she was only little was now showing.

Creed threw me a look, arching his eyebrows. I knew it wasn't because Ollie asked to stay with him but because I referred to him as a random person.

"I'm not talking to Hols." She still had her arms crossed. "Creed, can I stay with you? I'm don't wanna sleep with Hols in that stinky room."

My gaze went to Creed. Well, how was he going to handle this? Then it flashed through my mind that this wasn't his problem. Ollie throwing a tantrum was my problem to deal with, and I did not expect Creed to put up with Ollie in his room.

"Olenna—" I started to say.

"You can, Ollie, but..." Creed spoke over me, his gaze staying on Ollie. "Holly has to come with us, too. Is that okay?" He faked a frown. "We can't leave her to sleep in the stinky room."

Ha. More like he didn't want to be in charge of a four-year-old.

Ollie stood there, actually thinking about it. Was I going to have to remind her I was the adult, and she couldn't just randomly sleep in other people's bedrooms! Not to mention, it was my boyfriend's room she was invading. Then my eyes slightly widened when that thought went through my mind. My boyfriend? Creed and I were not dating, were we? No. We fucked, and he was helping me through a hard time, and I was standing by him as he faced the chaos that was the club right now.

"Okay," Ollie finally said, and her voice brought me out of my thoughts. I was thankful at this moment that Creed couldn't hear my internal breakdown about referring to him as my boyfriend. After all, we never had made it to that stage since

he left before we got there. The bitterness of that ghost slowly crept through me, reminding me of the pain I'd be in if he were to leave again.

Creed nodded his head and stood up. Ollie put her arms out, which I should have seen coming.

"Creed, can you carry me?" Ollie said, having no shame whatsoever.

Surprisingly, Creed smiled and lifted her up immediately. What was with these bikers not being able to say no to her! By the look on her face, she was mighty proud of herself as she clung to his side.

"You coming, Holly?" Creed asked when I didn't immediately just start walking beside them.

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I nodded my head. I didn't know why I was pissed off, but I was. Or maybe I was mistaking my anger for grief.

"Creed, you smell good," Ollie said, having no filter.

Creed smirked, and his gaze went to me. "Thanks, Ollie."

"My dad has this one," she said, her little finger on Creed's chest, touching the president patch. I felt my heart tighten at her words. She wasn't to know that Creed's patch across to the mother chapter hadn't been cleared before Dad got hurt. In reality, Creed should have had a vice president patch on his chest if things hadn't happened. But they had, so he still had the north president patch on his chest instead of the mother chapter vice.

Ollie's eyes lit up. "Does dad answer to you, too? Can you make him do stuff?" It wasn't what Ollie asked Creed but how she asked it.

"What do you mean—does Dad answer to him too? Dad does not answer to you," I pointed out, still slightly annoyed with her because she was so damn gorgeous that you couldn't stay mad at her. It was her blonde pigtails and those doe-like blue eyes.

"Dad does what I say," she said proudly. "I say I want waffles. Dad makes waffles. Dad never says no." She also gave me a pointed look with that. For a four-year-old, she always got across those pointed expressions.

Again, the thought that Dad really needed to learn to say no to her went through my head.

I noticed Ollie's eyes began to get glassy, and I knew it is due to the mention of Dad. The hard part was, I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say that it would all be okay because I honestly didn't know.

Ollie dropped her head to Creed's shoulder, and I couldn't help but think how comfortable she was with him when she'd only met him moments ago.

Pausing at Creed's door, I wasn't sure what to do or say. He wasn't my boyfriend, so he didn't have to put up with my little sister, let alone put us both up in his room. I suddenly felt extremely uncomfortable because I wouldn't expect this of any other member or man I was fucking, so why was I letting Creed have to deal with this?

I opened my mouth, my gaze going to Creed. I was about to bail. I didn't expect this of him. But as I looked at him, his smoldering ash-gray gaze was locked on me, telling me to calm down, almost as if to say that I was his problem, and he wouldn't have it any other way. And that sent confusion through me.

What he was dealing with right now was beyond what was expected of him. He never agreed to stand by me in the good or the bad, let alone deal with my little sister, who was slowly falling asleep on his shoulder.

"Open the door, Holly," he said softly, as if not to wake Ollie. His gaze held mine.

Thoughts ran through my head—how did he know me so well? How could he tell that I was freaking out, and how could one look from him, calm me completely down? Why was I letting him back into my life? After every wall that I had put up in place to keep him out?

I had accepted us having sex, but I never thought we would be more. Was that just denial?

“So, when are you heading back to work?” I asked, seeing as her career had always been her focus. I knew Hades and Kobra wouldn’t want her neglecting it. At the same time, I understood that it might cause her stress if she were at the hospital.

Her eyes avoided mine, and instead, she looked at Ollie, who was watching the television while eating cereal.

Her phone lit up, and when I saw his name on her screen, my stomach dropped for a moment. I had thought he was providing an update on Hades, but Holly rejected the call, which told me immediately he wasn’t contacting her about her father or brother.

“Holly, is everything okay?” I asked her this time. Something other than her brother and father fighting for life was wrong.

She ignored me, so I stepped in the way of her view of Ollie, forcing her to look at me.

“It’s nothing,” she said, and as soon as she said that, I knew something was wrong. “And not your problem.” She then threw the blankets back and got up, weaving past me and heading for the bathroom.

Was she really going to do that? Fucking play that card? Fuck that. I gripped the door, stopping it from shutting, and walked into the bathroom behind her, closing the door behind me. Ollie’s eyes had been glued to the television for the last half an hour.

Holly spun around, her eyes widening with fright. I moved so quickly that she wasn’t fucking expecting it. I pushed her up against the vanity and placed my hands on either side of her body, locking her between me and the vanity.

“Start explaining.” The two words came out firmer and harder than I wanted them to. I knew that Holly tended to run from confrontation, but fuck I,. I wasn’t letting her

dodge this subject anymore. Something was wrong. “Why are you ignoring your calls from your boyfriend?” I couldn’t stop the words from being tainted with anger.

The fact another man saw her as his pissed me off.

Her eyes hardened on me right away. “He is not my boyfriend.” She basically spat the words out while looking at me like I had insulted her. No, insult was the wrong word. It was as if I had hurt her. “Leave it, Creed. I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I do.”

“Well, you can fuck off.”

“You had a fight with him?” I just went for the general reason a woman stopped talking to a guy.

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Her eyes narrowed on me immediately.

“Do you think I’m that girl?” Her words came out like a deadly snarl, and she shoved me hard in the chest, trying to push me away—but failed. “That I would be dating Trey and fucking you behind his back? Is that what you think of me?” she scoffed sharply. “Wait, is that what you wanted?”

I blinked. Okay. This was taking a direction I hadn’t been expecting.

“Is that what you want, Creed? No commitment? Are you only fucking me because you thought I was with another man?” She then shook her head, but I saw the angry tears forming. “Of course it is! God, what was I thinking!”

“Holly...”

“No, don’t Holly me! You and I both know you wanted me to still be with him because you, Creed Winston, are scared shitless of possible commitments.” She pointed a finger into my chest. “I was stupid to think that this wasn’t like last time.”

“Holly, stop.” I gripped her shoulders, forcing her to calm down. But then I wasn’t sure what to say. I loved her. There was no doubt in my mind about that. But last time I admitted to loving her, I lost her.

“Tell me what happened with Trey,” I said, redirecting the conversation to why it started. “I’ve seen ya keep rejecting his calls. Is it about work? Can you not go in because of ya old man and brother? Because you know what they would say—”

“Don’t tell me what they would say. If Kobra knew Trey was calling me, he’d go kill him. My brother never had control over his temper.”

I frowned immediately. I was missing something.

“Kobra said he handled it, and I still don’t know what that means. All I know is Trey took me off the roster and then, suddenly, was lying to the board about misconduct.”

My frown deepened as I watched her melting down.

“I worked so fucking hard for this career, and now I’m losing it all because a bastard thought...” he trailed off, which caused my eyes to narrow on her.

“Because a bastard thought what, Holly?”

Her expression went blank.

A sickening feeling crept through me, slowly suffocating my blood cells from oxygen. My hand went off her shoulder, and I pushed her loose T-shirt up. My eyes looked at the faded bruise closer. I would be stupid to think it hadn’t been caused by a man’s hand.

“He touched you, didn’t he?” I asked the question, but I wasn’t prepared for my assumption to be correct. But I knew that I was right when I saw all the color drain from her face.

“Creed, Kobra handled it.” If she thought that was going to calm me down, she was wrong. “Just don’t, okay,” she added, her gaze locked with mine. “Don’t take on more when you are already handling enough with the club.”

Simmering rage flooded my system.

“Hols?” Ollie called out for her sister.

Holly’s hand went to my arm. “Just please leave it, Creed,” she basically begged me.

I could promise her I would, but she knew me better than that. So instead, I looked her in the eyes. “Darlin’, this ain’t like last time,” I said, and she frowned. “You said I was scared of possible commitments. I want it clear that this time, you and I...” Was this how I was going to ask her?

“Hols, Creed?” There was a small knock on the door.

Holly’s gaze remained locked on mine for a moment. She had to know what I was trying to say.

