



Man of Carnage

Author: *Nicholas Bella*

Category: Romance, M-m Romance, Dark

Description: The hunter becomes the hunted... or does he?

Total Pages (Source): 70

Page 1

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

PROLOGUE

THAT NIGHT

Zaire “Ze” Esai watched from the shadows as the man he’d hunted dangled from a hook in the ceiling. The place he’d chosen as his kill room smelled of mold, dust, animal feces, and piss. Broken windows and corners filled with cobwebs were indicative of a location time forgot. That was why he’d chosen the abandoned factory for the occasion. The area was dark except for the one spotlight that shined on his target.

“Please... please... I can give you whatever you want. I can pay you,” begged the naked man whose wicked deeds had pique Ze’s bloodlust.

Ze said nothing. He knew his silence would only increase the man’s terror, and that was what he’d wanted. His breathing was measured even though his heart was racing with the anticipation of this kill. Hell, his cock was throbbing with the need to release, but not before it was time. Some men got off on porn, he got off on seeing a person’s insides outside of their body. That darkness was a side of himself Ze thought he’d always have to keep hidden from others. He’d found a home and acceptance with the Lords of Chaos Motorcycle club. More importantly, he had an outlet as club enforcer.

The man hanging from his hook was club business and Ze dressed in his best to give the man all of his attention. It had taken two months of Ze stalking the man’s hunting grounds to finally capture him. His prey. As far as Ze was concerned, he was the apex predator. The echelon of big game hunters, because he didn’t hurt innocent people.

No, he enjoyed taking out those who had it coming. Criminals who preyed on people who felt they were weaker than them.

“I’m begging you... please let me go,” the man whined in a pathetic voice that squeaked and cracked as tears and snot flowed. Sweat glistened on the man’s body in the spotlight, the sight of it all very enticing to Ze.

It was time, Ze had allowed a good twenty minutes to pass in silence. Fostering the terror to grow, for the doubt to fester, and for his bloodthirst to rise. He walked over to the man, who was still pleading for his life and trying to make a deal for his freedom. He could practically smell the fear coming off the man in waves.

Ze reached up, stroking his fingers down the man’s muscular torso all the way to his groin, stopping before he could touch the man’s flaccid cock. He’d save that for last. “Tell me,” he began. And when he spoke, it wasn’t his usual voice. No, this tone came out of him naturally when he was in this mode. Deep, sensuous, and dripping with his dark desires. “Did you give any of your victims a chance to escape you?” His green eyes studied his prey, watching for the tell-tale signs of deceit.

The man choked on a sob. “I...I d–don’t know what... you’re talking about,” he said between strained pants.

Ze laughed, a smooth sound that flowed through the atmosphere. It was a funny line, because he’d always heard it from his prey. They never knew what he was talking about when he questioned them. As if playing dumb or innocent would save them. He knew just how guilty they were. Every one of them deserved his brand of justice.

“You don’t know what I’m talking about?” Ze asked as he walked around the man, touching him in places he wanted to thrust the blade of his knife into as he went along.

The man's breath hitched in his throat. "L—listen... I... I can pay you," he pleaded.

"Oh? And just how much is your life worth?"

"W-what?"

Ze stepped up to him and leaned forward so his lips were beside the man's ear. "How much is your life worth?" he asked again.

"Name your price," the man said.

"No, you tell me," Ze shot back.

"I can give you a hundred thousand dollars by tomorrow morning," the man said.

Ze stepped back and shook his head. "I asked you how much you think your life is worth. Is that it? Or is that the amount you think my mercy is worth?"

"I can give you a million dollars!" the man blurted out, his blue eyes wide with fear as sweat glistened on his body. A sight that turned Ze on so much. "Hell, two million if that's what you want. Fuck... just tell me, please. I don't even know why you're doing this."

"Sara Miller, Destiny Comner, Linda Beltrov, Allison Walters, and tonight, it would have been Tiffany Muffin," Ze said, after rattling off several names of women who were found murdered in the same fashion.

"I... I don't know—"

"Yes!" Ze snapped and grabbed the man's jaw tightly, causing pain as he dug his nails into the man's skin. When the man whimpered, he knew he was successful.

“Yes, you do know them.” He released the man’s jaw, then trailed a finger down his torso where he wanted to slice the man open and watch as his entrails spilled out at his feet. “Sara was the first woman found. The wounds on her body were sloppy, like her murder may have been an accident. Was it?”

“Please... I swear...”

“Or did you set out to kill her, but wasn’t sure if you’d be able to go through with it? Is that why her body was found in such a mess? Defensive wounds on her arms and legs, but you were smart enough to cut off her fingertips. Did she scratch you?” Ze asked, then looked over the man’s body and saw some scars here and there. One in particular looked like scratch marks. “Did she scratch you here?” He ran his fingertips over the old scars and the man’s body trembled from his touch.

“I don't know what you mean. I don't know her!”

“Tell me about Tiffany. What was it about her that intrigued you?” Ze asked, then began walking around the man again.

“Who?”

“Don’t tell me you don’t know the names of your victims.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“I... I swear, you have the wrong man.”

Ze laughed again and looked up at the ceiling. His body was floating with a sense of euphoria. This man was going to make killing him that much more satisfying. “You put something in her drink and seemed very annoyed when the bartender took it away. You didn’t stick around to wait for the police to question you about that. I’d been watching you. In fact, I was the one who tipped off the bartender, then I waited for you to run just like I knew you would.”

“Who are you?” the man asked in a shaky timbre, because now he knew Ze knew exactly who he really was.

“That’s the thing about serial killers, you hunt where you’re comfortable. Where you know the lay of the land. Where you can blend in. A rich guy like you, a fucking douchebag, looks just like the others in those clubs. But also, who’d suspect a millionaire’s son to be the ‘Northside Slasher’,” Ze said. He smiled and took hold of the man’s hips and pressed his hard-on against the man’s ass. The man jumped when he felt Ze’s erection. “I’ve got to say, you’re the biggest fish I’ve ever caught. I’m so excited and can’t wait to skin and gut you.”

“Ten million dollars!” the man blurted out. “I can get you... that in forty-eight hours. My dad... my dad will pay anything. Please... please don’t kill me,” the man begged harder, his voice sniveling in his attempt to garner sympathy.

Ze released the man’s hips, then stepped back in front of him. “It’s all fun and games until you have to face the consequences of your actions.”

“What about you?” the man shot back. “What about your consequences for killing an innocent man?”

“You’re not innocent, and we both know it. I don’t need you to confess to what I already know is the truth. I have my conviction, and my instincts are never wrong. The women you murdered for fun and perverse sexual pleasure, they will have their vengeance.

“Fuck you!” the man roared. “I’ll fucking kill you, you cocksucking motherfucker!” Spittle flew from the man’s snarling mouth as he cursed and raged on.

“Ahh, there’s the monster behind the mask. Is this what they saw before you killed them? Or were you calm, like I am now?” Ze asked.

The man shook in his chains and tried to do anything to break free. He swung his bound feet to kick Ze, but he dodged all the man’s attacks. Ze punched the man in his stomach, rib cage, and chest, much like a boxer does a punching bag. The man groaned, grunted, and coughed with each blow. His body hung limply from the chain at that point, all of his energy wiped out of him after the beating. Ze panted a little from his exertion as he stepped behind the man's bruised body. He knew he’d broken bones in his attack, and it made him smile as he tickled his fingers down the man’s spine to his ass crack.

“I think it’s time for me to really have some fun with you,” Ze said. He walked over to his tools, or rather toys, and picked up a very sharp filet knife. The silver of the blade as lethal as Ze’s intent. He placed a face shield on and walked back over to his prey. “You can scream all you want, no one will hear you.”

“You’re going to pay for this,” the man threatened.

“We all have to answer for our actions,” Ze said, then he sliced the blade of his knife

into the man's flesh, carving his skin and cutting off his nipples as he worked. Blood splattered his plastic covering and face shield. He didn't wear latex gloves because he wanted to feel the hot slickness of the man's blood on his hands.

"Ahhhh, aaaahhhh, fuck!" the man screamed as the blade carved through his skin. The man could feel his blood running down his body as his tormentor cut into him. Searing pain throbbed with every wound inflicted and the man begged for his tormentor to stop.

The red of the blood looked dark against the pale skin to Ze as it flowed from the wounds he was making. He took his time, slicing and cutting the man everywhere he'd stabbed and cut his victims. Ze had memorized the man's handiwork. The factory was filled with the man's wails, curses, and pleading, but they all fell on deaf ears. Ze was in his zone, and was in deep concentration as he sliced off the man's ears.

"Ahhh!" the man screamed. Tears soaked his face, and spit dribbled down his chin as snot poured from his nose. He was a far cry from the handsome playboy that was the serial killer's alternate personality. Ze didn't have an alternate personality. He was who he was, and that was why the life of an enforcer for an outlaw motorcycle gang was the perfect fit for him. He didn't have to pretend to be normal when he was anything but. His brothers knew what he was and they still loved him. A family for him and his little brother, Zindel, that was who the Lords were.

When the mother of the fourth victim, Allison Waters, came to their club for help in finding the killer, it didn't take any convincing for Ze to take the job. He wanted to track down the killer and have his way with the man. He'd studied the cases of the other women found dead in similar conditions, all matching a particular MO. It took Ze a few months of hanging out in bars before he caught the scent of a killer. There was just something about the way Sean was around the women he hit on. All of the women matched the features of the past victims. Brunette, brown eyes, lean, five-

eight in height, and white female. Once Ze recognized the man's pattern at clubs, that was whom he'd put his focus on. Doing research, he discovered the man's name was Sean Hutchinson, the only son of wealthy Chicago businessman Lindsay Hutchinson.

Well, too bad for Lindsay, because Ze had every intention of ending his line.

He stood in front of his victim, blood covering both of them. He knew it was going to get messy. Sean was bleeding from multiple wounds all over his body, shallow cuts here and there, enough to burn as he bled. He was breathing slowly, exhausted after all of his screaming and struggles.

"Just...j-just... get it... over with," Sean panted weakly.

Ze could hear the pain in his voice, his tone all but defeated, and it brought a smile to Ze's face. "Did they beg you to do the same?"

"Y-yes," Sean finally admitted.

Ze nodded. "Yeah, I thought as much. After you'd beat them, raped them, tortured them for days... they just wanted it to end."

"Are... are you going... to rape me?" Sean asked, remembering the erection he'd felt pressed against his ass.

Ze's hazel eyes scanned over Sean's bloody, battered body and his cock jerked at the sight. "No, I'm not a fucking pervert like you. I'm no rapist."

"Just a... murderer," Sean said. "A sick fuck..."

"A man with an ability to do what must be done. I have no problem doing wrong for the right reasons and in your case, it's killing you to save other women," Ze said.

The man laughed, and spit on the floor. “Oh yeah... then do it!”

“Not before I take your favorite weapon of choice,” Ze said, then reached down, taking hold of Sean’s cock. “Should I send this to your father?”

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“No!” Sean yelled. “Don’t you fucking touch me, you son of a bitch!”

“Best to not kick a hornet’s nest,” Ze said, then he began slicing off the man’s cock. Blood gushed from the wound all over Ze’s hands. The man screamed and thrashed as much as he could, his body already severely weakened from his blood loss. “Well, this isn’t very impressive,” Ze said, then opened the man’s mouth, shoving his severed cock inside. The man gagged, bile bubbling up from around his own flesh in his mouth. His eyes watered and his body jerked as he choked on it. Ze forced it down, watching as the blood vessels popped in Sean’s eyes the longer he was gagged. Ze stepped back, allowing the man to spit his cock out along with more vomit.

The plastic that lay underneath captured all of the mess, making for easy clean-up when Ze was ready. Ze stabbed Sean again, this time deep in his stomach, and sliced down, letting the man’s bloody viscera spill out. The man’s moans were barely audible as Ze watched the Northside Slasher succumb to a slow, agonizing death. Exactly what he’d given his victims. A sense of warmth caressed Ze, and he was happy. Happy that he’d rid the world of trash and happy he’d hunted a real-life serial killer and won.

Three hours later, Ze was burying Sean’s burned remains in a hole six feet deep in the woods. He burned the plastic coverings he’d worn in a garbage can back at the factory, destroying all evidence. All traces of Sean’s blood had been cleansed away from Ze’s hands and nails. Those were lessons he’d learned from the former Lords’ enforcer, Kevin “Hound Dog” Hunt also known as “HD” for short. Hound Dog was his mentor and father figure, he’d also sponsored him for the club. Thanks to his lessons, Ze knew how to properly dispose of a body and all of the proof.

With one last pat of the shovel on the dirt, Ze walked away and never looked back.

ZAIRE “ZE” ESAI

Three years later.

“Don’t do it,” Ze told his younger brother, Zindel, after he’d revealed what he considered to be a terrible idea. He was older now, twenty-six, and had grown more ruggedly handsome compared to the softer features of his younger brother, who looked pretty, even to his club brothers who swung that way.

“I’m really good at what I do, though. I never get caught,” Zindel said, brushing his long, silky dark curls from his green eyes. His plump lips parted in a coy smile. He was shorter than Ze, standing at five-eight to Ze’s six feet, and his features were soft, angular. “You know I love a challenge. How else am I going to become the world’s greatest thief? By playing in the kiddie pool with floaties on?”

“Just because you never get caught, doesn’t mean you should be reckless,” Ze said, then took a bite of his butter cookie.

“Says the man who literally kills people for a living,” Zindel shot back.

Ze cocked an eyebrow at him. “Don’t get smart. Besides, I’m always careful.”

“I am too,” Zindel said. “Besides, I’m so good, I could steal the sugar from your cookie and you wouldn’t even notice.”

Ze chuckled, and took a look at his cookie, then finished it. “You need to let—”

Zindel held his hand up. “See, I’m going to stop you right there. The only thing I need to do is breathe, drink water, sleep, eat, and shit.”

Ze rolled his eyes. “And when your ass gets into trouble, I’m the first person you run to.”

Zindel gave him a sweet smile. “Because you’re my big bro. We always take care of each other.”

“You need to let this mark go, I mean it,” Ze said, giving his brother a stern look.

“What are you two going on about?” Kevin “Hound Dog” Hunt asked as he made his way over to the bar to pour himself a drink of brandy.

Ze scratched his neatly trimmed beard and shifted his position on the bar stool, turning around so he was facing Hound Dog. He rested his elbows on the bar top. “Just trying to talk my kid brother out of doing something really fucking stupid.”

“Oh? What?” Hound Dog asked. He looked at both boys, they were his sons as far as he was concerned. He’d taken them into his home and life ten years ago.

Zindel rolled his green eyes and bit his plump bottom lip. “There’s this guy who comes into the spa all of the time. I can tell he’s loaded.”

Hound Dog harrumphed. “And you want to make him your next mark?”

Zindel smiled wickedly and nodded. “He’s going to be a catch, for sure.”

“Why is that?” Hound Dog asked.

“Because he always has armed bodyguards with him,” Zindel said. “I’ve never swiped anything from someone with bodyguards. I have to step up my game.”

“Probably because he’s mafia,” Ze stated. “Leave it alone.”

“Do I tell you who to kill and who not to kill?” Zindel fussed.

“And normally, I wouldn’t care whose rich asshole’s pockets your little klepto ass picked, but if this dude is as protected as you said, he’s bad news,” Ze stated.

“I agree with your brother, Zindel. Find another person to play with,” Hound Dog said, then looked past Ze to his father and club chapter president, Lenard “Jimmy” Hunt. The president was with a couple and he motioned for Ze and Hound Dog to follow him. “Well, that’s our cue.” He downed the rest of his brandy, then walked around the bar. “Come on, Ze.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Zindel looked at his watch and sighed. “I need a rich sugar daddy to take care of me so I don't have to work anymore. Why do you think I'm working at this fancy ass spa?”

“Better leave or you'll be late,” Ze said as he slid off the barstool. He reached over, ruffling Zindel's hair briefly before the twenty-year-old “little” brother slapped his hand away. Ze chuckled, but let it go. He had business to tend to anyway. He pointed at Zindel. “Stay out of trouble. I mean it.”

“Not in my nature,” Zindel said with a mischievous smirk.

Ze shook his head and turned away toward the direction he was heading in. Once inside the president's office, he closed the door since he was the last to enter. The couple had taken the two chairs in front of the desk and their president was sitting behind it in a big leather chair. He looked every bit the tough biker that he was. Long, gray beard, bushy mustache. Cold, steel gray eyes and a deadly stare to match. His t-shirt was tight on his muscular body as were his leather pants. His numerous tattoos told the story of his life as an outlaw biker, much like the other men in the club. His cut had numerous patches such as; President, Man of Carnage, Lifer, 5th Chapter, and First Generation. He was a man Ze not only respected, but loved. It wouldn't be a stretch to say he was like Ze and Zindel's grandfather.

Ze took a seat beside Hound Dog, who looked a great deal like his father, only he had a more trimmed beard, more pepper in his hair than salt, and a little less roundness around the belly. But there was no denying that they were father and son. Ze's patches on his cut were Enforcer, Man of Carnage, 5th Chapter, and First Generation. All of which he was extremely proud of because he'd earned every last one. He'd

been a part of the Lords of Chaos since he was eighteen, earning his patch when he turned nineteen. The club and its members meant everything to him. He wanted his little brother to join, but Zindel wasn't ready to conform to club rules. In any case, the club still looked out for him because he was family.

"Mr. and Mrs. Haysworth, this man here is my club's treasurer." He paused to point at Hound Dog. "And one of my enforcers, Ze," Jimmy said, giving the introductions.

Both Hound Dog and Ze nodded at the couple, who just stared back at them with a mixture of curiosity and fear. Ze wondered if they knew what an enforcer did. If they had any inkling, then the couple knew they were looking at a killer. Two, actually, as Hound Dog used to be an enforcer before he took over duties of the treasure after their last one passed away. He'd taught Ze what he needed to know and Ze's nature handled the rest.

"So, Mr. and Mrs. Haysworth, do you want to tell me why you wanted to see me?" Jimmy asked the couple, now that everyone was in the room.

Ze checked out the man and woman, both looked distraught and angry, the woman's eyes red and puffy from crying. It made him curious as to why they were there.

"Will everything we discuss here remain private?" the man, dressed in khakis and a polo shirt asked. His wife was also conservatively dressed in a skirt and blouse combo. Looked like a Gold coast couple to Ze.

Jimmy nodded. "All of our business is private. You apparently went through a lot to get my number, so come on out with it." The president's tone left no room for nonsense.

The man swallowed and began to speak. "We want to hire you to kill Senator Ted Kelly," the man said.

“Damn, so, you did get directly to the point,” Hound Dog said with a chuckle.

Jimmy tossed his son a look and Hound Dog nodded and didn’t say anything else.

“Why do you want him killed?” he asked the couple.

“Why does it matter? We heard you do that kind of stuff. You’re an outlaw biker gang, right?” the woman asked.

Jimmy's steely gaze panned over to her. “First off, we’re not a ‘gang’. We’re a motorcycle club, which means it does matter to me why you want a motherfucker killed.”

“What, don’t tell me you have morals? You’re criminals,” the woman snapped.

“You’re sitting in my office, asking me to kill a senator. I’d mind my manners if I were you,” Jimmy warned.

Ze watched the transaction in silence because he wanted to get a feel for the couple. He was also curious as to why they wanted a hit done. He knew he was a cold-blooded killer, but he didn’t kill just anyone, and neither did Hound Dog, so their reason did matter if they wanted the job done.

“Honey, let me handle this,” the man said to his wife, then he scooted to the edge of his chair. “This man murdered our daughter, Amanda. She’s only nineteen and was one of his interns. She looked up to him, respected him, and that son of a bitch took advantage of her, stole her innocence, covered up his crime by...” The man had to pause and gather himself. His wife closed her eyes but the tears still flowed. She dabbed them away with a napkin but remained silent. “He desecrated her body, burned her so badly she could only be identified by her dental records. He’s a fucking demon and we don’t want him to get away with it.”

Jimmy cocked an eyebrow. “Why not call the police, then? A scandal like that could ruin his career. Especially if he goes to jail.”

“And that’s a big if. It would be his word against our daughter’s. And there is no proof, Mr. Hunt. Whatever could have tied him to our daughter burned away.”

“How do you know he killed your daughter?” Ze asked, unable to help himself.

The man turned in his chair to face Ze. “We don’t have anything solid. Our daughter told us in her last call to my wife that she was going to dinner with him. She was so excited that he had singled her out, paid attention to her. He was the last person who saw our daughter alive.”

“He did it. I told her to not work for him, but she wanted her credits for college, and being his intern looked great on her portfolio. She saw it as a career opportunity. That monster... May he burn in hell, and even that’s not good enough,” Mrs. Haysworth said before breaking down into tears.

Mr. Haysworth leaned forward, taking his wife into his arms and holding her. Their pain was evident, shared. He turned toward Jimmy again. “He is powerful and has powerful allies. He has money to bury this story, the media could twist it too, and make us look like liars. It’s been done before. He’s had allegations of sexual assault leveled against him in the past and he still won the senate seat.” The man shook his head. “In an ideal world, you’d hope to get justice. But this is the real world we live in where money and power can buy you freedom if you have enough.”

“Speaking of money, how much are you willing to pay for this? It won’t be an easy job taking out Senator Kelly, so it won’t be cheap,” Jimmy said.

“We’re not rich, Mr. Hunt. We’re just two people who tried to build an honest living and we saved a lot for our retirement and our daughter’s future. We can pay you two-

hundred and fifty thousand. It's everything we have," the man said.

"Everything?" Jimmy asked.

Both the man and woman nodded. "We took out an equity loan on our house and used the rest of our daughter's college fund."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Jimmy nodded, then tossed a glance over to his son and basically, grandson and sighed before returning his attention to the couple. “Let me discuss this with my club and we’ll get back to you.”

“This won’t get out, you promise?” Mr. Haysworth asked.

“That Mr. and Mrs., Haysworth wanted to put a hit out on Senator Kelly?” Jimmy chuckled and shook his head. “No, I keep my word. What is discussed here remains here.”

The couple nodded, then rose.

“Ze, see them out, will you? Then come back,” Jimmy said.

Ze rose and walked toward the door and gestured for the couple to follow. Once they were in their car, he closed the club door, locked it, and returned to the president’s office. He took a seat in one of the chairs in front of the desk this time, just like Hound Dog had.

“Ol’ Senator Kelly, doing what rich assholes do,” Jimmy said with a shake of his head as he lit a cigar.

“Take advantage of people they feel are beneath them,” Ze stated.

“This is right up your alley, ain’t it?” Hound Dog asked.

Ze shrugged. “I can take the job. It would require me to travel. Isn’t he on the

campaign trail?”

“Shit, fuck if I know. I don’t keep up with politics,” Jimmy said.

“Question is, do we take everything they have as payment?” Hound Dog asked. “I mean, I’m good with that, but Ze might have issues.”

It was true, Ze did have issues with taking a person’s last dime. He wouldn’t even let Zindel steal from people who couldn’t afford it. The last thing a poor person needed was for someone to come out of nowhere and take their last fucking penny. He’d been there, living on the streets, having to steal and do other things just to survive.

He sighed and shook his head. “A motherfucker like Kelly, I’d kill for free.”

Jimmy scoffed. “Yeah, I know. Because it gets your dick hard. But a hard dick ain’t paying the bills around here.” He put his cigar to his lips and took a long puff.

Hound Dog laughed. “Tell that to Romeo.”

Jimmy choked on the smoke he’d inhaled and had to turn away to cough. He covered his mouth as he nodded. Once he cleared his airway, he laughed. “Fuck... I forgot about his gigolo ass.”

“How about we just charge them a hundred and fifty thousand, plus expenses?” Ze suggested.

“You’re asking us to give up on an extra hundred grand?” Jimmy questioned, one eyebrow cocked.

Ze sighed and ran his hands over his face. “Yeah, I know that shit doesn’t sit well with you. But taking their last dime doesn’t sit well with me. The motherfucker raped

and killed their daughter. They've been through enough."

"So, they claim," Jimmy said.

Ze cocked both eyebrows. "You think they're lying?"

Jimmy shrugged. "Anyone can lie. If you're asking me to give up on a hundred grand because your bleeding heart is leaking, you better be fucking sure."

Ze nodded. "Okay, I'll make sure. And if it's true?"

Jimmy grunted and took another puff of his cigar. "Then we'll take a club vote to do it your way, Saint Ze."

Ze winked. "Cool. I'll get right on it then."

"All right," Jimmy said.

Ze walked out of the office and went to search out Levi "Snoopy" Myers, their club's prospect and hacker extraordinaire. He saw their club's Sergeant-at-Arms, Makade-Ma'iingan "Wolf" Sanders, sitting in one of their big, comfy leather chairs in the lounge. A hang-around male between his legs sucking his cock. Wolf was leaning his head back on the cushions as he enjoyed the oral pleasure. His large hand gripped the back of the man's bobbing head as his hips thrust up into the man's mouth.

Their SA was an intimidating figure, to say the least. At six-six and three hundred pounds of muscle, no one fucked with Wolf, not if they valued their lives. Half black, half Native American, and one hundred percent total badass. Ze respected the hell out of the man, as he did every brother in his club.

"Hey Wolf, you seen Snoopy?" he asked, almost hating to bother the man.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Wolf opened his eyes, a moan escaping his mouth. He gave the man giving him the blowjob an approving, cocky smile, then winked before looking back up at Ze. “He’s outside washing all of the bikes.”

“Thanks,” Ze said, then made his way outside to the side of their building where all of the bikes were. He could hear the water flowing as Snoopy washed the club members’ babies.

Their clubhouse was located on the south side of Chicago in the Hyde Park neighborhood. Plenty of amenities and everyone knew who they were. There were six apartments above the clubhouse where members lived because the whole building was owned by Wolf. He was one of the more successful members of the club, owning several properties, a bar, and a rib joint. Ze and Zindel lived in one of the apartments, which made it very convenient.

Wolf also had an apartment at the clubhouse as well as his own home located a few miles away where the mini mansions were. That was what Ze and some of the brothers called the expensive homes.

Ze rounded the corner and saw Snoopy crouched by Romeo’s bike, cleaning the spokes. “Hey, I need you to look up something for me.”

Snoopy turned around and looked at the club member who’d addressed him. His brown eyes settled on Ze, whom he had a major crush on. He rose and smiled. “Hi, Ze,” he said and brushed his long, sandy brown bangs from his eyes.

“Hey, yeah, sorry about that,” Ze said. “I just need you to find out some pertinent

information for me, and the sooner the better.”

He tried to remain calm, but he was excited thinking about the hunt he was about to go on. The sooner he could get the information Jimmy wanted, the faster he could take care of business. He looked at the young, lanky man, who was a year younger than his little brother at nineteen. He was wearing his prospect cut, blue jeans, boots, and a black t-shirt, pretty much dressing the part of a biker already. He’d been a prospect for ten months already and only had two more to go before they made their decision. But he was pretty much a shoo-in. For one thing, the club could always use a hacker with his level of skills. For another, he just really embraced the lifestyle.

“What is it that you want me to look up?” Snoopy asked.

“I need to know a few things. Where Senator Ted Kelly will be going, I need his itinerary. I also want to know about his shady past. Get me the details of buildings within a two-mile radius of the area where his next two public appearances will be. I also need information both general and financial that you can get on Mr. and Mrs. Douglass and Linda Haysworth. They have a daughter named Amanda,” Ze said.

Snoopy nodded. “Okay, when do you need it?”

Ze checked out the row of bikes that were lined up. “How many more do you have to do?”

“Two more. Yours and Wolf’s.”

“Don’t worry about mine, but get Wolf’s done, then that’s the next thing I need you to do,” Ze said.

“Okay, as soon as I finish with Wolf’s bike, I’ll take care of it,” Snoopy said.

“Thanks.” Ze turned and walked into the building through the other entrance, the one that led to the apartments upstairs. He entered the one he shared with his brother on the second floor of the three-story building. The first story was their clubhouse. He had the place all to himself, so he walked over to his secret compartment behind his closet where he kept his arsenal. Sliding clothes out of the way, he removed the hat from a lever that looked like a hook, then pulled on it. The wall opened, revealing his pride and joy.

The light illuminated the guns, knives, and other weapons on display. As soon as he had the information he needed, he was going to hit the road. He grabbed a backpack for his clothes and a suitcase for his weapons, which he began packing first. In addition to his Glock 17 and Smith and Wesson M&P, he picked the McMillan TAC-50 sniper rifle, one of his long-range favorites, as it was powerful enough to get the job done. He also grabbed a set of knives, smoke grenades, and a tranquilizer gun with darts just in case things became difficult.

Once those essentials were packed up, he began packing his clothes and other necessities. It didn’t take him long to finish that task. Next, he entered the kitchen to prepare dinner. He wasn’t the world’s best cook, or even a halfway decent one, but he knew how to cook some things that made a good meal. One of his specialties was fried chicken. He loved to eat it, so he made it his business to cook it just the way he liked it. He made that with French fries and soda.

There was a knock on his door that interrupted his plans to relax in front of the television to eat. Ze sat his plate down on the small dining room table that held four, and walked over to the front door, opening it.

“Got the info you wanted,” Snoopy said, grinning as he held some papers in his hand.

“Damn, that was fast,” Ze commented as he stepped to the side to let the man in.

“Wolf’s bike wasn’t that dirty and the information you wanted me to look up didn’t take any time at all,” Snoopy said as he looked around. It wasn’t the first time he’d been inside Ze and Zindel’s home. He and Zindel hung out from time to time and played video games. But it was the first time he’d been in the apartment and alone with Ze. The man made his dreams wet and he wondered if Ze would ever notice him. Maybe he’d have to be a fully patched member first. That was his goal, after all. He turned toward the kitchen area and spotted the deliciousness on the counter and his stomach rumbled as the smell of fried bird wafted up his nostrils.

Ze laughed. “Let me guess, you’re hungry?”

“I wasn’t going to say anything, but yeah,” Snoopy said with a boyish smile.

Ze gave him a nod, then walked over to the kitchen area and began making the young man a plate. There was still plenty for Zindel when he got home later that night. He handed Snoopy the plate, then gestured for the sofa, because that was where he was headed. He grabbed his own plate from the table and made it to his destination.

“So, what do you have for me?” Ze asked, then picked up one of the five wings on his plate, split it in two, and took a bite out of the flat section.

Snoopy sat down and handed Ze the papers he’d printed up, then began eating the food, because he was starving. It was his first real meal of the day. The cereal he’d eaten hours ago was no substitute.

Ze wiped his hands on a paper towel and grabbed the papers, then looked them over. Oh yeah, this was everything that he wanted and needed to know. Amanda Haysworth’s body had been discovered in the Dan Ryan woods, burnt beyond recognition. The medical report was able to identify her using dental records, as she was wearing braces at the time of her death. Senator Kelly answered questions about her disappearance but claimed he knew nothing. Gave the typical response of

thoughts and prayers and that she would be missed. So far, it seemed like what the Haysworths had said was true. They didn't have proof, just their instinct, and that was what Ze trusted in as well. His own instincts, and they were telling him that the man was guilty.

He continued to eat and no longer cared about getting grease on the papers as he looked them over. Senator Kelly did have a history of silencing women who dared to come forward about his physical and sexual abuse. Either by paying them off or suing them for defamation of his character. His lawyers drug out some lawsuits to the point the legal bills alone drowned his victims and they retreated, their voices ignored. How a man with that much dirty laundry in his closet got to be elected into the US government was a shock to Ze.

“Damn, and people call us criminals,” he mused as he read the documents. “So, this is his itinerary?”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Snoopy looked over to see which file Ze was referring to as he chewed and nodded. “Yeah....” he paused, then swallowed. “For the whole campaign trail.”

“And these are the nearby buildings?”

“Yeah, I highlighted ones with vacancies,” Snoopy said.

Ze cocked an eyebrow. “What do you think I need those for?”

Snoopy smirked. “Come on, Ze. I’m no idiot. I may not be involved in everything because I don’t have my patch yet... but I know what everyone does. You’re going to snipe this guy, right?”

“Maybe.”

“Well, you’re going to need places to take up posts. I just wanted to help. The ones I circled seem good,” Snoopy said.

Ze looked at the map of buildings in the area and some locations that were circled were good, but still, too close. He’ll do his own research. Still, he thanked the prospect for his help.

“Excellent work, thank you,” Ze said with a smile. This was going to be one very satisfying kill that he was looking forward to.

“This chicken is so good,” Snoopy complimented.

Ze smiled and nodded. “Thanks. One of the few things I can actually cook.”

They sat and ate the rest of their dinner, then Ze gathered the plates, putting them in the sink. When he turned, Snoopy was standing behind him, looking up at him with big doe eyes. He wasn’t blind to the man’s affections, but he wasn’t interested.

“What?” Ze asked.

Snoopy blinked, his cheeks reddening as he took a few steps back and turned slightly. “I–I’m sorry. I... thank you for dinner. That’s all I wanted to say.”

Ze stared at him for a little while, because he knew that wasn’t all Snoopy wanted to say. But he was glad that was all the young man did say. “Sure.” He sighed and scratched at his eyebrow. “Listen, Snoopy, thanks for getting the info, but I’m busy and got to talk to Jimmy.”

Snoopy nodded. “I get it. I’m sorry. I’ll leave.” The prospect didn’t wait for Ze to say anything else before he rushed out of the apartment, leaving Ze practically staring at the zoom lines left in the boy’s rush.

He sighed, then put the food up before taking the files down to the clubhouse. The beauty of living in the same building was that he saved on gas and time. Every member had a key, so he entered and looked around, seeing his club brothers engaged in conversation, sex, drinking, or games, as they did have an old-school arcade in the back along with a pool table and skeet ball table. Lords knew how to party.

Jimmy was sitting on the sofa with a beef sandwich in his hand talking with Wolf, Hound Dog, and Devonte “Python” Barnes, who was Wolf’s best friend, and they were also drinking beers. Ze walked over to them, taking a seat in the last chair available. “I got the info you wanted,” he said.

Jimmy took a swig off his beer. “Jesus fucking Christ, you’re really determined to cut these people some slack and deal a blow to our gain, ain’tcha? Shit, I should send HD since he agrees with me about taking the full amount offered.”

Hound Dog shook his head. “Yeah, pops, I’m not doing that anymore, though. I like my lofty job as Treasurer.”

Jimmy rolled his eyes. “Raven then, he just follows orders.”

“What’s going on?” Wolf asked in his baritone voice as he smiled at Ze over the length of his beer bottle that he tipped to his full lips.

Wolf was more Ze’s taste in men. He liked them older, wiser, and dangerous.

“Our brother here wants to take out Senator Kelly. The clients offered us two hundred and fifty K to do the job, but this one doesn't want to take the full amount because it’s all they have left, they claimed,” Jimmy said.

“It’s true,” Ze said, then he leaned over, handing Jimmy the files.

Jimmy grunted as he took the papers and looked them over. Wolf, Python, and Hound Dog also read over the papers.

“Looks like that would be everything based on these financial records,” Wolf said, then shrugged a shoulder. “I’m all right with taking a cut if Ze is.”

“Yeah, me too. We’re doing good right now,” Python said.

Jimmy snorted. “You two would agree. I’m still going to call church about this. That money could go a long way for the club.” He looked at Ze. “Which comes first before anyone else. What’s best for the club is all that matters.”

Ze nodded. “Do we really need to call church over this?” He was concerned about the outcome of the vote. He didn’t have sympathy for many people, but grieving parents who loved their child were the exception. He wasn’t sure if his club would vote to agree.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Jimmy snorted. “You’re asking the club to give up a lot of fucking money because you feel sorry for them. You’re damn right I’m calling church.” He stood up, took the last swig of his beer, set it down, then walked to the middle of the clubhouse. “Church. Now,” he barked out, then made his way to the meeting room that was in the back.

The members stopped what they were doing, some grumbling as they’d been working hard toward orgasms. They had to put hard cocks away and get dressed, leaving their male and female lovers looking disappointed. Others just shuffled off to the back, drinks in hand if they had them. Ze walked past the Wall of Pride, as they called it. It featured mugshots from the brothers who’d been arrested. Ze’s photo was on there from when he’d been arrested for a barroom brawl he had been a part of when he was twenty-one. It had been in Wolf’s bar, and it had been his club brothers against some Marines. He smiled to himself as he thought back to the night.

Yeah, that had been a great fight. He’d broken his pinky during that fight. He walked down the long hallway where more club brother photos were posted. This was a tradition of the Lords to take a photo of the day they became patched members. Ze’s was up there. He was nineteen and standing by his first bike, a used 2001 Indian Spirit. Unlike some of their Lords of Chaos chapters, the Chicago chapter wasn’t stuck on Harley Davidsons. As long as your bike was American, you were good.

