



Devil's Lair

Author: *Jax Hart*

Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, Mc

Description: She's searching for something missing... but she never thought she'd end up finding him.

Rugged.

Ruthless.

Piercing blue eyes, so cold they burn every time they land on her.

His kiss is soul-sucking.

His touch is a combination of dirty, rough, and sweet bliss.

He's not the kind of man a school teacher from a small midwestern town should ever get mixed up with.

But every time she tries to run, she ends up trapped in the Devil's Lair.

Total Pages (Source): 18

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

CHAPTER 1

BANE

“Here. Have you seen her? Please just take a look.” I ignored the woman without even looking up from my phone. But as soon as her soft hand landed on my forearm, I immediately halted.

Only five tiny fingers with short, manicured nails touched me, but the small gesture felt like wildfire. A woman’s touch hasn’t affected me in years. Not like this. It was foreign. Alien. And had me immediately interested.

My gaze shifted to her heart-shaped face, pale skin, and large walnut colored eyes framed with thick, natural lashes.

Not a trace of make up was on her fresh face. Her eyes pleaded with mine. Her tongue quickly licked her lower lip before nervously darting back inside.

“Her name is Rose. Rose Worthington. She’s only twenty. Please, look again!”

I felt myself stir.

I would take this one.

No doubt.

She’d be just as gone as the girl on the flyer.

“No, I haven’t seen her,” I lied. Pushing past her into the last station store. The door chimed as I waled in. The cold air from the AC did nothing to my overheated skin.

How was that slip of a woman pure fire?

I swatted her away as I would an annoying gnat. I gave nothing away. That’s how I rolled; stone cold. I’d let he think she was safe.

Unnoticed.

When the truth was she was about to become devil’s prey.

I’m not a good man. Ask anybody within a two hour radius of the Clubhouse. I ride ‘em rough both chrome and women.

I don’t apologize for jack shit; even if I am the one in the wrong. Our MC has gone through some major shit lately but our brotherhood was strong. I had my men’s back and they had mine. We were cleaning up our business changing course from hardcore shit to more legit. But being bad was in our blood. It’s hard walk a cleaner path when all you know is how to survive in the darkness of the world.

I grew up with a hard man for a father. He only taught me how to be mean. Evil. I was spoken to with harsh words and harder hits across the face.

My old man died alone and angry.

I was my father’s son in many ways. But I refuse to let his demons destroy me. I stay clean. Never do a hard drug. I drink for pleasure not to dull pain. I fuck when and who I want without every catching a thing or knocking a girl up.

I’m careful.

Calculated.

And this girl made the mistake of catching the interest of the Enforcer of Devil's Glen MC.

“Bane.”

I nodded to Burt, the old man who's family had been running this piece of shit gas station for fifty plus years. He was already grabbing two cartons of my favorite menthol smokes from behind the locked case. I pulled my cell from the back pocket of my jeans, I quickly typed out her make, model and plates in my notes while pretending to scroll.

“She finally left... that girl has been bothering my customers all day. I called Shane at the Sheriff's station to fine her for loitering but he wouldn't come.”

My eyes moved away from her vehicle reluctantly. “You leave her the fuck alone. You hear me?” My pointer finger was in his face and if I didn't like his answer so would be my fist.

He held both palms up as he moved to ring me up. “I didn't know she was under your MC's protection.”

I just shrugged. I didn't know it either until I saw her heartbeat in the tiny pulse of her neck at the same time I felt her soft yet firm touch. That woman had mine stamped all over her and no one knew it yet but me and now Burt.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

After I paid for my smokes, I walked out into sultry air of the dying summer afternoon.

I knew where her sister was. Any chance of getting to her would require a trip through hell. Was she going to be worth it? I'd decide after I touched her again.

I barked out a laugh. No one would believe me a savior but if anyone could barter the missing girl's freedom it would be me. Wyatt "Bane" Nash Enforcer who would set one girl free only to trap the other.

The plan for it all laid out in my head like a roadmap for my actions to follow. I pulled out of the lot in my old Chevy Tahoe. It had no to Navigation... no chips or tech that could track my movements.

Iron Forge had only a few places to stay unless she had booked an AirBnb. Time to find the little bird before she found herself in the same sort of trouble as her sister.

CHAPTER 2

KENNEDY

I got behind the wheel of the cheap rental car. My eyes welled up with hot tears. Within seconds they rolled down my cheeks.

No one would help me.

No one cared.

And somewhere out there was my baby sister Alone.

Scared.

Kidnapped or worse... dead.

I dialed the sheriff's office again. "Detective Roberts, please."

"Who's calling?"

"Kennedy Worthington."

"He's busy."

"MY SISTER HAS BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS! SHE WAS LAST SEEN AT THE GAS STATION OFF OF JENKS ROAD! PLEASE! WHY ISN'T ANYONE HELPING ME?"

I was hysterical.

Crazy.

The line went dead.

I'd hang up on me, too.

Except, I wasn't nuts.

In my gut, I new something very bad happened to Rose. She was running out of time and there was no one to save her.

“I’ll find you, Rose. Just hang on wherever you are,” I whispered through my tear as I rummaged through my purse to find a tissue.

I caught sight of myself in the rearview. No wonder why people kept hurrying past.

My eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. My natural curly hair was fizzed to high hell from the summer heat, and I had a crumb from my sandwich stuck to my lower lip. My mascara was no longer on my upper lashes...

The bottle of water was cold an hour ago but the lukewarm liquid soothed my hoarse throat. I dabbed a tissue with the remainder, using it to wipe my raccoon eyes. I slicked cherry chapstick on my dry, cracked lips, smoothed down my hair with a squirt of hibiscus scented hand lotion and squared my shoulders. Someone was going to look at my missing flyer and know something, I just felt it deep in my bones.

The gas station slash convenience store was right off the highway where Rose’s cell phone last pinged. We had an app that shared each other’s location. I had made sure she had it turned on when she went on this wild and crazy drive by herself.

“Come on, Kennedy.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

Guilt eats at me everyday that I didn't come with her.

I swallowed down the lump at my throat and got out of the car.

"Excuse me, have you seen her?" As I passed out flyer after flyer, people just shook their heads. Some had eyes full of pity while others barely gave my sister's face a glance.

It was hot. The back of my simple cotton T-shirt clung to my skin.

I was losing hope and time.

I bit my lip trying not to cry.

When I looked up. I saw him.

A giant man wearing black jeans, huge worker boots. The kind with a steel toe. I only know this because my father was a construction foreman and he used to come home with mud-splattered ones that drove my mother crazy after they tracked mud into her kitchen.