“Coming, Ollie,” Holly said, and I dropped my hand from her as she walked around me, opening the door and talking to her sister.

I wanted Holly as mine, but getting the courage to ask her was another thing. Asking her to be my girlfriend didn’t feel enough based on what I felt for her. But it would be an improvement on her just thinking she was my fuck buddy.

I ran my hand through my hair. I loved Holly, so why the fuck couldn’t I tell her that?

* * *

When an outlaw met his fate, they always turned to God. It didn’t matter that they’d never prayed days before my cold steel gun met their forehead. They always prayed. Alec was not a man of God, and I was sure he was with the devil now, no matter how much he prayed before I executed him.

My father trusted two men with his operations—Slater, my brother, and Alec, his

right-hand man.

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My father would have assumed because Hades lay in a coma that his cause would stop with him. But he was wrong. He wouldn't be expecting me to be executing the Mafia's right-hand man as it sent a clear fucking message.

Alec was the first man to teach me to hold a gun. He was also standing on the sidelines when my father whipped me with his belt for not beating a girl for disrespecting me. I remembered the day clearly because it was that night that I left the family. Living on the streets taught me a lot, mainly that I could carry my own without my Mafia bloodline.

However, I still had that fucking dreaded Winston last name. No matter how much distance I put between my blood and myself, my last name always tied me back to them. I adapted to being called Creed on the street because it was easier than handing my full name. The shame I felt when I heard the name Winston—fuck, it would never leave.

I refused to be like my family. In fact, I ruled out all criminal gangs before the age of fifteen. I was determined to make my own name on the streets. When Wrench, a biker, and I got into a fight, he told me I had the blood of a biker.

It was when I saw the patch on Wrench's back, Satan's Bastards, that I connected him to the bikers my family had always had a turf war with. I wasn't expecting to patch to the club. I met Hades on the basis of believing I could extend their trade on the streets.

However, when he looked me in the eyes after hearing my last name, I had a feeling I wouldn't have been leaving that meeting with my life. In some ways, I didn't because

I gave my life to the brotherhood that day after Hades said something that still rang clear today. “Our blood doesn’t dedicate our future. Our actions do.”

I held my bike upright with my legs as I ungripped the handlebars. The slight spattering of Alec’s blood on my hand caused me to wipe it on my jeans before kicking out my bike stand and leaning it to the side.

I killed my father’s right-hand man today. But not just that, I killed the Mafia’s right-hand man. Had I brought the chaos on the club? Or was I simply answering the chaos that the Mafia had started?

My hands trembled slightly from the death grip I had held on my bike while riding here. I found executing Alec as easy as breathing. I pulled the trigger, cold and collected, prepared for what would unfold. My anger was controlled.

As for right now, that couldn’t be said. Holly Kincaid was the only person breathing that I loved. She was the woman. The one that I would die for, but, more importantly, the one I would keep living for. She breathed life into my soul and controlled the madness within me. She had this ability to calm my serial killing mind. She gave me peace on this earth, and the bastard I was currently walking toward had touched her.

Now, I was a jealous type of guy, so just knowing they had a relationship was enough to piss me off. Knowing he had seen her naked, fuck, even knowing he had made her smile—at least once—pissed me the fuck off, causing my ability to control my temper to slip. And if it slipped, I could easily execute two men today.

I watched as he pulled out his phone, and he had no idea that a monster who wanted his fucking blood was approaching him. But as people started to step out of my way, he must have felt it because he looked up, and I watched his face pale.

He had one badly bruising eye, which I guessed was Kobra’s doing.

“Doctor,” I said, coming to a stop in front of me.

“Sorry, sir, I don’t think we’ve met?” he asked and took a step away from me.

I glanced up and saw he had stepped back into view of the camera. Oh, come on, cunt. I’m smarter than that.

His eyes ran over my clenched features.

“You raised a hand to my woman.” I tilted my head just slightly, and the fact that he was in the security cameras’ view—ones the club couldn’t wipe—pissed me off.

His lips twitched up. “She was my woman when it happened,” he said, and if he thought those were wise words to be said to me, he was wrong. “I was fucking her, and unless she was cheating on you”—he faked a frown, and I noticed he got cockier when a security guard stepped out for a cigarette—“must mean she needed something from me that you couldn’t give.”

I cracked a smirk, but it sure as fuck wasn’t friendly. “A man like you should know better than to piss a man like me off.”

He crossed his arms. “Kobra and Hades are out cold, which just shows you all aren’t as untouchable as you think.”

“You’re right, mate.” I stood to my full height, which was fucking taller than him. “But I ain’t, and neither are hundreds of members that will have you choking on dirt if they knew you raised a hand to Holly.”

“God, you all act like she is some saint,” he muttered. “She’s just another pussy to the lot of you that some call home for a night. Stop acting like she is some shining fucking light.”

I wasn't going to kill him. I was just going to threaten him. But now, yeah, fuck it, I just needed him alone.

“Well, that's my break over. Some people actually work for their money.” He smirked. “Hope you enjoying fucking somewhere I've been.” With that said, he walked back into the hospital.

I pulled my phone out, messaging Viper. Need a car. Organized a meeting with Reaper tonight.

Trey walked back into the hospital, and I watched his back. The bastard had better enjoy his last few hours breathing because when the end of his shift came, he'd be seeing the darkness in the boot of Viper's car that he stole. It looked like I'd be doing two executions today. Viper buzzed back, asking the time. If there was one thing Viper was good at, it was driving a fucking getaway car.

My stomach twisted and turned sharply when Creed didn't come home with the rest of the boys. I asked Viper where he was, and he just shrugged his shoulders, which told me that he knew where Creed was but wasn't going to tell me.

Viper then disappeared when his phone vibrated.

I wanted to message Creed to ask if he was okay, but I stopped myself because I wasn't his girlfriend. I had no right to monitor him. Yet I saw his expression this morning when he found out about Trey.

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Though his words when he said that what was happening between him and me wasn't like last time still confused me. Had he meant that we could work this time? Or had he meant that he didn't want to get emotions involved at all?

Doubts, questions, and concerns flooded me all day. Earlier today, Ivy had taken Connor and Ollie to the park with the supervision of about ten members. Now they were passed out—like any normal people at this time. After all, it was nearly one in the morning, and Creed still wasn't back.

My stomach twisted and tightened like there was glass inside, slowly cutting me up with nerves. I just had a very strong feeling something was wrong.

I was lying on my side, scrolling social media, when I heard the steel gates open. I threw the blankets back, and the fact I'm only wearing one of Creed's T-shirts escaped my memory as I rushed for the door. I couldn't explain it. It was as if I just knew he had done something.

Rushing up the hallway, I heard the clubhouse door downstairs open as I reached the staircase.

"Fucking leave it, Viper," I heard Creed growl.

The stairs creaked as I walked down them.

"Nah, fuck that, mate, you need—" Viper's gaze flashed, then he barely looked at me before looking back at Creed. "Don't be a dick," he said before walking around Creed.

Viper gave me a forced smile but avoided my eyes as he walked past me on the staircase.

I walked down the rest of the stairs, and my eyes remained locked on Creed's back.

"Creed, what is going on?" I asked. My voice was low, but in the quietness of the clubhouse, it sounded like I had yelled.

Creed turned around. The glass that had been swirling around my stomach felt like it was now slicing my flesh to pieces. I saw the balaclava, the dark clothes, and his vest was missing. I knew that he'd done something that I would struggle to accept.

I felt like I was swallowing razor blades as I went to speak to him.

"What have you done?" I asked the question, but I wasn't prepared for the answer, and he knew because he didn't answer it. Instead, he walked to the bar, grabbing a bottle of bourbon.

"Leave, Holly," he said the words, but I just knew he didn't want me to. Yet I stood there, wondering if I could handle the truth.

"You killed someone tonight, didn't you?"

I watched as his grip on the glass tightened. It was the shock in my voice that echoed through the room. I knew Creed. I knew the type of man he was, deep down, but I was beginning to wonder if this war would slowly drown the man I knew? Would the Creed that I knew survive this?

He brought the whiskey bottle to his lips, now answering my question, but I didn't need him to.

I just stared at him, my mouth dropping because I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I had seen that cold, distant, calculating, and haunted look on so many members' faces before. Mainly my father's after he...

"Don't, Creed," I said, my voice tightening. "Please don't do it." I looked at him as he slowly brought his gaze to mine. "Don't lose your soul to ghosts," I whispered, tears filling my eyes.

His gaze went back to the bottle before he pushed it away and got up.

That was when his eyes met mine.

"Maybe I never had a soul, to begin with," he muttered, walking past me, and my eyes clenched shut.

I had seen it before, me shutting off their emotions to cope with what they had done. I felt the tears gripping me. Creed was withdrawing. I saw it—fuck, I could feel it in those moments.

My father said that some bikers could handle the ghosts, while others let the ghosts consume them. I wasn't losing Creed to ghosts of souls that he reaped. I spun around on my feet, rushing in his wake. He was walking up the hall when I gripped his shoulder, forcing him to turn around.