He made it to the meeting room and took his seat. They had twenty brothers in the club in total, but thirteen were present for church. Jimmy sat at the head of the table, gavel in front of him. Their table was redwood, with the club’s patch emblem carved into the middle. The face of a grinning demon, a mouth full of fangs. The words “Show No Mercy” at the top were the words they lived by. There were no windows

in this room and it was also where they stored their weapons in case of emergency. The room remained locked and only the club's officers had the key.

"This is going to be a short meeting, so I'm going to get right to it," Jimmy began once all of the members were present and settled. "We have a job, a pretty big one. We've been hired to take out Senator Kelly. Our client is pretty sure he killed their daughter. They're willing to pay two hundred and fifty K to get the job done, but it would leave them very short of funds. Ze is going to take the hit, but he wants to do it for a hundred and fifty K—plus expenses. We need to vote on if we're taking the cut or not. As you know, that's a whole lot of money the club will be losing for a job this big. So, discuss."

"Shit, I mean, I get why Ze doesn't want to take the full amount, but the club could really use that money," said Dwayne "Nails" Balfour, one of the club members.

"A hundred and fifty K is still a lot of money, we'll be fine," Python said.

"Yeah, but two hundred and fifty K is more money. You see how that works? I mean, It's sad that they lost their daughter and all, but killing a senator is a lot of risk. I think Ze and the club are worth it," said Dillon "DJ" Jamison, one of the club's members.

There were others who agreed with him as they nodded their heads.

Carmelo "Ignacio" Gentile, another member, shrugged. "I'm good either way."

Paris "Romeo" Lexington, the club's Vice President, shrugged. "Ze's doing the mission, taking the chance. If he wants to take the cut, I say we honor it. It's not like we'll be broke otherwise."

There was more discussion.

“I agree with Ze,” Wolf said. “Fucking family already lost their daughter. They don’t need to lose everything else. We’re outlaws, not monsters. We protect this community, and that’s why people come to us when they can’t go to the cops in the first place.”

“Because the fucking pigs are useless. They don’t prevent shit, we do. Gotta man who’s beating on you? The police aren’t who you go to,” said Steven “Goat” Miller.

“Fuck yeah,” echoed some of the men who nodded their heads as well.

“I say we vote now. I’ve got to get to work soon,” said Enrico “Raven” Rodriguez, the club’s other enforcer. Almost as pretty as a woman, and bisexual, he didn’t have a thirst for blood the way that Ze did, but he had the skills and motivation to get the job done. Killing was always something Enrico would prefer to avoid. But if beating a person’s ass didn’t get them to act right, then a bullet always took care of the problem. That was his opinion.

“Yeah, I agree. So, all in favor?” Jimmy asked, beginning the vote. Several members raised their hands.

“I’ve got four ‘yes’ and three ‘no’ votes from the members who voted by proxy,” Shannon “Big Boy” Washington said as he looked down at his cell phone. He was the club’s Secretary and had been for ten years.

“The ‘Nays’?” Jimmy asked those present.

Only a few raised their hands.

“All right, it’s decided. We accept the cut,” Jimmy said, then looked at Ze. “We take half up front and ten thousand for your expenses. Travel cheaply.”

Ze smirked but nodded. "I'll let you take care of that business." He rose from his seat.

"Are you trying to leave now?" Jimmy asked. "You look like your bags are already packed."

Ze gave him a half smile. "They are packed. You know how I get when I'm on a mission."

Jimmy nodded. "Well, cool your fucking heels. We still have to get paid first." He pulled out his cell. "Meeting adjourned," he said to the members, then slammed his gavel down. "I'll let you know when we have the money."

"Okay then," Ze said, then left the clubhouse. He went back to his apartment and as soon as he got inside, his cell began ringing. He looked down to see that it was his brother, Zindel.

"Hey bro, what's up?" Ze asked.

"I'm just calling to let you know not to wait up for me. I'm hanging out with Snoopy and Shay after work. I'll just stay over at Snoopy's tonight," Zindel said.

"All right. Listen, I probably won't be here when you get back. I have a mission to go on. If I can get to Memphis in time, it shouldn't take me any longer than three days."

"Seriously? What kind of mission?" Zindel asked.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“The kind that’s club business,” Ze said.

Zindel scoffed but didn’t argue. He knew how deep the club secrecy went. Only patched brothers got to know everything. “What about other clubs in Tennessee? Don’t you need time to get their blessing?”

“The last thing I want to do is draw attention to my presence. I won’t be wearing my colors while I’m on this mission.”

“Well, I guess that’s one less thing I’ll be worried about while you’re gone. Please be careful, Ze,” Zindel said.

Ze chuckled. “I should be saying that to you. Stay out of trouble.”

“I always do,” Zindel bragged.

“Too bad you won’t be coming home tonight. I made my famous fried chicken for dinner.”

“Again?”

Ze gave an exasperated snort. “Then don’t eat it.”

Zindel laughed. “I’m too lazy to cook for myself, so I’ll eat it.”

“Don’t do me any favors.”

“If I don’t, who will?” Zindel shot back.

Ze smiled. “We always have each other’s backs, don’t we?”

“Always. That’s why you better be careful and get back to me. I can’t lose my big brother,” Zindel said.

“Never.”

“Better,” Zindel said, which was kind of their thing. “Oh, I’ve got to go, my boss is an asshole. See you when you get back. Love you.”

“Wait, do you need me to talk to him?”

“Talk or threaten?”

“For me, it’s one and the same.”

Zindel laughed. “Naw, he’s not anything I can’t handle. All right, bye.”

“See you later,” Ze said, then ended the call. He looked into the buildings that he wanted to take positions in and found one with a public gym on the first floor. With that, he packed a sports duffle bag with a workout outfit for the occasion. Finally, he sat back and turned on the television to watch any news on his target. As soon as they got the money he needed to travel, he was going to put a bullet right between Senator Kelly’s eyes.

Colton sat in a lounge chair on his patio overlooking his indoor infinity pool, his tablet in one hand and a glass of Chateau Lafite-Rothschild 2009 in the other. He was reading an invite to the next auction at Meritage House.

“What are you looking at?” asked the pretty boy he’d ordered for the night. The young man was swimming in his pool, but climbed out, his toned body dripping with water. He smiled as he began walking toward Colton. He sat down on the lounge chair next to his. “So, wanna go again?” He bit his bottom lip and wiggled his brows. An hour ago, Colton had ravaged his tight hole, made the man cum so hard, he got a Charlie horse and had to shake it out.

Colton smirked at him. “You should get going, I didn’t pay for the whole night. Maybe next time?”

The man’s playful smile faded slightly, but he nodded. He was no stranger to how the life of a prostitute was. Just once, he wished he could have the fairy tale that was Pretty Woman, and have some rich man sweep him off his feet. Instead, he rose and headed for the bathroom to shower before leaving.

Colton watched him walk away before clicking the “RSVP” button on the electronic invite. He rose and stretched his muscles and when he felt his cell phone buzzing, he checked the caller ID, as he wasn’t in the mood to talk to just anyone. It was his handler, who was also his mother. He sighed as he glared at her face on his screen. He wasn’t in the mood for her to harass him about when he was going to give her some grandkids. Not answering her call would only piss her off, so he did.

“Hey mom,” he greeted.

“Hello, my darling son. I have someone you may be interested in,” his mother said, her tone feminine, but also authoritative.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Oh?” Colton asked, an eyebrow cocked.

“This one should be easy for a man like you to have fun with.”

“Kind of disappointing.”

His mother sighed and then began speaking to him in their own coded language. It was a tongue passed down through their family for over a hundred and fifty years and unlike any other language. “Doka osoma baktu biser.” Translation being: “It’s some ruffian biker.” She went on in what could only be their native tongue. “They walk around with those tacky vests on, advertising who they are all of the time. Anyway, try not to get attached.”

Colton pursed his lips; it’d been three months since he’d last been tasked to take out a target. This little job may just be what he needed to get his blood pumping. “Well, you know I’m a sucker for rough riders. The details of the event?” he replied, still speaking the “Bridger Tongue” as some called it.

Even though their phones were encrypted, they still communicated in code. The good news was they weren’t on anyone’s watch list as far as they knew. Colton and his family came from old money, money made in large part by killing, but business was always good. To those who didn’t know, they were philanthropists, investors, and trust fund inheritors. Their money was in stocks and in art galleries and auction houses where they could legally launder it. They dined with the elite of society and you never contacted them directly for a job. You had to go through someone who knew someone before you even reached his mother, Helena, the head of the family.

“A million white men with half of them showing up early,” Helena said.

Colton nodded. That meant the client was willing to pay a million dollars for the job to be handled with a five hundred thousand deposit. He liked doing business with serious people.

Colton chuckled. “Your jokes aren’t as funny as you think.”

“Fine then, I’ll just send the details for your eyes only. Try not to make a mess when you see him.”

“I’ll try,” Colton said. “Later, mom.”

“Speaking of making a mess... when can I expect to see some grandbabies from you?” Helena asked in English before he could hang up.

Colton removed the cell from his ear and threw his head back, cursing to the gods. He took a deep breath before putting the phone back to his ear and responding. “You have six grandkids, mom. Nathan’s twin boys and Iris’ four. You really don’t need any from me.”

“Oh, but I do. Our family’s legacy depends on it. You’re not getting any younger.”

Colton rolled his eyes. “I’m gay.”

“Yes, I’ve been quite aware since you announced it at dinner thirty-six years ago. No excuse, gay men have children all of the time. You can have yours through a surrogate like your brother did.”

Colton had hoped he could avoid the baby talk, but his mother made sure to include it in every call and text... even adding a note in his birthday card this year. He wasn’t

sure he was even father material. “Mom, I have to go.”

“I want my grandchild, Colt.”

“And I want my freedom to walk around my house naked if I want and to fuck some pretty man anywhere and at any time in my own home,” Colton shot back. He heard his mother make an unapproving noise and he smiled to himself, hoping she got the point. He couldn’t be blunter than that.

“No need to be so foul,” Helena said. “I raised you better than this.”

You raised me to kill people, but this is where you draw the line?he thought, then chuckled. “I’ll think about it. I’m not even ready.”

“You’re fifty years old.”

“And at that age, trust me, mom, I’m some boy’s Daddy.”

“Oh! My god!”

Colton laughed then, because he didn’t have to be in the same room with his mom to know she was clutching her literal pearls. “I’ll call you later, love you,” he said, taking her shocked response as his cue to get off the phone. He laughed again as he looked down at the text his mom sent of a frowning face emoji. Sending her disapproval in all its forms. He sighed and slipped his cell back into his robe pocket, then made his way to his bedroom where he found the male prostitute he’d hired for a few hours lacing up his boots.

“That shower is amazing,” the man said, then rose and walked over to Colton.

Colton didn’t need the man to tell him his shower that rained down water from four

different spouts was amazing. He'd experienced it and paid handsomely for it. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," he said as he fished a few hundred dollar bills out of his wallet, then handed them to the man.

"Oh, a tip." The man smiled as he plucked the bills from Colton's fingers. "Thank you," he said.

"The pleasure was mine," Colton said, then gestured for the man to follow him. He led the man to the elevator and out of his penthouse condo. Running his fingers through his salt and pepper hair, he thought about his next mission and not the baby his mom wanted him to have. He made his way to his office and settled down in front of the computer to check out the details his mom had sent. It was encrypted and even if the encryption was broken, it was still in code. The man's photo was in a frame, like a portrait that was to be put on display at his gallery.

"Damn, you're beautiful. Almost a shame to have to kill you," Colton said to himself as he peered at the photo of an extremely handsome man. Zaire Esai looked to be in his mid-twenties, and of Indian and Filipino descent by the man's features. Green eyes, thick, black hair, beard, sensuous mouth with full, shapely lips, and a body that wet Colt's appetite for male flesh. Apparently, this man was responsible for the disappearance of Sean Hutchinson. The man had gone missing three years ago and was the only child of a very wealthy businessman, Lindsay Hutchinson. His target lived in Chicago, which was fortunate. He could take care of it tonight. He removed his robe and briefly checked out the tattoo of a snarling tiger on his back, fiercely drawn.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Next, he walked into his closet and got dressed in black cargo pants, a turtleneck, boots, and a leather jacket. He then went to his other room where some of his paintings sat on easels. He called it his art studio. Behind a special wall was a hidden room for his weapons. He tilted a book, which opened a secret handprint panel. After verifying his identity, another door opened and he walked into a generous selection of guns, knives, grenades, poisons, bombs, C4, and other items designed to kill. He selected a Barrett M82 sniper rifle and ammunition. He also grabbed a desert eagle handgun and his knife. Both back up weapons, but he was sure he could put a bullet in the man's head with his sniper rifle. Once ready, he confirmed with his mom that the down payment had gone through. She texted back that it had. All that was left was taking out the target.

He left his house, took what he called his inconspicuous car, which was a black Toyota Camry, and headed for the Lords of Chaos clubhouse where the details said his target lived. He had the blueprint of the building and knew which apartment his target lived in. The problem was getting past the busy clubhouse, which was on the first level. There were a few bikers standing outside, smoking and chatting. The clubhouse windows were blocked glass, which made for good protection. But also posed a problem because you couldn't really see out, but Colton assumed that was what the cameras were for. It would seem that the Lords of Chaos Motorcycle Club didn't take chances. He could respect that.

This hit wasn't going to be as simple as he'd first thought and that made him smile. The last thing he wanted was for a hunt to be easy. He parked a distance away and scoped the clubhouse out with his binoculars. He watched for about twenty minutes, who came and went. His plan was to enter the building across the street, take a perch, and wait for his target. Didn't matter how long it was going to take, he had patience

and he never missed his mark. He wanted to kill his target while he was inside his apartment, because he'd draw less attention that way than sniping him on the street. He was just about to gather his sniper rifle to do that when he saw his target leaving the clubhouse. The man was dressed in plain clothes, no cut, and he had a backpack with him, a sports duffle bag, and a medium-sized suitcase.

"Just where are you going, little cub?" Colton murmured as he peered through his binoculars at his target. He watched the man load his luggage into the trunk of a Camaro, then he climbed in behind the wheel. Colton put his binoculars away and started his engine. "Let the hunt begin," he said with a smile as he pulled out to follow.

3

ZE

Ze hit the road as soon as the Haysworths came back with the money. They gave him ten grand in cash and the down payment to Jimmy, also in cash. They wanted it handled as fast as possible and didn't care if it was discreet. Which worked for Ze, he'd rather shoot from afar anyway. Trying to get in close to a US senator and be able to get away after taking the shot was a fool's dream. He checked his rearview mirror, making sure no one was following him, no club brothers looking to get in on the action. When he was on a hunt, he was a lone wolf. After about three hours of driving, he pulled into a motel on the side of the road in Indiana.

He was exhausted, having only had an hour of sleep before he had gotten the notification that it was go time. He placed a cap low on his head to hide his face as much as possible, then entered the lobby. Ze paid for his room in cash, got the key, and took just his backpack and suitcases inside. He'd packed light. Enough clothes for a few days in his backpack, and his weapons in his suitcase. He looked around the room, it wasn't anything special and the place had a stale, funky smell to it that

reminded him to leave his socks on and check the bedding for bugs and stains. He wasn't a prude, but he also wasn't a slob either. He sat his suitcase on the floor, tossed his backpack on the bed, then walked over to the window to close the drapes. He jumped back when something furry scurried along the wall out of the corner of his eye. At the same time, the glass from the window shattered and he ducked instinctively.

"Fuck!" he cursed, because he knew what it meant. A bullet had flown through the window, a bullet that would have nailed him had that rat not startled him. His heart was pounding so fast, his breathing matched the beats as his pulse raced. He'd been in shootouts before, but this was different. This wasn't a bunch of bikers having at each other in a showdown where more bullets missed than not. No, this was a professional hunter who'd made him his prey. Someone who managed to find him even when he was on the road. One wrong move could be the end of him... would be the end of him.

He crawled through the glass, cutting himself a little on the sharp shards, but he didn't care, he needed to get to a place that gave him cover and a vantage point. He pulled his Glock from behind his back and flicked the safety off. Damn, he'd been followed, but he didn't know by who. Whoever it was, they were fucking good, because he never suspected anything was out of the ordinary. He shot the overhead light, covering the room in darkness to give himself some cover. He lifted his head up just a little to peek through a slit in the curtain, not moving it because he didn't want to give his position away. He just wanted to see if he could get a glimpse of the person hunting him.

There, in the trees and bushes, he saw a glint of reflection off the sight of what he knew to be a sniper rifle. He moved when the person switched positions, trying to get a better angle. Ze got low and started crawling toward his suitcase on the floor. He opened it and began putting together his sniper rifle, because two could play that game. Once his gun was complete, which took him less than a minute to do, he

avoided the beam of light that was shining into the room from the moon in the sky and streetlights. He kept to the shadows and raised up a little, taking aim from behind the dresser.

He closed one eye and peered through his scope with the night vision lens. He searched for his target, but the hunter had moved from the position they'd been in before. By the height of the scope's reflection, Ze figured the assassin was a man, at least six feet if he'd been looking through his scope at the time. When he saw a flash of light and an arm, he took his shot, several actually. He waited to see if there was any more movement.

Time stood still as he scanned the trees and bushes for any kind of movement or shape. He kept his breathing measured in order to keep his aim focused and he listened for any sound, especially footsteps. The seconds ticked by like minutes and there was nothing. Ze decided to take a chance to switch positions, but still, nothing. No more shots were attempted. He moved again, more boldly now, toward the window... then another bullet, and this one grazed his bicep.

"Ahhh, fuck," he hissed from the pain and ducked from the next two bullets that came through.

Whoever this was, they had a lot of patience. He wondered why someone was trying to kill him. Again, he crawled through the shards of glass to his suitcase. He was a sitting duck there and apparently, whoever was out there was willing to wait him out. He grabbed his backpack off the bed right before a bullet struck the mattress where his hand had been. He wanted everything close for when he had to make a break for it. He reached into his suitcase, removed a gasmask, and slipped it on. Then he grabbed one of four smoke grenades. When he'd first packed what he called his "just in case" kit, he really didn't expect to need any of the extra items other than his sniper rifle. But he was thanking his lucky stars he had it all now as he unleashed the smoke grenade in the room.

Two things would happen that he wanted. The smoke should set off the fire alarms and draw attention to the motel, maybe even get the police and firefighters out there and that was if the alarms were active. In a no-tell motel like this, one couldn't be too sure. Secondly, it was cover. As the room filled with smoke, the alarms did sound loudly throughout the motel as did the sprinkler system, raining water down upon him. He used the smoke to rise up and peer out the window with his rifle. When he saw the movement of a man running, he took his shot, several of them all in the vicinity. He saw more movement; the man was fast as he scurried away. He shot again, spraying bark off a tree the man had ducked behind. Oh yes, his prey was quite skilled.

In the distance, the sound of sirens began to draw closer, which was the perfect time to get the fuck out of there. Still, Ze watched the trees, waiting for his prey to make a mistake and expose themselves. Fire trucks pulled up along with police cars, one of them obstructing his view as they filled the parking lot. Ze began taking apart his rifle and he put it back into the suitcase. He grabbed the canister of smoke and took that as well. Using the hem of his shirt, he wiped down the door handles for fingerprints. There wasn't anything he could do about the blood he'd left on the dirty carpet, but the less evidence he left behind, the better. He took advantage of the distraction the police and fire department caused to sneak out of his room and make a mad dash to his car. He tossed the bag and suitcase in the passenger seat and climbed in behind the wheel. He started the engine, then pulled out. This was the reason he always preferred to back into the parking spot, it made the getaway that much quicker.

He was back on the road, and this time, he made sure no one was following him. His arm was bleeding, but it would have to wait. He pulled over an hour later to check out his wounds. The one made by the bullet burned, but it wasn't deep. He opened his suitcase and ripped up a t-shirt to make a bandage. He'd need to get his first-aid kit out of the trunk, but he'd wait to get to another motel for that. First, he wanted to put more distance between him and that motel and hopefully, the assassin. He took off on the highway again, this time driving until the sun began to rise, making it out of

Indiana and into Kentucky. He made sure to make wrong turns to see who followed him back onto the right road every time. So far, it looked like he wasn't being followed.

This time, he picked a hotel and paid in cash. It wasn't anything fancy, one of those 3-star numbers with the free breakfast and a decent bed and bathroom. Before going inside, he checked his car to make sure he didn't see any tracking devices, which he didn't. That gave him a bit more peace of mind. His room was on the third floor between the elevator and the stairs, which was preferable. He quickly closed the curtains and was glad the window wasn't in front of the bed. Now that the door was secured with the latch and a chair, he went into the bathroom to tend to his wound. Ze cleaned the blood away and disinfected the wound with his first aid kit he'd taken from his trunk, then bandaged it properly.

He leaned on the sink and looked into the mirror. Even to himself, he appeared as exhausted as he felt with puffy, bloodshot eyes and tousled hair. It all proved that he was simply running on steam. Ze had been ready to crash when he'd pulled into the first motel, but now he was damn near dead on his feet. A few hours ago, he'd almost been killed, yet the adrenaline of that attack had fueled him to last this long. He left the bathroom and walked to the door, checking its security once more before walking to the bed. He did change clothes because the outfit he'd been wearing had blood on it. Sweats and a t-shirt, something practical. Ze grabbed his handgun, turned the safety off, and climbed on the bed with his shoes still on just in case he needed to bounce fast if shit went down. It didn't take long before sleep claimed him.

The room was blanketed in darkness when Ze opened his eyes. His hand was still wrapped around the grip of his gun, and he wiped at his eyes with his other hand. He had no idea what time it was, but he felt rested. In spite of a killer on his trail, he'd slept like a baby. Ze got out of bed and checked his door to see that it was still secure. He had used a fake name and ID to book the room, his own protocol when he went out on missions. Next, he checked the news on his cell about the motel and there was

a report on an incident that had taken place there. The report mentioned that the room he'd been staying in showed signs of an attack. A shattered window, bullet holes found in the bed and walls, and some drops of blood gave authorities some concern. However, no bodies were found at the scene. It was still under investigation.

"Shit," Ze grumbled. When he'd been shot, that was the last thing he needed. His prints were in the system, but he didn't think his DNA was. It'd only been a barroom brawl he'd been engaged in when he was younger. Still, nothing else could be proven, and it was his blood, no one else's. He'd come up with something if they tracked him down somehow. This situation couldn't let this set him back because he had a senator to kill.

Ze took off his clothes and showered as quickly as possible, then got dressed in jeans and a hoodie. He called his president just to let him know that he was in Kentucky and heading towards Memphis. Ze didn't tell him about the attack, because he didn't want their help. The killer was after him, and he wanted this man all to himself. Getting his club involved might endanger them, but it would certainly take away some of his fun. This man was his to hunt.

He got dressed quickly, then took his belongings down to the parking lot. His green eyes scanned the area, looking for anything or anyone suspicious. Shadows moving, flickering lights, people sitting in cars... anyone could be the killer. He didn't think he'd been followed, but he'd made that mistake the first time. He walked over to his car and put his bag and suitcase inside, then checked his vehicle over again.

"Fuck, I need to get a detector," Ze said, cursing himself for not having one on him. Granted, looking for devices was a good way to find them, but some were highly advanced and a GPS detector could find those best. This situation wasn't anything he'd thought he'd have to deal with. Time to make an addition to his "just in case" kit. He was on his hands and knees now, looking under his car. Still, nothing out of the ordinary. Lastly, he checked the trunk and under the hood. Everything looked

normal. Satisfied, he climbed in behind the wheel and took off.

4

COLTON

Colton kept this distance as he drove on the interstate, taking the same route as Zaire. The man had surprised the hell out of him the night before with how fast he was to react. Luck was on the man's side allowing him to dodge his first shot. He remembered that exact moment, too. His breathing had been steady, his aim—on point. He pulled the trigger just as his target was walking toward the window, probably to close the curtains, which was smart. And whatever had startled him had saved him and had given Colton away.

He'd watched and waited in the darkness from behind the bushes as he peered through the night vision scope of his gun. He had the man pinned right where he wanted him, even after his target had shot out all the lights. What he didn't expect was for his target to fire back with such accuracy. So much so, he'd taken a hit on his arm and had to patch himself up. One good thing he knew was that he'd also struck his target, so it looked like they were even. Wounded, but still alive. The whole time he'd faced off with his prey, his heart had been pounding like a piston in his chest, damn near threatening to break out of his ribcage. It had been that intense. All of the smells and sounds around him had been amplified as his senses were turned up.

It'd been quite some time since he'd been given a target who presented a challenge. It seemed that Zaire Esai wasn't your typical outlaw biker. He'd found the sort to be common thugs with delusions of grandeur and some false sense of honor. But this Zaire was highly trained and that intrigued Colton more than he'd like to admit. His blue eyes checked the GPS tracker he'd put on Zaire's car, perfectly hidden as an oil cap. Unless one had a signal detector, you'd never notice it was there. And so far, it seemed that his target was none the wiser as they made their way toward what looked

to be Memphis, Tennessee. He did wonder why his target was heading in that direction and without his cut. What he knew of bikers, their cut was like a part of their soul. Or some such nonsense.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Colton rubbed the soreness of his wound where Zaire's bullet had struck him, requiring him to stitch himself up that night. He had slept in his car stationed close to where Zaire had parked his car. He didn't know what hotel room he was in, but he didn't need to know. He could wait for his prey to return, which he did in the morning. Colton remained lying flat in the backseat watching the video footage on his dash cam. He saw the moment Zaire returned to his car, how he looked around, being very cautious of his surroundings.

Damn, he was gorgeous! Exactly Colton's type. Young, rugged, super easy on the eyes, and extremely alluring to his cock. But more importantly, he was hard to catch, off limits to be more exact, and that made him want him even more. But to his disappointment, he'd have to get his satisfaction in the kill. He smiled as he watched Zaire inspect his car, looking all over for a tracker. He remembered thinking how surprised he'd be if he'd actually found it. He didn't and that was why they were back on the road.

He had to be careful, because his target was a crafty one, taking silly exits and turns just to see who'd do the same. After falling for it the first time, he realized what was going on and didn't bother to fall for it again. Since he'd already had the tracker on Zaire's car, he could take his time and he caught up when the car stopped moving, which was at the hotel. He noticed Zaire taking an exit that wouldn't get him to Memphis, so he kept going and then pulled off on the next exit. He waited, watching the GPS, and chuckled when he saw the tracker make turns that seemed to take his target in circles before getting back on the interstate again. He waited until he passed him, then he got back on it as well.

Yes, this game of cat and mouse was quite interesting.

After driving for another three hours, they were in Memphis and he pulled into another three-star hotel. This time, Colton wasn't going to wait in his car. He parked in the lot where he could see Zaire's car, then climbed out and opened the trunk of his car.

For moments like this, when things took an unexpected turn, he had his kit. In it were tools of his trade, extra weapons, three changes of clothes, and two outfits he considered "costumes". One being a cheap suit and the other, another set of black cargo pants and a t-shirt. Colton dressed quickly in the suit, making sure no one could see him, then he grabbed his suitcase and walked inside, looking every bit of the professional businessman that he was. He made sure not to look rich, just someone on a business trip. Upon entering the lobby, he spotted his target checking in and he walked up to the other receptionist.

"Do you have a reservation?" the lady asked him.

"I had one at the Embassy Suites," Colton lied. "But after all the driving I've been doing, I knew I wasn't going to make it there. So, no reservation, but do you have space available?"

She smiled and nodded. "Of course, sir, I can help you."

Out of his peripheral vision, he noticed his target looking slyly at him as he waited for his room key. He took his time, made small talk like one would do if they were on business. Asking about internet access and the restaurants that were in the area.

"We have free breakfast," the lady informed him.

He nodded and looked in the direction the receptionist was pointing where the breakfast he had no plan of eating would be located in the morning.

“Room 234, view of the parking lot as requested. You can take the elevator right around the corner,” the receptionist told his target.

Wonderful, now he knew which room he was in. His target nodded, took the key, and walked away. He got his key, then walked over to the elevator too, where his target was still waiting.

The two men stood side by side, not saying anything to each other as Colton pretended to be busy texting on his cell phone. When the doors opened, they both climbed on. Even though his room was on the third floor as requested, 338, he pushed the number “four” button on the panel, while his target pressed “two”.

Colton could feel something in the air, something electric making the hair on the back of his neck rise. The sensation made him look up, and he locked eyes with his target. “Hi,” he said, giving the man one of his charming smiles that he hoped threw the man off his scent.

“Hi,” his target replied in a deep voice that held a level of menace just beneath the surface. The look in his eye wasn’t friendly, but it wasn’t quite threatening either, yet Colton could tell that it was on the edge.

Damn, his dick jerked at the sight. He had to play his part. He moved away a step, trying to act as if the man unnerved him, which was what a normal person would have felt. He went back to looking at his cell phone just as the doors opened and his target stepped out. Nothing else was exchanged between them and the doors closed. He sighed, reached down, and grabbed his hardening cock, giving it a loving squeeze. Ever since their tense face-off the night before, he decided Zaire wasn’t a target he wanted to take out from afar. He needed to kill this man with his hands. To stand over him and watch as the light left his beautiful green eyes as Zaire took his last breath.

The door opened again, and he climbed off, then took the stairs to the third floor. He

went to his room, walked onto the balcony, and looked around. The view wasn't anything to marvel about. Mostly traffic, restaurants, and other mid-level hotels like that one. He also had requested a view of the parking lot if they had one. He'd done so to ensure he was on the same side as his target. Looking over the railing, he did a mental count of the rooms and noted the one his target would be in. No doubt, the man had secured the room, probably barricaded the door, and closed the curtains.

Colton stepped back into his room and looked over his weapons and equipment, the ones he'd use. He packed knives, a glass cutter laser, and one gun, just in case. Rappelling wasn't anything he enjoyed doing in particular at his age, but he'd do it to get to the lower level. Next, he changed clothes, something comfortable, a pair of black cargo pants and a shirt, then he settled in to wait. Colton monitored the GPS, watching to see if his target made any movement. An hour later, the GPS started moving and he sat up, alert, and watched the signal. Ten minutes later, it stopped at a restaurant. He decided right then was the perfect time to make his move. Looked like he wouldn't need the glass cutter after all. He took his favorite device, the one that could get him into any hotel room that used key cards.

Putting a cap on to shield his face, he left his room and took the stairs to the second floor, and walked to Zaire's room. Using his device, he quickly got inside and took a look around. The man packed light and his clothes were still inside his backpack. His suitcase required a fingerprint to open, but Colton knew that it contained weapons. The good thing was that his target was coming back and he'd be waiting for him.

Twenty minutes later, he heard the beep of the key card and the click of the door opening, then footsteps and the crackling of a bag. He could smell the food his target had purchased; the spices had the room filling with the succulent aroma of what was certainly egg foo young and beef pepper steak. Colton had been crouched low on the side of the dresser, hidden from immediate view, even after his target turned on the light. When he heard footsteps getting closer, he lunged, catching his target off guard with a cut to his forearm, which he managed to put up at the last second. That meant

his target had great reflexes. Zaire recovered quickly, swiftly moving into a defensive position as Colton charged at him, his blade in his hand with lethal intent.

Zaire fell on the bed, then bounced off, rolling away, which gave him enough time to pull out his own knife. The look in his eyes that was just on the edge of danger before in the elevator was in full bloom now. Deadly, and it made Colton's pulse race even faster than last night's encounter. Colton's senses were firing on all cylinders, his vision sharp as he sized Zaire up.

"You're good," Colton told the young man. "Most people wouldn't have been able to dodge that attack, let alone counter as quickly."

"I'm not most people," his target said, then flipped the knife in his hand into an offensive grip. Colton noted the fighting style as Kali and his eyes watched every move as his mind worked out how to counter whatever was coming. Now his prey was on the attack and he had to dodge some slices and jabs. His target thrust and he dodged, but then got cut on his arm with a backward slice he wasn't able to move away from. It was followed up with more until their blades clashed together. Zaire headbutted Colton, busting his nose and knocking his head back enough to cause a bit of disorientation. The room tilted a bit, his vision blurred, and Colton blinked to clear it. In that instant, he took a punch and had to leap back to put some space between them until he gathered himself. Zaire came after him and kicked the knife out of Colton's hand, then cut him twice on his chest with slashing motions. Colton countered before he took another injury, and grabbed Zaire's wrist. He followed that with a backhand to his target's jaw, snapping Zaire's head back. Both men fought over the knife Zaire still held.

Zaire's gaze was boring into Colton's, both men knowing each was the predator and prey at this point. Their chests heaved with the adrenaline flowing through them and from their physical exertion. Blood seeped from wounds they'd inflicted, but both men had an iron focus on the other, not themselves. It was life and

death and everything relied on what they did at this moment. They were locked in a grip as Zaire tried to stab Colton, but he continued to block the movement with his grip on Zaire's wrist. Their faces were perfect masks of intense grimaces and bloodthirst. Zaire released his knife, then caught it with his other hand before it fell to the floor in a move so skilled, it caught Colton by surprise and he ended up getting stabbed in his thigh, but not deep enough to cripple him.

“Arrg!” Colton growled from the pain. Again, he stopped Zaire's thrust and followed up with a headbutt of his own that sent Zaire staggering, his nose bleeding.

Colton pulled the tip of the blade out of his leg and flipped the knife in his hand so he was using it offensively. Zaire reached behind his back and pulled out another knife, making himself ready for another attack. They went at it again. Slashing, stabbing, punching, kicking, and dodging. It looked like an intricate and violent dance performed by two highly experienced performers. At one point, Colton disarmed Zaire, but before he could stab the man, he too was disarmed. The knives now out of the picture, the men begin fighting with fists and feet.

Colton's cock was rock hard as he dodged kicks and punches, catching some and countering with his own. He dealt Zaire a roundhouse kick that slammed the man against the dresser and TV, his body hitting hard enough to crack the screen and knock the coffee maker to the floor. He was on him, slamming Zaire back against the TV again and this time, their bodies were touching and he felt Zaire's hardness rubbing his own. Blood seeped from their lips and noses, and Colton had a cut above his eyebrow. But he'd never been as horny as he was at this moment.

Zaire grabbed Colton's arm in an armbar and wrapped his legs around the man's shoulders to lock it in. “Thought I'd be an easy kill?” he taunted.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“I’m glad... you aren’t,” Colton said, then slipped his arm under Zaire’s body and lifted him from the dresser, and slammed him on the bed. He climbed up on Zaire, using his own mixed martial arts training to reverse the armbar. The two men grappled until Colton held Zaire in a choke hold and he locked his legs around the younger man, making sure he couldn’t get out of it.

Zaire realized he couldn’t break the man’s grip, so he reached down, grabbed Colton’s cock and balls, and twisted them. When he heard Colton scream and felt his grip loosen, he twisted out of his hold and straddled the man, punching him twice before Colton flipped him over. Zaire tried to punch with his right hand, but Colton grabbed it, pinning it to the bed. When Zaire tried to punch him with the left, Colton grabbed it, pinning it on top of the right, then locking both of Zaire’s wrists with one of his hands.

“Motherfucker!” Zaire roared as he bucked hard under Colton’s weight, unable to do anything but rage.

Colton grabbed Zaire’s neck with his free hand and began to choke him. Zaire’s muscles were strained as he struggled to toss Colton off him or to even get his wrists free. Colton’s gaze was intense as he gazed down at Zaire’s face which was turning purple from lack of oxygen. His target’s eyes watered as his mouth gaped open, gasping for air. Even as the last of his life was being strangled out of him, the look of pure fury and blind desire in Zaire’s expression struck a chord within Colton as he gazed down at the man he was killing.

God, he... was... beautiful, Colton thought.

Such primal rage and raw passion. It called to everything that was inside of Colton. His heart raced in his chest as his libido shot through the roof. He leaned down, kissing Zaire before he could stop himself, his grip on the man's throat loosening.

"Ow!" he yelped and pulled back, his lip bleeding.

Zaire snarled up at him, then coughed as he took in more air. Colton's blood was on his lip from when he'd bitten him. "Fuck you!" he snapped as he coughed.

Colton tightened his grip again and leaned down, their faces mere inches apart, their gazes locked. "Behave!" he snapped.

Zaire grunted, his eyes widening, but Colton knew he had him when he felt the man's cock twitch against his ass. Colton loosened his grip on the man's throat again as he grinned down at him.

"That's a good boy," he said, then kissed him again, shoving his tongue into Zaire's mouth. This time, the younger man didn't bite him. Instead, he felt his tongue caressing his as they shared their kiss. The tenseness in Zaire's muscles began to relax as they made out. Colton broke away and kissed Zaire's neck and his prey moaned as his cock twitched between them. He released Zaire's wrist long enough to rip his shirt from his body, then he grabbed them, pinning them back to the bed.

"Stay," Colton commanded.