This man's eyes were hidden behind reflected aviator lenses.

I remembered thinking it strange that a man dressed like him would wear designer shades.

His biceps were the size of both my thighs pressed together. Swallowing hard, I lifted

my chin and approached.

“Excuse me...,” He brushed right past me in his quest to enter the convenience store. My hand reached out to stop him by landing on his arm.

Whoa. The electrical currents running between us from that one touch Gobsmailed me. I removed my hand as if his arm was on fire.

My throat constricted.

“No, I haven’t seen her,” he replied gruffly. My shoulders dropped. He might not have spared me more than a glance but at least he looked at Rose’s flyer.

I guess the burn only went one way. Tingles ran from my palm up my arm. Goosebumps broke out all over my body, I shifted uncomfortably as my eyes watched his retreating back. My nipples hardened painfully. I bit my lip.

I was in a dangerous place and he was a dangerous man. The kind a school teacher like me who kissed her own pillow more times than a breathing man should avoid at all costs.

I hurried over to my hot car, started the engine and raced back to my hotel.

I needed to cool down and I needed a better plan to find Rose. Standing out in parking lots handing out flyers wasn’t going to bring her home.

Tears fell.

I’d need a miracle to find Rose. And God and I both knew it.

CHAPTER 3

BANE

There were only a few places out here where the slip of a girl could be staying and I'd bet she was unaware of what was really going on here. She probably booked a room at the same motel her sister was last seen.

"Bingo," I gloated as my SUV pulled into the lot where her rental sat. I opened up the storage box between the seats and took out a tracker. Being an Enforcer of an MC made me knowledgeable in all kinds of shit.

The tracker was affixed to the rental in under thirty-seconds. I backed the SUV up under an old tree across the lot, rolled down a window and chain smoked until she came out of her room for dinner.

I didn't need to tail her car when the GPS tracker showed me she was at the diner off the Interstate. The bad news was close by was the Bar my MC frequented and a girl like her was fresh fruit in a forbidden place.

I'd have to call dibs and let my men know she was under my protection or she could end up with a similar fate as her sister.

"Bane? Sup?" Ezra, our VP answered my call immediately.

"The sister of the girl the Cartel took, just showed up."

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“Fuck. Want me to handle her?”

“No, I already made contact. I’ll handle it. You might want to let the Prez and others know. In case shit gets hot. Tell them the basics, nothing of what you and I know. She’s staying at The Willow Hotel. I’ll text you her plates too. Put a man on her detail. I don’t want the Cartel grabbing this one on their own. They can’t come into our territory and take what they want. If they ask—this one they can’t sell.”

“You keeping one just like I did?”

“No, one’s gonna touch her but me,” I growled at my VP already feeling all territorial and shit.

“I hear you, brother. But we might have a problem. If you and I take the girls The Cartel wants to sell— we eating into their profits.”

“I might still let them sell her. I haven’t decided. Until then, she’s mine. Understood?” I slammed the door to my SUV as I got out. My free hand already fisted as I stalked toward the diner where she was sitting inside. I didn’t even know this little chit’s name and she was under my skin like a pricker that needed to be pulled out.

The bell above the door jangled loudly as I entered. My beard hid my smirk as forks clattered to their plates. Chatter turned into hushed tones. The Devil’s Inferno MC were bad motherfuckers, myself included. We were feared more than respected and if anyone so much as had the misfortune to land on our radar... them and their whole family were considered good as dead. Even their pets if they really pissed us off.

“Bane, sit wherever you like.”

I nodded at Carla, the waitress. Everyone in this small town knew everyone. The locals knew better than to snitch. They kept their heads down and stayed out of the wars and bargaining between the Cartels, dirty politicians, and our MC.

My heavy boots thudded on the old floor as I walked straight toward her booth. Her eyes widened. Her little pink tongue hastily licked her lips. My dick stirred at the sight, imagined that tongue swiping the huge head of my cock.

The club skanks and local girls... I'd been there and done all that. They were low rent whores who fucked anyone with a leather cut and tats.

None were fresh.

Like her.

The women we sold I'd barely glanced at. So what was with this tiny brunette with dust on her skin? I was about to find out.

I took a seat across from her and picked up a menu without uttering a word.

“You,” she squeaked.

“That's right, baby,” I winked, lowering the menu from my face.

She sucked in a breath. “What are you doing?”

I stole a French fry off her plate, popped it in my mouth and winked. “Having dinner. Eat. You are too skinny.” I picked up another fry, swirled it into the ketchup on her plate and brought it to her mouth as it opened in protest.

“Yum? Right?”

What the fuck? Did I just say Yum? What was this girl doing to me? Collect yourself Bane. You’re a fucking enforcer!

Carla practically sprinted over, quickly jotting my order down on her notepad. “I’ll put that right in for ya’, Bane.” I grunted my response not even making eye contact.

My little lady’s face was pale when I finally met her gaze. Bane...?” She was obviously fishing for my last name. But I wasn’t about to give it. I leveled my gaze on her until her lips trembled.

My eyes are ice blue. If you chiseled out shards of an Arctic glacier... they’d be a perfect cold match. I ice people out, terrify others with my cold-hard gaze. This little bit would be no exception.

“I think I’d rather eat alone... if you don’t mind.” She gestured for me to leave the booth. I pretended not to hear her as my burner cell dinged with an incoming text from Ezra.

EZ: The sister’s container is still in port. WDYWTD?

Keep eyes on the cargo. Any chance we can renegotiate with them?

Not unless we do a swap out. My father is gonna be pissed. He doesn’t know we are aware of the pussy trade right under his nose.

I have plan. Meet at our spot at 11 tonight.

I grunted at her displeased face. She moved to slide out of the booth while I set the cell down. My hands snared her tiny wrists; capturing the little bird trying to fly

away.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“Sit. Eat. We talk after.”

“...he’s a freaking case study in Neanderthalism...,” she muttered under her breath.

My fingers tapped on the table as I finished chewing my steak. “This is a small part of an even smaller down. Grant’s Pass, Oregon isn’t exactly a a hotspot on Google Maps. How did she end up here?”

“My sister?” She squeaked.

I nodded, “Who else?”

“Rose is a romantic who has big dreams. She only sees the good in people. She’s a teacher like me, and wanted the two of us to drive cross counter over our summer break. She mapped out all the Parks and wanted to dip her barefoot in the Pacific Ocean...,” she broke off as her eyes teared up.

“Shit,” I muttered, offering her a clean napkin to dab her eyes with.

