



# Rooster's Redemption

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, New Adult, Mc

**Description:** Rooster

As the tech guy for Savage Saints MC, people assume I'm all geek and no swag. Little do they know I have all the hens eating out of the palm of my hands. After my last girlfriend left me without a trace, I decided I would never let anyone capture my heart again.

I lived by my name Rooster for many years until a little slip of a woman came barreling into my life. Unfortunately, she is untouchable, unattainable and she's the sister to my Prez's Ol' Lady. And she's off limits.

She heals my heart and soul the way no woman ever has. She's my everything but she has secrets of her own. Secrets I need to get to the bottom of before we can move forward.

Alyssa

Growing up in foster care and then ending up in the hands of a monster for years, I didn't think I'd ever escape. Until the day Savage Saints MC rescued me and I met Rooster.

However, my past haunts me, especially because my daughter was ripped away from me by the man who bought me. I've done everything to get my little girl back, besides trusting the one man who makes my heart skip a beat and throws caution to the wind. Rooster. If I trust him to help me find my daughter, I will lose him in the process. This secret of who her real parents are will hurt him and me in the process.

Will Rooster be able to get Alyssa's daughter back and keep her safe? Or will Alyssa's secret destroy the love Rooster has for her?

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*Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:55 am*

## Prologue

### ROOSTER-8 YEARS AGO

Thunder rolls, vibrating the sidewalk. Lightning strikes off in the distance making the dark clouds ominous. I'm pacing back and forth under the awning in front of my girlfriend, Phoebe's apartment complex while rain pelts the ground around me. The only thing is, she isn't here and it's been storming the whole time. Her tiny blue Corolla isn't parked in her usual spot.

I received a frantic voicemail from Phoebe while I was in a meeting. Her voice shook with every word. Something was wrong but she wouldn't say what. I left my meeting and hurried over here. Big fat raindrops pelleted me on my Harley on the way over. It's like there's a sign from above that something bad is happening.

Once I parked my Harley in front of her apartment building, the clouds really opened up, bringing ice-cold rain, howling winds, thunder and lightning from the sky.

I've tried calling Phoebe back on the way out of my work building with no answer. I'm a communications tech expert at a big law firm in downtown Mt. Pleasant. My day job includes hacking into other systems to make sure our client's sensitive information is secure. I was meeting with the big bosses to inform them of some bugs I found and fixed.

My phone rings in my pocket and I yank it out. Thunder cracks overhead and I almost drop my phone in the puddle forming at my feet. Instead, my leather dress shoes and black slacks take the hit.

“Motherfucker!” I slide the green button without looking to see who it is. “Yeah,” I bark into the phone shaking the water from my shoes. Well, these shoes are fucked.

“Lucas, where the hell did you go?” Mr. Rockford, my boss at the law firm asks. His voice is gravely from too many whiskies and cigars.

“Had an emergency, Mr. Rockford. I’ve given you everything I had on the bugs and how they’re fixed. Nothing is compromised. None of the client’s information was leaked. I found it before any damage was done. That’s why you hired me. I’m the best at my job.”

“Mr. Johnson,” my boss draws my last name out, making my skin crawl. “I suggest you get your ass back here. You can’t walk out in the middle of a meeting.”

“I can’t, sir.” I’m fed up with this asshole telling me what I can and can’t do. They’re supposed to be a family and look out for each other, but it’s nothing but lies. They’ll cut your throat and steal your clients faster than I can jerk myself off.

He t’sks on the other end. I can hear his whiskey glass hit his teeth and he takes a deep swallow. “That’s too bad. If you’re not back here in fifteen minutes, you’re fired.”

I don’t need this shit. Not with Phoebe missing. She’s been acting weird for the last couple of weeks. Distant and quiet when we’re together. Like she’s going through the motions of being with me but her mind is elsewhere.

“You know what, Mr. Rockford?”

“Enlighten me, Mr. Johnson.” I hear his chair squeak under his weight. Fucker’s sitting in his plush leather chair in his overpriced office, probably has his secretary on her knees under his desk, sucking his tiny dick while his wife is at home with no clue

he's cheating on her with anything that spreads her legs.

"After all the hours and effort I put into the job with little to no appreciation," I pause for dramatic effect. "You can take this job and shove it up your ass." God, it feels good to say that.

"Lucas, you can't be serious." Now I've got his attention.

"As a fucking heart attack."

"I'll ruin you in this industry," Mr. Rockford threatens.

"Try it. I've got so much dirt on you and your partners, I'll make the devil himself look like child's play." I inhale a deep breath. "I'm done. So go back to your million-dollar home and drink your fucking liver away, wishing you had that hot little secretary sucking your dick instead of your wife. Your threats don't mean shit to me." I click the end call button on my phone, jam it back into my dress slacks and punch the brick wall.

"Son of a bitch!" I shout, my knuckles lace with pain.

"Lucas?" Phoebe whispers behind me. I turn around and see tears trail down her cheeks. Her light brown eyes are red from crying and her golden hair is plastered to her forehead from the rain. She's clutching her waist, fighting off a shiver. Her shirt is sticking to her chest giving me a glimpse of her tight nipples.

