



Razor's Ride

Author: *Winter Sloane*

Category: Romance, Adult, Crime And Mafia, Action, Biker, Mc

Description: Razor: I can't get Natalie out of my head. One look at the gorgeous redhead and I know I need to make her mine. Too bad she belongs to someone else. The VP of a rival MC. Taking her means igniting a war with the enemy. Walking away is the hardest thing I've ever done. When I find her abandoned and left for dead, I know this is my one chance to redeem myself. I'll wreak vengeance on her behalf, kill those who've taken pleasure in hurting her. I'll show her I'm different from the men she's been with in the past.

Natalie: I've made plenty of bad choices. To pay off my mother's hospital bills, I trusted the wrong man. A savage biker who disposed of me once he lost interest. Too bad he did a poor job of killing me. There's a new man in my life, one who's intent on fixing the wrongs done to me. Razor's fierce, possessive, and dangerous. I thought I was done with bikers but it turns out I'm wrong. I can't imagine being with anyone else but him.

Total Pages (Source): 25

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

Chapter One

Screams punctured the air, making the gorgeous redhead serving me drinks jump. It came from the room just next door. She's one hell of a beauty, Razor mused.

She looked to be in her mid-twenties, and Richard 'Razor' Sawyer was likely twice her age. Her gold halter top highlighted all her curves, the generous swell of her chest and ass, and that glorious hair. It fell in curls down her back like fire. Razor fantasized about what it would be like to kiss those lips. He bet they'd be cherry sweet.

Razor didn't miss the other details as well. The fading yellow bruise behind her left knee. The purpling one just on her left cheekbone.

The men in his MC treated their women like queens. It wasn't the same for the Black Dogs MC, that much was clear. These scumbags pretty much did whatever they wanted. Screw the law. They didn't possess a lick of decency.

The poor son of a bitch next door wailed again. This time, he started pleading for his life. The men with him only chuckled.

The screams didn't bother Razor or King as much as they did the serving girls. Rat and his new VP Vulture sat across the table from them, gauging their every reaction. Razor finished his vodka in one gulp.

King would normally bring his own VP Brick along to this dangerous meeting, but Brick was on his honeymoon with his old lady. Razor, the Ruthless Reapers MC's

sergeant-at-arms, had to do. King knew he could always rely on him to do the club's dirty business. He knew Razor would keep his cool in a meeting between monsters. Razor wasn't too sure of that now. The more he stared at the redhead, the more anger bubbled inside him. It didn't make any sense. He didn't even know this woman's name, but he could tell she'd been through hell.

A wild idea started in his head. That he could track the bastard who gave her all those hurts and make him scream. Ridiculous, considering Razor only met this haunted siren today.

Siren. Yeah, that was the right word to use. Gut instinct told him this woman, whoever she was, would lead him to his doom. Best Razor sit through this meeting and forget about her. He had to remember why he was there with King.

For months, the Black Dogs MC had hounded them. They didn't exactly behave like sitting ducks either. When the Black Dogs MC sought a senseless fight with them or worse, disrupted their deliveries, they hit back twice as hard. All that back and forth had accumulated a number of deaths. Rat called them here for a truce, but King and Razor didn't quite believe Rat's intentions.

"Vulture, tell Link and Dom to keep it down. We're having a meeting," Rat said.

Razor always thought the nickname didn't suit him. Rat was six-three, muscled, and heavily inked. Some women, those who were stupid enough to fall for his charms, would even consider him handsome.

"Nat, refill Razor's drink," Rat said.

The Black Dog MC's latest victim let out a wail. The redhead's hand shook as she refilled Razor's drink. She didn't meet his eyes, but up close, he saw they were a strange gray-green color. A single gunshot silenced the Black Dogs' latest, and

unfortunately, Nat spilled his drink. She visibly cringed.

“It’s fine,” Razor said without thinking. He touched her gently on the wrist. She didn’t fling his hand away or tell him off, and for some stupid reason, that pleased him. He smiled up at her. His MC brothers and most of the women he’d been with always said his smile unsettled them. Razor was going for nice here.

She looked so scared, he added, “I don’t need a refill.”

“I’m so sorry. I’ll grab you a new drink soon,” she whispered and flashed him a small smile. Then she hurried away to the bar, probably to grab a rag.

“Why don’t we sweeten this truce a little bit?” Rat suggested.

Vulture hadn’t returned, but Razor could make out voices in the next room. Vulture was loud enough he could hear the words body disposal and quietly. Razor didn’t know that one. Rat had his last VP killed on account of betrayal, at least that was what Rat had said.

“Your group stays out of our delivery routes. We’ll do you the same favor. That’s about it,” King said firmly.

Razor could hear the finality in King’s voice. The prez wanted to get out of here as soon as possible, and Razor didn’t blame him. They both willingly walked into Black Dogs MC territory, and their clubhouse was an old warehouse they converted into their living quarters.

The problem was that the entire place had been built like a maze. Razor tried taking note of all the possible exit routes when they entered. King and he had been led through so many twists and turns, he lost count, and he felt like a pig being led to the slaughter. That didn’t sit right with him. He was used to being the predator, not the

prey.

“I can’t help but notice your friend here has been staring at Nat’s ass and tits the entire time,” Rat said.

“You going to throw her in for free?” Razor asked.

A reckless question and he knew it. King glared at him, but Razor ignored the silent warning in King’s eyes. He wasn’t a fool. Toying with the Black Dogs MC wasn’t the brightest idea in the world.

“Nat, come here,” Rat ordered.

Razor immediately distrusted the smile he wore.

The redhead approached him with slow, tentative steps. She looked downright frightened like a mouse caught in a trap.

“Nat here is Vulture’s bitch,” Rat said in that same monotone voice that irked Razor. He touched his belt, then remembered King and he had to surrender their weapons upon entry into the clubhouse. Rat looked to Nat. “Tell these nice men who owns you, dear.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“Vulture,” she said in a shaky voice.

Razor knew how to play this game, to use the same language as these scum bags who masqueraded as men.

“And how did you become Vulture’s property?” Razor asked.

“Little Nat here owed me a huge debt,” Vulture said, joining them once more.

Razor noticed blood splatters lingered on his cut. Not his. More covered his hands and face. Razor wouldn’t be too surprised if the bastard appeared this way on purpose. Vulture returned to his seat and tugged Nat to him, making her sit on his lap. She looked awkward as hell.

Vulture ran his bloody fingers down the strings of her halter top. She shuddered in revulsion, and Razor cracked his knuckles.

“What’s this about?” Vulture asked Rat.

“Razor here seems to have a thing for your toy,” Rat said.

Razor wanted to break every bone in Rat’s face at that moment.

“We didn’t come here for whores,” King injected. “We got plenty of women at home. Right, Razor?”

Razor recognized that tone of finality. King practically told him to disengage from

whatever it was he was doing. He wasn't a fool. Razor knew these assholes would dangle this poor woman like a piece of meat if it meant having something on them.

"King's right," he finally said.

"Good for you," Vulture said. Rat's VP looked like his opposite. Tall, bald, lean but muscled and covered in scars and ink, Vulture looked like scum that just crawled out of prison. "But let me tell you, man, you're missing out. Her pussy's amazing."

Nat numbly stared at the wallpaper while Vulture talked about her, like she was imagining herself in a different place. Razor knew that look. He'd seen it so often on his mother's face when his useless and miserable sack of a father used his fists on her.

Razor eventually toughened himself up and threw that jerk out of the trailer, then beat him up so bad that he never returned again. His momma always called him her savior, but he didn't think he could do the same for Nat. The stakes were too high.

"Razor doesn't like sloppy seconds," King said.

"Is that right? And King speaks for you all the time?" Rat asked.

Razor clenched his jaw. "King just has my best interests at heart. Besides, I'm not interested in a woman who already answers to someone else."

Rat nodded, changing the topic. He probably believed the matter to be settled, but it wasn't the same for Vulture. Vulture kept Nat on his lap the entire time just to unsettle Razor, but he put his game face on and pretended to look bored.

Deep down, Razor wanted to truss Vulture up like a turkey and make him squeal. Razor was no stranger to making people talk. The talk went on until evening, and

Razor barely listened to a word Rat or Vulture had said. He kept his gaze trained on Nat the entire time.

He knew he shouldn't, but he kept picturing her under Vulture's mercy, and the wrath inside him only festered. Grew to astronomical proportions.

Let it go, Razor kept telling himself, you can't save her. Nat had dug her own grave, allowing a man like Vulture to control her life. Still, even as the meeting ended and as King and Rat shook hands, Razor couldn't stop thinking about her.

Chapter Two

“That was interesting,” Rat was telling Vulture. Once the Black Dogs MC’s important guests were gone, Vulture shoved her off his lap like trash. Natalie Rivers fell to her knees and told herself she wouldn’t cry. Not here and certainly not now.

“I didn’t like the way that bastard was looking at my girl,” Vulture said through gritted teeth.

Nat remembered that biker’s smile, how it felt wrong in that place. That smile seemed to lack pretension, and it actually almost seemed genuine and full of sympathy.

Nat suppressed the laugh that threatened to escape her mouth. She forced herself to get up, return to the bar, and start cleaning up. Razor and Vulture talked some more, but their voices sounded like buzzing insects to her. The men in this MC didn’t think much of the women here. To them, Nat and the others were like mere ants to be stepped on.

Her mind remained occupied. Razor was probably as bad as Vulture, but some part of her didn’t think so. When she’d been serving them drinks, she felt the weight of his gray stare on her but didn’t think much of it. Men leered at her all the time, but none of the MC men would touch her because they were terrified of Vulture. Some of the women in the club said she was lucky in that sense, but Nat didn’t feel lucky at all.

Being with Vulture felt like a never-ending nightmare. Sometimes, she seriously debated killing herself. No one would miss her absence from this world after all. Her mother, her only ally in this world, was gone, taken by cancer. She would never be

able to repay all her hospital bills if not for Vulture's generosity. Generous. That was what Vulture liked to describe himself.

"Nat, Razor left his jacket. Return it to him," Rat interrupted.

Startled, she set down the glass she'd been washing. Nat dropped what she was doing to pluck Razor's cut from the chair. Before she could slip out of the room, Vulture blocked the way out.

"Just hand it to him. Don't linger," he warned her. "Remember there are cameras even outside the club."

"Relax, Vulture. If Razor lays his hands on her, then we can consider this truce gone. Won't that be fun?" Rat asked.

They are crazy, Nat thought. Although privately, she thought Rat was a different brand of crazy. Vulture was an easy enough man to understand. He was a possessive and jealous brute through and through, but Rat? Logic couldn't explain Rat's actions.

Vulture suddenly gripped her chin to the point of pain. "Tell me you understand, bitch."

"I understand," Nat dully said. She thought he wouldn't let her go, but he did. Nat left the room, clutching Razor's jacket. The clubhouse was full of narrow corridors, of various twists and turns that could make an outsider's head spin, but Nat knew her way out.

The two MC men guarding the front door were only a few feet from her now.

"Rat asked me to return this to our guests," she said, panting a little as she held out a jacket. They let her through. To her relief, she spotted King and Razor in the parking

lot. They were about to get on their Harleys. The thought of never seeing Razor again filled her with a strange, quiet despair, which didn't make sense at all.

She only met this man today, and yet she couldn't stop thinking of that sincere smile he flashed at her or the silent rage in his eyes every time Vulture inappropriately touched her. In those few moments, she allowed herself to think that Razor would leap out of his seat and strangle Vulture on the spot.

Of course, daydreams were nice and all, but they weren't reality.

"Wait," Nat called out. Running in these ridiculous heels almost made her trip. She righted herself at the last second and forced herself to walk.