“Thanks,” her lower lip quivered as she paused to dab at her eyes. Something primitive and deep started churning inside me. I wanted to plunder this girl. Taker her sweetness to lighten my bitterness. I wanted to explore her body and make it tremble. But I also wanted to protect her. Shield her.... I’d be the only one to bring her tears of pain and pleasure.

She startled at the growl coming from my throat as thoughts and visions of what I wanted from her filled my head.

“What’s your name?”

“Kennedy.”

“That’s a man’s name.”

“It’s the one my mother gave me.”

“Hmm,” I sat back, already knowing I’d give her a new name when she was all mine.

“Why did your sister stop here when Grant’s Pass is forty-five minutes in the wrong direction?”

“She wanted to see Devil’s Falls. The last time I spoke with her she was going to hike the trail to the waterfalls and then continue on.”

I shook my head. “Devil’s Falls is dangerous. Most beautiful things are.”

“So, have you seen Rose? Can you help me? Please?” She pleaded with soft eyes.

If she only knew she was asking a devil for help.

“I don’t help people, sweetheart. It’s not in my nature.”

“Then why are you here?”

I took my time, blotting my mouth with a napkin, took out a hundred dollar bill and slid it under the napkin holder. “For you. She’s already gone. But you’re still here and if you aren’t careful... you could disappear as well.”

“Is that a threat?” Her spine straightened as her chin lifted.

“No, sugar. It’s a warning. When you go back to your room tonight... prop a chair under the door handle. Keep your car keys close and if you need... press the panic button on the fob. Be smart. Watch your back.”

“I-I don’t understand. Why would anyone want to take me?”

I paused as I stood, let my pale-blue eyes drift from her face down to her chest and thighs before leisurely roaming back up her body.

“There’s a thousand reasons why and I just thought of at least two dozens things I’d do to you tonight alone.”

I didn’t miss the wild pulse in her throat or the way her nipples tightened under her cheap, cotton T-shirt. This little bird was gone be all mine. Come hell or high-water.

“You’re sick. Deranged.”

“Am I?” My brow rose as I leaned over the table a breath away from her. “Or are you just mad as hell that my words made you want to c0me five ways from Sunday.”

“Hardly,” she hmpffed as her arms crossed over her chest.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

I chuckled as I moved away. “See you soon, sugar. Lock up tight, tonight And when you’re lying in that big, empty bed, you can think of what a real man like me could do to you.”

Her face turned redder than before. “Please leave. Men like you do nothing for me.”

“Baby, a man like me could do everything for you.” With that parting shot, I rapped my knuckles on the table and left, feeling her eyes at my back the whole way.

No one was going to help her.

Her sister’s fate was in my hand’s and so was the little bird’s.

CHAPTER 4

KENNEDY

It took twenty minutes for my heart to stop pounding after “he” left.

I ordered a decaf coffee, partly as an excuse to stay longer in case he was sitting out in the lot waiting for me to leave.

He gave me all kinds of conflicting vibes. I half expected him to be sitting in a car in the back of the diner lot with a ball cap pulled low, waiting to follow me back to the hotel.

A shiver raced up my spine.

He was the kind of man my mama always warned me about. Th type I had always steered clear of.

Husky.

Masculine.

Alpha male screaming from every atom.

He's a giant and that beard of his. I can't decide if I'm repulsed or curious. But damn his eyes. They cut me like lasers. His hands are so huge, rough, and callused like he works on engines all day.

When he said those crazy things to me; I imagines those hands cupping my naked breasts while his beard caressed my bare back. He was standing behind all thick muscles and dirty words waiting to turn into action.

I'd never been fucked.

I'd had vanilla but not the dirty, sweaty, animalistic mating I sometimes craved.

Never been touched in a way that felt like sublime fire.

It was my dirty secret that I wanted to be.

My secret self read dirty romance novels. Sometimes it was a man from another world with superior attributes to human males taking me to a place behind space and time...as I touched myself and read my books.

No one knew my secret fantasies.

I worked as a third grade teacher wearing buttoned up blouses, carp pants and ballerina flats.

I was the definition of proper and professional. But at night when I am home alone I dream of adventure, rough callused hands, and a man to take me to the stars and back. Something that I was raised not to want but instead run away from.

My cell ringing brought me back to the moment. I was hoping it would be the sheriff but it was Hailey my bff instead.

“Did you find anything?”

“Nothing. I’m panicking Hals, no one will help. No one claims to have seen her and yet the town’s population is like two thousand and that might include livestock.”

“They’re scared. They know....”

“...and that just makes it worse.” I start sobbing uncontrollably at the thought of just what could’ve happened to Rose.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“Hang tight. I called in a few favors. Do you remember my ex from college, Beck?”

“Yeah? I thought he was the asshole that dumped you for a career in New York?”

“He is. But he also works for ABC News. They’re coming to Grant’s Pass to interview you and get Rose’s disappearance some major media attention. Someone will call the anonymoustip line. He said massive media attention can help solve missing person’s cases.”

“She’s running out of time. If she’s even still alive. The Sheriff’s department isn’t doing a thing... at least it feels like they aren’t.”

“Don’t let yourself think like that. But I do need to warn you—Beck said human trafficking is a hot commodity all along the Western Coast from Mexico to Canada. It’s a big reason why his producer agreed to cover Rose’s story.”

“Oh my God! My baby sister, God, no!” I wailed.

“We’ll find her. Kennedy. I swear to you. I booked my flight and rental car. I’ll be there tomorrow.”

“No! Please, no! Stay away. Stay far away. I couldn’t bear it if something happened to you here, too. Please. Hals.”

“How do you think I feel, knowing you are all alone smack dab in a human trafficking hot spot?”

“I’m okay. I have awareness now. Besides, who would be dumb enough to strike twice?”

Despite my bravado, a shiver snaked up my spine. I fell asleep feeling ice blue eyes hot as fire watching me from across a wooded field. I was barefoot chasing the Rose’s ghost over the forest floor.

Fear gripped me.

Was I too late?

Is she gone?

“Rose!” I screamed at the tip of my lungs as I ran after her.

I stopped at the foot of a cliff leading to a rocky gorge that resembled a mini Grand Canyon. “No!” I screamed as I watched my sister go over the edge.

Arms of steel wrapped around me. ‘I’ve gotcha girl.’ His deep voice penetrated the haze. His beard was soft against the side of my face, absorbing the tears rolling down my cheek. My eyes shut, looking away.

“She’s gone. Where did she go?”

“Same place as you... trapped in the Devil’s Lair.” He spun me around to face him.

“I don’t understand?”

