



Her Biker Daddy

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Category: Erotic, Romance, New Adult, Biker

Description: Everly

All I ever wanted was to get out of my hometown—escape—but the likelihood of that happening was slim to none. Still, I tried. I got a job at the diner when I was eighteen, hoping to save enough to get me away from where I grew up and away from my mother. She's done her best to stop me, taking the money that I make which keeps pushing my goal further and further out. Lately though, it's not the town I want to escape. There's one person in this town I don't want to escape—Tate. He's a big burly biker and I'm dying for him to take me away, make me his.

I'm sure it'll never happen. He's way older than me and probably a billion times more experienced, but that doesn't stop me from fantasizing about it. About daddy coming to get me, getting me away from the trailer where I live and a mother I can't stand, to always look after me the way he does every day when he comes into the diner. He slips extra cash to me, and I feel cherished. If only he'd want to cherish me in other ways, I'd be a really happy girl. Even if people in this town have it out for me.

And when daddy finally comes for me, saving me from a nightmare, nothing will keep me from holding on as tight as I can. Loving what daddy does to me, for me. He gives me more than I ever imagined wanting, teaches me more about myself than I ever imagined I could learn, and shows me I'm stronger than I ever imagined I was.

Tate

I grew up covered in darkness. Spent my youth in it, fighting it, then I finally found somewhere I felt like I belonged. I've spent the last nine years with the club; handling shit that needed handling. Doing what others couldn't or wouldn't. It's been almost three years since I became president after doing exactly what was needed to the last one, but for the last year, I've wished I was a different man. One that was kind, whose hands were filthy from the things I've done. One that would be able to claim sweet little Everly without destroying the sweetness she possesses.

She's my obsession. The reason I get up each day. The thing that keeps me going, seeing that the club brings in money, so I can share it with her, see she's taken care of, even if I can't ever have her the way I desire. I only allow myself to get close when she's at work. The rest of the time, I watch. I wait. I do what's needed to keep her safe, even if it's all from the shadows.

Until the night I find her car abandoned on the side of the road with her nowhere in sight. The darkness that surrounds me is ready to be

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Source Creation Date: May 27, 2025, 6:44 am

Chapter 1

Tate

The light on my bike reflects off something shiny up ahead, and I slow down a hint, not taking a chance that whoever's in the car with no lights on isn't inebriated. The drunks use this road to get from the bar just outside of town that won't cut them off as long as they have cash, making it a hundred times more dangerous than any interstate or major highway I've ever traveled. Three or more times a year, one of the guys in the club gets in a wreck—or at least moderately injured trying to avoid a massively serious one.

I realize the car is on the shoulder when I get closer, then let off the gas completely when the little sticker on the front bumper gets my attention. I know that car. Look to see if it's the parking lot of the diner every morning when I go into town. When it is, I pull in to get some breakfast. Always sit in my little Everly's section so I can be closer to her. Make sure to leave her a cash tip over what I put on my card so it stays as just hers, rather than force her to give part of it to the damn cooks—who can't cook for shit—or the busboy that never does the work, makes her clean her own tables if she wants more customers. The creep doesn't do it to her co-worker Lena. Then again, Lena sucks his cock to keep him from taking her tips as well as to do his job.

My sweet Everly doesn't do that shit and while I know it shouldn't, it makes me happy that she keeps bastards away from her. From what's mine—even if it feels like there's no fucking way she'll ever really be mine.

I don't know what the hell I'm going to do if some asshole comes in here and finally gets her attention. Probably run him through with my knife.

She's too good for me, to get her mixed up in the seedy darkness that's my world. But that doesn't mean I don't fantasize about every last dirty thing I want to do to her. Doesn't mean I don't follow her home whenever I get the chance, to make sure she's safe. Doesn't mean I didn't make it perfectly clear to the bastard that moved in next door to her at the trailer park that if I ever saw him near her, watching her, or especially catching him jerking off to the sight of her through the thin curtains in her bedroom again, I would make him wish I'd simply killed him.

I'll make damn sure nothing and no one ever harms her—me included, even if only by accident—the same way I have for the last year since I first saw her. I'd just gotten back to town after a run with the guys to move some merchandise. After the drop, I'd turned off the bluetooth in my helmet and just let the road take me. Ending up a good hour ahead of the others, hitting town as the sun was coming up, and my stomach didn't want to wait the extra time to make it to the clubhouse for food.

I pulled into the diner's parking lot, and almost face planted when I saw little Everly in the waitress uniform carrying a tray towards a table. My dick woke immediately, wanting to get between the thick thighs that were bare beneath the uniform's skirt. It just got harder when she lowered the empty tray, showing off her chest and the buttons straining to keep it closed around her more than generous bust.

I've never had a type. Slept with a shit-ton of women when I was younger—before I met my brothers and became part of the club, nine, going on ten years ago—and there wasn't ever a single type that kept me coming back. Not girls that were skinnier, bigger, or even the same size as Everly with her fucking delicious curves. None of them kept my attention long, some not even long enough to fuck them, but little Everly...I can't stay away from her. And despite those fucking incredible curves, my girl is little in every other way.

I knew I was screwed when I caught a real glimpse of her face. Certain she was far too young for me to want, let alone to be working at the diner, but I had to learn just how long I'd have to wait for her. On one hand I was glad to learn it wasn't an issue, but on the other, it'd have been easier to know I couldn't have her because she was too young, than because she's too damn good and sweet to pull into my world.

She's the brightest light in the cesspool that's this town and I'll kill anyone that tries to dim it.

My world is complete darkness. It has been since I was young. Starting with my father killing my mother in a fit of rage when she 'talked back to him' all the way up through me taking out the previous president of our club almost three years ago now. That man was as bad as the cops in this town and instead of protecting it from them and their shit, he wanted to add onto it by switching from gun running as our main form of income, to running 'women'.

The sick bastard didn't really care how old they were. If they were female—or at least looked feminine as was the case of some of the boys he was showing off photos of as examples in our meeting—they were up for grabs as far as he said.

I don't condone that shit. My closest friend growing up is in prison for killing the sicko that kidnapped his twelve-year-old little sister, assaulting her for nearly a year before someone finally caught up to them.

She was too broken to save. Took her own life six months later, and my friend showed up at the courthouse with a gun, killing the jackass that'd took a plea deal to avoid spending the majority of his life in jail.

If I'd known what he was planning, I'd have gone in with him, but he hadn't said a word to anyone since she died. He barely speaks even in jail from what I heard the last time I was out that way to catch up. Shit, that was likely seven years ago, but I

don't anticipate him changing. He once said he was dead from the minute his sister was taken so it didn't matter what happened to him anymore.

We were seventeen when that happened, and since then, I may have done some stupid and illegal shit, but I've never touched a woman that wasn't legal and willing. If I find bastards that do...things don't end well for them.

Not a chance in fucking hell was I going to let our old president turn us into the monsters like that. So, when we were sitting in church, and he told us of a 'shipment' we could get our hands on for nothing, saying how much we could earn just by taking them up to the city, I was done sitting back unless it was to enforce the club rules.

I took my knife, moving before anyone realized it, and stuck him in front of the others, showing him exactly what I thought of the idea. Only a handful of guys jumped up to try and stop me, but you learn a thing or two on the streets, including just where to stick a guy so he bleeds out fast.

He wasn't the first life I'd taken, and he's not the last. I've got more blood on my hands than I could ever wash off. Which is why I've kept them off Everly—no matter how much I don't want to, how hard is it to not throw her onto the back of my bike and take her home with me.

She was just barely eighteen last year, nineteen now versus my thirty-nine. I was deep into criminal shit when she was just a baby, making money however I could, then spending most of it on stupid crap—and women. The ink on my body is the only thing I don't regret getting. Well, that and my bike.

They brought me out this way, originally ending up in the city about an hour and a half away. I had an older tattoo that I wanted covered up but couldn't find anyone willing to do it because of a nasty cut that ran down the inner part of my arm. I finally found a guy in the city that said he could do it without it looking like total shit and

being nothing but a block of black ink the whole way through.

While I was getting the work done, I met up with my now Vice President, Meyer, who was coming in to get some work of his own done. We shot the shit, and I ended up in town, meeting the rest of the club, including the bastard Hinton who was the former president. His eyes lit up when he saw my size, the bulging biceps, and for once, my record back east was welcome.

I never served time in jail, but I was arrested more than once, almost convicted of theft and assault more than once. My last lawyer said it was only the ‘good guy’ stare from my light blue eyes that had the old ladies on the jury finding me not guilty of assaulting some scumbag frat boy who attempted to drug and assault a girl. I beat the ass black and blue, and he filed charges against me, but thankfully, the girl came in to testify that she’d been drugged and had already turned the douchebag down three times. Between that, the security video that shows I didn’t take the first swing, and my face, it had them finding me not guilty.

I doubt that would happen now if I was put on trial. I’m thirteen years older for one, ten times more tatted up, and my beard hides most of my face. I could shave it, and it might make me look a little softer, but I won’t, because I know—despite it being unlikely that anything will happen between us—my Everly likes the beard.

My eyes are glued to her car as I slow to a stop, not finding her in it, or behind it when I make a U-turn and pull in behind her. I park my bike, getting off to check the bit of a slope down to where the ditch is, breathing in immense relief that she’s not laying in it hurt. The back tire there is flat as shit, the jack just sitting next to the car, and the trunk is just barley open. My jaw tightens as I lift it, seeing the spare tire and tire iron both dug out as well, and my gut tells me something here is seriously not right.

I look all around us, knowing I didn’t miss her on the road back towards her place.

Anyone walking out here would be doing it on the pavement, not on the grassy edge, and I'd sure as shit have recognized her gorgeous red hair.

I move up towards the front of the car, letting out a curse when I see her purse and cell phone on the seat. There's no way Everly would leave that behind. She always tucks her cash into her purse when she leaves for the day. She wouldn't begin to just leave it in the car and walk away, which means something happened to her.

She's not next to the car, which means someone else either picked her up or took her from here. If it were an ambulance, they'd have taken her purse with them, not left it behind.

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The door is unlocked as well, and the car starts dinging when I open it, showing the keys are still in the ignition. I grab them out, then gather Everly's purse and phone, moving quickly back to my bike. I stow them before jumping on and roaring down the street, heading back towards town to find my girl.

A little over two miles later, I see the dark outline of a car pulled off into an unused driveway. The owners of the place abandoned it about ten years ago and no one uses it. At least not for legal purposes.

There's no hiding the roar of the bike, so I don't even try. Instead, I kick it higher, flying up the street as the moonlight reflects off the lights on top of the cop car. No fucking way am I not checking this out. If the cops were just sitting out here waiting to give tickets, they'd try to run me down in a flash. They'd love to put any of my guys in jail and if they got me...they'd throw a fucking parade.

Hell, they came looking for answers when Hinton and the others disappeared, but after the rest of my brothers backed me up against the few that'd tried to jump me for killing him, no one would dare utter a single word. Hinton and the handful of guys that were looking forward to getting rich off that shit are all scattered around the woods back beyond where our clubhouse is. No one goes out there, so no one's coming across any shallow grave. Not that there's likely any grave left after the animals went and scavenged the area. Which is precisely why we left the remains out where we did.

There's not a single flicker of light coming from the car and I turn down the driveway, knowing whatever the fucking hell they're doing, isn't their job. I slam on the brakes, spraying gravel over the car, and I finally see a head pop up from the front

of the cruiser. It's outside it and I put down the kickstand, hopping off, and the sound of a scream comes to my ears. It's muffled, but not by my helmet or the roar of my bike as I shut it off. No, that's the muffling of someone's hand against a mouth and I'll kill the bastard if it's on my Everly.

One of the pricks from the squad car comes my way but before he reaches me, I get a flash of long red curls as a scream breaks the into the quiet of the night. It's like waving a red flag in front of a bull and I lay out the cop with a single punch. No way do they have their dash cam recording and the town's too corrupt to begin to get them body cams, which means I can do whatever the hell I want to them, and no one is going to know it.

I quickly make my way towards the bastard that pulls Everly up, letting me see her tear-streaked face, the way the buttons on her top are popped open, the fabric that's ripped, but what pisses me off the most is the red shaped handprint on her face. I'm twice her size, a good fourteen inches taller than her little five-four height, which is also at least half a foot taller than the idiot that touched what's mine. Meaning I have a hell of a lot longer reach than he does, and I can easily grab his neck without him landing a punch to me.

In his attempt to fight back against me, his hold on Everly loosens, and I move quickly, gently guiding her behind me while moving towards the dead bastard. He squawks as I cut off his air, his hands trying to claw free of my grip but all he gets are my gloves. I hold on until his eyes are rolling backwards, then drop him against the hood of the car to get my girl.

"Everly," I call out, turning to check on her as well as ensure the other asshole isn't back up yet. I almost fall over her, surprised that she's so close, and yet, I love that she's right there, staying by me. That she knows I'll keep her safe. "It's okay, baby," I assure her, seeing the fright still in her gorgeous green eyes. "They'll never touch you again. Did they hurt more than your pretty little face?"

She lets out a little gasp, sucking in a deep breath but I'm not about to back off now. The only way to keep the rest of her light from dimming is to ensure it's always protected, which means keeping her entirely safe and secure. That's only going to happen with her next to me, destroying anything and anyone that threatens her, her peace.

"Baby, I need you to answer me. If they...raped you," I force out, the mere thought of it enough to make me want to rip off their dicks and choke them with them.

"No...they said they were going to, but you got here just in time," my girl answers me, and I pull her into my chest, holding the back of her head as to calm my own racing heart. "I don't know how..." she starts to add, and I lift her face to mine, so I can see her eyes.

"I saw your car off on the side of the road. Saw the flat, then your stuff still inside it. I knew you hadn't passed me on the road headed towards your place, knew it didn't make sense to leave your bag behind, and I caught sight of the car pulled off here. I wasn't about to let anyone hurt you if I could stop it. Your stuff is in my bag on the bike. Let me take care of these bastards. You be a good girl and stay with the bike."

"Take care of them? How?" she asks, tensing when the one closer to the bike lets out a groan.

"Depends on how they respond. If they plan to get the fuck out of town or if they think they can touch what's mine again without consequence," I tell her, making her brows scrunch together not understanding. "You, Everly. You're mine."

"Do you mean that?" she asks, and I cup her face, giving her quick kiss to show just how much. "Tate..." she moans when I pull back, making my cock ache like mad, but I turn her behind me and catch the end of the baton the bastard who's now up swung towards us. With the way it comes down, if I hadn't moved Everly, it'd have

hit her straight over the head, and that ends any possible outcome other than death for him now.

I land a kick to his gut, putting him down on his knees, and land a swift hit across his face with the baton, sending him back down to the ground. “Go to my bike, baby. I have some garbage that needs composted.”

“Should I call anyone?” she asks me, shooting a quick glance towards the other asshole that’s out cold at the front of the car still.

“Not for this. I take care of what’s mine and what’s threatening what’s mine myself. Stay next to my bike and if anyone comes by, hide behind it. If it’s not one of my guys, I want you to get to those trees there as fast as you can, after yelling as loud as you can for me,” I tell her, nodding towards the thick copse of trees that edge the property.

“I’ll make this as quick as I can,” I promise, giving her another quick kiss, before grabbing the handcuffs from the jerks, and cuff them. The one I choked out rouses, jerking backwards, trying to get away from me, but I pull his belt that I’d wrapped around his throat tight, keeping him from going anywhere.

“Pick up your shitty friend and move your ass,” I instruct, one hand on the end of the belt, the other holding his gun on him. The other guy’s is in the back of my jeans. Neither idiot is carrying a drop gun because they think it won’t matter if they kill someone with their department issued ones, whether they’re in the right or not, so it’s just their patrol weapons and I know a lot of guys that’ll pay top money for a cop’s service weapon.

Another jerk on the belt has him listening and I motion him forward, deeper into the tall grass that’s taken over the drive and on towards the barn. He struggles the entire way there with his friend’s heavier weight, and I give him a sinister chuckle when he

drops the fucker onto the concrete ground inside the barn.

“Get on your fucking knees,” I order, grabbing the chain and toss it over one of the beams. The barn’s in better condition than the house, so I have no worries that it’ll come crashing down.

I loop the chain through his cuffed arms, tying the belt in some of the links, then pull upwards on it, straining both his arms and his neck, before landing a direct hit to his balls, making him scream.

“You’re fucking dead when we get out of here. You and that stupid fucking bitch! I was going to be gentle with her, but now...I’m going to make her bleed,” he claims, the dumbest possible thing he could ever say, because I was just going to kill him. Now...now, I’m going to make it hurt even more.

“The only ones bleeding tonight, will be you and your fucking partner. No one’s going to know what happened to you. Your car’s going to disappear, and it’ll take them months, maybe years to find you because you fuckers never have your GPS turned on, so you can’t be tracked.” His eyes finally show fear as I speak, but I’m just getting started now.

He struggles and calls out for his partner, while I look through the items that were left behind, a smirk settling on my lips when I find a cattle prod—two of them actually. One’s electric and appears to have been left on the charger, the indicator lights telling me the barn still has power somehow, which will only make this better. The other is a metal poker, and I take both of them with me along with the old dog chain—the kind that’s a choke chain with spikes for the Dobermans the family used to have. There’s a field machete on a hook that I take as well, letting it swing as I get back into the asshole’s view.

He gulps in a breath, stopping his painful struggles against the chain, as I near him,

setting the other items aside, and I quickly use the machete to turn his clothes to rags. His pants are barely two strips underneath his legs, and I turn the blade onto his partner, not caring if I cut them, just making sure it's not too deep if I do.

I toss the choker around the other's neck, holding onto the end tightly, then set the electric cattle prod against the jerk's balls and give him a zap. It brings him awake, pushing up and away from me, which just makes the choker dig into his throat.

"What the hell? You sick fuck," he screams seeing the state of his and his partner's clothes, and I give the choker another pull. It makes his words stop, just a pained cry in it's place as his hands lift, trying to get the choker off him.

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“The only ones around here that are sick are you and the rest of you useless, corrupt, pigs with badges. You think that it’s okay to try and rape a woman you found on the road with a flat tire? Outside your fucking patrol area,” I add because they always do shit like that. Write tickets claiming they chased us from city limits so it’s legal. “You think I’m going to just let you attempt to rapemywoman and walk away unscathed? Only a fucking moron wouldn’t realize she’s atleastunder my protection when I’m in the diner every day that she works, and yet you still put your dirty, nasty hands on her!” I seethe, and the one with the choker on somehow thinks it’s a good idea to try and run. All that does is put him on his ass as he chokes, until I release the pressure a hint. I toss him his baton, watching him debate about trying to use it on me, but he stays still when I pull the trigger on the cattle prod, showing him just how powerful it is.

“What the fuck do you want? You can’t kill us with that thing,” the other one yells, and I just let out that dark chuckle again.

“I’ve got both your guns, a machete, and my favorite blade. I can kill you with any of them in an instant, but that’s too quick of a way out for the two of you. No, right now, your buddy there,” I say nodding towards the one in the choker, “is going to take that baton, and show you what it’s like to be raped.”

“No fucking way...not fucking happening,” they both shout, and I give the one standing a zap to the leg with the cattle prod.

“You’ll do it, or I’m using this right on your fucking balls, until you pass out again, then I’ll switch to the metal one and stab it right through your dick bringing you back awake,” I threaten, and when he doesn’t begin to move, I pull on the choker hard,

making him stumble then lay the cattle prod right up against his scrotum. “Now motherfucker...”

His partner’s eyes are furious and shocked when he moves, and the screams that come when the idiot finally gets the baton in his ass soothes a bit of my fury for what they attempted to do to my girl, but not all of it. “Harder, the way you would if you were using it on those prostitutes that you beat up and leave for dead,” I warn him, and anytime he lets up, I give him a zap with the cattle prod, using it on the other bastard whenever he’s screaming loudest already, not letting up until there’s blood dripping from both of them.

I jerk even harder on the chain, making the spikes dig fully into his neck and move him aside, landing my boot hard and fast against the end of the baton that’s still shoved up the ass of bastard that put a bruise on my girl. His scream cuts off as he jerks forward, and I grab hold of the chain above him, giving it enough counter momentum to snap his neck. Blood drips from his mouth as he hangs there, hunched forward, and I turn towards the bastard still breathing.

“You thought you could bring that baton down onto my girl’s head. Let’s see how you like this then,” I chuckle, taking the metal prod and jam it down into the side of his head as I hold him still with my foot, while pulling even harder on the chain. It goes in just behind his eye and he stops moving as the chain rips into his neck. I don’t let up until I know he’s dead, then leave the two the way they are to get to my girl. Get her home—preferably with me—to take care of her entirely. Let the rest of the cops in this town try to come for me. I’ll give any of them the same treatment if they try to put their filthy hands on my girl, or take her away from me, any day.

Chapter 2

Everly

Ashiver runs through me at the sound of a scream. It's coming from the direction Tate forced the bastards that attacked me, but for some reason, I don't feel bad about whatever it is that's causing it. Well, whatever it is that Tate's doing to them to cause that sort of scream that is. I never imagined I'd be happy to know someone's being hurt, let alone knowing that someone's being killed. Always swore if I saw or heard it happen, or knew it was going to happen, I'd report it. That was before I realized just how awful the cops in our town really are, how disgusting they can be, and how little they truly help.

When I saw the cop car pull up behind mine while I was trying to get the stuff out of my trunk to change the tire, nothing but dread flowed through me. I hate the cops that come into the diner, especially the ones that try to slip their hands up under my skirt to grab my ass. They never try it whenever Tate's there, and it's originally why I enjoyed him coming in so much.

Then it was because of it, plus how much he'd sneak me in tips, so I didn't have to share them. Then it was because both of those things plus the fact that when he was there I could look at him, talk to him, and daydream about him being outside one night when I was headed home, pulling me onto his bike with him, taking me far away from my shitty life.

Well, my shitty job and even shittier home that is, because I definitely don't want to leave the town if he's here. At one time my dream was to simply get out of here, as far from here as I can, but since I met Tate, that's not even close to what I've wanted.

So, when he was standing there, his normally light blue gaze dark and hard, fury radiating off his huge body, all I felt was relief. The terror that I'd felt since those two cops grabbed me, forcing me into the back of the car even though I told them I didn't need any help, or need them to stay, faded, and I wanted to be in his arms. I swear, I thought I was dreaming, creating some fantasy in my head to get through being assaulted by those two cops, until he kissed me. I've never been able to imagine a

kiss that good before, and I knew it was real. Tate was here, protecting me, promising to keep me safe, and I wasn't about to run.

His deep voice when he told me to be a good girl and stay with his bike woke parts of me that only showed when I was at home, in my bed, thinking of him while touching myself, and now, I just want him back here. If another patrol car comes by, sees me here with his bike...I don't know what I'll do. The cops don't care about anyone in town, don't protect anyone, but even more than that, they despise the Steel Reapers. If they knew that Tate was out there, 'taking care of' two of them, I'd be dead in a heartbeat.

Another scream comes, sending another shiver through me, but it's not from fright. I don't know exactly how to describe what I'm feeling, but it's not fear. It's not even relief. It's almost like...pleasure, which in itself, is frightening.

I can't believe this is my reaction now. It was pure terror earlier with those cops, but now...it's anything but, and I can't wait for Tate to get back to me.

The sound of crunching reaches me before my eyes can make out Tate's huge form, and I slip up from where I've been half-sitting, half-leaning against his bike so I can make out his face when he stops just in front of me. His eyes gleam when they slide over me, but a hint of a scowl forms and my eyes drop down my front, heat filling my cheeks seeing how much of my chest is on display now.

"Come here, baby girl," he says, pulling his long-sleeve shirt off over his head before dropping it over mine, covering me down past my hips. It's almost longer than the uniform I'm still wearing. Most nights I don't bother changing until I'm home unless I need to go run errands, and since I was stuck with the afternoon to evening shift tonight, there wasn't a need for it. Not until I got the flat at least.

"Thank you, Tate," I manage to get out without stuttering, but my heart does when he

pulls me into his hold, his hands running up and down my back, warming every bit of me, while making parts of me ridiculously wet. Even wetter than I'd gotten knowing he was killing those bastards for what they did, and were going to do, to me when I heard their screams.

"Let's get you home and in something more comfortable," he says, and my heart stutters again, hating the idea of going back to the trailer with my mother and her latest asshole boyfriend.

Each one is worse and worse. This latest one just sits on his ass drinking more beer than his beer belly doesn't need, while stealing my money whenever he finds it. That's why I've started hiding it in the lining of my bag. There's a hole in the side pocket that's just big enough to fit folded up cash through, but not so big that my pack of gum falls into the lining, which helps to keep it hidden.

"What about my car?" I ask, hoping that maybe he'll offer to help change the tire so I can spend a few more minutes with him. I want thousands more of them with him—a lifetime with him, but that's not likely to happen. I don't know many of the men from his club, but most of them don't seem like the always and forever hearts type. I wouldn't care if Tate was completely against marriage, although I've sworn to myself I'd never be with someone who wouldn't want me forever, want me enough to marry me. I'd give Tate anything as long as he promised to keep me as his and just his—his only.

"I'll send my guys out to get it, drop it off wherever you want to go tonight," he adds and my brows furl, not understanding what he's saying. "I'll take you to your place if you want, baby girl, but if I do, I'm camping out wherever I need to in order to see that you're safe tonight. It can be on your floor, on the couch, or wherever you want me, but I'll be staying close—to make sure no cops coming asking questions and that you don't have any bad dreams. Or else, we can go to mine and tomorrow, we'll get your stuff from your place. Either way, it's the same outcome come tomorrow night

and that's you under my roof, Everly."

"Why? Because I know what you did here tonight?" I ask, holding onto his gaze, needing the answer to get my head on straight here and my body under control.

"Because you're mine, baby," he replies, making my heart stutter again and that shit can't be healthy, but I love hearing those words from him. "I stayed away to keep you safe, from bringing you into this world, but now that you've been pulled into it without my consent, the only thing that's going to be keeping you safe is me."

"You think I was just pulled into this crap tonight?" I ask with a humorless laugh. "Yeah, what those cops tried to do is pretty fucking horrific, but my life hasn't ever been all sunshine and roses, Tate."

"How? Who's hurt you?" he demands to know, his hands sliding up my back as he pulls me flush against him. The hard protrusion against my belly can only be one thing, and it makes me want him more than I ever have. The look on his face is fierce but his hold is gentle, his eyes as they roam over my face makes me think of a big grumpy bear that can turn rabid if threatened but just wants to be hugged by the right person and I want to be that person.

"Let's see, how about we start with all of the shitty boyfriends my mom's had in my life. At least the latest hasn't tried to hit me every time I come home like the one before him, and he hasn't tried to come into the bathroom when I'm showering like the one before that one did. This one just sits around drinking beer and stealing my money unless I hide it," I admit, and my core floods with wetness at the dark look that crosses his face.

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“I want names, baby,” he grunts out and I nod, not caring what happens to those jerks at all. “Who else?” he adds as his eyes hold me hostage.

“Then we have my mother who was having an affair with my ‘father’ which in turn resulted in me, but it was a secret affair so of course I’m a piece of trailer trash and a bastard that ‘doesn’t even know my father’s name’ according to everyone I went to school with. Then there’s the fact that she wouldn’t let me get a job before I finished high school that was outside of the house, so until last year, I could only babysit, and that paid shit. I don’t know why she was so adamant about keeping me in the house. I think it has something to do with the creep she was dating before the shower perv,” I tell him, watching his eyes darken even more with every word. “He was sent to jail by the feds when I was sixteen for making some seriously depraved videos, but when he was arrested he told my mom that he’d be out in no time. He never came back and after a year and a half of her sending him money, it finally came back as unknown recipient. That’s at the same time as I was graduating so I finally was able to get out of the house and get a real job—shitty as it may be.”

“Fuck baby, if I’d known I’d have taken you home with me the first time I saw you,” he says, his hand holding the back of my head and all I can see is truth in his gaze which I love. “Do you know who your father really is? He couldn’t have gotten you away from her?”

I can’t stop the snort that falls, and his brow lifts as I try to stop the laughter the mere idea of my ‘father’ stepping in to protect me causes. “Sorry, just trying to picture that.”

“So, you do know him?” he asks, and I nod. “Would I know him?” he adds, and I nod

again. “Would the town know him?” he questions, his tone growing darker, and I nod yet again. “Who is he?”

“The ‘oh so honorable’ Mayor Jackson,” I answer, nodding as his brow lifts, his eyes widening as they glance over my green eyes, one of the one features beyond my red hair that I share with the man. “He knows. His wife knows. His kids know. I’m pretty sure most of the police department’s higher ups know, and none of them would do a thing to help me. They’d be more likely to hurt me like those two tried tonight than to help me.”

“Fuck baby...no more,” he grunts out, his hand coming up to my face, holding it and me gently yet firmly and I love it. “You’re mine now, baby. No one is going to look at you sideways let alone do anything to hurt you. I’m taking you home with me. Tonight, you can sleep in your own bed if you need, but starting tomorrow, you’re in mine even if you just sleep next to me for now, you got that? You’re mine to take care of the way I deem best.”

“In and out of bed?” I ask, pressing further against his hardness that’s poking my stomach still.

“In every fucking way, baby girl. You belong to daddy now and what daddy says, goes.”

“Take me home, daddy,” I sigh, leaning my head against his hand as my eyes flutter shut, heat and wetness exploding inside me. My nipples hardened to sharp points when he said the one word I’ve been whispering every night when I touch myself, picturing his face in my mind. If I wasn’t wearing this specific bra, he’d clearly see just how much I like hearing him call himself that, let alone how much I love being able to say it out loud now.

“Come on, baby,” he states, moving me the few steps back to the bike and he climbs

on after grabbing his helmet. He pulls me forward, putting it on me before guiding my leg over the bike and onto it behind him. A little moan slips out when he grips my thigh tightly, pulling me further up against his back. “Are you okay, baby? Did those bastards hurt you there?”

“No daddy, I just like your hands on me,” I tease him, enjoying the way his hand tightens further on me before he releases it.

“Behave baby girl. I’m not taking you for the first time on my bike or in front of other eyes. That can come later,” he adds, and shit, my body reacts to that almost as much as when he called himself daddy. He wraps my arms around his chest, and I hold on as he starts the bike, resting my head against his back as he roars off, taking us away from this place.

My jaw drops a bit when he pulls through a gate, giving me my first view of the club’s compound. There are half a dozen houses along the road we head down, and the large building ahead of us grows even larger, until he pulls around the side of it and stops the bike in a garage.

He helps me off the bike, stowing the helmet as he grabs out a bag along with my purse, my car keys in his hands, as his other grabs mine, taking us through a door and into the huge building. I’ve no idea what this place was, but it somewhat resembles a school. There are rooms up and down the hallway. They’re wide and the floors have different tiles along the edges of it than down the middle. The walls have holes spaced evenly along sections that don’t have shit covering them.

“Was this a school?” I ask Tate as we turn a corner, and the space is more of the same.

“Yeah, it’s the joint county middle-school/high-school that was being built until it came out that the county commissioner stole the funds and they couldn’t afford to

finish building it, let alone afford to then send kids out to it from all over the county rather than them staying at their smaller K through 12 schools. It went up for auction and the club bought it about fifteen years ago. It's been through some internal remodels since then, but these rooms down here are used for members that live-in," he explains, turning us down another hallway.

This part has to be something they updated because while you can still somewhat tell it was meant to be a school building, it's definitely not like the ones where you have offices just inside the front doors. Our school had doors with huge windows in them and the space around the door was full windows. You can tell where that's likely what was intended here, but instead of windows, that space is filled in with drywall, an extra heavy looking door in the middle of it.

There are walls built out from either side. You wouldn't be able to see down the hallway if the door was open, and there are hooks and box trunks lined up all along both sides of the walls. Some of the hooks are empty, but plenty of others hold jackets and cuts like Tate's wearing. Tate moves to one, putting his sleeve-less cut on a hook, then toes off his riding boots and stuffs his feet into a different pair of boots. They look pretty worn, not nearly as tall as the ones I've always seen him wear, and I'm curious about it as he takes my hand back into his, pulling me up against him.

"You can go barefoot or just shoeless in our place all you want, baby girl, but always wear shoes with thick soles anywhere else in the place. They know they're supposed to clean up their shit, but sometimes fights break out, especially if we've got new prospects that don't know their place and shit gets broken. I don't want you getting cut on glass, okay?"

I nod, heat flowing through me because the look in his eyes when he said I can go shoeless...it's almost like he knows. It's not really possible though, is it?

"I like the pink ones the best," he says, and my cheeks heat further as my eyes widen.

He really can't mean what I think he does. "Tate..."

"My second favorite ones are the white ones with the fur around the top," he whispers against my ear as his hands slide down my body, his big hand cupping my ass, making every bit of me quiver in the best way. "I always picture you bent over in front of me, your sexy ass pointed up my way, with a fluffy little plug sticking out of it when you're wearing them."

"How long have you been watching me?" I ask, my nipples once more hard little points under the layers. They hurt as the fabric tries to contain them, but I know it'd feel amazing for his fingers or mouth to be on them instead, and I desperately want that right now.

"From the first day I saw you. I wanted nothing more than to storm into the diner, bend you over and fuck you right then and there, baby girl. Took all of my willpower not to do it when you told me you were eighteen," he adds and I flush, remembering the sneaky question he sent my way the first time he came in. He'd teased me when I went over to his table, asking if I was even old enough to be up working that early in the day. It was barely six-thirty, my first day working alone, so I hadn't thought anything of telling him I was eighteen, until now.

"You wanted to know..."

"If it was legal to touch you?" he says and I nod, flushing further. "Fuck yeah I did, baby. Your pretty little face makes you look young still, but your curves say you're all woman. I don't play with little kids though, never have and never will. Never wanted someone to crawl in my lap, onto my cock and beg to be fucked, beg to be daddy's good girl for life until I found you, baby."

"How much...when did...what all..." I can't begin to finish any of the questions, my entire face has to be flaming with color. My neck and even my ears feel hot, so I

know it's bad.

“Shit baby, what's got you so embarrassed? I know you want to be daddy's good girl, so this can't be just because I said I want you to beg to be fucked now.”

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“I...how close did you watch me? How long have you known...”

“I knew you were at least a little attracted to me, you couldn’t completely hide it when I teased you at the diner. I’ve spent months jerking off, thinking of ways to get you to want it just as much as I do. Want me to take care of you the way that’s run through my head nonstop. Want to be daddy’s good little girl and agree to let him do whatever he wants to your sexy little body whenever he wants.”

“Little?” I giggle, unable to stop from smiling.

“Little, with the sweetest, most incredible fucking curves that I can’t wait to see uncovered. Especially after feeling them so close to me now, baby. So, tell me, what has you blushing to your roots? Your eyes heat with every filthy word I’ve uttered, so it’s not that. You don’t look disgusted to know that I’ve been watching you, so what is it?”

“I’ve wanted you for months, Tate. Knew it wasn’t just liking you as a person after your third or fourth trip to the diner, that it went deeper than just that. Then you paid your tab with your card, adding a tip to it, but before you got up, you handed me the plastic check holder, and I could feel something under it. I thought it was a napkin or something so I tried to let it go, but you made sure to curl my hand around it, and told me to keep all of it for myself,” I admit, flushing a bit again, but this time it definitely isn’t in embarrassment. No, it’s the same heat that hit that day, the heat that hit low and deep inside me.

“No fucking way was I going to let that asshole busboy take any of your tips or try to get you to do anything for him. I’d have shoved his own dick down his throat if he

ever suggested he'd give you more help if you got on your knees for him," he growls, his hand sliding up to the back of my neck, holding my head so my gaze is on him.

"I...probably shouldn't tell you then," I start, and his eyes darken intensely, making me stop.

"Did he try to touch you?" Tate demands, his body vibrating and I step forward the tiniest bit, my hands sliding up his chest, and he shudders, making me incredibly happy to know I affect him just as much.

"My second day there, before I met you, he cornered me in the back, telling me what would get him to work faster. I told him to get the hell away from me because it would never happen. My third day, he tried to slip his hand under my skirt, and I smacked him, told him if he tried it again, I'd put a knife through it, so of course, he won't clean any of my tables, but he also stays away from me now."

"He's lucky he never tried it in front of me. I'd have put a knife through his hand, eye, and dick if he did," Tate huffs and I smile, resting my head on his chest as his arms hold me tighter. "Now tell me what you were blushing about so I can get shit handled then take you up to bed, baby girl."

"That day, when you gave me the cash," I tell him, looking up into his face and those gorgeous blue eyes of his, "I slipped it into my bra before anyone could see it, so I hadn't even really seen what you gave me. I got home, took off the uniform and the bra immediately when I got in my room. It's the only one I can wear with the uniform and keep it buttoned. They wouldn't order me a bigger one, and that bra compresses the boobs, so I was desperate to get out of it—I'm always desperate to get out of it," I add because the straps are digging into my shoulders and hurt like hell. "The cash fell out onto my bed, and I couldn't believe you gave me a hundred dollar bill—that it was real. Then I unfolded it and saw it was actually two of them...I wanted so badly to go put them on my card or spend it, but I was sure you didn't mean to give me that

much.”

“Which is why you tried to give it back to me the next morning,” he says, and I nod.

“So, when I gave you another hundred that day, you what?”

“I went by the store and had it loaded onto my card, bought some things I desperately needed—my mom always steals my good tampons and I was due to start any day,” I explain when his brow lifts, and that darkness settles into his eyes again, making me feel all warm and giddy inside. “I went online after that and bought some new clothes. Things that would fit my body, which included...”

“Those knee high socks you love to wear with those tiny little sleep shorts,” he grunts, and I nod again. “You’re lucky you always changed in the bathroom and those shorts were longer than any bathing suit was, because if I knew you were wearing them in front of another man...”

“I only wear them in my room, when I’m alone, wanting to feel special, remember the look in your eyes when you give me the money...while I touched myself, wishing daddy was there doing it for me,” I admit, feeling the heat creeping up again. My breath stops when Tate’s lips cover mine with a deep, hard kiss that has my panties completely useless. My thighs are wet with the desire he creates within me, and I cling to him when he pulls back.

“I need to get my guys out to clean shit up, baby, but after that, you’re all daddy’s for the rest of the night—and every fucking day after,” he adds on a growl that makes my nipples hurt as I breathe in hard.

“Okay,” I hum, smiling slightly as he leads us deeper into the building. We hit a larger open space that looks like it would have been the cafeteria of the school. You can smell food cooking, and I wonder what the kitchen looks like, because the room is filled with miss-matched tables and chairs of all sorts of variety.

Tate moves us through the room, stopping at his VP Meyer, who doesn't say a word about Tate holding my hand or me being there, although his brow does lift curiously towards him, before they slide over me in silent question. "I need Tonka and Bolts to head down about two miles south of the Wilkens place to get Everly's car. It has a flat, so have them fix it and bring it over here. While they're doing that, Victors and Spawn have some cleaning up to do," he says, sending Meyer's brow even higher.

"What sort of clean up, Pres?" a man asks, turning around, his eye bulging a bit when they land on me.

"There's a cruiser in the Wilkens drive that needs to disappear," he states, and more heads turn our way, making me cling a bit tighter to his arm. His fingers squeeze mine gently, comforting me, and I breathe a hint easier knowing he's right here with me, understands.

"And the cruiser's occupant?" Meyer asks and Tate passes over the other bag he grabbed from his bike.

"They don't have a single breath—or a heartbeat left—to make any trouble for us," he replies making the man's brow lift a bit. "I was heading home when I saw Everly's car on the side of the road. Found her purse and keys in it, the jack in place, but her not there and knew someone was going to regret whatever the fuck they did to my girl."

My heart flutters hearing him call me his girl, and it seems to only mildly surprise the other man, although a few others seem shocked, making me wonder what those looks mean. Tate might remind me a big bear, a tatted up bear that would easily be found on the back of a bike, his eyes have never made me think of him as a biker. Most of the others in here though...they definitely would be what I pictured if you said to imagine a biker. There's a variety of heights and weights, a rainbow of skin tones from even lighter than me and my fair to medium complexion, to the deepest espresso

of the man sitting across the room, watching us curiously. All of them seem intimidating, dangerous. Men I wouldn't want to come across in the middle of the night or in a dark alley.

"I got on my bike, headed up the road, then saw the cruiser in the driveway, but no one popped lights to try to run me down for speeding, so I pulled off and found the bastards with their hands on Everly. They thought they could get away with trying to rape my girl, put their hands on her, so I had to teach them a lesson before they stopped breathing. What's left of them is in the barn out there," Tate adds and Meyer nods.

"So, we need some cleanup in the barn as well. You want the car to disappear entirely or disappear with a trail?" one of the other guys asks.

"Take it to the city, let it get seen just enough, then leave it so it's stripped before the morons down here even know they're gone. They won't be looking for them here for a while, so their carcasses can rot out there. You can tell Gio we've got a couple fuzz pieces, I'm sure he'll love to take them off our hands," he adds to Meyer as another man moves into the room from the kitchen area.

"Damn Pres, about time someone brought us something hot to eat," he says, and I can't hold back the gasp that falls when Tate lunges for him, his hand wrapping around his throat lifting him off the ground.

"You keep your fucking eyes off my woman, or you'll be rotting with the rest of the filth, do you get me?" Tate demands, shaking the man whose hands wrap around his wrist, trying to get free.

"Pres...Tate!" Meyer calls but Tate's hold doesn't begin to relax and the other man's attempts to speak are no more than a little squeak. He tries again, but Tate's entire body radiates with fury, and he looks my way, motioning towards Tate when he

shoves another man that comes over to help away from them.

“Tate,” I call out, and he turns his head just a hint. Not enough to look away from the guy he’s holding, but enough to prove that he heard me, which is a relief. “Tate, please...I need you,” I try, and that gets him to lower the man to the floor. He still has his throat in his hands though and I just want it to end so he’ll hold me. “Please daddy, I just want to go to bed.”

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Tate shoves him away, giving him another glare before he turns fully to me. The look in his eyes makes every single nerve ending in my body wake entirely, and without a single conscious thought as to what I'm doing, I lift my arms up, reaching for him. I moan softly when rather than simply pull me towards him, he leans down my way, one arm slides behind my back, the other down under my thighs, and he lifts me into his arms, shocking me with his strength, but I wrap my arms around his neck, and rest my head on his shoulder, smiling as he stalks towards the door.