King looked at her like she was an annoyance, but Razor's face, did it actually light up? The streetlights flickered on at that moment, and she blinked. Under the dim lights of the clubhouse, she'd only caught glimpses of his features. Out here in the parking lot, she could finally get a clear look at him.

He usually wasn't the type she went for. Sharp gray eyes peered at her from a bearded face that couldn't quite conceal his square jaw and sharp cheekbones. Black ink covered both his muscled arms, and more peeked from under his neck.

"Look who we have here," he drawled in a honeyed voice that made her shiver in a good way.

When Vulture first brought her to the MC clubhouse, she'd been painfully naïve. She grew up in a tiny, broken-down trailer in the poorest neighborhood in town, and Nat thought she understood hardship.

Being with Vulture opened her eyes to a whole new world where she was prey, disposable and insignificant. He made her feel so small, so worthless, but right now,

Razor looked at her as more than a broken, used-up toy. Razor gazed at her like she was a queen, a treasure to be guarded and kept safe—although she understood these thoughts were probably just an illusion.

“You forgot your jacket,” she said, holding it out. She remembered his gentle touch on her wrist and decided this man was dangerous. Just a few moments with him in the same room had her thinking there were a few good men left in the room.

Why would anyone pick a nickname like Razor? Earlier, before the meeting, Rat warned Vulture not to let his guard down around their guests, Razor especially. In the end, Nat was that same, hopeless little girl who grew up in a trailer, hoping for a prince to sweep her away to his fairytale castle.

“Thank you, Red,” he said, taking it and putting it on.

“Red?” she asked. “I don’t think we know each other well enough for you to start giving me nicknames.”

As soon as Nat said those words, she started to hyperventilate. What in heaven’s name had gotten into her? Razor’s sharp gray eyes gleamed with undisguised interest. She’d been bold and outspoken once, before Vulture had reduced to a spineless coward terrified of her own shadow.

Nat missed those days, missed being her old self. Getting involved with Vulture and his MC was like making a deal with the devil. Falling for Razor would put her in the same position. She was sure of it.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“So she has claws,” Razor murmured. “Does she know how to use them?”

“You’ll have to find out,” she whispered, her heart beating fiercely.

“I’ll be seeing you around, Red,” Razor said. To her surprise, he held out a hand toward her. He wanted to shake on it?

Too stunned to do anything else, she grasped his offered hand. Without warning, Razor jerked her close to him. She gasped, surprised to suddenly find herself in his arms. Razor kissed her then, quick and fleeting, but it had been enough to ignite a fire in her that she thought had fizzled out long ago.

When she met Vulture, she didn’t think she could look at another man with interest or desire anymore. Razor changed all that. He moved his lips from her mouth to the shell of her ear.

“Think of me tonight, Red,” Razor whispered in her ear, his breath warm. He abruptly released her.

“Razor, we need to go,” King interrupted. He didn’t sound all that happy.

Razor winked at her before mounting his bike. Take me with you, she wanted to blurt out, but meeting him hadn’t completely restored her courage. She owed a large debt to Vulture, and it suddenly felt like phantom chains weighing her down.

Nat opened her mouth, then zipped it shut. Razor and King revved their engines, and she watched them go, her heart sinking. She was still standing there, realizing she

was a damn idiot for having such a fanciful imagination. Nat brushed her fingers to her lips.

Razor's kiss had a little bite to it, but God, she'd forgotten what it felt like being kissed by a man who desired her, who saw her as more than an object.

Vulture didn't kiss her, he only used her, and that was fine with her. Cold night wind blew at her face, and something fluttered from her hand. A slip of paper she didn't notice before. Nat caught it before it could be swept away.

She looked at it with wide eyes. The paper only had a cell phone number written on it in what she assumed was Razor's untidy scrawl. Was this his personal number? What did this mean? Maybe she hadn't imagined his interest in her after all.

Nat held on to that piece of paper like her life depended on it. A strange emotion took root inside her heart. Hope, dangerous and fleeting.

Vulture's help came with a terrible price. He taught her nothing came free in this world. What kind of prize would Razor demand for his love?

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

Chapter Three

Razor had been in the middle of a delivery job when his phone rang. He looked at the screen, frowning. Unknown number.

Normally, Razor let those calls go to voicemail, but for some reason, he thought of Nat. Three days had passed, and Razor couldn't seem to erase the gorgeous redhead from his mind.

Keeping an eye on his crew as they unloaded the merchandise for their client, Razor picked up.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Help me," a voice croaked, weak and desperate. Recognition hit him like a lightning bolt.

"Nat?" he asked.

Static crackled on the other end. He could hear her taking deep, painful breaths on the other line. What happened? Was she in trouble? Did that fucker Vulture finally lose his shit and decide to take it out on her?

That last thought left a sour taste in his mouth. Razor had to choose his words with care. Time was running out. He didn't know how he knew that, he simply did.

"Where are you, Nat? I'll come get you," he said in a firm voice.

“Firewood Road,” she whispered. Then the call ended.

Razor stared at his cell phone for a few moments. He’d never run out on a delivery job before. As King’s sergeant-in-arms, he’d been tasked with making sure each weapon’s drop-off went without a hitch.

“Grizzly,” he called to a veteran MC member and one of his good friends.

Grizzly stood by him, but his gaze remained on the rest of their crew. Jose, the representative of the Hernandez Cartel and one of the MC’s long-time clients, watched the proceedings with indifference.

Razor doubted Jose would pull a fast one on them. The MC and the cartel had a working relationship for almost two decades. That could’ve been a life-or-death call, or it could mean nothing. Either way, Razor had killed and bled for the MC. He could be excused this one time.

“What’s up?” Grizzly asked him after a moment of silence had passed.

“Oversee the rest of the operation. Make sure they wire the money on the spot. I need to leave. Emergency,” he said.

Grizzly didn’t question him. He merely nodded. “King sending you on another errand?”

“This is personal,” he said.

The big biker raised his eyebrows at that.

Razor didn’t have time to explain.

“Give my regards to Jose, will you?” Razor added.

Without another word, Razor turned his back and walked to where he parked his Harley. He mounted it, then checked his GPS map. Firewood Road was a small, barely noticeable lane on the outskirts of Black Dogs MC territory.

Razor revved his engine and drove toward the direction Nat uttered. He didn't care that he went beyond the speed limit. Worry swelled in his gut, an unfamiliar emotion. Razor couldn't remember the last time he cared about someone this much.

Nat was dangerous, but he knew that already. It took him half an hour, even at full throttle to reach Firewood Road. By then, the sun had set. Good. Night would provide him decent cover.

Going anywhere near Black Dogs MC's land was practically a death wish. He didn't see anything at first, only a few abandoned houses in the distance. This place used to be a thriving neighborhood once, he decided.

Weeds choked the front lawns. Doors to several houses lay open, an invitation into the dark unknown. Windows without any glass showed him the inside of most of these houses had been stripped to their bare bones.

Razor didn't let his eerie surroundings distract him. There. He could almost make out a pale, unmistakable slender leg behind one scraggly, overgrown bush. A purple high heel lay discarded in the grass next to the leg.

Razor practically flew off his bike. He sucked in a breath, unsure what he'd find. Dread lined his insides. Was it too late to save Nat? He slowed his pace now, approaching the body.

He wasn't squeamish by nature. In his savage line of work, Razor thought nothing

could faze him, but Nat's broken body did. She lay curled up on her side on the grass. She lay so still, she reminded him of a bloody doll.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

Pieces of clothing still clung to her body, but the areas the clothes didn't cover showed him fresh bruises. Anger welled up in him. He turned one slender hand over, breaths coming harsh. Then he placed two fingers over her wrist.

Razor wasn't a praying man, but at that moment, he sure hoped someone up there was listening.

"I'll fucking make him pay. I swear this to you, Nat," he said in a vehement whisper.

Was it a figment of his imagination, or did her eyelids flicker? He hadn't released her wrist yet. There it was. A faint pulse. Nat was still miraculously alive. She could make it if he hurried.

He pulled out his phone, only to see it ringing. A call from Brick, probably wanting answers. Good. Brick, he could deal with. Brick had always been more reasonable than King.

"I need your help," were the first things he said to his VP.

"Razor, I just got a hold of Grizzly. He said you left in the middle of a job for a personal emergency," Brick said carefully.

"She's dying. Help me," he croaked. Razor never begged his entire life, not since he was a kid. He was transported back to the tiny trailer he called home. Back to being that helpless and skinny kid who couldn't protect his own mother. He loathed that feeling.

“Who is? Where the hell are you?” Brick demanded.

Razor gathered his thoughts. He wanted to punch himself. Razor pulled himself away from those old memories. Damn it. He was a grown adult now, no longer that useless kid. Razor told Brick what he needed and where he was.

Brick probably had questions about Nat, but Razor wouldn't give them to him yet.

“And Brick?” he added after telling Brick what he wanted. “Hurry.”

Razor didn't leave Nat that entire time. He reached for her hand, surprised she squeezed back. Her eyes fluttered open for a couple of moments. Razor thought she smiled at him, but he couldn't quite tell. Not really.

Darkness had fallen while he waited for help to arrive. Tonight, the skies were pitch black. Only a few distant stars came out.

Razor would've taken her on his Harley to the nearest hospital if he could, but he didn't want to move her. What if she died on the way to the hospital?

He finally spotted red and blue lights on the horizon. An ambulance. Finally, Brick arrived with help. The ambulance came to a stop a few feet from his Harley. Brick came out, along with two paramedics.

“Brick, over here,” Razor yelled.

They ran toward him, the two paramedics carrying a stretcher between them.

“Easy,” he said, watching them lift Nat on the stretcher.

Brick studied Nat, then him intently. Razor had no answers for him, not yet. The

paramedics took Nat to the back of the ambulance, and Razor rode with them.

Razor knew he was hovering. He should have let the paramedic do his job, but he didn't budge. The paramedic made an annoyed sound, then started checking her injuries. Razor remained where he was, sitting next to her and holding her hand.

How had she gotten into this state? Did Nat get in trouble because Razor gave her his card? Damn it all. He only wanted to help her.

Razor remembered wanting to take her with him when she came running into the parking lot holding his cut. Screw the consequences. There was no use contemplating his past actions. It was done.

"We need to have the hospital check her for internal injuries," the paramedic was saying.

Razor let the guy's words wash over him. He couldn't focus on anything else but the rage coming to a boiling point inside him. Thinking about the numerous ways he'd make Vulture pay kept his sanity in check.

He looked at her puffy and battered face, surprised to find her staring back at him. Relief washed over her features, or had he imagined that?

"Thank you," she mouthed before falling unconscious again.

They soon arrived at the hospital. Nat was taken inside and right into the emergency room. Razor couldn't be with her in there, despite his arguments. So he remained in the waiting room with Brick.

Razor had forgotten what a pain in the ass it was, waiting in the hospital.

He remembered all those times he had had to accompany his mom to the hospital. How he hated her for making excuses for his dad. Even as a kid, he didn't think the nurses or hospital staff believed she had fallen down the stairs for the sixth or seventh time.

Unlike his complacent mother, Nat had reached out to him for his help. That made her stronger than his weak mother.

“Who is she, Razor?” Brick finally asked, breaking the silence. “She’s important to you, that much is clear.”

“She’s mine,” Razor answered simply.

Chapter Four

Nat found herself in a hospital bed when she woke up. She ached and hurt all over, a familiar sensation. Vulture never pulled his punches.

Why should he? The Black Dogs Mc considered themselves kings of that dingy little town, and Vulture was Vice President, second only to Rat. No one would bat an eyelid if he finally crossed the line and ended her miserable life.

It all started coming back to her. Fragments of memory at first, then everything. Vulture had cornered her yesterday afternoon, pissed off and drunk. The moment he held out Razor's card to her, Nat knew that was it. The straw that broke the camel's back.