"Phoebe," I stare at her and whisper.

"What are you doing here?"

"You called me in a panic. I came as soon as I got the message." I step toward her

and she takes a step back. “What’s going on?” I’m standing in the pouring rain. Thunder cracks around us.

“You shouldn’t be here. Please go.” Her eyes plead with me to leave.

The hair on the back of my neck stands on end. Something is off. “Phoebe, what the fuck is happening?”

She drops her head, staring at the concrete sidewalk, “Just go and don’t come back.” Phoebe’s downright sobbing now. Her chest is heaving up and down. “Don’t call or look for me. We’re over, Lucas.”

“What? You can’t mean that.” I plead. A sucker punch to my gut has me stunned. I didn’t see this coming a mile away.

## Page 2

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Phoebe lifts her head and holds it high, “I do.” She stares right at me and doesn’t release eye contact. “Now you need to leave.” She shoulders past me and inserts her key into the lock, her fingers trembling.

“Is someone after you?” I ask.

She stops turning her key, “What? No! Just leave, Lucas.” She opens the front door to the apartment complex and shuts it on me before I can push my way in. Phoebe turns around staring at me through the glass, sadness in her eyes. “Goodbye, Lucas.” She turns on her heels and climbs up the stairs. I bang my fist on the bulletproof glass, useless to shatter it. All I’m doing is leaving bloody streaks from when I punched the wall. When Phoebe doesn’t turn around to let me in, I walk away with my head down and my heart ripped out of my chest left at Phoebe Gates’ doorstep.

The rain lets up as I climb onto my Harley. I strap my helmet on and fire her up. At least this girl will never leave me. Taking off on the slick pavement, I slide a little but regain control. That would be my luck, to wipe out and have to be scrapped off the road. Maybe they could put my heart back in my chest.

I ride for a while lost in my own thoughts. My head replaying everything in the last couple of months between Phoebe and me. How her smile never reached her eyes, how she never talked to me until I talked to her. How she fucking played me. My heart hardens, looking back at all the signs, I should’ve seen this oncoming. Anger and rage settle into my bones until I can’t feel anything. No heartbeat. No hatred. No sadness. Just numb.

I come upon a restaurant tucked in the middle of nowhere. My body is numb from the

cold and rain. I pull into the parking lot and stop next to two Harleys. I remove my helmet and head inside. The bell rings above my head, alerting everyone inside I'm here. God, I hate those things. I take my soaking-wet body to the counter and slide onto the barstool. A pretty little waitress flips my coffee mug over in front of me and fills it up. I pick it up letting the steam warm my hands and body. Nothing can unfreeze my heart though.

"What can I get ya?" The pretty little waitress asks. I look for her name tag and read Taylor over her ample chest. Her breath catches in her throat while my eyes rake over her body.

I give her my best smile, showing my perfect teeth, "Taylor," I let her name roll off my tongue and watch her pupils dilate and she squirms. "Can I have a monster burger with fries, please?"

She gives me a wink and flirty smile, "Sure thing. Can I get you anything else?" Taylor runs her fingers over her breasts and my eyes follow. I know I shouldn't, but fuck. I'm a guy. A broken-hearted guy. My dick is doing all the talking and right now it wants to fuck the memory of Phoebe away.

I open my lips to respond when a deep voice growls over my head, "Move along, Taylor. He's not a patched member, yet." Taylor's eyes widen and she scurries off to the kitchen. What the fuck?

I turn my head ready to give this asshole standing in my way of a good fuck, off. My eyes land on his cut and snap my jaw shut. He smirks and slides on the barstool to the left of me. "Names, Kayne," he extends his hand in my direction.

"Lucas," I respond, shaking Kayne's hand.

"You a brother?"

“Nah, just ride.” I shake my head. Kayne looks at me from head to toe, taking in my soaking wet leather dress shoes, black slacks and a button-down shirt. He quirks an eyebrow at me.

“What the fuck is a man like you doing in a shitty ass place like this?” Kayne leans back on the barstool and pops a toothpick in his mouth.

“Man like me? What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” I’m irritated and pissed.

He motions to my clothes with a hand. “Rich, well dressed, probably cheating on your old lady because you come from money.” This motherfucker is blunt. He’s wrong, but I get it. I look like I’m loaded.

“Well, Kayne. First off, just because I’m dressed this way doesn’t mean I’m rich. Second of all,” I hold two fingers up, “This is, I mean was, my work attire.” I hold up a third finger, “And lastly, no old lady. If it’s any of your business, which it isn’t, maybe I’m looking for a piece of ass to fuck her memory away.” Taylor places my food in front of me and walks away without another word. I’m not hungry now, but the smell of my burger has my mouth watering. I take a big bite and set it down.

“If you’re done assessing me and implying shit, you can leave so I can enjoy my food in peace.” I’m pissed and if he sits here, an MC member or not, I’m going to lose my shit.

“What’d you do for work to make you dress like a prissy bitch?” Kayne asks.

I wipe my hands on my napkin and turn to look at him, “I was a communications expert for a prestigious law firm.”

“Hmm...” Kayne runs his hand through his blonde goatee and motions to someone else. Another MC member slides onto the stool to my right. “What do you think,



Blayde?"