I saw the confusion on his face as I forced him to turn around. He wanted not to feel. He wanted to hide from his emotions. He wanted to let the ghosts consume him, and I wasn't going to let that happen.

My lips met his cold lips. He didn't kiss me back, but I just kissed him harder. I wasn't losing him to dead souls.

I took his hand, hanging at his side, and placed it on my heart. My eyes locked with his smoldering ash-gray eyes.

“Feel,” I begged, my voice breaking. I knew that what I was asking would cause him heart-breaking pain. I knew it would consume his thoughts, drive his fears to be louder, make him question if he was a good man, but he had to know I would be there, by his side, to remind him of the facts about him. And the strongest fact being—I loved him. Which meant he was no monster.

His tattooed hand spread across my chest, his gaze going to mine, and I cupped his cheek with my hand, going up on my toes.

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“I love you, Creed. Don’t push me away.” My voice trembled with the fear that I had just got him back, only to lose him again. I had been fighting with myself to not admit it because I didn’t want to fucking be here. Yet, here I was. I stood there, and it felt like Creed’s hand wasn’t just on my chest but in my chest with a grasp on my heart, and right now, I was waiting for him to squeeze the life from me.

This was exactly what I was scared of. This was exactly what terrified me.

My heart was racing, ice slowly filtering from my blood as he stayed silent.

Love me back, Creed, please, love me back. I felt like I was beginning to choke on the fear of him locking me out.

Creed’s gaze remained locked with mine.

“Love me back, baby,” I whispered against his lips.

I saw nothing but the coldness in his eyes. Then I saw the smallest crack of emotion, and he broke the small gap between our lips, kissing me. My hand moved from his cheek into his short hair, and his hand went from my chest to my back. I felt nothing but safety in his arms as they wrapped around me, and he lifted me up.

I know at that moment that I couldn’t smother what I felt for him any longer. To love him could be my undoing. To love him could result in my own life ending, but if loving Creed was what took my life in the end, then so be it.

* * *

I lay on Creed's arm, my head on his chest. My finger slowly ran over the detailed club emblems on his other arm, tracing the S in Satan's Bastards tattoo.

He was quiet. Creed was more of a physical person than a talkative one. He didn't fuck me, he worshipped me, and now I knew what my job was. It was to bring him out of the shadows that he was currently dwelling in.

I pushed myself up and moved my leg over his body, straddling him. He linked his hand with mine and looked at me as if I was his light.

Straddling him, I was completely naked, but his eyes remained locked on mine.

"Creed," I said his name softly. My eyes dropped to his chest tattoos while my teeth sank into my bottom lip. "Can I ask you something?"

My gaze flashed back to his, and I knew he was waiting for me to continue.

"I need you to promise me something," I said, my voice barely audible. I needed him to understand that every decision he made regarding the club, my life was on the line with his. "Promise me that you'll be careful. Promise me that you won't be reckless..." My words dried up, and I inhaled sharply before looking him in the eyes. "I can't lose you."

My brother and father were fighting for their life. I was stupid to ever think that Creed wouldn't retaliate for what happened. Creed was reckless and fearless—two things that made him a great leader. However, they were two things that struck fear in me. Because the more I let myself feel, the more I felt myself losing my ability to think clearly.

Creed was to lead the reckoning that was the brotherhood into a war. I had no doubt that he could do it, but I also wasn't stupid enough to believe that he wouldn't die for

the cause. Because the brotherhood pumped loyalty through their blood, and I understood all that. I had watched my father and brother make decisions with the greater good of the club in mind. I watched and dealt with my father going to prison repeatedly for the club. Even Kobra did a year behind bars. There was no doubt that I understood the cause. However, Creed had to understand that it wasn't just his life on the line when he made decisions. I stared into his eyes.

“The bullet that kills you kills me too, so please”—I lowered my lips to his—“be careful.”

As he spread his hand across my cheek, I saw the debate cross his features.

“I ain't letting anyone take me from you, not even myself,” he said before kissing my lips. He said that as if he wouldn't even let his stubborn pride rip us apart this time. I kissed him back just as firmly. My tongue slipped into his mouth, and his hand went to my back, and he flipped us over.

I didn't believe in fairy tales, but I believed that Creed and I would be together, not just until our last breath. I knew that we were infinite, and even in the next life, we would be together.

Some loves were earthbound, but ours wasn't. For this life and the life after, I'd be with Creed. He was my twin flame. That didn't mean loving him would be easy, and that didn't mean loving him wouldn't break my willpower or my heart at times.

But I loved him. The light. The dark. The shadows and even the ghosts within him. I loved all of him. And perhaps my love for him was the definition of insanity, but he was my definition of sanity. If that made me unbalanced and insane, then so be it because I wasn't complete without him.

* * *

There were certain things you got used to when you were associated with the club. The fact that people stared when you were with men, wearing their cuts, was normal. I was used to their judgmental eyes. But the one thing you got taught early was never to trust the blue and white.

You learned young that the police were the thing that could rip your world apart. They could take the ones you loved away from you for great lengths of time. Worst of all, the police never fought clean. They would use anything against a member if needed, which was why a member made a decision early in their years with the club to let their family in or keep their family out. When the family was in the lifestyle, it meant that they, like the member, would always protect the club. If the family wasn't in the lifestyle, they wouldn't have to lie to the police because they simply knew nothing.

I stood in front of two detectives as the footage played on the office television. There was a clear image of Trey standing there and then being forced into the back of a van. The footage played twice before the detectives turned to me.

"So, Holly." Detective Maddison looked at me. "Can you see anything in this footage that would suggest you know who took Trey Knights?"

I just stared at them. No other doctor was being questioned. The nurses on the shift were asked, but that was it. I saw the date on the footage, and I knew the man behind the balaclava was Creed, and the man driving the van was Viper.

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Yet, I stared at the detectives.

“No. They are both wearing masks,” I said, keeping my voice slightly shocked. “To be honest, that is very confronting to see. I just hope Doctor Knights is okay.”

I watched as the detectives rolled their eyes.

“Come on, Kincaid. We know you are linked to Satan’s Bastards. We know that you were in a romantic relationship with Trey Knights before his disappearance, and we’ve heard rumors that you and he had issues.”

I swallowed sharply.

“Trey and I had causal sex, and that was it. We both found it hard to have a relationship while working the hours we worked. And I’d like to point out that my brother and father are currently in a coma.” I kept an unsettled look on my face. “I don’t know anything about this, and if I did, I’d say something because I want Trey to be found.”

I knew as soon as Trey was pulled into that van that it would be the last time anyone saw him. He was dead. And I doubted his body would ever be found.

The detectives shared a look before Detective Maddison stepped toward me.

“We’ll be watching you, Miss Kincaid,” he threatened before they opened the door and left.

They weren't going to drop this case until they had answers. I knew they would be watching me. Creed had brought the police's attention to the club when the club was at war. There was no questioning it—this was all my fault.

Glared. The odd gawking stare I was used to, but as the police pulled up to the bowser beside me, I felt my skin crawl with fire ants. It took a lot of my self-restraint not to have a confrontation with them. Perhaps it was because I heard they were harassing Holly. Or perhaps it was because I was in a foul fucking mood.

That was when a sports car pulled up to the bowser on the other side of me. One glance at the car, and those fire ants started biting, wanting me to let go of my grip on my control and just fucking let one of them have it. Slater always was obnoxious, just like his addiction to sports cars.

“Morning,” he said, casually leaning against the bowser.

I could feel his gaze, but I didn't react. I knew he wasn't here to fill up his car. He would have been monitoring me since I killed Dad's right-hand man. Alec's death didn't even haunt me, and perhaps that said more about me.

“Going for a Sunday ride?” He continued to make a causal effort in conversation. “Heard Holly was working today?”

And that right there caused my head to snap up, and my gaze landed on him. His smirk was enough to acknowledge he was proud of himself.

“I have to say”—he causally looked down while taking a few steps toward me—“I am really going to enjoy taking her from you.” His gaze flickered back to mine, his smirk getting bigger. “Now, now, Creed. Calm down. We are in the community,” he added when he saw me let go of the bowser handle.

He adjusted his cuff links. “She already likes them bad—clearly.” He gave me a pointed look. “Now she is going to upgrade.” He leaned back against the bowser with a frown on his face. “I wonder if she will like my sadistic ways.”

He was fucking lucky my motorcycle was between him and me, and the cops were paying for their fuel.

“Stay the fuck away from her,” I said from between clenched teeth, and then I immediately realized my mistake. Fuck. “She’s Hades’s daughter. I’ll protect her, and as I have proven, I don’t mind killing you.”

If Slater thought I loved Holly, he would hurt her. He would go after her. That right there would be my biggest downfall.

Slater tilted his head. “So you’d only protect her because of her father?” he questioned, stepping in slightly closer. “So fucking her meant nothing?”

I gritted my teeth. “You know me, Slater. I don’t love anyone or anything—that is at least something we have in common.” I turned to my side, hanging up the nozzle.

“How cold, Creed, even for us. That poor girl is clearly in love with you.” He leaned in closer. “After all, she lied to the police for you. Nothing says love like that,” he whispered with a sick and twisted smile.