After he imparted his final lessons on her body, he rode up to Firewood Road and dumped her body behind an overgrown bush like trash.

Natalie didn't need to raise the sheets to see the mess Vulture left on her body. It was a miracle she was alive. Anger, fiery and scalding, surged through her blood, her entire body.

She endured the name-calling, his leers, and his violent temper because he was right. He owned her. Nat made the mistake of trusting him. She'd dug herself a hole and couldn't get out of it, until now.

She was alive. God. Her breathing hitched. How was that possible?

Razor. She remembered his worried bearded face looking down upon her. Not with pity, but something else, regret and rage. He was angry for her sake, for what Vulture had done to her.

Her gaze darted around the room, and she found him. He slept in the armchair next to the bed. This private room couldn't have been cheap. Razor had spared no expense in her care, but why?

You're not a fool, Nat. You know the answer to that, a voice inside her said.

Yes, she did. Nat couldn't forget the hunger in his eyes when he looked at her. She didn't know where she'd found the strength to pull out her cell phone and call him. Nat did it out of desperation because she had no options left. No one to turn to but him.

Her mother had been her only family. Nat didn't think a stranger she only met would come to her aid, not really, and yet there he was. Her guardian angel.

Nat wasn't naïve. She knew what he was and what he did for a living, but she couldn't quite put him in the same category as Vulture either.

Someone knocked on the door, and another huge and inked biker entered, bearing coffee and croissants. Her stomach growled. This unknown biker's eyes met hers and she stared back, unsure of him.

Nat didn't miss the patch on the cut he wore, the one that had the words Vice President stitched on it.

"You're awake. Razor's mystery girl, well, woman," he said. "I'm Brick."

Nat didn't say anything, not yet. Let Brick chalk it all up to her still feeling out of

sorts.

Razor stirred on the armchair. He bolted to his feet when he saw she was awake. She found herself making space for him on the bed, even though the movement made her wince.

“Did you spend the entire night here?” she asked him.

“You’ve been asleep for two days, so two nights,” Razor said.

“Two nights?” she whispered in alarm. “That long?”

He nodded. Nat gingerly lifted the sheets, then the shift, surprised Razor touched her hand. She numbly stared at the stitches across her side.

“Vulture messed you up good. I’m guessing this is his handiwork?” Razor asked.

She let the sheet go and looked up at him, biting on her lower lip. Someone cleared their throat. Brick.

Razor frowned, as if only realizing he was there. “Nat, this is Brick. I called him for help. He arrived with the paramedics.”

“Then I owe you my thanks,” she told Brick.

“No thanks necessary. You’re Razor’s woman, and the MC takes care of their own,” Brick answered.

“I’m what?” she whispered, looking at Razor.

“We’ll talk about that another time,” he said, tucking a stray strand of hair that had

fallen across her face.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“Is that the price for your help?” She couldn’t keep the bitterness out of her voice.

“Brick, give us some time alone,” Razor said.

“Fine, I’ll leave the coffee and pastries here,” Brick said, sounding unhappy. The biker left the breakfast on the tiny table next to the bed before exiting the room.

“No price,” Razor finally said. “But you have to remember that you’re not safe, Nat.”

She sucked in a breath. God. Even breathing hurt. “I don’t mean to sound ungrateful,” she said.

“I get it. You think like Vulture, I’ll demand payment for helping you,” Razor said. “Not all bikers are like him, but he’ll be unhappy to know you lived.”

Nat painfully squeezed her eyes shut. What was she doing, pushing away the man who saved her life? She was no one important.

“Until this is all over, you’ll be under my protection,” he said firmly. He rose to his feet and gave her cheek a kiss. “After Vulture’s dead, you can do whatever the hell you want. Leave town. Start somewhere new, but there’s also the alternative.”

“What’s that?” she asked, voice hoarse. Razor grabbed the water bottle next to the bed and handed it to her. She drank it all down.

“I’ll tell you later,” Razor said, grinning.

Her heart beat a little faster. How could she have butterflies in her stomach after everything she'd been through?

"I need to ask you one more thing," she said.

"Ask away. I ain't going anywhere," he told her.

"Why did you help me? We barely know each other. You just met me a few days ago," she blurted. "No matter how you look at this situation, it isn't normal."

"I never turn away a damsel in distress," he said. Was he trying to joke with her? With Razor, she couldn't tell.

"Is that the truth?" she asked.

"No, it's not," he said with a laugh. "This is a first for me, too. No one would ever describe me as generous or kind."

She patted the space next to her, and he sat once again.

"But you were those things to me," she pointed out.

"As for us being strangers, well. We'll change that," he said.

She thought about what he'd told her earlier. "What exactly does being under your protection mean?"

"No one would dare lay a hand on you while you're with me," Razor said. "Not Vulture, or any of those scumbags from the Black Dogs MC, or for that matter, anyone in my MC."

Her breaths came out short. Nat no longer had to wake up feeling afraid. She could finally stop wondering every single time if she displeased Vulture. True, she hardly knew Razor, but it wasn't like she had plenty of options to choose from at this point.

She was broke, homeless, and jobless. Vulture thought she was dead. Could she really rely on Razor's generosity?

"But after everything is over, I can leave?" She had to repeat Razor's offer out loud because she didn't want to be chained down to a monster again.

"Yeah." He leaned forward, resting the palm of his hand on her cheek. Razor studied her for a few seconds, and when she didn't do anything, he kissed her. Nat shut her eyes and soon found herself responding. He kissed her slowly and tenderly, and she liked that a lot.

With the press of his lips, he took her under. Nat forgot about the hospital room, about Vulture at that moment. She could get lost easily in this man. Razor was dangerous, but not because there was a chance he'd hurt her.

As crazy as it seemed, Nat knew deep down he'd never harm her. What if she ended up falling for him? She didn't for a second believe that a man like Razor would ever settle down. Maybe he did help her out of the goodness of his heart, but she could just be the flavor of the month.

There was nothing special about her. Nat was just a foolish woman who got entangled with the wrong man. She wouldn't be surprised if he would get sick of her eventually, but what was wrong with enjoying the moment?

Right now, this gorgeous, crazy, and protective biker was hers. If he wanted to give her the ride of her life, then she'd take advantage of it. See where it would lead. Nat only had to make sure she didn't put all her hopes on him. On them.

“I’m a man of my promises, Nat,” he said after the kiss. “I’ll prove it to you.”

“I believe you,” she told him.

“Tell me what you want, Nat, and I’ll give it to you,” he told her.

At that moment, she believed him. If she asked for the world, Razor would hand it to her on a silver platter, no questions asked.

“I want Vulture to die,” she whispered. Tears prickled at the corner of her eyes, and she couldn’t stop them from falling.

“Done,” Razor said, kissing her tears away.

Chapter Five

Razor watched Nat get herself ready. She ran a comb through her hair, and he couldn't help but notice her fingers trembled a little. She'd been at the hospital for over a week before her doctor declared she could go home.

She had no real place to call home. The moment her mother died, Vulture swooped in like the scavenger he was named for and took her to the Black Dogs MC clubhouse. She still had the trailer where she and her mother used to live. Razor stopped by the place to grab some extra clothes and a few personal possessions Nat had been fond of.

"You nervous?" Razor asked after she turned to face him. He picked up the backpack next to the foot of the bed. It didn't feel heavy at all. When he made a trip to her trailer, he assured her he could take anything she wanted. Nat only picked the essentials.

She walked up to him, hesitated, then reached for his hand. Razor beamed down at her and clasped her fingers tight. The gesture reminded him of a lost child seeking directions. He was so infatuated, so obsessed with this woman, he'd be whatever she needed. Right now, she needed him to lead, to be her anchor.

He wouldn't call what they had love, not yet. It was too soon. If his MC brothers could hear his thoughts right now, they'd laugh their asses off at him.

"I am," she admitted. "We're going to your clubhouse after all."

“There’s no need to worry. You’re mine. Whoever gives you shit will have to go through me,” Razor said. He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them.

Nat blushed. Pink was a good color on her, he decided. They left the hospital and entered the parking lot. Razor didn’t park his Harley far.

“Let me carry that,” Nat said, nodding to the backpack. Razor handed it to her. Next came her helmet. Razor retrieved the spare from the hidden compartment in his bike. He put it on her head and tightened the straps.

Razor didn’t understand it, but he had the distinct feeling he was being watched. He spun, narrowing his gaze as he studied his surroundings. The parking lot was silent, save for a young woman helping her grandfather into a wheelchair.

Phantom eyes seemed to be watching his and Nat’s every movement. Brick had asked Razor if he needed an escort, but he refused. During the week Nat had been committed, Razor half expected Vulture or a member of the Black Dogs MC to make an appearance.

They didn’t. Brick said they probably had better things to do. Vulture might not even realize Nat had lived through his brutal beating.

She touched his arm, looking concerned. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, must be my imagination.” He mounted his bike. “Let’s get moving.”

Nat seemed to know where to position her feet, then Razor remembered she’d been Vulture’s toy. Razor never left her bedside during the entire week, but that didn’t mean she trusted him fully.

She’d been through hell and back again, thanks to one biker. In her eyes, she might

see Razor as no different. Did he even have a chance when it came to her? He promised her once this was all over that she was free to live, but he'd lied. He wanted to keep her forever. The moment he saw her serving drinks in that skimpy outfit, fading bruises on her creamy skin, he knew he had to have her.

Unease gathered in the pit of his stomach. There it was again. That feeling of being observed. Razor revved his engine and blasted out of the parking lot.

Behind him, Nat expelled a sharp breath. She wrapped her arms around his waist tightly. Then she let out a whoop. He could feel the press of her breasts against his back, the rise and fall of her chest. Her excitement proved infectious.

Grinning, he sped up. Razor was a careful driver, and he handled his Harley with ease. Nat didn't need to be the least bit afraid because the last thing he wanted was to get her into an accident.

Razor felt a little better once they sped past the Welcome to Grace sign. Finally, he was back in the Ruthless Reapers MC territory. No one could touch Nat here unless they wanted to incur his wrath. Razor would kill to protect her.

Nat didn't know how important she was to him, but she would soon. Razor passed through the main town center and headed for Grace's outskirts to reach the MC compound. He found a parking spot next to the clubhouse and got off his bike.

Nat stood, clutching the straps of her backpack and looking nervous again, but when Razor held out his hand to her, she clasped it.

"Ready?" he asked her.

She nodded, and he led her inside. Since it was midafternoon, few of his MC brothers were present in the bar and eating area. A few of them gave Razor nods, others gave

Nat curious looks.

Razor started up the stairs leading to the second floor, which housed their personal quarters. Nat started to look more and more relaxed, much to his relief. Then they bumped into King, and his prez looked pissed off about something.

“Razor,” King said. He glanced at Nat, then returned his attention to him. “Brick mentioned you picked up a lost kitten.”

Nat flinched at those words, and a growl slipped past Razor’s lips. He wasn’t even aware of it. He slid one possessive arm around Nat’s shoulders and pulled her close. He inhaled the scent of her. Clean soap and the light floral scent of her perfume.

“Mine,” he said. “She’s here under my protection.”

“We need to talk. My office,” King said.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“I’ll get her settled down first,” Razor said.

A tic appeared in King’s jaw. Razor had been the MC’s sergeant-in-arms for almost a decade. King couldn’t just push or order him around like a prospect or newly patched member.

“Fine, but don’t keep me waiting,” King said, shoving his way past them.

Once in his room, Nat sat on the edge of his bed. She looked apprehensive again, and Razor blamed King for that.

“I’m trouble,” she whispered.

Razor sat next to her. King could wait a little longer.

Nat continued, “Me being here puts you and the rest of you MC in danger.”

“Yeah,” Razor admitted. He wasn’t about to lie to Nat, not now or ever. He didn’t know much about relationships. Before her, he had been content with one-night stands and quickies, but he did know lies built a shaky foundation. “But so what?”