“Thank you, daddy,” I whisper when we're in the hallway, and his arms hold me tighter to him as he hits a set of stairs, taking us up to a second floor that's similar to the first with several hallways. We head to the back of the building, and my jaw drops a bit when he leads us into a room, because it definitely doesn't resemble a school classroom at all. The complete opposite in fact, and honestly, I kind of love it.

Chapter 3

Tate

Fuck...the way Everly called me daddy in front of most of my club made my dick a steel rod. Seeing the complete and utter acceptance of it, of me, of what I'm going to be to her, let alone knowing that she bought those sexy knee high socks and short shorts to wear for me—for her daddy—while she touched herself, has my entire body hungry for more.

I was already done for when it came to her, but then she fucking compounded it by holding her arms out for me to take her into mine and shit...she sealed her fate. If there was even the tiniest chance for me to not make her completely mine tonight, it's

vanished now, because if I don't get inside her, I'm going to combust.

"I'll show you around the rest of our place tomorrow. Right now, there's only one spot you're going to be—in my bed and in my arms, baby girl," I state, unable to resist from dropping a kiss onto her forehead as I move us through the space that's designed as a living room, past the kitchenette and half-bath, by the 'guest' bedroom and on into my room.

It's sparsely filled, my bed takes up a large portion of the room, but I also have a chair, a dresser, and then a tall cabinet that holds the rest of my shit in it. There's a closet that's bigger than most, since it's the one for this room and the one for what was originally the classroom next door opened up into one. I have a separate bathroom that was remodeled to connect to my room. It was originally designed to be the girls' bathroom on this part of the floor, so it was large enough to put in a decent shower as well as a tub that my girl can now enjoy but also had room for the half-bath and kitchenette to be installed as well.

Meyer has a suite across the hall that's similar to mine while my enforcer Spawn has a suite just down from his, but the one on the other side of mine is open. I could open up the living room area to connect it to ours if needed one day, because right now, I definitely can see the need for more bedrooms. The need to put a baby in my girl is eating me up and I sit Everly down on the end of the bed to get my shit together.

"Arms up, baby," I tell her as her big, beautiful eyes stare at me with hunger and need. It's so deep I swear this little thing is going to unman me.

The thought simply deepens when she doesn't even begin to argue. Her arms lift up, letting me pull my shirt up over her head, and I grit my teeth seeing the evidence of those bastard's attempt to hurt her when it's off her.

"Part of me wishes they were still breathing so I could do more damage to them,

especially seeing this,” I add at the scratch on her chest I didn’t see earlier. “What happened here, baby?”

“The creep that was holding me tried to pull my boob out of my bra, but it was too tight, so the other one grabbed at me. His nail hit my skin when I jerked trying to get away from them,” Everly says, and I nod, breathing through my teeth to calm myself. The bastards are dead. They can’t hurt her, touch her ever again. No other man will.

“I won’t tell you exactly what I did to them, just know, neither of them went out without feeling a hundred times more pain than what they caused you, baby,” I promise, kneeling down in front of her so I’m not towering over her. “I’m going to take this off you now. Unless you tell me right now that you just want me to hold you tonight, it’s going to end with my cock buried inside you, so be sure because I’m teetering here, Everly. I may want to fuck you good and hard, hurt you a bit with the sweetest fucking pleasure during it at times, but I never want to hurt you in any other way, upset you, so tell me where I need to draw the line tonight.”

“Can we take a shower first?” she replies, her eyes holding mine and fuck, it just makes me want her more to see the strength in them, the understanding that she’s just as much in control here as I am. Hell, she’s more in control of what happens, even if she gives herself over to me in every way, it’s still all within her control.

That’s the difference with how I feel and want her compared to the club girls that will do whatever a member tells them to do or compared to women I’ve been with before I got here. When I took what I wanted from them, it was all about what I wanted and needed—although it was never enough. Well, the level of control over them was, but it never left with me any lasting satisfaction or warmth. With Everly...it could never be like that, even if I fuck her so hard she can’t even walk the next day.

“Do you want daddy to wash you, or do you want to take one alone?” I ask as I lift her up, carrying her into the bathroom.

Her little gasp when she sees it makes me smile and I press a kiss to her temple as I set her down on the vanity. We left two sinks in the space but added cabinets to hold towels and shit, and I'm glad for the extra storage space that's let me get ready for my girl. Because fuck, even when I swore I didn't have a chance at making her entirely mine, I couldn't stop from being prepared if I ever somehow lucked upon it.

I take a step back from her, and reach into the tall cabinet against the wall, taking out a plush towel, then grab the shampoo and conditioner, plus the body wash, hair clips and combs I bought just for her from the cabinet under the sink. Her gorgeous eyes widen when she sees the brands, and they stray back up to me as I simply smile. "I wasn't going to risk not having everything you might want or need if I ever got you in here with me."

"Will you help me wash my back, daddy?" she asks, her arms wrapping around my neck as I lean down towards her, and I give her a soft, slow kiss, to get myself under control. My girl needs to be taken care of before I can fuck her, and I'm good with that, even if my dick is complaining.

"Whatever you want, baby girl," I promise as I pull back. I move everything into the shower, turning on the water so it's nice and warm when we get in it, then turn back to Everly, loving that she's here, but hating the reason that's so easily seen in the state of her clothes.

I kick off my boots as I move back to her, then gently lift her off the vanity so I can undo the rest of the buttons that managed to stay on the uniform. I let the thing drop to the floor and nearly come at the sight of my girl in her tight as fuck bra and a pair of booty shorts that mold to her wide hips. "You're even prettier than I could imagine with just the little glimpses I'd catch of you through your curtains."

"You peeked in my window?" she asks with a grin at me, and I drop a kiss onto her lips, adding more to her eyes and cheeks as the room steams up a bit from the heat of

the shower.

“I didn’t intend to, but when I saw your fucking neighbor lurking at them one night...” Her gasp has my hands cupping her face gently, calming her, “I took care of that shit straight off. That asshole thought he could jerk off to what was mine. He’s lucky he’s still breathing. I caught a little glimpse of you there and it took everything within me not to barge in there and carry you out, bring you home with me.”

“I would have gladly let you,” she sighs as my hands slip from her face down to the clasp of her bra. It’s like a workout outfit material and fuck it’s tight as hell. I can barely even slip a finger under the band to get it unhooked, and the dents it leaves behind on her skin as I peel it off her, has me ready to burn it.

“Shit baby,” I groan as her tits fall free, bigger than I ever thought thanks to the loose tops she always put on when she got home. “These titties are fucking perfect but that damn bra doesn’t fit and you’re never wearing it again. Never going to hurt these pretty things trying to stuff them into it again,” I warn her as my hands slip up, cupping each breast with one. They overflow them and I can’t wait to get my dick between them, fuck them while she sucks on the tip of my cock.

“My uniform doesn’t fit unless I wear it,” she moans, her back arching, pressing her breasts deeper against my hands.

“You think I’m going to let you work at that place any longer?” I ask, and her eyes flutter open, meeting mine in shock. “Daddy takes care of you now. Anything you need or want—it’s mine to provide. If you really want a job, I’ll find you one with one of our legit businesses, but I’d much prefer to be able to find you wherever you are and fuck you whenever I need, which would really hinder your ability to work.”

“I...I...” Her eyes show her worry, and I brush a kiss over her lips, holding her close for another moment.

“Tell me what’s wrong. What has you scared baby? I can’t fix it if you don’t tell me,” I urge her, wanting her to be open and honest as I reach back to take off my shirt, dropping my jeans in the process. I rarely wear anything under my jeans and the look on Everly’s face as she sees my hard cock bobbing while I toe off my sock puts a smile on my lips. “I know it’s big, but don’t be scared of it, baby girl. It’s going to feel so damn good inside you when you’re ready.”

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“Daddy...” she sighs, returning the smile while letting me slide her shorts down her thick thighs. The dimples in them make my mouth water to taste every last bit of her, and I lean forward as I kneel in front of her, pressing a kiss to her hip, and her hand slips into my hair, holding tight. “Tate...”

“Tell me what’s worrying you and I’ll give you a nice, soft kiss right where you need it most,” I bribe, holding onto her hips as her breathing deepens.

“I...I don’t want to ever be my mother. Never having my own money...scares me. If this...” she says, and I pull her closer to me, holding her tight as I look up into her sweet face.

“You’re worried what will happen if this doesn’t work out?” I guess and the look on her face says it all. “One, that’s never going to happen. I’m not some fucking shithead twenty year old that doesn’t know what he wants. I know you’re mine, Everly. Now and always, baby girl. Two, you’ll have full access to everything in my bank account. I’m not just going to dole out an allowance for you baby or expect you to ask me for every little thing you need. That’s not what I mean when I say it’s mine to provide. I meant that it’ll be my money that buys it for you, and you don’t have to work your life away because I’ve done the hard shit already to make this life for you.

“Three, if anything would ever happen to me, everything that’s mine will be yours. It’s more than just what’s in the bank. I’ve got property around the country. Some of it, the club doesn’t even know about because while I trust the guys in the club right now with my life, I know that it could change at any minute if someone new comes in with enough charisma to charm the rest into staging a coup. You’ll be safe, no matter what happens to me, I’ll make damn sure of that, Everly. So, does that calm your

worry, baby girl?” I ask, seeing the answer in her eyes even before she nods at me. “Good girl, now spread those pretty thighs and let me kiss that hungry little pussy before I wash all of that sweet juice clinging to them away.”

Her little moan as she widens her stance is nothing compared to the one that comes out of her when I cover her soaked pussy with my mouth, kissing every last bit of it the way I’ll kiss her mouth when buried deep inside her. Her hands grip my hair tight, the steam from the electric point water heaters filling the room entirely, but it’s nothing compared to the desperate heat in her eyes as I tongue her pussy, my hands gripping her plump ass hard.

“You’re going to come on daddy’s mouth like a good girl, aren’t you, baby?” I tease, my hand inching inward between the cleft of her ass.

“Please daddy,” she cries, her hips pushing her forward back onto my mouth. I suckle hard on her clit before going back to tonguing her pussy, my nose rubbing her clit. When my finger teases the tight whirl of her ass, she breaks gushing her sweetness into my mouth and I drink it all up as she screams out a chant of ‘daddy, daddy, oh daddy’ that has my cock coming without a single touch.

“That’s my good girl,” I praise her as I stand, lifting her off her feet and move us into the water. A little hiss leaves my lips at the heat of it, and I turn it down, making sure it’s not too hot for my girl before moving her into the stream.

“Close your eyes so I can soap your hair,” I tell her rather than handing her the bottle of shampoo I get off the shelf. “You’ll have to tell me if I do it wrong. I want to know just how to care for my baby girl, so I can care for all the babies we have, especially if they have curly hair like their mama.”

“Babies?” she gasps, her eyes opening and I make sure to keep her head tipped back so the soap doesn’t run into them.

“Eyes closed, pretty girl. I don’t want them to sting,” I state, smiling when she closes them, and the little grin on her lips says she likes the idea of babies just as much as I’m becoming obsessed with it. “Yes, I said babies. Ones that I put in you, and you carry. Ones that suckle on these incredible tits of yours. Ones that will love you entirely, just as much as I will...do.”

“Tate!” she cries, little shudders rushing through her as I continue to lather her hair. “Daddy, please don’t tease...”

“I’m not baby,” I promise with a whisper against her ear, kissing her cheek that’s free of soap. “I know what I feel for you is something I’ve never felt before—not with anyone—and it’s only grown deeper since I first met you. It’s why I want to know you’re safe just as badly as I want to fuck you into a coma, baby. You’re everything to me, but my world is a pit of darkness most of the time and I never wanted any of that to touch you. You’re a radiating beam of pureness, so I stayed away. Kept you safe from a distance.”

“I’m not...never have been,” she sighs, and I tip her head back into the water, rinsing it and make sure her face is clear before wiping the moisture from her eyes so she can open them, look at me when I tell her this time.

“You are baby. The people around you might have kept you from seeing it, but it’s there and it’s something that I never want anyone to ever touch. Worried that if I came near you, it would fade because of all of the shit surrounding me, but now I know, it never will. You’ve already seen most of it and it’s still there, and it just makes me love you more. Which is why I want it all, Everly. I want you as mine—forever. I want to fill you with babies that will carry that same light as you, because just being near it makes my life a million times better. Being able to hold you, take care of you is even better than that. Tasting your sweetness on my tongue eclipses even that though, so I’m definitely going to be selfish and see that I have you some way, every single day that I possibly can.

“I’m going to see that every fucking creep that even looks at you wrong disappears. If your ‘father’ or his police buddies come near you, I will kill every single last one of them and not break a sweat or blink an eye. Anything that threatens you has to go. I’ve been alone too long, lived without you—without your sweetness in my life for too long, to ever let anything come close to hurting you again. I know this is probably a lot—too much with everything that happened tonight but I’m too far gone over you to hold back now, baby girl. I love you, Everly, and I hope one day, you’ll love me even half as much,” I add, fear bubbling inside me and that’s one thing I never feel.

I haven’t when staring down the barrel of a gun, or facing a knife in a fight, but tonight, I’ve felt it more than once. The first time, when I knew someone had to have taken her, and now, not knowing how she’ll really react to all of this—to just how much she means to me. Shit, I didn’t realize exactly what it was until tonight—that it was more than just want and the need to have her—own her, but now, I sure as hell know it’s been building to this from the moment I saw her.

“I was terrified at what they were going to do to me, but that stopped the second I saw you there tonight, Tate,” she says, her body slick against mine, and my body shakes when her hand slips around my cock, stroking it. “I knew I was safe. That they’d never get the chance to hurt me. I heard their screams, and I knew what you were doing to them—knew and liked it. Which should have scared me, but it didn’t. It just made me want you more than I already did.

“I’ve dreamt of you being outside when I got off, and instead of letting me leave, you took me with you. Took me home. Took my body. Took my heart all while showing me everything was going to be okay, because you loved me as much as I loved you. Because I do—love you, Tate. I love you so much already, daddy,” she adds, and my dick explodes from just her soft tugs and her words, sending pleasure down my whole spine, and I lift her into my arms, stealing her lips in a long, hard kiss, until my dick is pulsing, wanting inside her.

“Take me to bed, daddy,” she whispers when I break the kiss, and it’s so fucking tempting, but I need to finish taking care of her first.

“Let daddy finish your shower, then we’ll go lay down in the bed and I’ll explore every last inch of you, baby. I promise,” I assure her, smiling when she sighs happily, letting me lower her down my body, and the look in her eyes when she feels my dick against her belly has me moving just a hint faster than I intended.

She smiles when I insist on drying her hair, but she doesn’t argue, and I kiss her neck and shoulders as I get ninety some percent of it fully dry. I don’t stop her when she tugs me towards her when I move to the other side, and she turns off the hair dryer, her eyes begging for more.

I carry her back into the bedroom, laying her down on the bed, and give the towel wrapped around her a little tug. Her giggle when it slips free, letting me see all of her gorgeous body on display, makes my cock bob, and she reaches out for me. I catch her hand before she can wrap it around my dick, pushing it up over her head and wrap it around the spindles of the headboard. It’s attached to the wall but still functional if I wanted to tie someone up in my bed. One of these days I’ll definitely have my girl tied up in it, but for tonight, I want more freedom of movement with her.

“If you take your hands off them, I’ll stop what I’m doing,” I warn, my lips hovering over hers and I steal the smile that slips onto them, tasting every last inch of her mouth before moving down her throat, over her collar bones, and down the center of her chest.

Her body arches up, her tight nipples begging for a taste, and I lick all around one, before moving to the other, pulling a whining moan from her that I love, want to hear a million more times. And I will, but not tonight.

My mouth pulls her entire nipple in as I suck on her skin hard, pulling a full cry of

bliss from her, but it quickly turns to one of disappointment when I lift my head, her eyes meeting mine. “Where are your hands supposed to be, baby girl?”

“I’m sorry, daddy. It felt so good, please don’t stop,” she pleads, her hands quickly moving off my head and back up onto the headboard.

“That’s your only warning,” I return making her drag in a deep breath. “If you do it again, I’ll not only stop, but also spank your ass so you remember what daddy’s good girl gets versus what happens when you’re a bad girl,” I add, enjoying the shiver that races through her.

I’m going to fucking love spanking her ass, seeing what will be her threshold of when it’s pleasurable pain and when it’s just punishment pain. Shit...hearing her say she was turned on hearing the cries of me killing those two shouldn’t have made me as hard as I was, but I love that she was happy I was seeing to her safety the best way possible. Sure, in some instances, killing cops would be a bad thing, but the ones around here don’t deserve to breathe the same air as her—especially not if they’re under her father’s thumb.

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“I’ll be good, daddy, I promise,” she moans as I go back to teasing her breasts, moving from one incredible plump mound to the other, until she’s squirming underneath me. I bite down on her nipple, my eyes on her flushed face, and she screams out in pleasure as my thumb strokes her clit. I give it a little pinch, and she topples over, her body arching up, moving against my fingers to prolong the bliss as I suckle hard on her flesh. Her hands stay wrapped around the spindles and I let her have another quick orgasm, before moving my mouth down her stomach, to taste her sweetness again.

Her thighs are soaked with her arousal, and I lift her hips, pulling her over my lap as I sit back on my legs, spreading her pretty little pussy open wider. “You’re so fucking pretty down here, baby girl, and it’s all mine, isn’t it? Daddy’s the only one that’s ever going to get a taste of it—have you wrapped around their cock, or on their fingers or tongue.”

“Yes, only you daddy,” she hums, shaking as I tease around her pussy, pressing very lightly against the top and bottom, but not entering it with my fingers. “Please daddy...I need more.”

“Try to keep your hands where they are, baby girl. If you absolutely can’t keep them up there, then they need to be by your side. No trying to keep this pussy from daddy, no matter what, got it?” I state, holding her gaze until she nods, her body shaking even more in anticipation, but I don’t move to enter her with my cock as she’s expecting. I lift her hips higher, bringing her sweet pussy up to my mouth, and devour her, kissing every inch I can until she’s coming, over and over on my beard.

She lasts through three orgasms with her hands on the headboard. On the fourth they

drop down onto the bed next to her, gripping the covers tightly, and the fifth one has them flat against the bed, pressing on it so hard they're nearly white. It just makes me want to give her more, to see just how many it'd take for her to disobey me, but I won't do that tonight. I can't wait another minute to be inside her now, and I lower her down onto the mattress, moving up over her, until my body is touching every inch of hers, my cock seeking her entrance.

"I don't want to hurt you, baby, but if I do, I'm sorry," I whisper to her as I lift her hands up to my shoulders. "You can scream and cry and bite me if you need to, daddy can take it."

"Please Tate...please daddy, make me all yours," she cries, and I can't hold back another second. Her leg wraps around my waist, and the head of my cock finds its home. Her sweet pussy kisses the head of my dick, and I push forward, sinking in until I reach her barrier. My body shakes with the depth of my hunger, and I surge forward, a flash of pure bliss flowing through me as it breaks, letting me deep inside my girl as she cries out, her open mouth landing on my shoulder.

Her teeth bite into my skin, and it makes me come, which sets off a wave of spasms inside her, that keeps me coming for a long, hot minute. My dick is being squeezed half to death, but nothing on earth has ever felt this incredibly perfect—nothing.

Chapter 4

Everly

The flash of pain was nothing compared to the depth of the heat that erupted inside me. I swear I thought it was going to make me combust into flames it went so deep, and then it triggered the most intense orgasm I've ever imagined having.

I've given myself some little ones by rubbing my clit or g-spot with a vibrator, my

fingers alone could never get me there but oh god, Tate's fingers and mouth were amazing. It doesn't really compare though to the feel of his thick, heavy cock inside me, and I cling to his shoulders when I finally come down from the intense high he sent me to. "Daddy..."

"You feel so fucking perfect wrapped around my cock, baby girl. I don't think I'll ever be able to leave it," he groans, his body shaking as he keeps his weight from falling entirely onto me. "Tell daddy you're okay, that I didn't hurt you too badly."

"You didn't hurt me at all, daddy," I promise meeting his gaze, and the relief there makes me smile as my hands slide around his neck, teasing the bottom of it. "You made me feel so good and now, I want to make daddy feel just as good, to make you come too. Teach me how to make you come, please, daddy."

"Fuck baby," he growls, his lips claiming mine and I can barely breathe as his tongue invades my mouth just as deeply as his cock invaded my pussy. Both feel incredible, but I want his cock moving the way his tongue does, and I lift my hips, trying to entice him to take it—me—fully.

"Daddy," I plead when he lifts his head, his eyes dark shimmering orbs of near black rather than blue, but I love the look in them.

"Do you think you didn't already make daddy come harder than he ever has before, pretty girl?" he asks, smiling at me, and my eyes widen a bit, staring at him in hope. "You did so fucking good taking me—all of me," he adds with a grunt as he lifts his hips, and I can feel his balls press up against my body, making me shiver. "Your tight little pussy took every inch of me like it's been waiting all your life just to do that one thing, baby, and it made me come so damn hard and fast. I tried to hold off, but then you came on my cock and drained every drop you could get."

"Did I really?" I ask, smiling, but it fades as a deep shiver slips through me when he

pulls out of me and lifts up, showing off his hard, throbbing cock that's shiny and wet, with little streaks of pink on it.

He moves up, coming up over my chest, his eyes glittering with a sexy smirk on his lips that makes me shiver again stating, "Why don't you give it a little taste and see for yourself. See if you can taste more than just your pussy on it."

My face heats a bit, and his eyes simply glitter more, his smirk deepening, and I moan when he teases my lips with the head of his cock. "Fuck...I knew you'd tasted how good your pussy was before. Did you imagine it was daddy licking your fingers clean after making you come for me?"

"Yes," I moan, and it deepens when he pushes the head of his cock between my lips.

"Give it a nice long lick, baby girl. See just how good you did becoming mine, and then I'll show you just how many times I can make you feel good before I teach you how to make daddy come," he urges, and I don't hesitate. My tongue snakes out, licking as much of his length as I can get as he eases into my mouth. There's a flavor on his skin that's definitely different than whenever I've licked my fingers clean and while it's a bit tart and salty, I like it. I lick and suck as much as I can of him until he pulls back with a grunt, a little stream of cum landing on my tongue and I grin as he groans, another stream landing on my breasts as he grips his dick hard.

"Fuck, I've got to come again," he grunts, moving down my body and my thighs falls open letting him in without hesitation. "Yes, that's my good girl, taking daddy's cock without complaint," he moans, his hands gripping my hips tight before he thrusts hard, filling me fully once more.

"Oh daddy, you feel so good inside me," I cry, his cock filling every last inch of me, but I still want him deeper. My hips lift into his thrust and there's the tiniest hint of pain that hits but it's not a pain that feels bad. I've always enjoyed pinching myself or

snapping a rubber band or hair tie around my wrist, and it feels like one of those types of pain, which just makes me do it again, moaning as my body quakes when Tate's hands grip me tighter.

"Easy baby, daddy can't go hard when I'm this deep without hurting you," he warns, and I smile gripping his hair with a hand as my other holds onto his shoulder.

"I like it daddy," I promise him, letting out a gasp when his eyes glitter even darker, and before I can even let out a moan, he's pulled out of me and flipped me onto my belly.

His teeth sink into my ass as he lifts my hips up off the bed, and I let out a giggle, pressing back into his face, a wave a pleasure sliding all through my body. Another flies through me when his hand comes down on the spot he bit, stinging a bit, and my head turns, finding his gaze as I moan. "Please daddy...don't stop."

"Fucking hell, baby girl, you're so fucking perfect," he growls before his hand lands on my ass again, and my neck arches up as I feel it all throughout me. "Spread your legs wider, let daddy in," he adds, moving up behind me, and I don't begin to argue. His cock fills me hard and fast, his hands gripping my hips tight and I can't help but moan and cry out with every incredible little blip of pain as he fills me deeper and harder.

"Daddy," I cry teetering on the ledge, and I'm toppled over it when his fingers leave my hip and slide down to my clit, rubbing it hard and fast.

"That's it, baby girl, take it. Come for daddy," he urges, and I come over and over as he keeps going harder at me, my body tightening entirely, buzzing as I try to breathe through them. "You're so fucking pretty when you come, baby. Give me another, baby girl. Show daddy how pretty you are when you come," he commands, his tone bringing my gaze back to his, and I shake beneath him, so close to something I can't

describe.

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“Please daddy, help me. Make me come for you,” I beg, bringing a growling moan to his lips. He thrusts harder into me, his fingers on my clit giving it a hard pinch, but it’s the combination of all of that along with the hand he wraps around my throat that makes me teeter.

Then slip over as his lips hover over my ear, “Come right now, be daddy’s perfect little slut and come right...now!”

Everything goes white as his hand tightens on my throat, and his moan is the only thing I hear as I feel that same heat deep inside my pussy. His other hand grips my pussy hard around where he’s buried inside me, and I rest in his hands just like that for the longest time, until I come down. His body shivers against mine, and I sink entirely into his hands as things begin to come back into focus. We’re both laying on the bed on our sides, and I lift a hand up to the one he has wrapped around my neck, joining my fingers with his.

“Shh, I’ve got you, baby girl, daddy’s got you,” he’s whispering to me, and I realize it’s because of the noises that are still coming from me as my pussy spasms around him.

They both fade little by little, until I can breathe normally, and I moan when he starts to pull away from me. “I’m not going anywhere, Everly. I just need to see you, see your face and your pretty eyes.”

He pulls out of me, and I hate the loss of it. The little blip of pain as he left me wasn’t enough to stop me from rubbing against his semi-hard cock when we’re laying face-to-face, one of his hands wrapped around my waist, while the other strokes my cheek.

“Everly...”

“Please daddy, I need to feel like you’re still part of me,” I plead, and he shifts enough so together we can become one again.

“There’s no need to ask if you enjoyed it I can tell,” he teases and my cheeks heat a hint, but I can’t help but smile. “I’ve never had anyone come that long, you worried me there for a few moments.”

“Why?” I ask lifting my leg over his so I can get closer to him, and a smile hits when his cock hardens further, filling me more.

“Orgasms can cause blood pressure spikes, I swore I didn’t tighten my hold on your neck too much to cut off your air supply, but the way you were breathing and crying out...I didn’t realize it was just you coming again until you clamped down on my dick the way you did,” he answers me and I giggle a bit at the way his dick moves inside me, as though in response of the memory. “I need you to tell me if I was too deep and too hard though, baby. I know a pussy a can take a beating, especially when it’s a pleasurable one, but there’s a line between that and potential injury, and with my dick as hard as I was...”

“I’m sure any real damage would require something more severe being introduced down there,” I tease him, hating the worry in his eyes. “You filled me up and made it feel so good, daddy. It didn’t hurt in a bad way even when it did hurt.”

“I can’t wait to see just how much you like a little bit of pain, baby girl, but right now, daddy’s going to love you so you know that’s not the only way I want you,” he whispers against my lips, and I don’t begin to complain when he rolls me onto my back and takes me slowly. His lips are on me somewhere as I come again, and I sob out his name as I go over once more, feeling him follow right behind me.

My eyes grow heavy and I'm almost out when Tate pulls away and I moan, reaching out for him. "I'll be right back, baby. Daddy needs to clean you up before you sleep."

"We already took a shower," I murmur and a soft kiss flutters against my closed eyes.

"I know, just rest, baby girl," he whispers in return. I try to open my eyes, but I can't, and I smile a hint when the bed dips. A little sigh slips out of me as something warm and wet slides between my legs. It's too rough and large to be a tongue and I inch an eye open, seeing Tate kneeling over me, a washcloth in his hand as he runs it over my pussy.

"Daddy..."

"Shh, just cleaning you up so you don't get sick," he says, using the backside of the washcloth to run over his soft, but still quite evident dick. He tosses it aside then crawls back up to me, kissing my eye closed again.

"Why would I get sick from sex?" I ask as he holds me close, my head settling onto his chest. "You wouldn't risk me catching something if you..."

"I'm clean, baby girl," he says as his fingers run through my hair, untangling it. "I haven't been with anyone in years. Couldn't stand the club girls so never took any of them. Didn't want anyone until I saw you. Sex is messy though, bodily fluids and sweat can cause germs to migrate, and that can cause UTIs and if those aren't caught, they can turn into kidney infections. I'd never chance you getting sick, so daddy will make sure to clean you up if you're too exhausted to move whenever necessary."

"Mmm," I sigh, falling deep into the darkness, a smile on my lips.

It's still there when I wake in the morning, finding Tate's eyes on me, a softness in them I can't begin to describe as anything other than as love, as he watches me.

“Morning.”

“Morning baby,” he says, his voice husky as his hand cups my face. “You are so gorgeous, do you know that, baby?”

“I’m not, but you make me feel it,” I return, smiling even more when he gives me a kiss that wakes every bit of my body, bringing me right back to last night’s desperation to have him. I give his shoulder a little push, knowing that he lays back more on his own than from my push, but I slip over his hips, reaching down for his thickness that’s at least ten inches.

“Everly…”

“I can’t wait, daddy,” I whine, loving the smile that slips onto his lips, and he doesn’t stop me, rather helps me slide down his length as his hands come down to my hips.

“Fuck you feel so good, baby. I love that you need my cock so much,” he adds, and I follow his hands as he moves me back and forth on his hardness. My hands rest on his chest, and I lift up as I move forward, then sink onto him as I go back, making his hands tighten on me, which just makes it better.

“I love you, daddy. That’s why I can’t wait. Why I need you so much.”

“I love you too, baby girl. You’re so damn perfect, I hate that I waited so long now,” he groans, and I move faster, the little flickers of pain only urging me on, making my need grow, and I know he’s the only one that I could possibly feel comfortable enough to do this with, to ask this of.

“Daddy, make it hurt, please,” I beg as I teeter on the edge, feeling the tiniest orgasm like that I’d give myself hit when I rub my clit right against his cock, but nothing deeper like last night. I need more of that, and the way his eyes darken makes me

shiver in the best way.

“Little hurt or big hurt?” he asks, pinching one of my nipples when he asks about little, then giving the other a twist when he asks about big.

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“Big...oh yes, daddy, big,” I cry, breaking as he gives them both twists, with little tugs as well. I don’t want it to stop, and his thickness just grows inside me, and I move faster as I push through it.

“Shit baby, you make me forget I’ve only had you one night when I see you like this,” he groans, his hand catching the back of my neck, pulling me down towards him, making my movements stop and I whimper when he pulls me off his cock. He gives me a long, hot kiss as his fingers tease me, fucking my pussy hard and fast, making me come while his hand on my neck holds me still.

“Daddy...yes, oh fuck yes,” I cry as he pushes me towards another one. A scream bubbles up when he lands a smack on my pussy, and it continues when he fills me hard and fast, his hand still holding the back of my neck keeping me still. His other holds me around the waist as he lays back, his eyes holding mine, and I scream louder when his hips thrust up, hard and fast in a pounding repetition that I can’t move away from.

Not that I want to move away from it. It’s intensity makes my eyes roll upwards, my body shaking from head to toe. I snap when his hands move up, giving my nipples twists, and I collapse onto him, feeling him fill me with his thick, hot cum. “Daddy!”

“There’s my good girl,” he teases when my eyes finally open, and I can lift my head off his chest. “Come on, daddy needs to clean you up and get you something to eat. You didn’t have anything at work last night, did you, Everly?” he adds when my stomach growls and I blush a hint. “I knew you needed daddy to take care of you. This just proves it even more.”

“I do need you daddy,” I agree, using the clip to keep my hair up so it doesn’t get wet when he turns on the shower.

“Ahh, here, try this,” Tate says, grabbing out a thick shower bonnet that makes me fall even deeper for him. “I know you don’t wash your hair every day. It dries it out too much.”

“How?” I ask when the water is cascading over us, and his hands are washing me in the most delightful ways.

“I overheard you talking to a mom in the diner one day. Her daughter had curls that were really frizzy,” he says, and I grin recalling the conversation now.

“Her daughter looked like she was going to cry when I said I didn’t wash mine daily. She loved baths and showers.”

“And you told her to buy a shower cap to wear on non-wash days. That her curls needed moisture but not constant washing most likely,” he finishes, and I grin, sinking into his sweet kiss that shouldn’t arouse me so much, but it does. Everything about him arouses me, and now, I get to indulge in it.

“Mmm,” I sigh as he wraps me in a towel. “I love you, Tate.”

“I love you too, baby. Fuck, you make me want to be a good man and a total beast at the same time.”

“I like that. Want that too,” I admit, seeing his brow lift a bit in response. “I love how sweet you can be with me, but I also love how ruthless you were last night as well. It turned me on knowing what you did with those cops, and that guy downstairs...if Meyer hadn’t urged me to stop you, I probably wouldn’t have. Does that make you love me less, want me less?” I ask, smiling at the fury that invades his gaze.

“No, it makes me want to do whatever I have to in order to see that you have everything you want or need. Makes me love you more to know that you can handle the darkness that surrounds us, and that you want my hands on you even knowing I’ve ended lives. More than just those last night, baby,” he warns, and I nod, holding onto his waist as his hand unclips my hair. His eyes watching as the curls bounce while they slide over my shoulders and against the tops of my breasts.

“Hinton?” I guess, making his brow lift my way. “Everyone in town knows he and a handful of others just disappeared. Some say that they were caught elsewhere, and you all just didn’t say anything on it because you don’t want it coming back on you here. Others figure they’re dead since you showed up in town one day with the President patch on your cut. They figured another club took them out since there wasn’t any fighting amongst the club members.”

“Yeah, he’s dead. I put my knife in him when he wanted to start running people. To him it didn’t matter how old they weren’t. He wanted to sell them for his own amusement and to line his pocket. Like I said last night, I don’t play with kids and anyone that does is going to disappear. The others that vanished went the same way as him when they tried to jump me for killing the bastard. They were dumped in the woods. By now, what was left of them is scattered all throughout them.”

“See...sweet, even if you were a dark beast,” I muse making his brow lift my way again. “You care about people. Yeah, you may do things that would get you put in jail in most towns, but this place isn’t like that. The ‘good guys’ are really bad, so the ‘bad guys’ have to be worse, to take them on. I mean, this place is a good example of it. The commissioner stole the money that was meant to turn this place into a school for kids. Good guys wouldn’t do that. The mayor uses the town’s funds to pay for hookers to bribe the judges, so they overlook the illegal shit the police do. I wouldn’t be surprised if he told his favorites on the force that he’d protect them if they got me out of the way by any means necessary and that’s why...” I stop realizing what I almost said but it’s too late and Tate’s brow lifts my way.

“That’s why what, baby?” he questions.

“That’s why the cops that come into the diner think they can try to cop a feel under my skirt. Why they harass me when I’m just shopping in town. Why I’d get in trouble for defending myself against their kids in school, but they never would even get a detention when one of them pushed me down the steps in front of the principal, who’s another of the mayor’s buddies.”

“They’ve been putting their hands on you all this time?” he demands, and I wince at the volume of his voice. “Shit, I’m sorry, baby girl. I’m not mad at you. I’m mad that they thought they could go near you when it’s so fucking clear that you’re at least protected by the club.”

“What do you mean by that?” I ask curiously, enjoying the depth of his fury, even if not the loudness of it.

“I’m in the diner every morning you work. In it more than not when you’re on the other shifts, but only if you’re there. I always sit in your section, tell them I want you to wait on me even if your section was full. That kind of thing gets around, especially when I never went in that place except for the odd meal until you started working there. Cops hit it up regularly, but never while I’m there, because they know if I saw them try anything with you, I’d end them. Which is why what those two tried to do last night pissed me off even more. Why I couldn’t let them live,” he adds, and I sink into his hold, sighing happily when his arms constrict around me. “Why would he risk anything coming back on him, or force him to turn in favors if something happened to you, Everly?”

“Because I’m older than his legitimate kids,” I explain but his brow just lifts at me, and I let out a sigh. “My mother told me that she let herself get pregnant with me even though he was married because she learnt that his parents’ will, left controlling shares of the family business to his eldest blood child. I guess his wife had issues

conceiving and that's what took them so long to have their twins, so my mom figured she'd get there first. His parents apparently didn't want him in charge because of his aspirations with politics, but they also didn't want to leave the company to someone that's not blood related. They were against adoption, which is why they did IVF then.

“He gave my mom some money when she refused to have an abortion, swore he'd give her more to keep her mouth shut about me, but that apparently only lasted until I was little. She went through all of the money by the time I was two and when she went back to him for more, his wife was pregnant with the twins, and he had something on her that kept her quiet. I don't know what. Honestly, nothing would really surprise me about her. She turned to guy after guy to pay our rent, and I think she was still hoping to somehow get me to be acknowledged as his biological child to take the company, which is some of why she kept me close until I was eighteen.”

“The boyfriend—who's a dead man if I find him—came along and gave her a momentary option for a different sort of payoff, but when he went away, she was left with just naming the mayor as your ‘father’.”

“Yeah, whatever he has on her has kept her from pushing it, but now that the twins are getting closer to being eighteen, I worry what she'll do.” Tate's hands slide up and down my back, his lips pressing soft kisses to my face, and I smile knowing I'm safe here with him.

“If he comes near you or sends anyone after you, I'll kill them all. I don't give a shit what he has on your mother. If it's true that you can take his moneymaker away from him...weaken him and the cops in this town just by having a blood test prove you're his, I'm all for it. I'll keep you safe, baby. The club will keep you safe, I swear.”

“I don't want his money, don't want my mother to have it either, but I wouldn't mind making him miserable. Him, his bitch of a wife, and his shitass kids,” I grumble, and the look Tate gives me has me spilling the rest. “She knows I'm his. I was thirteen

when their son groped me. He was like ten and a half and knew what it meant. Laughed in my face when he said he could do whatever he wanted to me, and no one would stop him because of who his father was. I kicked him in the balls and told him if he tried it with me, I'd tell the entire town just how sick he was for trying to grope or do worse his own sister. He said he'd never touch her, and that's when I told him I meant me. She showed up the next day at the school, smacked me, demanding to know how dare I tell her son something that adult. I just laughed at her, asking how dare they teach their shitty son to know what it meant to grope and rape girls at ten."

"And their daughter?" he asks lifting my chin his way with the gentlest touch.

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“Took a picture of me in my bra and underwear in the locker room when I was in eighth grade. I was rounder then, hadn’t grown as much in the boobs or hips yet so the weight was more evident. She emailed the picture to the entire school directory. I got in trouble for it, ended up being suspended for two weeks somehow for simply changing in the locker room after gym class, while she wasn’t even given a detention. I knew then that no matter what I’d never be treated fairly. That this whole town was under their thumb and the police were corrupt, and all I wanted was to get out of here as fast as possible. Until I met you, and then I just wanted you to come and get me. To take me with you and love me.”

“For daddy to rescue his little girl and keep her safe for the rest of her life?”

“Yeah, and then last night...when I was so scared of what might happen...” My voice breaks and I shut my eyes tight against the tears that filled them, leaning into his hand when he cups my face so gently I feel it all the way in my soul.

“Shh, baby, it’s okay, daddy found you and he’s never letting you go now. If I’d had any idea I’d have brought you home with me last year, but no one is ever going to get close enough to hurt you again, I promise,” he whispers, kissing my tears away, and I sink into his hold, until my stomach growls again, reminding him I haven’t eaten.

He carries me back into the bedroom, moving to his dresser and I watch as he takes out a pair of sweatpants, glancing back at me with a frown. “I should have bought you clothes to have, but my damn brain only thought of what I wanted to see you in.”

“Meaning?” I ask, as he comes back towards me with the pants.

“Meaning those knee high socks and little nighties I want to fuck you good and hard while you’re in them.”

“Those aren’t going to fit me. You’re narrower in the waist and hips than I am,” I warn when he holds them up for me to try and slip into. “Not to mention they’ll be ten times too long for me. Did they bring my car here?”

“I told them to, so yeah, it should be here.”

“I keep a bag of clothes in the backseat just in case I need to change after work. It should have something I can fit in for now,” I explain, and he nods, leaning down to give me a kiss before he grabs his clothes and covers his sexy body from my gaze.

“I’ll let you undress me later if you want, baby girl. For now, daddy needs to take care of his girl, starting with something to wear and eat. We’ll go from there and see where we end up tonight,” he adds, and I smile enjoying the kiss he gives me before he heads out the door, and I lay back on the bed, my body tingling in reminded bliss.

Chapter 5

Tate

I move down the steps spying a handful of guys already up and moving. A couple seem surprised that I’m not already gone since it’s already past eight, and most days I’m in town by seven if I know Everly’s working. Even if they don’t know that I go for her, they know I’m in town for something. One of the guys is Bolts and I head towards him rather than go out looking for Everly’s car.

“Hey Pres,” he says, drawing attention of a few others my way. Most of them weren’t here last night when I almost took out Crater for calling my girl hot.

Yes, she's fucking hot. Sexy as all get out and also beautiful and sweet, but no one else gets to say shit like that about her, let alone look at her like they want to fuck her. She belongs to me, and they'll all quickly learn not to eye her.

"Did you find a bag in the back of Everly's car?" I ask him as Meyer heads towards us. I'm surprised he's up this early—or maybe he's yet to go to sleep from the look of him.

"There wasn't anything in the trunk," Bolts says.

"You don't think the cops stole something from her do you?" Meyer asks and I shake my head no calming him for some reason. "Thank the fuck because if you went after the guys that stripped her car like you did those cops..."

"Huh?" Cash says looking amongst our group. He handles the books for all of our legit businesses, which includes a garage that Bolts and Tonka work at, which is why they're up earlier than most of the others in the club.

"Pres brought home a..."

Bolts stops, looking to me and a smile settles onto my lips as I tell them, "I brought Everly home with me last night after two of the asshole cops thought they could put their hands on her, try to rape her and get away with it."

"The carnage is worse than anything he did to Hinton and the others," Meyer expands sending Cash's brow upwards in silent question. "Trust me, you don't want that shit in your head. A bottle of whiskey still didn't get it out of mine."

"Not sorry for teaching those bastards what hell looks like before they landed there," I state with a shrug. "Everly is mine."

“The girl from the diner?” Cash asks and I nod, making him shake his head.

“What?” I demand, lifting my chin, daring him to say a fucking word against her.

“Nah man, just didn’t realize it was the girl you were going there for the last year for,” he states. “Never expected you to wait that long if there was a woman you wanted to claim.”

“I wouldn’t have, but I didn’t want to tarnish her sweetness—pull her into the shitstorm with the cops and down into the darkness. When I saw her car abandoned, her purse and phone still in it, I knew something happened and I wasn’t going to leave a single speck of this town unchecked. If I hadn’t found her when I did, I’d have had all of you up and looking for her last night. Instead, I found two dead men off on the Wilkens drive with their hands on her. Between that and the rest of what she told me, not a chance in hell was I letting her go. If I’d known she was already in the middle of the shitstorm with the cops, she’d have been here with me the entire time.”