I had to make it clear that Holly and I were nothing. Slater would go after her and hurt her just because I loved her. However, if I showed no interest in her, he would go on to just hurting the club because he would be under the impression that my love lay there.

He laughed lightly. “You always knew how to keep the woman wanting more, but her trading her freedom in the name of love? Well, brother, that makes you colder than

me.”

“If she loses her freedom for that, she can only put it down to her own stupidity.”

His laugh got louder, and he raised his hands. “And you called me sadistic.”

“We done?” I questioned before I went in to pay.

He causally looked down at his watch and slowly nodded his head. “Yes, we are.” It was the glint in his eyes that made my heart drum louder. Something was off. Something wasn’t right. “I’ll be seeing you, brother, and as for Alec, thank you. He was stopping my promotion.”

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He walked back to his sports car, saying no more. But those fire ants were back to crawling across my skin, biting fear into me—because Slater looked proud of himself. And he was only ever proud or happy when someone else was suffering. My gut was telling me I needed to see Holly, now, to know she was okay. Panic began to rise up with bile in my stomach. Something was happening, and if there was one thing I hated more than anything, it was uncertainty.

The roaring of motorcycles pulling into the lot, had me putting the plates down. We weren't expecting anyone. That I knew of. Hearing the metal gates grit open, I walked out. I relaxed immediately when I saw their vests. The growling roar of the twenty or so bikes, was deafening.

My eyes landed on him and I wasn't sure what I was meant to feel. But I was certain the anger rising in me, wasn't the right feeling. Yet, as I saw Taron, I knew it only meant one thing. My eyes bounced off him and on to his Vice. Taipan.

I can't stop the smile from forming on my face as I closed the clubhouse door and walked towards them.

The bikes died one by one and when it goes silent—it is deafening for a second.

“Holly Kincaid,” Taipan smirked at me and leant his bike to the side getting off it. The only good thing that came from Taron was knowing Taipan.

I walked straight into his arms.

“Fuck, you've grown up.” He hugged me tightly and then pulled back. “Heard what

was happening, we hit the road last night. Fucking crawling through the city during the middle of the morning wasn't a wise idea."

"Guessing the citizens didn't like the sound of your bikes?" I smiled and stepped out of his embrace. My eyes flickered to Taron who was standing near us.

He might be president but in my eyes he was lower than a prospect. I had no respect for him. After all he just got out and he didn't even come here. No, he went straight to his chapter. Not to see his child. Not even to see the woman that was breaking every day after what happened. Nope. Straight to the club. Typical biker. It didn't hurt Ivy, after she heard he was out and didn't come here. No, it broke her. I was the one spending weeks helping her realize, he was in the past and I honestly believed she was just starting to listen. But certain things she would say made think, she wasn't talking about Taron. . . it was like she had someone else.

Taron opened his mouth when I heard the roar of a bike I knew all too well. My eyes flickered to Creed seeing him pulling in. Something was wrong with him, I could almost feel it. Taipan still had his hand on my hip, when Creed got off his bike.

For some reason I could feel Creed's rage as he approached.

"You don't answer your phone?" He barked at me. Why was he sounding like a raging unmedicated crazy person? He pushed his sunglasses up, and his eyes went Taipans hand on me, to Taipan. I immediately stepped in the view of the two men.

"I was at the hospital. Kobra and dad are awake," I hadn't purposely ignored his call. "I left the phone in our room."

"My room," he corrected me right off, and then looked at Taron. "You said you'd be here yesterday."

I was taken back. Because Creed corrected me about the bedroom. His room? I felt unwanted immediately and uncertainty about what we were or going to be flooded me. My abandonment issues rising.

But before I could focus on that, the knowledge that he knew Taron would be riding in, came front of mind. I felt my rage slowly tick up the meter.

He hurt me, it was normal for me to have those self doubting thoughts. But, him having knowledge that could led to my sister's breakdown—well that shit doesn't go down well with me. Creed could have warned me about Taron riding in. At least mentioned it!

I know Taron, I was sure he had something smart to say back. However. Creed's attention was on me, and he clearly had something he wanted to tell me.

But the screaming of tires coming this way, stole all our attention. I watched slightly horrified as Ivy pulled into the lot, like she was driving on meth. A cold ice slowly drifted through my body. Ivy would never drive like that if Connor or Ollie was in the car. My stomach tightened when I see her.

The tears streaming down her face. The pure panic across every feature. I didn't want to say it out loud, but I know in that moment, life as I knew it—had changed. I just didn't know the moments before that second she came tearing into the lot. That those would be the last moments, I was essentially a good person. For the dark that would swallow me, would be all consuming.

* * *

The Winston's family had always been hungry for power. After all they killed my grandparents for that power, only to have it backfire in their face. With my father, and my uncles stepping up, in the name of their parents.

I wondered why Dad let Creed patch to the club, when knowing his blood line. How he didn't just assume that Creed was a spy. However, Dad, he can read people and he read Creed correctly. Creed hated the Winston's blood, as much as any Kincaid did.

Ollie and Connor had been kidnapped from the park. There was no mistaking who took them. It was a Winston's henchman. Now the devil himself had my sister and nephew.

The men went straight to the boardroom. Leaving us, to dwell out here. Ivy was drinking the vodka straight, and I was pacing. I needed to know what our next move was. I needed to know that my sister and nephew wouldn't die because of our mistakes.

The door opened and my eyes snapped straight to them.

"What's the next move?" I demanded to know. "What do we do from here—"

"Nothing," Creed replied too coolly. His eyes on me, "You do nothing. This is a club problem."

"Club problem. . ." I repeated shocked slightly and then I just stared at them. It was like his words were a knife, they had pierced me, but it took time for the pain to follow and the rage began to boil just as slowly. "This is family problem." I corrected him. "If you think for one second that this won't be answered by a Kincaid blood, you are wrong."

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“Look around Holly!” He shouted. “Your old man, ya brother. They aren’t leading this. I am.” He added with just as sharpness. “This war, every call, is on me and my men. Not a Kincaid.”

Some people would back down. Some would not confront a raging biker. I was not one of those people.

“You think I’ll just sit back, cook you all lunch and dinners, while my niece and nephew is kidnapped! Is that it Creed? I’m good enough for your bed, but you’re locking me out of everything else!” I shouted at him, in front of every biker from the mother chapter and Taron’s chapter. “You’re a weak man.” I hissed. I was furious he would this, lock me out, of the life I had only ever been a part of.

“And your nothing but a president daughter I fucked to piss him off.”

I blinked.

He didn’t say that.

I clenched my eyes shut.

Then it was clubhouse door that opened, that broke the silence.

“Seems mighty quiet for a Saturday night,” I heard my brother’s voice.

I turned, as if I was seeing a ghost. He was badly bruised and he looked terrible.

“What going on?” Kobra asked. We should be asking him that. When did he get discharged?

“Creed was telling me, how he fucked me to piss off a dad.” I repeated what he said and looked back at him. “And I’m just about to tell him, that I’m pregnant. And it’s his.”

With those words. I walked away. Kobra was back. This would be answered with Kincaid blood. But in case Kobra didn’t. I was going to make sure it was.

With every lock of hair that fell to the ground. I felt myself growing into the woman that was forming out of need and desperation. Until my last breath, I would fight for my family. The scissors cut the ties of the woman I was, so I could be the woman now needed. The woman my family needed. The woman that could stand on her own. The woman that didn’t need a king.

I looked in the mirror and for the first time ever I saw myself with bleach grey wash blonde hair. Creed currently had me on lock down at the club. But his members, would be looking for me with raven hair. Not blonde, and as I cut the last length of hair and now, I had shoulder length hair.

I stepped out of Ivy’s adjoining bathroom. Her eyes went from the guns on the bed, to me. She looked slightly impressed I had cut it. She didn’t believe me when I said, I’d do anything to get out of this clubhouse.

I picked up the Glock from the bed and put it in the back of my waist bands. Gripping my leather vest, I shrugged it on. Zipping it up.

Kincaids are loyal. I thought as I walked out of the room.

Kincaids did not let others take from us. I thought as I walked down the stairs. The

scene in front of me, expected. Bikers. Women. Smoke ring about them. I even saw Creed at one of the tables, playing poker. I knew deep down, he would be thinking how to make this even. But I wasn't counting on the wrath of the club to make this right now.

Kincaids always got even. I thought as we walked out of the club door. Walking through the lot and up the garden path. I knew deep down, there was reasons for Creed's reaction. But yet, I can't get my head around them.

Looking at our family house, which is now just a house held of haunting memories. Ivy and I walked for the garage.

Kincaids created fear, we did not live in fear. I thought as I lifted up the roller door. My eyes on the covered up sports bikes. Gripping the sheet, I pulled it off the bikes.

We had already reported them stolen. For tonight, we did not want coming back on us. Still as I unscrewed the license plates, I remembered Kincaids love hard and live strong. We did not cower from confrontation.

Dropping the screw driver and plates. I mounted the bike. Ivy and I didn't need to have a conversation. We both knew, we would do anything, be anyone we had to be, to make this right.

With my families blood pumping through my veins, I knew, I could and would make this even. For the wrath of the club would be nothing, on the wrath of a burnt Kincaid.