She stared at him, eyes wide. “I can’t believe you just said that.”

Razor shrugged. “We’re big boys, Nat. We can take care of ourselves. It’s not the first time an MC member put his woman first and endangered his club. I’ll remind King of that.”

“Am I that?” she asked him.

“What?” he asked, furrowing his brow, surprised when she touched his face.

“Your woman?” she whispered.

“You don’t like it when I call you that?” Razor asked.

“I do, but I’m scared,” she answered.

At least she was honest at least. He leaned in close and kissed her. Fuck, but she tasted like wild cherries. Razor doubted he could get enough of her. He pulled away afterward because if he didn’t, he’d end up making King wait for a long time.

“You don’t have to be scared when you’re with me.” He rose to his feet. “I’ll be right back. Make yourself at home.”

Razor exited his room, loath to leave her, but he also needed to convince King that Nat wasn’t going anywhere. King’s office was right at the end of the hall. Razor knocked on the door and entered. He noticed the glass in King’s hand and the bottle of whisky next to it.

“Drinking this early?” Razor asked him. He’d been surprised to see King home. Razor knew the club had an important delivery to make today. He guessed King left Brick to oversee that job.

“That woman’s trouble,” King said, not bothering to mince his words.

Razor settled in one of the chairs facing King’s desk. King didn’t offer him a drink, but Razor wasn’t offended. He didn’t intend to linger here long. Nat waited for him.

“Sure,” Razor said. “But I already knew that when I stuck out my neck for her. She called me, King. I couldn’t leave her to die in that awful place.”

“Vulture won’t be happy once he finds out his old toy’s still alive,” King finally said. “Do you have any idea what kind of mess you dragged us into?”

“This a lecture?” Razor asked. “I don’t regret my actions, King. Tell me honestly, if you were in my shoes, would you just ignore her plea for help?”

Strangers who didn’t know King well often wrote him off as an emotionless, savage bastard. Razor had worked with him long enough to know King did have a heart somewhere in his chest.

Razor then remembered being observed at the hospital parking lot. Instinct told him it might’ve been one of Vulture’s spies. Even if the truth was out of the bag, he didn’t care. Vulture could come after him as many times as he wanted. Razor would hold his ground. After what Vulture did to Nat, he should’ve known his life was forfeit.

Razor was actually looking forward to hunting the poor bastard down. King suddenly let out a chuckle, returning Razor’s attention to him.

“You have that familiar look in your eyes,” King said. “That you’re excited to fuck someone up.”

“You don’t worry about a damn thing, King. Vulture’s mine. He dies by my hand, but I can’t do this alone. I need to know if the MC has my back or not,” Razor said bluntly.

King seemed to consider him for a few moments. “Tell me one thing first. What makes this woman so damn special?”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“She has no one, King. Vulture took advantage of her when she was most vulnerable. Someone has to take her side.”

“So you’ve decided you’re her knight in shining armor?”

Razor scoffed. “No. Even Nat knows I’m no prince. She’s worth it, King. After all this is over, I intend to make her mine. My old lady.”

King blinked. “You always said you’d never settle down, that you’d ride solo until you die.”

“Things change,” Razor admitted. “Go ahead. Tell me this woman makes me weak. I won’t argue. That’s fine with me.”

“You two hardly know each other,” King pointed out. “What if there are more skeletons in her closet? Or if she runs after finding out who you really are?”

“I’ll take those risks,” Razor said. “And we might not know each other well, but she feels like the stranger I’ve known all my life.”

“This woman really has dug her hooks deep into you. Not an easy feat,” King said with a whistle.

Razor didn’t care for his mocking tone. “She has a name. I suggest you learn it. Because she’s sticking around.”

“You’ve changed, Razor,” King said. “I don’t know if that’s a good or a bad thing.”

Razor got to his feet, silently seething. This conversation had led to nowhere. He could've been with Nat, giving her a tour of the clubhouse or getting her something to eat. To make her feel more at home. He neared the door and yanked it open.

"Razor," King called again. Razor had been tempted to show King the finger, but that seemed too juvenile.

"What?" he asked, biting his inner cheek to avoid delivering an insult.

"We all swore an oath when we joined the MC," King finally said. "We're with you on this."

Razor sucked in a breath. He didn't want King to see the raw emotions on his face, so he nodded and gently shut the door closed behind him.

Chapter Six

Nat's stomach rumbled while she waited for Razor to return. Her throat felt parched as well. A cool drink of water would be wonderful right about now. She looked around the room and spotted a mini fridge.

She walked up to it and opened the door. It only contained beers. Nothing else. Dang it.

Recalling the cold gaze King gave her made her shudder. You don't belong here, a small voice in her head said. The Black Dogs MC clubhouse hadn't felt like home either.

Nat decided to wait a little longer. Razor promised they'd get something to eat, but his conversation with King seemed to be taking some time.

Hunger made her leave Razor's room. He hadn't given her the impression she was a prisoner. That meant she was free to roam on her own, right? Earlier, she'd been apprehensive when they first entered the clubhouse.

Nat relaxed when she only saw a couple of bikers lingering in the bar and eating area. If not food, then water, she decided. She exited Razor's room and encountered no one on the second floor.

She could hear faint voices from the room at the end of the hall. King's office? Nat proceeded downstairs. She kept her footsteps light. She'd learned to be as unobtrusive as possible when she'd been with Vulture.

Being invisible had ensured her survivability. She froze when she reached the first floor. The door to the clubhouse banged open, and a group of bikers came in, laughing and slapping each other.

She didn't miss the dirt and blood on them. Had they gotten into a fight?

"I saw you earlier. Razor brought you in, huh?"

Nat turned to see a scantily clad blonde eyeing her up and down. She forced herself to speak. It had been a dog-eat-dog world back in the Black Dogs MC. This felt the same. God. What had she been really thinking, agreeing to Razor's protection?

"That's right. Razor gave me his protection," she said, daring to meet the blonde's gaze.

The woman snorted and crossed her arms over her breasts, which practically spilled out of her top. "So you're one of those."

"What the hell does that mean exactly?" Nat found herself asking.

The blonde smirked. "You don't know? Razor picks up women like you all the time."

Nat's stomach dropped at those words. There was no reason to believe this woman. She was just bored and probably wanted to get under Nat's skin.

Nat told herself to disengage and cut this conversation short. Why had she gone down here in the first place? Food and water. Right.

"Then what?" she had to ask.

A big, dark-haired biker placed an arm over the blonde's shoulder. She smiled up at

him, acting sweet as opposed to venomous now, like someone had flicked a switch. The blonde purred and rested her brightly painted red nails on the biker's chest.

"You missed me, Bullet? Let's go somewhere private," she said.

"Why don't we bring your friend along?" Bullet asked, glancing at her.

Nat avoided a shudder. She should've remained in Razor's room and waited for him to come back.

"Her?" The blonde gave her a disdainful look. "I don't think she'll be fun."

"Back off, Bullet. She's Razor's girl," said one of the bikers she'd seen earlier when Razor and she first entered the clubhouse.

Bullet shrugged and led the blonde upstairs.

"Razor will soon get bored of you. You'll see," the blonde yelled over her shoulder.

"Play nice, Sally," Nat overheard Bullet telling her, but Sally only giggled.

"You all right? You're shaking," asked another biker whose name she didn't know.

"Fine," she whispered. Nat suddenly couldn't breathe. She walked fast toward the exit, expecting someone to stop her any second, but no one did.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

She opened the doors, and the clean air helped her breathe easily again. Nat stared at the rows of Harleys parked in the lot, at the barbed-wire fence that surrounded the compound. A fortress. That was what this place reminded her of.

It was as if Razor and his club expected someone to wage war on them any day now. She shivered, both from the cool wind that kissed her skin and the cold that settled deep in her bones. Goosebumps appeared across her arms, and she wished she remembered to grab her jacket.

What was she really doing here? Back when Razor told her he'd keep her safe, she believed him because she had nowhere else to go. He wouldn't fault her if she decided to run. She could still take that shot. Nat had a couple of bills in her wallet.

She could buy a bus ticket to God-knew-where. Start somewhere new where no one knew her. Then she thought of Vulture and how he'd react once he found out she was alive. He'd hunt her down to the ends of the earth. Vulture was ruthless and relentless. He'd never stop until he was sure Nat was truly dead.

The best choice of action was to lay low here. Right now, this was the safest place on earth. Even the Black Dogs MC wouldn't dare step foot on Ruthless Reapers MC territory unless they were ready for war.

Rat and Vulture frequently talked over her like she wasn't there. Nat knew the Black Dogs MC had plenty of enemies to worry about without starting fights with a new one.

"There you are. Been looking all over the clubhouse for you," said a familiar voice.

Sensing Razor coming up behind her, Nat slumped against him. Relief filled her as he wrapped his arms around her.

Safe. That was the emotion she associated with Razor. Nat couldn't deny her insane attraction to the biker either. For a couple of seconds, neither of them spoke. Trapped in his embrace like this, Nat's worries felt irrelevant. Being with Razor made it easy to forget she was screwed.

"Your skin's cold," he murmured.

"How did your conversation with King go?" she asked.

"Well enough," Razor answered with a shrug. "I convinced him you're not going anywhere. That you're staying here with me."

"I want to know the rules," she told him.

Razor released her, then touched her shoulder. He spun her gently so she faced him. She looked into his narrowed steel-colored eyes.

"Did something happen?" he asked her. "Someone bothered you?"

The possessive tone in his voice made her open up. Lies kept her alive with Vulture. With Razor, she found herself telling the truth. "I met Sally when I went downstairs looking for the kitchen," she said.

When she finished, Razor scoffed. "Don't believe a single thing that bitch says. Sally's spiteful. She gets jealous of the new girls all the time."

Nat bit her bottom lip. "She hinted I was just one of many. That you'll get sick of me eventually."

Razor gripped her shoulders. “That’s bullshit. I’m not known for my bleeding heart. I don’t just offer my protection to damsels in distress for kicks. You’re the first woman I stuck my neck out for. You want to know the reason why?”

“Tell me,” she whispered.

Razor was right. Sally put all kinds of doubts in her head. Confronting Razor and talking things out had been the right thing to do.

“You’re special to me, Nat.” He kissed her slow and steady. When he stopped, her heart hammered. “And you want to know the rules?”

“I do,” she said with a nod.

“There are none. Even though you’re living with me, you’re free to do whatever you want. You’re not my captive,” he said.

“So you won’t have any complaints if I go looking for jobs in town?” she asked. In the back of her mind, she continued to form a possible escape route.

Being with Razor was wonderful, but she still wasn’t sure she could accept his lifestyle. It was clear to her that the MC meant everything to Razor. He would never give it up.

If Nat managed to find a job, she’d save every penny just in case she did decide to leave Grace and start somewhere new. That thought filled her with dread. She didn’t want to leave Razor, but she had to have options.

Razor looked at her for some time without saying a single thing, and she wondered if he could somehow read her mind. Sweat trickled down her back. Of course, Razor can’t do that, she reminded herself. Nonetheless, she felt incredibly exposed under his

inquisitive stare.

“Baby, I would’ve given you anything you wanted. You don’t need to work, but if that’s what you want, I won’t stop you,” he finally said.

Strands of red hair had come loose from her hastily tied ponytail. He gathered them and tucked them behind one ear, the gesture wonderfully sweet. This man, she mused, could be soft with her when he wanted.

“Actually, come to think of it, I remember Grizzly’s aunt was hiring someone. She runs a café in town,” Razor said thoughtfully.

“I appreciate that,” she said.

Chapter Seven

“Nat, can you be a dear and lock up the café after you’re done cleaning those tables?” asked Mrs. Lowe, the owner of the Sugar and Spice Café. Mrs. Lowe was Grizzly’s aunt, and he’d helped her get this job.