“So what bag is she missing?” Meyer asks when Cash just nods, the curious look in his eyes matches Bolts and Meyer’s as well and I’ll fill them in once I’ve gotten Everly dressed and fed.

“Not missing, she has a bag of extra clothes in the backseat of her car, not the trunk,” I add and Bolts nods in understanding. “The cops ripped her work uniform so she can’t wear it. My pants are too long for her and she’s not walking around in just my shirt. Most of the club girls don’t have her curves, and I wouldn’t want anything that touches them on her anyway.”

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“I’ll go check for it. The tire’s shot, all of them are, so I figured we’d need to take it to the garage to replace them, so I left the keys in my box. We can take it over this morning if you want, Pres,” Bolts adds but I shake my head no surprising the group.

“She’s not driving that piece of shit anymore. I’ll buy her a new car if she wants one. She can drive mine whenever she needs to go if I’m not with her. She’s done with the diner so right now, that won’t be a lot of places.”

“Got it, we’ll still take the car in, see if it’s worth fixing up or just junking it,” Bolts suggests and I nod, letting him move out of the room while I turn my attention back to Meyer.

“If you’ve got something to say about the cops, say it or don’t bring it up again.”

“I’m not mad or worried about you offing them man, but a little bit of warning as to what we should have expected is all I ask for next time. I mean fucking hell, Pres, that shit wasn’t what I anticipated seeing,” he says and the slow smirk that crawls onto my lips has several others looking on in question.

“They were going to rape my woman. What would you have done if it was your girl they wanted to harm?” I return.

“Cut off their dicks,” Meyer suggests shaking his head. “I hope you didn’t get off on that shit, brother.”

“Only thing I got off on last night was claiming my girl’s virginity, making her all mine, and giving her what she needed as much as she gave me what I needed,” I tell

him, lifting my chin again at the questions that hit eyes at the word virginity. I don't give a shit if they know she was one. She's mine and I was fucking thrilled to know there weren't any men out there I needed to kill so they'd never again know how incredible it was to make love to—or straight out fuck—her.

“Well, you've got a stronger stomach than I do if you were able to get close enough to ram that thing...” Meyer stops, looking a little green and I chuckle making him glare at me in return.

“I didn't do it to him. I made his partner do it. Any time he tried to stop, I shocked him on the dick or nuts with the cattle prod. It's apparently a good motivator. The only thing I did to that one was give his baton a good hard kick. The other one I just pulled on a leash before putting him down like the animal he was. He tried to bring that baton down on Everly's head, so it seemed fitting.”

“Spawn and Victors decided to split PDQ when they saw the mess, then told Crater he was damn lucky your girl got you to back down when they finally got in this morning. Said to tell you the car was caught on a red light camera heading into town. Victors was blocked from view with the temporary tint they put up, so no issues there, and then let a couple others catch him on the way to hooker row. Spawn stayed far enough back he wouldn't get snapped in the same frame, and the car was already being eyed when he picked up Victors. Told the others that were up and still commenting on you actually being interested in a girl, let alone one that called you daddy when you were so against Hinton's plan being hypocritical of you that they should never utter a word towards your girl that could offend either of you unless they welcomed the deepest circle of hell finding them on earth,” Meyer added giving me a head's up.

“Difference is that Everly's nineteen now and I don't think of her as a little girl, even if she is my little girl. She's not a child I'm interested in...doing,” I state unable to even utter the other words in the same sentence as a child. “She's my baby girl, my

baby, but not a child. She's mine to take care of in the way a daddy should, but also my woman to love the way a man should. That's the fucking difference."

"Okay, don't know what I just walked into, but this is the only bag in the car," Bolts says, holding out the bookbag and I bite down on my tongue seeing it's a pink one with a butterfly pin stuck on it.

"I just was mentioning some of the stupid comments some of the others were making after hearing Everly calling Pres daddy."

"Ahh, stupid fuckers, got it. Well, I'm going to get to the garage, so tell Everly I said welcome," Bolts adds before moving off, letting me take the bag up to my girl trying to cool off.

"What's wrong?" she asks when I'm barely across the room's threshold.

"Just some shit with a couple of the patches I'm apparently going to have to deal with. Seems they don't understand how a man can want to have a little girl, be their daddy, but be against trafficking underage girls," I admit, loving the fury that crosses her face.

"You're kidding right?"

"Nope, I'll make it clear to them what being a daddy with a little girl means and none of them will dare utter a single fucking word of it to you, baby. I promise," I reassure her, before putting her bag in her lap with a grin her way. "It suits you."

"I bought it with the money you left me," she says, her face flushing and I brush a kiss onto her lips, holding her face gently. "I thought about taking it home, showing my daddy what he bought me and how much I liked it, how happy it made it to have something so pretty finally..."

“I left you the extra money so I knew you were taken care of baby, so I knew you could get anything you wanted. I love that you picked out things you wanted to show off to me, and if there’s more you’d like to do with it, we can. I’ll take you as far down as you need to give you pleasure, pretty girl. You’re naturally a submissive. You can stand up for yourself, defend yourself as you need, but that’s different from falling into a submissive role. It’s where you feel most comfortable, isn’t it? When you think of sexual and intimate moments, you need to be in the submissive role.” Everly’s eyes warm even more and she nods, crawling onto my lap and I hold her tight, knowing she needs this as much as I need to hold her. “If you want or need to lean more into that space in the majority of our life, even if it’s just for a period of time, or when certain situations arise, all you have to do is ask for it, like you did when you needed daddy to give you hints of pain to make you feel good. Okay?”

“Okay daddy,” she says with a beautiful smile, just resting in my arms. “I don’t know why but I do like the hints of pain. I always have.”

“Explain,” I demand, lifting her face up so I can see her eyes clearer.

“I used to pinch myself, normally on my arm, just to feel it. Or I’d get a rubber band or hair tie and put it on my wrist and snap it,” she says with a little shrug.

“Used to?” I ask, recalling the thing that she used to wear on her wrist when she was at the diner. I haven’t seen it in months, which makes me more curious.

“I haven’t done it since you started giving me cash tips. I haven’t felt the need to do that, just touch myself thinking about you, about telling you what I spent my money on, showing things off for you,” she expands, and I press a kiss to her forehead, enjoying her smile even more. “I would do it whenever I was worried or anxious, but lately if I felt like that, I would just think about you and the extra cash I had hidden in my purse that I knew my mother and her latest boyfriend wouldn’t find. I’d think of the things I could buy with it and how you might react seeing some of them. If you’d

love them and kiss me, touch me until I came, or if you'd hate them and spank me, tell me I could never wear them in public."

"Needing daddy to keep you safe and happy, calm you when you were feeling out of control," I state and she nods, her cheeks brighter. "That's what I wanted too, what I need too Everly. I need you to come to me just as much as I want you to come to me when you need something or feel something. That's why I don't care if you call me daddy all the time rather than just in bed or when we 'slip into play' like some couples might. For me, it feels right that I'm your daddy, no matter what is going on, where we are. It's not just when it comes to the sexual part of the relationship with you and I think you're in the same place, aren't you, baby?"

"Yes," she sighs, her fingers playing with my lips and I nip at them making her giggle. "I don't think I could ever just call you daddy when we're having sex. I want to be able to call you daddy when we're out shopping and I show you something. Ask if daddy likes it. I want to be able to call you daddy if I'm scared and need you. Want you to be my daddy if I'm teasing you somewhere I shouldn't be, when I shouldn't be."

"You want that because it's where you feel most like you, where you feel safest, with someone who will take over the dominant role that you can trust. That's what I want too, baby girl. What I hope to have with you for life. There's nothing you have to worry about when it comes to us and that, baby. A good dominant knows when and where and how far to push their partner. They know their limits and while they may push them to them, they'll never break them for their sole pleasure, because for most dominants, it's only pleasurable when their partner is completely safe within it. The truth is baby girl, the submissive has the true power, because they're the ones that can always end it. Any dominant that doesn't stop when they're told to, isn't a true dominant, isn't a true partner. They're only using that role to gain power—like the cops in this town," I offer, seeing her desire for us grow even deeper with my words. She's probably only read books with the themes of daddies taking care of their little

girls, never delved into the world of dominants and submissives, so I want to know that she understands this if we move deeper and deeper into it.

I used to not care about the women I was with, their needs as long as I got off, but after a while, it started to get harder and harder to get off, and I didn't understand why. That's when I started learning of the different layers of the darker pleasures. Discovered some of my darkness came from and built upon my sexual desires and other parts of it were just from the life I've lived. I learnt that I needed a submissive's consent to do whatever I desired in order to get off, but until I found Everly, the idea of being a daddy outside the bedroom never entered my mind. I never imagined looking forward to having the pleasure of indulging in the non-sexual bits of being a daddy that I've felt build over the past year.

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Finding pieces of everything that I desire in her just makes this new need to be her daddy in everything feel natural to me too.

“Like my ‘father’,” she adds, and I nod. “You won’t get mad if I...”

“If you don’t enjoy something and want it to stop?” I guess when she pauses, giving her a kiss so she can feel my answer before I begin to say it. “No, I won’t get mad if you discover something you don’t like and don’t want to do it again. Even if it’s something I might like doing to you. If you get no pleasure out of it, no enjoyment of it, don’t consent to it, then I won’t either, baby. For me, that’s the main need—your consent for what we’re doing. Some nights I may want to take things harder, darker than we might regularly. Want to play with you in ways that others looking in might find distasteful, but I would never do it without your agreement to it. I wouldn’t get off without it. Same as last night, if you hadn’t told me I could have you, I wouldn’t have been able to come the way I did.”

“And what if I want you to do something to me you don’t want to do? You were worried that you’d hurt me,” she adds when my brows furl and I smile, giving her a soft kiss as her belly grumbles again, reminding me of the need to feed her.

“It was your first time, baby. I’ve never been with a virgin before, and I didn’t want to hurt you in any way that might make you shy away from me in the future. Yes, I was worried you were hurting when you were barely breathing, because if I never was able to have you again, I’d lose my mind. I enjoy giving pain that gives someone pleasure during sex, so if you want to explore that side of things more, I won’t ever deny you it. The only limit I have set in stone right this minute, is other men having you, touching you—women too,” I tack on, putting a blush in her cheeks I love. “I

will have no problems taking you to the edge of your limits once we know where they are, baby girl. I'll enjoy doing it too, especially if I have to take you there because you're being a little brat and demanding something in bed going forward."

"Is that so?" she asks, returning my grin and I nod, giving her one more kiss before moving her off my lap, enjoying her little pout.

"Careful with that bottom lip, baby. I might think you're being a brat if you stick it out at me and spank your ass until you're promising to be daddy's good girl and only daddy's good girl, and right now, you're not ready for that," I state, reminding myself of that fact more than even her.

"I'm not?"

"No, because when daddy's spanking your ass, it'll be with daddy's cock deep in it, so until then, you'd best be daddy's good girl. Which means getting dressed so I can feed you, then take you to get the rest of your stuff. Understand?" I question, and she nods with a smile so bright I can't resist another taste of her lips, and I give her soft, slow kiss until I know I'm about to break. "Get dressed," I grunt, adjusting my hard cock inside my jeans.

I don't argue when she slips into the bathroom to dress, leaving the door open and I can see her pull out a new bra from the bag that doesn't appear to be of the same type as the one on my floor. The reminder of it has me getting up, grabbing it to toss in the trash before throwing her shorts in the laundry hamper, while I add the uniform to the trash. She won't ever need to wear it ever again. Well...not to work in. I might just have her bring the other one home so I can show her exactly what I'd have done with her if I'd known she'd been plagued with the dark shit.

There's one aspect of things I'm hungry for with her, but after last night and those fucking cops, it might take a bit to draw her into that arena of play. I'm hoping we

can get to it though, because the idea of doing whatever I want to my little girl makes my cock throb.

“Will this do?” Everly asks, and I turn her way, smiling at the sight of her in a pair of shorts overalls that while short, don’t show off all of her thighs. She’s wearing a short-sleeve shirt under them, it’s rainbow colors all swirled together and fuck, I can’t wait to undress her when we’re home later. She has ankle socks on with her shoes and I pull her into my arms, giving her another kiss, while my hand slips inside the overalls.

“You look perfect. If we were staying home I’d tell you to put on some of your new socks for daddy. After taking off the bra and panties so daddy could come up behind you, slip his hand in here and get his taste of your sweet pussy,” I tease, putting a flush in her cheeks I love before I pull her out of the room. I grab her purse on our way through the living room, turning back her way recalling her words from earlier about hiding cash in it, and ask her about it.

“There’s a tear in the lining. They’ll take the cash I have in it even if it’s in my room, but they haven’t found the ones I slip down into the lining.”

“How much do you have in it do you think?” I ask as we move down the steps.

“A thousand, maybe a little more. I knew it wasn’t enough to get out of here and get me somewhere to live. That if I really wanted to do that, I needed to stop spending what you gave me, but...”

“You didn’t really want to go, to leave me,” I muse, kissing her temple before we reach the dining room. “We have a few patches that can cook pretty decently so what do you want for breakfast?” I ask her as we move towards my normal table. “They’re better than the guys at the diner so don’t be shy, baby girl, tell me what you want.”

“French toast with honey and bacon,” she suggests, biting her lower lip and I tease it out of her teeth, giving her a kiss before settling her into a chair.

“I’ll be right back.” I move into the kitchen, letting them know I need French toast with a side of bacon for my girl, along with my normal breakfast, and check the cabinets for honey.

“Something you’re looking for Pres?” Slice asks as he lays down the bacon for both of our breakfasts.

“Honey, my girl wants it with her breakfast. Also, make sure to stock up on pulp free orange juice and cranberry grape juice,” I tell him knowing that’s what she prefers from seeing her at the diner.

“Check the cabinet to your left, middle shelf. Should still be good,” Slice says, and I see Jaco add the items to the shopping list.

I find the honey which looks brand new, and take it with me to put on our table, grabbing an apple juice for Everly to drink this morning, and a cup of coffee for me. She smiles when I set the honey on the table, grinning as she shakes her head at me a bit. “What?”

“A honey bear?” she teases, her smile beautiful and perfect, and I lean over, stealing it.

“I didn’t buy it, but it definitely fits you, baby girl. I told them to add some juice to the shopping list, so if there’s anything else you want to have in regular stock down here, just let me know. We can go by the store on our way home and pick up whatever you might want for upstairs.”

“Cranberry grape?” she asks me, her eyes hopeful and I kiss her nose, not caring

who's watching to see it.

“And pulp free orange juice because the guys only buy the with pulp shit,” I say with a nod, loving her smile.

“You're the best, daddy.”

“Just for my little girl,” I assure her, and her eyes widen when she sees the plates Slice brings out to us. “Eat what you can of it, if it's too much, it's okay.”

“You never order that much when you come in,” Everly says, humming happily when she tries her French toast. “God...it's so much better than the diner's.”

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“Try this,” I tell her, offering her my fork that’s piled with some hashbrowns, with a bite of fried egg on top of it, and a bite of sausage of it. She doesn’t even hesitate, and her moan as she chews, makes my cock rock hard. “Now do you see why I didn’t order a lot?”

“I do, and I’m sorry daddy.”

“Sorry for what, baby?” I ask offering her another bite.

She takes it, chewing it before answering me, “I’m sorry I didn’t let you see the truth about me—my life so you’d know I would happily come home with you, and making you eat the food there for so long.”

“Ah baby, I forgot all about the frustration and annoyance of the past year without you the moment my cock claimed your virgin cunt. You kept that safe for daddy which meant everything to me. If you want to make daddy happy right now, then eat up. If you want some of mine you can ask or just take it,” I add as she takes a bite of her bacon.

“Can I have a piece of your sausage, daddy? I can’t stand the diner’s, but this is really good,” she asks, and fucking hell, my cock throbs inside my pants. I’m on the verge of coming just from her asking for a piece of my sausage—and she didn’t even mean it in a sexual way.

I don’t know how the hell I lasted so long without her, but from here forward, I’ll never go without her again. That’s a promise, and if anyone tries to get between me and it, I’ll see it’s the last thing they ever do.

Chapter 6

Everly

I hold my breath as we pull up at the trailer. It looks even more decrepit after being at the clubhouse. I mean yeah, it was originally built to be a school, but this place doesn't seem like it once you're inside, and that's what really matters—how you feel when you're there. You could live in a two million dollar 'dream home' but if it was completely trashed inside, you'd never want someone to come over and see it. That's the way I feel about this place.

My mother's car isn't here, and I can only hope that means both she and her boyfriend are gone. Mike doesn't have his own car any longer—or a license. He lost both to drunk driving. Mom only had a car because of an old boyfriend that bought it for her when she was being sweet to him. Mine's the one she had before that, and I only got to start using it when I turned eighteen.

Tate parks as close as he can, putting my door next to the porch as he backs in. I was surprised when I didn't see my car when we left the clubhouse, but I won't argue about riding in Tate's SUV. It's a luxury brand and for once, I didn't feel every bump as we pulled onto the trailer park's drive.

He comes around the back as I slip out of the car, his face a bit of a scowl and I lift my brow his way, wondering what that look is for. "You stay in the car until I get you from now on, especially if we're somewhere that I don't know is safe, haven't had the chance to scope out. Understand, baby girl?"

"Yes daddy," I state, slipping into his hold with a smile for him. "I've never had anyone care about my safety, so I promise, I'll be good."

He gives me a quick kiss then takes the keys from my hand that I'd grabbed out of

my bag. I'm thankful they weren't on the same keyring as my car keys were, or else we'd have to break in since it seems no one else is home. Although just by looking at Tate, I don't think that'd be too hard for him to do.

"What?" he says surprising me because his attention is on the front door. "I can feel you looking at me, baby girl. Can feel the questions in your soft gaze, so tell me what they are."

"I was just thinking that you'd probably be able to break in with ease if I didn't have my keys. If they'd been on the same keyring as my car keys," I admit, pulling his gaze down to me as he pushes the door open.

"That door wouldn't be enough to keep me out if I needed to get to you. Fuck, nothing in this tin can would be. If the door wouldn't open and your window wasn't an option, I could likely take an ax and bust right through the side of this place to make my way in to you."

"Probably," I agree, letting out a quick breath of relief once more when Mike isn't inside, and I move towards my bedroom quickly, wanting out of here as soon as possible.

"Do you have bags or boxes or a suitcase even for your stuff?" Tate asks when I pull open the drawer of the dresser to grab the things I really want to keep. My mother is a size two, whereas I'm more like a size sixteen to twenty depending on the brand. She doesn't often try to take my stuff other than my shoes, but I made sure to keep the newer things in the dresser because I know she never gets in it. Not even to try and find cash when they need it. I don't hide it, simply so they don't destroy my stuff while searching for it. Well, don't hide all of it, because I also don't let them get their hands on everything either.

"I've got a couple old bookbags on the shelf in there," I tell him, pointing at the tiny

sliding door of the closet. It isn't one of those walk-in kinds. It's barely wide enough to hold full-size hangers and that's about it.

Tate opens it, easily finding the bags I meant with his much taller height, and I smile as he opens them, setting them on the bed so I can easily transfer stuff into them. "I have some bags in the car we use for transporting stuff. I'll grab a couple for the rest of this."

I nod, smiling when he drops a kiss on my lips before moving back out of the room and I move a little faster to get stuff packed up, so we can get home. It's not even the clubhouse that feels like home. It's Tate's hold, the way he caresses me, loves me, and I want to be surrounded by it and none of the filth I feel when I'm here.

Tate's almost immediately back and I smile seeing the bags he opens up on the bed. They're like storage bags you might use for bedding and I'm sure that they're normally used to transport guns. I can't say I love the fact that the Reapers sell guns, but I also know the people they sell them to would find a way to get them with or without the Reapers, so in the end, whatever they do with them is on them and not the club.

I finish pulling the things out of the top drawer and it fills the first bookbag completely. I move down to the second drawer, my face flushing when Tate sees the items it contains. It reminds me of what's in the single drawer of the nightstand, and after the first handful of little lacy bits and knee high socks are in the bag, I pull open the drawer of the nightstand and sneak out the couple of items that were in it.

"What do you think you're hiding from daddy?" Tate asks, his arms wrapping around me after he fills one of the bags with my shoes.

"Nothing," I tease but his hands slip down my arms, his fingers opening mine to take the items from my hands.

“Mmm, did you use this on your clit to make yourself come?” he asks, clicking the button on the bottom of the tiny little vibrator and the sound of it makes my nipples harden.

“Yes, it made them deeper than my fingers but nothing like what daddy gave me last night—this morning,” I add, giggling when he pulls me up against him tight, and gives me a long, hot, slow kiss. I can feel his thickness through his jeans and my hands slip down to open them, help him.

“No,” he grunts, grabbing my hands, stilling them. “I’m not fucking you in here. Daddy might have thought about breaking into your room at night, but it was always just to steal you from it. You deserve more than to be taken on this shitty bed, baby girl.”

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“That’s what I wanted too,” I sigh, resting my head on his chest until the sound of a chain reminds me of what else he’d taken from mine.

“My baby girl was being naughty without daddy, wasn’t she?” he teases as I pull back, seeing the clover nipple clamps I bought on a whim. “Do you like the way they feel on your nipples baby girl or were they a bit too hard?”

“They felt really good at the start but if I tugged on them too much, then it started to move from being a good hurt to a not so good hurt,” I admit, letting him toss the items into my bag before I go to get the rest of the things from the dresser I want to bring with me. The bottom two drawers don’t have clothes in them.

One just has some old school supplies I’d gotten from the free closet at school. My mom hadn’t cared about seeing I had notebooks and pencils, so I’d take one or two things from it every month and stash them here. I probably should give them back to the school now since I don’t need them anymore.

The second drawer is just a couple blankets I’d use during the winter when it got really cold. If I didn’t keep them hidden I know one of the boyfriends along the way would have ended up puking or peeing or bleeding on them, and then I wouldn’t have wanted to touch them again, let alone curl up in them when it was cold.

“We can play with them when we’re home. See if you like it more when it’s with daddy in charge, or if they’re just a little too much for you even with me. There are other kinds that have more of a clip type opening than the clamp type these are, which may feel better, even with a bit rougher play with them,” Tate suggests, and my entire body warms at the tone of his voice. It feels just as sweet as when he was

telling me that he wants to be my daddy in everything we do, ensuring I knew what it meant, the safety that was in it with him.

I don't think I realized just how desperately I needed that until then. Yes, I've been calling him daddy to myself, but that was thanks to a book I read at the library one afternoon. It was raining and I didn't want to come home, drive in the rain because the wipers on the car suck. I slipped down to the library and browsed some books, found one that had a tame cover, but the description of it was far from it. I devoured the book in hours, sitting in a back corner so no one would bother me, and the whole way home, I just kept imaging Tate in the man's role, taking care of my body in ways I needed in bed, and that night, when I touched myself with his imagine in my head, I orgasmed for the first time by calling him daddy. Silently of course. No way was I going to chance mom's ex-boyfriend hearing me pleasing myself. He'd have done god only knows what to me if he knew I was interested in sex.

Being free to make noise with daddy though—that's something I really liked. Along with the way he was taking care of me in ways outside of sex as well. Yes, there was always the money thing, but that's wholly different from the way he just held me this morning.

"I'd like that. I think I'll like anything with daddy," I admit, bringing a grunt from his lips to my ears and he gives me another hot kiss, before putting me away from him.

"Pack, I want you out of here before they get back. Can't guarantee they'll be breathing if we're not and they say one fucking thing out of line to you," he grumbles, and I finish quickly with the dresser while he gets the rest of the items from the closet into those big bags.

I do a final check while he takes them out to the car, finding a couple little tidbits I missed. The room looks much the same as when we came into it. Other than the dresser drawers being open and empty and the closet doors still open at least.

“Ready?” Tate asks, letting me drop the little things into my purse as his eyes flow around the space.

“Yeah, the blankets in that drawer are old and not worth brining. There’re some unused school supplies in the other one we can drop off somewhere. I think there are some plastic bags in the kitchen under the sink.”

“I’ll grab them,” he says, and I open the drawer, taking out five notebooks, a couple folders, and some new pens and pencils as well. He holds open the bag he comes back with, then takes it so I don’t have to carry anything remotely heavy, making me smile more at the simple gesture. He puts the bag in the back with the rest of my stuff, then opens the passenger door and boosts me up into the seat, pulling a giggle from me that has his eyes darkening with desire. “It’s a big step up, don’t want my little girl to slip and hurt herself.”

“I like that daddy wants to take care of me, keep me safe even with the little things. It makes me happy.”

“Good, now, let’s get you buckled in, and we’ll run by the store on our way home,” he suggests, buckling my seat belt for me while dropping a kiss onto my forehead that makes me sigh with pleasure. That book daddy’s got nothing on mine.

He holds my hand as we head back towards town, taking the turnoff just after the Wilkens’ drive that leads right into it, and I shudder just a bit at the memory of what happened before Tate showed up rescuing me. “It’s okay, baby girl. They can’t ever hurt you again. Daddy will always come for you.”

“I know you will,” I muse, turning my gaze onto him rather than out the window as we get closer to town. I’d call it a small town, although some may argue that it’s not really that small. There’s about forty-thousand people that live around the area, but in the city limits, it’s likely more like thirty-thousand. Not that they don’t pretty much

know everything that's going on with everyone else. Which is why I call it a small town.

People are way too nosy, in everyone's business, and there are very few secrets. My paternity being one of the only ones that's been held close to the chest of just a select group. It's also why most people know the Reapers run guns. Know that Hinton and some others disappeared and suspect foul play. But just like the cops are corrupt and no one really talks about it, the same thing goes for the Reapers. People know, or at least assume to know, but they don't talk for fear of their safety.

Although I definitely feel safer with the Reapers, especially with Tate, than with any of the cops around this place. Even if some of them didn't terrify the shit out of me by looks alone. Like Slice last night with the way he just looked at us from across the room, but this morning when he brought the food out, he didn't seem nearly as scary. Although I'm curious about how he got the name Slice. He had some cuts on his hands that marred his smooth espresso hued skin, leaving darker marks on them, and I wonder where they came from and if they relate to his name—especially since Tate's mentioned knives more than once.

The car slows and my brows lift curiously when we pull into the lot for our local shopping center rather than the grocery store. The old mall on the north side of town is now abandoned. The owners of it got greedy and started raising rent, so the little stores moved out and into the spots in the strip mall here. The last store in the mall closed two years ago and the place is just sitting there rotting now, while the stores down here in the shopping center seem to be thriving.

The trailer park where I lived is to the south of town, the Reapers' clubhouse is to the east, and to the west is the major employer in the area, Jackson Distributing. If it closed, the town would likely die, which is why my 'father' is so desperate to keep it in his hands. If the town dies, he loses all of his power, and he'll never let that happen.

“What are we doing here?” I ask after Tate’s parked and come around to get my door.

“I saw what you packed and what I packed. How much of it really fits your sexy little body right?” he questions, making me flush a bit because the truth is very little. “Exactly, and there’s no way in hell I’m letting my brothers see you walking around the place in those tiny little shorts that do fit. They’ll start wanting a taste of what’s mine and then I’d have to kill all of them, and then where will I be?”

“Alone in that big old place with just me—and a lot of dead, rotting bodies,” I tease lifting up to kiss him after pulling his head down my way. I love how tall he is, it makes me feel like a little girl—his little girl that he really can keep safe.

“I’d toss them out into the woods, but that might draw too many animals to come and get scraps. Which would then have us stuck in the middle of an island of wild beasts,” he returns, his arm around my waist, moving us up onto the sidewalk and towards one of the stores that does carry clothes in my size.

He steers me away from the darker color items that I usually get, and I grin when he pulls a pink dress off a rack and holds it up my way. “You like pink, but you never wear it out. Just those socks and shorts you wear around your room.”

“Everyone always said I look awful in pink. That I shouldn’t wear it because of my hair. My mom agreed with them and never would buy me the cute pink tops I wanted and if I tried to pick out something colorful, she’d snap about my weight and that I needed to wear black or blue, nothing else.”

“Which is why you only bought things she wouldn’t see you in that’s pink. What about what you’re wearing right now?” he asks, seeing a top similar to the one I’m wearing right now. It’s soft colors swirl with mixtures of baby blue and green and teal, and I nod when he holds up one my way in question.

“I bought it with daddy’s money, kept it in my bag and only wore it when I knew my mom wouldn’t see me in it,” I confess, not arguing in the least when he grabs more and more things from the racks for me. Not a single one of them is a dark shade, even if some of them are green and blue. He pulls me towards the back where the store has bralette style items with matching lace panties, and I shake my head when he takes a bralette down showing it to me. “It won’t fit. They’re too small in the cup.”

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“Try one on for daddy. I think I’ll like the way they look, and they’ll just be for us,” he urges, and I can’t say no to him, so I just nod, letting him pull me back towards a fitting room. I usually don’t try stuff on in stores, just hold it up to see if it’ll marginally fit and take it home. Most of the time it does, but occasionally I’ve had to bring stuff back, but that’s been preferable than risking someone opening the door and seeing me undressed after what happened with my ‘sister’ in school.

We pass by another dress on our way to the fitting room and I sigh at the sight of it. It’s a baby pink dream, with tiered eyelet lace and little cap sleeves and I flush seeing Tate’s gaze slip over it and then onto me. “You like that one, don’t you, baby girl?”

“It’s meant for a younger teen and way too little for me,” I say with a shrug, but he stops me before we reach the fitting room area.

“Do you want something like that to wear for daddy? When it’s just us, when you can completely forget that you’re grown and can just enjoy the simplicity of being young again, in ways you never were able to?” he asks and I bite my tongue to stop from immediately saying yes, because my heart races wildly with the thought of it. “When we get home, I’ll show you some websites that sell little style things and you’ll see, some of them, are even ‘younger’ than that dress. For now, let’s try these on and see what feels best when you have it on.”

“Okay,” I agree, and my cheeks brighten when instead of just letting me go into the smaller stall by myself, he moves us into one of the larger ones and locks the door. I don’t mind at all about it when he starts to undress me, and I try on several of the outfits, loving all of them. Most are regular every day types of things that I can wear anywhere. Shorts and pants—jeans and lightweight joggers. T-shirts and tank tops

and lace cardigans and kimonos that I can pair together. My favorite things though are the ones that daddy hands me to try on together. Little skirts and crop tops, a couple more sets of overalls, one another pair of denim while the second is a stretchy material and I grin when I see Tate adjusting his cock as he stares at me in them.

“Bend over and grab the bralette to try on with them,” he says, and I swallow a gasp when his hands slide under the hem of the shorts, pushing them to the side as I glance back up at him. “Oh yeah, these will work well.”

“Daddy,” I moan when his hand just teases over my pussy before he pulls his hand back, turning me to face him.

“Arms up,” he tells me after sliding the straps of the overalls off my shoulders and undoing my bra and pulling it off me. He takes the bralette from my hands and slips it over my head, settling it into place and the look in his eyes stops my comment about it being too little. My nipples are barely covered by the cup. My tits mashed together but it doesn’t seem he minds at all. Tate slips the overall top back up into place and takes a step back, just staring at me with desire filling his gaze.

“What do you think, baby girl?” he asks, turning me towards the mirror and I let out a little gasp and flush when I see myself. The bib of the overalls is just barely wide enough to keep my nipples underneath it, and with a little tug, they spill out over the top of the cup before Tate’s hands cover them from behind me. “I can come up, find you wearing this and pull these out, then push the bottoms to the side like this,” he adds, releasing one of my boobs to do just that, “and bury myself inside your sweetness with a single thrust.”

“You forgot the panties. They’re too tight for that,” I moan as his hardness rubs against my ass, making me desperate for him to take me. Right here, right now in this dressing room in the middle of town.

“Not the ones I’ll buy for you. They’ll be open here,” he teases, as his fingers run down the middle of my pussy over the material. “That way daddy can get inside you whenever he wants and you’ll never tell me no, will you, baby girl?”

“Never daddy,” I hum, shivering when he releases me, my body humming so much it hurts.

“Arms up,” he instructs after taking the overalls completely off me and I don’t argue, only shiver when he pulls me closer, his eyes holding mine. “Daddy’s going to give you what you need, but this time, you have to stay quiet. Not a sound. You don’t want anyone calling the cops on daddy for touching his little girl, do you?”

“No,” I whimper as his fingers pinch my nipples putting me on the edge almost instantly.

“Good girl, daddy likes playing with his little girl, dressing her up,” he whispers against my ear as his hand slips down my belly and straight into my panties. “Shh,” he warns as I let out a little gasp as he drags his nail over my clit. “Not a sound. You can bite daddy’s chest if you need to muffle it.”

“Oh yes daddy, please,” I whine, my lips finding his nipple and I lick it hard while his fingers delve into my pussy. It sends a wave of pleasure straight through me, and I press my face harder against his chest to stay quiet. His hand speeds up, sending me blind for a minute, and I come back as he lets out a low hiss and I realize my teeth are pressing into his skin.

“I’m sorry daddy,” I whisper, but his mouth captures mine with a hard kiss, and he sends me straight back over again, not letting me go until the little noises stop.

“You never have to apologize for biting daddy when he says you can. Only if you bite daddy’s cock when you’re not supposed to,” he teases me, his hardness pressing

against my belly and I rock my hips, pressing against him harder. “If you don’t behave you’re going to end up with daddy’s cock inside you right here in this dressing room.”

“You make it sound like a bad thing, daddy,” I return, rolling my hips against him again, and almost scream when he moves faster than I imagined. I fight it back as I’m pushed face down against the bench in the space, daddy behind me, and I shiver with delight when he tears the panties straight off me. Thank god they were mine and not some I tried on or we’d have something to explain at the checkout.

“Let’s see if you’re so smug when I’m done,” Tate warns, the sound of his zipper releasing the only other thing beyond my harsh breaths, and I shudder in delight when he fills me hard and fast, his hand going over my mouth to muffle the little squeal that slips out.

The bench is thankfully bolted to the floor, and I teeter on the edge of another incredible orgasm as daddy fucks me hard. His teeth nip on my ear, until he comes hard, grunting out his pleasure into it as my body shakes, wanting to join him. The need is clawing at my skin, and I whine as he pulls his still hard cock out of me. “Daddy...”

“Good girls get rewards, little brats get lessons,” he says as he zips his pants before picking up the overall shorts I wore in here and holds them out for me. “Get dressed like a good girl unless you want a real punishment, baby.”

I slip my legs into them after just a token protest, “My panties...”

“They’re my rag now,” he replies, showing me the tatters of them and I slip into the shorts while he slips my normal bra on for me, clipping it before he holds up my shirt with a simple, “Arms up.”

I don't begin to argue that, even though my body is still blazing with desire. I know he's not going to let me come again. His eyes already said it, even more than his comment about brats getting lessons. I teased him into fucking me with his cock when he warned me not to, so now, this is my punishment.

"You understand now, don't you, baby girl?" he asks, pulling me up against him when I'm dressed. "Daddy decides when and where and what kind of pleasure you get."

"I'm sorry, daddy. I'll be good," I promise shaking fully when his arms envelope me, tears pricking my eyes and I don't know why.

"Shh, daddy's got you, baby. Daddy loves you," he whispers against my ear and the shaking subsides although the hunger is still racing through me. "You're still daddy's sweet little girl. You just have to know that daddy's always in charge and when you push daddy, there's consequences. Right now, that is you having to wait to have this raging hunger satisfied."

"I love you daddy," I sigh, smiling as his lips press kisses to my eyes before he takes a step away from me, his hands holding me steady which makes me smile even more. "I'm okay. I don't know why..."

"You were about to cry," he guesses, and I nod, sinking into his touch as he kisses my forehead. "You thought daddy was angry with you and that scared you, I imagine. I wasn't angry, just upset that you tried to break daddy's rule, and thought you'd get anything you wanted because daddy's obsessed with you. If we were home and you wanted more, needed it, it's one thing to tease daddy, to press for it, baby girl. Out here, even though we're in this private space, it's still in public and my first priority over my own pleasure, even yours, is to keep you safe. I knew you were hungry, and I wanted to give you that pleasure as much as you needed it, but when you pushed for more despite knowing my tone said not to, you had to learn that daddy will punish

you for misbehaving. It doesn't mean I don't still love you just as much though, pretty girl."

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“Swear?” I ask, my heart racing with the worry I didn’t realize was there until he saw it.

“I swear, Everly. I love you, baby. But being daddy means being hard and sometimes harsh when you don’t do as you’re told—and that will include doing the opposite of what my tone is clearly indicating. Even when I am, I’ll still love you because my love is unconditional. I can’t begin to imagine a time where I won’t love you,” he promises and my heart calms back to normal and I nod, at the look in his eyes. “Are you ready to go or do you need another minute?”

“I’m okay, daddy. I love you,” I add, smiling when he wraps me in a hug, before gathering up the new clothes and leads me out of the room. There are a couple curious looks our way when they see us moving out of the fitting room, but I keep my attention on Tate, fighting a blush when he grabs a few more of the bralette and panty sets, and leads us up to the checkout.

The total blows my mind, but he just swipes his card while the cashier bags everything up, her eyes bouncing from Tate to me and back curiously. He slips his arm around me after taking the bags, leading us back to the car and I smile the whole way to the grocery store, my body still hungry for more pleasure, but also hungry for more of just him and his hold.

Chapter 7

Tate

My cock throbs as Everly’s hips swish in her overalls that look so good on her. I can’t

get the way she looked in the others out of my head, especially with her nipples falling out of that little top, and the wetness from her pussy showing on her panties. I'm just as keyed up as I left her, want nothing more than to pull her into the bathroom and finish what I started, but the hell if I'm going to let anyone see her perfection. I know we'll get the cops called on us if I try to fuck her right now, and they'd be more than happy to take me in for indecent exposure or lewd acts.

And if a single one of them touched my girl, I'd put them down in an instant, which would mean having to get the hell out of here with Everly just as fast. Like hell I want to be on the run with her for the rest of my life or wind up in jail away from her for it, which means I have to control what happens. Have to control my little girl like a good daddy does.

That part is the only thing that's keeping me sane as we head up and down the aisles of the store, getting the snacks and food that we'll keep upstairs in our place. Main meals we'll do with the club for the most part, but if there's anything my girl wants to have on hand, I'll see she gets it. I grin when she pulls some fruit cups off the shelf and puts it in the cart without looking to me for approval. She did for the first couple aisles until I kissed her long and hard, telling her to get anything she wanted. That she had no limit on how much it cost, how much she was getting, or what it was. There's nothing that I'll limit her from eating. That's not the control over her I want—unless we're playing and daddy won't let her have a treat or candy until she eats what daddy gives her like a good girl.

“Oh, I'll be right back,” she says, leaning over to give me a quick kiss then hurries back down the aisle and around the corner. I'm pretty sure she's grabbing the cookies she eyed but walked past on the last one, so I stay where I am, and grab a couple more of the fruit cups I saw her debating between.

I settle them into the cart and move back to push it forward, my brows furling seeing the paleness on Everly's face as she hurries back up the aisle to me. The cookies that

I knew she wouldn't be able to resist in her hand, but she doesn't smile when she puts them in the cart, slipping into my arms quickly. "What's wrong, baby girl?"

Her face turns into my chest, a shudder running through her, and I hold her tighter, my head swiveling left and right, looking for an explanation to her fear. My jaw tightens when a man comes around it at a leisurely pace, the uniform giving me a good idea of what's going on, and it grows more when I see the man's face. The fucking chief of police. The worst of the corrupt asses in town, other than her 'father' at least.

"Shh, it's okay, baby. Daddy's got you," I whisper against her ear, my hand moving up and down her back, trying to comfort her, calm her. I move us so I can get us off the aisle and keep Everly tight against me, until we're out of sight of the bastard for the moment. "Everly, baby, what happened? Did he say something to you?" I ask, pulling her sweet face up my way, the fear in her eyes urging me to do some serious damage.

"I hate him. So much," she sighs, her hands settling onto my chest and I nod, rubbing her back again so she'll keep going. "I was grabbing the cookies, thinking they'd be good with a fruit pudding or fruit yogurt parfait. They were on the bottom shelf, so I'd bent over and that's when..."

"What baby girl? Did he touch you?" I ask, forcing my tone to stay even although what I really want is to bury my knife in the man for upsetting my girl.

"No, but he said my shorts were indecent and if I wasn't careful, he'd take me to jail for wearing them. Then stepped closer and added that it'd be really easy for me to get lost in a prison, sent to the wrong one, and find myself surrounded by guards that enjoyed extra flesh," she gets out, barely breathing, and my body blazes with fury even higher than last night.

I remind myself over and over that we're in the middle of the grocery store, in the middle of town, and I can't kill him, no matter how much I want. I can't kill him here.

Doesn't mean I can't kill him somewhere else. I just need a way to get him outside of town, without witnesses and backup. Without cameras. Then I can kill him.

"It's okay, baby girl. He'll never lay a hand on you." I press kisses to her face until she stops shaking and watch the bastard as he passes by the end of the aisle we're on, his eyes narrowing when he sees the hold I have on her. I've no doubt that the two last night knew who she was now. That they weren't going to let her walk away when they were done. No, if they didn't kill her after raping her, they'd have called this bastard and gotten her out of town, or at least out of public.

If I had any questions as to what we needed to do, they're all answered now. The corrupt cops, and judges, and mayor, and city council all need to be taken down—taken out. It's time the Reapers stopped hiding from the fight. It's time to lay siege on anyone that has it out for us, and Everly.

"He's gone," I reassure Everly after the man's walked out of the store, keeping her in my arms as we finish our shopping. I grab anything she looks at, not letting her argue, and distract her at the register when the total comes up by giving her a ten dollar bill, telling her to buy whatever candy she wants from the shelf while my card processes the purchase.

She grabs a Snickers, KitKat, and Reeses and pays for them, smiling up at me when she deposits the change in her pocket, her eyes bright once more as she glances up at me with a teasing light in them. She moves forward to reach me and the cart, her hips swishing as she moves again, and if she hadn't been terrified by that bastard, I'd spank her little ass for acting like a brat 'keeping daddy's money' but I'd much rather see her easing into those waters than having that terror in her eyes again.

I wait until we're outside, then hook my finger through the beltloop on the back on her overalls, pulling her back up against me with a warning, "Careful baby girl, you know better than to act smug around daddy."