Unbridled lust clouded Zaire's eyes as he panted, then bit his bottom lip. He arched and moaned as Colton began to lick and kiss his neck again, then his jawline before claiming his mouth once more. Their tongues were possessive as they kissed. Colton switched positions, allowing Zaire to spread his legs wider. Colton nestled between them as he kissed further down and began to suck on Zaire's dark, perky nipples.

“Ahhhh, fuck,” Zaire panted, his eyes closing as he indulged in the forbidden pleasure. He should be trying to kill this man, not allowing him to make him feel things no man had ever made him feel. But, no matter how much the killer instinct in him told him to take advantage, his body wanted more. His body wanted what Colton was giving him. His body was thirsty for it.

Colton released his wrists, then began to remove his own shirt. Zaire raised up and took one of Colton’s perky nipples into his mouth, sucking on it. It didn’t matter to either man that they had blood and open wounds all over their bodies. None of that mattered, they didn’t even feel the pain, only the pleasure of what they were doing.

“Yeah, that’s it, little cub, I know you want it... you need it.” He grabbed a handful of Zaire’s hair and yanked his head back, then kissed him again, roughly, because he knew this cub needed a tiger to tame him. He pulled back, then crawled away. “Take off the rest of your clothes, now.”

Zaire’s green gaze was dreamy as he looked up at Colton, but he did as he was told as if he couldn’t refuse. He kicked off his shoes, then pulled off his socks, pants, and underwear, revealing a cock so hard it looked painful. “This...” he swallowed. “This doesn’t change anything. I’m going to kill you.”

Colton smirked, then grabbed Zaire’s chin hard enough to make the cub wince, but he didn’t try to fight him. All of that didn’t escape Colton’s notice. Yes... this young man needed a strong hand. Colton leaned in close so their lips were almost touching. “You talk when I tell you to,” he growled. When he saw Zaire slip even deeper into the trance he was putting him under, he smiled. “My cock, your mouth, now.”

Like a man hypnotized, Zaire climbed out of the bed and dropped to his knees. His fingers undoing Colton’s pants, he pulled them down and when the man’s nine-inch erection popped up, he took it down whole.

“Ahhhhh, yeeaah, just like that,” Colton moaned, his head thrown back as he relished the pleasure of an eager mouth and tongue. The cub was good, but there was room for improvement. He grabbed a handful of Zaire’s hair again and began to fuck his face. “Take it!” he snarled, knowing the roughness was what his cub needed. Colton watched as his cock was slurped and sucked on by a man he should be trying to kill, not fuck. But at that moment, when their eyes locked, his desires took over and he didn’t want to fight them any longer. He had to have Zaire!

Zaire’s cock was hard the whole time Colton fucked his throat raw and when his head was yanked back, the man’s cock popped free of his mouth. A long line of drool connected the tip of his dick to Zaire’s lips, and he was drunk on sensation. He even loved the way Colton’s sweat tasted; the man’s natural musk was intoxicating to him. He stared up at the man who was the biggest threat of his life and yet, he was helpless to do anything to him. All he wanted was the cock that had just been in his mouth to be inside of him, fucking him relentlessly.

Colton still had Zaire’s hair in his grip and he forced the man to rise to his feet. Zaire yelped at the painful tug, then grunted as Colton tossed him face first on the bed. He climbed on top of him and slid his hard cock between Zaire’s asscheeks, then leaned in close when he heard Zaire moan. “I’m going to fuck you until you cum so hard, you’ll be ruined for any other man.”

“I... I fucking hate you,” Zaire snarled. “I’m going to kill you.”

“And I’m going to kill you too, in more ways than one,” Colton said, then pulled back and released a glob of spit he let drip onto the crack of Zaire’s ass, and his little cub moaned. The muscles in his ass cheeks twitched as the spit slid to his hole. Colton massaged Zaire’s puckered hole with the only lube they had and smiled as his cub clenched in anticipation. Colton spit into his palm and used that to slick up his own cock. “You little slut. Your cunt is begging me for my cock. Don’t worry, cub. I’m going to take care of you.” He aimed his dick against Zaire’s hole and pushed into

him. Zaire cried out and grunted as he was unmercifully stretched to his limit. “When you cum, that’ll be your first little death.”

“Fuuck!” Zaire moaned, his eyes closed as Colton drew his cock back, then plunged forward, hitting his prostate with a powerful thrust.

“Take it!” Colton growled in his ear, then bit his lobe. He pinned Zaire’s wrists to the bed with one hand and gripped his ass cheek with the other. He loved the feel of all that meat in the palm of his hand, his for the taking.

Zaire’s breathing was ragged as he gripped the bedspread that was stained with their blood. Every alarm in his head went off, telling him to pull away, but his desire to have this man inside of him, controlling him, overrode reason and his eyes rolled up inside his head as the man whose name he didn’t know began to fuck him senseless. Never in his life had he been this reckless, but also never in his life had he been this aroused.

Colton released Zaire’s wrists and pressed his face to the bed by the grip he reclaimed on his hair as he pounded into the man. The sound of skin slapping skin echoed throughout the room as he grunted and growled with each pump of his hips. His nature took over all of his actions as he claimed the man beneath him. He didn’t even fully understand why he had to have Zaire. He’d killed plenty of people and not one mark ever made him want to make them his. He wanted Zaire to belong to him. Fuck! Just the thought of seeing this man on his knees begging for his cock again drove him wild. His lips turned up into snarl as he drove his cock in and out of the tightest asshole he’d ever had the pleasure to fuck.

The bedsprings creaked under their weight and motion and it just fed into his lust. He felt Zaire’s body grow stiffer and he knew the man was getting close to his orgasm and he fucked him harder and faster as he chased his own.

“Jesus fuck!” Zaire cried out. He moaned and shuddered as his body released all of his pent-up passion onto the bedspread beneath him. He quaked and whimpered as Colton continued to use his body in the way that he needed.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“You’re mine!” Colton declared before throwing his head back and roaring and huffing as his climax mounted. He pulled out and gripped his shaft, jerking it, his spunk shooting from his slit and coating Zaire’s golden ass cheeks in creamy white streaks. More squirts landed on Zaire’s back as Colton stroked himself to the last drop, which he wiped on Zaire’s plump, beautiful ass. He released Zaire’s hair and collapsed on the bed beside him.

The room was silent and the only sound to be heard was their ragged breathing. Colton looked up at the ceiling and realized that he’d just fucked his mark and did so without protection. Jesus Christ, what had gotten into him? He’d never been so out of control. What was it about Zaire, this biker enforcer, that made him do stupid shit? Damn... what now?

5

ZE

Ze laid on the bed, his eyes closed, his asshole burning in the best way and his body was more relaxed than it ever had been before. He could feel the heat of the room now, but the cum drying on him was cool. Just when he felt the blissfulness of sleep creeping in, his eyes shot open. He looked at the man whom he allowed to fuck him and unprotected no less. What the fuck had gotten into him?!

“You better be fucking negative since you fucked me without a condom,” he snapped.

The man looked at him and snorted. “I am, are you?”

Ze nodded. “You’re... you’re the... first—”

“Yeah, same here,” the man said, then he sat up and carded his fingers through his hair.

Ze checked him out in all of his nakedness and it was glorious. God, this man was everything that his fantasies were made of. Six-three, muscular, and silver and black hair all over. Oh, how he wanted to run his fingers through the mane on the man’s chest. Especially as he took another pounding, his legs wrapped around the man’s tapered waist. His dick stirred at the thought and he had to push it back because he needed to focus.

“Why are you after me?” Ze asked, now that he was back to his senses. “And who are you?” He rolled over, then sat up.

The man climbed out of the bed and began getting dressed. “You pissed off a very powerful client of mine. That’s all I’m going to tell you. The next time we meet, I will kill you.”

“Why didn’t you kill me now?”

“I could have. I had you right where I wanted you... but then... I wanted you. It won’t happen again,” the man said, then before Ze could respond, the man’s fist shot out, striking Ze hard across the face. Ze’s head jerked back as pain rocked him, the impact knocking him out with the precise blow.

When Ze came to, the man who’d fucked his brains out was gone, but not his suitcase or backpack. His head throbbed and a wave of nausea flowed over him and he lay in bed a bit longer, letting it pass. When he felt like he could stand without puking, he climbed out of the bed and checked his suitcase to see if his weapons were still there and they were. What confused him more than anything was how the man had tracked

him down and he still knew nothing about him. He took a shower, then tended to his numerous wounds.

His mind told him to call his club, to get reinforcement, but he didn't want to. No, this game was so much of everything that gave him life. Involving his club would complicate matters and take away the thrill of the hunt. He didn't fear death, though he didn't want to die. But if he did die, at least the man who'd take his life was someone he deemed worthy. He didn't bother to leave his hotel room, the man had every chance to kill him and he hadn't... not yet. His Chinese food was ruined, as it had been spilled on the floor during their fight. Damn, he really had a taste for it, too. He ordered pizza from a nearby restaurant, which was always available and convenient.

He fired up his tablet and checked out the information on his own target. Even as he looked over Senator Kelly's itinerary, he felt excitement bubble up inside him knowing that he was being hunted even as he hunted someone else. Ze laughed to himself as he thought back to their encounter on the elevator. He looked so unassuming in his suit. He'd thought the man was fucking gorgeous when he'd seen him, but he'd been on high alert at the time and wasn't in the mood to flirt. He had no idea the man who acted like a punk in the elevator was a highly skilled professional killer. And holy fuck, he'd let that man fuck him into the mattress and loved every second of it. Zindel would run him over the fiery hot coals if he told him and he'd deserve it.

Speaking of his brother, he pulled out his cell phone and noticed he'd missed two calls from him and one from his president. He called his brother back first. "Hey, troublemaker," he said.

"Oh, so now you can call a motherfucker back? I've been worried about you," Zindel fussed.

“I know, I’m sorry. My phone was on silent, so I missed your call. Besides, I was sleeping earlier,” Ze said, which wasn’t too far from the truth, seeing as the assassin caught him with a right hook that sent him directly into dreamland.

“Well, I’m glad to hear from you now. How’s everything going?” Zindel asked.

Oh boy, how were things going? Ze thought to himself. Hell, he wasn’t a hundred percent sure, so he kept it simple. “I’m in Memphis now. I’ll take care of my mission tomorrow morning, then I’ll be heading home,” he said.

“Oh good. I miss having you here.”

Ze snorted. “No, you don’t. You love having the apartment to yourself so you can dance around it naked.”

Zindel laughed. “Okay, you got me there, but I still miss my brother.”

Ze smiled to himself because he missed his brother too. “I know. I’ll be home soon.” He hoped.

“Good. I love you.”

“Love you too,” Ze said, then he ended the call and contacted his president.

“About time you called, is everything okay?” Jimmy asked.

“Yeah, what’s up?” Ze lied. Well, technically, it wasn’t a lie. He was fine at the moment, but his situation was anything but okay.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Just heard on the news that shit that went down at the motel and I thought about you. Were you there?”

“No, but I heard about it,” Ze lied. He didn’t want to admit that he was there, because then his president would send reinforcements. If the police hadn’t come to them about it, looking for him, then he felt he was in the clear.

“Yeah, it was crazy, just keep yourself safe out there and let me know if we need to send Raven your way,” Jimmy said.

“So far, I’m on schedule. I’ll take care of the job tomorrow morning, then head back.”

“Good, keep me posted.”

“I will, prez,” Ze said, then he ended the call. He knew the location where the senator would be making his speech and his plan was to go to that location hours before to set up his spot. He ate his pizza when it came, then spent time staring at the ceiling thinking about everything that had happened. The man looked to be in his late forties, early fifties, even though he fucked like a beast to Zaire. The stamina—my god! And the man’s cock had been a little piece of heaven all by itself. It was almost a cruel cosmic joke that the perfect man for Ze was one he had to kill. Life couldn’t be less fair. If he had to hunt this man, then he needed to know who he was. One thing that was very significant was the tattoo of a vicious looking tiger on his back. He pulled out his cell phone and contacted Snoopy.

“Hey Ze,” Snoopy greeted when he answered.

“Hey, Snoopy. Listen, I need a favor, but this needs to stay just between you and me, got that?” Ze said.

“Yeah, sure, what’s up?”

“I’m going to need you to dig deep on the web and see if you can find out anything about an assassin with a tiger tat on his back,” Ze said.

“An assassin? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I just want to know... get me anything you can on any man in his late forties, early fifties with that tattoo. You might not find anything, but look anyway,” Ze told him.

“Sure, I’ll get right on it. Are you sure everything is fine?”

Ze sighed. “I’m fine, I told you.”

“Okay, I’ll see what I can find out.”

“Oh, you know what, see if you can hack into the security footage of this hotel.” Ze gave Snoopy the hotel’s information. “If you can, search for the footage from today and look for a man that was with me on the elevator. If you can get a look at his face, do a facial recognition scan and see what you can get on him.”

“Is he the assassin?”

“Don’t ask questions, prospect. He’s a person of interest. And if you tell anyone about this phone call, you won’t get my vote when it comes time,” Ze warned him.

“I promise, I won’t tell anyone,” Snoopy said. “If their cameras are on their WIFI

servers, it should be easy. I'll get back to you once I have the information."

"Thanks," Ze said, then he hung up. He thought about the fight again, how excited he'd been, hell, how hard his cock had been, probably from the moment the man had leaped out on him. Just how in the fuck did he know he was there? How was he tracking him? Shit, he'd been alone in his hotel room for god knows how long after he'd been knocked out and even before that when he was lying in wait. He could have bugged all kinds of shit. He needed to know.

Ze looked up army surplus stores in the area, then left his hotel room. It took him a little over half an hour of driving to get to the closest one. He purchased a few items, one main one being a GPS detector. He was already kicking himself for not having one in the first place. He wondered if his mystery assassin was watching him at that very moment. Was he thinking about what they'd done as well?

Ze couldn't get it out of his mind. How the man's lips on his set him on fire, and how the flames were stoked even more with every kiss, nibble, lick, and suck he'd planted all over Ze's body. He couldn't believe how he obeyed the man's commands, even dropping to his knees and sucking the man off just because he'd ordered him. God, what was wrong with him? He closed his eyes and shook his head as he sat behind the wheel of his automobile. He drove somewhere private, where one would have to expose themselves if they wanted to see him. He was blocked by buildings on three sides and that gave him the cover to check his car more thoroughly.

There, under the oil cap, he got a signal. He twisted the cap off and looked under it. "I'll be damned," he said to himself. "Clever fucker." He tossed the device, then checked the car again. This time, he didn't find anything else. He twisted the cap back into place, then climbed inside and drove back to his hotel room. Again, he checked all over, and there was nothing. So, either the assassin figured Ze would never find his tracker on his car, or he wanted more of a challenge. Either way, the game was moving to another level.

Ze looked around the room, which was in shambles, with blood everywhere. He'd purchased some cleaning equipment while he was out and he got to work getting the blood stains out of the carpet, walls, and off the furniture. He picked up the items that had fallen to the floor and put them back into place and cleaned up the food that had been wasted. Lastly, he removed the bloody bedspread and took that to the hotel trash compactor and tossed it in before returning back to his room. The only thing that couldn't be fixed was the TV, which had been destroyed during their fight. Well, nothing he could do about that, so he didn't concern himself. Getting rid of blood and semen evidence was what was important to him.

Three hours later, Ze headed to the location where the senator would be making his grand speech in eight hours. He parked a mile away in a parking garage in a spot where there were no cameras. He got out of his car, grabbed his gym duffle bag that contained a change of clothes, his sniper rifle, and provisions as well as his tablet. Next, he stole a car that was quite common. The less conspicuous, the better, then he drove to the building he'd be using. Finding a parking spot was a challenge, but he got one a block away. Security was lax as no one was in the area near the convention. He was a nice distance away, taking up his perch on the tenth floor of a building two thousand meters away from the convention stage.

The location of the speech and any buildings within a two-mile radius with vacant spaces map that Snoopy had given him was a huge help. He'd chosen this building specifically because of the gym on the first level and vacant apartments above it that faced the convention. He was in one of the empty apartments, and the only downside was that the water wasn't working. He had some bottles of water packed with him, and some food that didn't need to be refrigerated.

He set up his rifle and then peered through the scope to make sure his aim was directed at the stage. Once satisfied, he leaned his back against the wall to prepare for the long wait. The sun would be up in a few hours, so he decided to get a bit more rest in. Before he could drift off, his cell phone buzzed and he answered after

checking his caller ID.

“What do you have for me?” Ze asked Snoopy.

“Nothing about an assassin with a tiger on his back, but I was able to hack into the hotel’s security cameras. It was easier than I thought it would be. Anyway, I found the footage you wanted and the man. After doing the facial scan and search, I discovered that he owns an art gallery in Chicago. He’s pretty rich and well-connected. Is he your next target? I didn’t find anything on him that was shady,” Snoopy said.

Interesting, Ze thought. “What’s his name?”

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Colton Bridger,” Snoopy said. “His family is a pretty big deal in high society. His mother, brother, and sister are also well-connected and rich. I’ll send you the information that I have.”

“Good job. It’s enough. Thank you.”

“No problem, just stay safe.”

“I will,” Ze said, then he hung up and when the information was sent to his cell phone, he looked it over. “There you are.” He wondered why the man had exposed himself back at the hotel. Perhaps, he didn’t think he’d have to worry about Ze finding anything out because he’d planned on killing him. Ze thought back to the moment when the bastard had almost killed him. Colton’s hand around his neck, choking the life out of him. His wrists pinned to the bed over his head and his legs trapped between powerful thighs. He couldn’t set himself free no matter how hard he struggled. In fact, all it did was make him hornier. Being that helpless in the face of death. More importantly, he was being completely dominated, manhandled, and tortured by a living god. Holy shit, it excited him! What had Colton done to him? Fuck! His cock stiffened in his pants at the memory and he had to cut off the replay.

“Get it together, Ze,” he told himself. He couldn’t let his need for that man—no—Colton get the better of him like it had. The next time they met, he’d have to kill him because he’d have no choice. The very thought made his heart ache and his chest tighten with a sadness that filled him with loneliness. A chance encounter like what they had... that held so much promise of what could be, and he had to throw it all away. Would he ever meet another man like Colton again? Hell, did he even want to? A man like Colton wasn’t a dime a dozen... no, he was his dream come true. Still,

Colton was his target and if he wanted to survive their next battle, he had to be prepared.

Ze read everything that had been sent to him, because he had to know more about this assassin who blew his mind. The guy had the perfect cover. Who'd suspect a well-respected philanthropist and art gallery owner to be a cold-blooded killer? Hell, it was brilliant. He wondered what Colton would have done with his body had he followed through. Would he have left him there for housekeeping to find? Or would he have packed him away in some suitcase and wheeled him out of the hotel? He was sure the man had hidden his face when he'd broken into his room. Then he wondered how he knew which room he was in.

"Son of a bitch, he heard her," Ze said out loud once the pieces of the puzzle came together. "That slick bastard." He snarled as he thought about the moment he'd gotten his key card and room number. Colton had been standing right there acting like he wasn't listening to every word when that was the whole purpose. Then Ze wondered why he didn't just try to take him out before he had entered the hotel. He obviously had a sniper rifle and opportunity, why hadn't he taken it? Why attack him in his hotel room? Damn it! More questions he worried he'd never get answers to. He couldn't help it, he smiled to himself, because this assassin, this Colton Bridger, was on another level. Ze had never faced an enemy like this before.

It was time to get some rest. Ze wasn't worried about anyone sneaking in as he had secured all entrances. A person would have to really slam into the barricades to get them open. And with all that noise, he'd be ready. He drifted off to sleep and dreamed about Colton Bridger's hands and mouth on him and his grip on his hair as he brutally fucked him into sexual heaven.

Ze woke with a start by the sound of his cell's alarm going off, his hand reaching for the gun in his pants. Once he realized all was well, he wiped his eyes, then turned to look out of the window at the scene. People were gathering, wanting to get the best

seating. Police were there as well, setting up security protocols and all of that. He looked at his watch, three more hours until the senator was slated to speak. He stood up and grabbed an empty bottle he'd packed for this specific reason. There was a bathroom in the room he was in, but he was reluctant to use it. No water meant he couldn't flush. The less evidence he left, the better, and his goal was not to leave any. He relieved himself in the bottle, tightened the cap, then returned it to his duffle bag.

He used sanitizing wipes to freshen up a bit, then ate some jerky and drank a bit of water. Not too much, just enough to stave off starvation. He then changed clothes; sweats, a t-shirt, and sneakers. That way, when he escaped, it'd look like he was leaving the gym. To pass the time away, he looked into more information about his assassin. Snoopy had managed to get him personal information that wasn't easy to obtain, so now he knew the man's home addresses... all of them under his name. He knew his net worth, which was over a hundred and seventy million dollars.

Damn, did he make all of that killing people? He saw a family photo that Colton had taken at a function that featured him along with his mother, father, brother, and sister. Colton looked much younger in the photo, like in his thirties. Ze went back to the photo of Colton on his art gallery's official website. The man's handsome smile hid the real killer behind the charm. He ran a finger along the screen over the image of Colton's face. The man looked so different when he was leaning over him, his hand against Ze's throat, strangling him to death. His expression was pure predator and full of dominance. All pretense of a rich playboy nowhere to be seen, and it was something about that moment that really got Ze's engine revved up. He'd lost himself when Colton's lips touched his, then he fell deeper after their tongues touched.

Outside, Ze could hear more commotion as the time was nearing the senator's speech. Ze checked the window and saw the seats were filled, and other guests were making their speeches. Again, he looked at his watch, the senator was slated to speak at twelve, which was in one hour. Ze began to get everything he needed together so he could leave in a hurry after the job was done. He did spot a few drones, which was

going to make this shot he had to take a bit more challenging. It was all about timing since he already had the perfect position. His building was outside of the blockade, which meant when he climbed into his car, he wouldn't have to be worried about police doing a checkpoint.

He watched the event proceed and the time finally came for the senator to speak. The crowd leaped to its feet when the man walked on stage, cheering as he waved. Ze put on his leather gloves, then peered at the man through his scope. The window had been cracked just enough to allow the barrel of his rifle to take aim. His gun wasn't sticking out of the window as that'd be too obvious. He was perfectly hidden in the shadows and the aim he had wasn't anything straightforward. This shot would be a tricky one.

Ze tuned everything out, slowed his breathing down, and focused all of his attention on his target. The man who'd been accused of raping and molesting multiple women. On top of that, he was a bigot based on statements and his platform that leaned more toward discrimination than unity. He wondered what people would think after the senator died? How many would wonder if his assassination was political? No, just justice.

The man's smiling face was in his sight, right between the crosshairs. Ze waited until the wind was just right, then exhaled as he pulled the trigger. He watched as the man's head snapped back, then he dropped from the window and began taking his gun apart. He stuffed the pieces inside his Nike gym bag, then ran out of the apartment, his black cap low on his head to block his face. He removed his leather gloves as he rushed down the stairs all the way to the first floor. His gym bag thrown over his shoulder, a water bottle in his hand as if he'd just been working out. He walked out of the front door of the building that also had a grocery store and a few restaurants on the lower levels that were also open to the public. All lovely amenities for its residents.

His car was parked two blocks away because the street was a bit more crowded with the residents being at home by the time he'd arrived in the middle of the night to take his post. Ze tossed his bag in the passenger seat, then climbed in behind the wheel and drove off, taking side streets. As he traveled, he did see more police cars heading toward the direction where the convention was, but didn't let any of that rattle him. Ze's only goal was to get as far away from the scene of his crime as fast as possible without drawing attention to himself. He made it back to the parking lot and that was where he wiped down the stolen car and got into his own with his bag. Ze drove out of the lot and made his way to the expressway, then the interstate.

He drove for hours, not stopping until he reached his home almost seven hours later. He didn't bother to check in with his president yet, he just needed to sleep. Once inside his apartment, he quietly entered and went straight to his bedroom. He put his bags and suitcase down and fell on the bed. Pulling out his cell phone, he checked the news to see that the breaking story was the assassination of Senator Ron Kelly. The footage wasn't replayed because of the sensitive nature, but he'd been killed on live TV and the country was abuzz with the news. Ze sighed because it was the first time one of his kills had gotten so much media attention. Had he not been under the stress of being hunted himself, he may have opted for a less publicized killing, like taking out the senator before he climbed on his tour bus or something.

"Who are you kidding, you knew this was about to blow up as soon as you took the job," he said to himself. Had he'd been smarter, or at least not someone who thrived on killing, he would have told the club to pass. But the challenge was what got his blood flowing because the harder the target, the better. It was a temptation too hard for him to resist, just like Colton.

Oh, god, Colton. Ze lay in bed, his eyes closed as he thought back to the moment when Colton had pinned his wrists above his head. Ze's hand slid down his stomach, then underneath his sweat pants and boxers to grab his erection. He licked his lips and then bit them as his strokes sped up along with his breathing.

“Ahhh,” he panted as his body jerked from the pleasure. He replayed Colton fucking him, his cock driving hard against his prostate with every thrust, igniting a passion in him that he never knew existed. The ecstasy was mounting and his hand pumped faster as he worked himself to climax. He pulled his pants down enough to free his cock, then raised his shirt up just as he arched on the bed. “Fuck, ah fuck!” he belted out as jets of white spunk flew from his slit, landing on his cheek, bunched up shirt, and torso. Drops dripped on his hand as he worked his shaft, shaking as the sensation gripped him. “Jesus,” he moaned and twitched with one more stroke before he let his wilting cock go and fell limp on the bed.

His door shot open and he grabbed his gun that was under his pillow, aiming it at the intruder. “Holy shit, Zin, the fuck? I almost shot you,” Ze exclaimed, then put his gun down, his chest heaving thanks to the surprise intrusion.

“I scared you? Shit, you scared me! I didn’t know you were home,” Zindel said. He put the gun down that he’d been holding, then slumped against the door frame, his hand going to his heart. “Why didn’t you tell me you were home? Why didn’t you call me to tell me you were on your way?”

Ze fell back on the bed and slipped his cock back into his sweats and Zindel laughed.

“Oh, did I interrupt something?” he asked with a giggle.

Ze rolled his eyes. “No, I came already. Fuck,” he said, then removed his t-shirt, using it to wipe off his face and chest before tossing it across the room to the floor.

Zindel’s eyes widened when he saw all of the bandages and bruises on his brother’s face and chest. “What the fuck happened to you?” He ran over to the bed, looking his brother over.

“Ahh shit,” Ze groaned and fell back on the bed. “Listen, don’t panic. It’s not

anything I can't handle."

"What the fuck you mean don't panic. What the fuck, Ze?" Zindel reached over, touching the bruise on his brother's face.

Ze took his hand and held it. "Zin, I had a run-in with a man while on the road. We just got into a fight. I took care of him. That's why I said don't worry about it," he lied. The last thing he wanted was Zindel worrying about the assassin that was still on the loose. He'd insist the club get involved and Ze needed to end this on his own. "Look, I'm fucking exhausted and just want to sleep. Give me a couple of hours, yeah?"

"Are you sure everything is all right?"

Page 17

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Ze nodded. “Fucker didn’t like my race and was drunk, but he had some skill, I’ll give him that,” he said to try to explain why he had so many wounds. He knew Zindel wouldn’t just settle for some random dude putting that much of a hurt on his brother. He knew how good of a fighter Ze was.

Zindel bit his plump bottom lip but nodded. “Okay. I’ll let you get some rest. I’m glad you’re home.” He leaned forward, hugging his brother before rising from the bed.

“Me too, now scram,” Ze said, shoving at Zindel’s leg playfully.

Zindel gave him a slight smile, but nodded and left. Ze laid back on the bed and stared at the ceiling for a few seconds before closing his eyes. After the nut he’d busted and the drive home, it didn’t take long for him to drift off to sleep.

6

COLTON

“So, you’re telling me that he’s still alive?” Colton’s mom asked him as she glared at him from the other side of his kitchen island. She’d surprised him by coming over unannounced an hour after he’d returned home after his long drive.

Colton sighed and ran his fingers through his usually stylish silver hair. Right then, it was just slicked back with product. “For now, yeah, but I know where he is and how I’m going to take him out.”

His mother scoffed and rolled her jade green eyes. “He’s just some biker, why are you having this much trouble?”

Colton snorted. “Well, that fucking ‘biker’ just took out a state senator.”

Helena’s eyes widened and she arched a perfectly shaped silver brow. “The Senator Kelly assassination?”

Colton nodded. “From almost two thousand meters away.”

“You saw him?”

He nodded.

She put her hands on her hips. “You had him in your sights and you didn’t take him out?”

“Fuck’s sake,” Colton grumbled, then walked over to his refrigerator and pulled out the bottle of papaya juice. Next, he removed a glass from his cabinet and poured himself some juice. He took his time drinking it because it gave him a moment to think about what he should say to his mom and boss. He couldn’t very well tell her that he’d been impressed with the man’s skill. And he certainly couldn’t tell her that he’d fucked that man’s ass into oblivion the day before.

“Did you have a fight with him? Is that why you have injuries?” she prodded.

He was now fresh out of juice so he cleared his throat. “Yeah, after I failed to snipe him back at the motel, he got smarter and booked a hotel room, so I had to get in close.”

His mother’s expression changed from incredulous to intrigued. Her son, who she

knew to be highly trained since the age of three to kill a man with his bare hands by the time he was seven was standing before her, admitting failure to do the job he'd been born to do. How was this possible?

“You faced him head on and he beat you?”

Not quite, Colton smirked.

“I fail to see the humor in this predicament,” his mother stated as she glared at him. Her silver hair was combed back, giving her a very regal look, which she perfected with the right outfit that screamed wealth and control.

“We fought.” Colton thought back to that moment, his hand around Zaire's throat, draining the life out of him one second at a time. He could have finished the biker off then, but something primal took over inside of him and he kissed the man instead. Of course, after knocking the man out, he'd used Zaire's fingerprint to open his suitcase and checked out his weaponry. Then he looked into his tablet and saw the man's plans and with that knowledge, he became obsessed with seeing if Zaire could actually pull it off.

Colton had gone back to his own hotel room and tended to his numerous injuries, even having to stitch himself up here and there. Then he left the hotel and drove to the location of the convention. He'd seen the area scans Zaire had and knew the building he would be setting up in, which was a brilliant location. Far enough from the outdoor convention spot to be able to get away without hassle. And if he could pull off the shot, even better. Colton had snuck into the building adjacent to that one and found an apartment on the thirteenth floor whose owner was foolish enough to not lock the door, making it easy for him.

Colton entered, his face covered, leather gloves on his hands, and he'd located the owner who was asleep in his bed. He injected him with a sedative that would keep

him unconscious. After gagging, blindfolding, and tying the resident up to his bed, he set up the place that gave him a good view of the next building. He only had a pair of binoculars with him and of course, his knife and gun. He just wanted to see if Zaire could pull it off. How professional the biker actually was. One shot, a head shot, and then he was gone and Colton had been left stunned. For one thing, the man carried out his hit in spite of the fact that he was also being hunted. That took focus and fortitude.

He poured himself another glass of juice and then shook the container at his mom. “Want some before I put it up?”

His mother tsked and waved it off. “I want answers to my questions, Colt.”

He smiled and put the container back in his fridge and turned to face his mom. “Our fight got interrupted by hotel security,” he lied.

His mother waved her hand again in her disbelief. “Wait a minute, so what happened after that?”

“I ran, he ran, it’s that simple.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Where were you fighting?”

God, this woman and her incessant questions! Colton groaned. “Look, mom, I’ll handle it. I just need to get some sleep. It’s been a long forty-eight hours,” he said as he made his way around the island toward his mother. He took her by her arms and smiled down at her. “He’s a wily one, but nothing I can’t handle.”

His mother pursed her lips. She was seventy-three years old, and a looker still. He wondered why his mother never remarried, she was definitely a catch with her silver hair, green eyes, and curvaceous figure. Plus... well... she was rich. Maybe if she had someone in her life putting it to her, or at the very least, to spend time with her, she’d stop harassing him about giving her a grandchild.

“He excites you,” she said finally.

“Mom—”

Helena reached up, grabbing his bearded chin, and forced him to look down at her. “You listen to me, Colton. You end this now. I’ll not have this family’s reputation tarnished because you have a hard-on for this ruffian biker. Put a bullet in his head tonight.” She released his chin and shrugged his hand off her arms.

No matter how old he got, she always had a way of making him feel like he was twelve all over again. He sighed and scratched at his eyebrow. “Like I said, I’ll take care of it. Now, if I can get some sleep.” He gestured to the door.

She turned her nose up as she gathered her purse and cashmere trench coat. “I expect

to be able to make that call to our client letting him know that the job was done by nine AM tomorrow.” With that, she turned and walked away, her metal heels clicking on Colton’s marble floor as she made her retreat. The elevator opened and she stepped on it, and when the doors closed, Colton released a sigh of relief.

“Fuck,” he grumbled, then shuffled off to his bedroom. “Well, at least she didn’t ask me about grandbabies,” he said to himself and chuckled as he stripped all his clothes and climbed into bed. No sooner than he closed his eyes, he fell asleep.

He woke up several hours later and showered. He spent some time tending to his wounds, changing bandages, and then he got dressed in black cargo pants, a turtleneck, and boots. He took his M24 sniper rifle as well as a Glock with a suppressor and his lock-picking kit. Before he left, he turned on his security system, then he stepped on the elevator. It was his private one as there was only one penthouse and he owned it. The elevator required the eye and handprint of the owner and anyone he allowed to open the doors. And a key code once inside to go up or down. He walked off the elevator and made his way toward his Camry, putting his gun in the trunk before climbing in behind the wheel. He drove off towards Zaire’s home.

When he got close, a half block away, he turned down the alley where he could see the back of the clubhouse. He parked the next building over, then killed the engine. It was four o’clock in the morning, most people were fast asleep in their beds, so he wasn’t expecting to have many issues. He looked over the blueprint of the building again, then at the adjacent buildings that he could access that would give him the advantage to take Zaire out in his apartment.

Normally, he’d like to take some time to scope this place out, but his mother had put him in a predicament. Still, it wasn’t anything he couldn’t handle. He grabbed his gun case, then made his way to the building across the alley. His hands were already gloved and he pulled out his lock picking kit and got to work. The lock opened and he

stepped inside, but paused before he took the stairs.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he asked himself. This just wasn’t his style. Hell, he didn’t even know if Zaire was home. Colton figured after the long drive that Zaire was most likely home, but this was too reckless. He knew when his mother said he wanted him to finish the job by the morning that she’d expected him to just snipe the dude from afar, but even that took some time to prepare. At least, that was what he told himself. Colton took a deep breath, then walked back to his car, and drove home. He’d just have to tell his mother he needed more time.

He pulled back into his parking spot and walked over to his elevator, did his security protocol, and when the doors opened, he stepped in. When he entered his home, he took off his clothes, climbed back into bed, and texted his mother.

I need more time, don’t call me.

Colton hit send, then closed his eyes to get the sleep he really needed. The sound of his doorbell buzzing woke him up and he grunted as he climbed out of bed. He slipped on his black satin robe and walked over to the elevator to see who it was. Damn it. His brother, Nathan, was standing with his hands in his pockets and looking straight ahead. Colton sighed and pressed his hand on the sensor and watched as the doors opened for his brother. He typed the code and the elevator began to rise. He walked away toward his kitchen to make himself a cup of coffee. His penthouse had an open concept, which he’d felt was imperative for safety reasons alone. And it was aesthetically pleasing.

The doors opened and his brother stepped off. He had black hair with a bit of silver on the sides, a trimmed beard along a chiseled jawline, and green eyes like their mother. He was an inch taller than Colton at six-four, the same height their father had been, with an athletic build.

“Hello, Colt,” Nathan greeted in a smooth, deep voice as he walked over to the kitchen island and took a seat on one of the barstools.

“Nate,” Colton returned the greeting in a gruff voice. He was still a bit groggy, having been woken from his slumber. “Jesus, what time is it?”

Nathan smirked. “Two.”

Colton turned to look at his brother, he then nodded and returned to making the coffee. “Didn’t know it was that late.”

“Yeah, you were just sleeping the day away like a teenager,” Nate teased.

“Fuck, I was up at four am, then I came back home and went to sleep like I had some damn sense,” Colton said.

“Are those bruises and cuts the reason why you were up at four AM?”

“Yeah, unfinished business.”

“Well, if mom’s disappointed text I received this morning is any indicator, it’s still unfinished?” Nathan inquired, one eyebrow raised.

Colton sighed and turned around, leaning against the counter. “This one will just require some time and finesse. Mom’s been so used to our marks being unsuspecting targets that we’ve been able to kill with a sniper bullet. This one knows I’m coming. Knows what I look like.”

Nathan scoffed. “You fucked up that badly?” He shook his head. “Now I see why mom’s pissed. She wants me to take over.”

Colton's eyes bulged and he took a step forward, leaning against the island. "He's mine!"