In the beginning, Mrs. Lowe didn’t have much of an opinion of her, but after three days, Nat had proven herself to be a diligent worker. Before Vulture had ruined her life, Nat had plenty of experience waiting tables. Nat and Mrs. Lowe worked well together.

Then again, apart from the cook and a part-timer who came in during the weekends, it was often just Mrs. Lowe and Nat managing the café. Razor told her she could leave when she found a better job, but she liked working at the café.

“No problem,” she told Mrs. Lowe.

Half an hour later, she finished all her chores. Nat took off her white apron and snatched her purse. A misshapen shadow stretched across the café door. She suppressed a scream and snatched the nearest item she could find, a mug.

Nat held the mug up, and the intruder showed himself. “Relax, Nat. It’s just me,” Razor said, stepping into the light.

She lowered the mug. “You scared me to death,” she complained.

“Not my intention. I didn’t mean to startle you,” Razor said.

He neared her, reached for her hand, and rubbed at it. She'd been thinking about him all day. Since she moved into Razor's quarters at the clubhouse, they'd stolen a few kisses here and there. One time, things even got a little hot and heavy while they were watching a movie at night. In the end, Razor behaved himself.

Nat sensed he was being careful around her, considerate of her feelings. She stood on tiptoe and kissed him. He clasped the back of her neck, tugging her close until her breasts were pressed against his solid chest. Nat parted her lips wider, and he slipped his tongue down her throat.

God, this man knew how to kiss. She bet he would also know what to do with his hands, his dick. That thought made her cheeks heat up. Razor released her, grinning. "Ready for dinner and a movie?" he asked her.

"Actually, I just want to hang out with you," she admitted.

"Hmm. I'll think of something else," he said, leading her out of the café. Nat locked up and noticed Razor was looking around the quiet street.

"Is something wrong?" she asked him.

"Doesn't hurt to be extra careful," he said.

Razor had reassured her plenty of times she was safe here. The Ruthless Reapers MC operated out of Grace and even had the local police in their pocket. Vulture and the Black Dogs wouldn't be able to touch her here. Nat had never felt safe her entire life.

"Come on, I have an idea," Razor said.

He took her hand and led her to where he parked his Harley. She put on the helmet he handed her and got behind him on his bike. Riding with Razor always felt

exhilarating. He took off, zipping past streets that had become a little more familiar to her.

Castle Falls, the town she grew up in, the town claimed by the Black Dogs MC, had never felt like home. Not really. Even growing up, her mother always warned her not to stay out too late, to keep her distance from the bikers in town. In the end, she broke those rules because she didn't have a choice.

Reminiscing about the past wouldn't do her any good. Nat still had nightmares of that night Vulture failed to kill her. She often woke up screaming, but Razor would always be there to comfort her.

He was her talisman against her demons. She didn't know what she did to deserve him.

They stopped by a pizza place to grab pizzas and drinks. Then Razor exited the town area. She thought they'd head back to the clubhouse, but Razor sped past the compound. She let out a whoop and thought she heard Razor chuckle.

Nat didn't care where they were going. She wasn't too cold either. The night wind felt nice on her face, and Razor's body felt impossibly warm. She felt free, like she was flying.

He deviated from the main road, and they started on a dirt path that led to the woods.

She clung to him closer. Not an easy feat to do, considering she was the one holding the food. Razor seemed to know where he was going. They zipped past trees. The darkness frightened her, but she didn't want Razor to know she was terrified. Where the hell was he going?

He'd never hurt me, she reminded herself. Nat had told him she preferred to spend

time with him instead of going to the movies.

“Look up,” he told her, pitching his voice a little louder so she could hear him.

She craned her neck, and the sight of the night sky stole her breath for a few seconds. The stars dotted the night sky like tiny diamonds. Hundreds of them. Her initial terror vanished. The bike slowed, and Razor stopped in front of a small cabin.

Curiosity made Nat dismount. The exterior of the cabin looked well-worn by time and the elements. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but it also seemed like someone had put some love into it.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“Come on in,” Razor said. “I’m starving.”

He led her inside and turned the lights on. Like the outside, the inside looked worn-in but well-cared for.

“Is this yours?” she asked him in silent wonder.

“No, it belonged to Grizzly’s dad actually, but he won’t mind,” Razor said. “Let me get a fire going.”

Razor seemed to know where everything was. He grabbed a couple of pieces of chopped firewood near the chimney, and in no time at all, flames blazed. They settled themselves on the living room rug, right by the warmth of the fire.

Their pizza had gotten a little cold by then, but they didn’t seem to mind. Once they finished their food and drinks, they didn’t speak for a few moments. She rested her head on his broad shoulder.

“I prefer this so much more than a dark movie theatre filled with strangers,” she told him as she cupped his cheek.

“You know what? Me too.” He slid one hand on the back of her neck and took her mouth.

Razor couldn’t get enough of the sweet taste of her lips. Nat’s breasts brushed against

his chest again, and he moved his mouth from hers to rest it against the side of her neck.

She smelled heavenly. So fucking sweet that he wanted to eat her up. He'd been patient, waiting until she was ready. Razor had never been that way with another woman before.

He'd been so used to getting what he wanted, but then again, the wait had been worth it. When Razor touched the hem of her blouse, she didn't stop him.

She lifted her arms so he could pull it off, exposing the lace black bra underneath. He could see hints of her rose-colored nipples under the thin fabric, and he licked his lips in anticipation. He reached behind her back and unclasped her bra.

The garment fell to the floor. Before he could continue undressing her, she started undoing the button of her jeans.

His cock thickened as she dropped her pants, along with her matching black lace panties, exposing herself completely to his gaze. Nat was perfect. Flawless. There was no sign of Vulture's previous abuse.

"I like a woman with initiative," he told her.

"Your turn," she whispered. Faint color appeared on her cheeks and neck.

Razor obliged. He peeled off his cut, shirt, pants, and boxers in a hurry. Finally, he stood before her, naked. He saw the appreciation in her eyes. Nat dropped her gaze and let out a gasp when she spotted how hard he was for her. He couldn't help but smirk.

Hunger assailed him. Razor pressed a hand to her chest, urging her to lie down on the

soft rug. She complied, looking up at him, a little dazed, but he didn't mistake the eagerness in her expression. Nat wanted this as much as he did.

Razor rolled on top of her, caging her wrists above her head, which thrust her breasts upright.

"Tell me to stop and I will," he told her.

"Don't stop," she said. "You've been careful with me, Razor, but I'm not made of glass. I won't break."

"Good to know," he said, sealing his mouth over hers again. She parted her lips, and he deepened the kiss, delighted when she sucked down on his tongue.

He left a trail of burning kisses down her throat and the hollow of her collarbones. "Keep your hands above your head," he ordered, and she obeyed.

Razor closed his mouth over her left nipple, idly licking the bud. She shuddered when he closed his teeth over the stiffened bud, then sucked. Razor moved on to her right nipple, and this time, he sank his teeth, leaving his bite mark there.

Nat gasped. Razor slid his hand between the soft folds of her pussy and stroked her there. She was already so wet for him there. He left more kisses down her ribs and stomach. Razor parted her thighs and snuck one look at her.

Nat's pupils were blown, her lips slightly parted. Smiling down at her, he pressed a kiss to her clit. Then he pushed his face between her legs. He traced the lips of her pussy with his tongue. At the same time, he slid one, then two fingers inside her velvet heat.

A moan slipped from her lips. Razor licked and sucked the tender parts of her. Nat

begged and pleaded. Razor closed his mouth over her clit, and that did the trick. She came all over his face, and he cleaned her up. His cock felt like a steel pipe between his legs.

Razor moved his mouth to hers, making her taste her own need. “God, Razor,” she whispered when he released her mouth.

“The fun’s only beginning, baby,” he murmured against her ear.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“How do you want me?” she asked him.

“Just stay where you are.” Razor settled himself between her legs. He reached for his pants to grab a condom tucked in his wallet. He ripped open the packaging and slid it on. Then he hefted Nat’s legs over his shoulders.

He guided his dick to her entrance and pushed in. Nat groaned, raking her nails over his shoulders. Razor didn’t mind the pain. He marked her, so it was only right she left hers on his skin. Razor went in slow and steady, not wanting to hurt her, even though it tested his patience.

Finally, he sheathed himself fully inside her tight heat, and her inner muscles clamped around his shaft. He groaned, then started to ride her for real.

Razor began with steady strokes before settling on a rhythm that suited them both. He kissed her while he fucked her into the rug. When she bit down on his lower lip, he picked up the pace.

Razor took her fast and hard, going deeper with every turn. Sweat coated his front and back, and her moans sounded like music to his ears. Nat started meeting him for every thrust. Razor felt like an important part of him had drifted away, a piece of his soul maybe, to touch hers.

Sex with other women had been repetitive. Merely an act to satisfy a need. This was different.

Razor switched the angle of his push. This time, she cried out, gripping his biceps

hard. He had found her sweet spot, and he repeatedly aimed for it again and again. His balls drew in tight against his body. Every muscle in his body tensed.

The next time he entered her, Nat screamed out his name. She climaxed, eyelids fluttering, never taking her gaze off him. Razor hammered in and out of her a few more times before erupting. Then he pulled his softening prick out of her.

Part of him wished there wasn't a fragile piece of plastic between them. Next time, Razor wanted to ride her raw, to fill her cunt with his seed. If she became pregnant with his child, he'd be able to keep her forever.

"Wait here," he said.

Razor hurried to the bathroom and disposed of the condom first. Despite the fact Grizzly seldom stayed here because it reminded him too much of the personal tragedy he had faced, Grizzly kept everything neat and tidy.

Razor found a clean towel from the shelf under the sink. He returned to Nat and cleaned them both up before he slid next to her on the rug again.

Nat snuggled next to him like a kitten seeking warmth. Razor automatically banded his arms around her. Silence descended on them, not the uneasy kind. Razor wasn't sure how to describe this strange and calm mood that settled over them both.

With Nat, he felt like he could be himself. Being with her made him feel relaxed.

"I didn't know sex could be that amazing," she murmured.

He kissed the nape of her neck. "I didn't hurt you?"

"No, not at all," she said with a musical laugh that woke his dick right up.

He pictured her glowing and pregnant with his kid. In his head, he saw himself leading her to a modest-looking farmhouse. Delight would fill her face when she realized he'd bought her a house.

Razor froze. Where did those train of thoughts come from? Taking an old lady was one thing, but he never pictured himself as the picket-fence type of guy.

He'd live and die by the MC. The only glorious death was to die by the hand of the enemy while being loyal to the club.

Priorities could change, Razor reminded himself, but that fantasy of him and Nat settling down still frightened him to the core. Happy endings weren't reserved for men like him.

Nat turned, and he loosened his embrace so she could look up at him. She trailed her fingers down his chest and abs, tracing some of his tattoos. Her fingers lingered on the wingtip of an eagle.

"How did you come by your nickname?" she asked him.

"The first man I killed, I used a razor blade," he said, watching her face carefully.

She didn't look away from him the way some of his hook-ups did when they finally realized Razor wasn't completely sane. There was fear in her eyes, true, but there was also curiosity.

"Who was he?" she asked in that wonderfully soft voice of hers.

"My father," Razor said. Few of his MC brothers knew this story.

"Did he deserve it?" she asked.

“He did. My father was a bully. He beat on my mom whenever he drank too much. I thought I put a stop to it when I nearly beat him to death with a pipe.” Razor paused. It had been a long time since he recalled those old memories. “I was on MC business and had to leave town. I found out he put my mom in the hospital. Then I found him in our trailer, drunk and watching TV. I grabbed one of his shaving razors, the old-fashioned kind, and slit his throat.”