"But you love me anyway," she counters, smiling a bit more, and I settle her into the passenger seat, giving her a thorough kiss that has her moaning when I pull back.

"Yes, I love you even when you start to act bratty. One of these days daddy will show you just how far you can push it before you end up with a very sore bottom," I add, starting the car so the AC comes on and I know she's safe while I load the groceries.

Her eyes are still glowing when I slip in behind the wheel and we head back towards the clubhouse as I wait for her to ask the question in her gaze. She opens the Reeses and turns my way, holding it up for me to take a bite and I don't hesitate.

"I know they're daddy's favorite. You only ever get Reeses pie or milkshake when you come into the diner for lunch or dinner," she says when I hesitate on the second cup she holds out for me. "I like KitKats and Snickers ten times more, bought these for daddy."

"Being a sweet girl so I forget the brattiness of keeping the change?" I tease, before eating the second one, my heart becoming hers even more with the simple gesture.

"Maybe..."

"Ask your question, Everly. There's nothing you can't ask me. Well, nothing I'll get angry or annoyed by you asking other than for daddy to let you go, or to let another person play with my little girl," I add, and the way her cheeks heat, has my cock pulsing and I shift a bit to be able to drive comfortably.

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“What did you mean when you said I’d end up with a sore bottom?” she asks, and I grab her hand that’s playing with the hem of her shorts, bringing it to my mouth and kiss her palm. She bites her bottom lip, squirming in her seat, and I know the hunger from earlier is growing once more inside her. The chief of police might have sent her into a different state of mind, but the hunger never really faded.

“When you’re being just a bit bratty, it’ll be spankings. The intensity of them will grow based on how bratty you are, and when you really push it, or break the rules, daddy will not only spank your ass red, he’ll take it hard and rough, leaving you unsatisfied until you come to daddy asking for forgiveness.” Her little gasp of breath isn’t from fright, no, the breathiness of the little moan underneath it proving her hunger is quickly bubbling to the surface. “Daddy will always forgive his little girl, but she’ll have to earn it. Some days that will mean you on your knees taking every inch of me down your throat. Other days it will mean spreading that sore bottom open for me to keep taking without a single complaint or protest. Daddy will only take it hard again if you were a really big brat and I know you’ll only truly learn to behave by making the pain linger.”

“Daddy...you’re so big,” she cries, shivering in her seat, and I kiss her palm again, before resting it on my hard cock.

“Just means I’ll be able to really punish you when you’re wrong then, doesn’t it?” I tease her, then tease myself by having her stroke my cock through my jeans. “When we get inside the garage, you’re going to lean over here and suck daddy off to say thank you for your new clothes and all the yummy goodies I bought you.”

“Please daddy,” she hums, her eyes excited for it, and I fight to keep my focus on the

road the rest of the way to the clubhouse. It's not going to take long for me to come, and the garage is a welcome sight as I pull around the side of the building. It's the original shop that was built for the school's trade program, and holds both bikes and cars for me, Meyer, Spawn, Victors, Cash, and Tonka as the ranks of the club.

Victors is our sergeant at arms, responsible for keeping our personal weapons and backup in ready order, in addition to ensuring orders are carried out. He works closest with Spawn who took over as Enforcer when I stepped up to be president. Tonka is our road captain, he helps plan our runs and sees that our bikes are in top condition on them, then works with Bolts at the garage when we're home.

None of them should be here or coming into the garage soon, so I have no worries about what I plan to do to my girl when she's gotten me off.

I turn off the car, closing the garage door then push the car door open so the air that runs through the garage will keep us from sweltering in the heat of the day. Everly's hands already have my zipper down and my cock springing free by the time I've opened the door, and my attention slides down to her as her mouth slides over my cock, teasing every last inch of it with her tongue. "Fuck, that's it, baby girl. Suck it good."

"Mmm...yes daddy," she mumbles around my thickness, not releasing me, and I smile, seeing the hunger in her eyes for it—to give me pleasure.

My breath leaves my lips with a hiss as she swallows around me, the feel of her throat teasing the head of my cock, and when she moans, it's too much. I come with a rapid fire, choking her with force which only makes me want to fuck her more when laces of my cum land on her neck and chin.

I bring her face to mine, licking the cum off her chin before sliding it into her mouth, and she steals it off my tongue with hers, while I rub the rest into her skin as I hold

onto her throat. “That’s daddy’s good girl.”

“Do you need more, daddy?” she asks, her hand wrapping around my still aching cock, and I hiss out a breath to keep from coming instantly at her touch.

“Yes, but not with your hand or your sweet mouth. Get in the backseat,” I tell her, lifting her out of the car over me. Her face flushes but she reaches for the handle of the backdoor and I climb out after her, leaving it open as she slips up into the bucket seat, her eyes looking to me for more. “Slip into the other one,” I urge her, waiting until she’s sitting in it to release the latch that lets it swivel, turning it until it’s facing into the vehicle rather than forward, and set it, as she holds the armrests tight.

“What on earth...” she gasps when I push the other one so it’s facing the back row, giving me more room to maneuver.

“Custom set up the guys did. They move so we can store goods without anyone seeing the latches unless both seats are in the correct spot. If we have a big enough cache we’re going after, we take a big moving vehicle, but most of the time, they’re more likely to draw attention than a normal looking SUV might, especially if bikes are sticking close to it.”

“So, it’s not just to get girls in the back of to play with?” she asks, her cheeks bright with color, and I brush a kiss over her lips, holding her gaze to answer her.

“I haven’t slept with a woman in nine years, baby girl. You’re the first I’ve had since joining the club. The only one I’ll have from here forward. Other women mean nothing to me. Just you. Now, what has daddy told you about eating in daddy’s car and making a mess?” I add, glancing at the tiny little spots of melted chocolate on her shorts with a grin.

“Not to,” she replies with ease, coming right along with me and I nod, lifting a brow

at her, waiting. “I’m sorry daddy, I won’t do it again.”

“You’re going to have to do better than that. Take the soiled mess off,” I state, and her hands slip to the straps and undoes one then the other, letting the bib drop. Her top half is still covered with her shirt, but her bottom half is bared when she slips the shorts off, and her knees press together as she looks up at me, her cheeks bright, such an innocent look in her eyes.

“Where are your panties, little girl? You know better than to go running around with your bottom bare. Did you let the boys see you like this, the way you show it off for daddy? Is that how you got money for the chocolate?” I question, and she doesn’t even blink an eye at them.

“No, daddy said to never let anyone else see my bottom. I wouldn’t disobey my daddy,” she counters innocently, and I smile, pressing a hand between her thighs, pushing them open while tugging her ass to the edge of the seat.

“You disobeyed by eating chocolate in daddy’s car, so how do I know you’re telling the truth? How do I know you didn’t let someone else touch you here,” I demand, cupping her pussy tightly, making her gasp. “Touch what belongs to daddy?”

“Because I love my daddy and would never disobey that rule,” she answers, “but daddy can tell I still belong to just him, can’t he? Daddy can tell I only know his love.”

“Let’s see,” I tease, pushing my cock deep into her as I hold her still on the edge of the seat. “Mmm, yeah, it’s still shaped just for me,” I groan as she squirms under me.

“I was your good girl. I’m always your good girl, daddy,” she whines as I keep her thighs pressed wide open against the seat, thrusting shallowly in and out while keeping off her sweet spots, wanting to drag it out.

“Good girls don’t make a mess in daddy’s car. They don’t sneak chocolate when daddy tells them not to, and they don’t walk around with bare bottoms, wearing shorts that anyone could take off them without daddy’s permission.”

“I’m sorry daddy, I’ll do better, I promise,” she cries wiggling her hips to get the needed stimulation, but I’ve got a tight hold on her and I don’t let her go.

“Yes, you will, but right now, you’ll accept your punishment for what you’ve done, and when you’ve learnt your lesson, then daddy will remind you how good it feels when you let daddy touch you,” I state, pulling a cry from her that has me on edge, but it’s nothing compared to how good her pussy feels wrapped around me as she struggles a bit against my hold. Fuck, I’m going to have to talk to her about the rest soon. I can’t imagine not having a time where I can do anything and everything to my girl while she struggles to get free, to stop it—all with her consent to it beforehand.

I pick up speed, shifting so I’m grazing her g-spot as my orgasm races down my spine, and she screams in my ear as I come, flooding her with cum, and I hold her still until my cock stops spewing. Her whine as I pull out just makes me smile and I grab her panties out of my pocket, cleaning her up before slipping her shorts back onto her as her eyes stare up at me with wonder.

“Daddy…” she huffs, and I laugh, pulling her out of the car with me, and give her ass a spank. “You enjoy this, don’t you?”

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“Leaving you hungry and unsatisfied?” I state and her shoulder lifts a bit. “Earlier was so you’d learn not to push when I tell you no. This time it’s for your pleasure baby.”

“How is leaving me without for my pleasure?” she asks as I grab out the groceries first. She takes the bookbags and I don’t argue that, or when she grabs the smaller bag from the store.

“I’ll come back for the rest later,” I promise, dropping a kiss onto her lips before moving us towards the door. “As for the other thing,” I add as a couple guys give us nods in the hallway, “it’s so when I let you come later, it’ll feel so much stronger. I’m going to spend the rest of the afternoon teasing you, building it up, and by the time I get inside you later tonight, you’re going to go off like a top.”

“Really?” she asks, and I nod, dropping a kiss onto her lips as we reach the steps. “Okay, but does that mean I can’t pout about it, daddy?”

“You can pout and try to tease me into changing my mind all you want this afternoon without punishment, but you won’t break me.”

“Okay,” she says, smiling a hint more and we move down to our rooms, and I unlock the door, ushering her inside. I drop off the groceries in the kitchenette, then take her bags to the bedroom, grabbing the extra key out of nightstand before moving her back to the door.

“This will unlock the door if the battery dies or for some reason it won’t accept your print,” I tell her, showing her where the keyhole is, before programming her prints

into it. “I trust my brothers to an extent, but this keeps both them out when I don’t want company and ensures the club girls don’t come near my bed.”

“Club girls?” she questions, and I nod, settling her onto a chair before unloading the groceries as I explain things to her. “So, they don’t have any say in what happens to them?”

“They know what they’re getting into when they come out looking for sex or help. A couple of them came here to leave the jackasses they were dating or married to that beat them. The club agreed to help but they became property of the club. A couple of the others were hooking up in the city and figured it was safer to chain themselves to the club than to their pimps. Some of the girls just like to fuck and don’t care with who. Any of them are free to leave at any time, but leaving means they don’t have any protection any longer, nowhere to live. They’ll have to fend for themselves entirely.”

“I...” Her face scrunches up and I lean over, giving her a soft kiss, stroking her chin seeing the confusion still in her eyes.

“It’s the way of life of most clubs, baby. Women flock to them for whatever reasons. Some want to become old ladies...it’s what we call a committed woman. A wife, serious, or longtime girlfriend. Some clubs hand out the title of old lady to close friends of the club, but for us it means someone that’s taken. Other men are to keep their eyes and hands off of her, because they belong to a brother—or sometime brothers. One of the other clubs we occasionally join up with if we need backup on runs has two guys that share an old lady. The three of them are a couple.”

“Like all three have sex with each other, even the guys?” she asks, her eyes wide with shock and I chuckle, giving her a soft kiss and nod.

“A couple of the guys here enjoy doubling up with a girl, so it’s not unheard of for

club members to share a woman at the same time or even be bi-sexual and enjoy whatever they want, baby. We've got a few members that are gay. In fact, Cash our treasurer, is. He hasn't brought anyone around, but we all know and not one of the guys says shit about it. But far as things go here, only a handful of the patches have old ladies. Some only date girls outside of the club, others only sleep with the club girls. When a member takes on an old lady, they get a cut with a property of patch. Yours has two," I tell her, enjoying the way her eyes widen in shock at that information. "It's in my closet ready and waiting for our next ride."

"What do the patches say?" she asks, her voice a little breathless, but the look in her eyes in the same kindling fire I saw every day at the diner and I'm going to enjoy flaming it even higher.

"The first says 'Property of Steel Reapers Pres' since that's my title and what most of the guys call me now. When I first became a patch, my road name was Fate. Maybe not most clever thing they could come up with considering my name's Tate, but it was mostly meant as a reminder that testing me was putting their fate in my hands. I've never shied away from doing what's needed. Not before or since I joined the club. I've killed and don't regret a single life I've taken. Your second patch says 'Property of Fate' with the club's logo. If we go on rides or meet up with others at rallies and summits, you'll wear it, to show others there that you belong to me, not the club like the club girls, but tome. Touching another club's old lady is like threatening war. Touching a club's president's old lady, is suicide."

"So, the club girls belong to the entire club and any of them can have them if they want them. What if they don't want that specific man?" she asks, and I kiss her forehead where it's furled. "Do they go on rides or to rallies with you all?"

"Sometimes, when they do, they have cuts they wear that show they're ours with Property of Steel Reapers MC patches on them. Yes, other guys from other clubs can take a liking to them. We've traded girls at rallies before and there might have been

some hesitation on the girls' part, but they give up some of their freedoms in order to be under the club's protection. For the most part, they really don't care who they're with as long as it's a patch," I add when her eyes still show disbelief, and I love how innocent she really is about others that seem to enjoy sex in mass quantities. "They can refuse a prospect, but not a patch unless that patch has caused them harm before, which has only happened once. Usually if a patch harms even a club girl, bodily hurts them, they're out because we don't keep psychopaths as part of the club.

"The only exception was when Turner's girlfriend broke up with him and he got wasted. He was having sex with a club girl, had her on top of him, and he drunkenly forgot he'd initiated it and knocked her off him. He tossed her around, banged her up before she could get out of the room, and the others got him under control. He was disgusted with himself when he sobered up, saw what he'd done, which is the only reason we let him stay. He signed a contract saying he wouldn't drink anymore or raise a fist to any woman. If he got drunk or even tried to hit someone, he'd be out of the club."

"I could never..." she begins, and I can't stop the laugh that slips up, giving her a kiss as her eyes narrow on me slightly.

"I know, baby girl. That's part of why I want you. You can ask some of the patches and they'll tell you, club girls, and girls like them, got old a long time ago. That's why some of them only date girls outside of the club. When I was twenty, sure, I didn't give a damn if the girl I did was doing someone else, but as I got older, I got more selective, until I reached a point where I didn't think I'd ever find someone that would match what I wanted. Until I found you, but you were so innocent when it came to sex especially, and you never let that front slip to show your real pain, that I didn't think I could dare corrupt you. As for the club girls, why don't you hold off on tarring us as to how they're treated until you've actually met some of them," I suggest, knowing for certain she'll hate Lori. The woman's tried everything to get into my pants, including picking my old lock which is why I have the electronic one

now. I'd have sent her packing if some of the others weren't so appreciative of her prowess and voted down the proposal. She won't get close enough to touch Everly, I'll see to it.

"Okay, as long as I only belong to you and you only belong to me, I guess it doesn't really matter what other adults decide to do," she says and I nod, lifting her into my arms and carry her back into the bedroom to unpack her bags.

"You can have the top two drawers on the left side of the dresser and as much of the closet as you want. I don't keep much that needs hung up and most of my stuff fits in the dresser and cabinet. If we need more storage, another dresser or cabinet, just tell me, baby girl. It's easy to get what we need built with the club at hand."

"I'm sure that'll be more than enough," she says with a laugh, pulling open the top drawer of the dresser I said was hers and she stops, her eyes turning back towards me as she sees the presents meant for both of us in there already.

"I told you I didn't buy you clothes, just more of your knee high socks and little nighties," I state, as she turns my way with the item that's not either of those two things. "My little girl doesn't want to dress up as a bunny for daddy?"

"This is a..."

"Butt plug, yeah, and trust me, baby girl, you'll be glad I bought it when I take your ass with my cock the first time. This will help stretch you so you can take me without being in the bad kind of pain," I tell her, enjoying the way her eyes darken, the fear and shock fading, replaced with hunger and I know I'll get to see her wearing those knee highs, with the corset top, and bunny plug very soon.

Chapter 8

Everly

Islip my hand into Tate's as he leads us down the hallway away from his rooms. He spent the whole afternoon teasing me about all the things daddy was going to do to me in and out of bed, and god, I am so hungry for all of it, but even more so for more of his gentleness. The way he holds me, wraps me up in his arms and is just with me in the moment.

I've laughed more this afternoon than I swear I have in my entire life.

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Tate made me model all of the clothes I bought myself with daddy's money, and the way he looked when I had on a pair of my knee high socks and the sheer white nightie, had me pouncing on him. I jumped up onto his lap, my hands pushing up under his shirt to get to his stomach and he just picked me up, swinging me over his shoulder, and walked us into the bedroom, tossing me onto the bed. I thought he was going to break, give me what I needed, what I know was in his eyes as well, but instead, he tickled me until I was almost crying from the laughter.

He wrapped me up in his strong arms and just held me to him, his lips whispering kisses all over my face and it was pure bliss. The only thing that could have made it better was if he'd taken me all over again, but he's adamant about waiting until later tonight and I'm so on edge.

"Don't be nervous, most everyone will love you," Tate says, pulling my eyes up to him in surprise.

"Most everyone?" I ask as he brings me into his arms.

"Some of the club girls will likely be jealous. There's no spot higher than being the pres' old lady, so some of them may not be gracious losers when they see I've got you now. None of them will get close to hurting you though, I won't let them, and no matter what any of them try to say, I've never touched any of them, and never will, I promise you that," he adds and my brow lifts a bit higher at his tone.

"Is there someone in particular you're talking about I should be wary of?" I ask him.

"One of the club girls has attempted to get into my bed in the past. She's been

aggressive about it, but there's not a single thing about her that turns me on, baby. Some of the others like fucking her too much and they blocked my vote to evict her a couple years ago. She's a skinny bleach blonde with fake tits named Lori, and if she tries to butter up to you and acts nice, don't buy it."

"Are all of the club girls skinny?" I query as we reach the bottom of the staircase, stopping him from turning down the hallway to reach the dining room.

"Nope, some clubs may go for that, but the guys around here have their own preferences. We've got a couple skinny twigs like Lori, but then there a host of others that are somewhere between sizes six and well, I'd say Andrea is likely around a twenty-six. She's bigger than you are, baby girl, but the guys keep going back to her for more," he answers and my heart races a bit hearing that. "Not me—if you believe nothing else I ever say, I need you to believe me when I swear I haven't slept with a woman in nine years until you came into my life."

"I do believe you, daddy," I promise. The look in his eyes is as sincere as when he held me this morning, and then in the fitting room when I was all over the place. "I just don't know how I'd feel if other guys..."

"Would want you like that?" he questions, and I nod. "Lucky for you, I've already claimed you as mine and none of them would be dumb enough to go against the president of the club."

"Except you with Hinton?" I muse, giggling when he lifts me up, giving me a hard kiss before settling me back onto my feet.

"That wasn't dumb, that was self-preservation or maybe club preservation. If we'd gone down that route, I'd have either left the club and ended up in jail for taking out other fuckers that were doing shit like that, or dead after going after the rest of the club when they were doing it. If a girl shows up here that's underage looking to be

invited in as a club girl, she's sent packing. If they're coming to the club for help, we'll see they get somewhere safe, but they don't stay here, not even if they're seventeen. The only kids allowed are blood—or from marriage or adoption by a patch. That's a hard fast rule I set when I took over, some of the other guys lived by it before I took over, but Hinton wouldn't have cared if a girl was fifteen if she agreed to..."

I smile, brushing my fingers across his lips because he can't even bring himself to talk about underage girls and sex and I love that about him.

"You're good in here where it counts," I state, putting my hand over his heart, and he pulls me into his side, moving us down the hall towards the dining room.

"I'm about to keel over here baby girl, but I need to feed you. We skipped lunch and you're going to need your strength when I get you in bed later," he growls, and I don't begin to argue.

We move into the space and it's far more crowded than it was last night. I'm guessing it's not the only hangout spot in the place. I mean, depending on how much was finished, there'd be a gym somewhere around here, and as buff as Tate is, I'd say he likely goes to one.

Eyes slip over our way, the noise level dropping and Tate's hand slips further around my waist and rests on my belly, keeping me up against his side. "Before part of you head out for the night, I want you to meet Everly. She's mine and if any of you put a hand on her, I'll put my knife through it. Same goes for the eyes, look at her wrong, and you'll lose them."

"And in case you think he's bluffing, we're down two cops that tried to attack his girl last night," Meyer adds quieting some of the chuckles.

“Things ended very bloody for them,” Spawn tacks on, giving Tate a nod, and there’s a look of respect in his eyes while Meyer looks a bit green.

Tate just smirks, guiding me over to the same table as this morning, and I settle into the seat next to him, giving him a grin when he tugs it closer to his and his arm wraps around my shoulders. His fingers tease along the strap of the dress that he bought me. It’s a tank top style that I’m comfortable wearing without something covering my arms. They’re never going to skinny. I accepted that a long time ago, and I’ve grown to love my body. Even more with the way Tate took care of me last night before taking me.

“Anything special you want for dinner tonight, Pres?” Slice asks drawing my attention off him for a second.

“This is Slice,” Tate says, apparently forgetting the man briefly mentioned it this morning when he brought out our food. “He also helps out in the kitchen in the evenings when most of the club’s in house, but he mainly handles breakfast. Chef is the main cook for dinner. He posts a weekly menu and makes huge helpings of everything but if someone wants something different Slice can usually make it. He’s called Slice because he made the best damn pie anyone in the club ever had to keep us from cutting him about five years ago, when we realized he couldn’t shoot for shit.”

“Still can’t, but none of you complain about the food,” he states, and I laugh softly when Tate shrugs, feeling so much better about his name now after the slight darkness of his expression last night. “So, anything special you want tonight? Chef made bbq pulled pork.”

“How about you do a couple smashed patties with Swiss and toast the bun. Do a fresh onion slices on the side and a mayo-ketchup mix for dipping. That sound good, baby girl?” Tate asks looking down at me and I grin, a bit curious about the different meal,

but happy he knows me enough to know I hate cooked onions. I even hate it when they get soft when they sit on a hot burger, so having them on the side where I can eat them nice and crisp with the burger is perfect.

“Sounds great, daddy, but I don’t need special treatment,” I add softly to him, smiling when he gives me a sweet kiss.

“Chef’s bbq sauce is spicy as hell. Worse than the buffalo wings at the pizzeria,” he warns, and I nod in understanding. “I’ll have to tell him to start putting some to the side without sauce going forward so you can have some, because other than the sauce, his bbq is top notch.”

“Will he not like that?” I ask as Meyer joins us, sliding a beer to Tate, before putting a glass down in front of me that looks like it could be soda.

“Nah, he’ll be fine with it. He usually does it if we’re having a big club thing where the patches with kids come, but most of the time they don’t join us for every day dinners,” Tate says before tasting my drink, which makes Meyer stare at him. “I don’t think you’re trying to drug her or give her alcohol, brother, just trying to figure out what the hell it was to know if she’d want it or not.”

“Who around here doesn’t drink Coke?” he questions, and I dip my face towards Tate’s shoulder. “Seriously?”

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“Caffeine makes her jittery, and she doesn’t really like the carbonation. It was a nice gesture, and we appreciate it, but let’s stick with just water or iced tea in the future,” Tate tells him, and he nods, shrugging a bit before resting back in his chair.

“Sounds like something you’d only let a little girl have,” Meyer states and Tate glowers at him making the other guy chuckle. “I’m just jerking your chain, brother. First time in nine years you’ve had a girl around, expect some shit talk even if you are president.”

“You could have fought for it after Hinton left,” he says, his chin lifting at Meyer’s quick look my way and I’m guessing that’s a confirmation that I do know what really happened, but who knows.

“Ah hell no, these guys wouldn’t listen to me before then over you, sure as hell wouldn’t have even if I have been around longer than you.”

“Well, isn’t this so sweet,” a woman’s voice says coming up behind us. Tate’s arm slips protectively up around me, and before I know it, I’m in his lap, facing outward where I can see pretty much everything else in the room the way he can. I’m positive he sits there because there’s a wall at his back. He might trust his club but he’s always ready for danger to strike out of nowhere.

“Why don’t you go back over where they like a sack of bones in bed, Lori,” Meyer says, rolling his eyes at the woman. “No one here is interested in hearing anything you have to say.”

“I was just wondering about the Pres’ new girl. I mean, what does it say about the

club if that's the only type of girl he can handle?"

"Excuse me?" I snap back. "What exactly is that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, come on, you're about as club worthy as a pink scooter," she sneers my way, looking down her nose at the pretty pink skirt of my dress that I love.

"So, you think a president has to have a skank on his arm in order to be able to handle a club? I guess that just shows why you'll never be anything more than a piece of chattel around here. No one's going to claim someone so utterly stupid as theirs, wouldn't put up with them other than to fuck them because live flesh is still better than a blow-up doll, but your head's clearly as empty as one of them. Do you honestly think insulting him, let alone me, is going to get him to want you? If so, then you really need a new brain," I fume, my hand resting on Tate's arm wrapped around my waist. "I don't know which part is dumber. The fact that you think Tate isn't man enough to enjoy voracious sex or that because I like wearing girly things that it has to mean I only can handle vanilla sex. It's actually quite the opposite...I was going to say lady, but you don't even begin to touch that moniker.

"So, let's be clear about this. If you think that some snarky words from a dumb bitch are going to send me running, you've got a whole lot to learn about me. Number one, you can never hurt me—my feelings, because you mean nothing to me. Number two, you'll never hurt me physically because my daddy won't allow it. And in case you're confused as to who my daddy is, it's this big, strong guy that's holding me right now. And the sex that we'll be enjoying in our relationship, is anything but vanilla. It wasn't last night when he took my virginity because I was so turned on that he took care of the cops that tried to rape me, and it definitely wasn't when he made me come at least four times in the fitting room in town this morning," I add, not caring who is listening to it because there is nothing about sex with daddy that is embarrassing.

"The only reason you even came over here is because you're pissed off that daddy

never wanted you when you'd have gladly laid out on this table to let him have you. He's not that stupid though, unlike others that for some reason think your fake boobs and used cunt are worthy of use. Daddy warned me about you, but he gave you too much credit it seems. I mean, he figured you'd at least try to be underhanded about it, but here you are, trying to cut him down, because he has the audacity to want a girl who doesn't look like the used car of groupies. You're a pathetic, stupid bitch, and you better get out of my god damn sight before I make daddy let me up so I can shove your face in a plate of hot sauce—or bbq sauce if it's that potent!" I finish, huffing a bit as Tate holds me even tighter to him.

"Hers is more of a request, mine's an order," Tate says, his tone extremely even and almost amused, as his face rubs against mine, calming my fury. "Get her the hell out of here, now," he adds, and I don't know if it was directed towards someone or just a general order, because almost immediately, someone grabs the woman's arm and pulls her away before she can work out a comeback.

"Well, meek and mild you're not, even if you apparently like mild food," a new voice that's a bit rougher says around a chuckle and my face turns towards the other side of the table where Slice and another man are standing. "I'm Chef and you little missy, you've got spunk."

"She's had to in order to deal with this town," Tate says, kissing my forehead and I curl up onto his shoulder with a grin. "Now I can guess how much your pretty eyes were glittering when you kicked that little shit in the balls at thirteen when he tried to grope my baby girl."

"Oh, for fuck's sake, man. That's disgusting," someone shouted in the room, but it was definitely not Lori. No, that was a man's voice.

"You got a problem, you say it to my fucking face, Grover," Tate growls, his arms holding me closer. Meyer gives him a nod at the quick look Tate sent him and his

eyes darken as his body tenses.

“You’re a real piece of work, stop the club from making money then turn around and make some girl call you daddy. You’re too good for someone else to enjoy that shit, but when it comes to what you do, who cares right?” a man questioned as he stood up, stalking our way, and Tate moved quickly, putting me down on his chair before meeting the other man in the middle of the room.

“Those girls were children,” Tate states, his tone deadly, and I shiver as it touches a place deep inside me only he can. “They were being forced to do things a child should never have to do. Everly is an adult. Yes, she may be young, a lot younger than me—hell, young enough to be my daughter, but that is not how I feel about her. There is nothing that would make our relationship illegal, unlike the children that they wanted to traffic. Everly and I have mutually come together, to create a relationship where she can safely and happily give over the control to a man that enjoys being the dominant. Where it’s gives her pleasure to just be able to let go and give herself entirely to me—to her daddy who will love her and protect her and keep her safe, take care of her in every way a decent daddy would. It’s about showing her love and affection and giving her guidance and discipline, whether that’s in just the sexual parts or in all of the intimate sides of our life together.

“Being her daddy is not fantasizing about having sex with my blood daughter—something that would never even cross my mind if we have a little girl one day. It is not fantasizing about having sex with a...child,” he struggles to get out and the absolute disgust in his tone is noticeable to more than just me. “Everly wanting to be my little girl, is not her wanting to be my child and having sex or fantasizing about sleeping with her father. It’s allowing her the freedom so she doesn’t have to deal with life’s stress or the day-to-day bullshit that can wear her down, overwhelm her. It’s about having a space that’s completely accepting and safe for her to be whoever she wants to be, and being able to provide that support for her, to show her it’s okay to let someone who only has the best for them in mind, take control. To make decisions for

them. For her to be able to seek my approval without fear of being rejected or admonished if she needs it, needs to feel validated in her emotions or decisions—to know that she has a place where she can find it and never have to be afraid of what might be on the other side of the door! That's what being in a daddy/little relationship is about you fucking moron," he finishes, flaying another layer from him it feels like.

"Oh, and just so you know," he adds turning back with a smirk, "not all littles are girls, and not all littles are always younger. Do a bit of fucking reading before spouting your filth and maybe you'd learn something. And after all of that, if you don't fucking like it, get the hell out of my club, because I sure as hell am not going to let anyone dictate the type of relationship I can have."

Several chuckles are heard throughout the room, and the other man storms out of the room, and I grin when Tate lifts me up, putting me back down on his lap with a soft kiss for me. "You good, baby?"

"More than good, daddy," I promise, and it's epically true as he holds onto me, cutting up the burger before feeding me and himself, and it makes my heart open even wider with all of it.

Tate doesn't let me up off his lap as the meal finishes, and I curl further into his arms as he talks to some of the others that come by, introducing them but I know I'll never remember all of their names right now. The only one I know for sure I'll easily remember is Cash. He's nothing like I was expecting. For one, he's much closer to my age and two, for a biker, he's the complete opposite of the others in the room. Oh sure, he's in jeans, but most of the others are wearing baggy ones. Even Tate is, whereas Cash's are fitted—not skintight but what you'd expect to find a normal guy wearing. And I don't mean that in a bad way because he's gay.

Honestly, if Tate hadn't said it, I likely wouldn't have known. He's wearing a t-shirt and a zip-up hoodie which is different from the flannel cut offs and carious band t-

shirts that others are in, some of them are also sport their cuts, others leather vests, and the odd leather jacket here and there. Not even the thick leather cuff or the beaded bracelets he's wearing shout 'I'm gay'. Not when so many of the guys wear jewelry.

He's so clean shaven though compared to the others, which maybe is why he looks so different from everyone else. His hair is more coifed and styled than a lot of the others. I haven't ever seen so many men with long hair until now. Cash's is cut in what I'd likely consider a medium style. It's long enough that you could run your hands through it, but it's still well above the shoulders. The back looks to be cut a little shorter actually with just layers of longer hair on top and it's parted to the side, fitting him well. He's still got a boyishness to his face, but it's his eyes that I connect with most. There's a sadness in them that touches me, and I wonder what it's about.

When the room's almost cleared out, Tate presses a kiss to my temple then stands me up, taking my hand as he tells everyone left goodnight, and pulls me towards the door.

He kisses me hard when we're back in his rooms, carrying me into the bedroom and I whine when he pulls back after standing me up next to the bed. "Put on your socks, the pink ones, and the matching shorts. Little girl is going to ask if she can crawl into bed with daddy because she can't sleep."

I nod, grabbing the things and move into the bathroom, quickly changing because I want more than anything to be in his arms again. My body is on fire with my need, especially after sitting on his lap all throughout dinner. I add the cropped top that barely covers my nipples without a bra on, then divide my hair into low pigtails, loving the look.

I turn off the light as I open the door, my breath catching when I see Tate lounging on the bed, a pair of pj pants low on his hips. They have to be custom made because I

don't think I've ever seen a pair of pants that close with a string. There's a hole that shows off more of his skin and I shiver thinking of how easily his cock can slip out of it.

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“Hi there, baby girl, are you okay?” he asks, his eyes sliding over me and I can see his cock twitch beneath the fabric.

“I can’t sleep, daddy. Can I lay down and snuggle with you for a little bit?”

“Come here, baby, come to daddy,” he says, his tone huskier and I don’t walk around to the side. I move straight towards him and crawl up onto the bed and over him.

“Mmm,” I sigh when he pulls me up against him, the only lights on are the ones that shine up from behind the headboard but that’s still plenty to see all of him with.

“Daddy’s always so warm. It makes me warm inside.”

“Is that why you’re wearing these little shorts and half a shirt? Did you put them on just to crawl into bed with daddy?” he teases, his fingers gliding along the edge of my ass beneath the hem of the shorts and I can’t stop the moan that falls. “Yes, you wore this just for daddy, to show daddy how pretty his little girl is, didn’t you?”

“Yes, daddy,” I cry as his fingers slip further up my shorts, his hand cupping my ass hard.

“Do you want to snuggle with daddy with them on or off? You know daddy prefers them off,” he adds, and I lift my hips, letting him pull them down until I can kick them off. “Now come up here and untie daddy’s pants so we can snuggle extra close.”

I don’t begin to hesitate, sliding over his lap and give the string a tug, my breath catching when his cock juts forward, so thick and hard. “Come on baby girl, you

know how daddy likes to snuggle.”

“Oh daddy,” I cry as I slip onto his length, letting him fill me up inch by inch.

“Daddy likes these tops,” he teases, pushing it up until my breasts hang free. “Let’s daddy feel his little girl skin to skin. Feel how big you’ve grown these just for daddy to enjoy.”

My breasts brush against his hard chest as he pulls me down to him, and I shiver from head to toe feeling it and him everywhere. One of his hands slips under the back of my top, coming up until it’s cradling the back of my neck, holding my face against his chest, while his other slides down to grip my ass. He shifts, bringing his legs up, and it tilts his pelvis up, making his cock rub right against my g-spot. That only makes me rock against him, wanting more of it, and I moan when it drags my clit against hardness.

“Let daddy rock his baby girl to sleep. Just let daddy do all the work,” he whispers, and I cry out when he does just that, his legs and hips pulling me against him until I’m right at the edge, the need burning madly throughout my body, unable to deny finding it this time.

“Daddy, please, I need it...need it so bad,” I cry, a full sob coming fast behind it when Tate’s fingers slip into my ass, pressing hard against the walls, and the shock and bite of pain it causes sends me hurtling into the heavens, staying in them for so long, time doesn’t begin to compute.

“There’s my sweet girl,” Tate chuckles, as my eyes flicker open finally. The buzzing that filled my ears is gone, and my body feels boneless as I lay on him. “I knew my little girl would enjoy being rocked to sleep. She’s almost there, but first, we need to visit the potty.”

“Tate,” I giggle, clinging to his neck as he carries me into the bathroom. My eyes are so heavy they can barely stay open, but it’s a relief to go all the same.

“Potty too young a word for my little girl?” he asks as he helps me wash my hands and I lean back against the wall when he lifts me onto the vanity and cleans me up with a washcloth.

“For afterwards maybe,” I sigh, smiling when he carries me back to the bed, and I let him pull the top completely off this time. I’m snug against his chest again and it feels like the best place to be—the only place I ever want to be. Here with my daddy, so safe, so loved.

“Always baby girl,” he whispers against my forehead. “I’ll never let you be anywhere else, with anyone else. I love you, Everly.”

“I love you, daddy,” I murmured as my eyes shut, sleep overtaking me instantly after the intensity of his loving.

Chapter 9

Tate

I zone out for a minute as Cash finishes his monthly review of the club’s books, my mind wrapped around Everly. She’s upstairs, likely finished with her bath by now. I fucked her good and hard and dirty after she got crumbs on the bed from her snack mix.

I know she did it on purpose because she knows daddy’s rules about eating in bed. It’s only allowed if I’m the one feeding her something. She’s been goading me into testing out more punishments and I finally caved, certain that after a week she was recovered enough to handle a hard fuck.

Her ass was as red as her hair by the time I finished spanking it, and her pussy was dripping like a faucet, her breathing showed me just how close to the edge she was. I grabbed out the larger of the anal plugs I bought to help stretch her ass open so she can take me, and slid it into her tight little hole, before flipping her over, and pressing her down into the mattress. Her crop top was already showing off her amazing tits, and I grabbed her clamps, slipping them onto her tight nipples.

She only moaned when I gave the chain a little tug, making the clamps tighten a bit more, and I trailed my hand down until I could fuck her pussy, hard and fast. Every time she came on my fingers, I gave the chain another tug, but she never began to stop me, to say it was too much. The opposite really. She just kept asking for more, and I ended up buried inside her tight pussy, pounding her relentlessly, while my pussy coated fingers smacked her tits.

I had to come like mad, and I pulled out, coating her pussy, thighs, belly, and tits with it, before turning us and made her ride my cock, while I held onto the chain. Her pussy was a complete mess, dripping all over me, but it was too good to stop as she came over and over. I could feel mine building again and I gripped her waist, holding her steady before pounding up into her, and as my orgasm raced up my dick, I gave the chain a last tug. One of the clamps slipped clean off her nipple, while the other tightened completely and her sweet, pain induced blissful scream made me explode as her pussy clamped down hard around me.

She was still shuddering with it when I leaned up, trying to be as gentle as possible and removed the other clamp. It still brought a full cry to her lips, and she came around me once more, before collapsing in my hold the way that feels absolutely perfect. I love holding her, calming and comforting her, just as much as I love fucking her. It shouldn't be possible but somehow in the past year, the need for her grew into this and now, I'll never be able to live without both of them mixed together.

If it wasn't for this meeting, I would still be upstairs with her. Bathing her rather than

simply jumping in the shower to clean up after putting her in the tub. I left the plug in her ass to stretch her out, and tonight, I'm going to replace it with the bunny one that's just a little bigger than it, but still smaller than my cock.

Tonka's question about dates for the next ride so I can introduce Everly to the others that don't come to the clubhouse regularly brings me back to the group and my jaw ticks making his brow lift. "What? We all saw her face when you two came back yesterday from the ride. She loves being on your bike so you can't have concerns about her going on a ride with us. I'm not talking about taking her along on a run."

"Yesterday was different," I state crossing my arms over my chest as I scowl at the memory of our last ride.

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“How? She was on the back of your bike, clinging to you, laughing her head off when we went past you on our way into town, Pres,” Spawn returns.

“We were on our roads on the property. A ride happens out there,” I remind them, jutting my chin towards town, “where there are cops that will be more than happy to make a fuss.”

“Why? No one’s found the two yet. I haven’t even heard rumors that they’ve found that the car was caught on cameras in the city,” Meyer adds. “You think Everly’s going to be scared of some cops if they try to make trouble for us on a ride because of what happened? Cause I mean, shit man, we all heard her tell Lori that you killing those two made her hot. So, her being scared of some cops when there’s all of us for protection doesn’t sound right.”

I glance down the hallway towards the front of the office space, not seeing anyone but I’m not taking chances just yet. “Close the door,” I tell Cash who’s closest and when he’s back in his seat, I look around at my brothers, knowing they have to be on board with this for it to work. “One of the reasons I didn’t immediately bring Everly home with me last year is because of what some of the others have mentioned.”

“That she’s way too fucking sweet for your rough, tatted, pierced ass?” Victors says with a chuckle, and I smirk a bit at that.

“Yeah, I knew she was innocent, could see it, but if that’s all it was, I wouldn’t have held off for so long. It’s the rest of what I saw, what she let everyone see that I was worried about,” I admit, making a few brows lift my way. “She never let that calm, happy, peaceful front slip in public. All I could see was the light that shines from her

and the thought of taking that away from her with all of the shit that goes along with this life made me pause.”

“You figured she was too good for you, to be a biker’s old lady. That she’d run tail or straight to the cops if she knew how we handle disputes, or how you became Pres,” Spawn says, and I nod.

“When I saw those cops with their hands on her, I knew they were dead, even if I had to do it at another time rather than immediately, they were dead men walking already for putting their paws on her. I already knew I’d run any bastard that came near her through with my knife, so my anger was completely unleashed with what I came across. Getting Everly somewhere safe was my first priority though, and when both of them were out cold, I went to go find her, only to almost run straight over her. One taste of her lips and I wasn’t about to walk away, and she didn’t even blink an eye when I said I was going to take care of them.

“I saw a light in her eyes when I got back to her, and when she told me the truth about her mother and her boyfriends, there was no way I was letting her go. There are a few bastards I’ll be searching for, to make them disappear entirely, but that’s only the beginning,” I add seeing the looks tossed between the others. “She’s been through hell growing up. Everyone assumed her mother didn’t know who her father is, but that was a lie. She knew and threatened to tell the entire town, which resulted in her getting some money to get her through the pregnancy and when Everly was a baby. When she went back for more, he’d gotten something on her that kept her quiet, but Everly always knew who he was and was punished for it through whatever channel he could push.”

“It’s one of the bigwigs at the police department, isn’t it?” Tonka says and I shake my head surprising them. “No? I mean with the concern with the ride and cops coming for us...”

“We were at the grocery store the day after I brought her home. She was out of my sight for less than a minute before she hurried back towards me, terrified. I didn’t know what it was about, until the chief of police turned the corner all casual as shit, and I knew she was scared of something he’d done. She’s stronger than you know, but she was scared and that pissed me off, made me want to take him out right then and there, but we were in the middle of town, and I knew I couldn’t do it yet,” I admit.

“He’s not...” Meyer says, and I shake my head no again. “Thank the fuck, but what did he do then?”

“You remember what she was wearing that morning, the overall shorts,” I ask, and they nod, “she was bent over to grab a box of cookies, and he threatened to take her in for indecent exposure. Told her she could get lost in jail or sent to a prison where the guards like to have fun with the prisoners. She was shaking and admitted later that most of the bigshots in town know who her father is, and she was sure that he’d give them support if she ended up dead. The chief is one of them as well as his buddies in the department. So, as much as she was afraid that those two cops would rape her that night, she was more afraid that they’d kill her afterwards.”

“And still worried that cops might try to do it again, which is why you’re hesitant to do a ride,” Tonka says, and I confirm that statement with the lift of my chin.