“This canyon. It’s called Devil’s Lair, sugar.” His lips descended upon mine before I could ask just who the heck he was but somehow I already knew. His lips pried mine apart, a low growl emitted from his chest as his tongue sought mine. He took my

mouth, conquering it. My hands fisted in his shirt. I wanted to get away. I didn't want to be branded by this brute's kiss.

It was a possession he shifted his hips, ramming his large cock up against my tummy. Even through his jeans, I felt that shaft wanting to claim me. Hips juttled into my tummy, the head of his cock insistent.... He wanted something.... It was too much. He was overbearing, stirring things in me that made me afraid. I saw myself stripped bare, riding that big cock; letting him fill me with thick cum as my breasts bounced in the sunlight.

"No," I pushed him back. Afraid of my own desire.

"I'll tell you where she is... but first I need this sweet pussy," he growled cupping me. I sighed in relief as the pressure from his hand felt so good against my throbbing core.

"More, sugar?" In seconds his hand was under my yoga pants, ripping my panties aside so his thick fingers could course through my wet folds. "Ah that's it my baby," he crooned, finding my tiny jewel and using two fingers to circle it.

I cried, as he went round and round before inserting those same fingers deep. "You like that baby? Soon it'll be my huge cock tearing you up. It's so big we barely gonna fit. You gonna feel like silk heaven on my cock, baby. You think you can take it all like a good girl? If you do. I'll get her back for you...."

"Gah!" I woke up twisted in the sheets my heart and clit pounding. I needed to come. I needed relief from my sex dream. Flinging an arm over my head in embarrassment I touched myself. Imagined it was him.

I came hard and fast, crying out alone in the dark.

Then it hit me.

I knew where Rose was. I felt it I my bones.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

Devil's Glen.

I saw read signs for it. She probably went hiking there and fell in the canyon. Maybe she broke an ankle and can't climb out.... It was almost dawn as I quickly dressed and shoved my bare feet into old tennis shoes.

I pressed the gas pedal hard on my rental as I followed the GPS to Devil's Glen.

The sun was just breaking over the canyon's cliffs as I slammed the car door shut.

I hugged myself to find warmth against the early morning chill. "Rose!" I cupped my hands to my mouth and shouted as I started down the trail. My voice echoed back to me other than that there was an eerie silence.

"Where are you?" I muttered, swatting a branch out of the way as I continued.

Something shiny flashed in the dirt as the sun's rays reached higher and higher. I rushed towards it, gasping as I felt in the dirt my hand shaking as I lifted the thing gold chain that matched the one I wore around my neck.

"Rose." I breathed as I held her necklace in my palm. My throat closed as I shook. I took out my cell, dialing the Sheriff.

"Hello?"

"This is Kennedy. Rose's sister...?"

“Ummm hum...”

“I’m at Devil’s Glen-n-n,” my voice broke. “I found her necklace. Rose’s.” I swallowed hard.

“Don’t move. Don’t touch anything else. If there were DNA on that necklace that’s not hers it’s corrupted now. Dammit, you might’ve just trashed our crime scene. I’m sending out deputies.”

I fell to the ground, crying and stunned. I had found the first clue to my sister’s disappearance and it wounded me to my core.

“Hailey?” My friend answered my call by the second ring. “I=I messed up. I followed my gut to a place called Devil’s Glen. It’s a popular hiking area. I found Rose’s necklace off the trail.”

“The one that matches yours?”

“Yes.” I shut my eyes but a tear still squeezed out.

“Beck is an hour out with his crew. Stay put. Do whatever the sheriff says. You’re not alone, Kennedy.”

“But she is,” I whispered after we disconnected.

I was frozen. Numb. I couldn’t tell how many minutes went by before the sounds of sirens and helicopter blades penetrated my awareness.

“Ma’am? Ma’am?”

I turned slowly, still shaking as a deputy gripped me by the elbow. Dozens of law

enforcement finally arrived two help find Rose.

Another person wearing gloves carefully opened a bag and dropped her necklace inside.

“Wait here. Don’t move. This is a potential crime scene.”

I was ushered into the back of a cruiser. My nails dug into my palm. She’s been gone too long without a trace until now. Whoever took her is long gone. Something drastic needed to happen at this point and I found the first clue but gussied up the scene in the process.

“Hello?” I answered the unknown number that flashed across my cell.

“Kennedy, it’s Beck. My chopper just landed where are you?”

“In the back of a cruiser?”

“My crew will take some live shots and we want to interview you so we can process the videos and can them online and on air.”

“Okay. Let me just compose myself.”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“Don’t. Be you. Be raw. Let it show and it will resonate with the viewers hopefully prompting someone out there to call the tip line.”

“Okay.” I swiped under each eye, took a deep breathe to find my center and got out of the cruiser just as a shiny, black helicopter buzzed over head with a news logo painted on the side.

My spine tingled with awareness. I felt watched but as I slowly spun around, I didn’t see anyone fixated on me.

Still the feeling refused to go away even when Beck and his crew arrived a short time later.

“Kennedy?”

“Beck. Thanks for coming.” We shook hands. “I’ve been a wreck.”

“I’d be too. Tell me everything you know so far.... star at the beginning...”

He took notes as I detailed Rose’s adventure from Ohio out to Oregon. I showed him our texts and the selfies she had taken along the way. When I started to shake and tear up, he paused, giving a shoulder to cry on. He was so empathetic. For the first time it felt like someone actually cared.”

“Okay, I leave out the part about finding the necklace because it’s evidence of an ongoing investigation and law enforcement gets squarely about details leaking unofficially. Let’s get set up over by the parking area out of their way and we’ll start

rolling tape, okay?”

I nodded, numbly.

Thirty minutes later it was over, my legs were jelly and I just needed food and a shower. Beck kindly offered to drive me back into town while someone from his crew took my car back. He was kind. I didn't care if he was Hailey's ex who crushed her heart because right now... he was giving mine hope.

CHAPTER 5

BANE

I couldn't sleep after I left her at the diner. I headed out to the MC's favorite local bar, The Fuzzy Peach.

“Sup, Bane?” Phantom raised his beer as I signaled for my own. The place was packed with brothers from my MC. Some getting lap dances, while others a bit more.

I took a seat by the bar, not in the mood for either. Hammer nods to me over from his post by the stage, guarding the strippers from the lusty, drunk men who sometimes try to grab a freebie feel.

I figured I'd spend sometime here with my brothers before meeting Ezra later to discuss Kennedy and her sister. Ezra's old man is gonna be pissed as all fuck if he ever finds out we've been trading gals under the table.