Nathan sat back, hands up. "Hey, take it up with mom. She wants me to handle it. Thinks you've entangled yourself with this man too much already. She said you two fought and that he'd gotten some good moves in on you and now I see what she means. Maybe you just don't have it in you anymore. You are getting up there in age."

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“You’re only eight years younger than me, and I’ve never missed my mark,” Colton pointed out.

Nathan shrugged. “Then explain to me why this man still lives.”

The coffee maker beeped letting Colton know that it was ready. “Like I told mom, he’s not just some fucking biker.” He turned and grabbed the coffee pot. “Want one?” he offered.

“Sure.”

Colton poured two mugs, then handed his brother one along with the cream and sugar. “He’s a highly skilled killer for that club. I thought at first, it just meant he was your standard shoot ‘em up guy. But that’s not the case. He’s quick, smart, and believe it or not, I watched him kill the senator yesterday.”

Nathan choked on the sip of coffee he’d attempted to drink. Colton watched his brother’s coughing fit and his muscles relaxed once Nathan gave the signal that he was going to survive.

“Come... again?” Nathan said and coughed a few more times.

“I was curious as to why he was in Memphis or if he was still going to keep moving south. But Memphis was his destination and I followed him and saw what his mission was. It was him, a biker from the Lords of Chaos MC, who took out a US senator. And this was after he’d survived two encounters with me,” Colton said.

Nathan pursed his lips and it reminded Colton of their mother. “Impressive, I’ll admit. But then maybe he’s out of your league?”

Colton rolled his eyes. “No one is ever out of my league. We just got interrupted. I’ll finish it, so back off.”

“How will you finish it? Snipe or up close and personal?”

“This one deserves my up close and personal approach. Besides, he’ll be expecting an attack from me, period. So, he’ll definitely be prepared for me trying to snipe him.”

“What if he tells his club about you?”

“He doesn’t know who I am, just what I look like. This isn’t my first rodeo, Nate. I know what I’m doing, that’s why I know I can’t rush into this,” Colton said.

“The client expected him to have been killed two days ago. And now you’re asking for more time. You don’t have it. He told mom he sent someone else to do the job. That’s why she put me on it. Doesn’t think you have the... what did she say?” Nathan made a rotating motion with his hand as if trying to remember. “Oh yes, the drive to get the job done. As long as we make the kill, we can get the full payment and keep our reputation.”

Colton’s heart was pounding in his chest at the knowledge that there was another assassin out there after Zaire. “Fuck!” he snapped and slammed his coffee mug on the table. He ran off into his bedroom to get dressed.

His brother appeared in the doorway, watching him scramble into the clothes he’d worn that morning. “I’m only going to give you an hour head start, brother, a chance to redeem yourself.”

“Fuck!” Colton growled again as he shoved his feet into his boots. “Why didn't you lead with that?”

Nathan shrugged a shoulder. “I wanted to see for myself... how you’d respond to my questions.”

Colton snorted as he shoved his way past his brother and fastened his gun holsters into place. “You’ve got a lot of fucking nerve testing me.”

“You let him go, why?” Nathan turned around to face his brother.

“I told you, we got interrupted.”

“Bullshit.”

“I don’t have time for this fucking asinine conversation. I’ll deal with him,” Colton said. “You know how to see yourself out.”

“Actually, I don’t. Why don’t you add me to your security code?” Nathan asked as he followed his brother onto the elevator. “You’ve been living here for almost four months.”

“Because you’re annoying.”

“You may need my help. What happens if I can’t get in?”

“Fine. I’ll add you when I get back.”

“About time. You were just being stubborn.”

“Because you and mom tend to come by unannounced and I value my privacy.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Nathan laughed. "Fair enough. I'll call next time."

The doors opened and Colton shoved his helmet on his head and straddled his Zero motorcycle. He took off without another word to his brother, who'd told him earlier that he was giving him an hour's head start. He drove fast when he could and slower not to attract the police. It took less than thirty minutes for him to make it to the clubhouse and this time, he pulled up in front. Two bikers wearing Lords of Chaos cuts were standing out front watching him as he removed his helmet, smirks on their faces.

"Hey, Mr. Eco-Friendly-Fancy-Ass-Pansy-Bike, you've got the wrong clubhouse," one of the men said.

"Damn, Bruiser, that was a mouthful," the other guy said.

Bruiser shrugged and chuckled. "Just calling it like I see it."

Colton ignored the ignorant insult as he climbed off. "Is Zaire here?"

"Who wants to know?" said the other man standing there, a cigarette in his hand.

"The guy who fucked him in Memphis," Colton said, hoping by saying that, they'd forego any more stupid questions and just get Zaire for him or let him in.

"Damn, you just outed him like that? What if we were one of those clubs that didn't allow gays in?" the one called Bruiser asked.

“Then he could certainly do better than your club if you are,” Colton shot back. “So, is he here?” The men looked tough, the part of a biker as far as he could tell, but he wasn’t intimidated, not by anyone.

The two men gave him a scrutinizing look, one then nudged the other. “He’s in the club, follow me,” Bruiser said.

I hope you know what you’re doing, Colton told himself as he took one step in front of the other.

7

ZE

“So, you mean to tell me some bum off the street gave you that shiner and those cuts and bruises?” Jimmy asked Ze as he took in his enforcer’s appearance.

“Must have been one skilled homeless man,” Wolf said with a chuckle.

“I never said he was homeless, just caught me off guard,” Ze said. “Anyway, I took care of him and my mission. So, did they pay up?”

Jimmy sighed and nodded. “Yeah, they came by yesterday as soon as they heard about his assassination on the news. Even gave you a five-thousand-dollar bonus for your quick and professional work.” He reached into his drawer and pulled out a stack of money bound by a rubber band and handed it to Ze, who took it. “Good work. So, was it difficult to pull off?”

Ze shook his head. “Not with the prep I had and with the convention being out in the open, it minimized the risk factor.”

Jimmy snorted then laughed. “Listen to him. ‘Minimized the risk factor.’”

Wolf laughed, then rose and patted Ze on the shoulder. “Badass, kid.”

Ze smiled. “Thanks, Wolf.” He looked at the money in his hand. “I guess I’ll spring for takeout tonight. Zin is tired of my fried chicken.” He put the money in his pocket.

The men laughed and Ze thanked his president again and left the office. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Colton standing by the bar talking with Bruiser. “What the fuck!” Ze snapped as he walked over to them. If the assassin was planning on harming any of his club brothers, he’d take him out right here and now. Colton turned to face him and Wolf was right on his heels seeing as Ze looked to be on guard.

“Who the fuck is this?” Wolf asked, his hand going to his gun.

Colton looked at the extremely tall, muscular man standing beside Zaire and then at the gun in the man’s holster. His gaze panned to Zaire. “We need to talk, privately.”

“Bruiser, did you let him in?” Wolf asked the other man.

Bruiser nodded. “Yeah, he said he knew Ze. That they’d fucked while in Memphis.”

Wolf turned to Ze. “Is that true?”

Ze’s face was still a mask of shock at the fact that Colton had told his club brother the truth... well, part of the truth. He turned to Wolf. “Um, it’s complicated.”

“We need to talknow,” Colton said, then walked off toward the exit.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Hearing the command coming from Colton sent a jolt through Ze and he tensed, his cock twitched in his jeans.

“Well, someone’s got the whip,” Bruiser teased Ze and took a swig of his beer.

“Who is he?” Snoopy asked, a frown on his face.

Ze ignored Bruiser and Snoopy, his thoughts on what Colton wanted.

“Are we going to have a problem with this guy? You seem on edge,” Wolf asked Ze.

Ze shook his head. “No. I’ll deal with him.” He walked off before anyone could stop him. He wasn’t sure if he could deal with him or why Colton had been so bold as to walk right into his fucking clubhouse. He stepped outside to see a few of his club brothers standing by and Colton leaning against the wall. “You’ve got a lot of fucking nerve coming here.”

“I came because we have unfinished business,” Colton said. “Let’s go to your apartment.”

Ze arched his eyebrow. “Oh, and to think I was trying to figure out how to get past your security system, Colton.”

At the mention of his name, Colton froze.

Ze smiled and nodded. “Yeah, I know all about you and your little double life. But like you said, let’s finish this. Follow me.” He opened the door to the other half of the

building and Colton followed him as he led him up to his apartment. As soon as Colton closed the door, Ze kicked him in his chest and his body slammed up against the door and he grunted from the impact. Before Ze could follow it up with another move, Colton dodged, then countered with a punch, catching Ze on the jaw. The pain was jarring but didn't throw him off his game.

"I need—" Colton tried to explain to Ze the reason why he was there, but the other man was on him again dealing out a flurry of punches and kicks that he had to defend against. Colton caught a punch to his face, but spun around with a backhand to Ze's face. He grabbed Ze and slung him across the room. Ze's body slid along the floor and slammed into the kitchen cabinets. Ze scrambled to his feet, his back to Colton as he faced the stove.

"Will you fucking listen to me!" Colton roared as he stomped over to Ze. "I only came—Ow! Fuck!" he cried out after Ze slammed a skillet with dried egg into his face causing him to stagger back. He could feel his blood dripping into his mouth and his lip stung. His temple throbbed, but he had the clarity to dodge another swing of the pan. Colton ducked up and kicked Ze's legs out from under him, then pounced on the man once he was on the floor. He held Ze's hands down, stopping him from hitting him with the pan again.

"That won't work a second time," Ze snapped. He released the pan and leaned over, biting Colton's arm. Colton growled in pain and let go of one of Ze's wrists, then punched him in his stomach, forcing Ze to release his bite. Ze groaned from the blow, but with his hands now free, Ze reached up, grabbing Colton's neck, and dug his fingers into the man's flesh. Colton gripped Ze's wrist, but couldn't get his hold off, not without risking a worse injury. He released Ze's other wrist, then held both his hands up, surrendering. Ze frowned. "You're fucking giving up?"

Colton nodded. "I... just... want... to talk," he managed to say with strangled pants.

Ze's chest heaved but as he began to calm down, he realized that Colton never came at him like he had both times they'd fought. The lethal intensity wasn't in his maneuvers. Could it be true that the assassin wasn't there to kill him? He released Colton's throat. "What do you want?"

Colton coughed as he struggled to get air into his lungs. He could feel stinging from the nail marks Ze left on his neck. He knew the man would have ripped his throat out had he made the wrong move... or would he? Zaire didn't have to stop just because Colton put his hands up.

"You're... in danger," Colton warned.

"From you?" Ze asked, his gaze still sharp as he watched Colton. He had to fight hard to resist his urge to push Colton to the floor and ride him hard. Even the woodsy smell of the man's soap was like an aphrodisiac to him.

Colton shook his head. "My client hired another assassin to take you out because I failed to do so in the time frame. My brother is also coming for you to finish the job before the other assassin can so that my family gets the full fee and our reputation remains intact."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Ze snapped. "Who the fuck is your client and why does he want me dead?"

Colton licked his lips and looked away. Giving up client info was one of the rules that you just didn't break in his line of work. "I can't."

"If you're not here to kill me yourself, then I need to know so I can take care of him," Ze said. "I don't have time for this shit. As long as your client is alive, he's obviously not going to stop until I'm dead."

“Look, we need to take care of this assassin who’s coming for you,” Colton said. “If anyone’s going to kill you, it will be me.”

“Then do it,” Ze challenged, chin raised as he stared at Colton.

Colton stared back, then he gripped a handful of Ze’s hair, pulling his face to his. “You’re mine,” he growled.

“Your what? Mark? I’m nobody’s fucking mark,” Ze shot back.

Colton looked at his mouth and just like before in the hotel, he couldn’t help himself. He kissed Ze and something instinctual ignited in Ze and he kissed him back. This man was everything that Ze wanted, why the fuck did he have to be his enemy?

Colton pulled back and sighed. “No, you’re not my mark... not anymore. I realized the moment my brother told me another assassin was coming for you, that I didn’t want... fuck!” he cursed and looked away, releasing Ze’s hair.

Ze grabbed his chin, forcing Colton to look at him. “You didn’t want what?”

Colton huffed. “I didn’t want... you to die.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Why, ‘cause we fucked?” Ze studied him, wanting to see if there was truth in his words.

Colton knocked Ze’s hand away from his chin. “I’m not a fucking hormonal teen with some high school crush just because we fucked.”

“Then what is it?” Ze wanted to know why the man who’d nearly killed him twice was all of a sudden trying to save his life.

“Because I fucking want you!” Colton snapped, then released an exasperated sigh. “I think I wanted you from the moment you dodged my first bullet. I was impressed with you then.”

Ze fell back against the cabinet and laughed. “I saw a rat.”

Colton jerked and looked around. “Where?”

Ze’s laughter grew stronger and he shook his head. “Not here... back at the motel. A fucking rat scared the shit out of me and I jumped just as you took your shot.”

Colton stared at him for a second, letting it all register, then he burst into laughter. “Are you fucking kidding me? A rat saved your life?”

Ze nodded, still laughing, his hand going to his stomach.

“Jesus,” Colton said, then let his laughter die down as his expression grew serious. “They’re coming for you... now for us.”

Ze stopped laughing and nodded. "I've never been in this situation before. But this won't end even if we take out this other assassin and you manage to call off your brother. As long as your client wants me dead, my life will always be in danger."

"Let me deal with him."

Ze shook his head. "No, I won't have you taking out my enemies. The man wants me dead; he can try to do it himself."

"You plan on facing off with him?"

Ze nodded. "If I live through what's coming and you tell me who it is."

Colton slammed his head against the cabinet. "I can't believe I'm even doing this. I've been in this business pretty much my entire life and not once have I ever failed to finish a job. And never have I given up a client."

"And then you met me," Ze said. "If you're serious... about us."

"And are you serious about us?" Colton looked at him carefully, searching for any tales of dishonesty.

"I've never met a man who makes me feel what you make me feel, Colton. When we fucked that night, there was a connection between us and I didn't even want to kill you anymore. But I knew I might have to because I was your target. The thought pissed me off and made me sad because would I ever find another man like you?"

Colton smiled. "Listen, we're going to get through this, because there is no fucking way I'm giving you up." He leaned forward, kissing Ze again, then sat back and pulled his cell phone from his pocket. He dialed his brother and kept it on speaker for transparency. He needed Ze to trust that what he was telling him was the truth. If they

were going to try to make this work, there could be no secrets between them.

“Is the job done?” his brother asked in their Bridger Code, his voice deep and smooth as usual.

“No,” Colton said, speaking their language.

“I knew you couldn’t do it.”

“Listen–” Colton was cut off by the sound of glass shattering and a bullet whizzing past him and striking Ze in his arm.

“Ahh fuck!” Ze cried out. He dropped low but another bullet came through the living room curtain, leaving another hole and striking the floor beside Ze’s head.

“Stop!” Colton yelled, then he threw himself in front of Ze right into his brother’s trajectory.

“Move, brother!” Nathan said, his voice still coming through the speaker.

“No! Damn it, listen to me, Nate,” Colton yelled.

“How much does he fucking know about us?” Nate asked.

“Enough. Don’t kill him.”

“He’s just another job. Move.”

“Zaire, stay behind me as we get out of here,” Colton said in English, and Zaire followed his order.

“Don’t play with me, brother. Don’t think I won’t shoot you to get to him.”

“Oh, I know you will. But if you kill him, don’t bother calling me brother,” Colton said, switching back to their coded language.

There was a sound of disbelief. “Are you fucking serious? Over some fucking mark. Did you fuck him?” Nate asked, his voice filled with the anger and frustration he was feeling.

“Yeah, and he’s mine. If you and mother persist and take him from me, I’m done.”

“Fuck!” Nate snapped and the phone went silent. Colton and Ze saw the screen go back to the homepage indicating the call had ended. Colton turned around to face Zaire.

“Friend of yours?” Ze asked as he cradled his bleeding arm.

Colton shook his head. “Brother.”

“Whatever you were saying sounded intense.”

“I told him that if he and my mother insisted on trying to kill you, that I would quit.”

Ze's mouth dropped. "Oh... wow, are you serious?"

"I am. I've never been more serious about anything in my life. What I told my brother is a game changer."

"I... I don't know what to say," Ze said softly.

"You don't have to say anything right now. I still don't know if my mom will pull back," Colton said.

"You... have an interesting family dynamic, that's for sure," Ze said.

Colton nodded. "You could say that." He looked at the blood pouring from Ze's wound. "Jesus. Come on, rise with me."

Ze nodded and together they rose and Colton made sure to block his brother's view with his body. He didn't trust that his brother still wouldn't go for a shot.

"Where's your bathroom?"

"Over there," Ze said.

Together, they walked into the bathroom and Colton closed the door. Ze couldn't believe how close he'd come to being killed a third time in less than five days. His arm burned from the gunshot wound and this was the second one he'd received. Maybe it was time to get his club involved... maybe. He groaned when he thought about how much trouble he was about to be in for keeping such a big secret to himself. But at this point, they had to know, because they might be in danger too. He had to protect Zin as well. He wouldn't ever forgive himself if his little brother became collateral damage.

“I can’t believe your brother just shot me,” Ze said.

Colton huffed. “Yeah, sorry about that.”

“Is he as good as you are?”

Colton smirked. “Well, it’s sacrilege for me to say my little brother, Nathan, is better than me, but as you can see, he isn’t slacking. In any case, he’s more competitive than I am and that makes him very dangerous.”

“Damn it!” Ze cursed.

“Let me look at your wound.”

Ze didn’t bother to put up any fuss and allowed Colton to tend to him. They needed to assess how bad it was and stop the bleeding.

“It went straight through,” Colton said as he examined the hole. “Does it hurt badly?”

Ze nodded. “Nothing I can’t handle. This isn’t the first time I’ve been shot.”

“I can stitch you up.”

“First, let’s deal with your brother.”

Colton nodded. “Let’s do something about this, though.”

Ze agreed and they rinsed the blood away and sanitized the wound before applying bandages. “So, what language was that you were speaking in?”

Colton smiled. “It’s passed down through the generations, our own language. It was how we could communicate about what we do without ever risking spies or the law knowing what we’re talking about. Even still, we talk in code, for the most part, for double protection, you could say.”

Ze pursed his lips, impressed by what he’d just learned about his man and Colton kissed them. “Slick bastard,” Ze said after their kiss was broken.

Colton shrugged. “Can’t help myself, especially when you pucker them like that.”

Ze smiled and as soon as Colton was done tying the bandage, his cell phone began to ring. He answered it, putting it back on speaker.

“Tiger, is he with you?” This time, it was Colton’s mother’s voice that came through the phone in English.

“Tiger?” Ze mouthed the name, an eyebrow cocked inquisitively.

Colton shook his head with a roll of his eyes. He put a finger on Ze's lips to keep him silent. "He is."

"What do you plan to do with him?" his mother asked, using their language.

"There's something going on between us, boss," Colton said in kind. "I can't explain it, but we connected."

"Your cock in his ass is not a connection. Not to mention, he's beneath you," Helena said in English and Colton knew it was because she wanted Ze to know how she felt about them being together.

Ze scoffed and arched both eyebrows as he looked at Colton's phone as if the woman were present to see his expression. If the tone of her voice was any indicator of who she was as a woman, Ze considered her to be a ball buster for sure. He saw what effect she had over Colton and that was over the phone.

"It's more than that. I won't leave his side. Call off Scorpion."

"So, we're forfeiting this job?" Helena asked, switching back to their language.

"Yes, boss."

"I'm very disappointed in you, Tiger. We will have a discussion. For now, I will call off Scorpion. But you need to be aware... another is coming for that biker. You may have stopped yourself and your... Scorpion from capitalizing on the bounty, but you may not be able to save him. You'll get no help from the business." With that, she ended the call and the screen returned to the homepage.

"So, that was your boss?" Ze asked.

Colton licked his lips and nodded. “Also known as my mother.”

“She seems... nice,” Ze said.

Colton chuckled as he dialed his brother back. Again, he put it on speaker. “Where are you?” he asked in English.

“Heading home, why?”

“Do you know who the other curator is?” Colton asked, using the coded term for assassin because they referred to their marks as art to be “collected” which meant killed.

“Why should I tell you?”

“Please.”

There was a long pause. “Shadow Fox,” Nathan said finally.

“Fuck,” Colton cursed. “Thanks.”

“Are you really planning on protecting him?” Nathan asked, switching to their language.

“If I can, yes.”

“You could end up dying.”

“That’s our world. This is the first time I found someone worth dying for.”

There was a snort. “Are you kidding me? That was corny as fuck.”

“I’m serious. I feel alive when I’m with him, brother.”

Ze listened to the conversation between brothers and felt something inside of him heat up and his chest swelled with the emotion he was feeling. This man was willing to die for him. He knew it was true when Colton threw himself in front of him to block his brother’s bullets. This was real... what they had was real. Something so spontaneous had evolved into something he hoped would stand the test of time. That is, if they survived.

Nathan sighed. “I do have to admit, I’ve never seen you like this.”

“How often do people like us find someone special we can connect with? Someone who knows everything about us and still accepts us?” Colton asked in English.

Nathan chuckled softly. “You’d have more luck finding a four-leaf clover,” he said in English.

“Exactly. I’m taking him to my place, can you meet me there?”

“We’re not supposed to get involved.” Nathan switched back to using their language.

Colton paused before he said his next words. “I know what I need to do. I’ll let you decide what you need to do. Goodbye, brother.” He ended the call. He turned to Ze. “Looks like—”

Ze grabbed his face and kissed him, slipping his tongue into Colton’s mouth. He pushed Colton against the sink, their kiss growing more passionate. Colton reached around Ze, grabbing both of his ass cheeks and lifting him up. He turned, placing Ze’s ass on the sink as they continued to kiss.

Ze pulled back and reached down, his fingers undoing Colton’s cargo pants. “I want you inside me.”

Colton kissed his cheek, chin, then lips again. “Do we have time for this?”

Ze looked up, their eyes locking. “It might be the last time.”

Colton nodded. “Condoms? I mean, I’m negative.”

“Yeah, me too, but we still should.” He pushed Colton back to give himself enough space to hop off the sink. He opened the mirror and pulled out a condom packet, then he turned around, the packet in his teeth. “Let me put it on you.”

Seeing Ze in that mood put Colton in one of his own. His instinct took over and he growled, grabbing Ze’s chin, tilting his face up to him. “Suck me first, cub.”

Ze’s gaze clouded over with lust as he dropped to his knees in front of the sexiest man he’d ever met. He reached inside and pulled Colton’s beautiful cock free. It was hard and hot in his hands and smelled of soap and Colton’s natural musk, the same intoxicating, heady scent that had left him reeling with desire before. He opened his

mouth and took Colton all the way down and sucked and licked like his life depended on it.

“Ahhh shit... yeah, baby... mmmm,” Colton moaned, his head back as he relished the pleasure. He allowed himself to enjoy Ze’s mouth before he gave his next command. “Put the condom on me.”

Ze did as he was told, ripping the packet open, removing the condom, and slid it down the length of Colton’s shaft. He stood up and undid his own pants, pulling them off. He gasped when Colton picked him up again, putting him on the sink. He wrapped his legs around the man who was his salvation and possibly his death. He grunted and moaned as Colton pushed himself inside of him.

“Ahhh, fuck.” Ze gritted his teeth as his asshole was stretched to fit Colton’s girth. The burn made him feel even closer to Colton as he gave his body over to him.

“I’m not going to stop,” Colton said.

Ze shook his head. “I... I don’t want you to. Take me.” He wrapped one arm around Colton’s shoulder and the other he braced against the sink and held on for dear life as Colton fucked his brains out. They kissed in between the pants and moans. Their eyes remained connected as they enjoyed the pleasure of each other’s bodies.

“You’re mine,” Colton growled, then bit Ze’s bottom lip hard enough to sting, but not break the skin. Their tongues caressed again in another sloppy, passionate kiss.

“And you’re mine,” Ze said.

Colton licked Ze’s neck and nipped his jawline and chin before burying his face into the crook of his neck. “I’m coming.”

“Do it... God, now I wish you were coming inside of me,” Ze said. If they survived this situation, he’d get tested again and he’d want Colton to do the same. And if all was clear, that would be the end of condoms for him if he had anything to say about it.

“Next time, cub,” Colton said, and he pumped into him, then froze. A low groan seeping from him as his body shuddered, his cock filling the condom with his load. “Ahh fuck... shit!” He shook hard, huffing as the pleasure coursed through him.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Ze smiled as he kissed Colton's face. Their bodies may have been bruised and cut up, but at that moment, he didn't even feel the pain of the gunshot wound in his arm. All he could feel was the ecstasy of his man's cock inside of him, pulsating because of the pleasure his body had given Colton.

Colton pulled himself free, then helped Ze off the sink. He looked down at Ze's erection and smiled. "Well, isn't that pretty."

"It's what you do to me," Ze said, his voice heavy with lust.

Colton winked, then knelt before Ze and took hold of his cock. He slipped his tongue under the foreskin and licked along the sensitive flesh. The sensation made Ze shudder from the pleasurable sensation. Colton pushed the foreskin back, letting Ze's glans poke through, glistening with precum. "Ooooh, I love a drooling cock." Colton sucked and licked Ze's cock, his tongue teasing the head, shaft, and slit.

"Holy fuck!" Ze gasped, and braced himself on Colton's shoulders as he enjoyed one hell of a blowjob. He ran his fingers through Colton's thick silver mane, loving how silky each strand felt. "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard," he told him.

Colton didn't pull back, only sucked harder, and Ze cried out as he came, his body shaking and jerking with the powerful sensation. His chest heaved as little tremors flowed through him and Colton pulled back with an audible pop of his lips. He rose and kissed Ze, the remnants of Ze's orgasm being shared between them.

Colton broke their kiss. "Now, we need to go."

Ze nodded, he was slightly disoriented after having such an intense orgasm, but he gathered his senses enough to pull on his underwear and pants, zipping and buttoning them up. Colton tossed the condom, then wiped his cock off before tucking himself away.

“What can you tell me about this Shadow Fox?” Ze asked as the two walked out of the bathroom.

“That he’s a sneaky fucker when he wants to be, hence his codename. But more noteworthy is that he’s a better killer than I am,” Colton said. “He likes to avoid physical confrontation as much as possible, prefers to kill from afar. Or poison. He’ll walk right past you on the street and bump into you and keep walking. You think it was just some rude bastard, but a few minutes later, you stop breathing. Honestly, I’m not sure what all of his skills are or who he even is. I’ve never had any run-ins with him and we tend to stay out of each other’s way as a professional courtesy.”

“Fuck, I have to tell my club,” Ze said. The assassin after him now could try to use his club against him and he couldn’t let them be victims, not knowing what the hell is going on.

Something caught Colton’s attention and he pointed to a spot on the floor. “You have money there.”

Ze turned to look. “Yeah, I had it earlier. I tossed it so that it wouldn’t get in the way before I kicked you.”

“Ah, I see.” Colton nodded. “Let’s get out of here as discreetly as possible.”

“Follow me,” Ze said, then led the way out of the bathroom on hands and knees. He crawled down the hallway to the back door. Colton was behind him and they left the apartment. Now, both rose to their feet and Ze locked the door. They avoided the one

window they passed as they made their way downstairs into the basement. There, they took the stairs one flight up to the clubhouse, which was a secret way to get from the clubhouse to the apartment section without having to go outside first. It came in handy when they were on lockdowns.

Standing in the middle of the clubhouse a bit bloody and battered drew the attention of Ze's brothers. Most notably, his president, VP, SA, and father figure, Hound Dog.

"What the fuck happened to you?" Wolf asked, seeing the new state that both men were in. Ze's arm was bandaged and new bruises formed on both of their faces.

Other brothers gathered around, now alarmed at the state of one of their own. Glares were directed at Colton and a few of them reached for their guns.

"What the fuck is going on?" Jimmy asked as he stepped in front of the crowd that was gathering.

Ze held up his hands. "I can explain."

"Better start, then," Jimmy said, his blue gaze panned over to Colton and his jaw tightened before returning his gaze to Ze.

"I can answer your questions," Colton said. "My name is Colton Bridger, and I was hired by a man named Lindsay Hutchinson to assassinate Zaire."

Ze looked at his president and he could see the rage building in that stone-cold glare and he knew he was going to be in a shit ton of trouble. He just hoped he didn't get kicked out of the club for bringing this level of danger to their doorstep.

"Go on," Jimmy said.

Colton cleared his throat and continued. "I had tracked him down when he left to fulfill his own mission and tried to take him out at a motel in Indiana."

At the mention of the motel, Jimmy snapped his glare to Ze. "You fucking lied to me? I asked you about that motel and you told me that it wasn't you. Why? All of this time, you've been lying when this shit was going on," Jimmy yelled as he pointed at Colton, then to Ze. "Explain yourself!"

It wasn't often that Ze was the source or target of Jimmy's anger, but whenever he was, he hated it. Made him feel like a kid being scolded by his grandfather, no less. He winced, but spoke up. "Because I wanted to protect the club. I didn't want you to get involved."

"Bull-fucking-shit. You think the club would have been okay with you taking on this kind of threat by yourself? What the fuck do you think brotherhood is?" Jimmy snapped.

"What was the real reason?" Hound Dog asked. He was the only other person there who knew Ze as well as Zindel did.

Ze licked his lips. "Because I really did want to protect the club... but... I also wanted to take him out on my own."

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“You found almost getting killed exciting?” Python asked.

Ze gave a slight shrug. “He was the ultimate prey. A killer of killers, and I wanted him all for myself.”

Colton smirked at the compliment.

“What the fuck are you smiling about?” Jimmy asked him.

Colton cocked an eyebrow at the man. “Don’t mistake me for one of the men you can order around here.”

Then tension between the two reached astronomical levels and grew so thick in the air as Colton and Jimmy glared at each other, challenging one another’s dominance.

Ze put his hand on Colton’s chest and held his other one up at Jimmy as he saw the man bristle. “Look, something happened between us during our battle. We...”

“Fucked?” Hound Dog supplied since Ze had seemed at a loss for words.

Ze nodded.

“How can you fuck someone who tried to kill you?” Snoopy asked, his face tight as he tried to hide how hurt he was that Ze was giving this other man his attention.

“I’m wondering that too,” Jimmy said.

Ze huffed. “It wasn’t just sex, it was something so much deeper. He came here today to warn me that because he didn’t kill me and won’t, his client hired another assassin to take me out. Someone named Shadow Fox, and this person likes to work with sniper rifles, poison, and god knows what else. I want you all to be aware so you can be protected and look out for my brother. I don’t want him caught up in this.”

“Fucking hell,” Jimmy growled and walked away, running his fingers through his hair.

“Damn, this is a shitshow you brought to us, Ze,” Romeo said, his extremely handsome face marred by a frown.

“But not anything we can’t handle,” Wolf added.

“What are you thinking?” Jimmy asked his Sergeant-at-Arms.

“That I need to refit all of the windows here with thick tempered glass if not flat out bulletproof. But that’s an issue for later. First, I want to know what Ze plans to do,” Wolf said.

“I’m going to leave with Colton and go back to his house where the security is intense. There, we can formulate a better plan,” Ze said.

“Take Raven with you,” Wolf said.

“I’ll get my coat,” Raven said as he walked toward the back where his coat was hanging on a barstool.

“How are we going to draw out this other assassin, though?” Johnny “Tat” Galino asked. He was a club brother and also their go-to tattoo artist, hence his nickname.

“If he thinks I took care of the job today, it might draw him out. Might make him cancel the contract,” Colton said.

“We fake Ze’s death?” Wolf inquired.

Colton nodded. “We go back up to Ze—you call him Ze?”

Wolf nodded and Colton smiled as he tossed a glance Ze’s way.

“We go there, stage the scene, I take photos,” Colton said.

“That could work,” Wolf said.

“What are you thinking?” Jimmy asked Wolf.

“We fake Ze’s death, let Colton do his thing, which I hope derails this other killer. He’ll be in contact with his client. We need to find this punk ass, Lindsay Hutchinson. If this asshole thinks the job is already done, he might call off this second assassin.”

Python nodded. “Getting rid of the guy that way works for me. Then we deal with the root of this problem.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Exactly,” Wolf said. “We’ll have to put on a show just in case the assassin is already here watching the place.”

“What if he’s listening?” Colton asked, as the thought just came to him.

Wolf shook his head. “Not possible. We have our own technical security to disrupt those kinds of listening devices. All chapters do, we can’t have the police spying on us like that.”

Colton nodded. “If he’s as professional as I am, and I know he is, he’ll want to confirm the kill. He may break in once I leave to see for himself.”

“But there won’t be a body,” Hound Dog said.

“There won’t need to be. That’s the show we’ll put on. Let him think we removed the body to keep the cops out of our business. With us not being on friendly terms with them, it won’t be that much of a stretch to sell,” Wolf said, then turned to one of the club brothers. “Get me the makeup kit.”

“Sure,” one of the brothers said, then ran off to perform the task.

“I’ll give you the kit, I assume you know how to make someone look dead?” Wolf asked Colton, who nodded. “Good. And when you leave, we’ll wait for a few minutes before we put on a show. Act like we’ve just discovered what happened and we’re looking for you. In reality, we’ll be heading toward the asshole who hired you.” He turned to Snoopy. “We’re going to need your help on this one. Find out everything you can on Lindsay Hutchinson and most importantly, where he is now.”

“You’ve got it, SA,” Snoopy said, running off to get the info.

“Very clever,” Colton said as he gave Wolf an impressed nod.

“Wolf is our Sergeant-at-Arms, coming up with plans is what he excels at,” Ze said.

“Probably why you should have told us what was going on instead of trying to get your jollies off,” Jimmy chastised.

“I’m sorry, Pres, I really am,” Ze apologized. It hurt him to know that he’d disappointed his club that much. His club was his life and he couldn’t help but feel like maybe he’d betrayed them in some way.

Jimmy shook his head in both disgust and frustration. “Get a team together to get this Hutchinson fella. Wolf, I want you in charge.”

Wolf nodded. “Of course.”

“Holy shit, Hutchinson,” Ze blurted out. “Now I know why that son of a bitch is after me. But how the fuck did he find out?”

“What’s the connection?” Jimmy asked.

“Remember, about three years ago, that woman’s family came to us, told us about their daughter being murdered. You had me look into it,” Ze said.

Jimmy frowned at first as he searched through his recollection for the memory. “Ahhh, yes... I remember now. The serial killer.”

Ze nodded. “Yeah, him. Sean Hutchinson. I killed the motherfucker, but I burned and buried his body. As far as I know, he’s still considered missing... How did he find

out?”

“We’ll ask the motherfucker when we get him,” Wolf said.

“I want to kill him,” Ze said.

“Survive this assassin first, that’s where I want your focus,” Jimmy said.

“If this guy is a sniper, it’s best that we sneak you out of here,” Wolf said.

“The cock in a box?” Romeo suggested.

Wolf pointed at him. “That’s a plan.”

“Cock in a box?” Colton asked, looking at Ze to explain.

“Basically, they’ll put me in a box and load me into the back of a black van that we own,” Ze said.

Colton nodded “Ah, I see. That will work. You have my address?”

Ze smirked. “Your address to your penthouse downtown, your mansion in Miami, and your villa in Italy, as well as your art gallery.”

Page 29

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Colton cocked his eyebrow. “And how did you get all of that?”

“The Lords of Chaos isn’t your typical biker club. We have people with particular sets of skills,” Ze said proudly.

Colton smiled. “Yeah, I’m starting to see that.”

“Well, so glad you do,” Jimmy said sarcastically, then looked at Ze. “Is there anything else we need to know? Did he do that to your arm?”

Ze shook his head. “His brother shot me when he tried to finish the job Colton wouldn’t to beat the other assassin.”

Jimmy’s face contorted in a mixture of confusion and outrage. “What the fuck is wrong with you?” He threw his hands up, then waved them. “You know what... don’t answer that. I already know. Okay... let’s take care of business.”

“Hound, go get Zin, bring him here,” Wolf said.

“I’m on it,” Hound Dog replied, then left to get his other son.

“Here is the kit,” a club brother said, handing a medium size metal box to Wolf, who gave it to Colton.

“Go get ready for your photo shoot,” Wolf said.

“All right.” Ze and Colton left the clubhouse through the secret passage and made it

back up to Ze's apartment.

"You stay low, and get into the hallway by the kitchen," Colton told Ze.

"Why there?"

"Because it's close to where we fought, your blood is on the floor and it will give me cover since there aren't any windows."

"Ahh, right," Ze said. Seeing Colton at work, he understood the difference in their skill level. He knew he was good at what he did, but Colton was better. Which was why the man had gotten the drop on him twice. Three times if you counted earlier.

Ze dropped to his stomach and began to creep across the floor to the hallway right off the kitchen. "Jesus, this place is a mess," he said as he looked around at the shattered glass, tossed about furniture, and dried scrambled eggs on the floor.