“Come on, to support someone if they killed his own daughter?” Victor states, not buying it and I let out a sarcastic chuckle that just makes his brow rise higher.

“What’s one thing that someone would gladly kill for—other than love,” I add because the bastard definitely doesn’t know what that feeling is.

“Money, power, political gain,” Cash offers.

“Shit...holy shit, man,” Meyer says, and I see the knowledge in his eyes. “You can’t be fucking serious? Her father is...Adam Jackson is her father? The fucking mayor?”

“And the reason he’d gladly see her dead?” I state as the group just looks at me. “His parents left Jackson Distributing to the eldest bloodchild of the illustrious mayor. Everly’s nineteen, the twins are almost seventeen now. She gets recognized as his child, especially with a DNA test, the company becomes hers and the money that actually runs this town...disappears.”

“He plays poker with the chief of police, both of the county judges, six of the city councilmen...he has everyone in his back pocket,” Spawn says.

“More like in his pocketbook,” Cash states and I agree with that statement. “So, what are you going to do? I don’t see you running and hiding from the cops, Pres.”

“No, I’m not going to, but it has to be done in an intelligent way. I can’t just go run my knife through the bastards. That would get me put in jail and I’m not going to be away from Everly even if it would be worth it. The only way I can see getting her father,” I sneer at the word, “and the cops and the rest of the crooks out of this town, is to go after the money.”

“Take the company, weaken their reach, and then lay siege to them,” Victors says with a nod. “You know we’re down for a fight, whatever it takes to protect the club—and protecting Everly, protects you.”

“Agreed,” Meyer states, but the rest of his comment is cut short by what I swear is a scream of ‘daddy’ and I’m out of my chair in a heartbeat, throwing open the door quickly.

This time, there’s no question of if I heard right. Everly’s scream rips through the quiet of the hallway and I turn the corner, moving faster than I have since I was

twenty-something and running from the cops on foot. A bellow comes out of me, words unintelligible but the fury I feel is right at the edge of it.

“Dadd...” her cry is cut off as Grover shoves her up against the wall at the end of the hallway, his hand going over her mouth and I’m on him before the others hanging in the bar space we have in here can even reach the door.

“You fucking bastard!” I shout, grabbing his shoulder and swing him around, my free hand moving to steady Everly before guiding her behind me as I snap the arm he swings at me. I’m five inches taller than him, at least seventy pounds heavier, and the bone breaks as easily as a twig in the woods. Everything is painted red, and I shove him into the wall, my fist landing blow after blow to his stomach, my other hand on his throat holding him tight even as he struggles against it, trying to free himself with just one hand.

I pull him away from the concrete blocks that make up the wall, then slam him into it, his head snapping forward hard with the blow, disorienting him, and it ends his fight. He gurgles as he breathes and as much as I want to choke every last breath out of him, there’s something I need to do for my baby girl even more.

“Everly, come here, baby,” I urge her gently, keeping tight hold on the bastard as I turn my attention to her as she comes up until she’s just behind me and I reach back with my free hand, pulling her close to my side. “It’s okay, pretty girl. He’ll never see another day let alone be able to hurt you, but daddy needs to know you can keep yourself safe.”

“Daddy?” she whispers, her eyes meeting mine and the confusion there has me dropping soft kisses onto her wet eyes.

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“It’s okay, baby. You’re safe because daddy’s here, daddy’s got you,” I reassure her, my hand holding onto her head gently as I lower mine her way. The idiot tries to struggle out of my grasp, but I simply tighten my hold on his neck until he stops, any attempt to speak nothing but garbled squawks. “I will always protect you, you know that, don’t you, baby girl?”

“Yes,” she whispers, shaking as I kiss her forehead.

“But sometimes daddy might not be close enough to get to you. I might not be with you if you’re in town and I have to know you can protect yourself,” I explain lifting her eyes to mine. “Daddy’s going to show you how to do that starting with this. Reach into my pocket and pull out my knife,” I instruct, forcing my cock to stay down when she does what I ask immediately. “Good girl, now open it,” I continue, my tone gentle but sure, showing her, I know what’s best as always. “Daddy’s going to get you one just like it that you’ll keep on you, so you don’t ever have to be scared to be alone. Now, come in front of daddy so I can show you how to hold it, so you don’t cut yourself on the blade.”

Everly slips up between us a bit slowly. My reach is long enough the bastard can’t try to hurt her without me retaliating, so she’s safe. I slip my hand down her arm, covering her hand and make sure she has a good grip on the knife, as I kiss her temple, letting her feel my full presence so she’s not scared to be close to the bastard again. “That’s right, you’ll need to have a firm grip on the knife, so it doesn’t slip. Flesh and muscle are tougher than you think and depending on what they’re wearing, can affect how much force you’ll need to get the knife in.”

“I don’t think...” she starts, and I nuzzle against her face, calming her back down.

“I know and it’s okay if you can’t kill,” I promise her, letting my lips kiss as much as I can reach of her face without turning her loose. “Stabbing them will usually be enough to slow them down, allow you time to get free, and if they need taken out in the end, daddy will hunt them down and do it. Knifing someone takes practice and it’s best to do it on something that would be similar to human flesh. He’s already a dead man, so it doesn’t matter if you don’t do it perfectly, if it takes several tries to get a good stab in, he’s nothing more than a practice dummy now, baby girl.”

Her body relaxes back into mine and I kiss her temple once more, guiding her hand higher with the knife. “There are a lot of places you can aim for to do damage, enough that you’ll be able to get away with ease. Depending on whether you’re standing or on the ground or in a chair, there are plenty of spots that will do just enough for you to get free, or you can easily move your aim just enough and make them fatal. If you’re aiming for damage, go with the gut as it’s the biggest target. You can hold the blade so it’s flat or standing up, but you’ll want to use an upward motion, not downward. It’s easier to fend off a knife when you can see it coming.”

I guide her arm backwards, then thrust it forward, my eyes glittering as the blade sinks into his flesh, making him croak out a cry around my hold on his throat. “If you don’t think just that’s enough to stop them, give the knife a twist and it’ll drop them to their knees.”

I turn our hands, showing her how to do it for maximum pain, and his body jerks with the agony, as we pull the blade back out of him. “Another spot that’s good to aim for, especially if someone has you on the ground, is the groin, but it’s also very easy to hit an artery, so aim closest for the nuts or just above. Jeans will need more force to get through than shorts or sweatpants,” I remind her, and with a flash I help her dig the blade into his ball sack before showing her the hit just below the bellybutton.

With each stab, her body relaxes into me more and I press kisses to her to keep her that way. I can’t completely stop the way my cock wakes, finding it sexy as hell to

watch my girl stick the bastard that would have done god only knows what to her if I hadn't been here to stop it. Her ass presses harder against me, and I nip her ear, smiling at the way her breath hitches. "That's my good girl, it's not so scary now, is it?"

"No, it's not, daddy," she agrees, and I press a kiss to her cheek before pointing the knife at the other weak spots.

"Now, if the first ones don't stop them and it's you or them, there are some places that make it quick. If they're bigger than you, your best shots will be for the femoral artery. You'll want to aim for the crook of the leg, and slice downward. They'll bleed heavily with that type of stab so if you're wanting something that is more likely to bleed internally than externally, go for the liver. You'll want to hold the blade flat, so it goes in between the ribs, unless it's a really skinny knife. You'll aim for the right side, between the second and third, or third and fourth ribs will most likely give you a direct hit to it. A person can die in about ninety seconds from a stab there.

"If they're on top of you and you can get your arms up, above their chest, aim for the heart and lungs, or, the carotid or jugular. If you can't get that far in, aim for the armpit. There's another artery there that you can cut," I add, demonstrating with the tip of the knife of where all of the places are as the bastard slowly bleeds. "And if you find them with their back to you, even just momentarily while they try to regroup, you can aim for the back of the knee. The femoral artery runs down through there and it's a shallow point that can easily be reached."

"Can you help me?" she asks softly, her eyes showing no fear and I kiss her gently, rubbing her nose with mine.

"You don't have to do it, daddy can handle it, baby," I assure her, but her mouth comes up on mine, giving me a harder kiss that has my cock fiercely hungry, just as hungry as I am to finish this bastard.

“Help me do it, daddy,” she whispers when the kiss ends, no hesitation in her eyes and I easily give into her pleas.

“Make sure to hold it tight, blade flat,” I remind her as she lifts her hand, and when her wrist turns, I cover her hand with mine and show her the best spot to slide the knife into the liver for a kill shot. Her body sinks against mine and together we thrust it in, pulling a weak croak from the bastard. I kiss her as I pull the knife out, wiping the blade on the man’s shirt before letting him drop to the ground. I wipe my hand on my pants before lifting it up to the back of Everly’s head and give her a full kiss as I pull her up against me. The tremble that flows through her isn’t of fear, it’s hunger and I lift her into my arms to take upstairs with me.

“That’s my girl. Daddy’s good little girl,” I promise her, before looking to Meyer and the others who were there watching. “Clean up the trash.”

“Will do,” Meyer says, and I lift Everly higher in my arms, quickly making the way back to our rooms.

My eyes narrow on a box that’s on the floor of the living room, but I don’t stop until we’re in the bedroom, and I settle her onto the edge of the bed, kneeling in front of her, my eyes sliding completely over her looking for anything and everything that’s bruised or upset. Her hair is half pulled out the bun she had it in, strands of it hanging down her back. The top buttons on her blouse are hanging loose and there’s a mark on her arm that if I’d focused on earlier, would have resulted in more stabs for that bastard.

“What happened, baby girl? Tell daddy what happened so he can make it better,” I tell her gently, my hands running up and down her sides, holding her gaze as her chin trembles a bit.

“I was in the living room reading, waiting for daddy to be finished with work, when

there was a knock on the door. I opened it and he was there, a sneer on his face as looked at my outfit,” she adds, and I nod, holding my tongue to not go off because I know she needs to get this out. She looks beautiful in the pink blouse and lacey white shorts, young and sweet just like she is, as my perfect little girl is. “I reached out for the box, and he just pushed his way inside, grabbed at my top and tried to rip it open. I stomped on his foot and turned to run to the bedroom, and he grabbed my hair, trying to pull me back. I stumbled, which made him hit the table and I was able to slip into the bedroom. I didn’t know if the door would hold for long, so I slipped through the closet and into the other room.”

“And out through the other door back into the hallway,” I guess, and she nods.

“He must have heard my shoes on the tile out there because he came running after me. I just wanted to get to you, but he caught up with me in the hall there...”

“Shh, it’s okay, baby girl. You did the right thing calling out for daddy. It’s over now, he’ll never be able to upset you again, and no one else in the club would risk it. Not unless they want to die,” I promise, pulling her into my arms again as I slip up to sit on the bed, leaving her straddling my lap.

“I was so scared until I saw you. Then I knew I was safe. That daddy would make him sorry for hurting his little girl,” she sighs, her face resting in my throat and my body shivers when her lips press a kiss to me there. “I didn’t think I could ever love daddy more until he showed me how to be strong.”

“I fucking loved seeing you with a bloody knife in your hand, baby, but I meant it,” I add, brushing her hair from her face as I lift her gaze up to mine, “if you can’t stomach using a knife to kill someone, can only use it to protect yourself and get away, that’s all I’ll ever ask you to do. I will hunt them to the ends of the earth to avenge you, baby. Kill anyone that deserves it, then come home and show you that you’re safe, because daddy took care of it.”

“Kiss me, daddy. Kiss me hard,” she pleads, and there’s not a chance in hell I can say no to that. My hand slips into her hair, gripping it tight, showing her with daddy it’s nothing to be scared of, before stealing her lips in a long, hard kiss that leaves her rolling her hips against mine, making my cock twitch.

I grip the edge of the blouse and give it a hard tug, popping off the buttons because I’ll never handle seeing her in it again. I’ll buy her a dozen similar to replace it, but she’ll never wear that one again. Her tits are covered with a little lacy bralette, and I push the straps off her shoulders, sucking the hard nipple into my mouth as I palm the other one. Her hips roll against me harder and faster, and I turn us, laying her out on the bed before tugging the shorts down her thighs, groaning when I see she’s bare under them except for the plug in her ass.

I throw my shirt off, not wanting it to touch her bare skin. It could have blood on it and that will never touch her. My pants hit the floor, and I lean over her, caging her in, as I move between her thighs. I tug her ass to the end of the bed and fill her with a hard thrust. My hands grip her hips as I pound into her, her tits shaking, teasing me and I lean down, stealing one peak then the other until her pussy clamps down around me, her beautiful cry of ‘yes daddy’ makes me erupt and I drag her fully up against my chest, walking us into the bathroom when my legs are steady. Her pussy clutches at me with every step, and I turn on the shower, moving us into the stream as I push her up against the wall, taking her all over again.

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“Let daddy wash you, baby,” I get out when her eyes focus on me. “I want nothing left of him on you when we leave this room. Only daddy’s touch will be on you.”

“Please daddy,” she sighs, letting me soap every inch of her, teasing her the entire time, and before the water turns off, I’ve taken her yet again.

I wrap her up in the toweling robe I bought her, letting her finish with her hair, before heading to the bedroom and strip the bed. It needed the sheets changed after this morning, but now, I toss even the comforter out. I don’t care if that bastard didn’t get in here. I want the entire space to feel different when Everly comes back in here.

I grab the gray quilt and white sheets, remaking the bed, and there’s a little smile on her face when she stops in the doorway, her eyes running over it. “Wow, gray instead of black. Am I turning you girly, daddy?” she teases, coming over to me, and I pull her tight into my arms.

“Nope, just wanted to make have something nice and clean ready for you tonight. If you want to pick out new bedding and shit for our bed, that’s fine, but no pink, no flowers, none of that stuff for in here.”

“In here...but I could pick out something different for the other room that is pink and girly?” she asks me, her teeth biting her bottom lip and I know she’s seeing some of the pictures on the websites where we’ve been ordering her more clothes. They’re outfits for daddy’s eyes only and I’ve got a plan for a room that’ll be for daddy’s eyes only as well.

“Do you want daddy to build you a very adult little girl playroom, baby? A room

where you can go into and be daddy's little girl in every way? Inside there, nothing else exists but daddy and you, and when daddy finds you in it, it means you'll do anything your daddy tells you to do? Where if you act like a brat, daddy will give you the best punishments ever? And the word no doesn't exist when it comes to daddy doing deliciously bad things to his little girl?" I ask, rubbing her soft skin through the robe she's still wearing.

"Yes, please. Can we find somewhere to have something like that?" she sighs, and I pick her up, moving us through the closet and on into the other room, looking around it with new eyes.

"We could put a lock like the one on the bedroom door on the one outside here," I suggest, moving us out into the hallway. The building was set up to have two major hallways up here, with three rows of classrooms. Most of the rooms down the middle have doors that open to either side, which is how Everly was able to get back to the one where the main door for my place opens onto.

There's a wall that was built to block off this room and another from the rest of the hallway, but we could expand that, turn some of the other rooms into bedrooms for any kids we have. That would leave this room as our playroom. We could open the living room wall up, so there's a doorway into this side, and turn the regular guest room into a nursery.

The idea has my cock waking again and I walk Everly through the space, making suggestions before we slip back into what will be our playroom. I ask her what she'd want in it, committing it all to memory so I can make it happen to surprise her. For now, I simply need her in my arms for the rest of the day.

Chapter 10

Everly

I let out a little moan as daddy's warm mouth wraps around my nipple, my eyes fluttering open when he gives it a bite. "Daddy, you're not playing fair," I whine when I feel the silk wrapped around my wrists that keep my hands from delving into his hair to hold him onto my breasts tighter.

"I know, but I have to share my little girl later today, so I need to remind her who owns every little inch of her body," he counters, and I grin as he makes sure to inflame every last nerve ending inside me until I'm coming hard with his amazing cock in my ass.

The first time he finally took me there was amazing. After what happened with Grover, we simply loved each other, all night, and while I still had the butt plug in, he didn't want to corrupt the memory of what he did to my ass next with any thoughts of that same day. And when I recall the first time he slipped his cock in my ass, I definitely only remember that night.

It was about a week after daddy gave me my knife, making sure it would fit in the pockets of my clothes for when I left the clubhouse. He was adamant on the rule that I could only leave it without him, if I had the knife on me, which meant only wearing the items it fit into when I was alone. I love his insistence on it. That he cares so much. After growing up with no one on my side, it's amazing to have him, so I don't argue it at all.

That day though, we'd gone into town, just the two of us, and ended up running into my mother at the grocery store. We were picking up more snacks for me to have in our rooms, and his arms were around me, his lips teasing my neck when she came onto the aisle where we were. She huffed and puffed, asking what I was doing, and how dare I abandon her. Then let the kicker drop when she added they were about to be evicted because I wasn't helping pay the rent any longer.

Tate told her to kick rocks, and steered us away from her, grumbling about getting

even with her and her boyfriends. I didn't care then, and still don't care now, what happens to them, and didn't want our entire day ruined by her crap.

He had a sit down with the heads of the club and I'd slipped into the tub, sending daddy a 'for his eyes only' peek of what I was doing with the phone he bought me to replace my old cheap one. I knew it would have him hurrying up to me as soon as they finished, and I was giggling to myself when he sent back a message that said: Bed. Bare. Face down. Ass up. Now.

My heart was racing with glee when I heard him come through the doors, and I knew he was debating whether to give me more punishment or less when he saw me. I wasn't bare, although my face was down and my ass up as he demanded. My legs were wrapped in the white knee highs with the fur, the white corset that had matching fur along the top edge and the tiny little g-string that went with it on with them, and the bunny plug he'd been teasing me with in my ass for him.

He sputtered curses the whole way across the room, and I simply giggled as I peeked over my shoulder at him. Which only spurred him on further.

He took me every which way while in the outfit until I was exhausted, ready to collapse on the bed, but oh no, daddy wasn't done. Far from it. He stripped me entirely, putting me back up on my knees, and slid the plug out of my ass, before bringing his hand down on it with a stinging smack. He gave me my punishment for sending that photo still, but it was delightful in the best ways. Honestly, I don't know if it really was a punishment when he made me feel so good after the spanking by taking my ass with his cock.

I think he realized that and chose to enact the rest of my punishment when I was least expecting. Having to take his thickness a second time in the middle of the night without getting an orgasm of my own. He wrapped me up tight, making sure I didn't sneak my fingers down to play with myself, and his leg was thrown over mine so I

couldn't rub against him at all, which had me super hungry in the morning.

He simply kissed me, then got us up and dressed to go down for breakfast, then spent the rest of the day in the company of the club. It was late after dinner before he brought me back upstairs then finally gave me what I needed, reminding me of our second day together, and the smirk on his lips when I came down told me that was exactly his intent.

I let out a little squeal as he brings me into the bathroom, making sure not to drench my hair as we wash off, before picking out my outfit for the day. Something he's been doing more and more of, which only makes me want him that much more.

He always picks out outfits that let me lean into the girly side of things, but it's things I can easily wear in front of the club or out in public without getting disgusted side-eyes. Some of my favorite outfits that he's bought me are the ones that definitely would get those second and third looks, and I love putting them on to tease daddy.

Today though, we're meeting up with a lawyer from a club that's based out of the city that they run with when they need extra support, or if there's a large shipment that one of the clubs alone couldn't manage to quickly offload. He's coming to town to file paperwork to get the DNA test court ordered, by filing a claim against the Jackson estate to take control of the company. We don't know exactly how they'll react to it, but after weeks of discussions, we've all agreed it's the only way to go.

Anytime we're in town, we're harassed by one of the cops my 'father' has in his pocket. The chief has tried to detain us at least three times, and I know the only reason Tate didn't take a swing at him this last one, is because I wrapped my arms around him from behind, pressing up against his back and asked daddy to take me home.

We're prepared for backlash, for cops to try and pull over the club members, so

they've all been warned to keep things legal until the situation is handled. Most of the guys didn't have a problem with it when they were told last night what was coming, but a few have grumbled about women messing everything up. Tate just ignored them, telling me they were some of the ones that wouldn't even date outside the club. Mostly women hating bachelors and to just ignore them.

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It's easy to do that when I don't go around them without Tate usually. Normally if he's busy, I'll head back up to our rooms, or I'll head over to the library and play on the computer or browse the books they've collected. Most of them aren't ones I'd enjoy, but some of the club girls have apparently been readers and there are some pretty hot romance books in the place.

Most of the club girls give me a wide berth, but I'm on friendly terms with Andrea and Mona. Both of them came to the club for help getting away from abusive relationships and neither want the entanglement of another. They both like sex though, so being club girls works for them.

The one thing that I'm happiest about, other than daddy killing Grover—or us doing it together, which doesn't weigh on me at all—is that Lori is no longer allowed anywhere near the club house, on the property, or to be called property of the club. She had the audacity to follow Tate into the bathroom a little over two weeks ago and grab his cock before he could zip his pants, trying to make him hard, and he lost his shit. I only kept mine because of just how hot he was. If Spawn hadn't drug her out by her hair I think he'd have buried his knife in her for what she did.

He didn't care what the others said any longer, told the ones that tried to get him to back down that they could fuck her if they wanted, but they couldn't do it there, and that if they tried to bring her back onto the property, they'd be out of the club as well. Last I heard, she was living in one of the trailer parks and was begging one of the guys to make her his old lady so she could come back. Tate's threat about them being kicked out won and most of them have given her up, moving onto the other club girls to get whatever fill they want.

I smile as Tate brushes a kiss to my temple when we settle in for breakfast. Unless I ask for something before we get here, daddy's taken to ordering for me, and somehow, it always hits the spot, so I grin when he asks for French toast and sausage scramble for me.

"Got to make sure my girl's fed well today," he says, dropping another kiss on my temple, and I lean against him in the new seat he brought in. It's not a bench, but a double-chair with a single curved back, and it's perfect so I can be close but not always have to be on his lap.

Yes, I love being on his lap most, but when he's not feeding me, I like to sit on my own, so I don't get in his way. We have new chairs or spots in most of the common areas. There's an overstuffed recliner in the theater that we use when we watch movies on the giant screen hung on the stage. And a love seat in the bar that's ours. The others aren't allowed to sit in them, or have sex on them, so I don't have to wonder who got up to what and where.

I was right about there being a gym. The guys finished it, putting up basketball hoops, and filled the weight room with whatever equipment they wanted, and watching daddy work out always makes me hungry for him.

There's another wing of the school that wasn't finished and for the most part, it's now just a huge open space. The walls for classrooms were already erected but not completely finished, so it doesn't really have a purpose, unlike the rest of the rooms along the first floor which are pretty much all bedrooms. The second floor they turned into suites for the ranking members or those that have been around longest, so it's no surprise to run into guys any which way you turn. Thankfully, it seems the concrete blocks block out most noises, so I don't hear if they're doing dirty things, but it also means they can't hear when daddy and I get loud.

The food is amazing as usual, and I do my best to relax as we head towards the

offices to wait for the lawyer to arrive.

Cash is inside already working on the books for all of the businesses the club owns, and he shoots me a smile and a nod when Tate isn't looking. Out of all of the other ranks, he's the one I've gotten to know most, in the last month. He's like a big brother to me now and teases me in ways that Tate doesn't mind. He always leaves me with Cash or Meyer if he needs to leave the room for just a few minutes, but I like it when it's Cash more—and not just because I know he's not interested in me sexually whereas Meyer might be if he wanted to risk his neck against Tate.

No, it's because Cash is way closer to my age and more like me in terms of what we enjoy in a sexual relationship. Meyer is older than daddy and only enjoys easy sex, whereas Cash is only twenty-five, which surprised me to learn since he handles the books for the whole club. His father was a member which had Cash around the club most of his life and he was naturally drawn into the club when he was eighteen, taking over for his dad when he died unexpectedly of a heart attack one night two years ago.

He found me in the library a little over a week ago just browsing the internet. Mostly I was looking at things for the playroom daddy's going to build us and he just chuckled, before showing me a different site that had some more quality made items that would last longer than the plastic ones I'd found.

His comment about wanting to find his own daddy got us talking, which led to a discussion I didn't tell Tate about, not sure if he'd approve. It's a risk to Cash if things go wrong, but a potential victory for us if they go right, which Cash said was worth it, if it meant being able to take down the chief of police.

Always being the one that is punished at school meant being forced to deal with the creep more than I'd have ever liked, but it also left me privy to some information that would likely get him and his friends the death penalty if it got out. The only problem

was being able to get someone to take it seriously when I didn't have any proof and no bodies to go along with the crimes I know they've committed.

My conscious wants him found out and punished for doing things that daddy's also done—that I helped do with daddy—but when it comes to the heart of it, what daddy did was warranted. What the chief's done, isn't. It's vile and heartless and he deserves to burn in hell for it. Whereas daddy only punished the guilty. The cops and Grover that tried or wanted to rape me. Hinton and the others that wanted to traffic kids. They all deserved to die, but the guys that the chief has killed didn't.

I saw the missing posters of the ones he had pictures of in his office that day. Pictures of their dead bodies. Of him holding up their dismembered heads like a trophy, grinning like the true psychopath he is. I found social media pages dedicated to them, read the things people wrote about them, and not one of them deserved to die because the chief and his friends are the biggest homophobes I've ever met.

The chief lures them in, takes them out into the woods based on the pictures, and then he and his friends kill them. That's the difference in what they do and what daddy's done and why I have no problem accepting Tate's actions while condemning theirs.

I settle onto his lap as we wait, relaxing into his loving hold, while his lips tease me until Cash clears his voice, bringing my eyes open. There's a flush on his face and I'm a little curious as to why until a man that's likely forty-five or older fills in the space of the doorway behind him. He reminds me of daddy but there are definitely differences in them I can instantly see as well. They both have their hair buzzed on the sides, the top longer and have beards, but daddy's mustache blends into his while this man's is like the handlebar ones, but it suits him somehow. So do the hoops he wears in his ears compared to the spacers that daddy said he got when he was in his early twenties and kept in because without them, his ears just gaped and looked weird.

The newcomer's beard is longer but just as well maintained as daddy's is, and I love brushing through daddy's after we're spent. It's coarse but yet soft and when it nuzzles against my cheek or my thighs, it feels so good. This man's might be soft but the sharp point of it doesn't look welcoming somehow. His face is lined more than daddy's is, and the lines are deeper, as are his blue eyes that don't hold the same softness as they look at me as daddy's always do.

No, he's a biker I'd have been afraid of, unlike when daddy came into the diner and put me immediately at ease.

"This is Law from the Relentless Keepers," Cash says, stepping aside so the other man can come closer.

"We've met before," Tate replies, standing us up before reaching out to shake the other man's hand.

"Four, no five years ago when you all stopped by our place after a run to hide out from the cops," Law says, and he nods. "You weren't president then."

"No, I took over about three years ago after refusing to let our previous president push us into human trafficking," he says and Law nods slowly before looking at me with a half-smile that calms my fears immensely. His eyes soften, not in the same way as daddy's, but they're not that same glittering hardness they were when he walked in here.

"Guess I know why you didn't take up with any of our club girls when they offered. Weren't the right type."

"Nope, sometimes in order to find the perfect little girl, you have to look for someone that would stick out in that crowd," Tate adds, and I grin, resting into his side as he motions towards the seats in the room. "I know it was a bit of a ride in this morning

having to come all the way across the city with the morning rush. You want something to drink before we get into this? We've got a fully stocked kitchen if you want anything to eat as well."

"I wouldn't turn down some coffee and I'm a man that can always eat," Law says with a chuckle as he puts his jacket and bag down next to a chair across from the love seat where we were.

"Black or do you like sugar or cream for it?" Cash asks, and Law's eyes slide over towards him, a bit of that hardness returning to them.

"Why don't you take a guess, and I'll let you know if you're right when you bring it back," he returns with a non-answer and way Cash swallows and breathes out, has me quickly understanding why he was flushed earlier. "Get me something I like to eat, and I'll make it worth the effort," he adds, and I bite my lip until Cash is out of the office, feeling a little sorry for him when he almost ran into the doorjamb on his way out.

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“You shouldn’t tease him,” I state, pulling Law’s attention our way, and that look from earlier is in his eyes once more.

“He’s young, they enjoy it,” Law replies with a shrug and a smirk.

“Cash isn’t like that,” I warn despite Tate’s look to stay out of it. “He wouldn’t have ever joined a club if his dad wasn’t your old treasurer. He grew up in it, so it seemed natural, but without that, he’d never come anywhere near it, or bikers. He’s sensitive.”

“Is that so?” Law says, his eyes glittering more and I hope I didn’t make things worse for him. “Feel like kin to him, honey?”

“Maybe, he’s the only real friend I’ve ever had so I don’t want to see him hurt.”

“Alright, I’ll be nice,” Law responds, and Tate kisses my forehead, his hand running up and down my side, making me feel safe enough to deal with anything now. “So, why don’t we get into the background of things. I know some of what’s going on from Prez, but he didn’t get into the nitty gritty of it to know exactly what it’ll take to get you this inheritance.”

“We appreciate you coming. None of the guys in the club are lawyers or have anyone close that are, and since the nature of the club is sensitive to start, we needed someone we can trust to protect all of our interests,” Tate says, as I slip my hand into his free one, and I smile when he lifts it to his lips, before settling it onto his chest. “On the surface yes, the legal court battle will be to see that Everly gets the inheritance that is her legal right based on her paternal grandparents’ will.

Underneath, there's a shit ton more to it."

"Alright, let's start with the legal side. Why are you seemingly not able to get the inheritance without a court case?" Law asks.

"My paternal grandparents' will says that the eldest blood child of my biological father, inherit the company. It's very specific in that it states the eldest blood child, which I am, but I've never been acknowledged as such," I explain. "My mother was his mistress and purposely got pregnant thinking he'd divorce his wife who had fertility issues and marry me so he'd control the inheritance until I was eighteen and could sign it over to him. He laughed in her face at the idea of marrying the trailer trash slut and ended up having twins about two and a half years after I was born."

"So, he's not named on your birth certificate and in order to be able to claim the inheritance, we'd need a DNA test to prove you're the eldest blood child," Law says, and we nod. "We should be able to compel a test if your mother signs an affidavit stating that she swears he is your father."

"And that's where we start running into the bigger problem," Tate says, stopping when the door opens and I give Cash a grin when he carries in a tray. There're two cups of coffee on it, one that's entirely black while the other is a lighter shade, and I'm sure the black one is for Tate. He won't touch it if there's anything in it.

"Slice was still in the kitchen, so he cooked up a sandwich for you. Steak and egg on a muffin," Cash tells him, putting the plate of it and the lighter cup of coffee on the table next to him. "Cream, no sugar," he adds nodding towards the cup.

"Steak, not bacon?" Law questions, and he nods. "Good boy, and you're right, I like cream in my coffee."

I shoot him a questioning look when Cash flushes, looking away from us, and he just

smirks in response. “Thanks Cash,” I tell him when he hands over a bottle of my juice to me and a plate with pumpkin oatmeal muffins that Slice has been making me the last week because I’ve been starving long before lunch arrives for some reason.

“You’re welcome, Eves. Slice packed up the rest for you to grab later,” he adds before handing over Tate’s coffee to him and heads for the door. “If you need anything, just holler.”

“Anything?” Law queries and Cash’s face flushes more as he gives a little jerk of his head and disappears out the door.

“Tease on your own time,” I tell him after the door shuts, the look in his eyes still the same as earlier, but the way he licked his lips has me wondering if Law is really joking as much as he plays it off as.

He nods absently as he takes a bite of the sandwich, a grunt following it before he swallows. “Damn, you got women in the club as members?”

“No, Slice is a man and entirely into women. Can’t shoot for shit but he can cook and bake so we let him in anyway. Between him and Chef, we eat good around here,” Tate says with a laugh teasing my chin. “Unlike the cooks at the diner in town. I don’t recommend going there.”

“Only reason you did was to see me, wasn’t it, daddy?” I tease him in return, and he nods, giving me a soft kiss before looking back to Law as he finishes his sandwich.

“Alright, you were saying there were bigger issues around than us just filing an affidavit to compel a DNA test,” he says, taking a gulp of the coffee, and a smile flashes across his lips before it ghosts away.

“Major ones,” I agree. “Namely called that the man who is my father is corrupt, as

are the cops and judges in town. It's likely going to be impossible to get a judge to sign off on the order."

"Who's your father?" Law asks, his eyes narrowing in concentration.

"The mayor, Adam Jackson, and the inheritance...is Jackson Distributing which he uses to pay for all of his bribes and cover ups," Tate answers for me.

"Now it's making more sense. If he can't pay, people will turn on him," Law guesses.

"Human nature, flock to the most powerful to avoid being trampled on," Tate replies.

"True, and I'd gamble that once we start down this road, there are going to be threats on not only the club but also serious threats towards Everly."

"We're ready for it, no one's touching my girl. I already killed two cops from town that tried, but that was before things became public knowledge," he says, kissing my forehead again and I smile, resting further against him.

"Others in town know he's my father but they're paid to keep their mouths shut. His wife knows. The twins know. My mother was threatened with something to keep her silent all these years and it has to be something big because she'd have caved to get her hands on the amount of money the company makes," I add.

"You think he might have her taken out, so she can't try to be called into court?" Law asks and I shrug, pulling a nod from him. "You don't have any concerns if it would happen, do you?"

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“I wouldn’t say I want her dead, but I wouldn’t risk my neck to save hers.” He nods again sharing a look with Tate before he grabs his bag and pulls out a laptop.

“Alright, let me get to work. See if there’s a way to file this away from the judges that are in his pocket to make it easier to compel the test. You got somewhere I can camp out, set up shop rather than head back into the city until we’ve got this handled?” Law asks and Tate calls out for Cash as he finishes his coffee.

“Find an empty room for Law and get him set up in the office on the other side of Meyer’s so he can work up whatever we need,” Tate tells him, and he nods, waiting until Law gets up and moves towards the door before stepping away from it.

“You’re being mean, daddy,” I state pulling his attention down to me.

“How’s that, baby girl?” he returns.

“That office is right across from Cash’s. The only thing he’s going to see when he looks up is Law and the guest suite is just around the corner from Cash’s room.” I hold his gaze and the smile that settles onto his lips says he knows all of that already. “You’re being mean, teasing him with his crush.”

“Maybe he needs a bit of a kick to turn it from just a crush to something more.”

“I don’t think that’ll be hard to do on Cash’s side,” I muse.

“I meant Law,” he says, pulling my gaze up to his. “I remember him from when I was up in the city. We ended up being stuck there for a week. Law’s interest outside of his

work doesn't lie in women. We could use someone with his skills in the club."

"I don't see that happening, daddy."

"No? We've got Slice and Chef to feed him. A clubhouse that's not just warehouses welded to an old shitty apartment building. A potential job handling all of the club's legal needs and the company's as well. Not to mention Cash seems to be right up his alley of the type of boy he likes," Tate says, and I hope for Cash's sake, he's not just playing, and Law might actually be serious.

"And then the two of you can discuss how good daddy's treat their littles?" I question, sending his brow up a bit.

"Really? You know that's what Cash is looking for?" he asks, and I nod. "How?"

"He showed me that website with the block-set I showed you," I admit, smiling as his eyes darken. "I'd found one with something similar, but they were plastic looking and I didn't think they'd hold up, but they looked cute."

"Whereas the ones you showed me were wooden but still colorful and padded."

"Does that mean daddy will get them for our playroom when it's ready?" I ask, sinking into his kiss as he nods, a full smile on my lips as he wraps me up tight before carrying me out of the room and upstairs to our place.

He moves through our bedroom and into the closet, pushing open the door to the other side and my jaw drops as I look around the once empty room. "Daddy!"

"The days when I had you stay out of our rooms was for the guys to get things ready for us to expand," he says, moving us out into the hallway and the wall that was there is now opened, and as he flips on a light, I can see it's now walled off three rooms

down. “We’ll only have the one full bathroom until we remodel the room in the back corner there. It was originally set up as a science room. It has water hookups and a drain, but to switch it out to allow for a bathroom will take a bit more. By the time the baby’s old enough for his own room, we’ll have it done.”

“What baby?” I ask as he shows me the new hall that leads out the door I took when trying to get away from Grover. The wall next to us has two doors and I’m guessing they split the room into two bedrooms, which I won’t mind.

“The one growing in your belly,” Tate says, making my jaw drop and I shake my head no, certain that’s not possible. “A whole month with you on my cock every night and no visit from a monthly pest. You’ve been extra hungry the last week too.”

“No...” I hum, but a smile slips onto my lips when he just nods. “A baby...I didn’t even...”

“Think about us not using protection?” he guesses. “I knew you likely weren’t on anything, but I wasn’t going to stop. If I’d brought you home with me last year, we’d have likely had a different conversation at the start, but now...all I could think about was getting my baby in you. Wanting a family to grow from both of us. And just because we have a baby, doesn’t mean you’re going to be any less my little girl, even if the baby is a girl. What we have is never going to change. Daddy will simply have more babies to teach things.”

“Promise?” I ask as he moves us back into the playroom, a new lock is on the door, and I know it’s entirely safe to enjoy the space.

“Promise, baby girl. Even if some aspects of our daily life ebbs away from daddy being in complete control, in here it will always be just as intense, and you will always be daddy’s little when it comes to what’s in our hearts, because I love you and that is rooted in that love,” he states, and I grin rubbing his chest as hunger grows

deep inside me.

“I love you so much, Tate, always. Does this mean we can play in here now? Can I dress up for daddy and get a treat?”

“Do you agree that daddy can do whatever he wants to his little girl this time? That even though she might say no, it’s not actually a no?” he counters, and my body shakes with the need rushing through me.

“Yes, daddy, you know my answer is always yes for you. But you want me to say no to you this time, don’t you?” I add as his eyes gleam with returning hunger.

“Yes, I want to feel you fight me. To not instantly comply with what I ask you to do, so daddy can hurt you until you do it, or just take it. Does that scare you, pretty girl?” he asks, his hands holding my face in the gentlest way and I smile, brushing up against him more before I answer.

“No, I would dream about daddy coming into my room, taking me from it, then taking me while I tried to get away. Tried to stop him from getting inside me, but daddy always won, because daddy’s so much bigger than I am, so much stronger,” I admit, and the kiss he gives me has my panties wet in an instant.

“I’m going to leave an outfit on our bed for you. Put it on, and wear only it when you come in here. I’ll be in shortly after that, baby girl.”

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“Yes daddy,” I hum, excitement rushing through me at everything that’s to come.

“From the moment you come back in here until we come out of the playroom, daddy has total consent to do anything he wants. I will only stop if you use the safe word, yes?” he asks once more, and I nod. “Words, I need the words, baby.”

“Yes, daddy, you have my total consent to play however you want with me when you come back into the playroom,” I promise, and a huge smile breaks out across my lips behind my hands when he moves back through the closet, to get the outfit he wants me in. I feel like squealing with my excitement, but I manage to keep it in, for now at least.

Chapter 11

Tate

I rub my cock thinking about Everly in the outfit I laid out on the bed for her. It’s a custom order that just got in and I can’t wait to see her in it. I’m certain she’ll love it. It’s a short, three tier white dress with rows of pink rainbows. The top of it is styled like a t-shirt, but it snaps in the back to make it easy to get off, and the seam of the top tier separates as well with snaps, giving me free access to her tits whenever I want them.

There’s a pair of shorts that match it, the back of it also opens with snaps, which means I can just undo them and get to her pussy rather than have to take them completely off her. I left her a pair of light pink knee socks to go along with it but that’s it. It shouldn’t take her long to change but I keep my ear to the door, listening

for her to move through the closet and into the playroom so I can get my hands on her.

The sounds from the bathroom make my cock harden, knowing if she just used it I won't have to give her a break until much later. That seems just perfect to me.

I give her another couple of minutes, then go back to the door, hearing the soft click of one shutting and my body tenses, knowing what's coming. My little girl completely under my control.

I let another minute pass before moving into the bedroom and changing my jeans and tee for a loose tank top and a custom pair of athletic type pants. They'll be softer on Everly's skin if I don't completely undress and there's a slit in the front of them that's plenty big enough to let my cock out to play. The tank will let me put her hands on me where I want them as well as give her something to look at, because my little girl is as attracted to looking at my body as I am to hers.

My dick wants me to walk straight into the playroom, but my brain knows the longer I make her wait, the better the result. The anticipation is part of it. The unknown of exactly when it'll happen. Makes the heart race. The adrenaline pump.

Yeah, waiting isn't a horrible thing when the end result is so good.

I slip onto the chair, shooting off some texts to the others so they know what to do today, as well as one to Cash to let him know we're indisposed in case Law finds something to discuss. The minutes crawl past and as the twenty-minute marker hits, I can't wait any longer.

The door opens with a whisper, and I suck in a deep breath seeing my girl laid out on her belly, the dress riding up, showing off the shorts and her ass jiggles when her legs swing. She looks fucking perfect. Soft and carefree, a happy little girl, because daddy

takes care of everything for her, and that just makes me hungrier to sink into her and fuck her hard.

I take a step towards her, shutting the door behind me, which I know completes the circuit and turns on the camera I installed. It's a closed feed, only sent to my phone. Any time it turns on, I'll get a notification, so I'll know when my little girl goes into it. Which means I'll know whenever my girl wants to play to be able to surprise her.

My movements bring her head back around, her cheeks heating as she slips whatever she was reading under the pillow, and my brow rises as she turns over onto her back with a grin for me. "Hi daddy."

"Hi baby girl," I return, slipping over to the bed. It's a canopy style bed, that's draped in sheer pink curtains, with bedding to match. There're also restraints anchored underneath it that we'll play with one of these days, but today, the only thing that's going to overpower her is daddy. "What were doing?"

"Nothing, just waiting for daddy to come say hi," she says, the lie blatant as she flushes deeper and I move over to stand in front of her as her eyes travel down my body, the sparkle of heat unmistakable when they lift back to me. "I missed daddy."

"You always miss daddy when you're at school," I suggest, and her eyes twinkle further before I pull her up onto her knees to give her a hug. As I do that, my hand slides under the pillow and pulls out what she hid. The cover is one of the manga I'd bought to put on the shelf, be something I could catch her with and punish her for one day, and fuck if she isn't perfect for doing it now.

I pull back, holding it up in front of her eyes demanding, "What is this? Where did you get this? You know little girls aren't allowed to read these."

"I wasn't..." Her cheeks heat further with the lie, and I slip a hand around her throat,

keeping her gaze on me.