Not for the Club but going out on our own vigilante style. I didn't really snatch the girl, I just watched it go down and didn't interfere. The Cartel offered me and Ezra a cut if we helped clear the security cams and clean up the scene where she was taken. We covered the tire tracks good by paying a few punks to tune up our four wheelers

out at Devil's Pass and doing donuts.

Then, I even drove the girl's car to the chop shop myself. Fuck, Ezra and I had our hands all over this one even though we didn't take her directly so to speak.

"Fuck, it's been a week," I muttered, taking a pull of my beer.

"I got some free pussy for ya'?" Sam the owner of the joint offered.

"Hard pass," I checked my eyeball and moved away from the fucker. Sam is sleazy as fuck but he has the only place we can chill and drink in peace. (For the most part.)

"The Russians giving ya' problems?" Sam couldn't take a fucking hint that although we hang here he isn't one of us and never would be.

My brows furrowed, my fist clenched, I was still hung up on that fucking girl I left down the road. She was fresh, clean... dare I say pure? The exact opposite of these overdone, over touched and over-fucked club skanks milling around for a buck. Sam was just the last thorn in my side tonight. "You ain't one if us, Sam. And ya' never will be. Now leave me the fuck alone to have my beer in peace."

He got the hint, muttered something about the kitchen staff and took off.

I checked my burner smartphone and the tracking app to make sure little miss troublemaker was still at the motel.

"Bane... you good brother?"

I stroked my beard, deliberating if I should fill in Phantom our MC's hacker on the situation. I'd have to hope he's have my and Ez's back on this.

“Grab your beer, let’s head out back.”

His brows rose slightly. All unofficial business usually gets handles in this manner in the back alley of The Fuzzy Peach.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“What’s up?” He asked as soon as we were alone.

I paced a bit looking around. “We good? No devices listening in?”

“I do a sweep daily here. We left both our phones at the bar. We should be good. What’s on your mind, bro?”

“Ezra and I are kinda in some shit...”

“What else is new?” He almost rolled his eyes but instead cracked his neck.

“That tourist girl who is missing... were know where she is.”

“Did you get paid?”

“Directly for benign indirectly involved.”

“Shiitttt...,” he blew out a breath.

“We didn’t grab the girl. The coyotes for the Cartel did. We just cleaned up any evidence and gave them clear passage down to the port. She’s on a shipping container headed out to International Waters where they are holding a virtual auction.”

“Fuck. We trying to get the MC clean out of that whole mess.”

“Like I said. We didn’t take or sell the girl. Now her sister is in town and she ain’t a quiet one. She’s lighting up the sheriff and poking her nose around. The Cartel has

their eyes on her and if a second girl gets gone—all kinds of eyes are gonna be on us. We are still a long way from being legit business wise. The last thing we need is any kind of Fed Agency down here poking around.”

“Agreed. How can I help. Do a clean sweep of any digital footprint that could be out there... we were careful but these days avoiding detection is almost impossible.”

“Where?”

“She was taken at the canyon. We dumped the car at the chop shop. She stayed at the motel off of the highway.”

“I’ll take care of it.” He placed a hand on my shoulder. ‘What about the sister?’

“Ezra and I will handle her. I’m meeting him soon.”

“Good. This shit stays between us.”

“Thanks,” I answered gruffly before finishing my beer.

“Come inside, get a girl,... blow some steam.”

“Nah,” I waved a hand. “I’m good. The pussy here is getting stale if you know what I mean.”

“Maybe you should participate in the auction?”

“I just might have too,” I drawled.

I drank a few more beers, watching my men relax before meeting Ezra.

“Sup brother?” We clasped hands.

There was snowing around but the cloak of darkness combined with the chirping of nighttime insects. I slapped a mosquito that dared land on my arm.

“My contact, Pico, gave me some news.”

I lit a cigar, taking a huge puff. “Lay it on me.”

“The auction is in three days. They don’t like the sister hanging around. They want either grab her too and sell them both as a two for... or maybe she has a little accident.”

“Fuck, no.” I growled, feeling my jaw tick. “I’ll deal with her.”

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“Maybe we should back off this... we don’t need any blowback with the Club or my father.”

“We didn’t take the girl. All we did was work for some extra cash. If anything we helped ease relations between the MC and the Cartel. Doing them favors avoids wars and builds good will. Your father taught me that.”

“Fine. Handle the girl. Get her gone as in back home or they will deal with her.”

“Fuck.” My fist slammed into the trunk of a tree. “You need to tell Pico they gotta stop grabbing girls on our turf. Your father will agree it’s bullshit. They making it seem like we either can’t protect the people living on our turf or that we are in on it. Both are bad.”

“I’ll handle my old man. You take care of the sister...”

“Ez! Wait...,” I dropped my head with my hands on my hips, I muttered. “If it comes to it, I’ll buy the girl back before the auction. Keep in close contact with Pico.”

He stood silent for a beat. “You thirsting hard for the sister?”

“She’s fresh as fuck. I want to dirty her up. Unleash my cock all over her.”

“Day-yumn. You are thirsty. I felt the same way when I took my woman. If she doesn’t go with ya’ willingly you gonna have to handle that on your own.”

“I’m well aware.”

“Mmkay. Hot me up if you need back up. Hopefully, this will all blow over and we’ll be back focusing on Club business.”

We both knew his words were full of bullshit. Things felt hot and likely to blow the off up.

I walked alone in the dark, my boots crunching over the brush until I came around through the woods to the back lot of The Fuzzy Peach. The place was packed as I weaved through the smoky haze of the bar. Sam didn’t give two fucks about local ordinances and his patrons didn’t either.

“Hey Papi,” a drunk fake blonde cozied up to me, her hot pink nails resting on my pecs. I felt her nails scrape my nipple through my cotton shirt.

“Not interested, sugar.” I brushed her off, her pupils wide in disbelief.

“Bane! Baby,” another woman nestled against my side. This one I knew I’d hit before although her plump limbs and Bambi eyes didn’t even make my dick twitch. “Come here,” she crooked a finger as her other hand cupped me.

“Sorry, babe. I’m out. Club business.”

Her pouty lips formed a shocked “O” as I left here standing there. I stood tall in the crowd, my ice-blue eyes mesmerizing. I knew they all lusted after me more than the others. But I never cared to wield my masculinity as a weapon.

Until now.

Until her.

“Wyatt.” Her whisper snaked over my skin. I could pretend I didn’t hear here. She

called me by my first name instead of my road name. The only woman who ever had that right was my ex, Bailey.

She was just outside the front entrance, hanging in the shadows as if she were waitin' on me.