"I'll help you clean up once this is all over," Colton said as he came up behind him. "Now lay down."

Ze got into a position on his back and posed in a way that made it look like he'd bitten the dust. Colton opened the box and looked over the contents. It had everything he'd needed. He grabbed some items, then he knelt over Ze to get to work.

"I saw you yesterday when you killed that senator," Colton said as he put the fake bullet hole on Ze's forehead.

Ze's eyes widened, but he didn't move. "How? I'd gotten rid of the tracker."

Colton smiled as he added blood in a realistic pattern. "After I'd knocked you out, I hacked into your tablet and saw what your plans were. I was curious as to why you

seemed so determined to keep moving south. I was even more curious to see if you'd pull it off. So, after I patched myself up, I drove to the location and set up shop in the building near yours to watch you in action. That shot you took was extremely impressive."

"Holy fuck, you could have killed me then if you were inclined. You could have sniped me at any time," Ze said, realizing just how easy a target he'd been.

Colton smiled as he worked his creative artistry on the fake bullet in Ze's chest. "Yes, I could have, but at that point, I'd already decided that I didn't want to. I just didn't know how the fuck I was going to get you the way I wanted you."

"If you didn't want to fight or kill me, then why did you say you came here because 'we had unfinished business'?" Ze asked.

"Well, your club brothers were standing right there. I was trying to be sly and hoped that you'd think about the amazing sex we had and take me someplace private. Well, it kind of worked, it did get me into your apartment," Colton said.

Ze laughed. "I wasn't lying when I said the next time I saw you, I was going to kill you."

"And you finally had your chance, but didn't. Why?"

Ze smiled at him. "Because... it finally registered with me that you didn't want to hurt me and... that made me happy, because I did remember the amazing sex we had. In fact, I couldn't stop thinking about you. I didn't want to kill you... I wanted you so badly."

"My thoughts exactly," Colton said, then leaned down, kissing Ze. "Now, stay still." He added more fake blood and gore to Ze's face and shirt. "Okay, damn, you do look

good.” He stood up and took out his cell phone and captured several photos, making sure to get the carnage in the background in each picture.

“Are you done?” Ze asked.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“I am.” Colton looked down at his phone when it started ringing. It was his brother, and so he answered. “Yes?”

“Where are you?” Nate asked in English.

Ze sat up when he heard Nathan’s voice over the speaker.

“Still at Zaire’s home, we have a plan.”

“Well, I’m at your home, still waiting for you to let me in. See, this is why I need access, Tiger.”

Colton smiled to himself for several reasons. One being how frustrated he knew his brother was having to wait. And secondly, because his brother had decided to help them after all. “I’ll be there shortly. I’m leaving here soon. Wait for me.”

“You owe me,” Nathan said.

“I know.” Colton ended the call and winked at Ze. “Having my brother on board will really help us.”

“I’m not going to argue with that, although I might want to give him a bit of payback for the bullet he put in my arm,” Ze said.

“Let it go, we’re past that,” Colton said.

“Fine,” Ze huffed.

“Okay, let's get downstairs and get you in that box. I'll wait until they have you in the van before I leave.”

Ze frowned. “Wait, aren't you going to follow?”

Colton shook his head. “If your plan is to sneak out of here to my home... me following will defeat the purpose, especially if he's watching us. I trust your club will get you to me safely.”

“And you're going to make sure he sees you leaving here,” Ze said.

Colton nodded. “Hopefully, he'll think that I've finished the job. It may buy us some time. But more importantly, it will give you all a chance to get to my home. We need to get there using different routes.”

“All right then, let's go.”

Together, they made it back into the clubhouse the same way as before and Ze went to the bathroom to remove the fake bullet holes from his forehead and chest, then he washed the blood off his face and when he looked up in the mirror, he saw Jimmy standing in the doorway glaring at him. “I know you're pissed off at me, Prez. I really did think this was something I could handle.”

“Thing is, you probably could have. You managed to kill a senator on live TV without getting caught all the while dodging and surviving multiple run-ins with a professional assassin. If anyone could handle themselves, you can. But that's not the fucking point. We're a family, Ze. Club watches out for Club,” Jimmy said.

“I know, I'm sorry,” Ze said.

“We'll talk about this more later. You just better kill this other assassin if he still

comes after you if our plan fails,” Jimmy said.

“I will,” Ze said.

“Box is ready,” Raven said. His long, dark brown hair was in a braid now, which was what he did when he went into enforcer mode. His pretty brown eyes stared at Ze, urging him to get a move on.

“Looks uncomfortable,” Colton said as he examined the box.

“Oh, it will be,” Raven said, smirking.

“Be careful,” Ze told Colton, then kissed him.

“I will. You too, cub,” Colton said.

“Oh shit, you gave him a pet name already? Jesus,” Wolf commented. “I guess it is serious between you two.”

“It is,” Colton said.

“Box is waiting,” Romeo reiterated.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Ze caught the hint and nodded. He texted Raven and their president the address to Colton's home, then walked over to the box and climbed inside. There were four holes used for handles and ventilation. He could hear them tape the top of the box, putting him into semi-darkness in the cramped, stuffy space that smelled of cardboard and dust. He braced himself as two of his brothers lifted the box and loaded it into the back of their black windowless van along with two other boxes just in case they were being watched. Ze knew what the protocol would be. It was the same thing they did when they knew the police were spying on them. They wouldn't want to give anything away by rushing, or presenting any cautious behaviors. It would have to look like they were just loading regular legal goods to be transported. Ze could hear the murmured voices of his brothers joking and talking shit to each other. He heard some laughter and it was as if his brothers were carrying on as if they weren't whisking away one of their own from a professional assassin.

"Hey, I have other shit to get done today, get that last box in here so we can go," Ze heard Raven telling the other bikers.

"Yeah, yeah, this is the last box, calm the fuck down," said another brother who Ze recognized as Bruiser. Through the hole in the box, he watched as two brothers hauled the last box into the back, then closed the door, putting him into even more darkness save the sunlight coming in from the front windows. Ze could hear two of his brothers climb inside and close their doors. He heard Raven give Bruiser the address to Colton's home. He knew that Raven was in the passenger seat, which was just tactical. If they did get attacked, it was best if the enforcer wasn't behind the wheel and was free to shoot back.

Ze could feel the van moving and felt relief to know that they were on the move. He

knew they'd be watching the road to see if they were being followed. They had at least twenty minutes of travel time. He tried to think of what to do next. How to kill an assassin who could take you out at any time. As much as he wanted to be worried about his predicament, he couldn't shake the rush of it all. He wanted to kill this man hunting him now, and he wanted to kill the man who'd sent the killer after him. He needed their blood on his hands, that was what helped him sleep at night.

Soon, he told himself as he relaxed inside the box.

8

COLTON

Colton had waited five minutes after the van pulled away before he left. He made sure to look as calm as possible as he walked out of the building, pulling his helmet on before he'd climbed back on his bike. If the assassin was watching them, he'd know it was him who left the building alive. If they were being watched, he'd know that Colton had been inside for quite some time. Was he waiting for the opportunity to kill his target and that was what took so long, or did something else happen? That was when Wolf's plan to cause a commotion would come in handy. Didn't need the other assassin breaking in and going to Ze's place and discovering that he wasn't there. Let him think Colton had just left before the bikers discovered their brother was dead. Yes, he had liked that plan when they came up with it.

He pulled into the garage and informed the security at the gate that he was expecting a package and for the van to be allowed access and to tell them where to go. He checked his watch and noted that they should be there soon.

"Yes sir," the attendant said.

Colton drove through and pulled into his parking spot by his private elevator where

his brother was standing there waiting with a very agitated expression on his handsome face. Colton climbed off his bike and walked over to his brother, then removed his helmet.

“Thanks for co—” He was cut off by the right hook his brother gave him that made him stagger a few steps back. He rubbed his jaw and looked at him. “Was that even necessary?”

“Kind of, yeah. You pissed me off,” Nathan scowled.

“Yeah, I get that. I’m sorry, but I have to save him,” Colton said.

Nathan sighed. “I came... because I want to see you happy. You’re right. With what we do, the secret lives we lead, finding someone to truly share it with... is damn near impossible. If this biker can be that person for you, then you’re right. He’s worth saving.”

Colton pulled his brother into a hug and Nate hugged him back.

“So, I hope you have a plan because Shadow Fox isn’t anyone I feel like tussling with,” Nate said once they pulled away.

Colton nodded, then walked over to the elevator, touching the pad and doing the eye scan. The doors opened and both men climbed on. He entered the code and they were in his apartment in no time. He put his helmet down and pulled out his cell phone, showing his brother the photos he’d taken of Ze.

“What the fuck, did you kill h—Wait, this is staged?” Nathan asked and looked up at him.

“Can you tell?” Colton asked, a bit concerned because he thought he had done a

damn good job with the makeup.

“No, it looks real as fuck. I only know it’s staged because it better fucking be after all this shit,” Nate said.

Colton laughed and nodded. “His club had the kit, not the first time they had to fake someone’s death. From what I saw, they seem pretty capable.”

Nathan cocked an eyebrow. “A capable biker club?” he asked with disbelief in his tone.

Colton nodded as he walked off to his bedroom, with his brother following behind him. He went into his bathroom to wash up at the sink, all the blood and mess from the fight. Nathan leaned on the doorframe. “They are capable, organized, and don’t seem to make rash decisions. And they had at least one enforcer who gave me hell.”

Nathan scoffed. “Because you let him.”

Colton couldn’t really argue with that. He’d allowed Ze to take the upper hand in their fight because he wasn’t giving it his all in the first place, hoping to talk sense into the man. But that frying pan to the face that left a bruise by his eye had caught him by surprise. He touched the bruise, wincing a little at the tenderness.

“So, what do you plan to do with these pictures? Give them to mom, I’m sure, but do we tell her the truth or lie?” Nate asked.

“That’s the pickle. Mom is so... uncompromising. Will she accept the truth and go along with my plan knowingly?”

Nathan sighed and let his head fall back on the doorframe. “Fuck... I don’t even know how to answer that.”

“Does Iris know about everything that’s gone down?”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Nate nodded. "I called her, told her that you caught feelings for your mark."

"Think we can tell her the truth about the plan?"

"Yeah, if anyone can understand, it'll be her. She doesn't know how serious you are about this guy, but she found the love of her life by chance. So, she'll get the whole taking the leap like you're doing. Besides, having her on board will be the pressure we'll need to get mom to agree with the plan even if she doesn't want to," Nate said.

Colton nodded. "Call Iris then."

"Okay," Nate said, then walked off to do that.

Colton changed shirts and when he heard the doorbell, he ran to the elevator to make sure it was Ze and his club. It was, so he let them on the elevator. He stood there waiting for the doors to open and when they did, he grabbed Ze by the back of his head and kissed him as soon as he stepped off. Again, it was his need to claim the man as his that gilded his actions.

"God, you two are sickening," Raven said with a roll of his eyes. He had the likeness of his nickname tattooed on the side of his neck. A raven with red eyes and a menacing expression on its face. He was also the prettiest of all Ze's brothers and had taken to wearing eyeliner, which enhanced his already beautiful brown eyes.

"Shut up," Ze said, then looked around. "Wow, check out that view... are we even safe with so many windows?"

Colton nodded. "You can see out, but not in. I value my privacy. Also, they're bulletproof."

"Love the place, money is nice," Ze said.

"That it is. Come on, make yourself comfortable. We're just in the process of getting my mom on board. She contacts our client and sells him the story, we may be able to avoid the threat altogether," Colton said.

"That's the hope," Ze said, then followed behind Colton as he led them to the living room for everyone to settle down.

"Okay, sis is on board," Nathan said as he walked into the living room.

"Holy shit," Bruiser jumped and turned around to see who was behind him.

"Sorry, this is my brother, Nathan," Colton introduced.

"The one who shot me," Ze said as he looked Nate up and down. He had to admit, the man was as fine as his brother. But he still didn't appreciate the hole in his arm because of him.

Nate looked at Ze. "The very same," he said nonchalantly, then looked at his brother. "She's with us, so you can send the photos to mom."

"Wow, not even an apology," Ze glared at Nate.

Nate returned his attention back to Ze. "I'm not sorry I did it, that's why."

"Okay, enough, both of you," Colton said.

“This is awkward,” Raven said, then sighed.

“Tell me about it,” Bruiser agreed.

Ze nodded, because fighting with Colton’s brother wasn’t the smart thing to do.
“Fine.”

Colton looked at Nate and his brother smirked. “I’m good.”

“Okay. Now, I just need to contact mom.” Colton took a deep breath because this was a call he really didn’t want to have to make, but he knew he had to.

“I guess I’ll make the introduction for us since no one else will. My name is Raven and this is Bruiser,” Raven said.

“Sorry,” Colton apologized.

“Yeah, kind of got distracted,” Ze added.

Nathan nodded. “Well, these are tense times. We’re on a clock to save your life and our reputation.” He walked around the sofa and took a seat in the chair near his brother, who was sitting next to Ze on the loveseat.

Colton pulled out his cell, then sent the photos to his mom and texted her the plan. He waited, hoping to see her text back. She didn’t. Instead, she called. He groaned when his phone rang as he rolled his eyes.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Nathan laughed. “You know you couldn’t avoid that.”

“Yeah, I know. That woman never makes anything easy,” Colton said, then he answered. “Yes, mom.”

“Are you expecting me to go along with this farce? I told you that this was your mess to deal with. The business will not be touched by it,” his mother said in their tongue.

Colton thought now was the best time to tell his mom that his siblings were backing him. “I know what you said, but this is the best way to resolve this as peacefully as possible. If he thinks the job is already handled, the client will cancel the other curator. Hell, he’ll even pay you the rest of the money. Our reputation remains intact. No one has to know. Besides, Nate and Iris are with me on this.”

“Oh, and you think having them on your side will force my hand? This plan of yours puts the integrity of our family’s reputation under question, Colton. I won’t do it,” Helena said.

Damn it! Colton thought. He was starting to regret his choice to go with the truth. But lying to his mother would have just made things worse. Besides, he was never a very good convincing liar when it came to her. “Mom, I’m begging you. Please do this for me.”

“Oh, and what do I get in return? What are you offering me in exchange for me throwing away everything that I believe in?”

Colton let his head fall back against the sofa as he released a long, annoyed sigh.

Again, Nathan laughed, but Ze took his hand into his and squeezed it. Colton looked at him and they leaned forward, sharing a quick kiss. Colton nodded at Ze before putting the phone back to his ear.

“I’ll give you that grandchild you want me to have so badly,” Colton said in English.

Ze’s eyes widened, because he was not expecting to hear that.

Nathan’s eyes were also large as he stared at his brother. He mouthed the words, “holy shit” at him then shook his head, still laughing, but now in shock.

“By next year,” his mother stated in English.

Colton rolled his eyes. “Yes, I’ll hire a surrogate right away.”

His mother released a satisfied little sound. “Very well, I’ll contact our client.”

The cell went silent and Colton looked at the screen. Yep, she’d ended it. He sighed and looked at his brother. “Looks like I’ll be making you an uncle soon.”

Nathan snorted. “Are you sure you’re ready for that? I have two and was only trying to get one. The little monsters are a handful.”

Colton chuckled, because he remembered his brother’s disappointment that the surrogate pregnancy that he was promised would result in a boy ended up being twin boys. “Ready? Maybe not, but so many people aren’t when it happens. I’ll be able to deal, don’t worry.”

“Yeah, what about your boyfriend over there, does he want kids?” Nate asked.

Colton turned to look at Ze because it was a good question. He wanted to build a life

with Ze and now a kid was about to be part of that. Was that something Ze could handle? “How do you feel about that?”

Ze shrugged. “I love kids. Wasn’t sure I’d make good father material because... I’m the way I am.”

Colton nodded. “You’ll be great and besides, the kid will be in the family business anyway. He’ll fit right at home with us.”

“Well, in that case... I’d be honored to be a dad,” Ze said. “I mean... if you’ll have me.”

“Have you? You’re already mine,” Colton reminded him.

There was a cough from Raven and everyone turned to look at him.

“What?” Ze asked.

“Okay, since you two are planning to start a family together... which is just crazy to me. Are you sure you aren’t rushing into shit just because the man gave you some good dick, Ze?”

“A question that needs an answer,” Nate said.

“Then shut up and I’ll answer it,” Ze snapped.

Nate cocked an eyebrow at the boldness, but didn’t say anything. He was starting to see what his brother saw in the biker.

Ze turned to Raven. “I get your concern, trust me, I do. But everything about what we’re doing feels right to me, brother. When I thought I’d have to kill Colton the next

time we met, it broke my heart because I wanted him more than anything. Yes, this is crazy, but that's normal for me." He shrugged. "I don't know, it's the best way I could explain it."

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“When life gives you a chance at happiness, you take it,” Colton said.

“All right. I get it. Some of the other brothers probably won’t. But as long as you’re happy, I’ll support you. Still, I think it’s time you tell him the club rules,” Raven said.

Colton frowned. “Club rules?” he asked, looking at Ze.

Ze nodded and scratched his hair. “Yeah, umm, the main one is that you’ll have to join our MC. And any kid we have will also have to be involved with the club. If it’s a boy, he must become a member. He’ll be a Prince of the Lords. And girls are princesses and they have to be with men who must also be in the club.”

Nathan laughed again. “When I got up this morning and read mom’s text, I didn’t think the day would go in this direction.”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself,” Colton retorted.

“Oh, immensely,” Nathan shot back.

Colton ran his hand over his face as he pondered what Ze told him. “So, I’ll have to join your club and become a member?”

Ze nodded. “Yes.”

Colton licked his lips. “Well, in a way, that’s good. It means we’ll be allies.”

“Will he have to wear one of those leather cuts?” Nathan asked, a mischievous smile

on his face.

“You’re enjoying this a bit too much,” Colton said.

“I’m just trying to imagine you—you in a leather biker cut with your little patches on the back.” Nathan cackled this time.

Even Bruiser and Raven kind of chuckled. They didn’t know Colton’s usual style of dressing, but his home was posh enough for them to know that a biker cut would totally clash with the three-piece suits they were guessing he wore.

Colton tossed his brother the middle finger, then looked back at Ze. “If your club would have me, sure. I’ll join, but they need to realize that my family’s duties must come first.”

Ze nodded. “I’m sure we can work things out.”

“As for our kid, the same will go for him or her.”

“Again, I don’t think that will be a problem. We have a brother who’s a lawyer, our lawyer, and of course, that comes first. But when the club needs him, he’s there. As long as you can do that, we’re good,” Ze said.

“Then, sure, sign me up. Do I have to get a tattoo?” Colton asked.

“Do I? I’ve seen yours, Tiger,” Ze teased.

Colton chuckled. “No, you won’t have to, but our kid will. So, will I have to get your club tat?”

Ze nodded. “It’s a loyalty thing.”

“Well, is that something I have to do right away?”

Ze shook his head. “No, you’ll be prospecting first. Then once you get your patch, then you get the tat.”

“I’ve got to say, I didn’t see this in my future,” Colton said.

“You joining a motorcycle club, or you two killers finding what looks like love in the midst of all the carnage?” Raven asked.

“Poetic,” Nathan commented.

“Mushy as fuck, is what it was, all of this shit is some fluffy nonsense,” Bruiser stated.

“Not that fluffy. I still have a bullet hole in me,” Ze said.

“Oh my god, let it go. I’m sorry. I was doing my job,” Nate said with a roll of his eyes.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Well, at least you’re sorry now,” Ze said.

“Barely,” Nate shot back.

“Well, I’m still alive so I’ll let it go. And how the hell did you see past my curtains anyway?” Ze asked.

“Heat vision scope, right?” Colton speculated.

Nate nodded. “My brother was the larger figure, so I knew the other red blob had to have been you. I didn’t expect my brother to use his body as a shield to protect you.”

“You did that?” Raven asked Colton.

He nodded. “I always protect what’s mine.” He looked at his brother. “Using the heat vision scope was a nice touch.”

Nate nodded. “I figured he would have his curtains closed as a precaution after dealing with you.”

“Only a fool wouldn’t.” Colton turned to Ze. “Speaking of that wound, let's get you stitched up,” he said, then he led Ze to his bedroom and shut the door.

“Wow, this is a great bedroom,” Ze said as he looked around at the spacious room. There was a four-poster king-size bed, two cherry wood end tables, a dresser, an armoire, and a sixty-inch TV screen and chair. There was also a bench at the footboard of the bed. Plenty of art and plants added to the beauty and serenity of the

room.

“Yeah, I like comfort,” Colton said. “Come on.” He led Ze into his en suite bathroom, which was larger than Ze’s bedroom. Gray marble flooring with silver veining, a jacuzzi tub, separate large walk-in shower. Double sinks in granite counters. The smart toilet was separate as well for privacy.

“Comfort and luxury,” Ze stated as he marveled at his surroundings.

“Do you think Raven is right?” Ze asked him.

“About what?” Colton asked as he gathered his first aid kit. “Sit down.” He pointed to the bench by the vanity. That bathroom was the ideal place to do the stitching as it had the best lighting. He set the kit down and opened it. Next, he washed his hands, then put on latex gloves.

“About what’s going on between us.”

Colton frowned. “What do you mean?”

“When he said that we found love amongst the carnage?” Ze looked up at him, his face searching. He wasn’t an insecure man, at least not about killing, but love was another ball game altogether. He’d never been in love before, so was this what it felt like? At this point, Ze couldn’t imagine his life without Colton.

Colton reached down, running his thumb over Ze’s bottom lip before leaning over to kiss him. He straightened and gave him a slight smile. “You know the rational part of my brain that thinks too much doesn’t want to admit it, because we’ve only just met. But my heart... It says it’s love. I never would have thought love like this was real. Doesn’t seem like it would be, especially not for people like us. But, Ze, I don’t want to know a life without you with me. When I said I’d die to protect you... I meant

every fucking word.”

“And I’d do the same for you. You’re right, it almost doesn’t make sense, but is love supposed to make sense?” Ze asked.

“Love is what it is. It’s people who complicate it and try to put logic to it instead of just letting it be. Let’s take ours one day at a time. Now, let me stitch you up. I’ll numb the area first, unless you’re too manly for that,” Colton teased.

Ze shook his head. “I’m a bit of a masochist, I like pain, but I also like when you take care of me. So, you decide what you want me to take and how.”

Colton growled as his gaze grew more heated and his cock stirred in his pants, rising to claim Ze’s surrender. “Take it like a man, you will, then.”

Ze bore the pain of the needle and thread, his cock hard the whole time because a man worthy of his devotion was giving him exactly what he needed. God, he wanted to fuck him again... Could they get away with it, even with his club brothers and Colton’s real brother in the other room? By the time Colton was done sewing him up, he didn’t care. He wanted him.

He reached for Colton’s cock, but the man slapped his hand away. “Behave yourself. The next time we fuck, I plan on breeding you, cub. That means we need to have our most current tests done.”

Ze pouted but nodded. “Yes, Tiger.”

Hearing Ze call him by his codename did things to Colton that made him want to forego his own orders and fuck his man’s ass into the marble floor right then and there, damn the company in the other room. But he really did want to breed his baby, so it would have to wait.

“Let's get you a clean shirt,” Colton said and he walked into his large closet and pulled a black t-shirt out of the drawer and handed it to Ze. His eyes drank in the beauty of Ze's muscular form and all of the scars, some old, quite a few of them being fresh, thanks to their fights.

“Better get back to them before they start getting ideas,” Ze said.

Colton chuckled but nodded.

“I thought you two were in there fucking,” Nathan said upon their return.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Me too,” Raven agreed.

“No, I only tended to his wounds, not that it would have been any of your business if we had,” Colton said.

“Well, kind of since we’re sitting here waiting for you to come back,” Nate pointed out.

Colton laughed, then gestured to the drinks in everyone’s hands. “I see you helped yourselves.”

Nathan nodded and took a sip of the papaya juice. “You’re out of juice.”

“Now I am, yeah.” He sat down on the loveseat along with Ze.

“So, what else do you know about this Shadow Fox person, male, female, white, black, what?” Raven asked.

“He’s hot, that’s for sure,” Nathan said.

Colton’s eyes widened and his head snapped to his brother. “You’ve met him?”

Nathan nodded. “Remember that job I had a year ago in Orlando?”

Colton nodded. “Yeah, the one for that investment banker?”

“Yeah, that one. I’m not sure if you remember how that went down.”

“The job was done by the time you got there?” Colton speculated, because he remembered the discrepancy that went down when it came to the payment.

“Well, I had just set up my rifle to take him out. I look through my scope to get the target in my sights and I see him getting his throat strangled by a fine ass man in a kill suit,” Nathan said. “The mark had been beaten and tortured too.”

“What’s a kill suit?” Bruiser asked.

“All black,” every professional killer and enforcer replied.

Bruiser jerked and looked around. “Oh, okay. Didn’t know it had a name. I just thought that’s what you wore when shit was about to go down.”

Ze shrugged. “You’re not wrong, but it’s just tactical.”

“Anyway, I took the shot because I like getting paid and I don’t like losing jobs. The guy looked right at me, blood and brains from my mark’s head all over his face. He didn’t try to run. He walked up to the window and smiled at me, and winked. Then he walked away and went into the bathroom to wash his face. He came out clean, then he just left. I’ve never seen him again, but later after we were battling about who was going to get paid for doing the hit, I learned that it was Shadow Fox who had also been hired by someone else to kill the banker,” Nathan said.

“I hate double bookings,” Colton said.

“Apparently, he pissed off the right people and they wanted him dead. Our client didn’t care how it got done, just as long as it was done. Shadow Fox’s client wanted the man to suffer, so that’s why he was tortured before being killed with a garrote,” Nathan said.

“Do you know who’d hired Shadow Fox?”

Nathan shook his head. “Nope, but I know who Shadow Fox works for.”

All eyes were on Nathan as he looked at everyone.

“Well? Are you going to tell us?” Raven asked.

“Might as well, since we’re all hoping we don’t have to run into this motherfucker. Not only is he a damn good assassin, better than you and Iris.”

“But not you?” Colton cocked an eyebrow as he looked at his brother sarcastically.

Nathan chuckled. “We both know I’m the best in the family. But to be honest, I don’t know. I do know that when I took the shot, I caused a problem. Mom had to do a lot of negotiating to get the target off my back.”

Colton sat up. “Holy shit, how come I’m just now finding out about this?”

Nathan looked down and shrugged a shoulder. “Because it’s not anything I’m proud of. I shouldn’t have taken the shot. I broke the unspoken rule between assassins. In doing so, I’d almost gotten myself killed. Mom had to save our family’s reputation and negotiate with his boss, Vito Castiello, in order to get the hit called off. Apparently, Shadow Fox works for the mafia. Someone came to them asking for a favor to kill that banker and he was tasked with the job.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

“Fuck!” Colton said and slumped back against the sofa. He couldn't believe that he'd almost lost his brother. He'd just thought his brother missed the job and that was why he didn't get paid.

“In order to smooth things over, mom gave them the full payment we'd been paid to do the job,” Nathan said.

“Why did you do it? Take the shot when you knew it was wrong?” Colton asked his little brother, who was old enough to know better.

“Arrogance and my competitive nature. I don't like to lose.” Nathan said as a matter of fact, then finished off his juice.

“Jesus, Nate,” Colton said and shook his head. “Well, I'm glad it all worked out.”

“We know more about Shadow Fox now,” Ze said.

“And now I really want this plan to work, because even if we are lucky enough to kill him, that's not the end of it. He isn't one man... he's an organization and Jesus, the fucking Castiellos.” Colton shook his head.

“What do you know about the Castiellos?” Raven asked.

Colton sighed. “They've never needed our service, that's for sure.”

“I learned a bit more from what mom had to deal with. Apparently, they're old dirty money. Like over a century old and have very deep pockets. They live on both sides

of the coin like we do. Rico Castiello is the head of the family. Vito, his brother, is the underboss. They are ruthless and will kill anyone who crosses them even a little bit. Their network is vast and international. They were dangerous enough that mom didn't want to make them our enemy," Nathan said.

"Now I see why mom wanted to keep that a secret," Colton said.

"Mom just didn't want to bring it up anymore. Didn't think you or Iris needed to know since the crises had been averted. It's a skeleton in my closet," Nathan said.

"So, why tell us now?" Ze asked. "I mean, you don't really know us."

"Maybe that's why? Then again, maybe it's because my brother was willing to die with you. I wanted you to know what you were up against," Nathan said.

"With me?" Ze questions.

Nathan nodded. "Oh yeah, because that's what would have happened. Since he insisted on protecting you, he would have made himself an obstacle to be eliminated. Shadow Fox, from what I've heard, never misses his mark either."

"I've heard the same," Colton said.

Ze looked down at his cell phone when it rang to see that his brother was calling him. He answered. Colton and the others watched as Ze conversed with his younger brother, apparently getting quite the earful.

"I'm sorry, I know... listen, can we talk more about this later?" Ze asked Zindel. "I promise I'll be safe. Okay... I love you too." He ended the call and sighed heavily.

"Zindel read you the riot act?" Bruiser asked.

Ze nodded. "He wasn't happy to know what I'd been up to and that I lied to him about it all. I just didn't want him to worry."

"Bullshit. You didn't want him to tell us," Raven said.

"That too," Ze admitted.

"I look forward to meeting him."

"You will," Ze said.

Colton's cell began ringing. "Oh, let's hope this call is good news." Colton pulled out and answered in their language. "Yes, mom."

"It's done, as far as our client knows, we completed the job. He sent the other half of the payment."

"And what about the other curator, did he cancel the job?"

"Yes, he said that he did as soon as he saw the photos. It was only ever a matter of who would get the job done first. Now, what are your plans for keeping this lie alive?"

"The client won't be an issue," Colton said.

“Keep our hands off this.”

“Don’t worry, it won’t be us.”

“Good. Colton, never again.”

“I know, mom, you won’t have to worry,” Colton said.

“My eldest son. I expect this from your brother, not you.”

Now he knew why his mother always said that whenever he did something that displeased her. He wondered if she told Nathan the opposite. He’d ask Nathan himself. “Thank you, mom.”

“Oh, don’t thank me with words. I want my grandchild because it means your legacy and our business will live on. I also want to meet this man you nearly got yourself in quite the pickle over.”

“You will, and soon.”

“Very well. Goodbye.”

Colton slipped his phone back into his pocket and smiled. “It’s done on our end.”

“And while you were talking to your mom, I just got a text from Wolf. They got his ass. Hutchinson,” Ze said.

“Damn, that is impressive,” Colton said.

Ze nodded. “I told you, yeah, we’re an outlaw biker club, but we’re organized. We don’t just bring in anyone. We have a prospecting process that is a full year because we weed out the bitches who aren’t cut out for the lifestyle.”

“Not only that, but Wolf doesn’t play games. When he makes a plan, those fuckers work,” Raven said and both Bruiser and Ze nodded.

“And that’s what he excels at?” Colton asked.

Ze nodded. “Among other things.”

Colton nodded. “Well, I know that I was impressed by what I’d seen.”

“So, I guess we can all relax,” Bruiser said.

“We can’t relax until that asshole who hired assassins to kill me is dead,” Ze said.

“Then, let’s go take care of that,” Colton said. He looked at his brother. “Want to come?”

Nathan shook his head. “I’ve had enough excitement for one day. Watching some old bastard get merced isn’t anything I’m anxious to see. I’m going home to relax.” He rose from the chair.

“Nate, does mom ever tell you that what you did that disappointed her is something she expected from me?” Colton asked.

Nathan laughed and nodded. “All of the time.”

Colton chuckled and rose to walk his brother out.

“Nice meeting you,” Nate said to everyone, and they exchanged their goodbyes and he left.

“I’m surprised you were so cordial with the guy who shot you in the arm,” Raven said to Ze.

Bruiser snorted. “Why wouldn’t he be? He’s fucking the dude who did all of that to him,” he said and gestured to all of the cuts and bruises on Ze’s body.

Ze smiled. “I had to let my anger go. He’s Tiger’s brother.”

“Tiger?” Bruiser asked.

Ze nodded. “It’s his codename, but I think it works great as his nickname for the club too.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Raven shrugged. “Works for me. Let’s go take care of this old bastard who made the last mistake of his life.”

They all rose and met Tiger by the elevator. He took one look at them and left to get two leather jackets. He handed one to Ze, who didn’t have a jacket. They put them on and then he grabbed a second helmet, giving that to Ze.

The four men left his penthouse and took the elevator down to the garage where they split up. Raven and Bruiser went to their van and Ze and Tiger walked toward Tiger’s ARC Vector.

“Holy fucking shit,” Ze gasped as he checked out Tiger’s extremely expensive electric bike that had mad torque. “I always wanted to ride one of these.”

Tiger chuckled as he climbed on. “And you will. Come on.”

Ze put the helmet on just as Tiger did and he climbed on, wrapping his arms around his man’s waist. Tiger started the engine and they were off, heading back to the clubhouse. In the text, there was a place called the Dungeon, which Tiger learned was the name of the room under their basement at the clubhouse where the Lords conducted their unsavory business. It took twenty-five minutes to get back to the clubhouse with Tiger driving the speed limit. He pulled up in front and parked his bike on the side of the building, and assisted Ze off, then he climbed off.

Tiger followed Ze into the clubhouse before they both removed their helmets, then he grabbed Ze’s hand, bringing him closer. “I love how it felt to have your arms around me.”

“And I loved having my arms around you and my cock pressed against your ass as that bike purred between our legs,” Ze said.

“If you two are done, we need to finish this,” Jimmy said as he approached the men with a beer in his hand. He looked at Ze. “You talk to your brother?”

Ze nodded. “He called me earlier, gave me an earful.”

Jimmy snorted. “I bet he enjoyed having the tables turned. Normally, he’s the one in trouble.”

Ze chuckled. “I’ll let him have fun for now. Where is he?” He looked around, but didn’t see his brother.

“Probably the bathroom, he was just here,” Jimmy said.

“I’ll talk to him, then meet you in the dungeon,” Ze said.

Jimmy nodded, gave Tiger a look, then walked away.

“Not sure if your president likes me,” Tiger said.

“He’ll warm up,” Ze said.

“I can’t believe you brought him back here,” Snoopy said, gaining Ze’s attention.

Ze sighed, because he knew where the man’s animosity was coming from. “Look, Snoopy, I appreciate your help, but who I fuck is none of your business.”

“Well, normally, that would be the case, but you made it my business when you had me look him up,” Snoopy shot back.

Tiger chuckled and Snoopy glared at him. “What’s so funny?” he asked.

“This little jealousy tirade you’re throwing right now. Listen, little boy, you were never on Ze’s radar and I don’t even have to know anything about you to know that is a fact. So, stop embarrassing yourself,” Tiger said.

Snoopy’s nostrils flared as he stared hard at the man who had his crush’s affection. He looked back at Ze and the expression on the biker’s face only confirmed what Tiger had said. “Yeah, I guess not. Whatever,” he snapped and walked away.

“You don’t beat around the bush, do you?” Ze asked Tiger.

Tiger shrugged. “What’s the point of doing that? He’s grown, he should be able to handle the truth.”

“I agree,” Ze said, then smiled when he saw Zindel exit the bathroom. He walked over to his brother, who frowned at him. “I know you’re—Ow! Seriously?” he asked as he rubbed his shin where Zindel had kicked him.

“Yes, I’m serious. All of your talk about me needing to stay out of trouble and you’re flirting and getting fucked down by some asshole who tried to kill you. Is that him?” Zindel asked, pointing at Tiger.

Ze scoffed and nodded. “Yeah, Zindel, meet Colton aka Tiger… Tiger, my pain in the ass little brother, Zindel.”

“Nice to meet you,” Tiger said, holding out his hand.

“I’m not shaking that because I still don’t trust you. A few days ago, you were trying to kill my brother and now I’m just supposed to believe that’s all in the past and you want to be his boyfriend?” Zindel asked, arms crossed over his slender chest.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:52 am

Tiger nodded. “All that is fair and true. I’m not expecting everyone to believe that I honestly want to be with Ze.”

Zindel cocked a perfectly shaped eyebrow. “‘Ze’? You think you’ve earned the right to use my brother’s nickname? That’s for people who love and care about him. Not for psychos who were trying to kill him for a paycheck.”

Tiger laughed and Zindel’s frown deepened.

“Ain’t shit funny about what I said,” Zindel stated.

“Zin, please, I get it, you’re pissed off, but Tiger really does care about me. He was willing to die for me,” Ze said, trying to plead with his brother to calm down.

Zin pouted but looked at Tiger, his eyes narrowing. “Are you really into my brother? This isn’t just some fling? You were really willing to die for him?”

Tiger nodded. “I’m old enough to know when I want someone and why. Your brother is a rare find and I would have lost him forever if my first bullet hit its mark. For the first time in my life, I’m happy to fail at my job.”