"I think he's got what it takes," Blayde responds.

"Me too." Kayne reaches into his cut and I spot the piece strapped to the inside. "Big changes are coming soon, Lucas." He pulls a card out with a phone number on it. "If you're interested." He hands me the card and I take it, looking it over.

"What is this?" I ask flipping it over. On the back, it has three words written on it. Savage Saints MC.

"When you're ready, we could use a man like you. Tremendous changes are coming soon." With that, Kayne and Blayde stand up and walk out of the restaurant. I spot the back of their cuts and my heart races. I've heard of Savage Saints MC. They're an elite one-percenter club and I've always wanted to get in with them since I learned how to ride.

I tuck the card into my pocket, pull out a wad of cash and pay my bill. I hurry out of the restaurant. They're already gone by the time I reach where our bikes are parked. I walk over to my bike and see a leather cut lying on my seat with a note.

Lucas,

When you're ready, give that number a call. I'll have a job for you.

Kayne.

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I take the leather cut and hold it in my hands. The soft but firm leather under my fingertips feels right. Feels like I'm finally home. I slip it on and look down at the patch. Prospect is on the left breast.

This is how I've become a Savage Saint.

Chapter

One

ROOSTER

For years I wondered what had happened to Phoebe. The woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. After that dreadful night eight years ago, she left. She was gone without a trace. It hardened my heart and soul. I've never had feelings for a woman since. I've just fucked and kicked them out when I was done, regardless if they got their own. Until now.

Now, I have a beautiful blonde-haired beauty sleeping in my arms while the rest of my brothers, The Savage Saints, are out there having fun and living it up and I'm in my room, letting the darkness consume my every pour. Eight years ago, a woman destroyed me, and I swore to myself I wouldn't let it happen again. Now another has managed to worm her way under my skin.

After I found Alyssa sobbing and shaking, scared out of her mind behind the garage earlier, I brought her up to my room and she finally gave in and fell asleep about an hour ago. She kept repeating over and over that she didn't want to do it but she had

no choice. I couldn't get anything else out of her. Fucking secrets kill me. I knew when Stryker was shot and we were at Doc's, something wasn't right. She tried to tell me, but I wouldn't listen. Being a stubborn asshole has always worked forme and I brushed her off. Then Holly came out of the bathroom and Alyssa left. She's been gone more than here lately and that worries me too. She says she's visiting her mom, but no one has that many visitors in rehab. I'm not fucking stupid. Next time she takes off, which I imagine will be when she wakes up, I'm putting a fucking tail on her ass.

My eyes grow heavy as the bass of the music downstairs vibrates my walls and Alyssa's deep breathing is steady against my chest. I shake my head, being careful not to rouse her and shift slightly. Alyssa whimpers in her sleep and my heart unthaws a little more. Her tiny hand clutches to my leather cut with a vice-like grip. I can't let her get to me. I can't let her in. If I do, the secrets she's carrying will destroy both of us.

When Kayne brought me into the Savage Saints MC, I didn't quite know what he wanted from me. I would do little jobs here and there from the comfort of my home. He had me track down the President of this chapter daily. Kayne knew before the rest of us what was going down, but he couldn't say anything until Steam, the President of Savage Saints, Detroit, released him. The day Steam handed Kayne his President patch, was the day our work behind the scenes came into play. He rode right to this Clubhouse with Blayde and dethroned the old Prez. Then took his rightful place at the head of the table. He turned this Clubhouse around and turned it into something people feared but respected, instead of laughed at and ridiculed.

We knew the moment our boots hit the ground we'd have our work cut out for us. Kayne had to play nice with Drex, the President of Deadly Sins, for a little while and do his bidding. But Drex didn't know the behind the scenes deals Kayne had with the Irish Mafia. Those deals are what dragged our club out of the trenches and we watched as Poison, who Drex thought was his daughter, and Kayne fall in love. They

were destined to be enemies but fought their way through it all. Now she has a ring on her finger, a patch on her chest and a secret Kayne doesn't know about.

I can't fight the sleep taking hold and my eyes drift close, sending me into oblivion. I'm in a deep sleep when a pounding vibrates through my skull. I ignore it and try to fall back asleep. The pounding won't stop. I open my eyes and sit up, rubbing the sleep away. Trying to gather my wits, I climb out of bed and stumble to the door. I'm pissed off and annoyed as fuck at someone waking me up. If there's one thing I hate more than anything else, it's being woken up. If someone's physically touching me, I usually swing first and then ask questions later.

Yanking the door open I'm knocked back on my ass as a large hand comes barreling into me. "What the fuck!" I shout. My body reacts before my mind figures out what's going on and I tackle the motherfucker who hit me to the floor like a three-hundred-pound linebacker. The asshole grunts below my powerful grip.

"Rooster," Kayne's riding boots step into my view. "Let him go. Duke get the fuck up, dickhead." I sit up and Duke scurries away rubbing his chest.

"Sorry, bro. Don't ever wake me again," I shrug my shoulders in a what the fuck do you expect gesture.

"Duly noted." Duke stands up and leans against the wall, still trying to catch his breath.