Ivy and I bring the heat and gun powder of a club? No, we also didn't have the strength of one of the men that was wearing a patch. However. We would always be the wrath of the devil himself, when someone hurts our family. It was our blood taken, and we would make this even. We did not have the muscles or a thousand men

riding behind us. Nor did we need it. As stories tell, it is not those who are physically strong that always win. It is those who are mentally strong and able to take the weighs of the deeds done in the name of vengeance.

“Going somewhere girls?”

Ivy and I both looked up.

Dad.

But it was the two little faces beside him that had my heart beating so quickly. Ollie and Connor. And I broke into tears getting off the bike and picking up my little sister, wrapping her into the biggest hug. While Ivy was crying so hard as she hugged Connor.

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No amount of prayers asking for forgiven would save a soul, once it twisted. Some pray just to clear their mind, of the guilt that eats their conscience. I learnt quickly, it wasn't praying that saved you—it's accepting the deeds done and dealing with the infliction of the consequences it does to ones mind.

Any man that takes a life of another, decides through their actions if their life is lost with the life they take. The weighs of ending a life, never lift to a degree. But the madness and guilt it can do, is up to you. When it came down to it, I took that life—and I wouldn't let them take my soul.

A coldness, a detachment creeps through you, regardless of your decision. For how can one love me, when all I bring is cruelty and death to those around me?

Nothing showed the destruction, quit like the wrath of my family was doing to my club. Hades started the war, but I was leading it. Slater's words continued to be on repeat within my mind. He would take Holly from me. My parents would take her in the name of the cause. However Slater, he'd just take her from me—for the sake of watching me suffer.

I needed to keep her as distant as possible. I couldn't have the consequences of my wrath in this war, come back to her. I know that Hades would agree. His family's safety would always be the highest priority. So, I believed I had made the right decision when I forced her out of the firing range.

For my love for her, outweighed common sense. And the one thing, this war needed—was a clear mind. I couldn't make decisions blinded by my want and need for Holly Kincaid.

When I arrived back from seeing Slater at the gas station. I knew within a road mile of leaving him. He's target would be on Holly, until I proved that my heart wasn't with her.

So, I forced her away. Hard. Cruel, even.

And now within the small hours of the morning, nothing but madness and chaos ripped through my mind. I hadn't seen her in three days. For three days, she hadn't left one of the spare dorm rooms.

There were guards on every exit of the clubhouse. She hadn't been spotted.

Regret swirled with white boiling panic, as I recalled her mental state before her nephew and sister was taken. She had been through a lot, dealing with her father and brother's health. Holly was fragile, and I felt like my actions could be the undoing to her sanity.

I know I shouldn't be here. Yet here I was, standing outside her dorm room. With only one thought in mind. Was she okay? Had I pushed her too far away?

My hand went to the handle, and I twisted open. I didn't know and I just let myself. Regret did fill me, only concern when I spotted the bed empty. My eyes flashed to the bathroom door, seeing the light through the gap of the door.

At first, I freeze, because Holly had a tainted history with bathrooms. But my frozen state slipped quickly when I realized she could be dead or dying on the other side of that door.

"Holly!" I shouted as I pushed open the door, half breaking the lock as in a panic I didn't open it properly. I burst in to find an empty room.

At first, I feel relief. But then, very quickly, that white boiling panic is running through my body again. Where the fuck is she?

“She’s with her sisters,”

I turned. Fuck me. It was Hades. Will a fragile looking Hades. He took the cigarette from his lips. “I’ve been handling shit from a far. Church meeting tomorrow.”

With that said, he walked back out.

Hades was back.

Kobra and Hades were back at the table. While I might be wearing the vice patch, I was ready to hand it in. The table emptied. Hades wanted to have a word and Kobra being the son of Hades didn’t leave the room.

“So, Hades, what is it? Stripping me of the patch? I failed to protect your family. I failed to keep the club running.” I looked him in the eyes.

Hades was still bruised, and his throat was horse from his treatment.

“You did good Creed.” He said something I wasn’t expecting.

“You handled my mess. You protected Holly, by taking care of Trey. That was never expected. Kobra told me what happened, and the rumors of how you took care of the situation. You didn’t fail to protect my daughters and grandson. They were taken because of me and I have did a deal, to get them back. That you need to hear.” Hades leaned back in his chair. “Your family want you back.”

I was waiting for the catch.

“So, you traded their freedom, for mine.” My family always knew how to force a hand if they had to. “Let me guess, no war and your club and family are safe. If I go back to them?”

Hades looked down at the table. “Yes.”

“If I don’t go back?”

“They will murder everyone of my family members and tear the club apart. But. . . I’m not one to be threatened and take a deal.” He looked up and at me. “I want you to go back to your family. As an informer for the club. I want you to be loyal. I know you hate them as much as us. But I also know, you are at the risk of being blinded by your bloodline.”

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I knew that wouldn't happen, but Hades was right. My father knew how to blindfold a person. After all he blinded me for all my teenager years.

"But I'm not forcing you Creed. I know what this means."

"Club first," I looked from Kobra to him. "But I have one condition." I felt my throat tighten. "Holly is pregnant, and the kid is mine. I want to see my kids' birth."

"That's a decision for my daughter. You hurt her. Don't think for a second I don't know what you said to her." Hades's voice darkened. "But I know you were pushing her away because of Slater. At least that is what I'm hoping, that is the reason you said it to her."

"Slater would kill her. If he knew she was my weakness. I didn't have a choice. She's better off without me. Especially if I'm returning to the family. If they knew they were having a grandchild. They'd take the baby. So," and I think this point was going to kill me. "Holly needs to say it isn't mine. She needs to find someone else."

"Fuck that mate, she loves you." Kobra slammed his fist on the wooden table. "That will break my sister. You think for a second she has given up on you and her, you are fucking wrong."

"Do you want your sister alive? Because that's what it comes down to Kobra. Until I put a bullet through my father's head. That is what has to be done. She's better off without me." I looked between them. "So, we got to make this split real. Understand? We need every member hating me." My throat tightened. "Including Holly."

Hades rose. “What you are doing Creed, won’t be forgotten. And this is my promise to you. When this is over. You’ll be bringing up my grandchild.” He put his hand and I stood up. Shaking it and he pulled me into our brotherhood hug.

Kobra walked around the table. “If this means anything mate. I didn’t think much of you. But what you are doing now is protecting my family. I won’t forget it.” Kobra and I linked hands and he pulled me in. “I won’t let her marry anyone. You’ll be bringing that kid up. We’ll get this handled.”

“The club has your back Creed. We’ll be making moves. But you need to prove loyalty. And I couldn’t think of a better way, then shooting a Kincaid.”

What the fuck. I looked at him like I had mistaken what he had said.

IVY

Is there anything more confronting then telling someone your depth darkest secrets—on the chance that they understand? I once believed that only the weak went to professionals about mental health problems. After all, we controlled our thinking—we had the ability to think of something else. I was nearly sixteen when my general doctor diagnosed me with bipolar. Same time Holly was going through her depression.

At the time I wouldn’t accept the diagnosis. Even when my mom’s mother had the same issue. My family supported it, wanted me to get help.

I wouldn’t get help. I didn’t see it as an issue. It’s only now, that I had lost full control over my thoughts and my mood—basically my life. That I was prepared to get help. Because there were two options, one get help or two, stop breathing. And I had a son. Since Connor was taken, everything changed. So, I called the forbid number that I hid in my phone contacts.

I had an appointment with the psychiatrist that was highly recommended. So much came off my chest. That I didn't even know I was keeping in. I had just spent the last two hours and in some ways it felt like I had spilt my soul open and bled my feelings out to her to record on paper.

I walked in thinking I was broken. Turned out that broken feeling had a label, bipolar during a depression episode.

Connor was back. But I kept a secret from my family and I didn't realise until the appointment, how much damage it had done to me.

While I had prescriptions in my bag. I know it would take all my willpower to get them dispensed. Knowing I need to get help. Admitting I needed help but actually accepting that help—were all different things.

After an hour of spilling my soul to the psychiatrist, she gave me one thing being to do. A list of things that would make me happy and spend time doing it. Sounds simple? But I had been numb for so long I couldn't think of one thing that made me happy—or even slightly smile. Not even my son and the guilt that washed around me about that couldn't be forgiven. Finally, one name came to mind. Not a thing, but a person.

One forbidden name. The one person I couldn't be seen with. And that is why right now I was sitting in a café in the middle of the day—hoping he wasn't going to be a no show.

It was never fair what happened. He was forced out of my life because of the club. Slater Winston had only ever shown me kindness. He was the guy that made me laugh all through high school. While he didn't have a normal upbringing—neither did I. However, we both connected and if it wasn't for him being pulled out of school to follow the Winston monarchy. I think we had a future together.

But one night changed everything. Taron had cheated on me and it broke me. So I turned to Slater.

Even though I shouldn't have. One passionate night and that resulted in Connor. That's why when I knew Slater took Connor and Ollie, the kids were safe. He wouldn't hurt his son or his niece. I knew that deep down.

We met up when Connor was a baby. Secretly. He once said it was killing him. Then I told him we had to come clean. Connor was going to be asking who his father was. Slater told me, to say Taron.