Zin pursed his lips and gave Tiger a more scrutinizing view from head to toe. “Well, you’re definitely a fuckable silver fox.”

“Zin, really?” Ze rolled his eyes at his brother's boldness.

Zindel shrugged. “That’s me being nice. Take it or leave it.”

“I’ll take it,” Tiger said, then once again, extended his hand.

This time, Zindel shook it. “I’m watching you.”

Tiger nodded. “Of course.”

“Listen, Zin, I need to take care of some unfinished business. I’ll be back,” Ze said.

“The apartment was a mess, I’m not cleaning it up,” Zin said.

“I’ll do it, don’t worry.” Ze pulled his stubborn brother in for a hug and kissed the top of his head. Zindel squeezed his brother tightly, almost not wanting to let him go. He couldn’t believe how close he’d come to losing him forever. He still didn’t like or fully trust Tiger, but he’d stand back if Ze wanted the man. He’d give Tiger the opportunity to earn his trust.

“Love you,” Zindel said after they pulled back.

“I love you, too.” Ze turned to Tiger. “Come on, follow me.”

Tiger walked through the clubhouse that he’d suspected he’d get to know well enough and very soon if he had to prospect. Some of the men in the club gave him looks that ranged from pissed off to curious. He ignored them and kept following behind Ze, who opened the secret door that was the large wood carving of the club’s patch. One would think it was just a huge plaque, especially since it had the names of the members' nicknames carved into it, but when Ze pushed a hidden button like before, the door opened. Tiger appreciated the club’s ability to keep their dirty business out of the public view. He took the stairs to the basement, but was stopped by a man who put his hand on his chest.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going? You ain’t club,” the man said.

“It’s all good, DJ, he has Jimmy’s permission,” Wolf said.

DJ’s brown eyes scanned over Tiger, but he removed his hand and took a step back.

Ze walked over to Wolf. “Was it hard getting him?”

Wolf snorted and shook his head. “He’s an old rich bastard who had one security guard. We knocked out the guard and him, he never saw it coming.”

“How?” Tiger asked, because he was curious to learn how the club worked. Abducting people wasn’t any easy feat, not when it was done right.

“In the parking garage where he worked was easiest. Tat provided the distraction and I came up from behind, shooting both him and his guard with tranqs. I would have just killed them if Ze didn’t want the honors,” Wolf said.

“What about trackers?” Tiger asked.

“He had one in his watch. We tossed that at the garage,” Wolf said. “Don’t worry, no one knows he’s here.”

Tiger nodded. “Ze told me that I’d have to join this club if we’re going to be together.”

Wolf nodded. “Yeah, Jimmy and I have already discussed that.” He looked at Ze. “Are you sure about this?”

Ze nodded. "I'm sure."

Wolf nodded. "Well, all the club will be here by nine, which is when Jimmy called church to discuss letting him prospect."

"Good, thanks."

"Yeah, personally, I think you're rushing into this, but what the fuck do I know? My parents fell in love at first sight, they got married a week later and I was born nine months later and they're still together. So, I'll keep my opinion to myself," Wolf said.

Ze snorted. "But you didn't, though. About keeping your opinion to yourself, I mean. You opened with it."

Wolf laughed and nodded. "I did, didn't I?" he shrugged. "Oh well, still... it's your life. At least the club is getting one hell of an alliance."

Tiger nodded. "That's an important part to take into consideration."

Wolf checked Tiger out. He liked the man from what he'd seen and his intuition told him that what Ze and Tiger were feeling was real. That was the only reason he was willing to let them work it all out. "Come on," he said, then led them to the hidden room under the basement. He hit a button that didn't look like a button and a section of the floor that looked like junk and boxes with cobwebs on them slid to the side, revealing a set of stairs that led down into a lit room.

"Well, damn, that's nice," Tiger said.

“Yeah, this place used to be a speakeasy back in the twenties, so there’s all kinds of hidden gems here. Which is why I wanted this building,” Wolf said. “Perfect sanctuary for the Lords of Chaos.”

Ze nodded. “Hell yeah,” he said. “I can’t wait to kill this motherfucker.”

“And I can’t wait to watch,” Tiger added.

“Well, let’s go,” Wolf said, then led the way down the stairs.

Tiger looked forward to seeing his man in action. Damn, he really needed to get them tested because he wanted to breed his cub so badly his balls ached in anticipation. He’ll have to settle for shooting a load down to his stomach until then.

9

ZE

Ze stoodin front of the man who’d hired not one, but two assassins to take him out. As soon as he saw the man, he knew he was the father of the serial killer he had murdered three years ago. He’d seen pictures of the two when he was doing his research on Sean. Lindsay Hutchinson looked like a much older and tired version of his son. The man looked to be in his seventies with wispy white hair struggling to hang on to a shiny balding scalp. Pale gray eyes just like his son’s, thin lips wrapped around the cloth gag, and a three-piece suit that no doubt cost more than some of the brothers’ bikes.

Fuck this bitch ass motherfucker, Ze thought.

Jimmy, Tat, Raven, and Wolf were also in the room, sitting or standing around waiting for Ze to get to work. Ze walked over to the man who glared up at him with

pure hatred in his eyes. He removed the gag and the man spit at him. A pitiful spray due to the fact that his mouth was dry.

“Go to hell!” he roared, his face wrinkled even more with rage.

“How did you find out?” Ze asked him, his voice taking on that deeper timbre that he slipped into naturally when he was in predator mode.

“I’m not telling you shit, murderer!”

Ze nodded. “I did kill your son, Sean, but how did you know?”

“Why?”

Ze laughed. “You didn’t know what he was up to? Really?”

“Know what?” The man’s eyes narrowed and that tell gave his game away.

Ze shook his head. “Oh no... you knew.”

The man didn’t say anything.

“How many before them?”

Again, the man stayed silent.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“You’ve been covering for Sean and cleaning up behind him his whole life. Knowing full well that he was a sadistic killer, getting worse the older he got.”

“He was my son!” the man snapped.

“And your fucking son took many daughters away from their loved ones. Their families and friends, all for what? Because he wanted to watch them suffer.” He leaned down closer to the man’s face so he could look Lindsay Hutchinson in the eye. “Your son wanted them to know that he could watch them die with the knowledge that it was his will,” Ze said and his tone had taken on even more menace. “Because at that moment, he was god and could grant them life or death and he always chose death.”

“You’re no better, you killed him,” the man accused.

Ze straightened and smiled. He took a deep breath and released it with a shudder. “Yes... I did and it was a glorious murder. He deserved every cut and stab I gave him. My cock was hard the whole time... just like now.” He reached down and gave his dick a nice squeeze and moaned from the pleasure.

Lindsay frowned and recoiled in disgust. “You’re a fucking sick psycho! A fucking monster!”

Ze released his grip on his crotch. “Your son slaughtered someone’s daughter, sister, mother or wife. I may be a monster, but I’m the monster other monsters fear. I am a Man of Carnage,” he said.

Lindsay opened his mouth, but nothing came out, so he closed it.

Ze continued. "See, I understand your son, Mr. Hutchinson, better than you think. I know why he did it, because it's why I do it. But Sean was weak... pathetic, really. He chose targets that were innocent. Women he felt he could overpower and he did. Me..." Ze shook his head, then ran a finger down the side of Lindsay's face. He was in his element now, and it was as if it was just him and his prey in the room. He could truly be free. "I like to hunt those who hunt others. You can call me an apex predator. I thrive on the challenge and when I kill, they always have it coming."

"You think you're some fucking hero?" Lindsay grimaced in disgust.

"I'm fucking necessary," Ze said. He grabbed the man's chin and forced him to look up at him. "I cut off your son's cock, since that was his favorite weapon, and stuffed it down his throat. Then I gutted him and let his insides spill out. He bled like a fucking stuck pig the whole time and cried like a little bitch."

"Jesus, Ze, you cut off the man's cock?" Jimmy asked with a shake of his head as he laughed under his breath.

Ze blinked, because hearing his president's voice reminded him that he wasn't alone with his prey. He turned to him. "He didn't treat it right, so I made him choke on it."

"Okay," Jimmy said with a sigh.

That was when it hit him, Tiger was watching. He was used to his club knowing what he was capable of, but what about Tiger? Ze's gaze panned to Tiger, who was looking at him thoughtfully, and he wondered if he'd made the mistake of revealing just how dark his soul truly was. Tiger was an assassin, and he knew he'd enjoyed the thrill of the hunt and kill, but Ze got the feeling that was the extent of it. But for him, he needed the thrill of the hunt and kill, but also the torture before the kill. Plus, he

needed the ultimate prey to really satisfy his desires. He opened his mouth to try to explain and Tiger walked up to him, putting a finger on his lips.

“You do what you need to do, cub. Take your time with him if you must. Cum if you must. I want to watch it all,” Tiger said. “Remember, cub, you’re mine.”

Ze felt his heart swell. Yes, this had to be what love felt like. Unbridled love was when you let your emotions guide you and not your thoughts. Because whatever this was with Tiger felt right in all the wrong ways and wrong in all the right ways. Could two killers, who were once enemies, really become lovers? He wanted to find out and he wasn’t going to let anything stand in his way. He wanted and needed Tiger.

Ze nodded, then kissed Tiger before turning back around with renewed confidence, knowing he had Tiger’s blessing. “I’m going to ask you once more and the answer you give me will determine just how much I make you suffer. How did you find out?”

The man leaned forward as much as his restraints would allow, which was only a centimeter. “Do. Your. Worst. You sorry son of a bitch. You took my son away from me. I hope you burn in hell.”

“Not before you,” Ze said, then punched the man so hard, he knocked out three of his teeth. Blood spurted from the man’s mouth and he spit it on the plastic that surrounded his chair.

“Well, if you’re about to get started doing your thing, I’ll leave you to it,” Jimmy said.

“Me too,” Tat echoed and both he and Jimmy left, leaving Tiger, Wolf, and Raven behind with Ze and his prey.

“He probably found out from one of his son’s former victim’s family. Only one of them came to us,” Wolf said.

Ze turned to his SA and nodded. “You think?”

Wolf shrugged. “How else would he know? Had you been caught on cameras, the police would have gotten to you first.”

“Might have been a witness who finally came forward, probably for money,” Raven pointed out.

Wolf nodded. “Quite possibly that too. It’s known to happen.”

Ze looked at Lindsay. “So? Is that what happened?”

“Kiss my ass, you fucking murderer,” Lindsay said.

“I’ll look into it,” Raven said. “If that family is still alive, then we can at least eliminate that variable.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“All right. For now, I want to play.” Ze walked over to the cabinet and removed his toy box and opened it, pulling out a scalpel. He also put on a face guard, but that was it. He returned to Lindsay and sat down on his lap and grabbed the man’s hair. “I’m not going to gag you, because I want to hear you scream. I didn’t gag your son when I started torturing him either.”

“You’ll get yours one day,” the man growled.

“Maybe... but not today.”

“You’re sick.”

Ze laughed. “And you’re worse. I know what I am. I don’t pretend to be anything different. But you, Mr. Pillar of Society, are anything but. You harbored a serial killer, protected him, and made sure he could keep killing. You don’t have a leg to stand on to accuse me of being anything. You’re just as bad as your son was and I’m going to have a lot of fun killing you too.”

“I loved my son,” the man said, a tear flowing down his cheek.

“And those parents loved their daughters,” Ze said. “Just because I’m not going to gag you, doesn’t mean I want to listen to your bullshit.” With that, he grabbed the man’s chin, keeping his mouth open. He stabbed the man’s tongue with the scalpel and began to cut, splitting the man’s tongue in two as the man screamed in agony. Blood poured from the man’s mouth, flowing down Ze’s hand and the man’s chin. Next, Ze began to carve up the man’s gums, more blood gushed from the wounds and the guy choked on it. Blood spurted from his mouth as he coughed. Ze’s face guard

was speckled with bodily fluids as were his clothes and he loved being covered in the ruby red of his victim. His cock throbbed in his pants as he tortured the man.

With the man's gums sliced up, Ze began to slice off the man's lips, his eyes glazing over as he watched his prey's suffering. He licked his own lips behind the guard, relishing the torture he was administering.

"Well, I know how messy this is going to get. I'm going to head on up and fix me some chili," Raven said, then left. Now, it was just Wolf and Tiger, alone with Ze and his prey. Both men had settled down to continue watching the show.

Ze cut Lindsay's suit off his body, exposing his chest. He ran the tip of the scalpel blade around the man's nipple and looked into Lindsay's terrified expression as he sliced his nipple in two. More tears and snot flowed from Lindsay as he growled and thrashed in the chair from the searing pain. Ze slashed the blade over and over, splitting the man's skin open and more blood poured from the wounds. Ze pressed his hand against the man's bloody chest, then grabbed his crotch, massaging it as he got harder almost to the point of busting a load in his pants. He wasn't quite there yet, but close... oh, so fucking close.

"You deserve to feel what his victims felt, to know their fear," Ze said in a deep, dark voice thick with his sadistic desire. "You know, one of the women was disemboweled and left to bleed out."

The man was wheezing now and Ze knew he wouldn't last too much longer. His body could only take so much trauma. It was time to end it, so he sliced his scalpel across the man's abdomen, letting his intestines spill out into both of their laps. The man screamed, his body slumping in the chair as blood gushed out along with his organs.

"Does it hurt?" Ze asked.

The man could no longer respond, his body going into shock as his skin grew paler and sweat poured from everywhere.

Ze's eyes were locked on the man as he took out his knife from its sheath. Setting his aim, he plunged his knife into the man's throat, then he sliced, nearly severing the man's head with how deep the cut was. More blood splattered his guard and body and he threw his head back, shuddering as he came. His orgasm raced through him with so much intensity, it took him by surprise. "Ahhh, ahhh, fuck!" He gripped the shoulder of the corpse as he cried out as hot cum squirted from his cock, filling his pants. He gasped and quaked with the power of his release.

Tiger came up behind him and reached in front to slide his hand into Ze's pants. "That's it, little cub... enjoy this kill," he whispered into his ear while he milked the last of Ze's spunk from him as his cub shook against his chest. Ze whimpered, as it was one of the most intense orgasms he'd ever had and all he wanted to do then was crawl into his man's arms and sleep. Tiger lifted him off the corpse and carried him to a chair and sat down with Ze on his lap.

"Well, I'll leave you two alone," Wolf said, seeing that the two men were about to get very intimate in the messiest way possible. He'd stayed because he wanted to see how Tiger reacted to who Ze really was. And he was pleased to see that the assassin seemed to understand Ze, perhaps they really were made for each other. He rose off the chair he'd been sitting on. "Need to get me a bowl of that chili before those assholes up there eat it all." He left.

"You need to kill, don't you?" Tiger asked now that they were alone. He removed Ze's blood-splattered guard so he could look into his cub's beautiful, flushed face.

Ze's whole body felt hot and so relaxed as leaned against Tiger. "Y-yes," he confessed, his voice soft and shaky.

“Then I’ll always make sure your needs are satisfied, cub. You’ll never want for anything, money, comfort, support, pain, and blood... I’ll give it all to you,” Tiger vowed.

“What—what do you need from me?” Ze asked, and Tiger noticed that the tone of his voice wasn’t as deep as it had been when he was torturing his victim, or when they’d fought both times. To someone else, they assumed Ze’s voice was back to normal, but Tiger knew the truth. That other voice, the other side of Ze... was what was normal for him.

“I need you to be yourself, cub. Never be ashamed or afraid to let meseeyou,” Tiger said. “Or to let me have you the way you need me to.”

“I promise,” Ze said.

“Good. You know, watching you in your element got me all riled up. Get on your fucking knees and take care of me, now. Fix what you did to my cock,” Tiger said, then shoved Ze off his lap.

Ze fell to the floor with a hard thud and he grunted from the painful impact, but the smile on his lips let Tiger know he was giving his cub everything he desired. To be controlled, to be manhandled and roughed up. It was what fed into his own lusts, because he needed to be able to do those things to Ze. He had to be the dominant force, it was one of the traits that made him such an efficient killer.

Ze knew the darkness lurked in both of them and through their darkness, they found the beacon of light that guided them to each other. This was fate and nothing else. He believed that and he knew Tiger did too. He could see it in the man’s eyes as he looked down at him as he crawled between his legs. He leaned forward, nuzzling the erection behind Tiger’s jeans, and he undid them, pulling it free. Quickly, he took his man into his mouth, sucking and stroking in earnest, because he wanted Tiger to cum.

To fill his mouth with his jizz until he was drunk on it. He loved the feeling of Tiger's grip on his hair, knowing just how hard to pull on it and when to massage his scalp. The dual sensation of pain and pleasure sent him deeper into subspace and he lost himself in the act. He gave it his all and when Tiger roared, the grip in his hair tightened as hot spunk filled his mouth, and Ze came again. His body jerked as his cock filled his underwear with sticky cum. He swallowed every drop Tiger gave him and he didn't stop sucking until Tiger twitched and snatched his head back. Tiger's cock slipped from his mouth and his lips were plumper from the blowjob he'd given.

Tiger leaned forward and kissed him, then nipped his lip before pulling back. "Now, you made quite the mess over there, didn't you, cub?"

Ze nodded. "Yes, Tiger, I did."

"Clean. It. Up," Tiger commanded, then slapped Ze's face.

Ze grunted and touched his cheek where Tiger had struck him. "Are you going to watch me do it, Tiger?"

“Yes, cub. Do a good job for me.”

Ze grinned, then climbed to his feet to do as he was told. Tiger tucked his cock away and watched as Ze prepared himself with latex gloves. Ze laid the corpse out on the plastic, then he began chopping the body into pieces, and put the pieces into heavy-duty black garbage bags.

Ze set the garbage bags to the side, all of the evidence cleaned up now. He removed his clothes and stuffed them in a garbage bag too, all to be burned at the funeral home Jimmy owned. It was a profitable business for the club, but more importantly, it was a great way to get rid of bodies. He'd taken a shower in the bathroom that was adjacent to the room and stepped out naked.

Tiger chuckled. “Are you going to go upstairs like that?”

Ze shook his head. “Can you tell Zindel to bring me a change of clothes?”

Tiger nodded and left.

Ze began taking the garbage bags up one level to the basement, close to the backdoor. The van would be waiting to load them. Tiger returned with the clothes and Raven was with him.

“Here,” Tiger said, handing him the outfit.

“Thanks,” Ze said, taking it and he began to get dressed. “I need to sanitize the kill room.”

“Today is your lucky day. Jimmy ordered me to finish up and take the asshole to the Cookout. He wants you upstairs for church,” Raven said.

“Cookout?” Tiger asked.

“Our codeword for the funeral home,” Ze answered.

“Ahh, I see. Do I have to attend this meeting?” Tiger asked.

Raven shook his head. “Members only. It’s about you, though. But hey, I could use a hand.”

“About me?” Tiger cocked an eyebrow.

“We gotta vote you in to prospect,” Ze said.

Tiger nodded. “Oh, I get it now. All right then, I’ll give your club brother a hand in the meantime.”

“I’ll see you when you get back, then,” Ze said.

“Tomorrow, we’re going to the doctor, because I can’t wait to breed you, cub,” Tiger said.

“And I can’t wait to be bred.” Ze smiled and winked. He made a mad dash up the stairs, because he didn’t want to keep his club waiting. It was already after nine. He entered the meeting room and took his seat at the table. “Sorry I’m late.”

“Did you have fun?” Hound Dog asked.

“I did,” Ze replied.

“How’d your boyfriend handle the real you?” Hound Dog asked.

“He...” Ze smiled.

“Never mind, I got my answer,” HD said. “Looks like you got lucky and found the one.”

Ze nodded. “I think so, HD.”

“Well, since that’s the reason I called church, let’s just get right to this. Raven told me that you already discussed with Colton how this club runs. That if you two are going to be seriously dating, he needs to be prospecting. Under normal circumstances, we’d wait before insisting on this, but it looks like you two are planning to go the full distance. Not to mention, he a fucking professional assassin from a family of professional assassins. We need him to prospect right now. That’s the only way the club will feel comfortable with you two being together. He knows so much about us already,” Jimmy said.

Ze nodded. “And to be fair, he’s revealed a lot about his family business to me as well. He’s ready and willing. He wants me, Jimmy. He’s helping Raven get rid of the body now.”

“Oh, after today, I don’t doubt it. As long as he proves to the club that we can count on him, his prospecting shouldn’t be a problem,” Jimmy said.

“Fuck, man, this is the first time I’m concerned about Hell Week,” Bruiser said, and there were some heads nodding in agreement.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

Ze scoffed. “Please don’t tell me you motherfuckers are scared to give him his Hell Week tests?”

“Scared? Fuck you, Ze. It isn’t cowardice that makes me concerned. This is the first time we’ll be doing it to a fucking professional killer. Do you get that? None of us trust him yet and it’s after seven days. We don’t know how his ass will respond and rules are rules, you can’t tell him. So, I’m just being cautious, cause like, he whooped your ass too,” Bruiser stated.

“Well, this test isn’t just for him. Now, I’m curious to see how you all respond to him,” Jimmy said.

“I’ll do the Hell Week Beat Down,” Wolf said.

“Me too,” HD added.

“Ahh fuck, I’ll do it too,” Bruiser said. He kind of felt like he had to participate since he’d brought it up. He didn’t want his brothers to think that he was afraid of Tiger. Even though... he kind of was.

“Three is all we’ll need,” Jimmy said. “The rest of you, make him prove that he can put the club first, at least from time to time. I get that his own family duties may supersede ours. As long as they don’t conflict, it’s something we can work with.”

“Let’s do the vote,” Romeo said.

Jimmy nodded. “Okay, everyone good with Colton “Tiger” Bridger joining the Lords

of Chaos, say ‘yay.’”

The majority of the men in the room gave their vote and Jimmy and the secretary took note.

“All opposed, say ‘nay’,” Jimmy said.

Three members gave their votes.

“It’s decided, he’ll prospect and prove to us that he belongs in the club and with our brother here,” Jimmy said, then slammed the gavel. “All right, it’s been a long fucking day, go home.” Everyone began to rise and leave. “Ze, hang back.”

Ze looked at his president, then sat down. He could imagine everything Jimmy wanted to talk to him about and he’d been dreading it. All of the chaos of the day had put off the inevitable, but now, he was just going to have to take it.

Jimmy tapped a finger on the tabletop as he looked at Ze. “You know what I’m going to say, right?”

Ze nodded. “And you’re right.”

“What you did endangered this fucking club. It’s just pure luck that it all turned out like this. The next fucking time you pull this shit, Zaire... you’re out. I’ll make sure the club votes you out, do you understand? No one man’s desires are above the needs of this club. Do you understand what the fuck I’m telling you right now?”

Just hearing the threat that he’d lose the club that was his lifeline if he’d ever pull a stunt like this again shook Ze to his core. He had to swallow and find his voice before he could speak. “Yes, pres. I understand.”

“And one more thing, don’t ever fucking lie to me again,” Jimmy said.

Ze nodded. “Yes, sir,” he said.

“Okay, I think we’re on the same page now. Get out.”

Ze rose and left, his ass cheeks burning from the verbal spanking his president just dealt him. He knew he owed his club big time for what they’d done for him and Tiger. He found his brother and sat down beside him on the sofa. “You good?”

Zindel nodded. “So, you really like that guy?”

Ze smiled and nodded. “Like a whole lot. It’s like he enters the room and all I see is him.”

Zindel laughed. “You’re such a horny power bottom for that Daddy cock.”

Ze laughed because he couldn’t deny it. He wanted Tiger’s cock all day, every day.

“Is that another bruise?” Zindel asked, looking at the red mark on his brother’s face that wasn’t there before. “That asshole!”

“Don’t,” Ze said.

“What do you mean, don’t? Wait... is that what you want from him?” Zindel asked.

Ze nodded. “It turns me on so fucking much. He knew how to do it too. I didn't have to tell him. He just knew what I needed. Hell, I didn’t even know I needed it, but he did.”

Page 46

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

Zindel sighed. “So, he truly understands you, then?”

Ze nodded. “And accepts me.”

“All right, then. I’ll be nicer to him... after Hell Week.”

Ze snorted. “You can’t participate in Hell Week, you aren’t a member.”

Zindel frowned. “Awww, but I wanna.”

“Too bad. If you want to, join the club,” Ze said.

Zindel shook his head. “Naw, I’m good. I like my freedom.”

“You have freedom in the club.”

“Not like I have it now.”

Ze sighed. “Fine. I’m heading upstairs to clean up. Sure you don’t want to help?”

Zindel shook his head. “Nope, there’s a bird up there. Scared the shit out of me when I first saw it. Probably shitted all over the place since the window’s gone. That’s all yours.”

Ze laughed and shook his head. His brother was so prissy. He grabbed some plywood from the basement, then went upstairs to his apartment and yes, the bird was still there. After chasing it around the room for a little while, he did manage to get it back

out the window. He covered the window first, because that needed doing. Then, he picked his money up, surprised his brother hadn't claimed it. The bird must have really scared Zin away. Ze got to cleaning up and as he did, he smiled thinking about his future with Tiger.

10

TIGER

Seven Days Later

Ze had warned Tiger that Hell Week was a test of sorts, but he wasn't expecting it to be so damn degrading. He wasn't used to having to wash grown men's clothes, or bikes and shit. He hadn't had to clean like this in his entire life. He grew up rich and the maids did all of the manual labor needed to keep their homes in order. All in all, the last seven days had been a humbling experience. All it took was one look at Ze to make it all worthwhile. Their tests had come back negative, but he'd held off on fucking his man. If he had to endure Hell Week, he'd make him endure it too in another way.

Bruiser threw an apple core on the floor as he was sweeping and he held back on making any comments. He just swept it up into the pile of dust and debris that he'd gathered.

"So, how much did that fancy-ass bike of yours cost?" Bruiser asked him.

Tiger looked at him. "A hundred and twenty grand," he said.

Bruiser's eyes widened a little, then he nodded. "Well, that's all fine and dandy for a dandy like you, but you need to get yourself an American bike. Preferably, one that isn't made for bitches. Translation—runs on gas as its main fuel source."

Tiger looked at the man. “Nothing wrong with electric motorcycles. They go fast as fuck and aren’t loud as hell.”

“And let me guess, better for the environment and all that shit?”

Tiger shrugged. “A perk, but not why I own them.”

“Well, Lords of Chaos members drive American bikes. So, fine, get you an electric one if you must, but at least let it be a fucking Harley,” Bruiser said.

“Naw, he doesn't need to do anything. His ass ain’t gonna make it to be one of us,” Hound Dog said, stepping over to them.

“Oh, I will be. You think these asinine chores are going to run me off. It’s child’s play,” Tiger said.

“Didn’t you break a nail the first time you had to wash the dishes?” Wolf taunted from behind, forcing Tiger to turn to face him. “Get the fuck out since we can’t say it any plainer.”

Tiger glared at the man Ze had a great deal of respect for. “Why should I?”

“Because no one in the club fucking trusts your ass. You tried to kill our brother, you think any of us want you near him?” Wolf said.

Tiger threw down the broom and stepped up to Wolf, looking up at the man who was three inches taller than him at six-six. “You listen to me and listen well. I want Zaire and I’ll do whatever it takes to be in his life. And if that means I have to deal with your ragtag band of biker buddies, so fucking be it. But don’t make the mistake of thinking you can intimidate me. I’ve killed men bigger than you for less.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

Wolf headbutted Tiger, catching him off guard. Pain flashed across his face and he staggered back and, before he could get his bearings, another punch came from the side, striking his jaw and he knew it had come from HD. When Bruiser tried to come in, he kicked him in the chest, sending him back. He dodged the second punch from HD, but got grabbed from behind by Wolf. he kicked HD when he stepped forward, catching the man on the chin.

“Ahh fuck!” HD groaned as he staggered back.

Tiger reared his head back, slamming it into Wolf’s nose, then he elbowed him repeatedly until Wolf had to let him go in order to block the blows. He turned around, sweeping Wolf’s legs out from under him. Wolf fell hard, but before he could kick him in his face, Wolf did the same to him, knocking Tiger down. Bruiser leaped on him, wrapping him up in a bearhug. Tiger grabbed Bruiser’s cock with his free hand and twisted it hard enough to make the man scream and release him.

“Motherfucker!” Bruiser growled as his hands went to his dick to cradle his throbbing jewels.

Tiger nipped up and whirled around, kicking Bruiser in his face, knocking him out, then he spun with a roundhouse kick at HD, but he blocked it. He kicked him three times consecutively, two hits landing. He went to punch, but caught a blow to his back that sent him sprawling and sliding across the floor.

“Awww, shit,” Tiger groaned, his back aching as he rolled around to see who’d punched him. That powerful blow had come from Wolf. He climbed to his feet, then stalked over to Wolf. He noticed they had an audience, everyone seemed to be

watching, even Ze. That was when he paused. “What the fuck is this? You want a fucking show?” he snapped, a look of pure fury contorted his handsome features.

Wolf laughed and dabbed at the blood on his lips and nose. “Damn, you’re good. Fast as fuck too.”

“What is this?” Tiger demanded an explanation for the attack.

“This is the end of your Hell Week,” Jimmy said, stepping forward and over Bruiser lying unconscious on the floor. “Every prospect has to endure the Beat Down. It’s a way we test a man’s merit. Fight or flight response. Needless to say...” He paused and gestured to his brothers licking their wounds or sleeping peacefully. “You passed the test.”

Tiger blinked, then looked at the three men who’d accosted him. “A test?”

Jimmy nodded. “You’re impressive, no doubt.”

“I knew you wouldn’t run. I’m just glad you didn’t break any bones,” Hound Dog said as he took a seat, still rubbing his jaw where Tiger had kicked him. He was thanking his lucky stars he hadn’t lost any teeth.

“I held back because you were Ze’s friends and family. Had you been anyone on the street, I would have killed you,” Tiger said.

Wolf laughed. “And if you weren’t Ze’s lover, we would have killed you. Oh, and by the way, don’t threaten me again. I respect that you’re a tough son-of-a-bitch, but never make the mistake that just because I wasn’t trained like you, that I’m slacking in any way.”

“Ahh, but then you’d have my mother to deal with and that’s a fate worse than

death,” Tiger said.

“Are we clear?” Wolf asked, one eyebrow cocked.

Tiger licked his lips, then nodded. “We’re clear.”

“So, about your mom, she’s a battle ax, you say?” HD asked.

Tiger turned to him. “She would chew you up and spit you out, then pick her teeth with your bones.”

“Damn, sounds like a woman I’d want to meet,” HD said, then he groaned and rubbed his chest. “Fuck, everything hurts. I need a beer.” He got up and walked over to the bar, and grabbed himself a cold one.

“So, are there any more tests I don’t know about?” Tiger asked.

Jimmy shook his head. “Hell Week is it. You’d be surprised how often men can’t get through it. Now, you are officially prospecting. You’ll still be expected to carry out chores and all that. But you’ll be included more in club business because we need to make sure you don’t mind getting dirty with us.”

Tiger nodded. “Getting dirty won’t be a problem.”

“Yeah,” Jimmy looked at Bruiser again. “I see that.” He winked at Tiger, then left the clubhouse.

“Pick Bruiser’s ass off the floor and put him on the sofa,” Wolf said.

Two club brothers did the honor.

Wolf looked at Tiger. “Well, you proved that you’re a badass, but no one here was doubting that. Now, get back to work.” He gave him a smile before walking into the bathroom to tend to his wounds.

Ze walked over to Tiger. “You looked so fucking hot just now.”

Tiger arched an eyebrow. “Oh, you like seeing me take on your club brothers for you?”

“I like seeing you in your element,” Ze said.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Go upstairs and wait for me. Lube your asshole, but not too much. Don’t stretch yourself, only my cock will do that,” Tiger commanded and he saw Ze’s eyes glaze over with lust.

“Yes, Tiger.”

“When I get up there, you better be on the bed, ass presented, cub.”

Ze licked his lips and smiled. “Yes, Tiger.”

Tiger reached around, slapping Ze’s ass hard enough to make him jerk and yelp. A few of the club brothers looked, some simply shook their heads. It was only a few seconds of attention before everyone went back to doing their own thing. Ze left and Tiger went into the bathroom and cleaned the blood off his face from the fight. He looked at himself in the mirror. He had old bruises from his fights with Ze and now a new one from the test. He smiled to himself, because now that he knew what that confrontation was all about, he felt satisfied. Ze’s club had accepted him. He left the bathroom and finished carrying out his duties before going upstairs to Ze’s apartment.

He entered the bedroom and smiled when he found Ze naked on the bed with his asshole exposed for his pleasure. He began to undress and he walked over to him, cock hard and bobbing. He ran his hand down Ze’s back, trailing his spine to his ass crack.

“So beautiful. Do you want my ball batter in you, cub?” Tiger asked as he slid one finger between Ze’s ass cheeks.

Ze moaned when he felt Tiger's finger circle his hole. "Yes, Tiger. I want it so badly."

Tiger pulled his finger away and slapped Ze's ass hard, making the man cry out. "Why the fuck didn't you warn me about that test?"

Again, Ze moaned, his eyes rolling up in his head. "It's against the rules, Tiger. The club needs to know your honest response to it."

Tiger smiled. "You know, my first response was to start stabbing your brothers with my knife."

"I know... that is your instinct and I know you showed so much restraint, Tiger."

"I like your club, they're brave and smart. That's what I told my boss when I let her know I joined, cub."

"Was she mad?"

"Livid, but I refused to give you up. So, she just had to accept it."

Ze moaned and wiggled his ass. "Please, Tiger... breed me, fill me up with your cum. I want it so badly."

Another slap and Ze cried out. "Your cunt is mine and I'll breed it when I'm good and fucking ready, cub."

Hearing the filthy words coming from Tiger's mouth made Ze's cock so hard, it ached. "Yes, Tiger." His voice was thick with the desire that consumed him.

Tiger growled and grabbed Ze by his hips and flipped him over onto his back, then he

pounced on him, nestling between his thighs. “I’ve been waiting all week to do this, cub.”

“Do it... please, do it,” Ze begged as he squirmed beneath Tiger.

Seeing his cub so needy, he could no longer deny them both. He kissed him, then trailed his kisses over Ze’s jawline, his neck, chest, nipples, and moving down further, licked the ridges of Ze’s stomach. He licked the v-line leading to Ze’s cock and then he took his cub’s hard cock into his mouth.

Ze arched off the bed and gasped. His fingers sliding through Tiger’s silky hair. He purred, hissed, and moaned as his man sucked, licked, and stroked his dick and teased his foreskin. He looked down to see Tiger’s head bobbing, his lips meeting his fist on his shaft as he pumped and sucked. “Jesus Christ,” he gasped.

“Almost,” Tiger teased and both men chuckled before he went back to sucking Ze’s cock. He pulled back when he felt Ze’s dick stiffen in his mouth. He knew when his cub was close and he wanted him to cum with his cock inside of him. He spit into his palm and rubbed that on his own dick, mixing his saliva with his precum as he slicked his cock up. He aimed the head of his cock at Ze’s hole, then pushed into him, taking it just slow enough to give Ze a good stretch and a bit of the pain he knew he needed.

Ze gripped his biceps, his thigh muscles tensing as Tiger entered him. “Fuuuuck!” he groaned, his eyes closed as he bore the breach. “Yeessss,”

Tiger shuddered as the pleasure of Ze’s body took hold of him. It was even better than the first time they’d fucked. He worked his stroke, a rhythm he knew they both loved. Hard and fast, the headboard hitting the wall as the bed rocked under them. The room was filled with the sounds of ecstasy as he worked them both to climax. He leaned down, kissing Ze, claiming the mouth and the man as his. The one thing he

couldn't wait to do was call Ze his Property of. To be able to bestow the title to his lover. He'd have to wait until he was a member for that, though. But as soon as he was... he'd make Ze tattoo it on his ass for his eyes only.

"Oh god, I'm fucking cumming." Ze bit his bottom lip and Tiger growled because he loved when his cub did that.

"Shoot that spunk. Cum for me, cub," Tiger said.

"Ahhh, ahhh, oooh fuck," Ze moaned, his body growing tense, and he cried out, arching against Tiger as his cock shot off hot, creamy squirts of his cum all over their chests.

"Yeah... that's it... cum for me," Tiger coaxed.

Ze's head shook side to side as if he couldn't believe the amazing pleasure he was feeling. His muscles twitched with the intensity and he pretty much melted as Tiger continued to pound his prostate.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Ahhh, gonna fucking breed you, cub,” Tiger said.

“Yes... do it. Plant your seed in me, Tiger... Breed me,” Ze begged and licked his lips.