My eyes travel to my bed where it's empty. Motherfucker. She got away again. I clench my fists tight and shift my eyes to Kayne who's watching me curiously from the doorway. "What'd ya need?" I ask.

"I need you in Church in ten. We had something come up last night that needs addressing." Kayne cuts his eyes to my messy bed then turns and leaves. That's one

thing about Kayne. He says what needs to be said and then leaves. Duke follows behind him, leaving me alone. I pull my body off the floor and walk into the bathroom. I turn on the shower and let the steam fill the room, fogging up the mirror. I wipe the condensation off and stare at myself in the mirror. My shaggy black hair flops against my forehead. My beard is scruffy from not shaving in a few days. Intricate tattoos cover my chest and crawl up my neck and down my arms.

Back when the pain of losing Phoebe was too much to bear and Club Bunnies weren't doing it, I'd meet up with Tex and he'd ink me. Most of my tattoos represent what I was going through at the time. The jagged heart being held by a bloody hand with blood dripping down was my first ink. Then the fire-breathing dragon with its tail sneaking its way up my neck, ready to strike was my second. Then after that, were the skulls and crossbones. But my most meaningful tattoo is my Savage Saints tattoo covering my whole back he did on the night I was patched in officially. That bitch hurt like a motherfucker but I sat there through the entire process and let him make me an official patch member.

I climb into the shower and wash away the previous night's events. I let the hot water pound on my muscles and relax my mind. I push all thoughts of Alyssa away and focus on what's going on here and now. I don't have time for childish games. There are more important things going on that my focus needs to be on rather than a leggy blonde with those fucking secrets I hate.

I hurry down the stairs and come flying into the kitchen, not paying any attention to who's around me. I snag a coffee cup from the little wooden tree holder Holly insisted we have and pour myself a cup of coffee. Holly is Stryker's Ol' Lady and she's a little sister to the rest of Savage Saints. She loves to cook and the kitchen is her domain. We don't fuck with anything in here and we live to see another day. We protect Holly at all costs and will never let anyone do to her what her old MC did again. The man who tortured and abused her for years is currently six feet under.

The bacon and pancake aroma make my mouth water so I snag a handful of bacon and a pancake, shoving it into my mouth while I head into Church. I close the solid wooden door behind me and sit in my respective chair. Snickers surround me as I swallow my food. My eyes cut to my right where Duke and Ace are sitting.

“Did you even taste that food, dickhead?” Ace snickers. Ace is the Savage Saints Secretary. He handles all the business adventures and is surprisingly good with the tech stuff. He helps me out from time to time when I’m drowning in research. He’s one of the brothers I’m closest with and he loves to fight. When he’s in a ring or a cage, he’s in his full element. I flip him off and swallow my coffee. The hot liquid burns my throat but damn, Holly can make a mean cup of coffee along with food to die for.

“Did the pig enjoy it at least?” This comes from Tex sitting across from me. Tex is one brother I can’t get a read on. He’s the Road Captain and any rides we go on or charity runs we do, he plans them all right down to the fucking T. He loves the women who come around and has a different one on his dick almost every night. But one thing he’s never changed is the cowboy hats he wears. A grey one is sitting on his head today. He’s also wearing a blue bolo-tie for some reason. Probably to be a smartass. I reach across the table and yank it, so he’s leaning across the scarred oak table.

“I don’t know, why don’t you ask your mama? She was squealing like a pig when I fucked her last night, Southern boy.” I release his tie and he slides back into his seat, stunned. I lean back into mine with a smirk on my face. The room erupts in laughter.

“Enough!” Kayne’s voice bellows through the room. Those of us who were laughing or joking around stopped. It’s quiet enough that you can hear a pin drop.

Everyone is here today. Even Poison is sitting in her respective seat. Her vibrant porcelain skin lacks the glow she normally has. Dark bags are under her eyes from

lack of sleep. I don't think she's told Kayne what's wrong with her because he keeps on looking at her with concern in his light blue eyes. Kayne swings his eyes around the room, landing on each of us.

He slams his gavel on the oak table and begins the meeting. "Last night, I received a phone call from Krimson. We're going to have visitors here in a few days. Capone and a few of his brothers from the Royal Bastards in Los Angeles are heading here. They have word the Bloody Scorpions are heading our way and they're a nasty group. Dealing in the Black-Market Railroad. We finally have a lead on the list of missing girls that we discovered in Holly's parent's house. They're part of the Black-Market Railroad. Have any of you ever heard of it?"

The room grows quiet while Kayne waits for someone to speak up. I raise my hand, "Aye, Prez. I have and I think I know who in our area is a part of it too. You're not going to like it."

"So, spill it, Rooster."

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“Steam.” One name has the tension in the room at sky rocketing levels. “I’ve been looking into the list of women found at Holly’s house. Most of them were dead ends because it was so long ago, so I started with the ones that looked recent. We already know Steam and her dad, the Senator, and her brother are mixed up together. Every time one of those women went missing, one of the motherfuckers was around. After reading the missing persons reports, the women have one thing in common. They’ve gone missing around the same time of day usually a few days apart and around eleven at night. The police never connected them because the women were from different areas and they weren’t working together. Just another woman came up missing from a new town or city.” I pause to control my breathing and steady my heart rate. I’m full of rage and anger from these assholes thinking they can get away with this in our territory.