"I can't do this with you. Not tonight. We're over, girl. Have been for a long time."

"I-I know. I just thought?—?"

I mad Amy way toward her stopping just out of her reach. "You thought what? Showing up here after I'm five beer in and tired, I'd take one look at ya' wearing nothing but exposed skin and I'd take you home?"

She swallowed hard. "I miss you. I miss us."

"Yeah? You shoulda thought of that before I caught you by the road on the back of a Rebel Soul's bike with his hands on you."

"I told you... I was doing it for intel... trying to find info your the Club."

"Save it, Bailey. I'd never want a woman of mine to have another man's hands on her not for no money or any 'intel.' We're done. Over. Finito. And I damn well now you ain't having my baby cause it's been months since I touched you."

"I miss you... I still reach for you at night...please, Wyatt." She moved trying to touch me as her eyes watered. But I was having none of it. This woman betrayed me. Lied to me. And I gave her more of myself than I ever had given anyone.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

She taught me a valuable lesson though—just leave it all at sex and keep my heart outta it. It'd be a cold day in hell before I'd ever let another woman touch my heart.

Kennedy was something I needed to get out of my system. And I would very soon.

“Go home, Bailey. There's nothing for you here, unless you wanna compete with all them whores inside.”

“You know I'm not like them.”

“Actually, I don't.” With that I climbed into my truck, slammed the door and headed back to the motel. I'd sleep in the truck tonight, keep watch on Kennedy. Like hell, would I let the Cartel sell the girl.

Th thought of another man tasting that ripe peach had me already seeing red.

My knuckles hurt like hell. Three were already swollen and bruised from when I punched the tree. Something about that girl set me afire and I want that. Crave it. I need something besides endless days of Club shit to make me feel something. I checked her car was still in the same spot. There was no light peeking out from behind the drapes pulled across her window.

I parked my truck in the back of the lot facing the motel and drifted off to sleep.

“...the fuck she doin'?” I'm angry as all hell. I followed the girl out to the canyon. “She's getting herself into some hot water now. Fuck.” My eyes closed and I pinched the bridge of my nose feeling a migraine coming on. How the hell am I gonna protect

her now. Somehow she drove herself out to the exact spot where her sister was nabbed.

Fuck.

At least the lot shows no signs of a struggle or tire tracks. My jaw clenched as I opened my eyes, deliberating my next move. I got out of the truck, stayed hidden behind the tree line as I stalker her.

“Shit.” I muttered as she held something in her hands, from the hunch of her shoulders and the way her body slightly shook I knew she was crying. She held her phone to her ear talking quietly before pacing.

“Fuck.” Ten minute Slater, sirens cut through the early morning.

I went back to my truck, pulled a hat down over my eyes and debated how I was gonna play this one off.

I had gym shoes and my bag in the back. I changed behind the truck into my workout clothes and started to stretch.

“Bane?”

“Huh?”

I turned around, taking out an AirPods. “Sup, Deputy Higgins?”

“What are you doing out here?”

“Working out. Getting all fit n’ jacked. You?”

“We’re setting up a perimeter. This is a potential crime scene.”

“No shit?”

He eyed me not believing a word. But I looked the part. The canyon is a popular jogging spot. I stretched my left quad, really selling it.

“Since when does the enforcer of the MC train out here? I’ve got my eye on you for this all ready if we find anything connecting you or your Club to this... “

I switched legs, to stretch my other quad, rolled my shoulders while I was at it. Acting all nonchalant, I responded. “Got no idea what you are referring to. Gotta get my run in.”

I turned to jog back down the parking lot road, away from the perimeter the police were setting up. I felt his eyes on me the entire time.

I doubled back, making my own path through the brush into tree line.

“The fuck?” A shiny, chopper circled overhead. My eyes squinted when I couldn’t find my girl in the crowd.

I crept closer, staying just outta view as some slicked up fuck in a suit held me girl. He whispered words with his lips pressed to her hair. It was his arms that comforted her.

My fists curled.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

I didn't know who this dick bag was but I was gonna fuck him up good.

I smirked, when Kennedy looked around wither brow furrowed.

“That's right baby, girl. I see you you. I'm watching over you like a dark angel, sugar.”

She felt my eyes on her not knowing where it was coming from.

I doubled back through the woods, to where my truck was parked out of her sight.

I needed to prepare a plan.

Shit was getting hot and I knew The Cartel would wanna cool things off their way and that was gonna be a big fucking problem.

“Bane.”

“Yeah?”

I was on the road already when Ezra rang.

“It's all over the local and national news. I don't know how she did it but the sister just put on this situation the International radar.”

“Fuck. Must be the slick guy in the suit who landed in the chopper. Maybe he's a Fed?”

“No. He’s ABC Word News outta NY.”

“FUCK!” I roared, slamming my hadn’t on the dash.

“What do you wanna do, Bane?”

“What I have to,” I muttered.

“And what exactly is that?”

“I’m gonna make a deal with her. Her sister for her. In my bed. My truck. My kitchen counter.”

“She ain’t gonna go for that.”

“She will,” I growled. “Hang tight, tell the Cartel I’m handling the sister and find out where the auction is. Tell them I want a free ticket in exchange for handling things here.”

“Will do. Be careful, Bane.”

“Always, brother.”

I went back to my rustic cabin. I am a simple man. I have money saved up from Club business, the favors I’d done over the years and various side jobs.

I had money.

Never had to use it on much as I was a meat and potatoes, chevy kinda guy. Levi jeans and workbooks worked fine by me.

I eyed my place over.

It was simple.

Rustic.

Just like everything I wanted from her. My place was clean though, my appliances were all top of the line.

After growing up poor and hungry for so many years, I take care of myself. I eat nothing but organic. Hell, I even have my own vegetable container garden out back. I get plenty of shit talk for it but my men shut up as soon as they taste my homemade tomato sauce.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

After I showered, I dressed in all black, put some beard balm on and even spritzed on some men's body spray. Then I went to work.

I attached two simple chains to my bed and found two gym locks with keys. It would hold her, no doubt.

I drew all the blinds and curtains, ordered a grocery delivery and made sure my panic room was well stocked incase I'd have to stash her in there to keep her quiet.

I'd be the good guy.

Her hero.

But if she doesn't play along I'd be her worst nightmare.

"Crap! You scared the shit outta me," she shrieked, dropping the old-fashioned key to unlock her motel room.

"Busy day?" I drawled, already knowing the answer. I was perched on a patio chair with my boots crossed while I waited for her to show. "I saw you on the news..

"Really, already?!" She excited grabbed her phone. I swiped it from her.