Nat didn't break eye contact. She pressed a kiss to his mouth and only said one word. “Good.”

Chapter Eight

“Look who’s here early,” Mrs. Lowe remarked.

Nat looked over her shoulder to see Razor getting off his Harley. When he spotted her, he gave her a wave. She flashed him a smile and lifted her wrist to show him her watch. It was half an hour until closing time, and Nat still had a few chores to take care of. Razor understood and started down the street, probably to grab a cigarette or something.

“I take it things are going well between you and Razor?” Mrs. Lowe asked.

“They are,” she admitted. “I’m taking him out to dinner tonight with my first paycheck.”

“That’s generous of you, dear. I can tell he’s crazy about you,” Mrs. Lowe said.

Their conversation was cut short when a group of businessmen entered the café. They ended up ordering a large batch of coffee. While Nat and Mrs. Lowe busied themselves with the orders, her mind returned to her relationship with Razor.

Two weeks had passed since they first made love. Nat feared Razor would show signs of getting sick of her. He never did. In fact, the heat between them took on a fever pitch. They couldn’t get enough of each other. Once their last orders had been filled, Mrs. Lowe breathed a sigh of relief.

“Nat, why don’t you go on ahead? I’ll lock up here,” Mrs. Lowe said.

Nat followed her gaze and found Razor smoking outside. He faced the street and seemed to be studying his surroundings.

“Are you sure?” she asked the old woman. “I don’t mind helping out. It won’t take long.”

Mrs. Lowe shook her head firmly. “Go on, dear. You deserve a break.”

“All right then,” Nat said. She grabbed her coat and purse, then exited the café. She stood next to Razor. He didn’t even notice she was there until she touched his arm.

He relaxed when he saw her.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Nothing, just looking around,” Razor said.

“I figured it was something like that. Razor, Vulture and the Black Dogs haven’t tried to go after me. It’s already been two weeks. Nothing’s going to happen,” she said.

“It never hurts to be prepared.” Razor finally turned to her. He placed two fingers under her chin, then took her mouth, the kiss rough and with bite. Anticipation kindled inside her as he thrust his tongue down her throat. Nat rubbed herself against him. Razor grunted, releasing her.

“You’re killing me, baby. Keep doing that, and I’ll strap you to my bike and take you back to the clubhouse. Then I’ll ravish you all night long,” he murmured against her ear.

She shivered in pleasure. Excitement hummed in her veins. Razor knew a dozen ways to make her body sing.

“Normally, I wouldn’t mind that, but tonight, we’re celebrating,” she reminded him.

“That’s right. My woman’s buying me dinner. I can’t say no to that,” he said, resting his palm against the curve of her cheek. Razor studied her for a few moments before he curved his lips to a smile. “You’re really something, you know that?”

“What do you mean?” she asked him.

“The first thing you decide to do with your paycheck is treat your man,” he said.

“You’re worth it,” she said.

“Come on,” Razor said. “I can’t wait for the steak dinner you promised.”

They got on his Harley. Razor took them to Mickey’s Steak and Grill, the best and only restaurant in town that served steak. Nat had booked a reservation three days ago, so a waitress immediately seated them.

“How was your day?” she asked him after they placed their orders.

Nat knew Razor had been in charge of a crew that made two delivery jobs today. They traveled to two far-flung towns as well, meaning Razor had been on the road the whole day. He must be tired, and yet he seemed to be on his best behavior around her tonight.

She didn’t miss the fact that several of the locals in the restaurant gave them wide berth. She wasn’t surprised. The Ruthless Reapers MC didn’t exactly have a stellar reputation in town, although these folks owed Razor and his club thanks for keeping the peace.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

If the MC hadn't claimed Grace as their base of operations, other violent groups would've overrun the town and left it a smoking mess. According to Razor, before the MC took over, chaos and gang wars frequently broke out in Grace.

"Pretty boring. Smooth deliveries," Razor said.

"That's a good thing, isn't it?" she asked him.

Razor reached for her hand across the table and gave it a kiss. "I suppose it is."

The waitress returned with wine and appetizers. The steaks soon arrived after. Razor and she talked about mundane things. He asked her how work was going.

"I really enjoy working at the café," she admitted. "I know I'm free to leave once I find a better job, but I've decided to work alongside Mrs. Lowe a little while longer."

Razor snorted. "It's a miracle you managed to win over that grumpy old widow. She dotes on Grizzly, but she's a beast to the rest of us."

"What's her story?" Nat asked out of curiosity. Mrs. Lowe had been tightlipped about her past association with the club.

"Her brother used to ride with the MC. Gus got killed in an accident a few years back. She still blames us for his death, although King had warned Gus not to ride after drinking so much."

"I see. That's sad," she murmured.

Dinner had been enjoyable, the steaks delicious. Razor and she shared a dessert afterward. She half expected Razor to tell her a fancy place like this didn't suit him at all, but he'd been polite to everyone, especially the wait staff, the entire evening.

After Nat paid their bill, Razor suggested they go for a walk.

"A walk sounds good," she agreed. "I feel really full."

Loud voices reached their ears. It came from the restaurant's entrance. A portly, balding man in his fifties argued with the head waiter. To Nat, it appeared more like bullying.

"Don't you know who I am? I demand you find me and my girlfriend a table this instant," the man said, taking a threatening step toward the frightened waiter. His girlfriend looked to be no older than Nat. She stood to one side, looking bored, eyes glued to her phone.

"But sir, we're booked solid tonight..." the waiter sputtered.

"Then bump someone less important off," the man said.

Nat cringed. She despised entitled men like these. Vulture always bullied his way into any establishment in town as well. Razor peeled himself from her and strode up to the obnoxious guy.

"Why don't you stay quiet and wait like everyone else here? You're ruining everyone's fucking evening," Razor said in a careful voice.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" The bald man looked like he had plenty more to say, but he froze when he saw Razor wearing his cut with the Ruthless Reapers MC patch on it. He gulped. Nat thought he'd wise up and settle down, but instead, he

sneered at Razor. “You hoodlums are a menace to this town.”

Razor shoved the noisy asshole against one corner, moving faster than Nat expected. Her man peeled his jacket open, flashing something, probably a gun tucked inside. The man turned pale. Nat approached Razor, wondering how far he’d take this.

“Behave unless you want to die tonight in front of your pretty girlfriend.” Nat was close enough to hear Razor’s threat. The man bobbed his head in acquiesce. Razor released him, then patted invisible dirt off the man’s dinner jacket.

“Have a good evening,” Razor said. “Let’s go, Nat.”

He offered her his arm, and she took it. ‘Thank you,’ the head waiter mouthed to them as they left the restaurant.

“That proved to be an exciting evening,” she said with a laugh. A cold blast of night air hit her face and shoulders, and she shivered in her thin cardigan. Without another word, Razor took off his leather jacket and placed it around her shoulders.

“Better?” Razor asked her. They started down the sidewalk. Most of the shops in town closed early. They passed antique shops, a dinner. A bookstore still remained open.

“Uh-huh,” she answered. “What about you?”

“Don’t you worry about me. I have thick skin,” he said, making her laugh. “If I do get cold, then you just have to help me warm up once we return to the clubhouse.”

Nat grinned. “Oh, I don’t mind doing that.”

She reached for Razor’s hand, and he took it. “Razor,” she said after they walked for

a good solid half hour without talking.

“Hmm? What is it, baby? Wanna head back?”

“No, let’s keep walking for a little while longer.” Nat paused, gathering her thoughts. She gave Razor’s fingers a squeeze. “I made my decision. I don’t have any plans of leaving you or this town, not anytime soon.”

His smile felt like the sun. “That’s fucking good to hear.”

The moment he said those words, a flash went off across the street. Razor released Nat’s fingers and reached for the gun tucked in his belt.

Chapter Nine

Skid nervously watched Razor and Vulture's woman leave the restaurant. Former woman, he reminded himself. The restaurant looked pricy, not to mention cozy, while Skid froze his skinny ass out here in the parking lot.

He'd also been there when Razor escorted Natalie Rivers out of the hospital two weeks ago. Skid wished he hadn't seen them. Rat sent him there to check on Gears, another MC member who got into a road accident a week ago.

Skid thought there had been something familiar about the redhead walking with the biker wearing a cut with the Ruthless Reapers MC patch on it. Even though he was only a prospect, Skid recognized Razor on sight.

The Black Dogs MC's sergeant-in-arms, Cal, had everyone memorize the faces of the high-ranking members of their rival MC. Cal warned the prospects and newly patched members to not confront Razor alone.

Even though the Black Dogs MC had established a so-called truce with the Ruthless Reapers, everyone knew peace was fragile. Skid's MC liked fighting amongst themselves, but they enjoyed killing off enemies even more.

The couple didn't get on Razor's Harley but decided to take a walk. Despite the fact it was cold out, sweat dripped down Skid's brow. The shirt he wore under his jacket was drenched by now. When he first saw Natalie coming out of that hospital, he kept the information to himself.

Everyone knew crossing Vulture equated to a death sentence. Skid convinced himself that it must be just another random redhead who looked like Vulture's former toy.

Skid thought he could forget the incident ever happened. Then just yesterday, Vulture sent out a few guys to retrieve Natalie's supposed rotting corpse and dispose of it. Those guys came out empty. Skid had been relieved to be sent out on errands.

After he ticked off all those tasks, he decided to come to Grace. He wandered around town all day, trying to figure out how to best approach his problem. He figured a possessive prick like Razor would've probably stashed Natalie in the Ruthless Reapers' clubhouse.

As luck would have it, Skid spotted her working in a quaint little café in the middle of town. He couldn't decide what to do next. Confronting her seemed like a bad idea. What should he have done? Take her by surprise and knock her down? Thinking wasn't exactly Skid's strong point.

By the time Razor came to pick her up, Skid remain undecided. He wasn't worried someone from his club would call him and demand where he was. Prospects were only a little better than club whores in the Black Dogs hierarchy. Even if anything happened to Skid, he wouldn't be missed.

That was why Skid needed to make the transition from prospect to patched member fast. How could he use this screwed-up situation to his advantage? Would Vulture believe Skid if he said he happened to chance upon Natalie looking very much alive and healthy?

It was a huge risk all right, but the reward could be great as well. Vulture might be crazy, but he also rewarded good behavior. If Skid got on Vulture's good side, he could finally fulfill his dreams of becoming a genuine Black Dog member. It was all he ever hoped for.

Photos, Skid thought. He fumbled for his phone and winced when he saw several missed calls. Never mind that. Skid needed proof. He made his decision. He'd take a few photos of Nat. Skid would decide later if he'd show them to Vulture or not.

Hunkering behind an old farm truck, he positioned his phone. Across the street, the lovey-dovey couple held hands, talking. Skid scoffed. Razor was dangerous? Right now, he only looked like a lovesick man. He took a picture. To his shock, a flash went off.

"Shit," he whispered to himself. What the hell? He might as well take several more. When he lowered his phone, he saw Razor pulling something out of his jacket. Metal glinted under the street lights. A gun. Skid tucked his phone away, prepared to run. Then he remembered he left his bike parked at the steak house.

"I see you," Razor said.

Oh, hell. Razor ran across the street and was only maybe five feet from him. The other biker's eyes narrowed. He looked mad as hell and reminded Skid of a demon. Fear started in his gut. How did Razor get to him so fast? Did he possess inhuman speed or something?

He had a gun as well, but it was only for show. Skid had never shot anyone before, although he liked to brag to friends he had killed dozens of people before. To rise up the ranks in the MC, one had to be a badass, or pretend to be one.

One look at Razor, and Skid turned tail and ran up the street.

"Come back here, you little shit," Razor said, practically growling behind him.

He reminded Skid of some kind of wild animal. Skid could hear Natalie yelling something at Razor, but Skid didn't catch her words. Damn that woman. This was all

her fault. If she stayed good and dead, Skid wouldn't be in this terrible mess.