“Rooster, you and Ace get back to searching for these missing women. Leave no stone unturned, find anything you can on them. Stryker, Axel, Butch and Tex it’s drop day. Get to the businesses and pick up the earnings from the last couple of days. Duke, Talon and Maddox we have a rebuild coming into the shop at noon. Get that done and come back here. Blayde and I will get shit ready for our visitors.” Kayne slams the gavel on the table, ending the meeting.

Ace walks with me out of Church. “So, what’s up with you and Alyssa?”

I glance around making sure no one was listening. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Bro, I’ve seen the way she looks at you when she’s here. She can’t keep her eyes off you.” Ace rolls his eyes. I ignore him, unlock the door and we enter the



communications room, my sanctuary. I sit in the plush seat and fire up my computers. Ace takes a seat in the other chair, his cut creaking. “Well?”

“Well, what? I don’t know what you want me to say. She’s off limits and I’m not pissing my Prez off. I can’t help it if she can’t keep her eyes off me. All chicks want a piece of the Rooster.” I grab my dick and laugh, but inside I’m panicking. If Ace has seen Alyssa, then everyone else must have but are too chicken shit to say anything. “Besides,” I blow out a breath. “Why would I settle down with one bitch when there’s a whole world of pussy out there that needs my help?” I want to snatch the words back as soon as they leave my unfiltered mouth. Movement behind me has my head whipping to the side. Alyssa is standing at the door with tears in her eyes. She’s wearing a pair of jean shorts that show off her long, tanned legs, a Savage Saints tank top barely holding her plush chest in and her long blond hair is tied back with a Savage Saints bandanna. She’s dressed like a mouthwatering, wet dream. My dick struggles against the zipper of my jeans just watching her.

“Fuck me,” I grumble and release a long breath.

Ace turns around and releases a low whistle, “Bro, you done fucked up now.” He mumbles under his breath.

Alyssa takes off leaving the door wide open. Motherfucker. I stand up to go after her when my computer dings with an alert. I slam the door shut and sit back in my chair. Ace is snickering next to me and I punch him in his arm.

“Fucker,” he mumbles rubbing his arm.

I ignore his bitching and bring up the program I wrote. The alert pops up and images fill the screen. Everything that just happened takes a back seat. Woman after woman from the last ten years invades my computer screens. Their date of birth, descriptions, and the missing person’s reports to follow. I slide my gaze from left to right, reading

what's popping up and see Ace doing the same. I flip through each image and compare them to the ones we found at Holly's house I scanned in. Each image matches each woman, except for one.

One sole image stares back at me. Teasing and taunting me. My mouth runs dry and my hands begin to shake. "Son of a bitch." I grab my phone and dial Kayne. It rings a couple of times before he answers.

"Yeah, Rooster."

"Prez, we have an issue."

"I'll be right there." Kayne hangs up the phone and I don't blink. Afraid if I do, then this woman will disappear the way she did years ago. The way she up and left me while my heart still bled on her front steps in the pouring rain.

Chapter

Two

ALYSSA

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. I knock on the side of my head, cussing myself out. I'm in the living room pacing back and forth from the window to the couches set up around a seventy-inch T.V. I'm such an idiot thinking Rooster would be different. I should've known better. Any man that looks like him, with his strong arms and powerful legs, sexy ass, and a smile that will melt your panties right off wouldn't want anything to do with someone so damaged as me. I'm so stupid thinking he would be different. He's just like all the other men in my life who only used me for a warm body, sometimes willingly, sometimes not.

But the way he held me last night and the comfort he offered, I thought for sure he could feel the connection I did. I freaked out when I woke up safe and secure this morning so I snuck out while he was snoring. He calmed the storm raging inside of me and that scared the shit out of me. I stayed in the spare room next to his and he didn't even know I was there. I'm invisible. Just like I have been my whole life. Invisible and replaceable.

I don't want to be though. I want him to see me. See who I am. Not Poison's little sister or the girl who was kidnapped with her druggy mom. Not the abused, scared little girl. I want everyone to see the strong, independent woman I've battled to become.

"There you are," Poison says from behind me. I wipe the tears away and turn toward her, plastering on a fake smile. Poison has on a white Savage Saints tank top under her cut, a pair of blue skinny jeans and her black riding boots.

"Here I am."

"Are you working tonight? I thought I'd join you if you were."

"Yes, I'm heading into the bar in a few minutes if you want to tag along. I'd love that." And I mean it. I want that sisterly bond between Poison and me. She gives me a knowing look with hazel eyes that are just like her father's, MadDog.

"Let me find Kayne and I'll be right back. I could use the time away from these guys," she rubs her belly in gentle, circular motions, walking out of the room.

"Where are you going?" Siren asks from behind me, making me jump.

"Fuck," I place a hand over my beating heart and spin around. "You both are like a bunch of ninjas sneaking around here."

“Sorry,” Siren shrugs her slender shoulders. Her long black hair is pulled up in a high ponytail and she’s wearing white leggings with the Savage Saints logo on the thigh, a tight black tank top and running shoes.