"We need to talk. Somewhere private, now!"

Her shoulders straightened, her eyes hardened as I took her by the elbow and moved us to the end of the hallway's alcove. "Not here, sugar. Too many eyes and ears."

“I-I’m not going anywhere with you,” she seethed, tugging her elbow free from my grip.

“You will if you want to save you sister’s life and your neck while you’re at it.”

“I don’t believe or trust you.”

“And you do the slick news guy and the sheriff who didn’t search the hiking area until you did? Good luck with all that...,” I shrugged, pretending to walk away.

“Wait,” she whispered, biting her lip in a way that made me want to do the same. I stifled a groan.

“Coming?” I rose my brow.

“As far as the parking lot.”

“We’ll see about that.”

She follow edme as dusk fell. The stones crunched under my boots as I lazily walked to where my truck was parked. Ileaned against the back, took out a cigarette and flicked open my lighter.

“Ew, that will kill you,” her nose wrinkled as I inhaled.

“Everything kills. You stirred up a hornets nest today.”

“I’m only doing something to find Rose, when no one else has.”

“That’s because they already know where she is and who took her. The same people, now have their eyes on you.”

She gasped. Her hand covering her mouth as her eyes widened.

“That... can’t be true?”

“The sheriff has a million dollar house in the mountains with a heated saltwater pool. You think he affords that shit on his 65k plus overtime pay?” My arms crossed over my chest after I took another drag and blew out smoke circles.

“Who? ...who has her?”

“Evil people , sweetheart. Men without souls with big pockets of money. She’s due to be sold at a human trafficking auction. You pissed them off... bringing national perhaps global attention to this area. She ain’t the first and won’t be the last girl to go missing. And if you’re not careful, they’ll take you next.”

“I-I need to call...Beck.”

Page 15

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“I grabbed her by the arm before she could pull away. “The reporter? He can’t help you.”

“He knows people... he’s connected.”

“Sweetheart, I’m the man whose connected. This kinda shit goes behind the law. Half of his connections are probably in on it. Hell, haven’t you woken up and realized every powerful or influential person in this country is connected to bad shit? They all went to the parties, enjoyed the same backroom clubs... none of them every do time. All the feds do is burn evidence for their crimes.”

She doubled over grabbing her stomach. “What... what can I do?”

“Cooperate.”

‘With who?’

“My MC. Keep your mouth shut and your head down. You need to check out, pack your shit and leave your phone on airplane mode.. Better yet, I’ll get you a burner.”

“Where would I go?”

“Home with me.”

“But I don’t even know you. What if you’re the guy... a serial murderer who took her?”

“Then you’d already be dead, sugar and I would’ve already taken ya’.”

Her cheeks bloomed with color. I couldn’t help myself, the tips of my fingers traced her cheek while my cigarette hung from my mouth. “Damn, you’re beautiful.”

Her blushed deepened.

“Stop,” she whispered, backing away.

“Stop what?”

“Looking at me like that. Like I’m your last meal.”

“Maybe you will be,” I growled, closing the distance between us. I wanted her mouth. Needed it like air. Just as I was grabbing her hips and pulling us close the lights in the parking lot behind her dimmed. Engines roared. The ominous crunch of tires moving fast over the graveled lot had me thinking quick. “Get in the truck. Lock the doors.”

“No.”

“Fuck, princess. This isn’t the time to fight me when I gotta protect you from them.” I moved quickly, pressing her behind me. I didn’t have time to shove her into the truck myself. I couldn’t risk turning my back on the threat heading our way. My hands went for the Beretta I had tucked behind my back. I felt her tremble behind me as I stepped back, making sure my body shielded her the best I could.

“Bane.”

My eyes narrowed as I assessed the five men from the Gomez Cartel. “She causing a lot of trouble.” The one riding shotgun indicated with his head at my girl.

“I’m taking care of it.”

“We came to do just that. Put her in the trunk.”

I felt her pebbled nipples, pressing through the soft cotton shirt on my back. He breath was coming in tiny gasps. Her hands actually gripped around my waist, anchoring me to her.

No fucking way.

“She’s with me.”

“That so? CauseJefetold us to bring her with the others...”

“I’m afraid that can’t happen. She’s protected by The Devil’s.”

“Well, we got a problem then.”

I widened my stance, guanine hand, “You really want to do this? Here?”

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“We don’t have to do nuthin’. Just hand the girl over.”

This time I raised my gun. “I already told ya’, no can do. She’s mine.

“Relax,hombre, we can work this out. Boss man won’t want to start a war with The Devil’s over this...”

“Then leave. I told ya’ I got this handled.”

“Shit better cool off then. That’s all I’m sayin’.”

“I’ll be in touch.” This time Kennedy didn’t fight me as I gently pushed her into my truck.

With my gun still ready to fire, I climbed behind the wheel, quickly starting the engine. “Believe me now, sugar?” She nodded mutely. Baby girl was completely in shock.

“I’m going to bring you somewhere safe, okay? No one will touch you.”

Except me.

I swore as I caught the tears streaking down her face every time I glanced in the rearview.

Twenty minutes later, we descended into darkness. My old, rustic cabin was hidden in shadows. The cliffs of Devil’s ridge was at its back and the high Sequoyah pines

towered over its front.

It was the Devil's lair if there ever was one.

My heart skipped a beat in anticipation as she willingly walked over the threshold.

Baby girl had no idea the world she was walking into.

I played the part of the nice guy. The savior very well. When all I was deep down, was the one who'd cost her the most.

"Here, come, sit. I'll fix you something eat." I pulled out a chair for her. Lulled her into a false sense of safety before I'd spring my ultimatum.

"I can't eat."

"You're in shock. I'll make you a scotch neat. Even two sips will calm your nerves."

She took the drink, albeit a bit reluctantly but baby girl was good, finishing it all.

I took the seat opposite hers. A heavy silence filled the room.

"I have a plan to save your sister. But it'll require something from you..."

"Anything. I'll do anything for her."

"Anything?" I let the question hang for a few seconds.

"Yes."

"I propose a trade; her freedom for yours."

She swallowed nervously. “I don’t understand. You’ll sell me to the Cartel?”

“Never.”

“You’ll belong to me. You’ll work off the debt. I’ll secure her freedom but you’ll be more in return.”

“Why?”

I let my age trail over her. The intensity of it had her face flushing and those perks nips pebbling against her cotton T.

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“What do you say, sugar?” The question came out in a husky rasp.

“That I’d disappoint you? That I have about almost zero sexual experience. I’ve never even gone down on a man. Much less touched or seen a naked penis.”