Tiger’s hips stuttered their strokes and he groaned as his body stiffened. “Ahhh shit... shit!” he belted as his body released his load of passion deep inside of Ze. Nothing between them, and he shuddered from the sensation of everything he was feeling. Claiming his man, breeding him, he came so hard he got dizzy. He collapsed on top of Ze, chest heaving as he panted. Ze held him, his legs still wrapped around Tiger’s body. They lay together like that for a few minutes before Tiger raised up and began kissing Ze again.

“You’re mine in every way now, cub,” he told him.

“That’s what I want to be,” Ze said.

Tiger smiled and pulled out to lay beside him. He gathered Ze to him and closed his eyes. For the first time in his life... he felt content.

11

ZE

One Month Later.

“What the fuck happened to y’all?” Hound Dog asked Ze, Goat, and Bruiser after

they'd entered the clubhouse, blood on their shirts and pants. They had a few cuts and bruises as well.

"Fucking Devil's Regrets bitches jumped us at the strip club," Bruiser said as he dabbed a sore spot on his cheek.

"Oh my god, are you okay?" Zindel asked as he approached his brother who had a cut by his eyebrow.

"I'm walking, right? I'm okay," Ze replied.

Zindel huffed. "Well, you don't have to be a smartass about it. I'm just worried," he said.

Ze smirked. "I fucked his ass up, the guy who hit me with that fucking bottle," he said as he dabbed the cut with a napkin from the bar.

"Those motherfuckers!" Hound Dog growled. "They're going to pay for that shit."

"Why are they even attacking, didn't we settle shit with them?" Tat asked. "They have the west side and we have the south?"

"Yeah, well, I guess they want it all," Goat said. His shirt was ripped and there were spots of blood on it and a fresh bruise was darkening on his cheek. He walked over to the refrigerator and removed three beers. He returned to the other two men and handed them each one before sitting on a barstool and drinking his.

"What the fuck is going on?" Jimmy asked as he walked out of his office with Wolf at his side.

"Fucking Regrets jumped us at the strip club when Ze and I were collecting," Bruiser

said.

“I was there watching the show and saw what happened. I joined the fight after those assholes kicked it off,” Goat said.

“I put one of them in the hospital,” Ze said.

“We had to break the fuck out of there before the cops came,” Bruiser added.

“So, we’ll most likely be getting a visit from the police,” Wolf stated. “Those sons of bitches broke the agreement.”

Jimmy nodded and slammed his fist on the bar top. “They want a fucking war, we’ll give it to them.”

Ze took a swig of his beer and looked at his brother, who was sitting on a barstool gazing fondly at the watch on his wrist and for the first time, he noticed all the bling on Zindel’s body. “Where the fuck did you get all that?”

“Oh yeah, I was about to call you. Talk some sense into your brother,” HD said, pointing at Zin.

Wolf scoffed. “Are we sure Ze’s the one who can talk sense into anyone? That’s literally the blind leading the blind right there.”

“I’ll have you know the blind can lead just fine,” said Reginald “Peepers” Jenkins.

“Shut your blind ass up, didn’t nobody ask for your input,” Wolf teased with a smile.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

Peepers laughed and gave him the middle finger. His seeing-eye German Shepherd laid on his lap, enjoying the rubs.

“We need to figure out what we’re going to do about those fuckers,” Goat said.

“I’ll call church, get everyone here and we’ll discuss it then,” Jimmy said. “For now, take care of those injuries. Good job, brothers.” He patted Ze on his back, proud that he’d put one in the hospital.

“This is going to get ugly before it gets better. How many men do they have in that chapter?” Wolf asked.

“Twenty-seven, last I heard,” Peepers said.

He was the club’s spy. Blind since childhood, he never let it slow him down. People tended to either ignore him or avoid him, and ultimately underestimate him. Not the Lords, at least not after the Hell Week Beat Down test. They’d allowed him and his brother to join, thinking they wouldn’t last the week. What they learned that day was that those brothers could fucking fight and had their own system for teamwork. And they weren’t punks, after a year of pulling their weight and proving that they were club material, they each earned their patches. Ronald “Clapback” Jenkins and Reginald had proved to be great assets.

“We may need you to go into enemy territory again, no colors. See what you can find out,” Jimmy said.

“What’s their favorite bar?”

“Sixty-Nine on Paulina,” Peepers said. “I’ll check them out tomorrow.”

“Good.” Jimmy nodded.

“They’re going to want retaliation, so we need to get prepared,” Wolf said.

“That’s why I’m calling church, so we’re all made aware,” Jimmy said.

“Sure thing, Prez,” Wolf agreed.

“Let’s talk.” Jimmy motioned for Wolf to follow him and both men walked back into the office.

Ze looked back at Zindel. “Where did you get that?”

Zindel huffed. “I swiped a card and went on a little shopping spree.”

“They can track that.”

Zin shook his head. “Not the way I do it.”

“Whose card did you swipe? Was it that dude you were talking about before?”

Zindel didn’t say anything.

“Ugh! I told you not to fuck with him. Why don’t you ever fucking listen?” Ze snapped.

“Calm down. I told you I covered my tracks. He’ll never find me. Besides, the cards are already canceled. You act like this is my first time doing this,” Zin fussed. “I bought you something too.”

“How much did you fucking spend?” Ze glared at him.

Zindel shrugged and waved dismissively. “I don’t know... like maybe a hundred grand.”

Ze’s eyes widened. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Oh my god, you’re an outlaw biker. You steal shit like this all of the time. No telling what all you get into and you don’t see me passing judgment. Let me be great,” Zin replied.

“Your ambition to be the ‘World’s Greatest Thief’ is going to get your little ass killed one day,” HD warned.

Zindel frowned. “I am great and you are all tripping for no reason.” He hopped off the barstool. “I’m going upstairs to enjoy the fruits of my labor.”

“We’re not done talking,” Ze said.

“Oh yes, we are. Nothing more to say... it’s already done,” Zindel retorted and left the clubhouse.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Your brother plays with fire,” HD said.

Ze ran his fingers through his hair and nodded. “It’s like he can’t help himself.”

Bruiser shrugged. “I mean, he has a point, though. We break the law on the daily. And he’s a damn good thief and forger already. We can always use someone with his level of skills.”

“Too bad we can’t get his ass to prospect,” Goat said.

“He feels like we’d cramp his style,” Ze said. “All of our rules and shit.”

Hound Dog shook his head. “He did get me this new bike, though.”

Ze’s mouth dropped open. “Fuck. And you’re keeping it?”

HD shrugged. “Like he said, it’s done. Hell yeah, I’m keeping it.”

“I wonder what he got you?” Bruise said.

“Shit, let me find out,” Ze said, then walked out of the clubhouse and went to his apartment. Immediately, he noticed all the new shit his brother had purchased with his stolen card. They had a huge seventy-five-inch television, new kitchen appliances, items he was able to purchase the same day. Zin was sitting on the sofa, pouting as he looked at his brother.

“I’m not taking any of this back. That’s how you get caught,” Zindel said.

“I’m not going to ask you to,” Ze said as he sat down on the sofa beside his brother. “Listen, I know this is in you like mine is in me. But just like you worry about me, I’m not going to ever stop worrying about you.”

Zindel’s pout faded and he nodded. “I know. I can’t help it, Ze. I thrive on the rush of it.”

Ze sighed, because he understood. He lived for the thrill of the torture and kill. His brother lived for the thrill of the steal. “I get you better than anyone else, trust me. Just promise me you’ll be careful. I don’t want you to ever get caught.”

Zin nodded. “I promise. I covered my tracks. They won’t be able to track it back to me. I forged his signature perfectly, too. And I made sure to hide my face and I bought you and HD motorcycles online and had them delivered the same day, it was so cool.”

“Did you have them delivered here?”

Zindel scoffed. “Of course not. Snoopy helped and we drove the bikes here.”

“Don’t go back to that spa.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I won’t. Also, they never had my real name or address, so even if he asks about me, they won’t be able to track me down,” Zindel said.

“Okay, fine,” Ze said. “So, let me see this bike you got me.”

Zindel smiled and grabbed his brother's hand and led him downstairs to the side of the building where the bikes were parked and he pointed to a new shiny number at the end.

“Oh shit, she’s a beauty,” Ze said, then smiled as he walked over there, gliding his fingers over the handlebars on his new Harley Davidson Cruiser. “Damn, Zin, I love it.”

“I knew you would,” Zindel said smiling.

“Keys?”

Zindel produced them, dropping them into his brother’s open palm.

“Let’s go for a ride.”

Both men climbed on and he drove them to the park where they climbed off and just chilled on a bench and chatted.

“So, are you seeing Tiger today?”

Ze nodded. “When he gets home from the gallery, yeah.”

“Going to fuck your brains out?”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

Ze laughed and nodded. “It is what he does.”

Zin smiled. “I like him for you. The two of you make a great couple.”

Ze cocked an eyebrow. “Oh, so does that mean you trust him now?”

“I trusted him after I heard about his Hell Week test. He kicked ass, I heard, and it was all because he wasn’t going to let the Lords tell him he couldn’t be with you,” Zindel said.

“Yes, he was amazing. The fight was so intense, everyone gathered around to watch,” Ze said.

“I heard. And he knocked Bruiser out! No one knocks him out.”

Ze laughed. “Out cold. He didn’t wake up for an hour.”

“Well, I’m happy for you,” Zin said and hugged his brother.

“Thanks.”

The two hung out there for a while before he drove back home to attend the meeting his president called. He took his seat and waited for the meeting to start.

“So, they jumped us. Do we attack back is the question,” Hound Dog asked. “And if so, how?”

“I say we hit their fucking clubhouse,” Bruiser suggested.

“Hit one of their businesses and take their cuts. Force their president to come to the table,” Raven said.

“I agree,” Wolf said. “In fact, that was my suggestion. We hit three of their businesses, like their barbershop, taco stand, and their tattoo shop, and take a cut from each one. It’ll be a shame to their club and force their president to come to us to get the cuts back. That’s probably what they were trying to do when they jumped you earlier.”

“It could open communication between our clubs if they’re willing to talk, but we need to be prepared for them to take action if they aren’t in the talking mood,” Jimmy said. “If they are, we’ll have to set more boundaries about our territory.”

“I say we kill them all. Fuck them. We already did this negotiation with them and they’ve been pushing that boundary all the time. Today, they crossed it,” Ze said.

“Sure, we can go to war, but it won’t be without loss of life on our end,” Wolf said.

“I’m not afraid of war,” Ze said.

“None of us are, but being afraid and being smart are two different things, boy,” Jimmy snapped. “You’ve got to know when to pick your battles and when to negotiate. We have chapters, they have chapters. Sure, we can call in reinforcements, but they can do the same. A war brings the police into our business and that, we don’t want. Cops are a problem enough as it is, but if they feel like we’re making too much noise, they’ll really start spying on us and trying to catch us committing crimes. Now, I don’t know about you, but I’m not trying to have a bunch of our brothers in jail over this shit.”

This time, Ze kept his mouth shut.

“I get it, I know some of you are ready to throw down and that’s what the Lords do. But only when we have to. Being a member of this club is about brotherhood first and foremost. And together we grow, we live by our own rules, and we take on enemies if we have to. We try this approach first. We all know the Devil’s Regrets have a new president and maybe he’s feeling himself and decided he didn’t want to honor the old deal. We need to prove to him that it’d be better for his health and the wellbeing of his club if he reconsiders his approach,” Wolf said. “So, we take their cuts to prove that we can. Putting some of his boys in the hospital is a must. Break limbs when you do it.”

“Aww yeah, I like that,” Ze said, smiling.

Wolf winked. “I figured you would. He’ll have to come to the table and negotiate. If he agrees, we end talks peacefully, let him leave, but keep our guards up. If he wants to throw down, then we go to war.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Jimmy agreed.

“I’m good with it,” HD added.

“So, we vote. Peace first, yay?”

All of the brothers voted.

“It’s unanimous. We bring it to the table,” Jimmy said, then banged the gavel.

All the men left and Ze went to Tiger’s home for dinner and one hell of a fuck.

* * *

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Ahhhh, my god... Jesus,” Ze moaned, his eyes rolling into his head as Tiger’s tongue swirled around his hole. He shook as the tip of Tiger’s tongue probed his ass, licking every wrinkle of his pucker. “You’re gonna make me cum just from this.”

“Better not, cub. You’ll cum from my cock only,” Tiger said, then continued lapping, sucking, and teasing Ze’s hole until his cub was beside himself.

“Oh fuck... breed me, Tiger... Fuck me so hard I remember my past lives,” Ze begged.

Tiger laughed and pulled back. He slapped both of Ze’s asscheeks, making him yelp and jerk from the intense sting. Red marks in the shape of his hands remained on both cheeks and that was pleasing to Tiger. He grabbed the lube and squirted some into his palm, then tossed the tube. After slicking himself up, he pushed himself into Ze’s hungry hole and gave him the fuck he knew his cub was craving.

“Ahh... ahhh... mmm... shit,” Ze panted as his body was rocked hard with every powerful thrust of Tiger’s hips. His cock battered Ze’s prostate, driving him insane with ecstasy. He gripped the sheets and dug himself into the mattress as Tiger power fucked his brains out. Tiger yanked his head back by his hair with one hand and gripped his hip with the other and it was hard enough to leave bruises.

“Cum for me, cub,” Tiger commanded as he grunted in pleasure.

That was all it took for Ze to just let go. He cried out as his spunk squirted from his cock while Tiger hammered his prostate. He grunted and moaned, his body quaking through his orgasm.

Tiger growled low, a primal sound reverberating through his body as his balls drew up. He snarled as he pistoned his cock in and out of Ze's hole, giving his cub a savage pounding as he milked his cock inside of him. "Ahh fuck... fuck!" he belted out, then froze, every muscle pulled tight as he busted his load. He shook hard several times, his chest heaving as his climax finished. "Holy shit," Tiger said, then pulled out and collapsed on the bed.

"God, I wonder if I can walk right after that," Ze said, his chest heaving as he snuggled beside Tiger, who chuckled.

"If you can, then I'm losing my touch."

Both men laughed and just lay in bed, basking in the afterglow of sex.

"My brother robbed that client of his from the spa," Ze said after a while.

"But isn't that what he does? Steal shit... why does this one bother you?" Tiger asked.

Ze shrugged. "It's the way he described the dude. Always has security around him with guns and he carries a gun himself. Italian and cautious. Of course, all of that just made Zin want him even more. Like me, he's a big game hunter."

"A target like that would be appealing to a pick pocketer," Tiger said.

"Yeah, but Zin wants to be more than that. Do you know he's conditioned his body for this dream of his being the 'World's Greatest Thief'?"

Tiger chuckled. "Like what?"

"Well, for one thing, he's extremely flexible. Took gymnastics because he wants to

be able to dodge laser beams. He can hold his breath underwater for five minutes, and he can run fast as hell, does parkour, and forgery. The only thing he really needs to brush up his skills on is hacking, and I think he's doing that, which is one of the reasons he and Snoopy have gotten so close," Ze said.

"Seems like he's moving in the right direction for the lifestyle he wants and if he can do all of that shit, he'll make himself an asset to whoever hires him," Tiger said.

Ze laughed.

"What's so funny?" Tiger asked, and slapped Ze's thigh hard enough to sting.

"Ow," Ze yelped, then moaned in satisfaction. "It's just so relaxing to be able to have a conversation like this with someone who isn't judging me or Zin."

"Ahhh," Tiger said. "Well, I murder people for a living. My family business. I'd be a major fucking hypocrite to turn my nose up at your brother who wants to be as good a thief as we are killers."

Ze exhaled and nodded. "Yeah. I just want him to be safe."

"I get that."

They were silent for a few more minutes before Tiger broke it.

"I love you, Zaire," he said.

Ze gasped and sat up, looking at him. "What?"

"I love you, cub," Tiger repeated.

Ze smiled. “So, we’re really admitting it? Cause I love you, too.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“I think we’ve known for a while how we’ve felt. Probably from day one, but yeah. Let’s put it all out there. Now, having said that, move in with me,” Tiger said.

“Are you serious?”

Tiger nodded. “A hundred percent serious. I want you with me, cub.”

Ze smiled and kissed him. “Fuck yeah, I’ll move in. What about my brother? We’ve been together this whole time... I’m not sure I’m ready to leave him behind.”

Tiger shrugged. “I only have three rooms here. My office, my studio, and my bedroom. Are you sure Zindel might not like having the apartment to himself? And if not, I’ll look into getting him a condo here, I know they have some properties available.”

“Living alone with you?” Ze bit his bottom lip.

“Yeah,” Tiger said, then reached up, tracing Ze’s lip with his finger. “You and I, living in our home.”

“You’re going to have to give up one of those rooms eventually?”

Tiger frowned. “Why?”

Ze cocked both eyebrows. “Did you forget that you have to be a father?”

Tiger shut his eyes and groaned. “Oh shit, yeah. I mean, I didn’t forget, but thinking

about where the baby was going to stay... it crossed my mind, just slipped my mind now.”

Ze laughed and nodded. “Yeah, I get that. You’ve been living on your own all this time. But to answer your question... yes, I’ll move in.”

Tiger sat up and kissed Ze. “I guess I’ll have to move my art studio to the gallery, and make room for the nursery.”

“But, isn’t that where you keep your weapons?”

“Fuck. Yeah, it was just easier to clear out. Okay, so, I’ll move the studio to my gallery and my office into that space. My old office will be the nursery. It’s bigger anyway, so that works,” Tiger said.

“And Zindel might just love having the apartment to himself. Fuck who he wants and probably turn my room into his treasure chest,” Ze speculated.

Tiger laughed, then he stopped abruptly, frowning. “What the fuck happened here?” he asked, touching the little scar on Ze’s eyebrow.

“You just noticed that?” Ze shook his head with a smirk. “For shame.”

“Answer me, cub.”

Ze’s smile faded and he nodded and told Tiger what was going on between the Devil’s Regrets and the Lords. “So, everyone agreed on diplomacy first.”

Tiger nodded. “I can see why, based on what you said. It’s the smart approach.”

“But if we have to go to war, will you help?”

Tiger sucked air through his teeth. “See, that’s the dilemma. Cause I only kill for cash.”

“Are you serious?”

Tiger laughed. “Under any other circumstances, I would be. But I know I’m working towards becoming a Lord. Why do you think my mom sat down with your president to discuss the terms of me being a member?”

“Ah, yes... I remember. What were they?”

“I can help, but no one else in our family will. And if she needs bodies removed, the Lords have to come handle disposal, since you have that nifty crematorium,” Tiger said. “But those will be rare instances, but that was the deal they came to.”

“I think HD checked out your mom when she came by,” Ze teased.

Tiger laughed. “She’s at least thirty years his senior.”

Ze shrugged. “And you’re twenty-four years mine.”

“Good point.”

Ze pushed Tiger back on the bed and began kissing him again. “Enough about everyone else. Give me what I need.”

Tiger growled, then smiled. He was always happy and willing to do that.

* * *

“I can’t reach Zin and it’s been almost two days since he’s been home,” Ze told Hound Dog when he caught up with him outside.

HD took his helmet off. “He isn’t returning any of your calls or texts?”

Ze shook his head. “Nothing. If the Devil’s Regrets did anything to him, I’ll fucking kill them all!”

HD climbed off his bike and put his hand on Ze’s shoulder. “Calm down. We’ll get to the bottom of this. Is Snoopy here?”

Ze nodded. “Yeah.”

“Follow me, then.”

Together, they walked into the clubhouse, only a few of the members were there. They found Snoopy in the bathroom, cleaning it. “Put that down for now, we need you to track Zin’s cell phone,” HD told him.

Snoopy dropped the toilet brush on the floor and removed the gloves he'd been wearing and washed his hands. "Is he okay?"

"That's what we want to make sure," HD said.

Snoopy nodded and brushed past them to get to his bookbag where his laptop was. He set up at the bar and got to work. Ze paced the floor, carding his fingers through his hair as he mumbled himself. Cursing himself for not acting sooner.

"Stay calm, you don't act rationally when you're like this," HD said.

"I should have said something sooner, but I was trying to give him his privacy," Ze said.

"He's okay... we'll find him," HD said in his attempt to settle Ze down.

Tiger came through the front door looking dashing as he was still dressed in his three-piece suit he'd worn at the gallery. He came to the clubhouse as soon as he'd received his cub's worried text. Ze walked over, hugging him. "Have you heard from him?" he asked.

Ze pulled away and shook his head. "Not yet."

Tiger nodded. "Don't worry."

Ze shoved him back. "Everyone keeps telling me that, but I am worried, okay? This isn't like Zin."

Tiger grabbed Ze's chin, forcing him to look at him. "Calm down, now," he said, his tone full of the authority that he knew guided his cub.

Ze huffed, but the serious expression on Tiger's face somehow gave him the focus he needed and he nodded.

Tiger released him then. "Whatever happens, we will deal with it. First, let's just locate your brother. If something did happen to him, there's not anything you can do about it yet. Okay?"

"That's not very comforting," Ze said.

"No, but it's what you're already thinking. That he's dead, right?"

Ze grunted, but nodded. "I don't want to think that."

"But it's a possibility and that's why you're worried, I get it. But we need you to think. Where would he be? Has he been seeing anyone new?" Tiger asked.

Ze shook his head. "Not that I know of. I knew he was happy to be getting the apartment to himself. And he was looking for a new job." He paused to think harder now that Tiger had forced him to calm down and focus. He sighed and closed his eyes as he mentally kicked himself, then opened them. "Shit... he did call me, told me he wanted to go to Great America with some friends and that they were going to stay overnight." He walked over to the bar and slumped onto one of the stools, sighing in relief.

"Okay, so, his phone could have broken or gotten lost on one of the rides," Tiger pointed out.

Ze nodded. “Yeah.”

“Why didn’t you remember that?” HD asked him.

“Because I was busy packing at the time and was only half paying him attention,” Ze admitted. “I didn’t think he meant he was going right then and there, ya know?”

“Ahh, I see,” HD said.

“His phone isn’t in Gurnee,” Snoopy said.

All of the men gathered around him and his computer.

“Where is it?” Ze asked.

“Its last transmission was on 47th street,” Snoopy said.

“I’m going now, text me the exact location,” Ze said, then turned to head for his motorcycle. His phone started ringing and he pulled it free from his pocket, but didn’t recognize the number. Still, he answered just in case. “Hello?”

“Mr. Esai?”

“Who wants to know?”

“My name is Vincent Moreno, and I’m calling to let you know that I have your brother,” the man said in a thick Italian-American accent.

“What the fuck? You hurt my brother and you’re a dead man,” Ze snapped.

Now, the others had gathered around Ze because they knew something was wrong.

“Let’s not go there, Mr. Esai. You see, I’m the victim here. Your brother stole from me. Now, normally, that’s not anything we take lightly. But I figured there’s a better way to get my money back from him. So, this is what’s going to happen. He works for me now until he pays off his debt. He does that, I let him live and return home. Everyone’s happy,” Vincent said.

“I want to speak to my brother, now,” Ze said.

“Sure.”

Ze listened as the phone was put on speaker. “Zin, you there? Are you okay?”

“Yeah, Ze, I’m here. They said they’d kill me if I don’t work for them,” Zindel said, his voice shaking with the fear he felt.

“Stay calm, I’m coming for you,” Ze said.

The phone was taken off speaker and Vincent returned. “Your brother is alive and fine right now, but there won’t be any grand rescue.”

“Who the fuck do you think you are? Do you know who I am?”

“Your brother played that card already. I know you’re an enforcer for the Lords of Chaos MC. My family is aware of your little club. But I work for the Castiellos and normally, I terminate anyone who robs me, even if it’s of my time. Imagine how itchy my trigger finger is over being robbed of a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. I’m sure you can understand and appreciate my patience concerning the matter. Lucky for

your brother, he's such a pretty little thing, I feel like I can make my money back and more by putting his sweet little mouth and ass to work in my brothel. So, that's the deal," Vincent said.

"I'm coming for my brother, motherfucker! And I'm going to fucking kill you!" Ze raged and Tiger snatched the phone from him and he fought to get it back, but Tiger held the phone away, putting it on mute just as Jimmy and Wolf entered the clubhouse.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Jimmy asked, seeing the state everyone was in.

"You're going to get your fucking brother killed, is that what you want?" Tiger snapped.

"I'm going to save him with or without your help," Ze declared.

"Let me talk to him to see what's going on, okay?" Tiger said.

Ze cursed and punched the wall, but didn't say anything, so Tiger took over the call.

TIGER

Tiger put the phone on speaker so all of the men gathered could hear. “May I ask whom I’m speaking with?” he asked.

“Well, sounds like someone with some sense finally got on the phone,” Vincent said. “My name is Vincent Moreno, and yours?”

“Colton Bridger,” Tiger replied.

“Of the Bridger Foundation?”

“The very same.”

“Ahh, the Lords seem to have very powerful friends, I see,” Vincent said. “It won’t matter.”

“I didn’t catch everything you said to his brother, mind repeating?” Tiger said.

“Sure, it’s simple. The little shit brother stole my card and went on his happy-ass shopping spree. Stole a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars from me. Now normally, I’d just put a fucking bullet between his eyes. But I’m a businessman and see an opportunity here. So, I’m going to put his ass and mouth to work in my brothel. And once I get my money’s worth out of him, I’ll let him go.”

“You have to know that’s unacceptable,” Tiger said.

“It’s going to have to be.”

Jimmy walked up. “Who the fuck are you?”

“Who the fuck are you?” Vincent asked.

“I’m the president of the Lords and you have someone very dear to us. So, let’s work something out,” Jimmy said.

Vincent scoffed. “I’ve already told you how we’re going to work this out.”

“We can pay you back,” Ze said. Jimmy slapped him, which silenced him as the sting of the slap caught him by surprise.

“Shut the fuck up, Ze,” Jimmy told him.

“Yes, shut the fuck up, Ze,” Vincent repeated in a mocking tone.

“Let’s negotiate,” Jimmy said.

“See, it’s not about paying me back, even with interest. It’s about the principle of the matter. I have to make an example out of him. I could kill him, or beat him to within an inch of his life and leave him a fucking vegetable for however long he’ll have left. Or, I can go with plan C, which is my brothel. However, those are the only options here. I’m going to keep him until I make my money back and then some. But don’t worry, he’ll be well taken care of. He won’t be abused; I don’t believe in damaging my property. He’ll have his own bedroom, three meals a day, and even a little spending cash. He makes himself a hot commodity, he’ll get more perks. But if at any time you try to take him away from me by force, I will kill you and your entire fucking club. He stole from me, that’s one offense I’m willing to overlook for this opportunity... I won’t tolerate another,” Vincent said.

“Let us call you back,” Jimmy said.

“No need. I’m just telling you what will happen to pretty Zindel here. I don’t need you to call me back,” Vincent said.

“I’m coming for my brother!” Ze roared.

“Come for him then, but you better bring your entire fucking club and when you do, know that the Castiello family will be waiting,” Vincent said, then hung up.

“Motherfucker!” Ze yelled.

“We have to go and get him,” Snoopy said.

“Fuck yeah,” Wolf agreed.

“No one fucking does a damn thing. Now shut the fuck up and let me think,” Jimmy snapped, then walked over to the bar, leaning on it.

“What’s there to think about?” Ze asked. “He has my fucking brother and wants to make him a whore. Look, we have the money, let's just give it back.”

“He doesn’t want the money, Ze. He wants to make an example out of Zindel,” Jimmy said.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Well, he’s not going to get what he wants,” Ze snapped.

Jimmy turned around. “And what are you going to fucking do? Go in there, guns blazing, and get yourself fucking killed and maybe even Zindel?”

“You expect me to not do anything? You might as well fucking kill me now,” Ze said.

“Do you think you can take on the Castiello family? Fuck, if that were the case, we wouldn’t have bothered trying to save you from that Shadow Fox motherfucker if Zaire Esai could take on all fucking comers,” Jimmy said as he shook his head. “You fucking Esai brothers can’t ever stay out of trouble.”

“That’s not fair, Jimmy. I messed up once,” Ze said.

“Yeah, and we helped clean it up. But Zindel isn’t club. You can’t expect me to order my men to take on the fucking mafia to try to save him. And then we have this shit going on with the fucking Devil’s Regrets. It’s just twenty members in this chapter. Even if we were to call in help from other chapters, who’s to say they’ll want to help to that fucking extent?” Jimmy said.

“I agree with Jimmy,” HD said.

“He’s your father, of course, you would,” Ze snapped.

HD frowned and stepped up to Ze. “You listen to me, you little bastard. I’ve been taking care of you and your fucking brother since you were sixteen and ten years old.

You don't think I want to save Zindel? I do. But I also know that he ignored all of our warnings to leave that motherfucker alone. Like always, Zindel did what he wanted to do, damn the consequences. This time, he fucked with the wrong target. Sometimes, being a man means laying in the bed you made," he said.

Ze swallowed hard as he tried to fight back tears of frustration. He looked at Tiger. "What about you, you gonna abandon him too. Me?"

Tiger sighed. "I go where you go. You want to take on the mafia, I'll do it. But you need to understand, it will just be us and there's no guarantee we'll win. You need to realize something, cub. The Castiello Family isn't your typical mafia family. They have billions of dollars, lawyers in their pockets, politicians, royalty, diplomats, and a huge network of soldiers and associates who are all highly trained. Then they have assassins who are a different breed working for them. Shadow Fox is just one. The Twins are another."

"The Twins?" Jimmy asked.

Tiger nodded. "They always remain at the side of the boss, Rico Castiello. Right now, what's going on won't concern Rico, but if you start killing off his men... well, that will concern him. And he won't stop at one chapter of the Lords, he'll go for all of them. He doesn't show mercy to his enemies. Like I said, he's never needed my family's services, because he has his own."

"God, I feel sick," Ze said, then he walked away, stepping outside.

Tiger followed behind him and found him puking against the wall. He rubbed his back. "I'm not telling you this to seem like I'm siding with Jimmy. I'm telling you this because it's what I know."

Ze spit the last of his bile in the puddle and Tiger gave him his handkerchief to wipe

his mouth and he did. “This can’t be happening.”

Tiger sighed. “Right now, Zindel is alive. We can certainly go in there and probably kill them, you and me together. And if we’re lucky enough to pull it off, we have to leave the country. Go on the run and even then, Rico will still take his rage out on your club and my family. He can’t let an attack of that magnitude go unanswered. I just want you to know everything that is at stake so you can make the decision that you can live with.”

Ze spit again in the pile of vomit, then stepped away from it. “I can’t save him, can I?” he asked after five minutes had passed.

“Even if we do, what would we be saving him for? A life where we’ll always have to look over our shoulders? Or maybe one day, we’ll just catch a bullet we never see coming?” Tiger asked, putting everything into perspective.

This time, Ze didn’t fight the tears and Tiger walked over to him, taking him into his arms. He understood why his cub was crying. The situation was hopeless, as sometimes situations can be. He didn’t say anything and when Ze was composed and ready to go back inside, he followed him.

More members were there now, sitting around waiting to see how Ze was handling it.

“I just want to see my brother,” Ze said in a soft voice because he couldn’t help but feel defeated.

“We’re not going to take on the Castiello mafia, Ze. I want to make that clear,” Jimmy said.

Ze nodded. “Yeah, I know. I just want to see him.”

“I’ll call him back and make arrangements,” Tiger said.

“He seems to respect you the most, so yeah,” HD said.

Tiger called Vincent back and the man answered.

“I told you that you didn’t need to call me back,” Vincent said.

“I want to arrange for his brother to see him,” Tiger said.

“Are we going to have a problem if I allow it?”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“No, he just wants to be able to see his brother.”

“Fine, I’m not a monster. I’ll allow visits. Like I said, his brother will be taken good care of while he’s here. He can visit once a month,” Vincent said. “The moment he acts up, though... all bets are off.”

“I understand.”

“Oh, you are not welcome, ever. I’m sure you can understand why,” Vincent said.

“You keep your word, no harm comes to Zindel or Zaire, and we’ll continue to not have a problem,” Tiger warned. “Ze is mine.”

“I see. Since that’s the case, as a show of good faith and respect between our two families, I’ll just have Zindel work off what he owes. I was going to double the debt for the interest, but I think our two organizations can deal with this arrangement,” Vincent said. “The sooner he can pay it off, the faster he’ll be free.”

“Very well, thank you for being so reasonable,” Tiger said. He watched as Ze rolled his eyes, but he knew he had to play this smart. There was just a way you had to negotiate with the mafia if you wanted to avoid bloodshed. Especially one this powerful. Had this been any other number of outfits out there, Tiger would have gladly taken them on, but they weren’t on the level of the Castiellos.

“So, what’s today... the fifteenth? He can visit the fifteenth of every month,” Vincent said.

“Thank you. He’s on his way,” Tiger said. “What’s the address?”

Vincent gave him the location, then hung up. He told Ze where to go and what the man said.

Ze snarled. “Motherfucker!”

“You go, talk to your brother, but don’t do anything stupid,” Jimmy said.

“I know, you all made it very clear that going up against the Castiellos would be suicide. I’m not going to do anything,” Ze said.

“Ze,” Tiger said, taking his cub by the face and tilting it up to him. “I know you’re feeling helpless right now. You want to protect your brother and can’t. But he’s alive, think about that. The ball isn’t in your court, so do you want him alive or dead?”

“Alive,” Ze said.

“Alive and free in a few years, or alive and running for his life?”

“Alive and free.”

“That’s what you think about when you’re in there,” Tiger said.

“I need you to give me the strength to deal with this,” Ze said.

Tiger pressed his forehead to Ze’s. “I’m always going to choose you, Ze. I just want you to be able to live with your decisions and to have perspective. I think you do, now. I’ll drive, give you some time to calm down.”

Ze nodded and kissed Tiger. “Thank you.”

Tiger released him and looked at Jimmy. “You mind if I take him?”

Jimmy shook his head. “You two really are two sides of a coin. He needs you, so yeah... take care of my boy.”

Tiger nodded, and both he and Ze left the clubhouse. Inside the car, Ze was quiet and Tiger gave him the silence he needed to get his head in the game, so to speak. They pulled up to the club “Desire” and Tiger turned off the engine. He looked over at Ze.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yeah, I just want to make sure he’s okay,” Ze said.

“Look at me.”

Ze turned toward him.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you too, Tiger,” Ze replied.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

The two men shared a kiss before Tiger had to let go and watch Ze enter the building. He hoped he wouldn't have to go in.

13

ZE

One of themen was already waiting to take Ze to his brother, who was sitting in a chair in Vincent's office. Ze looked at the man behind the dark wood desk, sitting in a leather chair. To Ze, he didn't look half as threatening as he sounded on the phone, but he knew better than to underestimate someone. This made man was in a position of power in the mafia. He didn't earn it by being a man to take lightly. He had sharp brown eyes, slicked back hair, and a chiseled jawline. Rather average looking, but it was his face Ze committed to memory. One day, he'd pay this man back... he could wait.

"As you can see, I didn't hurt your brother," Vincent said, motioning to Zindel.

"I see. I guess I'll have to trust that you're a man of your word," Ze said.

Vincent nodded. "I am." He gestured for his guard to release Zindel and they did. Zindel ran to his brother, who hugged him.

"Are you here to take me home?" Zindel asked.

Ze felt his heart drop because he had to look into his brother's green eyes and tell him that he couldn't save him. "Zin--"

“Oh my god, you’re not here to bring me home,” Zindel said, then he pulled away.
“Why are you here?”

“Because I wanted to make sure you were alive and okay,” Ze said.

“But I guess this is my fault, right?” Zin said sarcastically.

“This is something the club can’t help us with,” Ze said.

A tear seeped from Zindel’s eye, then another and another until he was crying.
“Please, I don’t want to be a whore.”

Ze grabbed his brother, holding him tightly. He looked at Vincent. “Is there anything I can give you? I’ll take his place.”

Vincent laughed and shook his head. “I have a reputation to uphold and I won’t have my men looking down at me because I went soft. It’s done... deal with it. Both of you.”

Oh yes, not today, certainly not while his brother was stuck with him, but one day... he will get his payback for him and his brother, Ze promised. He pulled Zindel away so he could look at him. “Listen to me. This won’t be forever.”

“It is my fault,” Zindel admitted with a pout. “You and Hound Dog told me not to go for his wallet. You all warned me that he was dangerous and I didn’t listen. I put you all in this position and you can’t help me get out of this mess I got myself in. I’m so sorry I didn’t listen to you.”

Ze hugged his brother again and his chest felt so tight with all of the emotion he was feeling. He wanted to shoot everyone in the room in their faces, then run out of there, but he knew it wouldn’t work. Thanks to Tiger, he knew the dangerous consequences

of that decision. “I love you, Zin, and no matter what, I’ll be here for you. I’ll come by every month to see you.”

“If helping me means you or the club dies, then don’t do anything stupid. It’s just sex... I can handle it,” Zindel said.

“And we practice safe sex here. Got to protect our merchandise,” Vincent said.

“Don’t call my brother merchandise, motherfucker,” Ze snapped.