He ran as fast as his feet could carry him, all the way back to the steak house. Skid patted the front pocket of his jacket. Phone check. He hoped he managed to get one clear good shot of Nat. Now he only had to make it back home safely, then everything would be gravy.

Skid could still hear Razor's thudding footsteps behind him. He pushed himself faster although he started to pant. Skid had trouble drawing in air to his lungs. Razor must be a decade older than he was, and he seemed a lot fitter. Damn it, this was unfair.

"Razor, wait up," Nat said from somewhere behind. She sounded out of breath, too. Good.

"There's more of us," Skid desperately yelled behind him.

"Oh, yeah, where? This is our town, fucker." Razor delivered those words with eerie calmness and precision.

Skid swallowed a lump in his throat. Just a little more. He could see the steak house's bright lights up ahead. There. His motorcycle was just a few feet away. Then Skid felt Razor's warm breath and his cold fingers on his neck. Skid fumbled for his own gun.

He took the safety off and fired blindly into the night. Someone, a passerby, screamed. Razor cursed, and Skid fired again. Grim satisfaction filled him as his bullet drew a line of blood across Razor's left arm. The scary biker didn't even flinch or yell out.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

Stone-gray eyes met his. A rictus of a smile appeared on Razor's mouth. "You've never shot anyone before, have you?"

"Fuck you," he whispered. His hands shook as he pointed the gun at Razor's head. "Stay back."

Razor raised both his hands, but those eyes were mocking him. By some miracle, Skid got on his motorcycle. He tucked the gun into his belt and managed to get the engine going.

"Bye, sucker," Skid yelled triumphantly. He sped away, maniacally grinning, only to feel a sharp pain on his side. Skid looked down and gasped when he saw a neat bullet hole the size of a nickel on his left side.

"Tell Vulture I'll be waiting for him," had been Razor's parting words.

A chill went down his spine. Razor missed on purpose because he wanted Skid to send Vulture a message. Skid rode out of Grace as fast as he could. Once he left the vicinity of Grace, he stopped at the side of the road. The wound on his side hurt like hell. Skid stumbled off his bike and swayed slightly on his feet.

"Call for help, idiot," he whispered to himself. Skid started to become dizzy, so he sat on the side of the road. Desperation pushed him to call Vulture.

"Help," he said when Vulture answered. "I found her."

"What the hell do you mean? Natalie?" Vulture demanded.

“Please. He shot me. I’m bleeding. I’ve got proof she’s alive,” Skid said.

Vulture had more questions, but he didn’t have the energy to answer them. Skid fell on his side, waiting for his brothers to arrive. By the time he heard the familiar and comforting sound of motorcycle engines, blood practically covered his entire shirt.

Two bikers got off their bikes. One took out his phone and turned on the flashlight function. Skid groaned, shutting his eyes at the bright glare. Another took his phone and looked at it.

“This must be it,” said the second biker. Skid couldn’t quite identify them. His vision started to fail him. Their voices sounded warped as well.

“Help,” Skid whispered, but they both kept talking.

“What about him?”

“Vulture said to leave the trash behind. We got what we came here for.”

No, Skid thought, but his consciousness was leaving him. “Wait,” he said. One biker knelt, and Skid repeated what Razor told him.

“We’ll be sure to pass that message on to Vulture,” the biker said, laughing. Then they rode away, leaving Skid to the pain and the darkness.

Chapter Ten

“Until this blows over, I want you to stay here at the clubhouse. Is that clear?” Razor demanded.

Nat crossed her arms over her breasts, silent fury in her eyes. God, she looked magnificent, glaring at him like that. It was clear his woman intended to stand her ground, but Razor refused to give in.

They got lucky last night. The young man he’d chased through the streets wasn’t much of a threat, just a prospect who didn’t know his way around a gun. Did Vulture send him? Razor couldn’t piece the puzzle together.

Vulture wasn’t a patient man. Razor knew his kind. Vulture would’ve tracked Nat himself and killed her, so why send an inexperienced prospect in his place? That would only paint Vulture as a coward and men like that cared about their reputations.

Either way, there was no use overthinking it. By now, Vulture would see the photos. He’d know that he hadn’t managed to get rid of Nat after all.

“Razor, Mrs. Lowe needs help at the café,” she argued.

“Grizzly volunteered for that job,” he answered.

“I’ll lose the only job I ever liked because my psycho ex-abuser is after me? Isn’t it better if I stand my ground, pretend everything’s normal?” she asked him.

Razor shook his head, his resolve unshaken. He knew this argument was getting nowhere. It was their first real fight, Razor realized. He supposed fights occurred in any relationship. It was bound to happen. Eliminating the distance between them, Razor placed a hand on her cheek and looked right into her gray-green eyes.

She started, surprised. Razor mashed his mouth against hers. She hesitated for a few moments, then kissed him back. When he parted from her, he rested his forehead against hers. Did she know how important she was to him? That the thought of her dying in his arms scared him shitless?

Razor didn't scare easily, but the prospect of losing Nat after finding her terrorized him completely.

"Nat, I love you too damn much. If anything happened to you, I wouldn't know what to do," he told her, letting her hear the fear and urgency in his voice. "You won't lose your job. I'll explain the situation to Mrs. Lowe."

"I don't intend to die any time soon," she admitted. "I like my life the way it is now."

"Just do this for me, okay?" he asked. Razor seldom begged anyone, but he needed Nat to understand the gravity of the situation.

Nat took a step back, lower lip trembling. She certainly didn't like what Razor was asking of her, but she understood this was serious. "You really think that biker was after me last night?" she asked. "That he wanted to kill me?"

"He was there for surveillance. Heck, he was no killer. I wanted to apprehend him, ask him questions. Too bad he got away," Razor said. "It's safe to assume Vulture has the pictures. He knows you're taking refuge here but even he's not foolish enough to storm the clubhouse."

“You sure of that?” she asked him.

“Absolutely. The compound is built like a fortress. Vulture would need to take every single Black Dogs MC member to take us down. I doubt Rat would give him that much free rein.” Vulture seemed reckless, but Rat was MC President for a reason. That cunning bastard wouldn’t thoughtlessly wage war on the Ruthless Reapers just because his Vice President failed to kill his former toy.

“This is all happening because of me,” she whispered. Nat sat on the edge of his bed, their bed now. She didn’t know it yet, but she’d already permanently moved into his life and in his heart. They might not have known each other for that long, but Razor knew they were fated to meet. Nat was destined to become his old lady.

Razor sat next to her and held her hand. “We both knew this day was coming. Let me handle this. It’s what I do best.”

“Just be careful out there, okay?” she whispered.

“Always,” Razor promised her.

An hour later, Razor left the clubhouse with a small crew. Two other bikers accompanied him to patrol around town. King agreed with the extra security measures. “Lately, we’ve become lax, overconfident,” King had told him before Razor left the compound.

“Let’s split up here,” Razor told Tank and Gunner. “You know your duties.”

His men nodded back at him. Razor had been in charge of patrolling the west side of town, the residential areas. None of them were going to leave a stone unturned.

For all Razor knew, Vulture and a few of his select men had slipped into town in the early hours of the morning. Even if that was true, Razor intended to weed them all out. Finally put an end to all of this so Nat could finally live out the rest of her life in peace.

His patrol had been disappointing. Razor had cruised past quiet neighborhoods and had even interviewed some folks who were in. None of them saw anything or anyone suspicious.

Razor met back up with his crew for lunch at the MC's favorite diner. They picked an unoccupied booth in the back, one that had a good view of the entrance and the rest of the place. After placing their orders, he looked at Gunner and Tank expectantly.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

“Nothing to report. Everything was quiet on my side,” Tank said.

“Same here,” Gunner said.

“We’ll patrol again tomorrow,” Razor said.

Their food arrived. He ordered a greasy cheeseburger, fries, and a cup of coffee. He’d dismiss the other two after this so they could resume their other duties. Razor, meanwhile, would stick around town. Maybe he’d do another sweep on his own.

He thought about the argument he had with Nat that morning. Razor always became possessive when it came to his woman, but he also needed to remember she was no longer a victim. In just a few weeks, she’d managed to crawl out of her fragile shell.

Nat had become more confident, braver. She no longer flinched or shied away when one of Razor’s MC brothers talked to her. She even formed friendships with some of the old ladies at the clubhouse.

“I’ll foot the bill,” Razor said once everyone was done eating.

“Thanks,” Gunner said, grinning. “You know I appreciate a free lunch.”

They left the diner, and Tank placed a hand on his shoulder. “We’ll get this bastard, Razor. If he comes here, we’ll be ready for him,” Tank told him.

Razor nodded. He knew his MC bothers always had his back. Nat said she had gotten him and his MC in this mess. Maybe that was true, but Razor had also volunteered to

shoulder some of her problems.

Besides, he knew the Ruthless Reapers' truce with the Black Dogs wouldn't hold for long. Eventually, they'd be at each other's throats again.

"I'll see you guys later," he said.

He walked up to his Harley only to hear the rumble of a motorcycle engine. Razor didn't recall asking for more men. He told King a small group would be better, so as not to alarm the locals. Maybe a couple of guys just wanted to have lunch at the diner? That would make the most sense.

Instinct made Razor reach for his gun. Tank yelled something at him, but Razor couldn't make out his words. Was it duck?

"What did you say?" Razor stupidly yelled back at Tank.

As a motorcycle roared down the road, the rider slowed and pointed a revolver at him. He didn't bother with a helmet. Razor whipped out his gun, but he hadn't taken the safety off yet.

Time seemed to move in slow motion. Razor saw his killer clearly. There was no mistaking Vulture grinning at him. Then he shot him right in the chest.

Razor flew backward. White-hot agony seared up his chest. He wasn't aware of hitting the ground, and he gasped, spitting out blood.

He heard footsteps on the pavement. Vulture fled, roaring with laughter. Gunner reached him first, quickly assessing his injuries while Tank called for an ambulance in the background. Regret filled him. If he'd stayed home with Nat today, none of this would have happened.

Razor had given her a mini lecture on safety before he left the clubhouse, and yet here he was, bleeding to death.

“I’m not dead,” Razor said in silent amazement. “The fucker missed any vital points.”

“Stop talking,” Gunner said, ripping off a large chunk of his shirt. He used that to press down on his bullet wound, staunching the injury.

“Call Nat,” Razor whispered.

His vision started to become fuzzy. Razor heard it again. Another motorcycle. He grasped Tank’s arm tightly. He had a feeling this rider wasn’t one of theirs. Was it Vulture, intending to finish the job again?

Screw that bastard. He and the others had lowered their guard after entering the diner. They shouldn’t have done that.

“He’s back,” Razor said. Talking hurt like hell. “Careful.”

Razor didn’t know what happened next because he fell unconscious.

Chapter Eleven

Nat gazed at Razor lying on the hospital bed. Quiet despair filled her. Razor got hurt because of her. She knew it would happen, but seeing him like this, vulnerable and injured, made her so ... angry. Why couldn't Vulture leave her and her man alone?

What had she ever done to incur that bastard's wrath? Razor would be so mad she'd left the clubhouse to see him at the hospital. Nat just couldn't sit around in their room, twiddling her thumbs, her face glued to her phone for any updates about Razor's condition.

"How is he?" asked a familiar voice. King entered the room and closed the door behind him.

"He hasn't woken up yet," she said. Nat didn't care that King could hear the fear in her voice. She hadn't slept a wink since last night.

"Were you here all night?" King asked.

Nat nodded, surprised King stood next to her and gave her shoulder a squeeze. "Razor's one tough bastard. He'll make a full recovery. Just wait and see."

"King, this is all my fault," she whispered.

"What the hell are you talking about? Did you know Vulture was going to ride into town and shoot Razor and Tank?"