“You hid it. You knew daddy wouldn’t approve but you did it anyway and then think you can lie about it?” I question her, my tone growing harder as she bites her bottom lip. “You know the rules. Daddy approves everything you bring home, or it doesn’t come into my house. Where did you get this? Did you steal it?” I add, enjoying her little gasp that falls with the last question.

“I don’t steal daddy,” she says with a pout. “I’m a good girl.”

“Not when you bring trash like this home,” I counter. “It was those boys from school, wasn’t it? They gave it to you? Did you let them do the things in it to you?”

“No, daddy!” she cries as I push her chin up further. “Everyone at school reads them though,” she continues, giving me an innocent little look and fuck, my cock is weeping in my pants wanting out to play. “I’m not a little girl anymore, I’m a big girl so I can read them too,” she adds stubbornly and that is my perfect opening.

“Not without daddy’s permission. You know the rules, little girl. You know what happens when you break them,” I state, taking a step back from her. “Get up.”

“No!” she snips, and I reach out, pulling her up onto her feet, my hands tight on her arms as she pushes at mine. “No. Daddy’s rules are stupid. I’m a big girl and don’t need them!” she shouts, stamping her foot with the most perfect pout and I letting the gleam fill my gaze before grasping the back of her neck, pulling a whimper from her as I move us towards the chair at the table. “Stop it, daddy. That hurts,” she cries as I force her face down over my lap, my other hand corralling her hands, and I control her body as I squeeze her tits between my legs. “Daddy!”

“That’s because it’s a punishment, little girl,” I state, releasing her neck to grab the thick rubber bracelets on the table. I wrap one around both of her wrists, giving her

tits another squeeze when she tries to fight me on it. “You’re being extra bad today, which means an extra hard spanking. If you move or make a sound before I finish the five you owe, I’ll start over again. Is that clear, little girl.”

“Yes, daddy,” she says, and I release her arms, turning my hands over to the shorts covering her ass, and I pull the top of them down to just under her ass. “No, daddy, don’t...” she calls out as I land the first spank on her bare skin. “You can’t spank me like that. I’m not a little girl anymore. I’m a big girl!”

“Then prove it and take your spanking like a big girl,” I return, starting over and she stays still and quiet all the way until my palm hits her ass on the fifth spank.

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“Oww,” slips out of her and I lift my hand, starting back with a count of one. “No, daddy! You were done,” she cries as I land the second one.

“Punishment isn’t done until I say so. One,” I repeat, landing a harder blow, and she quiets up until five again, and I go back to one once more. Over and over, squeezing her tits whenever she squirms trying to get up, and landing harder spanks on one when she doesn’t make a peep until I’m at five.

“Stop daddy, stop,” she calls out when I’m on three for the dozenth time, and I lift my hand to her throat, bringing her head up as I lean over to see her pretty face. Her eyes are glazed with nothing but desire, and I turn her face towards the wall where a paddle and belt are hung.

“I’m going to give you one last chance to accept your punishment like a good girl, or I’m going to do the next ones with one of those,” I warn her, and her breath hitches a hint, and I start over, anticipation running through me as I bring down the fifth spank, and her cry as it lands, has cum dripping down my cock.

I pull her up, moving us back towards the bed with her shorts around her thighs, and she jerks trying to get away from me. “No, no daddy, no. I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I’ll be good. I promise, I’ll be good,” she pleads but I push her down onto the bed, lifting her ass up, and grab the paddle as she watches. “Please daddy, please, don’t. I’m sorry. I’m sorry daddy.”

“Actions have consequences, and it’s daddy’s job to teach them,” I return, landing another dozen spanks on her ass before she quiets.

I start over at one and get up to four, when she lets out a stream of, “Please stop, please stop daddy, please...”

“One,” I say over her, quieting her before it lands and this time, when I get to five, she doesn’t make a peep. Her ass is bright red from the abuse, and I know she’ll have bruises from it tomorrow. I cup her ass with my hands, rubbing it gently as I lean over her, pressing a kiss to her cheek telling her, “See, that’s all it would have taken to get daddy to stop.”

“Daddy doesn’t like having to punish his little girl,” I add freeing her wrists before pulling up her shorts, before turning her around to face me. “Now, tell daddy you’re really sorry and mean it this time.”

“No. Daddy’s mean and treats me like I’m still a little girl. I’m not a little girl. I’m a big girl and you can’t punish me for being a big girl!” she huffs at me, and I grip her ponytail, jerking her head back pulling a gasp from her.

“Big girls still get punishments, baby. They just get punished differently. I think it’s time I teach you just how big girls get punished if you insist you’re such a big girl now,” I add when she starts to let out a little grin.

“I don’t need punished. You already did by spanking me like I’m a little girl!”

“You’re yelling and arguing with daddy. Those are still punishable offences even for a big girl,” I return, putting a new pout on her lips. “It’s time daddy teaches you what to do with that mouth,” I suggest, covering hers with mine when she opens it to speak, pushing my tongue deep into her mouth.

She turns her head to get free, shaking it at me, “Eww, no daddy, that’s gross.”

“That is what big girls do with their daddies. I thought you wanted daddy to treat you

like a big girl, yeah?”

“Yes, but that’s icky,” she whines, and I smirk, grabbing hold of her hair harder and move her face where I want it.

“Big girls sometime have to do icky things, especially when their daddy makes them,” I respond before covering her mouth and diving in once more. My hand holds her still, letting me taste every inch of her mouth, and I pop open the snap to get a hand in to touch her tit. She jerks back hard, pushing at me with a hand, wiping her mouth with the other glaring at me.

“No! No, no, no, daddy,” she tells me, pushing more as I move to pull her back up to me.

I get hold of the back of her neck again, lowering her down onto her legs as she’s still kneeling on the bed and jerk open my pants, pulling out my throbbing cock. “Open your mouth,now, little girl.”

“I’mnota litt...” I cut her off as I push my cock past her lips, pulling a cry out around my thickness. Her hands push at my hips and thighs, her head trying to pull back, but I have complete control over the movement of her head, and I push further into her mouth, until I hit the back of her throat.

She gags around it, and I let up just a hint, before pushing deeper into her mouth. It makes her hands push at me more, fighting to push me off of her, and I slide my other hand back into her top, gripping her tit tight. Her hand comes up, trying to get me off her tit and I pinch her nipple, making her gurgle with a cry around my cock.

“Stop fighting daddy and be the big girl you said you were. This is what big girls do with their daddies, and you wanted to be a big girl,” I state, jacking off my cock with her mouth until I’m about to blow. “Now, open really wide. Daddy’s going to give

you a treat, right down your throat.”

She keeps pushing at my thighs and trying to jerk away, managing to get just a bit off of me, and I hiss out as her teeth sink into my cock. I pull out of her mouth her grunt, popping her cheek with a smack—not hard enough to leave a lasting mark, but enough to get her attention and sting as she’s begged me to do repeatedly the last two weeks—and she jerks back further, her lip quivering.

“Daddy hit me,” she cries, before launching her hands towards my chest. “Daddy hit me, daddy’s mean and I don’t want him to be my daddy anymore. I want a nice daddy!” she continues until I have her pressed down against the bed. Her face and front are angled towards it, my body covering hers, as I hold her hands to her chest.

“You bit daddy. You know better than to bite daddy,” I growl against her ear. “You were almost done with learning your new lesson on how big girls get punished. You were going to get a nice little treat to fill your belly because you were doing good, and then you bit daddy. And when you bite daddy, daddy bites back, whether that’s a spanking on your ass or a smack to the mouth to see you don’t ever do it again.”

“No...daddy’s mean and hit his little girl,” she cries, struggling against me, which only pushes her ass back against my cock harder.

“But you’re not daddy’s little girl anymore. You wanted to be a big girl because big girls get different treatment.”

“No, I don’t want to be a big girl. Daddy’s mean to his big girl. I want to be daddy’s little girl where daddy’s sweet and nice and loves his girl. You don’t hurt your little girl, so I want to be your little girl,” she whines, pushing me closer and closer to the edge of sanity.

“Daddy’s had a taste of his big girl though, and he can’t go back now, baby,” I croon

against her ear. “Daddy still loves his girl. In fact, daddy’s going to show you just how much he loves his girl,” I continue, jerking open the snaps on the back of her shorts.

I push her hips further towards the bed, opening her legs more, and I press my aching cock against her sopping slit, pushing upward from the bottom and it brings a cry from her lips.

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“Daddy...no...no, that hurts. No, daddy, no. Don’t...stop. Stop daddy, stop!” she shouts against the mattress, gripping it tight as she tries to pull herself away from me. Her legs kick out and I grab the top one, pushing it higher as I move further over her back, holding her in place as I grab her hands and press them against her chest once more.

My cock drags in and out of her, bringing more shouts and cries from her lips as she tries to lift her hips from me. “You feel so good baby...so good wrapped around me little girl.”

“Little...I’m little. I’m little daddy, I’m little,” she cries, and I lick the small part of her face I can reach with our angle. “Daddy doesn’t hurt his little girl...daddy shouldn’t touch his little girl like this.”

“You pushed daddy too far, baby. Gave daddy a taste of how his big girl would show him love then tried to take it away from him. That’s little girl’s mistake because she unleashed daddy’s hunger and now, she’s going to have to feed it whenever daddy wants.”

“But daddy’s hurting his little girl,” she whines. “It hurts daddy...it hurts.”

“Daddy likes hurting his little girl sometimes,” I counter, my thrust timed to coincide with the statement, harder and deeper still.

“No...no, you can’t. You can’t daddy, you can’t. You can’t,” she cries, over and over as I keep tight hold of her, fucking her harder with each no and can’t that falls from her mouth.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so tight. Daddy can’t stop now,” I grunt, turning my face down towards her, my lips sliding over every little bit I can reach, and I bite her earlobe as I come hard, staying buried inside her as it pulses deep from me.

My cock’s still hard when my breathing’s under control, and there are still soft little, ‘no, no, no daddy, no’s’ coming from her. “Shh, daddy’s not hurting you anymore, little girl.”

“You did, you hurt me. You’re a mean daddy. I hate you!” she shouts. “I hate you. I hate you. I hate you! I never want to see daddy again! Never want daddy to touch me again!”

In a flash, I have her flipped onto her back, and I thrust back into her, pulling another cry from her as I grab her arms and hold them up next to her head. “Daddy is going to touch you any time he wants. Daddy’s going to touch you anywhere he wants. You belong to daddy. You don’t tell daddy no. Not ever!”

“I hate you!” she cries as I pound into her, her tits shaking with the force under her top and I want to see them, play with them more than ever.

I grab the rubber bands back as I pull out of her, flipping her onto her stomach, and tie her hands together around her back once more. She jerks against me, and I lay a vicious smack to her ass, making it smart even more after the spanking earlier and now with her ass wet from a mixture of sweat and pussy juice and cum.

“Daddy is really going to make his little girl hurt if you don’t stop and behave,” I warn, pulling her head back to whisper the words in her ear. “Just think how much that bottom of yours will hurt if I spread those cheeks and take it right now. Do you want daddy to hurt you like that?”

“No, no daddy, please don’t hurt me,” she begs, her body shaking and I nibble on her

ear once more as a smile settles on my lips.

“Then stop fighting,” I insist first. Her legs and shoulders stop moving, and I pull her up until she’s standing next to the bed with me. “Good girl. Now daddy’s going to lay down on the bed and you’re going to crawl onto daddy’s lap like you always do why you lay on his chest.”

“Yes daddy,” she agrees quickly, nodding as a little smile slips onto her lips.

I wait until she’s starting to lean down onto me to pull on the band, holding her back. “This time, you’re going to sit up with daddy inside you,” I add with a smirk as she shakes her head no.

“That’s how daddy hurts his little girl,” she whines.

“I know and it’s how you’re going to sit on daddy’s lap every time we cuddle now.”

“No daddy, no, please, no,” she begs her lip quivering more and my cock bobs against her leg, making her squeal a bit trying to move away from it.

“Now, baby girl. You know daddy doesn’t like having to tell you things more than once and what happens when you don’t listen.”

“I hate you. I want my nice daddy back,” she cries trying to slip off my lap and I wrap my arm around her waist, keeping her upright.

“Then do what daddy fucking tells you to do like a good girl, and daddy will be nice!” I demand, and a moan falls as she moves her hips, letting my cock slip into her pussy. She inches down it, little by little until she’s taken half, and I give her arms a jerk, pulling her backwards a bit making her fall completely onto my cock with a scream of shock.

I move my arm off her waist and give the front of her top a tug, and her tits push forward as the snaps open. I tug until the material is completely under her tits and they're hanging free. "Now, you're going to ride daddy's lap the way you ride that pony ride you love."

"Daddy?" she questions, and my hands go to her hips, showing her what I mean, before making her do it.

"Harder little girl. You fucking bounce the shit out of that pony. You'll ride daddy even harder," I order when her movement slow.

"Daddy's mean. He wants his little girl to hurt herself," she says, and I smirk, pinching her nipples making her cry out.

"Yes, I do. It makes daddy feel good and you want daddy to be happy, so daddy's nice to his little girl the rest of the time. So the only time daddy hurts his little girl is when he's riding her or she's riding him. Now ride daddy like a good girl, or daddy's going to ride your bottom all night. Daddy won't stop until it's time for his little girl to go to school and then all of the boys will know how you let daddy touch you, and you don't want that do you? They'd want to touch you the same way then, and they don't love daddy's little girl the way I do. Won't make her happy and love her in every other part of her life. So stop whining and ride daddy," I warn.

My cock jerks when she starts moving, harder and faster, even while her lip quivers and she gives me huge hurt eyes. I let her go until I can tell her orgasm is rising fast, and I wrap my hands around her waist, and pump her harder onto my cock as I thrust up, over and over as the heat races through my body.

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“Stop it, daddy, stop it. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you!” She breaks as I push her over the edge, tears streaming down her cheeks and I follow her straight over, quaking for several minutes, until things begin to settle. My heart is pounding when I can hear and feel the tears still falling from my girl, and I quickly free her arms, wrapping her up against my chest and move us back into our bedroom.

I head straight for the bathroom, turning on the tub, and I stroke her back as I undress us, sinking into the warm water even as it continues to fill the tub. Her face is in my neck, and I whisper soft words to her, my lips brushing over temple as I just hold her.

“Shh, it’s okay, baby. It’s okay. I love you, baby girl. I love you so much. You were so good. You did so good. My good little girl,” I praise over and over until she finally settles, her lips pressing a kiss to my neck. “Are you okay?” Her face moves in a nod against my skin, and I hold the back of her head gently telling her, “Words, baby girl. I need words right now.”

“I’m okay. Better than okay, daddy,” she adds, calming my worry. “I don’t know why I...I never cry but I felt it happening and didn’t want to stop it. It felt like such a...”

“Relief? A weight lifted off your shoulders, letting them come?” I ask meeting her gaze and she nods. “You’ve had to carry everything for so long, had to be strong on your own. I’m not surprised it happened. Especially when we were in that space.”

“I’ve never felt like that before,” she says after a minute as I just held onto her, letting the water lap around us. “The pleasure and pain weren’t even as high as we’ve gone before but that...”

“Let you find the space you feel most free within, let it completely take over you until it brought everything up and out. The ability to push back and fight opened up an emotional place you’ve kept locked up tight, making it feel natural within what we were doing to let it out, not be scared to show it,” I offer, seeing the understanding grow in her eyes.

“Is there something wrong with me?” she asks, making my brows furl. “I mean, I got turned on by you killing those cops and needed you so much with what we did to Grover. I didn’t even blink an eye when you said you’d killed before and now...being able to feel like this when what we were doing...in any other circumstance would be considered...”

“There’s nothing wrong with you, baby,” I promise, kissing her eyes gently to shut them, shuttle away the worry in them. “Enjoying being taken—controlled, forced, or coerced, to do it when it’s by someone you trust, someone you know will never truly hurt you in a bad way, is a healthy way to indulge in your sexual needs. It’s another way to put you in the deepest submissive state possible. It’s more common of a fantasy than you’d imagine amongst men and women, and it no more means that the man is a budding rapist than it means the woman is sick or mentally unwell.

“As for the being aroused after the cops and Grover were dead, it’s not even so much about the death or the actual killing, as it was about the protection it meant. With the cops, for the first time someone was seeing that you came first, that you were safe, and would never have to be afraid of someone you didn’t want touching you to do it. What they were going to do, that was rape. What we did was wanted—needed—and agreed to by both of us, no matter how rough or hard I was with you, it was what we’d already talked about happening. If you’d truly wanted me to stop or not do something, all you had to do was say the word, and I would have,” I add, putting a smile on her lips.

“I never even thought of saying it. I loved everything you did, every second of it.

Egged you on even,” she says with a little shrug, and I nod, pressing a kiss to her lips.

“I know, your ass was redder than your hair and you still wanted more, didn’t you?”

“Yes, but I could tell from your tone that you were reaching a limit with it, and I didn’t want it to overshadow everything else happening.” Her words don’t really shock me, not with the way she continually brought the fight back into it, whether with words or actions.

“I could have handled spanking your ass a few more times far better than if you’d bit me again and tried to make me smack your pretty face harder,” I admit, grunting when she giggles. “I can’t stand the thought of anything marring it. The only marks should be from my lips or beard kissing you. From my cock making it all flushed, your lips swollen, eyes watering. Or from my cum gracing it. You can ask me to spank your ass, spank your pussy, or your tits, or even grab your throat and choke you in retaliation to a bite on the dick, but don’t ever ask me to smack you again, baby girl. I just can’t do it.”

“What if it was a smack with your dick instead of your hand?” she suggests and the twinkle in her eyes has me stealing her lips with a hard kiss of agreement. “Okay, I promise not to ask you to smack my face ever again, daddy.”

“Good girl,” I hum, nuzzling her cheek with my face. “As for what you felt after we handled Grover—that was power you were feeling. Power and reassurance. You knew that not only were you safe physically because daddy stopped him, but also that daddy would never leave you vulnerable, was there to teach you how to protect yourself, while also accepting you if you couldn’t take the final step—if you couldn’t kill unless it was the only option left. That triggered a fierce desire to be with daddy and daddy was right there with you, baby. You don’t have to worry that you’re only ever going to feel that freedom you have today if it comes from a consensual non-consent play. It wasn’t the type of play, but the space we created for you.”

“The little space?”

“You’ve been reading, haven’t you?” I tease, giving her a soft, slow kiss as she nods. “If you ever want to meet other littles, I met some daddies while trying to find the exact place that I felt most natural in the wide array that makes up the world of BDSM. I’ve kept in touch with some of them even though I didn’t have anyone I wanted as my little until I found you last year. They’re how I got everything for your room so quickly.”

“Maybe when things here are handled,” she says, her tone a bit hesitant and I lift her face to see her eyes.

“What is it? What’s worrying you about meeting others?” I ask, not wanting her to hide anything from me. “Daddy can’t always read your exact thoughts, baby girl, but daddy knows when something’s wrong, so what is it?”

“I just...don’t want anyone else seeing my daddy the way I get to see him,” she answers me, her cheeks flushed, and I smile, giving her a sweet little kiss on the nose.

“Or having them see my little girl as well, I’m guessing,” I state, and she bites her lower lip the tiniest bit telling me I’m right. “You don’t think other daddies would want you. That because most of the pictures online only show littles as skinny girls that they’d look at you the way some of the boys in school did.”

I know I’m right based on the way her eyes shutter, and I kiss her long and soft and slow until she sinks completely against me. “Oh baby girl, you’ve no idea how much some of them would want to try and steal you away from me, but I’m even more possessive over you than you might be over me, and I’d murder them if they saw you in the outfits we’ve bought for the playroom. No...no one but daddy sees you in them. If we meet up with anyone, it would be a casual non-sexual meetup. You could talk to the other girls, ask them questions if you want a woman’s opinion rather than

just daddy telling you something. I might touch you under your clothes or let you touch me. I could happily fuck you in your everyday version of your little girl outfits but that's as far as they'd ever get to see you. Does that make it a little easier to possibly agree to? Some of the others may dress in their true littles attire so you might see them have sex or doing things to their littles, but I just can't let another man near you, especially not when you're in your space. That's just for daddy."

"That makes me really happy to know daddy. I love you, daddy, so much," she sighs, sinking further into me.

"I love you too, baby girl. Always Everly," I promise, taking my time to wash her before we get dressed to head down to supper. I can't let my girl miss too many lunches, not with her pregnant, because even though she hasn't taken a test, I know she is and it's the best way to celebrate a month with her—the absolute best.

Chapter 12

Everly

I take a deep breath as my stomach rolls. The nausea is thankfully mild, and I haven't done much actual throwing up, and it's only really been noticeable the last two weeks.

It's been two months since Tate brought me home, changing my entire life and we're estimating I'm right about nine weeks based on my last period. We haven't told anyone in the club just yet and haven't been to the doctor, but that's only because we've been dealing with the shitstorm that hit when Law filed the claim for inheritance two weeks ago. Since then, it's been knocked back by both judges in town because there's 'no proof' I'm the eldest blood child of the mayor. Just as we figured they would.

What we didn't anticipate happening was my mother coming to me, asking me to drop it. I refused when it became clear that she was only concerned with her own safety. The news that two of the cops tried to rape me and that the chief of police was threatening to make me disappear to some jail or prison had no effect on her, not a flicker of remorse.

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Tate sent her away, told her not to come back, and apparently whatever she did or whatever my 'father' has on her was massive enough to send her running. Not that she got far.

Her body was found two days later out near the trailer park. I dreaded going to see her but thankfully, it was the county sheriff's department that had jurisdiction over it, versus the town's police department, so I didn't have to worry about anyone getting too close to me asking questions. But like I told the deputy who met us at the morgue, I hadn't seen her in five weeks and only at the store for a minute when I did. I didn't have a clue who might have been after her.

I felt sick at the thought of going into the room to look at her dead body and Tate told the deputy he would do it instead. It was a relief, and I stayed out where I was with Law while he handled that, coming back out to me with just a nod, telling me it really was her.

I didn't cry then, and I still haven't cried over her loss. She was never really a mother to me. Never treated me even half as well as Tate does, loved me even a tenth as much as him, so I don't really have any regrets that she's now gone.

The only thing her death has done, is given us a new avenue to get the proof that Adam Jackson is my biological father. Law came up with the idea to sue him for child support on behalf of my mother's estate. It's apparently an actual legal avenue an adult child can take, and our state doesn't have a time limit on how far back it can go. He fought it but since child support cases go through a separate family court division rather than the local courts where judges can sit over civil, criminal and probate matters, there was no one in his pocket to stop it.

The look on his face when we had the test done was one of fury, but that's because Law requested the state's lab be the one to run the DNA samples, not any of the local companies that were contracted and could collect the samples and send them off on the court's behalf. Those he could manipulate. He wouldn't be able to get into the state lab to find a weak link before the samples were logged into their system.

The test samples were sent off last week and we've been waiting for the results while staying close to the clubhouse. Tate's not about to risk my safety right now, especially not since we're pregnant.

The text from Law saying the case was to come back up this afternoon sometime is entirely welcome and yet not, because Tate can't possibly make it in with me, so I'm headed to the courthouse to meet Law by myself. Something that I haven't really been since going home with him. Even when I've been alone in our rooms, or in the library, there are still other people around the clubhouse. Crossing through the gate for the property and onto the road all by myself is a bit of a shock.

I really wish Tate was with me. His car is the epitome of luxury and driving it is great, but there's this pit in my stomach that I can't shake, which in turn is making the nausea worse. They had a fire at one of the shops, one that sells ammo and weapons they get through legal means but also lets them sell the illegal ones under the table through when someone might not find what they're looking for otherwise. They're certain it was arson, but they're still trying to figure out where it started to figure out who might have set it.

He was hotter than I've ever seen, his anger shown in every word he uttered and every movement he made, and I wanted to be able to stay with him, calm him down if needed, but what happens in the courtroom today will dictate what happens next with the inheritance claim. It's too important not to be at in person, to be able to get that court document that shows without a doubt, that creep is my biological father.

That pit I've felt since getting in the car simply grows when I pull into the lot next door to the courthouse, finding it eerily quiet. I don't think I've ever seen anything this deserted, and I slip my hand into the console, taking out the knife daddy gave me that I stashed there earlier since you can't take it into the courthouse. I can always leave it at security, if needed. I simply feel safer with it on me.

I grab my bag, putting the key fob into my pocket and slip out to find Law. I don't see his bike, but he may have walked over from the other side of the square rather than park it out front. He looks really odd wearing a suit while riding it. He looks really odd wearing a suit period actually, but that's because I've seen him in his casual attire around the clubhouse and it fits his personality far more than a suit ever might.

Doesn't mean he doesn't know the law though, because honestly, he was able to find a legal argument for every objection Adam's attorneys put up that would have compelled any other judge to force the DNA test then and there. One of the other lawyers that'd been in the same courtroom said we should file an appeal because the ruling appeared to be completely biased. Said we had enough of a case with the fact that my mother told me who my 'father' was multiple times over the years combined with the genetic characteristics like my hair and eye color that were recessive and much more likely to be dominant with a parents that shared them than one that didn't. As well as the fact that his own wife had confronted me before about claiming to be his daughter, but never denied that I was when questioned, showed more than enough probable cause to have the test ordered.

Law simply nodded in agreement with it and carried on, looking for anything that could help us, until my mom died, giving us this avenue.

I move towards the sidewalk to come up around to the front of the building but as I go for the corner, something slams against the side of my head, and everything starts to go dark. I try to scream, to fight, but it hurts too much, it's too deep and everything

fades as I'm thrown onto a floor and I'm completely out.

???

My head pounds, my neck stiff as I come to with a jerk. My eyes instantly dart all around me, looking for an escape, and I push myself up off the concrete floor to go look for it. A drag against my leg keeps me from rushing and my heart clenches seeing the metal cuff shackled around it. There's a thick chain attached to it that's bolted to the wall, and I curse whoever the hell grabbed me and did this.

Who the hell do they think they are? The only one allowed to tie me up or cuff me is daddy and he sure as shit wouldn't do it like this.

I look all around me, but it's just one huge room. It looks like a basement. There aren't any windows and the only thing other than a chair is a set of steps that come down from the ceiling.

My bag isn't anywhere I can see with the dim glow from the lights overhead, and my hands slide down my sides, relief filling me when I feel the knife still in my pocket. Tears well up as I silently thank daddy for giving it to me. I don't know who I'm dealing with, but that knife is the greatest lifeline I have right now. The only one I have until daddy comes looking for me.

Does he even know I'm missing? Law would have called him immediately when I didn't show—especially if he found the car in the parking lot.

But how long has it really been? How long was I out for?

Does this have anything to do with the fire at the gun shop or is this some sick attempt by Adam to get me out of the way? Are they all one and the same?

Oh god, was there even a hearing called or was that a trick just to get me there? Out in public where I'd be easy to grab.

They'd have had no way of knowing I'd go by myself unless they did something to distract daddy. "Fuck," I moan sliding down onto the floor, my back against the wall—literally.

This was all a set up. Everything from the fire down to the text from Law had to be a set up.

There's no way he was in it with them though and he would have checked with the courts before contacting me if he'd gotten a random update about the case. Which only reasons that the text was a fake—a spoof. Law's information was on the court filings and most likely someone at the police department or courthouse found my phone number. I don't know if it was listed anywhere, but it's possible. With as many people as Adam has working for him, it's no shock that he'd have someone embedded in a clerical position in the courthouse.

My stomach rolls and I rub it, trying to stay calm but that's about as useful as a toy squirt gun against a blazing inferno. The kind like was set at the shop.

It would have been more questionable if the fire was set after the news of the case being called. But the fire started around five this morning and the text from Law didn't come until ten. Far enough apart that they didn't seem to be connected at first glance. Not with the other enemies that the club has—people they've refused sales to, people they've ripped off shipments from, other clubs that think the Reapers stepped on their toes. Hell, even the cops in town could have been responsible for it simply because they were causing trouble for the club. It could have had nothing to do with me at all.

But I know it did.

Source Creation Date: May 27, 2025, 6:44 am

I know it was to distract Tate, keep him from being at my side the way he was every other time I left the property. No one was getting in to get me. They had to get me out on my own and with Law in town researching another legal matter for the club, there was an opening to get to me, and I let them take it.

“I’m sorry, daddy,” I whisper softly, leaning my head back against the wall as it continues to throb. I wince as my fingers touch the spot. It’s tender but there’s no blood on my hand when I pull it back which I’ll take as a good sign.

Time marches on, how much I don’t know since I don’t have a watch, and there are sounds coming from above me. Footsteps and chairs scraping on the floor filter through and I debate about yelling, not sure if it’ll help or hurt me. Music starts and I curse, knowing they won’t be able to hear me over it. If there was someone out there with a conscious that could possibly hear me that is.

I get up, pacing back and forth, trying to come up with a plan to get out of this. There’s no way Adam will just let me walk out the door, not even if promise to sign over the company to him. He’s not going to let me live. He’ll kill me and my baby. Unless...

The tiniest bit of hope hits me, and I hold onto it, praying that it’ll be enough to give Tate time to find me—us. He’ll never stop searching for me. I know that. It’s just a question of if he finds me before Adam does something stupid or after.

I move between the chair and the floor over what seems like hours, until the squeak of a door opening and light filling more of the space draws my attention. I move behind the chair, keeping between it and the wall so no one can attack from behind or

beside me without giving myself a fighting chance. I won't go down without one this time. Won't be sucker-punched again, that's for damn sure.

My breath stalls when the bastard shows his face, a smirk on it that infuriates me. He looks certain of victory already, but my daddy taught me not to show weakness until victory was in hand. And my daddy's right, because the only way to call my bluff, is to demand a copy of my will. And to do that, means having to go to daddy and Law about it, and I know Law would be able to quickly get it set up. I signed a ton of forms for him to have for the court filings. He could use one of them as a signature on a forged will. Between the guys in our club and Law's, they'd make it happen.

"Finally, up are you? Here I was hoping they'd already taken care of my problem," Adam states, coming closer and a sneer crosses his face as he looks me over.

My outfit is dirty from being on the ground. The once white blouse is now splotchy with grime and the black trousers show dust and animal hair all over them. "Where are we?"

"None of your business. Just know it'll be where you die," he replies, and I grit my teeth to not instantly throw up the idea of a will. He won't buy it nearly as much if I make it easy.

"You're not going to kill me. You don't have the stomach for it," I add when he just smirks. "You'd have your asshole buddy Thatcher do it. After all, he's already a murderer."

"He didn't kill your mother," Adam says, and I lift a brow his way, knowing for certain now that someone in his pocket did.

"I didn't mean her. I'm talking about the half-dozen, maybe more, young gay men that he's lured out to the woods and murdered for his and the rest of his buddies' sick

amusement,” I return.

He doesn't show a flicker of shock at the news, but there is surprise on his face aimed my way. “Another of your sick embellishments,” he said, circling his finger near his head to claim I'm crazy.

“We both know it's not. We're alone, so why not drop the act because I don't buy it for one moment. You had someone kill my mother. Why? What did she know that was so worrisome that you'd have her killed after seventeen years of keeping her silent with just intimidation?” I question, watching his face and the tells in it, gives me the upper hand. “Oh, come on, if you're going to try and kill me, shouldn't I know how you kept her leashed all these years? She'd have gladly brought me forward for even a hundredth of a percent of the money that Jackson Distributing brings in each year.

“Obviously it was more than some petty crime she was worried about being sent to jail for. She even came asking me to drop the suit, then you dropped her, why?” I demand, tightening my hand on the back of the chair as he moves closer to me. It's not heavy which means I could use it against him as a weapon. It could distract him enough for me to be able to put the knife in his gut if nothing else.

“You won't be leaving this room alive, so why not,” he says, his smirk growing as he leans closer. “Your mother was a real looker when she was younger. A hell of a fuck too. I didn't know what she'd done until it was too late. Diane was seven months pregnant and couldn't abort them, and I wasn't entirely certain she was telling the truth. Not until they were born and their blood type meant it was entirely impossible for them to be mine.”

“The twins...aren't yours?” I question, surprised that tell isn't on his face. “How is that my mother's fault and how would something like that keep her quiet all these years? She'd have shouted it from the rooftops if it meant getting money.”

“Your mother, like all of the town, knew where we were having fertility treatments performed. She seduced the doctor, convinced him to do a little switch with the sperm and she’d do anything he wanted. He did it and she did him when he wanted. Until one night, when the twins were about two weeks old, a pharmacy tech might have slipped him the little blue pill instead of his heart medication, so when your mother showed up, she fucked him to death. Of course, the chief switched out the pills for the correct ones before anyone noticed, putting them in her purse so her prints were all over them. And she was warned if she ever talked, ever tried to claim her disgusting brat was a Jackson, she’d wind up dead one way or another—either with my say-so, or in jail.”

“And why you can’t risk a DNA test being out there because even if I didn’t wind up being your biological offspring, it’s prove that they aren’t either, which would mean that the company gets sold off and you get nothing. No money to keep yourself in the mayor’s office. No money to bribe your way out whatever mess you and the cops create. You’re pathetic and it’s all going to come out as soon as those test results are entered into the court record. Give it up. You’ve already lost,” I say with a laugh that makes him glower my way.

“Doesn’t matter, because even if they are entered, with you dead, it’ll go to Paul when he’s eighteen—without the need for a DNA test.”

“Ah, see, we thought you might try something to off me,” I state with a shrug and another laugh that makes him glower harder. “Which is why I had a will set up. With the DNA test results expected any minute, it’ll become court documented proof that I unfortunately come from you. And with that, the inheritance becomes mine—or at least falls under my estate then—to be probated against my will, which leaves everything to my fiancé and/or children depending on when I die. And it won’t matter that I’m deceased, unlike other instances when who dies first matters, because your parents’ will clearly states that the company is to go to the eldest blood child. The word living is nowhere to be found, so between that and the DNA results, the court

would award it to my estate then. So, really, you're cooked. Anything happens to me, not only do you still lose the company and all that money, but Tate will hunt you down to the ends of the earth and murder you for taking me from him."

"Guess I'll just have to kill him first then," Adam snaps, moving back towards the steps and I let out my breath bit by bit. "I'd get comfortable. You're not going anywhere until I've got him and a new will dealt with, I'm sure it won't take too long to find him out again. He was out all night from the sounds of it though god knows why he'd care about losing you. I suppose it's the money he's after as well. No one would want you if you were actually penniless."

His words don't begin to sting. Before daddy, they would have cut me deep, but now, I know Tate's love is absolute. Nothing between us is a lie and it sure as hell isn't about the money. No, the company is just a means to an end—of the corruption in our town.

I sink down on the chair, relaxing my body from my prepared for attack state, thankful that I've got plenty of curves that will keep me and the baby from harm for several days at least. Water might be an issue—as well as my bladder, I concede and I get up, moving around looking for anything I can use so I don't literally pee my pants. There's absolutely nothing. No bucket, not even a bowl, and I groan as I slip around the other side as far as the chain will allow me.

There's a little spigot coming out of the wall and the floor dips just the tiniest bit, drawing my eyes to a drain. It's better than nothing and I undo the button on my pants, pushing them down before pulling the legs of them up so they don't accidentally get splashed. It's just camping, I pretend in my mind and my bladder doesn't seem to care about the lie, releasing a stream as soon as I squat down over the drain.

It's an immense relief and I buckle my pants back before turning the spigot just a hint

and a little stream of clear water runs out it. I only use it to wet my lips for now. Depending on how long I'm here may change that, but I'd rather wait and see what happens next. It's been at least one night, so I'm sure Tate's getting close to finding me. To putting together, the fire and the text and me disappearing by now. My daddy's smart. He'll find me. It's only a matter of time.

Time which I find out drags on and on, feeling like an eternity when you have no way to gauge it. At least with the sun you can tell if it's morning, noon, or night. In here, it's endless and I sit and wait until my eyes grow too heavy to stay open.

Shouts bring me back awake, and I sit up ensuring I'm alone before following suit of what I did before I slept, using the drain to pee then wetting my lips enough not to feel parched. At least it's cool down here, which means I haven't sweated out the remaining water, but I know I'll need to get some into me soon, especially with the baby. I may have to take a chance on the water coming out of the spigot being safe if they don't bring me anything to drink soon.

Time goes on once more as I wait, and my breath stalls when feet come down the steps again. More than just one set this time, and I cringe when I see the chief of police headed down them with Adam.

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“I thought I said to kill her already,” Thatcher says when he sees me move. “That was the damn plan you idiot. I can make it look like an accident where she tripped and fell and no one found her until it was too late, but not when it’s been two days!”

I guess that somewhat answers one of my questions but there are plenty more still looming.

“She has a will to leave it to that tattooed freak,” Adam fumes and the two of them argue back and forth, ignoring me which is fine. The more I can put a wedge between them the more time that gives Tate to find me.

“Enough,” Thatcher shouts as he pulls out his phone, a smirk settling onto his lips. “We’re hunting tonight. We’ll figure out what to do with her after that. Give her some water so she doesn’t die before we can get a new will arranged.”

“Are you out of your mind? Hunting now?” Adam questions and I fight to keep my face blank, hope’s hands settle onto my cool arms. “This is more important.”

“I’ve been reeling this one in for the last month. I’m not letting it slip away just because you were too stupid to kill her when we had the chance five years ago to make it look like suicide,” Thatcher shoots back and while I’m absolutely disgusted that they could even think of trying something like that after what Melissa did, hope’s arms wrap tightly around me, keeping me calm.

Cash, sweet, amazing Cash must have told daddy about our side op, and they have a plan. He wouldn’t be meeting up with Thatcher if they didn’t, and there’s no way there was another man who’d been dangling himself out there as bait for this long.

“Daddy’s coming for us, just hang on,” I whisper to our baby, knowing it can’t really hear me yet, but it helps keep me calm as I’m shut away alone once more.

It’s only for a shot time this go-around, but the person that steps off the stairs makes bile rise in my throat. Paul saunters towards me, a bottle of water in his hands and a smirk on his lips as his eyes slide over me. It’s still absolutely disgusting even if he isn’t really my half-brother. I’d never let him touch me and I move away from my spot as he draws nearer.

“You really think you can screw me over and take the company? You’re as stupid as you are fat, but I hear even fat asses are tight and I’m going to fuck yours one way or another,” he crows tossing the water onto the chair before coming at me fast. Too fast for me to be able to dart the other way without him grabbing the chain, and my hand slips into my pocket, taking out the knife as his attention is on my face.

I breathe harder but let him get close, and with daddy’s words running through my head as he reaches for the buttons of my blouse, I turn the blade flat, adjusting for his height versus the dummies daddy’s had me practice on, and with a small cry, I thrust it forward hard. I almost think I completely missed, until his body jerks and I pull out the knife, pushing him away from me as he begins to go down.

There’s no screaming or yelling, just the blankest expression as he gasps for breath, and I catch a cry in my throat when his arm goes completely limp, falling off his side onto the floor. I’m shaking as I wipe the blade off on his jacket, before putting it up and moving back towards the chair. From where we were, someone looking down the steps wouldn’t be able to see him lying there—dead—which gives me time to surprise whoever comes down here next.

The bottle of water looks delicious, but I don’t trust anything these people do, and I turn it over, inspecting the lid, checking for the tiniest puncture hole, before risking a drink. The coolness of it calms me, and I sit back, waiting, hoping daddy comes down

those steps soon to take me away from this nightmare.

The squeak of the door has me on edge, and I move to a spot where I can protect myself once more as lighter steps come down the steps. “Paul! What the hell is taking so long?”

Melissa comes into view, her eyes fuming with anger as she looks over me. “Where’s my brother?” she demands, and I slip my hand onto the knife again, not about to take a chance with her. She’s crazier than all of them. I saw it when I was fourteen with the photo incident, but now, it’s even clearer.

“Over there,” I state, pointing towards his dead body.

“What did you do to him?” she shouts, hurrying to his side, a scream leaving her lips and she comes charging back towards me, faster than I expected, knocking me down onto the floor when she grabs the chain and pulls it. I hit back and butt first, feeling the wind get knocked out of me, and I try to roll to the side to protect myself but she’s on top of me before I make it.

Daddy’s words keep coming back to me as her arms flail my way, shifting her trunk around too fast for me to aim with any accuracy. She lifts her arm up to smack me, and I thrust the knife up, into her armpit and she falls off me, blood seeping through her fingers quickly as she grabs the wound. She hasn’t stopped screaming since I went down and I aim the knife once more, digging it into her lung I suspect as she starts to cough and sputter up blood, making a mess as she tries to push herself backwards away from me.

More footsteps are coming down the stairs, and I move quickly up off the floor. Diane looks at the mess of her daughter before her eyes land on me and she flies my way, faltering when she finally sees Paul on the other side of the room, but she’s too close to me for me to hesitate. If I do, it will be me and my baby dead on the floor,

and I won't let that happen.

My hand shoots forward, jamming the knife into her once, then twice. The first hopefully into her lung, but if not, I'm certain the second one was to the liver. Just like daddy taught me.

She drops where she is and I move backwards away from the carnage, my free hand protective over my belly as I catch my breath. It's only for a moment though, because harder footsteps race down towards me, and I can't stop the laugh that falls when Adam stops short, staring from Diane to Melissa then onto Paul and I hold up the knife with a smirk while the blood drains from his face.

"Maybe I'm not yours after all, I mean, I can't actually stomach to do it, especially to save what I love most. My daddy taught me how," I state, and he lunges for me, his arms out reaching for my neck.

The blade slices through his white silk shirt like butter, staining it red before it even touches his skin. His scream cuts off, turning into a groan and I push him away, moving slowly back to the chair and settle onto it. I keep my knife in my hand, while I sip at the water, a little smile on my lips, waiting for daddy to come and take me home.

Chapter 13

Tate

My fury builds deeper as I storm back into the office suite, my eyes flowing over everyone here, which includes several more of the Relentless Keepers. Law meets my gaze, the black eye he's sporting courtesy of me, dealt before he could even question why I was going after him.

He came back into the clubhouse hours after Everly left for the hearing, alone, claiming he never texted Everly anything. I let my fist fly for calling my girl a liar and it took Spawn and Victors to keep me from going at him again when he pushed back, asking what the hell had gotten into me. It was only when Cash said he'd seen the message from him, that we began to piece things together—realized that it'd been a trap, and when we got to the courthouse, finding my car there with no Everly in sight, the man just clasped my shoulder, and made a call.

Our club isn't high-tech. We figure the less of a computer trail there is, the less the feds can follow. We use minimal computer programs for our legit businesses and everything else for the club is done on paper, which is why Cash's position is so important. The Keepers have a bigger pool to choose from when it comes to members, since the city's about thirty times the size of our town.