“I’m heading into work and Poison is tagging along. Do you want to come too?”

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“Definitely! I need a few drinks and to get away from all the testosterone. Care if Holly comes too?” I shake my head. I love Holly. She’s a sweet woman who’s been through so much, just like me. “Great! I’ll find her. Don’t leave without us.” Siren shouts over her shoulder as she leaves the room.

I’m left alone for a few minutes when I spot Kayne and Poison walking down the stairs in a heated argument. His brows are scrunched and a pissed off look crosses his handsome face. I remember the first time I saw Kayne. He was like a knight in shining armor, or a badass biker in leather, bursting into the room I was held captive in by Black Destroyers. He scared the shit out of me but in that moment, nothing mattered. He killed Rage with no remorse and took me away from that hellhole. I will admit I had a slight crush on him until I found out he was head over heels for my sister. Then the infatuation disappeared.

“Kayne, it’ll be fine. We’re going to the bar and staying there. I promise.” Poison bats her eyes and offers him a sweet smile.

“Siren and Holly are coming along too,” I offer. Kayne whips his head around and gives me a cold, hard stare. I shrink away afraid he’s going to ream my ass for getting involved. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to listen in.”

“See, baby. The four of us will be at your bar,” Poison runs her hands down his leather cut and gives him a sexy smile. I turn and stare out the window, giving them a moment.

“Fine. But if anything, and I mean anything feels or looks out of place, you call me immediately. You’re not to go anywhere else alone.” Kayne demands.

“I promise. We’ll stay at the bar and keep Alyssa company while she works. Then when I get back, you can do what you wanted to do upstairs before Rooster called.”

I hear a low growl from Kayne and Poison giggles. Even with my back turned to the couple, I feel out of place. Boots on the hardwood floor have Kayne growling again and Poison giggling.

“Prez, we need you in the communications room now,” Rooster's deep voice sends a chill down my spine. I don’t bother to turn around, but I do sneak a peek at him out of the corner of my eye. He’s staring at me with a look I can’t decipher. It’s a mixture of, I totally fucked up and back the fuck off. He opens his mouth to say something else when another set of boots hits the floor.

“The girls are going to the bar with Alyssa,” Blayde says from behind me. Maybe I should turn around so I don’t appear rude, but if I do, I know I’ll be staring at Rooster and it’s clear he doesn’t want me.

“Yeah, I’ve been informed,” Kayne replies. “Take my pickup and stay with Siren, Holly and Alyssa at all times.” I finally gather the courage to turn around and see Kayne plant a long deep kiss on Poison’s lips. Blayde does the same to Siren and Stryker gives Holly a kiss along with a slap on the ass. My eyes drift to Rooster and he’s staring at me, his black eyes are hooded, pinning me to my spot. I dart my tongue out to wet my lips and they follow. The sexual tension between us is hot and unbearable.

Rooster clears his throat, breaking the lovefest going on. “Prez? Club business.”

Kayne releases Poison with one last kiss and they all leave the room. I can’t drag my eyes off Rooster and watch his fine ass as he walks away.

“Ready?” Poison asks looping her arm through mine.

“Ready,” I give a fake smile.

The four of us walk out of the Clubhouse and climb into Kayne’s red Dodge Ram. I’m sitting up front with Poison driving. Holly and Siren climb in the back seats.

“Wow, that man sure knows how to make me not want to leave,” Siren fans her face with her fingers.

“I think they’ve been taught how to keep their woman happy at a young age,” Holly sighs and leans back in her seat behind Poison.

“I know I need to get away. Kayne has been after me nonstop for the last few weeks. Asking questions I’m not ready to answer yet,” Poison confesses. “He doesn’t see what’s going on and I’ll be damned if I tell him when the Club needs him first.” Tears trickle down Poison’s cheeks and she wipes them away with the palm of her hand. She fires up the pickup and it growls to life. Poison puts it in drive and we take off down the driveway.

“When are you going to tell him?” Siren asks from the backseat. She leans forward squeezing Poison’s shoulder gently before dropping her hand.

Poison shrugs, “When the Club doesn’t have this issue hanging on.”

I’m so fucking confused. What issues? What does Poison need to tell Kayne? I’m so out of the loop I feel uncomfortable, so I just lean my head back and close my eyes. I’ve been taught at an early age if I need to know, I’ll be told. Don’t ask questions that doesn’t concern you.

“Alyssa, wake up. We’re here.” A gentle hand shakes my shoulder awakening me. I blink a few times and sit up, rubbing the sleep from my gritty eyes. “Are you OK? Have you been sleeping?” Poison’s voice drifts into my head.

“What? Yeah, last night was the first time I slept in a while.” I open the door and step out into the warm sun. I lift my head and enjoy the warmth on my face, remembering a time when the sun was not allowed to touch my skin. I push the memories away and lock them up in the back of my mind. I don’t have time to wallow in self-pity. Not when I have work to do and a secret to keep.

“Are you coming?” Poison asks.

I open my eyes and see she’s leaning against the large oak doors that lead into Savage Saint bar. Siren and Holly are already inside.

“Yeah, just enjoying the sunshine for a moment before I sling drinks to drunken men who like to grab your ass.”