It broke me. It felt like Slater rejected me. Like he didn't want us as family. He went cold after that. We stopped seeing each other. Though I always took Connor to the same park at the same time. Because Slater would be watching from a parked SUV. He had watched his son grow up through glances and him playing on a playground.

How cruel was life, that the only person I could think that might make me happy or just smile. Is the same man, whose family is threatening to rip my club and family apart?

Slater Winston, I knew, was a boy. When he walked in I couldn't look up.

Now the man sitting across from me. . . scared me somewhat. His tailored made suit, crisp jet black. White gold cufflinks, the black shirt under underearth, unbuttoned to the point you can see his chest tattoo. It was the Winston crest. I only knew that cause Creed had the same tattoo on his back. I had commented on it once, and he told me what it was. Creed's and Slater's crest tattoo went up and wrapped around their necks.

While his family had a legacy. Slater Winston wasn't sly of his own reputation. The last time I saw him was when he rejected Connor and I. The man in front of me,

looked as scary as the headlines he made during numerous court appearances.
Chargers he always got off.

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I looked into his cold eyes and I felt every bit of stupid as I should be for reaching out.

“This was a bad idea,” I mumbled and reached for my purse. He hadn’t said a word since he sat down. I was sort of surprised he even agreed to come.

Slater tilted his head, “You look sick.” He then leans forward on the table. “You hear on behalf of the club? Thinking our childhood friendship will somewhat save the upcoming reckoning? Or is it because I kidnapped our son?”

“Your son.” I blinked. It shocked me he said it out loud. But then I should have expected him to think I was here for the club. “No,” I didn’t know the finer details of what was unfolding within the club though. “I’m here because my psychiatrist made me create a list of things that made me happy, and I could only list one thing.” I paused. “Talking to you.”

I had a feeling Slater didn’t get shocked much. But when I said that. It shocked him. I saw it on his face. Moments passed.

“I shouldn’t have contacted you. It was stupid. I’m sorry for wasting your time.” I wrapped my hand around my purse.

His hand went over mine. “Psychiatrist,” he repeated the one word. “What’s been happening Ivy? There was no mention in any of the reports you were unwell. Is this because I took Connor? You know I’d never hurt him or my niece.”

Reports? I stared at him blankly. I shook away the fact he was admitting to being

connected to our family.

“In fact, there is has been hardly any mention of you.” He added.

My throat went dry. “I haven’t been well,” I felt the tears brim. “I’ve been fighting with myself to keep breathing. And while I am still breathing. It feels like I’m not.” My words broke. “My family. My club. Connor. They’re all reasons to live, yet my mind is poisoning my body against me. Everything that happened with dad and Kobra. Just made me realize life is short and that. . . I’m going to lose a family member to this.”

Slater continued to stare at me. “Explain what happened the other night? When Hades returned Connor. You were caught on the highway after three in the morning, you could have been arrested. What happened?”

How did he know that? I frowned. I had taken to the highway speeding. Wanting to feel something. Because Connor was back and I felt. . . nothing.

“I wanted to see if I could feel something again.” I swallowed sharply. “I realized that night, I needed help. Even my son returning. I didn’t feel anything. I actually thought that he would be better off with you. But Dad pushed me to get help. After the highway. Naturally he heard of it. So I got it, and . . .” I paused, slightly shaking my head. “Somehow I thought a conversation with you would help things.”

Slater pushed himself back away from me slightly, taking his hand off mine. “You knew me as a boy. A boy that had no idea what sort of life was ahead of him.” He looked around the café before looking back at me. “You can’t be seen with me. For both our sakes. My family wants to rip your club apart. If your club sees you talking to me. That would question your loyalty. If anyone found out about Connor,” He paused. “If I’m seen with you, it will be a bullet in the head.”

It only now occurred to me that Slater had picked the café, on a side of town that wasn't common for the club to travel.

"I suggest you find someone else to have a conversation with, because a conversation with me, won't bring happiness to neither of us. Just our son being an orphan."

With those words said, he pushed himself away from the table, just when two officers paused at our sides.

"Slater Winston?" One questioned.

I watched Slater's jaw tighten. Slater had a bad reputation with the law, and the police. While they owned a lot of police force—they were still a side of the blue and black that wanted to bring him down.

"We both know you know who I am Logan," Slater looked the detective straight in the eyes.

"Perhaps you would like to share your whereabouts with us two nights ago?" Logan fired his question straight at Slater.

I saw Slater's expression drop for a moment.

"He was with me," I spoke up and both detectives looked at me. "I'm willing to give a statement, if that helps."

"Slater only fucks hookers," Logan pointed out a fact that was known about Slater. Though they weren't hookers. They were high class escorts that were trained not to develop feelings. I knew because of Opal. One of her friends in the escort business was a regular for Slater. "So why would you two be together today?"

“I left my purse in the back of his SUV,” I answered and got up, showing my purse. “If you need a statement let me know.” I added, and saw the detectives ability to fight Slater’s location disappear. “And I’m not a hooker, just an old friend.” I made that clear, so then knew my report wasn’t frauded.

I looked at Slater seeing his shock. He knew that if a police report was created with my name and his name attached—it would bring hell to my life. But I felt like I owed him. Because I did. When I was twelve, he saved me from myself, and now this was me repaying him back seventeen years later.

“Do you want my details?” I asked the detectives before leaving.

They shared a look. Before shaking their head. They most likely didn’t want to do the paperwork, nor did they want to waste their time on a dead charge.

“Bye Slater,” I didn’t look at him. I just walked away. Pushing the café door open. I clenched my purse tightly as I walked up the street. I doubted I would ever see Slater again. Nor have a conversation with him.

I felt the wave of sadness that smothered me so often, overcome me once more. I had a son. I had to keep breathing. But I was fighting an invisible battle against myself. And I was losing. I had reached the top of the block when I paused at the traffic lights. The street was busy, cars flying past. That’s when I saw a bus coming.

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This could all be over. . . I had known deep down a conversation with Slater wouldn't safe me.

I didn't even think twice. I saw the bust approaching and I take one step out on to the road. That's when a hand grabbed my arm with force and pulled me back aggressively off the road and into his arms. The buses horn goes off, and I'm stunned for a moment.

"What the fuck where you thinking?!" Slater roared at me, spinning me around. He's eyes are searching mine for an explanation. His hands go from around my waist to cupping my face. I see the confliction across his face. I see his need to run yet stay—but all at the same just turn around walk away from the chaos that I was.

"I don't know what scares me more," he said his voice low. "What you were thinking just then or that out of everyone in the world, you have decided to turn to me for help." His eyes remained locked with mine, and I see his swirling thoughts across his eyes. "I'm dangerous for you Ivy, perhaps more dangerous than your tainted thoughts."

I stared at him for a few moments longer. "Slater, my thoughts aren't tainted. They are toxic and it's not if they will win, it's when. You need to step up and take Connor from me," I brushed his hands from my face. "Because I'm going to lose this fight. If you are thinking I'm scared of you Slater, you are wrong. The only person I fear is myself. I didn't fuck you that night. I made love to the guy that took my heart when I was teenager. But I am scared of myself."

He titled his head, "And why would you fear yourself? When you are surrounded by

bikers and an upcoming war—surely that fears you more?”

“All the way can do is take my life.” I looked him dead in the eyes. “While I can torture myself with poisoning thoughts every day. Every day I breath, I’m trapped in a prison of my own toxic thoughts. Honestly someone ending that would be doing me a favour.”

It was the honest truth and while I knew it was the truth. I wondered why I had chosen Slater to tell that too, instead of someone who could help me.

Slater didn’t look at me any differently.

“If I let you walk away from me now, I’ve got a strong feeling I won’t see you again,” He said with a slight frown on his face. “you told me that, making me powerless. I can’t tell your brother or club, what you’re thinking. I’m stuck with a decision.”

I was slightly shocked. Was that why I had told him? Because he couldn’t help me? Was that why I picked him?

He cursed under his breath.

I took two steps back away from him. “I think I called you to say goodbye.” I was honest. “Goodbye Slater.” I heard the roar of bikes coming and he knew we couldn’t be seen together. So, he got in the SUV with a tight expression. While I walked in the opposite direction.

The SUV pulled to the side of me, and I looked at Slater.

“If you think I’ll let the mother of my child kill herself. You’re wrong. I’m coming for my family. To make that clear, that’s you and our son.” With those words, the

driver of the SUV took off into the traffic.

I suddenly felt sick. Because Slater only dealt with things one way. Violence. He'd rip my family and club apart for us.

What the fuck had I done?

Uncle Khaos was in town. It was a surprise to all of us. Even dad. When I hugged him. The smell of leather and cigars engulfed me.

"Are you okay?" I asked. "Dad was really worried about you when he awoke at the hospital." I added just before the club door burst open and out stormed Creed.

He hadn't said one word to me since I told him I was pregnant.

Uncle Khaos took a step-in front of me.

"You shoot at my father?" Creed roared at my uncle.

I frowned. Creed hated his father. Then Creed pulled out his gun. And shot my uncle.

Uncle Khaos dropped to the ground.