“Watch your mouth, boy,” Vincent retorted.

And the guards in the room drew closer, hands going to their guns.

Zindel tensed as he looked around, his eyes wide with fear. “Ze?”

Ze took a deep breath, then released it. “Please, just take care of yourself here, okay, Zin? Don’t let this place take you away from me.”

“Never,” Zin said.

“Better.”

Zindel looked up at his brother and nodded. “I will survive this. I promise. I love you.”

“I love you so much,” Ze said, then hugged his brother again.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“All right, take him to his new living quarters, show him the ropes,” Vincent told his men and they grabbed Zindel’s arm and took him out of the room.

Ze felt like his world was closing in on him as the door shut and his brother was gone. He turned back to Vincent. “Can I call him?”

Vincent sat back, drumming his fingers on his desk. “Sure, but he’ll call you, because I don’t want my business interrupted. When he has his free time, he can call you. It’ll be good to keep his morale up.”

“I swear, I’ll move heaven and hell if any harm comes to my brother. And it’ll just be me, so leave my club out of it,” Ze said.

“That won’t be up to me. If you make a move against one member of the Castiello family, you make a move against all of us. So, I’d think long and hard before I’d do anymore ‘swearing’,” Vincent said.

Ze stared at the maggot a few seconds before he walked out of his office. He got back to Tiger’s car and was silent because he really had to calm down. His entire body shook with the rage he felt. He screamed because that seemed to be the only outlet he had at the moment. Tiger didn’t say anything, he let Ze vent. When it seemed like Ze was calming down, he started his Maserati and drove off.

“Is he okay?” Tiger asked after a while.

“He’s okay... being stronger than I am right now. But he always was,” Ze said.

“We’ll all get through this.”

“I know we will, but I’m not going to be the same,” Ze said.

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve never felt as vulnerable and useless as I felt today. A Lord never backs down... but today, we did. I mean, I know why... I just...” His voice trailed off as he shook his head.

“There’s never backing down and then there’s living to fight another day,” Tiger said after a few more minutes of silence.

“What do you mean?”

“I have twenty-four years on you, so listen to what I’m saying.”

“Okay.”

“Never backing down doesn't mean you have to act right then and there. Patience is a virtue, cub. The best payback sometimes comes when your target least expects it. When they’re living their best life and think they’re on top of the world. That’s when you strike.”

Ze thought about what his lover said and it made him smile. “Yeah... I can wait for that moment.”

“And I’ll show you how, because when you do strike, there can’t be any blowback. And Zindel needs to be safe.”

“Of course.”

“For now, we don’t back down... but we do bide our time.”

“Yes, that I can deal with.”

Ze felt a sense of calm come over him at the thought that one day, he and Tiger would do to Vincent Moreno in the future what they couldn’t do now. Revenge was a dish best served very fucking cold.

14

COLTON

Eleven months later

“Hey prospect, get your ass over here,” Python said, gaining Tiger’s annoyed attention.

Tiger hated being called “prospect” considering he was the top assassin in his family. He felt the title was disrespectful, but he endured it for Ze’s benefit. He put down the rag he was using to clean the bar top and walked over to Python. “What’s up?”

“Follow me,” Python said and he led Tiger back to the meeting room, a place he wasn’t usually allowed for the most part. He’d only been inside to clean it and at meetings where his expertise was needed.

Tiger followed Python into the meeting room where all of the Lords’ members were waiting. He frowned, not knowing what this was about. He looked at Ze and saw the frown on his face, which greatly concerned him. “What’s going on?” he asked, because he was a man who took initiative.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Take off that fucking cut, you don’t deserve it,” Wolf said.

Tiger scoffed. “What the fuck is this?”

“Take off the fucking cut,” Jimmy said.

Tiger grimaced as his agitation rose. For a full year, he’d been inconvenienced by these fucking bikers. Challenged in every damn way and they had a lot of fucking nerve telling him that he didn’t deserve to wear their cut. He’d gone above and beyond as far as he was concerned.

“You’ve got a lot of nerve telling me that I don’t fucking deserve to wear this cut,” Tiger said, expressing his feelings as he snarled.

Wolf stood up and walked over to Tiger, staring him down, but Tiger wasn’t a man easily intimidated, not even by someone as terrifying as Wolf with all his muscles and tattoos. He stood his ground and kept his cut on. If they wanted it off of him, they’d have to take it off with force.

“Take. It. Off,” Wolf commanded.

“You want it off, you take it off,” Tiger snapped.

Wolf snapped his fingers and several bikers rushed Tiger to do just that. Tiger put his fists up to defend himself, but paused in his confusion when he saw the other men start to laugh. Some passed each other money and shook their heads.

“What the fuck?” Tiger looked around for answers.

Wolf clamped a huge meaty paw on his shoulder, smiling as he did. “Some of the brothers made a bet that you wouldn’t give up your cut when we asked you to.”

“You didn’t ask nicely,” Tiger shot back, but lowered his fists. He looked at Ze, who was counting the money he’d won in the bet and smirking. He huffed and ran his fingers through his hair. “So, what’s really going on?”

“We really do need you to remove your cut... please,” Wolf asked as nicely as he was going to.

Tiger gave him a side-eyed look, but removed his cut nevertheless, handing it over. Wolf laid it on the table and the men around the room were all watching them.

“You don’t deserve to wear this cut with the word ‘prospect’ on the back. No, brother, you deserve to wear it with these patches now,” Wolf said, then he took the patches from Jimmy and placed them on the back of Tiger's cut. The top rocker, “Lords of Chaos”, the middle patch of their emblem, and the bottom rocker, “Southside Chicago.” There was one more patch for the front that said “5th Chapter” and a pin in the shape of a shield.

“What’s this for?” Tiger asked, holding the pin up.

“It means you’re our enforcer. But since you’re all high-society with your double life, we don’t want the outside world to know if they happen to see you with your cut on. You two were already in the news three weeks ago,” Jimmy explained.

“Ah, yeah, that’s wise. Thank you, I’m honored,” Tiger said.

Everyone began clapping and the brothers all came over to congratulate and welcome

their newest member. Tiger was smiling now with a sense of pride he didn't think he'd experience at this moment. He hugged all the men he'd been pretty much pledging to for a full year. He'd taken their commands, ribbing—to a point—and attitudes in order to prove his loyalty to the club. For Tiger, it was also to prove his loyalty to Ze, because that was who mattered most to him. In the beginning, the club was just something that came with the package. But during his year, he found himself wanting to be a member, to belong to another family, and that was why this moment was special to him.

Ze was the last to congratulate him and when his cub hugged him, he made sure to claim his mouth at the same time. There were some whistles and cheers from the brothers and both he and Ze laughed after they broke their kiss. "I told them you'd fight before you removed your cut if they came to you in the normal approach."

"You know me well, cub," Tiger said.

"You're one of us, brother. Cut that prospect patch off and make it official," Jimmy said, smiling and patting Tiger on the back.

Tiger took his knife and cut the old rocker off to more cheers from his new brothers.

"Now, here comes the fun part," Wolf said, handing Tiger a needle and thread.

"We'll leave you to it."

Tiger sighed as he took the tools he'd need to sew on his new patches and a pin.

"Time to party," Jimmy declared and all the men left the meeting room to Tiger and Ze.

"Are you happy?" Ze asked him.

Tiger sat down and began threading the needle. “I am. I’m finally done with that prospecting shit. I’ve got to say, that was rough.”

Ze chuckled and nodded. “Yeah, I remember. And truth be told, they were still taking it light on you. Probably because they didn’t want to get killed.”

Tiger laughed. “There were some instances when I was weighing my options.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Well, I’m glad you didn’t. I’m happy you’re a Lord, Tiger. I feel even closer to you,” Ze said.

Tiger reached out, caressing his face. “I know, cub. I feel the same.” He leaned over, kissing his man. They already lived together, but this was another milestone they had reached that solidified their relationship. They continued to chat until Tiger was done sewing on all of his new patches and when he put on his cut, he truly felt a part of the motorcycle club now, and he held rank.

“I’m surprised you all made me an enforcer right off the bat,” Tiger said.

Ze scoffed. “That was the first thing everyone voted on. It’d be stupid not to. You’re a professional assassin with decades of experience. An amazing asset to the club, so it went without saying you’d be made enforcer.”

Tiger smiled because it was all true. “Let’s go party.”

* * *

Tiger and Ze were enjoying themselves at the party when Tiger got a phone call. He looked down to see that it was his mother, so he had to step outside to answer it. “What’s up?”

“I’ve been trying to reach you for the past two hours,” Helena complained.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’m at a party, didn’t hear my phone ringing until just now. Is anything wrong?”

“Your surrogate has gone into labor. You’re about to become a father,” Helena said.

Tiger was silent for a few seconds because a part of him had been dreading this moment, but the other part was kind of excited to become a dad. Having Ze with him, who also looked forward to the opportunity, really helped him cope with the inevitable.

“Are you still there or did you have a stroke?” Helena asked in her sardonic tone.

Tiger rolled his eyes. “I’m fine. Where is she?”

She told him the address of the hospital. “It won’t be too much longer.”

“I’m on my way.” Tiger ended the call and went back into the clubhouse, making his way over to Ze. He leaned over toward his ear, nipping it.

Ze jerked, his libido spiking as he turned and pressed his lips to Tiger’s. “I want your cock inside me.”

“Yeah, that’s where I want my cock too, but it’ll have to wait. We have to get to the hospital,” Tiger said.

Ze frowned. “Is everything okay?”

Tiger nodded. “We’re about to be dads.”

“Holy shit!” Ze’s smile was wide and full of excitement. “Let’s go.”

Tiger found Wolf on the way out. “Sorry, we have to go. Our baby is being born right now.”

“Well, damn, congratulations, man,” Wolf said, giving him a hug. “We’ll have to celebrate that when you get back.”

“You’re just looking for more reasons to party and get shitfaced,” Tiger stated.

Wolf laughed. “Lords don’t need reasons to do that. We just do it, because we want to. Go on, get the hell out of here. I’ll let everyone know why you had to jet.”

The two men shook hands, then Tiger left with Ze, both men on their bikes heading to the hospital. Once inside, they made their way to the maternity ward where he saw his brother Nate and his eight-year-old twin boys and his sister Iris and two of her kids. The oldest two were away at university, the youngest ones were thirteen and ten.

“Hey,” Tiger said and hugged his siblings and nieces and nephews. Ze also greeted them, as he’d met them all on several occasions since hooking up with Tiger.

“Are you ready?” Nate asked him, one eyebrow cocked.

“Ready? No. But it is what it is,” Tiger said.

“It’ll be fun,” Ze said.

Tiger tossed him a look as if he didn’t see the “fun” part of what was coming next. He never thought he’d be a father, and had only agreed to appease his mother’s wishes and get her to help them out. But this was the moment.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“Let’s go inside,” Tiger told Ze and together, they went with the nurse to get prepped. Now that they were ready with gloves, masks, and coverings, they entered the room where Pauline was giving birth to his son.

“You made it in time, this is good,” Helena said. She was standing beside the bed, holding the woman’s hand.

“It’s been a busy night,” Tiger said, then he took over, taking Pauline’s hand and allowing her to squeeze his for support. “You’re doing great,” he told her, even though he wasn’t sure. Just seemed like the right thing to say.

Ze stood on the other side, watching the whole thing as it happened. He’d never seen anyone give birth before and he was extremely excited because it was his and Tiger’s child who was about to be born.

Pauline screamed as everyone encouraged her to push. The nurse and doctor were doing their job to the best of their ability and after several more minutes and two more great pushes, the sound of a baby crying filled the hospital room. Pauline released an exasperated sigh, her chest heaving as sweat drenched her body. The pain had been terrible, but the hefty payment had made up for it.

Tiger watched as the nurses checked out his son and cleaned him up a bit before urging him to come closer to the tiny human.

“Do you want to cut the cord?” the nurse asked him.

He nodded and did the honors, then took hold of his baby. Ze came around to gaze

down at their son. Tiger turned to Pauline, who just looked exhausted. “Thank you,” he said.

She gave him a smile and nodded.

Tiger gave the baby to Ze to hold and he smiled as he watched Ze melt with the baby in his arms. Zaire was a man who could kill without remorse, who got off when his hands got messy with the blood of his prey. But right then, he never looked so gentle with their infant son in his arms.

“So, did you decide on the name out of our selection?” Tiger asked.

“Seth,” Ze said. “Seth Esai-Bridger.”

“A fitting name,” Helena said as she approached. “May I?” She held out her hands.

Ze didn’t dare refuse as out of all the people he’d met in his life, Helena Bridger was one of the scariest, most intimidating he’d known. There was just something about the woman that was cold as ice. She would probably eat her own children if she didn’t think they were worthy of her love. He handed her the baby and she smiled at the child that squirmed a little in her arms.

“Oh, he’s beautiful. Perfect,” Helena said as she smiled down at the baby.

“He is,” Tiger said.

“I had concerns since you waited so long. I wanted to make sure your swimmers could produce a healthy child,” Helena said.

Tiger rolled his eyes. “I’m fifty-one, mom, not eighty.”

“Still,” she said, then nuzzled her grandbaby before handing him to Colt.

He held his son a bit longer, then gave him to Ze, who nuzzled the baby and played with his tiny fingers before the nurse came to take care of the baby further. Ze gave his new bundle of joy to her, feeling a little sad that he had to. But he knew he’d be spending the rest of his life taking care of their son.

Tiger spoke a bit more to Pauline before leaving her to rest. He and Ze removed their protective gear and joined his family in the waiting room. “Our son is beautiful,” he told them.

“I’m just happy my eldest finally bore fruit,” Helena said.

“For the family to harvest,” Ze remarked.

Helena turned to him sharply. “And from what I understand, your club will be doing the same when he comes of age. Of course, he’ll already be well established in the family business by that time. A true professional.”

“Well,” Iris said, stepping between Ze and her mother. “You look happy to be fathers,” she said to her brother and the man he was willing to risk everything for. Having met Ze, she could see why. In her opinion, the two men were perfect for each other.

“Jury is still out,” Tiger said in his honesty.

“I am,” Ze said. Having a family was something he always wanted, but didn’t think was possible. He knew Tiger would come to agree with him soon enough. Kids were wonderful.

“Get ready for the biggest challenge of your life, brother,” Nathan said. Like Tiger,

he didn't want kids either, but was a happy single father now, even though his road to getting there had been rocky. He took a look at his brother's outfit. "Wait, hold up... is that your cut?" He stepped up and checked it out.

Tiger looked down and smiled. "Yeah... I made patch tonight. It's the reason why I was hard to reach. There was a party to celebrate."

"My god, it's gaudy," Helena remarked.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“I don’t know... looks badass in a trashy kind of way,” Iris stated.

Tiger sighed. “You’re all snobs.”

“You are too,” Ze teased him with a nudge. “But you look so fucking hot in that cut.”

“So, does that mean you’re in a biker club, uncle?” asked Madeline, Iris’ thirteen-year-old daughter. Tiger’s sister had three daughters and one son.

He nodded. “Yes.”

“So, are you still working with the family?” David asked, one of Nate’s sons.

“Oh yes, it changes nothing,” Helena stated.

“What your grandmother said,” Tiger added.

Ze couldn’t help but look at the kids in the room and marvel at the fact that they were either already killers or being trained for the profession. In his club, kids were allowed to be kids, but they were taught that they would be members when they reached the right age. They did learn how to fight and ride motorcycles, but it was up to them if they learned other skills. Still, they’d be teenagers before that happened.

The family continued to chat, Ze and Tiger did go off to wrap up the business with the birth certificate, both men signed it, making it official. Another hour passed before Tiger’s family left and he and Ze were now standing at the wide window, looking at their son wrapped up in his blue blanket.

“So, that thing is ours,” Tiger teased.

Ze slapped his arm. “Don’t call him a thing. He is clearly an ‘it.’”

Both men laughed and Tiger wrapped his arms around Ze, holding him close. “I’m glad to see you this happy. It’s been a while.”

Ze leaned his head back on Tiger’s shoulder. “I’m happy, Tiger, but I won’t be the way I was until my brother is free. He couldn’t even come to the birth of our son.”

“He’ll be able to see him on visits,” Tiger said.

“Scraps Vinny has given us.”

“Soon, baby, it’ll all be over. You’ll have your family whole.”

“But yes, I am happy. To have you in my life and now our son.”

Tiger kissed his temple. “You’re mine,” he said, then looked at his son. “You both are.”

Ze smiled, because claiming his son, in his opinion, was Tiger’s first step toward acceptance. But he knew it would take some time and patience on his part. And he had that in spades for Tiger.

Tiger looked at the baby in the bassinet, his eyes open and probably wondering what the hell was going on. He just couldn’t believe he was a father now. It didn’t matter that he’d spent nine months preparing for this day to come. The nursery in his penthouse was all decked out, a project he and Ze worked on together. And when his son reached the age of three... he would start training him as he was trained. The family business indeed.

* * *

Eleven Months Later

The music was blaring through the speakers as the Lords of Chaos mingled, danced, played games, and of course, fucked during one of their weekly Saturday night shindigs. Tiger walked through the door dressed for the occasion in a pair of black jeans, boots, and a t-shirt. But the article of clothing he wore with more pride than he'd thought he would was his cut with the Lords of Chaos patch on the back. He also had the club patch tattooed on his right bicep by his club brother, Tat, who did an amazing job. The guy was a real artist.

Tiger greeted his club brothers as he made his way through the crowd to his cub. His Property of, Ze, who did bear the tattoo he wanted on his right ass cheek "Property of Tiger". He was used to these parties now, it wasn't the first time he'd been to wild get-togethers. He'd been to orgies, big game hunts where a human was the prey, but just a party like what the Lords threw on a regular basis, it caught him off guard the first one he'd attended. Out the corner of his eye, he saw Wolf getting fucked by a man shorter than him, but who obviously had a large enough cock to satisfy the beast of a man.

Tiger chuckled and shook his head. Looked like Wolf and the man fucking him were enjoying themselves. Wolf wasn't the only one fucking, there was going to be plenty of bodily fluids to clean up in the morning. He was just happy that it wasn't his job any longer. The club had new prospects that would have the honor now. He spotted his man in the back playing a game of pool with Bruiser and Raven. Of course, Raven wasn't the same these days. She'd undergone her transition from male to female and had done so with the club's blessing.

She was now Sienna, and her deadname was Enrico. It took a little while for the club members to get used to at first, but now, everyone was on board. Even more

noteworthy was that she was now the first female member of the club, opening doors for other females to join this chapter. One of their prospects was a female, and a bad bitch in her own right. Tiger didn't see any reason why she shouldn't make patch in six months.

He walked up behind Ze and slapped his ass so hard, his man missed his shot.

“Ow, damn.” Ze turned around to see Tiger smiling back at him. “You just cost me fifty dollars.”

“As long as your ass is still stinging, then it was worth it,” Tiger said.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

Ze smirked. “I don’t know... I might need a few more of those to really feel it.”

“Y’all some kinky ass motherfuckers,” Bruiser said and shook his head as he laughed.

“We just know what we like and what we need,” Ze said, then he tossed the pool stick on the table. “I want to dance with my man.” He took Tiger’s hand and led him to the middle of the club, which was the designated spot for dancing.

Tiger grabbed two handfuls of Ze’s luscious ass as they swayed to the music. “You visit your brother today? How’s he doing?”

Ze sighed and shrugged. “He’s good. Talked about how he has the best room there and now they’ve got him stripping, which increased his income. He likes that because of all the attention and he gets to show off how flexible he is. I’m just happy he can make even more money faster, and that’s all that matters to me. I miss my brother.”

“Oh, well, that’s good news then. He’ll be out of there soon, don’t worry,” Tiger said.

“Still, not soon enough. It’s almost been two years and I know he probably has two more years to go. I hate it,” Ze said.

“Think about it like this... that asshole Vinny has two years to go,” Tiger said.

Ze smiled and kissed him. “That’s why I love you.”

“If I can get Vinny to let Zin come to our wedding, will you marry me then?”

Ze shook his head. "I can't allow myself to have that level of happiness knowing my brother is stuck in that place. How can I marry you, have him see me complete my life with you and our son in it, then he has to go back to being a whore."

Tiger nodded. "You don't have to say anymore. We can wait," he said.

"I'm sorry... I know you really want to," Ze said.

"You don't have to apologize, cub. I get it now." Tiger held him closer as they gyrated to the music, their cocks growing harder with their motion.

The party's festivities were cut off by the sound of gunshots from the outside. Even over the loud music, that sound was unmistakable to their trained ears. Everyone ducked and Ze, Raven, and Tiger sprang into action, running out the side to go around to the front. They took shots at the black car speeding away, with Ze and Raven running to try to get some better shots in. Wolf and others joined them and Tiger rushed over to Jimmy, who was lying in a pool of his own blood between two cars.

"Fuck!" Wolf gasped, then rushed over as well.

"Dad!" Hound Dog cried out and joined the others.

Jimmy coughed, and blood spurted from his mouth right before he took his last breath.

"Oh no, no fuck," HD gasped as he held his father's dead body.

"Did you see who did this?" Wolf asked as he stood up, looking around, gun in his hand.

Tiger shook his head. "By the time we got out here, the car had already taken off. Tinted windows, so we couldn't see who, but we know who, don't we?"

"Fucking Devil's Regrets, it has to be. This will not go unanswered, blood for fucking blood," Wolf snarled.

"We should have killed them all after they broke the treaty for a second fucking time," Python snarled. "Those motherfuckers have killed two of our members and this is a third. We need to take them all out, no more of this tit-for-tat shit!"

"Oh, fuck yeah, brother," Romeo agreed as he stared down at his friend's dead body.

HD was leaning over his dad, tears pouring from his eyes. The other brothers and hang-arounds were all gathered around, some were crying, others were too pissed off to shed a tear, not yet, at least.

Romeo leaned over, rubbing HD's back as his brother cried. "I'm sorry, brother. I'm so fucking sorry."

"This shit ends now. No more fucking chances, no more fucking negotiations. We're taking this fucking city," Wolf said, then he dropped down, hugging HD. "We'll get them back for this, I promise."

Ze and Raven returned, huffing and puffing from running so hard and far. Ze shook his head. "We... couldn't... catch 'em," he said through pants.

"We know where they are," Tiger said and slipped his gun back into his holster.

Ze looked down, noticing for the first time that his president had been killed. "Oh fuck, no... no, fuck no." His legs fell out from under him, but Tiger caught him, giving him the comfort and support that he needed. He liked Jimmy, respected the

man, and he'd make sure he'd avenged his death. But he knew for Ze, it was more than just his president that was killed, but his grandfather. A man who played a part in making him a man, who helped take care of him and Zindel when they had no one. That was what the Lords of Chaos were to Ze. His family, and Tiger understood that. Which was why he was going to make whoever did this suffer.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

The sound of police sirens began to draw nearer and the men knew they had to act quickly, hiding their weapons to comply with Chicago's conceal and carry law. They didn't have anything else to hide, it was them who had been attacked. They comforted each other and tried their best to comfort Hound Dog, his shirt covered in his father's blood, but Wolf managed to pull him away.

"I called an ambulance," one of the brothers said, not that it'd matter. It was already too late.

"Good," Wolf said, then looked at Tiger. "You need to get out of here. Take Ze with you. Your high-society ass doesn't need to be seen by the cops right now."

Tiger nodded and took Ze with him to the side of the building. The two got on his motorcycle and he drove off just as police pulled up, followed by the ambulance, and the men stepped back, allowing the cops to take over the scene.

Back at his home, they were alone. His brother was babysitting his son, Seth. Ze lay in bed with him, just quiet as he processed everything that had happened. Tiger let him take all of the time he needed.

"I... I can't believe he's gone," Ze said. "He's one of the strongest men I've ever known."

"I'm sorry, cub," Tiger said.

"I have to tell Zin. It's going to fuck him up."

“Losing someone you love is never easy.”

“What are we going to do? Ever since I’ve known Jimmy, he’s been the president of the Lords,” Ze said.

“The Lords will choose another. That is what happens.”

“I know... it’s just... I can’t even imagine who could fill his shoes right now.”

“Don’t try to think about it. Just rest, and tomorrow will be a new day,” Tiger said.

“I can’t believe he’s dead and shot like some fucking nobody on the street.”

“How many people have we taken out like that?”

Ze looked up at him. “What’s your point?”

“That this is our lives. We have to be more vigilant if we want to survive. I’m sorry Jimmy is dead too, I am. But in this lifestyle, we don’t always get to decide how we go, and most of the time, it’s with a bullet,” Tiger said.

“Sometimes, I hate that you’re wiser than me because I always have to agree with your logic and sage advice,” Ze said.

“It comes with living if you’re smart enough to listen to wiser people than you and if you learn from your mistakes,” Tiger said, then kissed the top of Ze’s head.

“I feel empty and angry and sad all at the same time,” Ze said.

“You feel whatever you need to.”

“How do you feel?”

Tiger sighed. “I’m angry, cub. Pissed off that these sons of bitches have killed a friend of mine. That they keep testing us no matter how much we tried to make an alliance with them. They have shown us that they do not respect us. They need to be dealt with once and for all,” he said.

“Yes... yes, they do.”

Ze snuggled again and Tiger just held him, because that was all he could do.

* * *

Almost two weeks had passed since the shooting. The Lords of Chaos gave Jimmy a classic sendoff with other chapters paying their respects. They had his remains cremated and his urn sat on a mantle over the bar. Now that the media and police attention had died down, the Vice President, Romeo, called church. So, Tiger and Ze showed up along with all of the members.

“God, this place just doesn’t feel the same without Jimmy,” Ze said.

Tiger nodded and walked over to the bar to talk with some of the brothers while Ze made his way to Hound Dog. Everyone was just mingling and waiting for the meeting to start. Once Romeo got there, they all entered the meeting room and took their places.

“Hey, brothers, I know it’s been a rough fucking time. A lot of pain, a lot of rage and concern. But you know we’ll get through this,” Romeo said. “I’ve called you all here today because we need to start moving forward. It’s what Jimmy would have wanted. For us to remain strong and to deal with our enemies. And to do that... we need a president. Someone who can lead us in the right direction.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“You’re VP, why don’t you do it?” Snoopy asked. He was a fully patched member now, had been for almost two years. There were some nods around the table, and a few murmurs in agreement.

Romeo shook his head. “I’m no leader, trust me. Sure, I can hold down the fort when I have to, but heavy is the head that wears the crown and that ain’t for me. No... I’m nominating Wolf to be our new president.”

To that, there were a lot more heads nodded and smiles, along with some “hell yeahs” in the mix.

Wolf ran a finger over his bottom lip as he took in the room, gauging everyone’s response to him being nominated. “I mean... I’d be honored to take over the reins. Jimmy left some big fucking shoes to fill, but if my brothers want me to be the new president, I won’t let you down.”

“I think you’re the best candidate,” Tiger said.

“Why?” Hound Dog asked.

Tiger arched an eyebrow. “Do you disagree?”

HD shook his head. “No, I just want to know why you think so.”

Tiger shrugged. “Well, Wolf obviously has all of the respect of every brother here, right?”

Everyone nodded.

“And he knows how to strategize and that’s what we need. Someone who can form a plan and knows the best way to execute that plan. Back when Ze and I first got together, we had that whole thing about trying to avoid an assassin. Wolf came up with a lot of that plan, and it worked. And for fuck’s sake, look at the man,” Tiger said, and there were a few chuckles and nods.

Hound Dog nodded. “Yeah, if anyone were to replace my dad... It’s Wolf.”

“I agree,” Ze said. “Wolf not only has the brains and brawn, but the balls to deal with our crazy fucking asses.”

To that, there were quite a few laughs.

“Okay, let’s get this vote going. All for Wolf becoming our new president, say ‘yay,’” Romeo said.

The vote was unanimous.

“All right, it’s decided. Welcome, president,” Romeo said, then he pulled a patch out of his pocket and slid it over to Wolf, who smiled and took the proffered patch with pride.

“Thank you, brothers. I swear, I won’t let you down,” Wolf said.

“Take your seat,” Romeo said, rising and offering the seat that was set at the head of the table, with the gavel. He reclaimed his original seat, happy to no longer be in control.

Wolf sat down and sighed. Already, he could feel a bit of weight on his shoulders, but

he was prepared for the job. “Okay, first order of business. We’re killing every last fucking Devil’s Regrets member out there. At first, before they killed Jimmy, I was going to suggest we make them patch over. But we’ve been going too hard at each other for the better part of a year. They kill one of ours, we kill two of theirs, and then we agree to back off and the shit starts all over again.” He shook his head. “No more. We’re taking this entire fucking city, but we need to play this smart and be a force to be reckoned with. I want to make these motherfuckers examples to anyone, and I mean anyone, that the Lords of Chaos aren’t to be fucked with.”

“What do you have in mind, pres?” Python asked.

“We take them all out in one day,” Wolf said.

“Shit, pres... can we even do that?” Bruiser asked.

Wolf nodded. “We have three of the best enforcers in the business right here.” He pointed to Raven, Ze, and Tiger. “Not to mention, the baddest bikers in the whole fucking city. We can do this, but we can’t rush into it. We need to plan and bide our time. They’ll be expecting our retaliation. We need to keep them on the ropes, make sure they’re alert. Make them go into lockdown if possible.”

“Ahhhh, I see where you’re going with this,” Python said. “And even if they aren’t in one place... we watch them, their habits. We can take them all out with organized hits.”

Wolf nodded. “Now, it won’t be easy. Especially since we want to make sure no women and children are hurt... If that’s something we can do. Avoiding collateral damage is my priority, but not above taking our opportunity.”

“Holy shit, you’re serious about that,” Goat said, then ran his hands over his face.

“I’m on board. They killed our fucking president, my father. They stalked our fucking clubhouse and waited for him to come. And then they shot him in the fucking back,” Hound Dog said. “If you don’t have the balls to go the distance, say so now.”

Everyone was quiet.

Wolf nodded. “I’ll take the silence as an indicator that we’re all on the same page.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

There were some nods and verbal affirmative responses.

“Okay, so we watch them. Watch what they’re doing now. Then we start making some noise, enough to force them to take defensive measures. Then we take them out.”

“Not one Regret lives. We need to have men waiting to take them out as they flee,” Python said.

Wolf nodded. “If we can pull this off, we can get rid of them in one day and word will spread that the Lords of Chaos own fucking Chicago.”

“All right, prez,” Ze said, nodding.

Tiger mulled over everything that was discussed and he had to admit that it was a great plan. One he would have suggested had he thought Jimmy would have been open to the idea. With an attack like that, it would be a miracle to avoid collateral damage, but sometimes you needed to do what you needed to do. Hang-arounds and old boys or ladies weren’t the targets, but if you’re with an outlaw biker, especially ones who don’t know how to respect a treaty, then you’re taking a risk as well. He respected Wolf for finally doing what had to be done.

“Who’s our SA going to be?” Tiger asked.

“Is that something you want?” Ze asked.

Tiger shook his head. “No, the SA is someone who needs to be able to dedicate their

life to the club. I have obligations to my family, cub.”

“I couldn’t agree more, Tiger. Which is why I’m nominating Python to take over as Sergeant-at-Arms,” Wolf said.

“I second that,” Romeo said.

“Does anyone have a nomination? Yourself or someone else?” Wolf asked, wanting to be fair.

There were no objections. And the vote was passed.

“All right, last order of business. The Castiellos,” Romeo said.

“What about them?” Tiger asked.

“Dasan, president of the Florida Original Chapter contacted Jimmy about this a little over a month ago, told us to sit on it because he was still in the negotiations phase. But he’d been in talks with Rico Castiello about bringing the Lords in as partners. Transporting his drugs using our network, and selling them for a part of the profit. Rico stated he’s willing to give it a go if they could pull off a hit for him. Basically, he said that his son, Dragon, was able to pull it off. Now, they’re just waiting for the heat to die down before they have their meeting. Dasan is trying to arrange it so that all of the chapters benefit,” Romeo said.

“This is great news, working with them means a lot more money for us,” Goat said.

“Bigger risk with selling the drugs, but also bigger reward. I’m in,” Bruiser said.

“Do we really want to work with the motherfuckers who screwed over Zindel?” Clapback asked.

“It’s perfect,” Tiger said. “Building an alliance gives us some plays we can make.”

“My thoughts exactly,” Wolf said.

Ze was silent as he took it all in. If aligning with the Castiellos could help him get his brother back, then yeah, he’d sell their fucking drugs.

“So, if everyone is on board, let’s have a vote if we’re going to be a part of it,” Wolf said.

The vote was passed with a majority for working with the Castiellos. The meeting was adjourned and Tiger and Ze went home.

EPILOGUE

ZE

A Month Later

Ze knocked on the door of the president and Wolf beckoned him inside, so he entered. The scent of marijuana filled his nostrils, nothing he wasn’t used to. The men of the Lords enjoyed partaking in the sticky-icky as Wolf called it. “I need to talk to you,” he said.

Wolf nodded as he took a puff on his joint and gestured for Ze to take a seat. “What’s up?”

Ze came around the chair and took a seat in the cushioned leather chair. It’d been a month since Wolf had been voted in as president and he’d made the office his own. It felt weird for Ze to be in it knowing that Jimmy’s stuff was no longer there. He wasn’t angry at Wolf, it had to be done. They had to move forward; it was going to

take some getting used to for all of them. He was sure Wolf had to get accustomed too.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 9:53 am

“It’s about my brother. Since we’re trying to work out this deal with the Castiello family... I want to see if I can talk to Vito since he took over. Maybe he’ll release my brother. You know... as a show of good faith?”

Wolf sighed and sat back. “I never liked how that shit went down with your brother.”

“What would you have done differently?” Ze asked him.

Wolf took a few seconds, and another puff of his joint before responding. “Want some?” he asked, offering the joint to Ze, who nodded and took it. “I’d gone to Jimmy, told him maybe we should try to appeal to the head of the mafia, Rico, but he was against that. Didn’t want to deal with the mob boss in negotiations where we didn’t have any leverage.”

“What would you have negotiated?” Ze asked after taking several puffs of the joint, which was stronger than what he was used to. He coughed a bit, then returned it to Wolf, who smiled.

“Lightweight,” Wolf teased, then inhaled.

“You put some extra shit in that,” Ze said, coughing a bit more.

Wolf shook his head. “I grow my own, none of that watered-down shit you get.” He shrugged. “I would have offered to pay Zin’s debt, or loan out our club’s services for a time. But Jimmy didn’t want to be indebted to the mafia. Especially not for someone who wasn’t a member. Now, that’s not to say he didn’t love Zin.”

“I know he loved him,” Ze said.

Wolf nodded. “We all do. But there’s only so much the brothers are willing to sacrifice for someone who isn’t club. And going to war with the mafia wasn’t anything we were going to get everyone on board with. My other suggestion was for us to fuck with the clientele, make business difficult, but Jimmy was against anything that could get the club engaged in a war with the Castiellos.”

Ze’s jaw was tight as he thought about what Wolf was saying. For the past two years, he thought about his brother, wishing he could free him without the consequences that would follow. As much as it ripped his heart out, he had to let Zindel work off his debt.

“As long as Zindel wasn’t being abused, Jimmy was willing to ride it out,” Wolf said.

Ze shook his head. “He hasn’t been abused. It helps that he’s a little slut.” He gave Wolf a sad smile.

“He’s a tough little son of a bitch, is what he is,” Wolf said. “He can handle anything thrown at him.”

“Fuck yeah, he can,” Ze said, nodding. Even though he hated what happened to his brother, he was still so very proud of him. With every visit, he could see his brother growing stronger, bolder, and more confident. “So, are you okay with me going to talk to Vito?”

Wolf nodded. “Yeah, do that shit, but be careful. Rico’s little brother is a real motherfucker for you, if what I’ve heard about him is the truth. They call him the “Vise” because he doesn’t let up until he gets what he wants. He probably makes Vinny look like an amateur, so watch what you say when you speak to him.”

“I just want him to release my brother.”

“Tell him that since we’re working together, it’d be beneficial for our two organizations to not have bad blood between us. Freeing Zindel would heal old wounds,” Wolf said.

“I’ll try to be as elegant as that,” Ze said with a slight chuckle.

“Whatever you do, don’t back down until he agrees to release Zin. I’ve got your back. It’s not like it was before. Dasan has a meeting set up with them, probably right now, and he’s negotiating a deal with them and they need us. This time, we do have leverage thanks to what our brothers in Orlando did,” Wolf said.

Ze smiled and nodded. “Thanks, Wolf.”

Wolf nodded. “Bring our boy home.”

“You’re damn right I will. It’s about time,” Ze said, then left the office. His chest was out now, his head held high as he climbed onto the motorcycle his brother had bought him. For the first time in two years, he felt like himself, like he was ready to take on the world and it was because his club was behind him.

Hang on, little brother. I’m coming.