“You know,” Poison pushes off the door and heads right for me. “I keep forgetting that you didn’t have it easy either. If you ever want to talk about it, I’m here to listen.”

“I appreciate it, but some things are better left in the past.” I walk away before Poison asks any more questions I don’t want to answer. She follows me into the bar. It’s dark and takes a few minutes for my eyes to adjust. Soft music drifts from the back room, telling me that Khandi is already here stocking shelves. At least I hope she’s stocking shelves. I’ve walked in on that woman either getting fucked or sucking someone off on a daily basis back there. The music playing tells me what she’s doing. If it’s hardcore thrasher music, I wait at the bar until it stops. If it’s soft like this, she’s actually doing her job.

“Well, if you ever do change your mind, know I’m always here. You’re my sister and when my family is hurting, I do everything I can to help.”



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“I know. And I’m grateful for you being in my life.” I put my purse underneath the bar and grab a white towel. Holly and Siren are sitting at a booth toward the back and I pour them each a vodka martini. “What do you want?” I ask Poison.

“Just a Coke, please.” I raise an eyebrow at her request. “I don’t drink, haven’t had a drop since I was a teenager. Recovering alcoholic here.” Poison wavers her fingers. Something new I didn’t know about.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Is being here too much?” I feel like an idiot and want to slap myself. Instead, I facepalm inside my head. I pour her a Coke and slide the glass across the bar. Poison picks it up and follows me toward Siren and Holly.

“Not at all. The cravings are few and far between. Besides, I have another reason for not drinking.”

“The secret,” I say handing Holly and Siren their drinks.

“The secret,” Poison confirms. I still have no fucking clue what she’s talking about but I act like I do.

“How do you do it?” I ask.

“Do what?” Poison asks.

“Keep a secret. Doesn’t it eat you up inside?”

“Yeah, it does. But I’ve learned when Kayne needs to know and when he doesn’t.

Besides, this is a good secret. Once the Club is done with their business, I'll tell him." She slides into the leather booth next to Siren. "If it were something that could endanger me or the Club, Kayne would be the first to know. Why all these questions?"

"Just curious," I shrug my shoulders and inhale a deep breath. I need to know these three girls' thoughts. "Hypothetically speaking if you're holding a secret that could get you hurt if anyone found out, how bad is it if you kept it from Kayne, Blayze or Stryker?"

Siren sets her drink down, "Alyssa, we could never keep a secret like that from our men. They know before we even tell them. It's in their DNA to pick up on these things. If you're hiding something, you need to tell them. I trust every single one of them with my life." She leans forward, "I kept a big secret of my own and thought for sure I could handle it. Turns out I couldn't and these men helped me and kept me safe."

"I agree," Holly pipes up. Her soft voice traveling straight to my heart. "I trust Savage Saints with my life too. If they didn't know what I went through with the Serpents, they couldn't keep me safe. And that's their number one priority. Keeping us safe."

I look at Poison and she's nodding her head. Well, shit. I don't know if I can tell them what I know. The more people who know the more danger, not just me but a little life, is in.

"Alyssa, whatever it is, it's going to eat you alive if you don't talk about it." Poison takes my hand in hers. The gesture has tears swelling in my eyes. I'm about to open my mouth and tell them when a loud crash comes from the back of the bar.

Chapter

Three

ALYSSA

“What the hell was that?” Poison asks. She’s the first one up and heading toward the noise. I’m right behind her and Siren and Holly are behind me.

Poison nudges the swinging door open that leads to the hallway where Kayne’s office is and the stockroom. It’s empty. We creep down the hallway, Poison has her gun drawn, finger on the trigger. I keep forgetting she’s a badass biker bitch, but right now I’m grateful she’s here. I’m scared shitless. She nudges the door open with the barrel of her gun and enters the stockroom. There are boxes scattered all over here and liquor bottles broken on the ground, spreading onto the concrete floor. No one is here though.

“Where the hell is Khandi?” I ask into the quiet room.

“She’s working today?” Poison asks.

“She’s supposed to be. It’s her music she plays when she’s here.” I’m confused as hell. It’s a mess back here but Khandi isn’t here.

“Siren, call Blayde. Something feels off,” Poison takes charge. “Holly, help me clean this up. Alyssa, go lock the front door. Take Siren with you. No one is to be alone.”

“What about the back door that leads to the dumpsters and alley?” I ask.

“That is always locked from the inside. The only way in and out is with a code, which is why when you take out the garbage you have to prop it open and have a certain amount of time to do it in. If that door is left open for too long, it sends an alarm to Kayne and the police we trust.”

Something new I didn't know about. I was just warned that I have two minutes to prop the door open and throw the garbage away. If it closes, I have to go around to the front which has happened to me a few times.

"Got it," Siren pulls her phone out of her pocket and exits the stockroom with me. Together we walk down the hallway back toward the bar. I'm scared and my body is trembling with fear. Siren loops her arm through mine while waiting for Blayde to answer his phone, giving me comfort.