Creed looked back at dad. "You wanted a fucking monster, you got a fucking monster. This war is blood now." He glanced at me. I saw only hatred in his eyes.

He stormed off to his bike and I think every biker was in shock. That is why no one reacted. I dropped to my knees inspecting Uncle Khaos gunshot wound.

"Fuck me," I whispered.

Uncle Khaos grunted in pain his hand on his bleeding shoulder as he looked at Dad. Who seemed in shock? He had always stood by the fact that Creed was loyal to the club.

“I want that man dead. You hear me Hades,” Uncle Khaos ordered through the pain.

The situation hit me. “You can’t kill Creed,” I said. Uncle Khaos bullet was straight through wound and I watched as every biker headed for their bikes. “Dad, you can’t hurt him.” I yelled with tears in my eyes and ran to catch up with him. Dad mounted his bike and I put my hands on his handlebars. “Please dad, don’t kill.” I begged, tears running down my cheeks now.

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Dad looked at me. Steel stone expression. I saw the Hades everyone feared.

“He shot a Kincaid. He signed his death warrant.” With that said. His bike roared to life, and they all rode out.

Why the fuck would Creed shoot Uncle Khaos? Didn't he know this would seal our fate? I know we were fighting, but we would have made up. Right? This couldn't be how our love story ends. I placed a hand on my stomach. I couldn't do this without him. Tears ran down my cheeks quicker. Why would he do this to me?

Then one thought went through my head, on replay.

I couldn't do this without him.

So that left me with one option. I wouldn't bring this child into the world when this grandfather had killed my baby's father. Because I know, deep down. A Kincaid would kill Creed for this. Somehow. Some way. Creed would die for what he had done. After all Kincaid's have killed for less, in the name of family.

The look on Holly's face when I shot her uncle, wasn't something I would forget easily. She saw our future disappear and so did I. Because killing my father, wasn't something easily done.

To my surprise my father welcomed me back to the table. In fact, he embraced me, like the long missing sheep that had finally come back home. When I explained that it was because a Kincaid had shot him. The grin on my father's face said it all.

Slater was silent during the meeting and now as I sat on the bed of my old bare room. It was exactly as I left it.

“You shouldn’t be here.”

I looked up and saw Slater, for some reason he is glaring at me. He stepped into my room.

“Fuck off Slater. I am not in the mood, for one of your mood swings. I’m back that’s what you wanted.”

He closed the door to my room.

“It’s the opposite of what I wanted.” He sneered at me, and I frowned. “I wanted you to have the fire to kill me or dad, both of us. I didn’t give a fuck. I wanted you to end this empire. Instead, you come back!”

My frown deepened with confusion.

“You were meant to be at the club protecting her.” Slater added.

“Who the fuck you talking about?”

“Ivy,” he said. “And my son.”

Shock filled me. “Connor is your son? How? Taron is his father.”

“I forced Ivy to lie. But you know dad is going to rip them apart. He’s put a target on every member of that family. Having the last name Kincaid, puts a target on my woman and my son. And you were meant to fucking bring the reckoning! Didn’t my threats fire you at all!”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"I had everything set up for you to kill the old man. And now you're here."

"I'm loyal to Winston's." All I could think was he was testing me. He was lying. As if Connor was his son. "I don't believe the shit your saying."

He unbuttoned his top, and right under his heart was Ivy and Connor's names.

"You are to go back to that club and fucking kill the old man. You hear? I need someone willing to die to protect my family."

I rose from the bed. "You're not lying. You aren't testing me."

He scoffed and I had never seen my brother showing so much emotion. He was close to fucking tears.

"You have to go back." He looked at me. "I can't lose her."

I laughed twisted and shook my head. "Don't you get it Slater. I left my family there too. Holly's pregnant with my child and I shot her uncle. Who was standing right next to her."

"Yeah. Makes no fucking sense. Don't think for a second. I believe that speech you gave." He gripped me by the shirt. "You give the old man any of their plans. I'll be put a bullet in your head along with the old man."

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I shoved him off me. “You honestly think I’d hurt them? Fuck Slater.” I shook my head. “You knocked one sister up and I knocked up the other. Is that even legal?”

He rolled his eyes. “We have bigger issues than that. Kincaid’s are going to be dropping and you shot her fucking uncle!”

My brother was in love with Ivy. There was no denying it.

“Hades planned it,” I told him. “Khaos was there to be shot. You really think I’d come back here if I didn’t have too? Hades needs an informer on the inside. That’s why I had to shoot a Kincaid to get the old man’s trust back.”

Slater’s let go of me and his hands formed fists at his side. “You don’t think dad would see that? Creed you’re going to be killed tomorrow. The old man already has it planned. Why else do you think I’m so fucking angry! He is attacking Hades house at the same time. He’s got the FEDS raiding the clubhouse. Which will keep Hades away from his family. Holly. Ivy. My son. My niece. Are going to be killed. Everything is planned.”

“Fuck why didn’t you lead with that!” I walked to the dresser, grabbing the bike keys.

Slater laughed darkly. “You think you will get out this house? Dads got it locked. He’s been questioning my loyalty since my driver, told him I met up with Ivy. Fucking I was angry. She was a wreck, nearly stepped in the way of a bus. I declared I’d get her and my son back.” He let out a long sigh. “The driver told the old man. Now I’ve been put on watch.” He walked to the armchair. His head dropping to his hands. “I’ve sure he has a plan for me. Just like you.” He ran his hands over his hair

and looked at me. “I only know you’re being set up, because of my second in charge. Seems he is more loyal to my than the old man.”

“Is the old man in the house?” I pulled out my gun from my holster. “Cause I think we should end this. Fuck waiting. Fuck playing a long game. I want Holly. I want my baby. I know Holly, she’d think about an aborting. Kobra swore he wouldn’t let her. But I know. I don’t have time to play the long game. Let’s end this and put a bullet in his head. Tonight.”

Slater stood up from the chair. “For once brother. I agree with you.”

He pulled his own gun from his holster. “It’s after midnight. His escort will be arriving any minute. He always greets her at the door.”

“Then let’s go.”

“Guns hidden.” He added. “Your quick to pull so am I. If he sees us loaded. He’ll call for the second and third in command. Then his soldiers will come.”

I nodded my head. Putting my gun in my holster. Slater buttoned his dress suit up.

“Let’s end this.” He said.

“Couldn’t agree more.”

We walked out into the long hallway. Decorated with photos. All of men and women dad had corrupted and blinded.

We heard the doorbell ring, just as reached the top of the stair case.

“We’ll take the escort out too, if we need too.” Slater said under his breath.

We watched as dad opened the door. "Hello, my dear," he greeted her and she stepped into the lobby.

I froze. No fucking way.

"I have something for you," she said so sweetly as she unbuttoned her long jacket.

"Oh honey, anything from you I look forward too." He looked smugly at her with lust.

She stood there in lingerie. And then put her hand around her back.

"Now," Slater said and I put a hand out to stop him.

Opal pulled a gun from the back of her waist band, and she shot him directly in the head. Blood spraying across her face and body. The bullet rang out through the house.

Every soldier in the house would have heard it. They'd be coming. Slater and I ran down the stairs. It was the second in charge that saw the scene first.

"You bitch!"

Slater pointed his gun, and shot the second in charge in the back of the head. I stood in front of Opal. The army of soldiers were coming. I shot two more. And pushed Opal out the front door.

"Go!" I yelled behind me. As I kept shooting each member that stepped out.

Slater was killing like he was trained too. Dropping his gun and picking up another. When he was out of bullets.

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“I wasn’t meant to live from this,” Opal said.

“Go!” I roared again.

“No.” She stood firmly behind me.

“I can’t protect you and my brother.”

“I’m not planning on living through this.”

“You’re pregnant with Kobra’s kid. I won’t let you die.”

That’s when a solider hit the alert button and the red sirens rang through the house. It was the signal that the family were under attack.

All right. Change of plans.

“Slater,” I roared at him as he kept shooting at anyone that stepped out of the corridor. “We need to get out of here.”

“Not until I’ve killed them.” He dropped another gun, to pick up another from a dead body. He was asking to be shot, standing in the open. I took out a soldier who stepped up behind him, from around the stairs.

“The old man is dead, it’s time to go.” He was still shooting. “Think of Ivy.” I roared at his back. He was shooting like he wasn’t planning on living.

He took a step back. “Take Opal to the car. I’ll cover.” I yelled and dropped down, picking up a dead soldier’s AK. “I started spraying bullets, as I backed out of the house. Slater had got Opal in the car, and I ran for the driver’s door. “The gates will be locking.”

Slater was on his phone. “I’m typing in the codes before them.”

“What locking us in here?” The way he was shooting it wouldn’t surprise me if he was. He wanted everyone of dad’s men dead.

“No, the gate delays after each failed code.”

I looked up, rounding the corner of the driveway and that’s when I see the gates nearly closed. I put my foot down and the gates sliced the sides of the car and took the mirrors off. But we were out.

“Are we being followed?” I asked, my eyes on the road.

“No.” Slater looked back. “I made sure they wouldn’t be.” And I glanced at him. “I had planned on killing him tonight. On the chance we made it out. I made sure the cars were disabled.”