Their cyber tech, a former military tracker, a couple of their marksmen, and a couple of their biggest beaters all were headed through the gate just before ten that night, with the assurance from their president that if we needed more bodies, he'd send them. It was three in the morning before their tech got into the city's files. Apparently they had better protection than most companies he attempted to hack to test their vulnerabilities, which just proved how corrupt they all were. If Fortune 500 companies were easier to crack, with all of their potential intellectual property, than a small city commission...they were definitely hiding something.

The Keeper's tracker Stealth had covered all of the possible paths Everly could have taken from the car to the courthouse doors, which wasn't a lot, but he marked them and which had cameras. Not that it mattered because when Crypto was finally into the server, all of the camera files for the entire day were wiped. Even worse, there was a bomb threat that was called into the courthouse earlier in the day that the police of course kept under wraps, but it'd apparently been searched and deemed a hoax, but all afternoon proceedings were rescheduled. Which meant no one around to see it happen.

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Crypto has spent the last day and a half trying to get into private cameras to find anything concrete, but I already know who has her. It's just where he's keeping her that I'm uncertain of.

"I get it, man," Stealth says holding up a hand to keep me from blasting them for the nothingness that we have, "she's your woman and she's missing. I'd be wound up just as tight, especially if I knew who was responsible for it, but if you go off half-cocked storming the mayoral residence and she's not there...you're going to have to guns coming at you from all directions."

"It's a good sign that she hasn't been found yet," Law adds making my brow rise at that statement.

"I think Law means it's a good sign that she hasn't been found by some random party yet," Spawn says, backing me up a bit more from the other man. "It means she's not dead. They would want her found before the court case is settled because if she's dead, it should go away."

"Which Everly would know," Law states. "After getting to know your girl this past month, going over everything law related on it with her, she must have found a way to hold them off."

"How?" I growl pacing the space wanting to pull my hair out because my girl isn't in my arms. She isn't safe under my roof, and I swear, I'll kill the bastard if he touches one hair on her head. I'll kill the entire damn police force and the city council and the judges and whoever the hell else I have to in order to get her back, get our baby she's growing back.

“However, she thinks will works best. I’d wager good money that she threatened them with the language of the grandparents’ will. She’d know if she simply promised to sign over the company, that it wouldn’t ensure her safety once that paper’s handed over. But she’s learned that in law, it’s all in the way it’s written. The will says the company is to go to Adam Jackson’s eldest blood child.”

“Which would be Paul if they kill Everly,” I snap back at Law.

“No, it wouldn’t,” he says with a half-smile sending my brow upwards once more. “Everly will always be the eldest blood child because the will does not specify that the eldest child has to be living at the time of inheritance. In the same manner that her mother’s estate is suing for the child support to get the DNA results, Everly’s estate could sue for the inheritance. Which yes, doesn’t negate that they could kill her and attempt to fight it, claiming it’s implied to mean living child, but we could still wrap them up in court for a long time fighting over it, and they’d know it.”

“I still don’t see how that keeps her safe,” I grumble.

“I do,” Cash says. “If Everly had a will herself, leaving her estate which could include the company to someone else, especially someone she’s involved with that has a large pile of cash to continue the fight in the courts...”

“It could put us right back on even footing. We would have claim based on Everly being his oldest child and it should be given to her estate, while they’d just claim the eldest living child should get it,” I state.

“Exactly, and since law is left up to interpretation, it’s a fifty-fifty shot. We have the upper hand though based on the fact the twins aren’t even seventeen yet which means they’re not even legally eligible to inherit, whereas Everly is and we’ve already filed an appeal on the initial court ruling of insufficient evidence to her claim, citing the child support case’s pending DNA results as grounds to reopen the claim. They

cannot deny the appeal until the child support case is complete,” Law offers and that calms the worst of the raging beast, but the nagging is still pounding at the door.

“Alright, but even if she did threaten them with it, how does that keep her alive longer?” I ask, dreading the response.

“Because if they really are worried that she has a will that leaves everything to you, the only way to block it, would be to have a new will supersede it. She’s signed enough forms for me to have to file whatever we need, and we could easily add the signature page to a forged will and I’m sure she knows that. So, they would have to get someone in to draw up a will of their own and have her sign it. That would take time to get all of the background information to align properly so it would seem like it came from her,” Law states. “We have her real signature. They would have to force one out of her or have someone forge it, which we could then question, claim it to be a forgery which would mean our will would stand.”

“Alright, but how does that get us any closer to finding where they have her before they do something to her?” I ask the group.

“Unfortunately, it doesn’t, brother. I’m sorry,” Meyer says shaking his head. “Unless we can get our hands on the mayor and beat it out of him, our only option is to keep boots out on the ground looting in every nook and cranny to figure out where they’ve stashed her.”

“And the mayor hasn’t been seen since the bomb threat. They claimed he was in meetings all day, but no one knows where,” Crypto adds. “He’s not using his city issued cell phone, and his personal one appears to be turned off.”

“Is there anyone else that might know that we could grab up?” the Keeper’s Rambo asks, and I run my hand down my face knowing there’s only one person he’s likely to turn to for this.

“Not anyone that’d be easy to get,” Spawn says, and I nod in agreement.

“We can get to anyone,” the Keeper’s Knuckles replies with a chuckle.

“In this case, it’s the chief of police,” I state, and Law gives a little nod at their surprised expressions. “Taking him out would be easy, snatching him up, not so much. He’s never alone and in town, it’d be way too noticeable, and getting him out of town...regrettably, he’s not that stupid.”

“Actually, I might have a way to get him out of town. The only catch is, he’s not likely to be alone,” Cash says, pulling all eyes his way and I give him a hard stare that has him wincing a hint. “When Everly and I started talking, getting to know each other, she let something slip to me about the chief of police she’s been sitting on for about five years.”

“What? Why wouldn’t she tell me about it?” I question, my neck tightening as I try to remain still and not lunge at him for knowing anything about my girl I don’t.

“She didn’t tell me about it to have something done with the information, more to warn me to be careful, at least at first,” Cash says, and that doesn’t make me any happier to hear.

“Why would she warn you to be careful and no one else?” Law asks him, his frown similar to mine but I know it’s coming from a different place than mine towards him.

“Because other than Toombs who doesn’t use anything electronic and Pinky who only hooks up with guys from the city, I’m the only other one around the club that’s gay,” Cash answers, but it only brings me more question until Cash turns his laptop around and shows us missing photos of six young men. “All of these guys went missing after mentioning to friends or family that they were going to go out on a date with someone they met online. When they never came home, their families and the

police tried to track down the messages, but they were all erased. Vanished into thin air other than a couple of them who'd screenshotted parts of the conversation and messaged them to friends, talking about it. Both of them were talking to someone with the same screenname. Of course, it stopped being used when the missing person's report on the second of them came out asking anyone that knew of the online handle to come forward to the police."

"You think Thatcher is involved with this...or Everly does?" I ask.

"She knows he is. When her bitch of a half-sister took that photo and sent it out to everyone, Everly got in trouble for it. They claimed she told them to take it, which is complete bullshit. She was fourteen for god's sake," Cash fumes, and I completely agree with his rage over the incident. "The school called the police, and they took her into the station. Tried to get them to charge her with lewd indecency or some bullshit. The ADA wouldn't allow them to put her in a cell because it was shown that she was never in possession of the photo, so they couldn't claim she was the one trying to distribute child sexual abuse materials. While the arguments were going on though, Everly was in the chief's office, and she did what a lot of fourteen year olds would do."

"She snooped through his shit," Law says and Cash nods.

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“She found photos of these six. Photos that no fourteen year old should ever find,” he adds, and I groan, praying I’m not right.

“They were sex photos, weren’t they? The chief and his friends doing awful things to men in them, I’d guess,” I question.

“I’m sure she wishes that’s all they were, but no. She said the photos were of him and several of his friends, different ones with different men, but the chief was in all of them. They were holding up the men’s dismembered heads like it was a deer instead of a human,” Cash says, and I see Victor’s barely catch himself in time before he upchucks everywhere. One of the Keeper’s isn’t quite as lucky, but he thankfully makes it into the hallway before it comes out.

“And all of these men were gay?” Law questions, his voice dark and steely, matching the fury pounding through me that my girl, my little girl had to see something that vile when she was still a child. It makes me thankful that I can be there for her, remove the dark stains that were her childhood and give her happy memories to replace it when we’re in our playroom and I swear to god, I’m going to erase every last one of them so she only knows that bliss she finds in there with her daddy.

“Yeah, she knew I sometimes met guys online, and she wanted me to know to be extra careful with anyone that might claim to be from around here, because it could be the chief. We were already discussing as a club what to do about the mayor and the police, and we figured if the chief of police was discovered to be a serial killer, the Governor would have to send someone else in to deal with the entire department. Which would get them off our backs and let us deal with the mayor separately,” Cash continues. “So, I got a separate phone, set up a fake account, used photoshopped

pictures so he wouldn't possibly recognize me, and found his account he's currently using. The shit he writes...he's either got someone writing it for him or he's the biggest closet-case piece of garbage I've ever met."

"You've been communicating with him this whole time?" I ask and he nods. "Since Everly was taken?"

"Yeah, I figured he was in on it and if there was any time to try and draw him out, it was now," Cash answers. "He's hinted at a meet up several times, most of them I've play off, but he asked the night before Everly was taken and I hadn't responded yet. I wrote back to him last night that I might be able to make it this weekend if he was still interested. He suggested tonight almost immediately but I've not given the final yes to get a place and time, but I can if it'll get us closer to getting Everly back."

"Where he'll be planning to do the same thing to you with his buddies as the others. They just won't know that we're there as well, and we can counter their plan to jump you," I state, and he nods.

"No," Law says, pulling Cash's attention back to him and off me.

"What?" Cash questions.

"I said no. You're not doing it. It's too dangerous," Law snaps, his hand slamming down on the desk surprising the other Keepers in the room it seems with the outburst.

"He's an adult and a member of this club, it's his decision," I warn the other man.

"If it was Everly you'd be saying the same damn thing," Law fumes, and I drop my eyes, doing my best to keep the smile off my face. Seems he's finally made up his mind about making Cash his rather than merely playing with his feelings still.

“It has to be me,” Cash says calmly, moving closer to him, and Law’s hand snakes out, grabbing onto the back of his neck, holding him tight. “There’s no way they’re going to show themselves unless they see me. He may not know the face entirely, but the photos showed enough of my body that no one else will be able to go in instead. Anyone that’s even close to my size and build has way too many tattoos. He’d sense it’s a setup and bail.”

“What’s to say he doesn’t see you, recognize you, sense it’s a setup, shoots you and still bails?” Law returns, as the others wisely keep their mouths shut.

“Because very few people around town know I’m part of the club to start. Yeah, I ride a bike, but I rarely wear a leather jacket or even my cut when I go into town. When I do wear them on rides, I have a full head helmet on, and no one ever sees my face. Even if he does recognize me and puts me together with the club, he’s likely to be even more anxious to come after me, because he’s expecting a horny gay boy to show up wanting to get fucked. He has no idea I know it’s him, know what he does because he doesn’t show his face online. Not once in any of the photos does he show his face and since the phone is a burner, it’s not tied to me or the club. Even if he tried to trace it, the closest he’d get is to the local tower nearest to the town’s single gay bar,” Cash says, holding Law’s gaze until the man pulls him in closer and kisses him the way we’ve been expecting since day one.

“Come on brother, we’ve got shit to get mapped out if we’re going to do this tonight,” Knuckles says breaking them apart finally.

“You and I are going to have a conversation when we’re back here about keeping things from me, especially when they involve talking toothermen,” Law warns him before turning towards Knuckles. “You bring any of those undershirts we ripped off?”

“The bullet proof ones? Yeah I think we’ve got a couple in with the rest of the

equipment,” Knuckles states.

“Get him one.”

“They’d spot one a mile away,” Cash says shaking his head.

“Not these. They’re the thinnest ones we’ve ever seen, they have an extremely thin plate, and the Kevlar is woven into the material as well. It may not completely stop a bullet, but it’ll keep you alive and they’re only noticeable up close. Very close,” Rambo adds and while they head off to get things together, Cash sends the message to Thatcher about the meet.

I hate having to wait for a response and the minutes tick past, my worry about what they’re doing to Everly growing with each passing one. I almost jump when the phone finally goes off and Cash shows me the message with the time and place, scheduled for barely two hours from now. The location is deep in the woods outside of town, but it’ll only take thirty minutes to get there. That gives us around an hour to get the snipers in place. The rest of us will have to come in behind them.

We head out, parking bikes and the trucks far enough away on the other side from where the meet is that they won’t be seen. Forty minutes before the meet time, we get word from the snipers where the four men are lying in wait, and I send out our own guys to make their way through the woods so they can come up on their blinds. They won’t draw closer until Cash heads in on his bike so the engine will cover their footsteps, and we send Stealth back to cover Thatcher. We need him alive, at least for now, and if I got my hands on him, I can’t guarantee I’d stop myself from doing him in.

I know Law is likely to be in the same boat, and I hold him back from joining the others with a firm shake of the head. “No, you’re too emotionally attached to this. So am I. You’d shoot first if he laid a hand on Cash before we got him subdued and I

can't let that happen. Not yet."

"I get first shot at him once we have news on Everly," Law states and I nod, passing the information along to the others to remind them to hit first, shoot later, when it came to Thatcher.

We stay with the truck, and don't approach until Cash pulls his bike in, leaving the engine revving for an extra minute to let everyone get closer. He's on an open mic and we hear everything as he approaches Thatcher. He stops short when he recognizes the chief of police but it takes him longer to recognize Cash, and before he gets within five feet, Stealth has him in a headlock, which brings his buddies out to help, but each one is picked off one-by-one until only Thatcher is left alive.

Law and I get out of the truck, and I'm jealous as hell seeing him able to kiss Cash while I'm still missing Everly, but it won't be for long.

"What the fuck is this?" Thatcher demands as Knuckles, Rambo and Stealth have him on his knees.

"Thought you were going to do some gay bashing, were you?" I question, dumping out the bag with all of the weapons they brought, and I pick up a baseball bat, testing it's heft with a low swing towards the bastard. I pull it back right before it'd hit him in the gut, enjoying the wince it pulls from him. "Yeah, we were onto you. Set you up and you completely missed it. I guess that's because serial killers on the hunt can't think of anything else. Whereas a guy like me that might have more than three kills to his name, doesn't go hunting for a kill, only handles a problem when it arises and right now...we've got a hell of a problem."

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“Fuck you,” Thatcher spits at me and this time, I don’t pull the hit, but rather than the gut, I land it right to the dick and if there weren’t three keeping him upright, he’d be sprawled out moaning like a little bitch.

“No thanks, I don’t get hard for men, and the ones that do, are too discriminatory to touch you,” I return, tapping my free hand with the bat his eyes can’t leave as they finally open. “Now, you’re still breathing because you’ve got something I want, but I can change that real quick if you’d like. Or maybe not so quick. See, I don’t mind doing the torturing when the receiver is someone that’s hurt my little girl and you...you’ve done that on your own, but this time...you helped that piece of shit grab her and now, you’re going to tell me where she is, or I’m going to make you beg me to just kill you. And if you’re wondering what that might entail, how about a little show and tell of my own. You like pictures I’ve heard, well how about this one,” I state, taking the burner phone that Meyer used to document the cops’ scene for some of the others in the club that weren’t buying the story.

“This one,” I say, showing him a picture of the one with the poker through his head. “He tried to crack Everly’s skull open with his baton, so I just returned the favor. After making him rape his partner with it, since that’s what they were going to do with my girl before I found them. And since you seem to have such a fascination with gay sex,” I add, flipping to the next photo showing him the aftermath of the other bastard, “if you don’t start talking, I’m going shove this bat so far up your ass, you’ll feel it in your throat as you die from internal bleeding.”

“You think I’m scared of you? Of fuckheads like you?” Thatcher crowed, laughing it off. “Try your best. You’re never going to find her body. Yeah...she’s already dead,” he chuckles, and Law barely catches my arm before I launch the bat directly at his

head.

“He’s lying, he’d rather die than subject himself to the torture. He can’t take it,” Law says as he pulls me aside. “Especially not when it’s sexually threatening.”

“String him up,” I tell the others, waiting until they have him on his feet to add, “naked and hogtied.”

He thrashes and shoves trying to get away but he’s vastly outnumbered and within minutes, he’s hanging by his arms and legs, shouting his head off. “For fuck’s sake, no one’s going to hear you. Wasn’t that the point of bringing them out here? So, no one could hear you kill them. They’d never find their bodies, so stop your fucking blubbering and act like a man, not damn coward.”

“Fuck you. Only a gay-wad would be able to fuck that fat, ugly...” His words stop as I slam the baseball bat against his side, the left to avoid rupturing his liver and low enough to not get close to the spleen.

“That’s my little girl you’re talking shit about. Keep it up and we’ll invite the entire crowd from Rusty’s out here to take turns on the closeted police chief because that’s what he really likes,” I warn, my voice deadly and the bastard gulps, his breathing racing and I know Law’s right. The only way to get him to talk is to do the one thing he fears most.

I turn back to the items from the bag and find a long handled dildo as well as a second more rubbery one that’s double-ended. Law holds his hand out for the one on the stick and in front of the chief’s face, pulls out his dick and comes on it, coating it as he puts his dick away and moves towards the man with a glittery fury in his eyes.

He holds up the dildo to his face, and when he tries to swing away from it, Law smacks him right across the mouth. “That’s gay cum right there. Don’t it taste good?”

Thatcher was already spitting but he starts to heave, and I move over, grabbing hold of his hair pulling his head up holding onto the rubber dildo as Law moves behind him. He smacks his ass with the stick rubbing it between his cheeks and I give him one chance. “Where. Is. Everly?”

“Fuck you!” Thatcher shouts and I shove the dildo into his mouth while Law shoves the other up his ass, making him jerk and grunt trying to get away from both ends.

“Look at you, getting fuck with gay cum, by a gay man,” Law crows before looking to Knuckles and adds, “Get me a glove. Let’s see if he’s a grower.”

The man pulls out a latex glove, letting Thatcher see it and he jerks even more, and I pull the dildo out of his mouth asking again. “Where. Is. Everly?”

He doesn’t answer and I shove the thing back in his mouth just as Law jerks on his cock hard with the gloved hand, and I grab up the knife pressing it into the flesh enough to break the skin just above his dick and run it up his body, slashing over his nipples on either side before looking back at his face, removing the dildo. “Last chance before you quickly become the town dumpster,” I warn.

“I’m sure there’d be someone in the crowd that would just love to suck your cock, while the others are taking turns on your mouth and ass,” Law threatens as he twists his cock that’s now hard despite the man’s best attempts to stop it.

“Hell, they’d take him from all side. One cock in the ass, one in his mouth and another would come up under him and fuck their asses with his cock,” Knuckles suggests and Thatcher shouts curses to the moon as Law shoves the dildo into his ass further, shooting a stream of cum onto the ground as he wrings it from his cock.

“Yup, they’d do that with their asses then make him eat it,” Law says, and I hold up the knife for Thatcher to see.

“Which is it going to be? You tell me where Everly is, and I end you right here with this knife. You keep trying to act all tough and we’ll let every last man in town that wants to get their pound of your flesh have it,” I state, and Law gives his cock a jerk, bringing the answer to his lips.

“They’re at the old Jackson manor. She’s in the basement,” Thatcher say, and I nod, dropping the knife making him yell. “You said you would end it!”

“Once I know you’re telling the truth we will. Until then, put him the back of the truck and gag him,” I tell the group, and they back the truck into the clearing and toss him none too gently into it. Law heads to Cash’s bike with him, and Cash holds onto him as they tear out after us, heading towards the old manor house to see if they’re really there.

It’s thankfully just outside city limits on a private stretch of road, and we pull in unseen using the backroad that runs up around the old barn on the property. There are lights blazing when we pull up, but there’s no way to see into the basement from outside the house. Stealth moves up to the front door first, motioning us to follow and nothing is keeping me out of that house. If Everly is in there, I’m the one finding and saving her.

Thatcher is too tied up to get free, but we leave one of the snipers with him just in case someone comes knocking. The rest of us move into the house when the door is unlocked. Some shit reality show is blaring on the TV, but no one is in the room watching it, and the guys spread out, checking all of the rooms as we look for the basement.

Stealth gives a whistle, nodding towards an open door and I move up behind him, Law and Cash filling in behind me, and the others cover us as Stealth counts down with his fingers from three. At one, we rush, guns drawn down the steps, as my heart pounds.

“What the fuck?” Stealth lets fly and half a second later, I see why there’s amusement in his tone, but my attention is entirely on the pretty girl sitting on a chair amongst the carnage.

“Everly!” I shout, moving quickly to her side as the others flood the basement, eyes moving from one dead body to the next and I cup her face, taking note of the knife in her hand. “Thank god, oh thank god, baby girl.”

“No, thank daddy,” she returns, lifting her face to mine and I kiss her, hard and fierce before looking the rest of her over as Law heads to our side.

“Self-defense I assume,” he says kneeling next to her leg where the shackle is locked around her ankle.

“Paul thought he could rape me. Melissa attacked me when she saw him dead. Knocked me down. Knocked the wind out of me and was on top of me, trying to hit me. Diane came down and saw them, came at me like she was going to kill me. Adam came down after that. He was about to choke me. I was just protecting my baby,” Everly says drawing confused looks our way.

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“My fierce little warrior mama, keeping both my babies safe,” I agree as Stealth hands bolt cutters over to Law after checking Adam for a key. “I’m sorry it took so long, baby girl, but daddy’s going to make sure nothing happens to you ever again. Nothing will touch you over this.”

“Why don’t you wipe the prints from the knife and use the chief’s on it instead. We’ll torch this place, it’ll cover up the evidence on the bodies, but we can drop the knife outside. Make it seem like he ran, trying to cover up his tracks, assuming that Jackson was going to lose the company which would mean him being ousted, and his secret pastime would be revealed. The Jacksons knew about it, so he came and killed all of them before disappearing,” Stealth suggests, and it sounds like a plan to me. “There’s a little inlet next to the porch. The knife’s just the size to fit between the lattices. It’ll make it look like he dropped it on his way out, tried to grab it, but with the house on fire, he just couldn’t take the time.”

“No one will ever find what’s left of him, we’ll make sure of that,” Knuckles says, cracking his and I nod in agreement letting them take the knife as I carry my girl away from the mess.

“I love you, baby girl. So much. So, so much,” I whisper to her, my lips never leaving her face as we reach the trucks. Her eyes widen when she sees Thatcher and she lets out a little gasp. My gaze follows hers, but it lands on a birthmark and not the dildo still sticking out of his ass.

“No wonder the twins were so crazy. Their real father’s a serial killer,” Everly says, gasping again when Thatcher’s head turns, showing he’s still alive—for the moment at least.

“What?” I ask as Law and Cash draw up next to us. Knuckles and Rambo pull Thatcher’s arms up, making him grip the knife handle to put his prints on it.

“Melissa and Paul...they were never his blood. She has the same birthmark, same spot. My mother got the doctor to use his sperm instead of Adam’s on the twins,” Everly states and Thatcher jerks trying to get free. “I guess it’s only fair to tell you since you killed my mother. I killed them when they attacked me, so I’d say I win.”

“You did, baby girl, you did,” I assure her, watching as Stealth moved back to the porch and slid the knife where it would be seen but not easily reached, while the other surrounded Thatcher. “Anything you want to do before we go home? It’ll be the last time you ever see him. His body will be lost just like all those guys he’s killed.”

“Put me down, daddy,” she says, and I do, keeping an arm around her to ensure she’s steady, and she reaches for the metal arm that goes with a car jack, while the guys move aside so she can have free aim. She rears is back, swinging it hard and we all wince when she lands it straight against his balls. His scream is heard even through the gag, and she hands the item over to Law who’s smirking. “That’s for trying to convince them to kill me and make it look like I committed suicide when I was fourteen. Hell’s too good of a place for you. You should be boiled alive in lava over and over for the rest of time.”

“Ooh, good idea, honey,” Law says, kissing her temple and Cash gives her a tight hug as well before I pull her back to me, needing her in my arms for the rest of the night at minimum.

“Let’s go home, baby girl. Daddy needs to take care of his little girl, hold her close.” Her eyes meet mine and she nods, letting me swing her up into my arms and head to the other truck. I hold her on my lap the entire time, a hand wrapped around her waist, holding onto her hip, while the other I use to hold onto her head, letting my heart finally ease back to a normal state, as my face presses against hers. My

tightness in my chest loosens and I can breathe again, even more than ever with the knowledge that the two biggest threats to my girl are now gone. She's safe but even more than that—she's free of them entirely.

"I love you, daddy. Thank you for coming to get me," she whispers, and I smile, kissing her temple as I hold her even tighter.

"I love you too, baby girl. Thank you for being my strong little warrior. Daddy knows it wasn't easy, but I'm so proud of you, baby. So fucking proud that you're mine. That you let daddy teach you how to be safe. I will never let anyone put you in a position where you have to do that again. Daddy's never letting you out of his sight," I add, shaking at the horror of the simple thought.

"Then how will daddy's little girl set up a surprise playtime for her daddy? Where he can have total control over his little girl. Make her do all sorts of dirty things. Make her hurt and enjoy it if daddy's always with her?" she counters and I groan, my lips pressing kisses to her eyes and nose until I finally reach her lips, devouring her incredibleness.

"Alright, daddy's never letting you off the property without him ever again," I concede and her smile before I kiss it away, is as beautiful as she is—entirely in other words.

Chapter 14

Everly

Nothing has ever looked so welcoming as the sight of the clubhouse growing before my eyes. It feels like it's been an eternity since I've been here, not just two days. A little choked off cry bubbles up when Tonka pulls up in front of the place, and I see most of the club waiting outside the front doors. Tate's lips press a soft kiss to my

temple, and I swallow down the emotions not wanting anyone to think I'm unhappy to see them or that I'm hurt when it's the complete opposite really.

"Let's get you inside, baby girl," Tate says, not letting me down as he slides out of the truck with me in his arms, against his chest.

There are cheers and shouts from the group and I smile, turning my face outwards as Andrea and Mona both hurry forward, asking if I'm okay. "Just tired and sore," I assure them, getting hugs around Tate's hold from both before he pushes us forward up to the door.

"Thank you, everyone, for your help getting my girl home the last couple days. There's some news that's likely to come out about the mayor and his family being killed as well as the disappearance of the chief of police. They were all involved so keep a tight ship. We're likely to find more than just the sheriff's department brought in on this. Don't do anything stupid or bragging about shit. Right now, I need to get my girl upstairs and cleaned up. The others can tell you more when they get back. They're still taking care of loose ends," Tate says before moving us into the building and he takes me straight upstairs, and to our rooms.

I let out a little protest when he sits me onto a chair in the kitchenette area, but he kneels in front of me, cupping my face as his eyes run over my entire body. They darken when they see the askew buttons on my top and I lift my lips to his, giving him a soft kiss. "He didn't even get them open before I had the knife in him. I'm okay, daddy."

"You'd better be, or I'll go dig them up and crush every last bone in their bodies," he grunts, before sitting back onto his heels as he drags in a deep breath. "Right now, you need something in your stomach and then daddy's going to clean every last inch of you before wrapping you up and taking you to bed."

“I’m not hungry,” I counter, my face showing the distaste of the idea of food apparently because Tate’s hand slips onto my belly, his eyes holding me tight.

“Morning sickness or did one of them hurt you there? Give you something to make you sick?”

“I just think if I try to eat anything right now, it’ll just come back up. They didn’t give me anything yesterday and not even water until earlier tonight. It was just after Thatcher made plans with Cash that Paul brought down the bottle of water and tried to attack me,” I admit and the look on his face warms my heart. It’s pure, uncontrolled fury but it’s not at me. “I would have left them for you to take care of, daddy, but...”

“No, you did what you had to do, to protect yourself and our baby. Yes, I would love to have dealt out some justice to them and if I find anyone else that participated in this, I’ll give them everything they deserve and more, but knowing you were safe for the last few hours, just stuck there with that damn shackle on, is keeping me from losing it entirely. I love you, baby girl, and I will gladly kill for you, but I don’t have to kill what threatens you to feel like a man,” he says, and I smile, running my hand down his chest wanting him skin to skin with me so badly.

“Why don’t we skip the food and go straight to the shower? Daddy can wash his little girl like he did the first time he brought her home, then show her just how much he’ll always love her?” I suggest starting to slide my hand under his shirt, but he pulls back, giving me a hard look and catches my hand to his lips.

“No,” he says surprising me, but he gives my hand another kiss, settling the worry that instantly hit hearing that one word. “You may not want to eat anything, but you need to. You know the prenatal vitamins upset your stomach if you don’t have at least something with them. They’re important to take, for you and the baby, so on this, daddy’s telling you no. You’ll eat and then daddy will finish taking care of you,” he

adds, making my heart melt entirely and I let him get up and watch as he moves around the kitchenette.

I don't argue when he brings over a plate of cinnamon sugar toast drizzled with honey. He also brings me my vitamins and a big glass of orange juice to wash them down with. He sits with his arm around me as I eat the small snack, thankful it's not a big meal, and even finish the entire glass of juice when he just gives me a long look as I sit further back in my chair with it half full.

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“Good girl,” he whispers against my lips with the softest kiss, and I smile as he takes everything to the sink before coming back to me. His arms feel even safer as he carries me into our bedroom and on into the bathroom. He quickly, but gently, undresses me, then himself, tossing both of our stained clothes into the trash, and I know the guys will burn them so there’s no evidence remaining just in case.

The warm water feels heavenly on my sore back, and I know there must be a bruise forming there because Tate lets out a low string of curses when he comes up behind me after getting the new shampoo from the cabinet.

“Fuck baby, is there a lot of pain? Do you want to go to the doctor now?” he asks coming back around to my front, his hand gentle on the spot, and his eyes grow wider as he stares at the spot on my head, his breathing slowing.

“I don’t think I need a doctor right this minute. My head only hurts if I touch it. The headache went away sometime yesterday,” I assure him, and his hand is gentle as it glides over the skin of my back, along the top of my ass.

“And here?”

“Is sore, hurts to change positions but it’s not excruciating, just stiff and achy.”

“If that changes, if it gets worse, I need you to tell me. Even if it’s the middle of the night,” he states, holding my gaze until I nod. “Let daddy take care of you now, baby girl. You just stand here and let daddy do all the work.”

His hands are soft everywhere he touches, but especially as he washes my hair, and

when he soaps my back. It fills my heart with love and my eyes with tears when he sinks onto his knees when he's done, his arms wrapping around me as his face rests against my body. He's tall enough that his head reaches my chest, but he just presses a kiss to the middle of it and holds onto me. A shudder runs through his body, and I slip a hand into his hair, the other on his neck as he just rests there, holding me tight.

"It's okay, daddy. I'm here. I'm safe," I promise him, over and over, as the tears fall down my cheeks, the pain of being apart from him fading with them. The physical pain is distant in my mind as the emotions of everything that daddy's given me wraps around me, and I drop my head down against his, rubbing him gently across the back of his neck and down onto his shoulders.

"I'd have burned this entire fucking town to the ground to find you. It wouldn't have mattered who I had to kill if it meant having you back here with me. Home with me like this," he says, pressing a kiss to my chest, before dropping ones on the top of both breasts. He presses another to my belly, down to my hips, then my thighs, my knees, and the top of my feet before kissing his way up one arm, across my collar bone and down the other arm, before finally moving up my neck around my jaw, up my cheek across my forehead, down to the other cheek, sweeping over my eyes, stealing the last of my tears, and he picks me up as he covers my mouth with his, stealing every breath from me as he moves us out of the shower and to the chair at the vanity.

He dries every inch of me, taking care of my hair, being extra gentle with my head, and my eyes grow heavy. I let out a soft sigh when he picks me up again, and the incredible mattress takes my weight, cradling me so nicely.

Tate's arms wrap around me, his chest warming my back, and his hand settles onto my heart while his lips press a kiss to my shoulder. "Sleep baby girl, daddy's got you."

“Daddy,” I sigh pushing my ass back into his hard cock that’s snug against it.

“No, daddy’s okay,” he says, stilling my hips. “I’m just going to hold you, skin to skin. That’s all I need right now.”

“Please,” I hum, shifting just a bit so his cock slips between my legs. “I just need to feel you inside me. Please daddy, just inside me.”

“Fuck...” he groans into my hair, and his body shudders, before he gently lifts my leg a little higher, giving him room to slip the head of his cock against my pussy. “Shh, easy, let daddy do it,” he says as I start to push onto his thickness. I relax onto the bed, a little moan coming out as he presses into me, bit by bit. “That’s it, baby girl. That’s it...just let daddy take care of you.”

“Daddy,” I cry when he’s fully inside me, my pussy breaking into an orgasm I didn’t expect, but it feels so good as daddy wraps me up even tighter in his arms.

“I love you, baby. Love you so fucking much,” he breathes against my ear, and I come again, bringing him with me. My entire body starts to shut down and I fall under as his face rests against mine.

“Love you daddy,” I mumble, and it’s the last thing I recall until morning.

Tate doesn’t stray far from my side the entire next day, spending most of it just on the bed holding me, insisting I rest. The ache in my back, the stiffness is still there the next morning, and I don’t argue much when he brings me breakfast in bed with a huge smile and kiss for me.

I grin when early that afternoon there’s a knock on our door. The huff Tate lets out is just more proof that he wants nothing but the best for me but also wants to be as close as possible, and I won’t complain about that at all.

“You okay with a couple visitors?” Tate asks, poking his head around the door and I nod because daddy insisted on me getting dressed this morning so he wouldn’t be tempted to try and ravish me. We fell asleep last night much like the one before, just with a little more enthusiasm than the first night.

“Cash...Law,” I say with a grin as the two come into the room.

“We just wanted to check in, see how you are,” Cash says coming over and I giggle softly when he crawls up onto the bed, giving me a hug as he lays facing me.

Tate just chuckles, coming over to sit behind me, his hand rubbing my hip before he drops a kiss onto my cheek. “Law and I have a couple things to discuss about the other problems. Just yell if you need anything. We’ll be in the living room.”

“Okay daddy,” I hum, leaning into him more when he gives me a second little kiss.

“We’re glad you’re okay, honey. Also, I thought you might be interested to know, I got word that the courts received the DNA results Friday, the county uploaded the case update yesterday. Since they were signed off on Friday and he was actually seen Saturday morning, just briefly, but he was seen at a gas station closest to the manor, there’s nothing that can be argued on it. Even if the child support case is denied now that he’s dead, the results are still in the court record, so the probate court has to accept it now. And with them dead, there’s no one to fight the claim any longer. I’ll see if he had a will and if not, put in a claim for the entire estate to be yours,” Law explains and I smile, wholly behind that. Anything to get the money away from everyone who might continue with the bribes and corruption.

“Thank you,” I tell him, waiting until he and daddy are out of the room to look at Cash. I can’t contain the grin that hits when I see something very new around his neck. I give the little strip of leather that’s buckled to the bottom of ring of the collar a tug, lifting a brow his way. “Does this mean that Law’s finally claimed you, letting

you live your little boy dreams?”

“Saturday...Pres was ready to storm the mayor’s residence to try and find you,” Cash says, and I nod, knowing that much from Tate already.

“He said you told them about the online thing we were playing in the background. Thatcher was in the basement with Adam trying to figure out what to do with me and he got a message about the prey he’d been trying to reel in. I knew it had to be you, trying to lure Thatcher into a meet, so you all could get him to give up my location,” I state and Cash nods slowly, a half-smile on his face.

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“I’d have done it all on my own if I had to in order to get my little sister home,” he says, and I silently giggle at the name. I love it though because that’s really how it feels, but even better than just having a brother that loves you, I’ve got one I can talk boys—well, daddies—about with and there’s no judgement at all. “Pres was down for it immediately but Law...he said no. That I wasn’t doing it. It was too dangerous and all of the push-pull he’s done the last month was just over. He insisted I wear a bullet proof shirt thing when he finally relented and after we got home from handling the chief...he pulled me into his room then made me get on my knees to take care of his hard cock before he even could speak to me.

“He was pulling off our clothes as soon as he came, giving me hardly any time to enjoy it, then pushed me down on the bed and spanked me until I was about to come. That’s when he slid this onto my neck, told me exactly what would happen if I ever talked to another man online, risked my neck by doing something so stupid—especially knowing that the person on the other side was a fucking psycho—and I was more than okay with it all,” he adds, his cheeks and eyes flushed and I know that look because it’s what on my face when daddy’s loving me.

“And is he going to be your special daddy now or just own you?” I ask because I want him to have everything he’s ever dreamt of and more since that’s what I’ve found with daddy.

“Both,” Cash says with a half-groan and half-sigh as he unzips the hoodie he normally wears showing that the leather buckled to the collar trails all the way down his chest and into his jeans. He glances at the door before unzipping them and my jaw drops a bit seeing his poor cock in a metal cage, the leather strap buckled to the top of it to keep it shut.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” I ask when he’s covered himself back up.

“Like fucking hell anytime I start to get hard, but it’s my punishment from daddy. Saturday night he slapped it on me instead of letting me come after spanking me, telling me I didn’t get any pleasure until I learned only daddy got to decide if I could do something dangerous. Every time he touches me I start getting hard and I’ve been walking around in pain ever since, but it’s so much better than the pain of the last month.”

“He’s left you in it all of yesterday and all of today?” I ask and he nods, making my eyes widen in disbelief. “Cash...that sounds more like torture than daddy teaching you a lesson.”

“Well...it wasn’t all of yesterday. In fact, he woke me up after unlocking it but...”

“But what?” I question when he hesitates.

“But it went back on a couple hours later after I finally admitted that there were still some virgin territories I hadn’t crossed yet,” Cash states and I just stare at him until he starts to speak again. “I’ve done a lot of things with other guys but daddy’s going to be the first when it comes to actual penetration.”

“Seriously? And Law was mad about that?” I ask curiously because honestly, I’d think he’d be thrilled to know that part of him was his and his alone.

“Not mad as in furious that he’d have to deal with it, more like mad in a frustrated way because he’s got a daddy’s sized dick and I waited until the last minute to tell him. So, until as he puts it he ‘can claim his little boy fully’, the cage stays on unless he takes it off. Which he has for short amounts of time to indulge in other ways, but once that’s through, it goes back on,” Cash says, and I can see how Law might have been upset about it.

“I’m guessing you’re not that upset about the way Law’s working you up to it. For your sake though, hopefully he doesn’t take as long as daddy did with me,” I tease making his brow lift. “Two weeks...although some of that was due to the shit with Grover upset out initial plans for that night.”

“Well, daddy’s impressive, not quite as big as Pres but, more than enough to satisfy. He pushes me more than I thought I wanted to go, but it’s better than I imagined. Plus, after this, I’m thinking of ways to get daddy to put me back in it while we play. There’s something about the pain of it that makes it feel even better when it comes off.”

“Well, I imagine most daddies don’t like their littles to self-pleasure themselves. After all, that’s daddy’s job,” I suggest, giggling entirely at the thrill that hits his eyes. He laughs with me, which just makes mine grow louder until the door opens and Tate is standing there eyeing us suspiciously. The look just makes me laugh even more and I dip my face into the pillow trying to stop.

“What are you two giggling in here like looney littles about?” Tate asks, and that sends me into even deeper glee as Cash wiggles his brow at me with a wink.

“Nothing daddy,” I get out as he slips up onto the bed behind me, his arm sliding around me, his hips pressing into my ass and his hardness fills me with heat.

“Is that so?” Law questions, leaning down over Cash. He gives his hair a tug, pulling his head back and his other hand wraps around the strap that’s hanging off the collar. Cash lets out a moan when he tugs on it and I fight to control my giggles because I know where that strap leads and what that tug was moving, but I don’t know if Law wants anyone else to know.

“Just catching up on all the things I missed around here the last few days,” I suggest, giving Law a grin when he slides up onto the bed behind Cash, turning his head

further to give him a kiss. “Like that...”

“You comfortable there, Cash?” Tate asks when Law lifts him up, moving so he’s mostly on top of Law’s body but still facing us with just a hip on the bed. “Wouldn’t want you to feel...caged,” he adds, and I lose control over my giggles once more. “Mhmm, I told you she’d know.”

“I suppose that’s one thing to remember. Little boys are just as much gossips as little girls are,” Law states, and Cash’s neck tightens when his hand slips down to his crotch, holding him tight there. “As long as it’s just sharing what happens when daddy gets his hands on him, little boy can tell his little girl friend all he likes.”

“Ahh, he can tell little girl anything he wants when it comes to the club here, but just little girl,” Tate says and I nod, grinning at the agreement in Cash’s eyes.

“Alright, that too, as well as in general. So, I suppose little boy can tell her anything he wants,” Law responds, and I giggle as Tate brushes a kiss to my cheek.

“And that goes both ways,” Tate adds just making my smile grow further.

“What would you think about our baby having two godfathers instead of a godmother?” I ask, looking back at Tate. “I’m sure if it’s a boy, he’ll get better fashion advice from these two than he’d ever get from any of the club girls.”

“True, and I’ll be the first to tell him no if he wants to get a fake id to get a tattoo before he’s eighteen,” Cash says, and I giggle again because the boy has none. Not a single one because he actually hates needles. “Not that they can’t be sexy,” he adds as Law’s hand tightens on him.

“Oh, I know you love my ink, your mouth tells me just how much,” Law teases him, and I sink back against daddy more, just smiling as we talk and joke for the next

hour. Law shifts Cash against him, patting his crotch pulling a soft hiss from Cash and he gives him a hot looking telling him, “Come on, buttercup. Daddy wants his dessert before dinner.”

“See you later,” I muse, giving Cash a wave when he can’t quite catch his breath to speak as he heads towards the door with his Law pulling him on by that strap.

“They’re going to be something,” Tate says, turning me over with a kiss once the front door closes. “I mean, I knew Cash would be a bottom but...apparently he’s even more hungry to be a little than even you are, baby.”

“Yeah, but when you think about it, growing up in the club likely wasn’t easy on him. I mean, how many members that were gay were there?” I ask him, as I rub his chest when he scowls at bit at first. “He’s a sensitive guy which is kind of the opposite of a lot of bikers, especially the older ones. He was already in the negative standing with that, then add in him not wanting anything to do with the club girls when most other teenagers would have died to have an all-access pass to easy sex. Coming out couldn’t have been that easy.”