Oh, God. She'd forgotten Tank had been shot as well. "No, but they wouldn't be in this position if Razor hadn't rescued me," she finally said.

"I've never seen Razor look so happy. He's changed in a good way, thanks to you," King said.

"Wait. Is that a compliment?" she asked him. "How's Tank?"

King scoffed. "Don't think much of it. You're trouble, sure, but the club's used to trouble. Tank got shot in the shoulder, that's all."

"I see. That's a relief." Hearing a groan from the bed, Nat instantly shot to her feet. She sat on Razor's bed and gently touched his hand.

"You're a sight for sore eyes," Razor said, voice raspy. She grabbed the water bottle next to the table and handed it to him.

Razor drank it all down. "I feel like shit."

King and Nat both laughed at that. "Has he always been like this?" she asked King.

"Sure. He likes to joke around during a grave situation," King said. "Most of the time, he tells poor jokes."

Razor narrowed his eyes at both of them. "I've been transported into an alternate universe where you've become friends."

"King just came by to check on you. He's worried, and so am I," she told him. She leaned over and gave him a quick kiss on the mouth.

"I wasn't that worried," King grumbled.

“Wait. You left the clubhouse,” Razor said, frowning at her.

“I was worried about you and ... I wanted to be there when you regained consciousness,” she said. “Don’t worry, I asked Grizzly to accompany me here.”

Razor looked appeased by her words.

“What happened since I was shot?” Razor asked.

“Tank’s next door. He got shot in the shoulder,” King answered. “We’re guessing Vulture got away. There’s something else.”

Sensing King and Razor had plenty to talk about, Nat said, “You must be hungry, and I remember you mentioning you hate hospital food. I’ll run down to the cafeteria to see if they have something you like.”

“Thanks, babe,” Razor told her.

She blushed, still unused to that nickname, then hurried out of the room with her purse. For a few seconds, she stood outside the door to compose herself.

“Razor’s alive,” Nat whispered out loud to herself.

Source Creation Date: July 4, 2025, 5:42 am

Thank God. She didn't know what she'd do if he never woke up. When she arrived at the hospital, she'd been a mess. Grizzly and Nat had found out Razor had been taken to the emergency room. The next few hours had been grueling.

No one would tell her if Razor would live or die. Finally, the doctor came out and told them the operation was a success. The bullet had been taken out of Razor's chest. Fortunately, it didn't hit any vital organs.

Nat headed downstairs to the cafeteria. She picked up two sandwiches and hot coffee for Razor. As she was leaving the cafeteria, she was stopped by a sandy-haired man. She tensed up, then relaxed, seeing the Ruthless Reapers MC patch on his jacket.

The jacket looked a little too big for him. On the heels of that thought came another. She'd never seen this biker before. Then again, the Ruthless Reapers MC had plenty of members. Some of them were out on the road for long periods of time.

"Hey, I'm Terry. King assigned me to be your bodyguard," he told her with an easy smile.

Something about him didn't sit quite right with her. Then again, Nat had barely gotten any sleep. She'd also become a little paranoid after Razor was shot.

"Hi, Terry," she said, trying to sound friendly. "I'm heading back to Razor's room."

"I'll go with you. King just left earlier," he said. That strange smile hadn't left his face. She didn't like it when he placed a hand on her back.

“Sorry,” he said with a laugh. “I forgot you’re off-limits to anyone but Razor.”

Nat and Terry entered the elevator. She was relieved it was crowded, so she didn’t have to be alone with Terry. As the elevator emptied, Nat found herself sweating a little, but they arrived safely on the fifth floor where Razor’s room was.

She could tell Terry she was fine on her own, but if King really sent him, then that meant King trusted him. Oh, screw it. Nat made a mental note to call King and ask for another biker to watch them. Something felt off about Terry. Wrong somehow.

Nat led the way, clutching the bag of sandwiches and hot coffee close to her. She knocked on the door and entered. Like Terry had said, King was already gone.

“Hey, beautiful. Been waiting for you,” Razor said with a smile, then his eyes narrowed when he spotted Terry behind her. Terry clicked the door shut behind him. “Who the fuck are you? I know everyone in the club, and I’ve never seen you before in my life.”

Something clicked into place when Razor spotted the stranger entering the room with Nat. King said when he spoke to Tank, Tank had somehow lost his cut. This stranger had taken it and tricked Nat into believing he was part of the club.

Razor reached for the gun under his pillow. He might be in a hospital, a place of healing, but it always paid to be extra careful. Nat spun on her heel, and Terry slipped his hand under his jacket. Fuck. How was Razor going to take care of this asshole while Nat was in the way?

“Nat, duck!” he yelled.

Nat did something even more amazing. She tossed the steaming coffee cup she was holding right at the pretender's face. The man screamed, touching his scalded face. Then he groped for Nat, cursing her. She stumbled but managed to kick him away.

Nat dropped to the ground, giving Razor a clear shot. Should he risk shooting this bastard in a hospital? Instead of popping the guy in the chest, he aimed for his leg instead. The stranger screamed, falling on one knee.

The door opened, revealing Tank in a hospital gown. He took in the situation, then wrapped his good arm around the man's neck. The muscles there bulged and strained. The man began to turn purple. Tank used to be a former Navy SEAL, and he'd kept in shape all these years. No matter how much the guy struggled, Tank held him in place.

Razor painstakingly got out of bed, or at least he tried.

"What are you doing?" Nat demanded, hurrying up to him to help him.

"I need to ask him one important question," Razor said, already out of breath. Damn it. Getting shot sucked big time. Nat helped him walk over to where Tank still apprehended their would-be assassin.

"He said his name was Terry. I knew something was off," Nat whispered.

"It's okay. We got him now," Razor told her in a reassuring voice. He leveled his gaze at the choking man. "I know Vulture sent you. Tell me where he is."

Tank loosened his hold so the man could talk. "Why would I?" the guy asked, glaring defiantly at all of them. "I'm done for anyway."

"Yeah, you are, but Vulture sent you here to take care of his dirty laundry. He can't

even do it himself. Don't you want to get some revenge on the asshole who sent you to your death?"

Terry seemed to chew on that for a few moments, then uttered a location. Razor nodded to Tank, and Tank broke his neck.

"Thank you," Razor told the dead man.

This was a hell of a mess, Razor thought, but the MC had been in this situation before. The hospital staff on this floor would need to be bribed to be silenced. If the police got involved, then they had to be paid as well.

If Terry had lied to him about where Vulture was, then so be it. Razor intended to hunt Vulture down once and for all after he got out of this place.

Chapter Twelve

Razor killed his motorcycle engine and dismounted. He took a good look at the rows of corn surrounding the small, dilapidated farmhouse. No sign of farm animals or anything living as far as Razor could see.

Terry said he'd find Vulture here, and Razor didn't think Terry would waste his last words on a lie. It could be an ambush or trap, but Razor doubted it. After the incident at the hospital, word got out Rat had kicked Vulture out of the club. Rat said Vulture acted out of his own selfish interests, so the truce between their MCs still held.

Razor checked his gun. Satisfied he had a full clip, Razor checked the house first. The first and second floors proved empty, but in the kitchen, he saw a bedroll and unwashed plates and cups. Someone had recently been here all right.

He checked the barn next, wondering if this was a wild goose chase. Razor had an important event to go to later on. A man couldn't very well just miss his own wedding day. He smiled at the memory of being kicked out of his room while the old ladies of the club fussed over Nat in her gown and veil.

Razor dropped his smile when he noticed someone was in the barn. He raised his gun. After Vulture shot him in the chest, he wasn't about to let his guard down easily again. It took two whole weeks until the doctor discharged him from the hospital.

No strenuous activity, the doctor had warned, but Razor wanted, no needed to get this sorry task done. If Vulture escaped him again this time, then Nat would have to continue living the rest of her life scared that someday this asshole would come back

for her.

Vulture sat slumped against a haystack, surrounded by empty bottles. He looked like shit, and Razor told him so. Vulture chuckled. It seemed he hadn't taken a shower in days either. Vulture raised a half-full bottle at him, then gave him a mocking salute.

"Be done with it," Vulture slurred. "I knew you'd come here eventually."

"Heard Rat kicked your sorry ass out. I'm guessing he didn't know you sent Terry to kill Nat," Razor pointed out. He hunkered down, not worried. Vulture looked like a defeated man. There was no fight in him left.

"Rat was fond of Terry. He was Rat's second cousin or something. I didn't know that until later on," Vulture confessed.

Shit, Razor thought. Oh, well. If Rat decided to come after him later on, then let the bastard try. Razor and his club would be ready for him.

"You shouldn't have sent someone else to do your dirty job." Razor stood back up and placed some distance between Vulture and him. He didn't want to get any blood on his clothes. "Any last words?"

"Yeah." Vulture stared at him, hate blazing in his bloodshot eyes. "I'll see you and that bitch in hell."

Razor shot him between the eyes. At this close a distance, he wouldn't miss. He left Vulture in that barn. Razor would send a cleanup crew here later. For now, he had a more important task to attend to.

Razor returned to the compound just as the sun was beginning to set. He parked his Harley and entered through the kitchen, where Grizzly waited for him with his change of clothes. Razor changed into a stuffy white collared shirt and put on a tie.

Over that, he wore his cut.

“How do I look?” he asked Grizzly.

“Like a man about to go the noose,” Grizzly joked. Razor was in such a good mood, he didn’t take offense. He elbowed Grizzly in the ribs.

“Everything’s ready,” King announced, entering the kitchen. “Priest’s been here for over an hour.”

King looked him up and down, then neared him. King fixed his tie. “Everything went as planned?”

“Yeah, the deed’s done,” Razor said.

“Good. Now go to your bride,” King said.

Razor emerged from the kitchen. Everyone was there in the bar area, his entire MC family. He wished his mom was here to see him, but he figured she’d be up there, watching him. Then he spotted his bride, looking resplendent in a simple but gorgeous A-line white wedding dress.

Nat seemed to have ditched the veil that was giving her trouble earlier that day. Razor decided he preferred her face bared like this, her gorgeous hair held up in an elaborate do. He couldn’t wait to undo her hair, let it fall free. Then he’d rip that dress to expose her sexy body to him.

Someone, Razor didn’t know who, managed to find a harpist who played the wedding march. Of course the priest was there, but he only saw Nat. She’d surprised him when she requested for a priest to oversee the ceremony.

Razor had said yes of course, because he couldn’t deny his woman anything. Once he

reached her, he held her hands over his. Razor could barely hear the next words the priest uttered. He only cared when the priest got to the most important part.

“Richard Sawyer, do you take Natalie Rivers to be your wedded wife, to live together in marriage? Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, and forsaking all others, be faithful only to her, for as long as you both shall live?”

“Hell yes,” Razor said. He looked deep into Nat’s eyes.

The priest repeated the same for Nat, and she smiled up at him, sweet and beautiful. “I do,” she whispered.

Razor cupped her cheek and kissed her long and hard when the priest said he could. Hoots and cheers erupted from their watching guests.

The rest of the evening passed by in a blur. Father Matthew stayed for a while for the food, then left. The crowd became a little rowdier after that. Razor and Nat cut the wedding cake, then they danced the night away.

“I didn’t know you were such a good dancer,” she murmured, gripping his arm as he guided her.

“Consider it one of my hidden talents,” he said, smiling down at the woman he loved. His old lady. His soul mate. “I have other talents in the bedroom as well.”

Her musical laugh automatically made Razor rock hard. “Oh, I know,” she said. Nat rose on tiptoe to kiss him on the mouth.

“Shall we head upstairs, milady?”

“Definitely,” she said. Nat yelped when he swung her in his arms and carried her

upstairs. Their wedding night was going to be something to be remembered. Razor was going to make sure of that.