“Fuccckkk.” My groan echoed around us. I hissed. Her words had me rock hard and hurting against the fly of my jeans. “Baby girl. Your innocence turns me the fuck on. Your freshness wants me to get you all dirty and covered with my cum. I’ll free your sister tonight if I have your word you’ll let me take you... it won’t be rape, sugar. I don’t play like that. I’ll have you wet, slick and coming for me just as much as I’ll come on you.”

Her hands picked at one another. “I-I... I’m scared.”

“Of sex?”

She nodded.

“... with you. You’re not my type...”

“Come over here and test out that theory.” I dared her with a low growl. “Sit on daddy’s lap, sugar. I dare ya’.”

By this time her face was a deep crimson and she had picked the skin around her nails clear off. “Maybe this will motivate you...” I flashed her a pic that had come in overt text on my burner. It was of her sister in nothing but her bra and panties sitting on her knees on a bare floor. Her mouth was gagged. Her eyes full of fear over the fate

awaiting her on the cargo ship.

“You bastard!” The unexpected slap across my cheek threw me for a few seconds. Baby girl had more fire than I had thought. I grabbed her by the arm, having her across my lap. She struggled violently as I pinned her wrists between us and caged her legs between mine. “The sheriff has it. My guy hacker, hacks into his personal wifi at his home. He knew this whole time who had your sister and did nothing. The detective is clean the onewho met you at the park today. But the head guy and the Cartel are all dirty as fuck. This shit is gonna blow up in their face if you don’t keep quiet. Beck being here has them nervous. If I wasn’t with you tonight, you’d be naked and sold by dawn.”

The fight went out of her. The tips of my fingers soothed her wrists, I hauled her against me, she was too busy digesting the information I gave to realize my cock was straining against the core of her covered by her shorts.

I let my head fall against her neck, breathed on that satiny skin. Before I could stop myself, I pressed hot, opened mouth kisses along the vein of her neck until I reached her ear lobe.

‘Touch me, back. Just close your eyes and pretend I’m someone else if you need to.’

I felt the shiver run through her as one hand moved up her back while the other pressed her down onto my straining cock. I lifted her hair off her nape, guided her head to meet mine in a searing kiss. I parted her mouth with my tongue, demanding entry. My other hand slid up under her shirt, cupped her breast over her thin bra. My fingers plucked and pinched her rosebud nipple. She gasped into my mouth, her hips grinding on my lap. She didn’t know what she was doing. I had her mind gone.

My hand lowered, into the waist band of her shorts, past the waistband of her panties to slip into her soft folds to find that tiny pearl nestled inside.

She was wet, full of hot cream for daddy to lap up. I hunted wanted to feel all of that coating my thick cock. I wanted her juices all over me and I wanted to bathe her in mine.

She gasped and bucked against me, but I wasn't letting baby girl off my lap until I made her come.

Breaking off our kiss, I bunched her shirt up, pushed her bra aside to let my mouth attach to her nipple like a vacuum cleaner. I wasn't letting that lollipop go. I sucked and lapped at her tit all the way my finger still worked magic, gliding through her folds. I interested one then two fingers five inches deep.

I almost came in my pants at the feel of her tight, wet cunt around my fingers.

"That's it baby, ride daddy's hand. Let go, baby girl. Give it to me. No one is here to see. Let daddy take you to the stars."

I moved my mouth to her other breast as she bounced on my lap, my fingers working her over and over until she cried out in surrender.

"Good girl," I whispered after she came with her heart still pounding against mine. I lifted her chin, forcing her to watch me raise my coated fingers to my mouth. I licked them off.

"Fuck, you taste good."

I lifted her from me. My engorged dick still hard and hurting' in my jeans. I unzipped them, loosened my belt for some relief then smacked her hard in the ass. "You did good. Daddy's proud."

Her pupils were wide and dilated. She had no idea what the fuck just happened. I

knew she'd never come like that before.

It was violent.

Beautiful.

And all mine.

CHAPTER 6

KENNEDY

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 10:07 am

“What in the hell just happened?” I breathed as soon as he left the kitchen taking the heat of the room with him.

The man was animalistic.

The way he kissed.

Growled against my neck.

My legs felt like jelly as I rounded the table. I had felt sick in despair when he showed me how corrupt the system was here. He distracted me, seduced me, and I’m ashamed at how easily I could get turned on by a dangerous man with aqua eyes and big hands.

My hands quickly adjusted my clothing, I slipped my shoes on, looked for his car keys. I had to get out of here. I know what he said. But Beck has fiends everywhere. Surely, he could tell the coast guard or some agency about Rose being trafficked on a cargo ship. Beck was a stand up guy.

Principled.

The dirty deal the devil offered me, I knew better than to take.

I tiptoed around, fished for his keys. The sound of the shower turning on the next room, told me I’d have time to leave.

I knew his truck didn’t have GPS. It was older than me by at least fifteen years, but I

counted dates turns and made mental notes of things I saw on our drive to his home.

I found his keys inside the small drawer on the entry way table. I carefully slid it closed, padded over to the frontdoor and unlocked it.

I half expected him to be right there, but he wasn't. His land was dark, so dark it felt like everything around me soaked up the color black and bled it back out.

"Shit," I tripped, falling over the thick root of a giant pine tree that lived held above ground.

I felt sweaty, nervous as I reached the truck. I fumbled with the keys, trying too insert it into the old-fashioned lock.

"Going somewhere, sugar?" His words dripped with ice, matching the chill in his blue eyes. I yelped as he forcefully took the keys from mu hand.

He smelled like Aspen. Not that I'd ever been. Pine. Clean. Expensive. Water droplets still clung to his bare chest.

"I'm surprised you bothered with a towel." I don't know why I said that out loud. It was ridiculous considering the situation. He was jacked.

Huge.

Everywhere.

His bare biceps seemed the size of three year old Oak tree trunks. His upper thighs doubled that.

I could only imagine how big "that" part of him would be. Pretty impressive from what I had felt easing the ache between my thighs ten minutes ago.

“Yeah, uh, I figured I’d head back to the motel to get my things.”

“Bullshit.” He thundered.

“You were leaving me. Cutting our deal dead. Betrayal doesn’t sit well with me. Best you learn that bow.”

“I never agreed. So, there was no betrayal.”

“You coming was the agreement, sweetheart. Before I could utter a response he hauled me over his shoulder caveman style losing his towel in the process.

My face was right on that muscled ass.

I decided to bite it.

Hard.

His response was a swift slap on my ass in return. The slap bit sharply.

“You wanna play like this, girl? You have no idea...”