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“It wasn’t. He and his dad got into a royal shouting match one day about four years ago. Apparently he caught him kissing some guy while he was at school in the city, told him he didn’t raise a...” He can’t say it but it’s clear enough what he means. “He was already a member, and we had accepted Toombs years before that knowing he was gay, but mostly celibate after a break-up with a long-term partner, so it wasn’t as big of a deal with everyone else in the club, but he and his dad hadn’t patched things up, were only on speaking terms when it came to club business when he died out of the blue. Pinky only came to us a just under three years ago after a rally we went to. It was the first one where I was President and he stopped by the booth where I was sitting, the others were out dancing or playing pool, and he asked me what my thought on human goods were.

“It was the wrong thing to ask at that moment, and I had my knife out and pressed against his dick in less than thirty seconds. He just held up his hands which drew my attention to his right hand, because it was bandaged. Come to find out, he lost his pinky finger when he put his arm out to stop his club’s president from taking a knife to a twenty-year-old girl that wanted out. Their club turned out women as call-girls to make them money. Take what you were thinking when you heard that club girls were club property and add in forced prostitution...that’s how they treated the women. Pinky had heard rumors that Hinton was wanting to get into the business then next thing everyone knew, he was gone, and I was in.”

“That’s how Pinky got his name?” I ask, always curious about them because they’re not assigned until the men become actual club members and they receive their club patches.

“Yeah, when some of the guys found out he was gay, they questioned it, but he just

held up his hand, showing off the missing pinky finger and just laughed. Then told everyone that his name with the other club was Tights, which yeah, they gave him because he was gay and wore tight leather pants when he was a prospect,” Tate says and I grin, snuggling deeper into the bed with him. “I don’t give a damn who fucks who or how they like to do it, as long as both sides are adults. So, if Cash wants to be the ultimate bottom, Law’s buttercup, or sissy boy, or little boy, as I’ve heard him happily accept Law calling him when I’ve gone downstairs the last couple days...let him. The club isn’t going to start shit with Cash on it, they’ll likely assume it’s come from Law. I mean, it’s pretty clear that Law is an alpha all unto himself but most of them don’t care mostly because he’s gay. It’d be one thing if they had to fight him for girls, but if what he wants it to control Cash, then they’re not going to get involved.”

“He’s really happy and a little more into the kink than he was anticipating, but I’m really happy for him. Thank you, for letting him visit,” I add because I know there’s no way he’d let anyone else do it like that.

“If it wasn’t for him, we wouldn’t have gotten close to Thatcher. I’d have let him sleep in the bed with us all night if Law hadn’t claimed him and he was hurting after helping me get you back,” Tate says and I giggle as the image of having to console a moping, crying Cash while daddy’s cock was inside me filters through for some reason and I don’t quite know how to handle it otherwise. “I’m trying to be sweet here and you’re laughing at me?” he questions teasingly, and I giggle harder while telling him what my brain conjured up.

“Careful baby girl, daddy has no issues letting someone watch daddy fuck his little girl, and you’re coming close to finding out firsthand just how much daddy’s been holding back when we’re around others,” he says and my body heats entirely through as I look up into his eyes, finding dark hunger there that I’m extremely intrigued with.

“I thought daddy said no one else would ever see me when we talked about meeting

some other daddies and littles.”

“No, I said that I could happily fuck you in your everyday version of your little girl outfits but that’s as far as they’d ever get to see you. Same thing would go around here if you were wearing little skirts, daddy would just lift you up onto his lap and have you ride him or push you onto the table and take you from behind, or up against a wall. As much as anyone else will ever see is you taking my cock like the good girl you are,” he says and I smile resting on his chest as things run through my head, making my nipples tighten and I sigh as he gives me a long, slow kiss. “What are you thinking now, baby girl?”

“About you fucking me when others are around,” I admit, laughing when his lips come down on my neck, giving it a nip. “Also, about you letting Cash sleep in bed with us...or at least with your little girl but daddy’s so needy he can’t last a whole night without her.”

“Fuck baby girl, you’re walking on a thin ledge, so you better be careful about telling daddy your naughty little thoughts,” he says and I simply grin, holding onto him until he pulls us up from the bed, making my brow lift curiously. “The rest of the Keepers are heading back to the city tomorrow. We’re doing a bigger dinner tonight.”

“You’re finally going to let me up from the bed?” I ask, feigning shock.

“Careful baby girl, you know what bratty little girls get,” he warns, and I nod, grinning up at him.

“I do, they get spanked and fucked good, and I’ll happily take it. You always make me come and it feels so sweet, but I definitely like it when daddy fucks his little girl without a care,” I return, finding myself pulled back against his chest, his arms wrapped around me tight, and his lips trail over my cheek where he can reach.

“After the doctor tells me you’re okay, I’ll happily fuck you silly, baby girl.”

“What doctor?” I ask as he grabs me the lace over-shirt that went with the tank top I was wearing while relaxing. The lightweight knit lounge pants will work just fine with it to go downstairs, and I slip into the shoes Tate has ready by the door before he lifts me into his arms.

“You can walk into the dining room, but I want to carry you down the stairs. As for the doctor, apparently one of Law’s exes has a cousin that’s an ob/gyn specialist in the city. He texted them to see if they could get us in, so we can make sure everything’s fine. She can fit us in at nine in the morning, so the Keepers are going to follow us up just to make sure none of the local leos cause any issues,” Tate explains, and I grin at the idea of being able to check on our baby, possibly see him. I don’t know why, but ever since we knew about him, I’ve just known it’s a boy, and I can’t wait until I know for certain.

The grin grows when he sets me down before we turn onto the hall with the dining room. I’m a little stiff but that could be from not moving around all that much the last two days just as easily as from the fall. Tate pushes open the door, moving us into the room and I can’t help but laugh a bit at the whistles and cheers that the guys let out.

“If it isn’t the little warrior,” one of the men that was at the manor says as we draw closer to our normal table, and I glance from him up to Tate questioningly.

“This is Stealth, he’s an ex-military tracker, and this is Knuckles,” Tate adds with a nod towards one of the other strange faces at the table. “Rambo and this is Crypto,” he says and a skinnier guy with glasses gives me a two-finger wave. “There are a few others somewhere around here that came down to help. Crypto here is a computer expert. He got into the city’s records, but all of the camera footage was deleted so we didn’t know which way they went. With our digging, we learned about several other properties that Jackson’s purchased over the years, most of them from the city which

as mayor was illegal. He's using them as rental properties and overcharging the tenants without making repairs."

"Not shocking that the scum was also a scum-lord," I say with a sigh.

"Give me some time and we'll figure out if he had a will and if not, we'll get the estate over to you to decide what you want to do with it," Law states and I nod, settling down to enjoy the amazing meal.

Just before we're finished, Tate lets out a whistle, quieting the room and I glance up at him curiously when he stands. "I'm not one for speeches as most of you know. I'm more of the to the point type, but I just wanted to say thank you again to everyone that helped me get Everly back home, safe and sound. I know you've heard murmurs about what happened at the Jackson Manor and yes, when we got there, we walked into the basement, finding Everly calmly sitting on a chair, sipping a bottle of water just waiting for us. It's not an exaggeration nor are the things you've heard happen to our old chief of police. While I didn't personally see to his end, prior to that it's true that there were sex toys used on him, and it was the least he deserved for his vileness. And apparently, my girl ruptured his testicle with a particularly sweet hit with a metal jack-handle, and his specific end was quite brutal."

"Maybe not as bad as the cops your pres handled because that was the shit of nightmares man," Knuckles says, pulling more chuckles from the group.

"We no longer have to worry about him causing issues and I'm happy to say that while the rest of the Keepers are headed back to the city tomorrow, Law will be sticking around for a while. He has some new personal interests he's attending to on top of helping us with our continued legal battles," Tate states, and I shoot Cash a wink when he blushes a bit. "Now, you all know that I've already claimed Everly as mine. She's my old lady but also my baby girl, and while I had a cut ready and waiting for her before I even brought her home, it just wasn't right. So, I had

something new made up and it got to us just before dinner,” he adds pulling my attention fully onto him.

He pulls me up from my chair gently and I laugh when Cash pulls a box out from under the table and holds it up for Tate to open. He does, as he continues speaking but my eyes can't leave the gorgeous vest that he pulls out. “I know, it's pink, but I'm pretty sure you've all already realized that while my girl may be a badass, she's also the sweetest, girliest little thing underneath and well deserving of the pink to show it off. It has one extra addition most of the old lady's cuts don't have, and I'm not talking about president's patch. The others agreed with me that Everly deserved her own recognition because she proved she's worthy of the club far beyond than by simply being an old lady and so, we had a little extra something added to it.”

I laugh when he turns it to show off the front. Above where the president's property patch was a nameplate in the Reapers' colors, and the words Little Warrior emblazed on it. “Tate...”

“You are amazing, baby. What you did was amazing. Especially given how sweet your heart is, and I never want anyone to think that just because you're sweet, that they can do whatever they want or walk all over you. This reminds everyone just what you're capable of, and is a warning to steer clear, because even if you don't destroy them, messing with the property of the Reapers' Fate, seals theirs,” he adds, and I reach up, giving him a kiss as he comes down to my level, and I grin when he holds up the vest for me to slip into.

It's perfect and I can't wait to wear it whenever I'm out with him and the group. It's going to be magical, just like we are together.

Chapter 15

Tate

I slow the car down as we approach the gate, spying a vehicle parked at an angle facing it on the road that leads only to it. When the school was built, there was nothing else out in this area. They constructed the road just to run to the school and since we purchased all of the land, were able to make the road private which leaves us able to drive on it however we want, but it's also a double-lane heading in so I pull up to the gate on the other side of it and stop.

The words State Police are scrolled across the side of it, and I give Everly's hand a little squeeze, before rolling down the window as a man gets out of the vehicle. "Afternoon," he calls out, slowly approaching us.

"Can I help you with something?" I ask calmly, leaving my hand on the steering wheel while my other is holding Everly's up between us on the console. It's a move to help show I'm not a threat since he likely knows whoever is coming down this road is part of the club.

"I'm Sgt. Ericson with the State Police. I was told this is where I could find Miss Everly Roberts. Would that be you, miss?" he adds, glancing into the car to see Everly easier.

"Yes," she answers, her tone soft and tired and I press a kiss to her hand before looking back at the man.

"Sergeant, you've caught us just as we're coming home from a doctor's appointment in the city. My fiancée is tired. I'm sure whatever you're needing from her can wait a

day, right?" I add and the man's eyes slide over Everly once more. Her hair is pushed back away from her face and the bruise from where she was hit is noticeable. "She had a bad fall late last week and the ob wanted to do a risk assessment ultrasound to make sure everything with the pregnancy is okay."

"Yes, we can make arrangements to do an interview later," the man says, and I nod, pulling out a business card that has Law's contact info on it.

"This is our attorney. I figure this is about whatever happened with Adam Jackson and the rest of his family," I add when his brow lifts. "Everly has a legal case against him, so when we heard they were killed in a fire, we were expecting to hear from someone sooner or later. We haven't heard anything from anyone on their side yet, but the inheritance claim against her biological grandparents' estate is currently being processed, since the child support case contained conclusive DNA results showing that he was her biological father. Until that's settled, anything dealing with the man needs to have our attorney present."

"I understand, honestly, family disputes are some of the worst cases I have to deal with. It's much easier to just chase down some bad guys," he replies, taking the card before giving Everly a nod. "I hope you get better quickly, ma'am."

"Thankfully, it's just some soreness and nothing seems to be broken from the fall. It was the first time I'd been out without Tate since we learnt we were expecting, and I didn't anticipate the morning sickness and dizziness to hit. We were lucky," Everly says giving me an adoring smile and the man's chin lifts a hint before he heads back to his towards his vehicle.

"Pretty impressive security gate you all have around here. Didn't know there were any gated communities in the area," he says, and I chuckle as the sound of a motorcycle heading our way can be heard.

“It’s private property but we’ve got several homes on the place. We bought what was supposed to be the school at an auction when the funds for it disappeared and turned it into a housing unit for our club. We don’t like trouble so we try to keep it out,” I offer, positive he already knows all of that, but I can play nice when it means keeping Everly safe.

He gives us another nod of acknowledgement before he gets in his car, and I wait to open the gate until he’s turned around in the loop we had built, heading back towards town. I drop a kiss onto Everly’s lips then head up to the clubhouse, moving us inside before shooting a message to Law to expect a call.

He and Cash meet us at the top of the stairs, and Cash eyes Everly closely asking, “Everything go okay with the doctor?”

“Perfect,” she tells them, pulling out the ultrasound photos, showing them off. “Nine weeks and five days which aligns with what we expected. She doesn’t think anything’s broken but we didn’t want to do x-rays even if they claim there’s less risk than if we were even a week or two earlier. If the soreness doesn’t get better then we’ll see about finding somewhere that does extremely low dose imaging. I just don’t want to take any chances. Not after everything that’s happened up to now.”

“No, that makes total sense,” Cash says, before dropping a kiss onto her cheek. “You look exhausted, beautiful—but tired. Go on and get some rest.”

“Thanks, the doctor said it was normal to feel exhausted during the first trimester so I’m going to do as she and daddy suggested and take it very easy for the next few weeks,” she promises me and I give her a soft kiss leading her down to our place to ensure she does just that.

Law texts me later saying he set up the meeting for ten a.m. tomorrow, but if that doesn’t work for Everly, just to let him know and he’ll reschedule. I know the sooner

we talk with the State Police, the sooner we can get things behind us, so I make sure that she sleeps in, which has her good to head into town with me. The meeting was scheduled at the city council's office, which is a bit surprising, but when we get there, it's clear that something big has already come about. The office is empty beyond men wearing State Police uniforms and what appear to be assistants that are carrying things in and out, setting up desks.

"Thank you for coming in and sorry about the mess," Sgt. Ericson says coming out to greet us. "We've only been here since Monday but with what we found, things happened fast."

"It looks like the State Police are taking over everything," Law states as we move into a quiet conference room and I settle Everly into a chair.

"In a way for the moment, we are," Ericson replies. "It is likely to hit the news soon and with your now confirmed connection to the Jackson family, I believe you should be prepared for what you may see in the news. The state's attorney's office is now investigating all of the workings of not only Mayor's office, but also the city council, as well as the police department. It seems there was a widespread system of corruption that is staggering. If Adam Jackson was still alive, he'd be facing some major felony crimes. As will the chief of police, Thatcher Reed.

"I want to start this off by telling you that you are in no way a suspect in the deaths and fire at the Jackson Manor," he adds to Everly. "We have evidence that points to Thatcher Reed as the murderer."

"I thought they died in the fire," Everly says, her eyes and tone displaying innocent shock so well that if I didn't know the truth, didn't know her, I would buy it.

"No, that is one of the things that is likely to come out in the news. Our forensic experts have performed preliminary autopsies on each of the Jacksons and none of

them had any traces of ash or smoke inhalation from the fire in their lungs. The only way for that to happen is if they were dead before the fire started,” Ericson explains at Everly’s confused look. “The local sheriff’s office called us in Saturday night as soon as the fire was put out. While firefighters were battling the blaze, they discovered the four bodies in the basement but were unable to reach them until the fire was out. They determined the fire started in the basement and was deliberately set.

“Our forensic teams went over the entire house and discovered a knife near the front porch which was protected from both the fire and the water used to put it out, as the fire hadn’t reached that part of the house. The basement was only under the back portion of the home, the front of it sat on just a concrete slab. The knife was recovered, and testing shows that there are three different blood types on the knife, which we believe to be that of the four family members. Medical records we obtained show that the twins shared a blood type that was different from their mother and...father,” he adds slowly which pulls Law’s attention onto him.

“Is there something about the blood types we should made aware of in relation to our claim on the Jackson’s estate?” Law asks him.

“There will be DNA typed on all of the samples found on the knife but from what the lab techs said, Adam Jackson couldn’t be the twins’ biological father. His DNA is already on record with the state lab, because of your suit, which will make it easier to compare to that on the knife, but if it is his, something happened at the fertility clinic that wasn’t ever reported.”

“Interesting,” Law says looking to us with a grin, “if they aren’t his blood relation, it explains why he fought so hard to not have to provide a DNA sample. He knew it would come back to you but not them. So even if they tried to fight the wording in court, they’d lose if we demanded a DNA test to prove that the ‘legitimate’ child was a blood relation.”

“And based on what we’ve found, Jackson was using the money that came to him from the company to pay off a lot of people to look the other way on things. Including the chief of police. Which is where some of our questions for you come in Everly,” Ericson says.

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“About the chief of police?” she states, visibly swallowing as she shifts in her seat.

“Yes, you’re uncomfortable with the mention of him. Has he made threats against you at some point?” he asks.

“It’s okay, baby. Tell him what you know,” I say gently, kissing her hand as she glances from me to Law then back again.

“You won’t be in trouble. Go ahead,” Law agrees, and she takes a deep breath before starting to speak.

“I’ve had issues in the past, with him, as well as the twins,” she says, telling him what we’ve decided is best to share and what to keep quiet. “When I was thirteen, Paul tried to grope me, even though he was only like ten and a half. That had Diane threatening me to never tell anyone that Adam was my father and if I did, she’d send the chief of police after me. When I was fourteen, Melissa took a picture of me in the locker room when I was changing and emailed it to the whole school. I was taken out of school and to the police station in handcuffs. He kept telling me I was going to jail for providing sick images to children. The ADA was in the station when they brought me in and asked what was going on, and refused to let them fingerprint or book me, wouldn’t let them put me in a holding cell either. Instead, I was put in the chief’s office while she argued with him on it, saying it was their office filed charges, not the police and they’d discuss it in private.

“I was handcuffed to the desk though, so I was sitting behind it and one of the drawers was slightly open,” she says, a true shudder running through her and I settle both of my hands over hers, rubbing them gently. “There were photos in it...”

Ericson pinches the bridge of his nose, letting out a curse, before he reaches into a box and takes out an evidence bag. “Are these the photos you saw?” he asks, setting it down and there’s a dozen polaroid photos that depict the very thing Cash said Everly had seen.

“Not these...these weren’t the ones I saw but they were...the same thing,” she gets out, covering her mouth with her hand and this time I know it’s not an act. She’s truly about to be sick and I grab the trashcan before it comes out as Ericson moves out of the room, coming back with a glass of water and another man in uniform.

“I’m sorry, I know that was very disturbing for you to see,” the new man states as I help her sip on the water. “I’m Captain Ben Shaw. Sgt. Ericson said that you saw photos in Thatcher Reed’s office...five years ago?”

“Yes, they looked exactly the same. The poses, the...” She stops as she gags a bit and I pull out a peppermint, unwrapping it for her, and gently slip it into her mouth. They’re the only thing that’s seemed to help her nausea any. “Thank you,” she whispers to me as I brush a kiss to her temple.

“If this is too much we can reschedule,” the captain suggests but Everly shakes her head no, dragging in a deep breath as she slips her hand back into mine.

“It’s not that. I’m pregnant,” she adds, and the man’s eyes widen as he looks between us curiously. “It was a surprise but a welcome one. I spent a year falling for this guy whenever he came into the diner where I worked and one night a couple months ago, I ended up with a flat tire and he came riding by on his bike. He helped change the tire and then asked if I’d ever consider going out with him, and things exploded from there. I’d been scared of going out alone, especially to and from my job. I normally worked the morning shift, from six a.m. to at least two p.m. most days. It wasn’t so bad going home after them, but going to work early in the morning, or coming home late at night after a late shift...I dreaded seeing a police car.”

“Because you’d seen photos similar to these,” the captain says tapping on the bag that’s now upside down so she can’t see the horror in them, “and was worried all of the cops were dangerous, untrustworthy?”

“In the ones I saw, there was at least nine other men that was there with the chief and at least two of them were also police officers. There were six different victims, and he had missing posters in the drawer with them...I shut the drawer and pretended like I knew nothing, but I was terrified of the cops after that. After I was walked out by the ADA, I started worrying if he’d know I saw them, looked through the missing posters...and if I did, would he try to do something to me. His being friends with the mayor only compounded things, and part of me was scared of what they could do to me. If I made waves, they could make me disappear. No one was safe. Not until I met Tate. For the first time in years, I wasn’t petrified to go places in town, because I was with him. I was safe...at least I thought I was,” Everly adds, drawing looks from both men. “We were at the store one day, just shopping. The chief came down an aisle where I was to grab something I’d forgotten, I was wearing shorts, nothing scandalous but he came up behind me and said I’d better watch myself or he’d take me in for indecent exposure. That he could make me go missing on the way to jail or mistakenly send me to a prison where the guards were fans of using the inmates.

“I knew no one would believe me. I had no proof, no idea if he had the photos any longer, and I didn’t even know where the bodies were to try and show that I’d actually seen what I did. I did know that the mayor...my biological father, was friends with him. My mother told me things about them, including about my grandparents’ will that left the company to Adam’s eldest blood child, but also that he paid off the chief of police to not see certain things he did. One that might have involved the beating death of a fifteen year old girl when I would have been like six. But again...I had no proof that any of it was real. The only thing I did know was that he had to be holding something over my mother to get her to keep her quiet about being his child all these years. She actually came to me after we filed the claim for the inheritance asking me to drop it. I said no, and two days later she was dead,”

Everly adds.

“When Everly told me about her fear of the police, why she was scared of them, and that she didn’t know if she’d come away alive if she was ever pulled over, I knew her being with me would bring even more attention from the police her way. We’re bikers. We like to be loud and ride our bikes, and do both of those things in public,” I state making Ericson crack a slight smile. “We already had enough hassles of our own when it came to the cops, especially the ones that would sit out near our property and try to pull us over even though they don’t have jurisdiction there. I wasn’t going to risk Everly and our baby by letting them continue to pose this unspoken threat against her. We figured going after the company was the best way to put a strain on Jackson and Reed.”

“From what we’ve learned, it sounds like that’s exactly what happened, and with the possibility of the death penalty being handed down if Reed’s dirty secrets were exposed, we think he snapped. Went after the Jacksons and is now on the run. No one has seen him since Saturday. He was seen heading towards the area where the Jackson Manor sat, which combined with the other evidence, has him our number one suspect. We’ve taken over the local police department and put everyone on administrative leave, because within these photos, there are five current officers, two recently retired ones, two current deputy sheriffs, and three former deputy sheriffs that we’ve identified. The ones we have brought in are already talking, trying to make deals to avoid the death penalty. That’s also why we aren’t sharing any of this information with the sheriff’s department though, we don’t know how deep it runs, but at least the sheriff himself, isn’t suspected of any wrongdoing,” Ericson says before looking to Everly. “Unless you recall him from any of the photos you saw. If you can remember the names of the victims that would help immensely as well. We found a few names regarding the victims we have photographs of, but only three of the thirteen are identified. There is a connection between all of the victims that we’ve found. They’re all...”

“Gay,” Everly says surprising both men. “I looked up the names of the ones I saw. They all had social media pages asking people for any help, talked about how sweet, they were, and of course, there were some really nasty comments about them being gay. My best friend is gay. I worried about him going out alone. I wanted to tell those families to look at police chief but who was going to believe me?”

“We definitely do. If you can recall those names, that would help us out. We’re searching the police department as well as Reed’s house. The photos may turn up if he was concerned that you might have seen them and decided to move them,” the captain states and Everly writes down the names, handing it over, and Ericson starts running the names through the missing person’s database, finding the reports and she points out which ones they are with any whose names found multiple records, then tells them the names of the other men that were in the photos she remembers.

“From everything that we we’ve gathered and just based on experience, we believe that Thatcher Reed is long gone and on the run. We don’t believe he would attempt to hide out in the woods as within the questioning of the other suspects, they’ve all admitted to dumping the bodies in them and will lead to a search of them. For now, take precautions when you’re out. Nothing indicates that he’ll come after you, but if he thinks he can get money out of you if you inherit the company, he might do it to finance his escape,” Ericson warns, and we head out thankful that everything worked out with the framing, and it seems no one is aware of Everly being kidnapped. We want to keep it that way.

The next couple weeks progress and the national news picks up the story of the ‘most corrupt little town in the US’ and tears slip down Everly’s cheeks when they report the names of twenty-six men that they discovered had been murdered by the former and currently missing chief of police, and a group of twenty others, providing some closure to families who’d been missing their loved ones for more than decade. I rock her against me, holding her tight, knowing it’s mostly from hormones with the pregnancy. With sadness that so many lives were ruined added into it.

Fall arrives as do new elections for the mayor's office and city officials. The police department only has a handful of officers that retained their jobs, passing all of the background reviews and interviews proving they had no part in any of the corruption. Everly is awarded control of Jackson Distributing and we head in, firing all of the directors that were loyal to Adam Jackson, and she leaves it in the club's hands to run, while she focuses on growing our baby.

Our little boy arrives just before Valentine's Day, absolutely perfect, and I fall completely under her spell in a new way. Entirely different filling me with murderous thoughts of anyone threatening or harming him, and when she calls me daddy, different parts of my heart and brain react to it now.

Loving her with our new little boy in our world intensifies, especially when we manage to slip into our playroom and I can be daddy to my girl, versus being daddy for my family. And with little Lincon's, or Linc as we call him, birth, the mama bear fierceness only grows within her, and it puts a smile on my face when we hit up a rally that summer, and people try to get anywhere near him. It takes leaving our boy with Law and Cash to get her on the back of my bike with me, her pink cut showing her off as mine and all mine, and I love everything about our life—but especially when my little warrior lives up to her name, laying out a moron that thought he could put hands on my girl, with a pool stick to the head.

It sends members from the moron's club charging the floor, as I grab him up, slamming him onto the pool table.

“Are you fucking blind or just stupid as shit?” I demand, grabbing his throat as he struggles to get up. “You put your fucking hands on acclaimed woman! Not only claimed but claimed by the Reapers' President—me!” I add on a growl, stopping the others just feet from us. “You touched what's mine you stupid motherfucker and now, you're going to pay for it.”

“Look, we don’t want any trouble,” a man wearing the same club patch as the moron is says backing up a bit while the rest of my men step up behind us. Everly’s positioned just behind my shoulder where I can easily protect her if someone lunges, and I see their eyes dart towards her, a couple faces paling.

“Then you’d better back the fuck up now,” I warn. “If you don’t know how to teach your members to respect a claim, I sure as hell will show you.”

“It’s fucking pink...no one would buy that shit is real,” one of the others from their club states and I smirk as some of the Keepers step up to see what’s going on.

“We told you idiots to steer clear of little warrior, not our fault you didn’t listen,” Knuckles says giving us a chin nod. “How’s the little guy?”

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“Getting big, Poppy Law and Unky Cash are watching him tonight so we can have some time alone,” Everly says with a grin as the guys’ brows lift at the names. “He’s as much their baby as he is ours it feels, but I don’t argue when it means being able to spend time with daddy.”

“We’ll take him back and deal with him,” one of the other men suggests but no one will learn anything if I allow that to happen, and no way will I begin to look weak towards anyone.

“You can have what’s left of him when I’m done,” I counter, and the man struggles beneath me, letting me rear back and land a blow to his face, which only urges me to keep going. I toss him onto his feet and head for him as he staggers, landing blow after blow, and when he stumbles towards Everly, my girl sinks her knife into his side, not to kill him although I’d gladly do it, and he drops to his knees with a groan holding his side.

I put him down entirely with a kick to his face and I pull Everly into my arms, laying a kiss on her lips as she smiles up at me, that sweet innocent little grin filling her eyes.

“I think daddy needs to look his little girl over, make sure there aren’t any bruises he’ll have to come back and avenge, don’t you, baby girl?” I state as the others attempt to get over to us to drag the moron away.

“Please daddy. That mean man touched me and I didn’t like it. I only want daddy to touch me,” she says, and I pick her up, carrying her out and straight to our room, before stripping her piece by piece, until I can sink entirely inside her sweetness, and

take it hard as she clings to me.

She shatters and I follow her down into the perfect spot, the place where only we exist, and I hold onto her tight. I'll never let her go. Never let anyone threaten her, hurt her. She's all mine and that's the only way I ever want it to be.

****For bonus scene set before Epilogue skip to Littles Sleepover****

Epilogue

Everly

The boys come running down the hall and I cross my arms over my chest, giving them a hard stare. They instantly stop running, sheepish looks on their faces that match their daddy perfectly, and it makes my heart fill with love for them every time I see them. Even if they are as ornery as you'd expect boys growing up in a biker club would be.

Linc is now my double-digit little man and it's hard to believe Tate and I are on our eleventh anniversary of when he first brought me home this weekend. Some days it feels like just yesterday that he gave me the key that opened this incredible world where I could be daddy's little girl, where daddy really was my daddy. Other days I know just how long it's been because of all the heart stopping scenes we've created together in our playroom, but also when I see my boys together like this.

Linc was followed two years later by Carter, making him eight now. Hayes joined us two years after that, and two years after that we had Tyler making them six and four. The only boy that's not in the hallway is our two year old Zach who's finishing a nap.

With five boys I figured we were done but last year, Tate teased me into trying one more time for a little girl, and now, our sweet little Kennedy is three months old and

an absolute doll. Tate's completely obsessed with her in the sweetest way, and he says he just knows her hair is going to be curly like mine. She's the only one of our babies that has red hair, but she also got his blue eyes just like all the boys have.

My pregnancy and birth with her went fine, but once she was here, we agreed we were done with having babies. Tate got a vasectomy, so we don't have to worry about birth control or accidents now and I know that's going to open things up even more for us.

As much as I love my boys, five is more than enough. If it wasn't for Law and Cash, I might lose my sanity sometimes, even with the boys being absolute angels for their daddy.

I knew Tate would be an incredible dad, but seeing it come to be, just makes me love him more. He treats them with the same love and guidance he's always shown me, disciplining them when it's needed—just in a far different way than when daddy punishes his little girl. He's still daddy to me and when we get time in the playroom, it hits even deeper.

“What have you been told about running in the hallways?” I ask them, as Law and Cash come down it to reach us. We're still in the clubhouse and have no intention of moving out, even if we have had to ensure access to some areas are restricted so the boys don't walk in and see something they shouldn't or hear something they shouldn't.

“Sorry Mom, but Unky Cash said he and Poppy were watching us tonight and they had the new Space Chasers movie,” Linc says excitedly.

My attention flows back to them, and Cash holds up his hands in apology. The boys love the movies. They're a more kid friendly mix of Star Wars and Star Trek. The last one came out right after Kennedy was born and we missed getting to the theater to

see it.

“That still doesn’t mean you run down the hallway, especially in a pack. Any one of you could easily trip and fall, and bring down all of you,” I remind them, ushering them into the house so they can grab their pillows and blankets they swear they can’t sleep without as I move towards the nursery where both Kennedy and Tyler are asleep.

“We’ve got them,” Law says, as I start to shuffle things together. “We have diapers and clothes and all of that over in our space. You go and enjoy your anniversary.”

“The only thing we need to grab is the milk for the little doll. We’ve got this,” Cash adds, calming me because tonight will be the first time we’re ‘away’ from her overnight. It’s crazy since they’re literally just down the hallway from us, but it’s a mama thing.

“Thank you,” I tell them after we manage to transfer them from the beds in the nursery over to the one set up in their place without them waking.

I give all of the boys kisses before giving them a little wave, and I head back to our place and get dressed. I slip a long jacket on over the outfit, so no one sees it as I head out to the car, a laugh slipping out when I get a text from Tate asking where I’m going before I’m even off the property.

After the kidnapping, he insisted on being able to find me, anywhere, anytime, and I didn’t argue over it. He slipped a beautiful ring onto my finger a week after we met with the State Police, telling me it had a GPS chip imbedded in it, as did the handle of the new knife he got me to replace the one we left at the manor. He tagged on that he was making the engagement we’d both alluded to with others a real thing and a week after that, he slid a wedding ring on my finger as well and I definitely didn’t argue over either of those things.

The club still runs Jackson Distributing, which in turn keeps us safe from threats. The town's not so corrupt any longer and the cops are petrified to go anywhere near me—and not because they know I was the one that actually killed the Jacksons. No, they're afraid of doing anything to upset me because Tate will come after them, and I love it. I love having a strong daddy that loves me enough to kill for me.

Each anniversary Tate gives me another piece of jewelry, all of them with trackers of course, so it's no surprise that he knows I'm leaving the property. I shoot him back a message using the voice-to-text function with a little white lie, "Needed to get the kids' vitamins. They're watching a movie with Law and Cash, and I thought I'd take a few minutes to myself to run and get them, so I don't obsess over it."

You know you're supposed to tell me before you leave, baby girl. Daddy will discuss that with you later, right now, be safe.

"Always," I respond, smiling as I reach town and I browse through the store, grabbing vitamins to help sell things then make my way back towards the clubhouse with one minor detour. I pull off at the old Wilkens' driveway and get out. No one's come near the place since what was left of the cops was discovered nearly six months after Tate killed them. The State Police were gone by then and there wasn't enough remaining for them to figure out what happened. The sheriff chalked it up to another murder by Thatcher and they moved on. In fact, everyone's pretty much moved on from trying to find him—at least around here. He's supposedly on the FBI's Most Wanted List, but he'll never be found, and we sleep just fine knowing that.

Source Creation Date: May 27, 2025, 6:44 am

I slip around the side of the car and let the air out of the tire, before grabbing up the jack to make it look good. I shoot off a text to Tate about a flat tire, grinning at his immediate ‘on my way’ in response, and I giggle because he didn’t even question the location. To get to the clubhouse from the road, I should have turned left instead of right, and I know if he wasn’t reacting, he’d already realize I’m up to something.

I slip off the jacket when I see him closing in on my location with the phone app and slip off the leggings I put on under the replica of my old waitress uniform. I definitely wasn’t going to fit into my old one that I never returned that was sitting in the closet. I saw it about a month ago and the idea came to me since the anniversary of the day he took me home was coming up fast. Getting the outfit made without him discovering it was tricky, but thankfully, it came at the same time as another package, and he thought nothing of it.

The top is made with snaps, and they are straining against my chest, threatening to pop with every deep breath I take. The middle is made in a corset style, so it’ll stay on even when the top is ripped open, and the bottom hem barely covers my ass. Everything will be on display the minute I lean over, which is why I had the leggings on—not that I’m going to admit to wearing them until after daddy’s had his fun with me. He really would lose his shit if he thought I’d walked around wearing only this—even with the jacket on over it.

I put the leggings and jacket onto the front seat, then close the door as the roar of his bike makes my pussy throb. I wait to move from my spot until I’m certain Tate’s the only one approaching and I step forward as he cuts the engine, the headlight showing off what I’m wearing, and his helmet hits the ground as he’s up and off the bike in an instant. “What the fuck, baby?”

“Oh, hi Tate,” I say, wringing my hands together in front of me. “I got a flat. Do you think you could help me with it? I think I have the jack in the right place, but I don’t know where the stick goes,” I add turning quickly making the skirt flare up and I bend over a bit, pulling the deepest growl from him I’ve ever heard.

His arm wraps around mine, pulling me around and I let out a fake gasp trying to get away from him. “Tate...what are you doing? Who do you think you are?” I question as his hand comes up and covers my tit through the outfit. “Hey, stop that! No...no!” I shout when he pushes me up against the car, his hands lifting to the top of the outfit, and my tits pop out when he jerks it open.

“Oh baby, I’ve been dying to get my hands on your sweet body and now look at you, out here all alone. I’ll teach you real fast which holes the stick goes in,” he returns, the smirk on his lips and the glitter in his eyes telling me he’s fully aware of what I want. His mouth comes down and sucks on my nipple and I push against him, trying to get loose.

“No, stop that! Get off me!” I cry and only stop struggling when his hand moves off my waist and moves down to grab the skirt.

“Yeah, you just spread those legs and let daddy get a taste of that little pussy. I bet it’s fresh, a young little thing like you. Come on, pretty girl, let daddy in,” he growls, pushing his hand between my thighs under the miniscule skirt, but I clamp them tight making him have to have to really work to get at it.

“Stop it! You’re sick,” I shout, pushing at his chest and I catch him on the jaw with a slap that has him jerking my head back by my hair. It causes me to lose my balance and his hand pushes between my thighs, and he cups my pussy hard, sinking three fingers inside it instantly making me cry out. “No! Get off me you disgusting creep!”

“Nice and tight, you got a cherry daddy’s going to pop?” he croons, licking up my

throat and I scream as I struggle against him, trying to push him away, but he's so much stronger than I am and he doesn't even budge.

"Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. I don't want this," I cry, and he laughs in my ear and pulls his fingers out of my pussy.

"You're fucking dripping for it girl, look at that, look how much you've already creamed asking for it," he states, wiping it on my breasts before he leans down, licking it up before turning back over to my nipples, sucking hard making them drip. "Mmm, daddy like big milk jugs like these. I'm going to put my cock between them and jack it off while I milk you."

"No! You pervert!" I cry pushing and struggling against him, but he just laughs and grabs my face, leaning in for a kiss. I know if his lips touch mine this is going to be over and when he's just inches from me, I spit in his face, truly shocking him but his eyes glitter even more as he grabs my face and squeezes my cheeks. It's the only concession beyond smacking me with his cock he's allowed in all these years, and I love it when he does it.

"You want to spit on something, then I'll give you something to spit on," he fumes, pushing me down to my knees as he pulls out his cock, his hold on my face has my mouth still open, but I try to close it as he jerks me towards his cock.

"S'op," I mumble out around his hold. "Nooo..." I screech as he pushes in, his hand going to the back of my head, holding it as he forces his way fully into my mouth. The gravel under my knees shoots flashes of pain through me, but it just makes my pussy wetter, and I gurgle as he pulls out, jerking hard on my hair again pulling my head up.

"Spit on it."

“No,” I respond getting a harder pull to the hair in return.

“I said spit on it!”

“NO!”

“Then I’ll just have to spit on you,” he warns, grabbing my jaw and he leans down, spitting into my mouth before forcing me back onto his cock, fucking my face until he comes, and he pulls it out, spraying it all over my face and neck and chest.

His hands leave me for a second and I push against him, upsetting his balance a bit and shoot up, moving away a couple feet before he reaches me, grabbing me around the waist and lifts me up off the ground. I struggle against the hold, screaming and he drops down to the ground with me, his big body leaning over me as he pushes between my legs, and I scream as his cock slides into me.

“That’s it little girl, make daddy work for that virgin pussy,” he croons into my ear before his hand wraps around my hair and pulls my head back. My chest is pressed against the ground, my knees screaming as they chafe against it as he pounds into me.

“Stop, stop, oh god, please stop,” I cry out. As my orgasm builds, I change it over to a constant, “No, no, oh no. No!”

“Little cock whore are you? Daddy’s little slut,” he laughs, pulling on my hair and it brings my chest up as he lifts off me. “Show daddy how much you’re loving this, thank him for making that little cunt of yours come.”

“No! Let me go. Get off me!” I scream until his hand wraps around my throat, and I let out a little whimpering cry.

“I don’t want to hurt you, little girl, but daddy will, to get what he wants,” he says,

squeezing and releasing it as he speaks. “Now are you going to be a good girl and do what daddy tells you to do? Or does daddy have to hurt you to get you to behave?”

“I’ll be good,” I promise, my voice quivering as my body shakes, so close to another orgasm and I need it so badly.

“That’s right, you are,” he returns, as he sits back on his heels. “Now scoot that ass of your back here and fuck daddy’s cock good to say thanks for making you come.”

I slowly ease backwards, sitting onto his lap, jumping when his hand tightens on my throat again.

Source Creation Date: May 27, 2025, 6:44 am

“Reach down and put daddy in your little hole,” he orders, and I reach down, barely touching his cock before jerking my hand away.

“No! No, I can’t. I won’t,” I cry, the sound cut off when he squeezes my neck again.

“Fucking little bitch,” he says against my ear, and he turns me until I’m on my back, and comes down between my thighs, pushing into me with a single thrust. “You think you’re too good for this cock, don’t you? Think you’re going to get a better offer. This is my pussy now and only daddy gets near it. You hear me, little girl? Only! Daddy!” he shouts as he fucks me hard, and when his fingers come down to my clit and rubs hard, I come with a scream, my back arching up off the ground, and daddy comes with me, his big body pressing against my front as we drag in air, my body quaking with the lingering little flashes of bliss.

He sits up, bringing me with him, and I wrap my arms around his neck, sinking into his kiss with a smile until he pulls back, his hand holding my head in the gentlest way. “Happy anniversary, daddy.”

“Happy anniversary, baby girl. God damn, little girl, you give me a little miniature of you and then this in the same year...how’s daddy supposed to compete?” he teases, making me laugh as his hands slide down my body, brushing away the dirt and gravel clinging to my skin. His eyes roam over the outfit again and they start to glitter, and I give him a quick kiss before pointing at the car.

“Jacket and leggings, front seat.”

“Know me so well, don’t you baby girl?” he states as he stands up, pulling me up

with him as he heads for the car. His eyes take in the tire and his brow lifts a hint. “Did you deflate it?”

“I wanted to make it authentic daddy. Eleven years loving you—twelve years knowing you...I knew there was a slight possibility that you would have one of the others come along to change the tire while you took me home, like that first night. Hoped you wouldn’t but I wanted to be prepared in case. I could have popped back into the leggings and jacket if I’d seen someone else with you.”

“Good girl. Where exactly did you get this little thing though?” he asks as he holds up the leggings for me to slip into. “I thought I was going to lose my fucking mind when you twirled around, showing off that sexy ass of yours, but then you bent over, showing me that dripping pussy and I knew you needed it hard and rough and without mercy.”

“I did, but I didn’t realize it until I saw you. I was going to just play the innocent and shy waitress, thank you for stopping, give you a hug where I’d feel your hard cock against my belly, your hands would have found my bare ass, and I’d have begged you to kiss me the way you did that first night. We could have had it end with you fucking me instead of taking me home, washing me up, and then fucking me,” I tease, as he snaps the top back together, before grabbing the jacket. “But when you were here...”

“You needed daddy to own you, remind you that you’re his and he takes what he wants,” he replies, and I grin, as he gives me a long, hard kiss. “Come on, I need to clean you up, so I can dirty you up all over again. But first, daddy needs to make sure you didn’t cut yourself on the gravel, check your chest and knees for scrapes,” he adds, and shit...that’s my daddy. Such a total teddy bear but also an absolute beast with his girl, and it’s the best thing ever. Especially with our babies at home to cuddle with tomorrow when I’m completely exhausted from being daddy’s good little girl.

Nothing on earth could possibly be better than this life. Having my biker daddy love me so good, giving me a family like I never expected. Nothing beats it. Nothing.