I glanced from the road to him. “You weren’t planning on surviving that, where you?”

I looked back at him.

Slater looked at me, and it is the first time I see emotion on my brothers face. “I’d die for my family. If my life is what it took to take the heat of the Kincaid’s. Then I would willingly die.”

I let out long breath as I turned onto the highway.

“I’m so confused,” Opal spoke up. “I should be dead.”

I laughed.

“Sweetheart, you did the one thing we were planning on doing tonight.” I looked in the rear-view mirror at her shocked face that had a spray of blood across it. “We wanted him dead.”

She just shook her head. “Each one of you are completely fucked up.”

Slater and I laughed.

He nodded his head. “Yeah, you could say that.”

“You killed your family for the Kincaid’s. You realise that right?”

Slater and I shared a look. “Oh we know.” I had a smile on my face and my brother’s lips were twitched up. I couldn’t explain it but I swear the expression on his face was peace.

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I walked down the stairs. I was tired. Spent most of the day crying. Deciding what to do with the baby.

Dad and mom were sitting peaceful on the couch. He had one arm around her. She was glued to him, since he got out of the hospital.

The front door burst open. Kobra came storming in.

“Dad!”

Dad looked up from the couch and got up. Kobra’s expression said it all. Ivy walked out of the kitchen.

“The Winston’s have been massacred.” Kobra said the sentence that sent knives through my heart. “Soldiers wiped out as well.”

Dad looked shocked.

“How could you!” Ivy screamed.

Why was she reacting! It was the father to my child that had just been killed. I felt like I couldn’t breathe. I gripped the rail.

“Are they all dead?” Ivy looked as upset as I felt.

Kobra looked from us to dad. “All I know is the Winston’s head is dead.”

I felt like someone punched me in the stomach winding me. “That’s Creed, Slater and their father.” I spoke the words that we all knew was true. They were the head of the table. I looked at dad, inhaling through tears. “How could you kill him?” I walked towards him. “You know his loyal to us.” I felt my throat tighten. Suddenly there was no question if I had an abortion. I wanted a piece of Creed. I just wanted him. “He lived for this club. You knew that!” I cried so hard that tears were running down my throat. I couldn’t stop the flood of emotions.

I felt like I was going to pass out. “I loved him.” I screamed at my father. “Didn’t you see that. I’m carrying his child and you’ve just torn any chance of him and I working this out.”

“Holly,” His attention was on me, but then it was Ivy that picked up her keys. Her eyes streaming tears. Fuck. She’s crying as hard as me. She looked from Dad to Kobra. “Connor’s is Slater’s son. And I refuse to be part of this family.”

I shook my head. Not understanding. When headlights lit up the room, from the bay window. “Is that the Uncle Khaos and Thanatos? Are they the ones that carried it out?” I yelled at him.

Dad pushed me to the side. “Do we know who did it?” he asked Kobra. “Any details?” he sounded as panicked and upset as me. “Is Creed, okay?”

Kobra just looked around the room. Why did Dad care about Creed?

He was acting like he didn’t know.

“Fuck this,” Ivy yelled through tears. “We all know that’s our uncles who have just pulled in did it. They have murdered the man that was keeping my heart together.” She broke out in tears and stormed for the front door, throwing it open.

I was following her. If dad hadn't ordered it. That meant my uncles had. I followed Ivy out. We stepped out, and I froze.

"Opal?" I spoke her name confused. Why was she getting out of the car covered in blood and in black lingerie?

"Opal!" Kobra yelled and pushed past Ivy and I. Dad stood frozen beside me. When the drivers door and passengers opened.

Was it possible to cry harder? I walked towards him, like I was seeing a ghost. I had just made it to him when his arms wrapped around me.

"I'm okay baby." He reassured me. I pulled back, seeing all the blood.

"Are you hurt?" I choked out.

"No and Holly I love you. I'm so sorry."

I choked out a laugh and brought my hands to his face. "I told you. The bullet that killed you, kills me and minutes ago. I felt dead inside without you." Tears ran down my cheeks. "Don't you ever do that to me again." I felt weak and drained. He was quick to hold me to his chest.

"Plans change Creed?" Dad asked and I turned in Creed's arms to see dad's shocked expression. "Out of all of the men to kill the head of the Winston's. I never expected it to be his sons."

"We didn't," Creed said and looked back at Opal.

Kobra was standing near Opal, but it was like he was in shell shocked and wouldn't touch her. He was standing a foot away from her.

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“Opal killed him with a head shot.” Creed explained. “Slater and I were going to do it. When Opal did the unexpected.”

Opal went to cover her breasts. She was standing in lingerie and Kobra hadn’t stepped towards her.

“He was threat to the man I love.” She said looking directly at Kobra. “I saw an opening and I took it.”

Slater was shrugging off his jacket and I think he was going to hand it to Opal. When Kobra snapped out of his trance and shrugged off his cut, dropping it, pulling his tshirt off and stepped towards Opal. Threading it over her arms and covering her. He picked up his cut, and looked at her.

“We need to talk.”

I noticed out of the corner of my eye Slater looking up at the porch.

I turned in Creed’s arms fully. Ivy was standing there. Looking at him. Fuck. It was like a mirror image of how I felt.

Slater stepped towards dad, extending a hand. “Slater Winston.” Dad looked at his hand. “I’m father of your grandson and I’m madly in love with your daughter. I have been since I was thirteen. I might not wear your clubs cut. But I promise you, I will earn your loyalty Hades Kincaid.”

I speechless and Ivy wiped her eyes, with a broken smile.

“You already earnt my loyalty son, when you were willingly to kill your father for Ivy.” He shook Slater’s hand. “Now how about we go inside. Your three look like the massacre, you left behind.”

I wrapped my arm tightly around Creed’s back. I was not letting him out of my sight.

I went to look up at him. “Please don’t ever push me away like that again. You nearly killed me Creed.” I whispered up at him.

He cupped my face. “Don’t you remember sweetheart; you were born to be my baby.” And he quoted our song before he kissed me; and so, the missing half of my heart joined back to what was left after he destroyed me and I felt whole again. I was never letting him go.

* * *

I stepped into the shower with Creed, and wrapped my arms around him. The water sprayed over me and he stepped out of the shower, against the shower wall, turning and the water went over my back.

His hand held my face, and he gently kissed my lips. While the other was on my back.

“I love you Holly,” he said so softly. “I know what I said and did—”

“I don’t care.” I cut him off. “You don’t understand. When I thought you were dead. My heart stopped. I felt my body shutting down. We might have had a fight, but that doesn’t stop my love for you. Creed, we always come back together. But when I thought you . . . had . . . been.. “ And tears filled my eyes. My voice choking up.

“I’m never leaving you Holly.” He wiped the tears away. “Come on baby, you know I

wouldn't die that easily. Not when I've got you," and his hand went to my stomach. "And our child. No fucker is taking me to an early grave. While I've got my family."

I exhaled softly and I wrapped my arms around his neck. Titling my head back. "Good, cause I plan on having more children with you."

He cracked a smirk. "Sounds like plan baby." And he kissed me.

Epilogue

Epilogue to Creed and Holly

"So, with our vice back where he belongs. I just want to remind every member at this table. We're one. These club colors run through our blood, and I have no doubt in my mind, that my son in law will one day make a good president." He looked at me, "Even though you and Holly eloped."

He hadn't take Holly and I eloping well. But we married the next day after the massacre. It was legal today though. Took a month for the paperwork. But we didn't need the paperwork to claim us as one. She was mine from the day I locked eyes on her in the lot when she dropped all that paperwork.

"So, we have one hell of a party to throw now boys," he said and slammed his hammer down. His brothers were in town, along with Holly's cousins. Thanatos lived up to his reputation. Khaos still said he owed me a bullet, or Hades one for being target practice. The table emptied, leaving Hades and I.

"What has you smirking son?" Hades asked.

I looked him in the eyes. "Only took me five years, a patch to another club and the death of my father to get her."

“Was it worth it?”

“Fucking oath.” I smirked wildly and got up. Walking out to a loud club party which was in place of Holly’s and mines wedding.

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Holly was laughing, talking to Ivy. Who was like a different person since my brother had entered her life. Slater was sitting to the side, drinking a scotch and talking to one of Holly's cousins. Coal. I think. There was too many Kincaid's to keep track of.

I walked to Holly wrapping my arms around her.

"Someone get the whiskey!" Hades shouted and I laughed while Holly rolled her eyes. And a song I remembered too well started playing.

Hades gripped Zara and spun her around, while Ollie ran to her dad and he lifted her. Holding her while dancing with Zara.

I spun Holly around.

"Trying to prove something husband?" She asked.

"Don't know what you are talking about wifey." I pulled her into my arms. I couldn't wait to meet our little girl. I hoped she was exactly like her mom.

"You know what, I think we need a change of song." Kobra shouted. And that's when 'Bon Jovi Born To Be My Baby' played through the clubs speakers. He pointed his glass at me. "I told you this would be your wedding song."

Holly wrapped her arms around my neck. "I love you."

"Always and forever, baby." I kissed her. Knowing she would always be mine and only death would take us from each other.