"Blayde? Hey baby. Listen, something isn't right. Can you come here and check things out really quick? The doors will be locked." She pauses and nods her head. "Thanks, I'll see you in a few. I love you, too." Siren hangs up the phone and together we enter the bar. It's quiet out here and that freaks me out. Silence has always led to something bad happening. I hurry over to the front door and flip the lock, feeling safer.

We hurry back into the stockroom and help Poison and Holly clean up the mess. It's just the four of us back here working when Poison breaks the silence.

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“So, did you decide if your hypothetical question was answered about carrying a secret?” Her hazel eyes are on me and I almost drop the box in my hands. I forgot about our conversation and almost spilled my secret.

“I need to think about it a little more,” I put the box on the shelf and grab the mop bucket.

“Remember, the longer you,” Poison holds her fingers up in air quotes, “hypothetically,” she drops her fingers, “keep it, the harder it will be to tell the truth and it’ll eat you alive.”

I open my mouth to say something when the rumble of Harley’s in the alley interrupts me. I go back to mopping up the spilled liquor, keeping my eyes on the floor and not the girls around me. I don’t want to see their smiling faces right now when my own happiness wants nothing to do with me.

The girls leave the storage room to greet their men in the hallway when they come in, leaving me alone in here to think things through. I should tell Rooster what’s going on. But if I do, then not only my life will be in danger, but hers too. I can’t have that innocent soul’s blood on my hands. Then again if Savage Saint can help, they can save her. I’d risk my life for her any day. I’ve been risking my life to keep her safe for the last six months. She’s innocent in all of this mixed up from her mother making the wrong choice years ago. See why I’m so confused about what to do.

I’m lost in my mind when a large shadow falls over me. I scream and drop the mop. “Easy Baby Princess.” Rooster’s deep voice echoes around the small room. The look in his black eyes steals my breath.

I put a hand against my racing heart and steady my breathing. “Fuck you guys are terrible. I think I’ll have a heart attack one of these days.”

Rooster steps into the room and shuts the door behind him. The walls are closing in on me the closer he gets. He takes up a lot of space and the sexual tension between us is unbearable. I lick my dry lips and his eyes follow. He breathes through his nose, controlling whatever is racing through his mind.

“If you told the truth about shit, you wouldn’t be jumping at your own shadow.” Rooster growls. He steps closer to me and my will to stay quiet is crumbling. With every step Rooster takes in my direction, I take one back until I’m flush against the wall. He cages me in with his muscular arms. I inhale his scent and my willpower crumbles when I look into his black eyes. He’s staring down at me with a mix of worry and lust. I can’t even remember why I shouldn’t tell him anymore when he’s standing this close to me.

“Tell me and I can help.” Rooster’s warm hand caresses my face and I lean into him. “I won’t let anyone or anything hurt you again. But you have to trust me.” His lips are millimeters away from mine and his breath fans across my face. Desire pools deep in my belly.

“If I do,” I stare into his eyes lost in the dark depths of them. “If I do, then I’m as good as dead and so is she.”

“Alyssa,” my name rolling off Rooster’s lips sends a shiver down my spine and my panties are close to catching on fire. “I will protect you. We all will protect you. But we can’t if you don’t tell me what’s going on.”

With my mind made up, I nod my head. “OK, but I can’t right now. I have to work.”

“Fine, but you will when you get done. I’ll be here to pick you up and you’ll tell me

everything.” His breath whispers across my skin causing goosebumps to break out on my arms.

“I promise,” and it’s a promise I plan on keeping. I can’t keep going like this or I’ll work myself into an early grave.

Rooster pushes off the wall and I want to grab him and pull him against me. Feel the heat of his body flush against mine. His hardness is between my legs, taking what he wants. What we both want.

“Fuck it.” Rooster growls under his breath. He turns back toward me so fast, I don’t have time to react. He captures the back of my head with one hand and tugs my body against his with the other. His lips land on mine, taking what I’m offering. I part my lips lost in the moment I can taste him again on my tongue. A moan rips from my throat and his hand yanks my hair back tipping my face toward his. He grabs my ass, lifting me. My back hits the wall and my legs wrap around his waist. His hardness nestles between my legs begging to be let inside my body. He kisses me so hard, that I forget where we are or who’s around. I grip the back of his neck pulling his head closer.

“Rooster,” I moan. He licks and nibbles his way down my throat, staring at the valley between my heaving breasts. He grips my ass, digging his fingers in causing my pussy to press against the bulge in his jeans. “Fuck, Rooster,” I whisper, holding his head against my heaving breasts. I need relief from the inferno he’s created between my legs. With my back against the wall, he releases my hair and quickly unbuttons my shorts. His big hand dives into my panties and slides along my wet folds.

“Damn. So wet for me already,” Rooster whispers against my heated skin. His thumb brushes against me and I’m ready to explode. The feel of his hardness against my core, his breath on my skin, the coldness of the concrete wall against my back and his fingers playing me like a fine-tuned instrument, I’m going to detonate any moment.

“Shit,” I moan and lean my back against the wall. Rooster’s hand travels further down and his big fingers enter me. I moan and move my hips to the rhythm of his fingers. Rooster sucks on my exposed neck and I explode. My body trembles, spasming through an orgasm I can’t stop.

“Let it go,” Rooster kisses me again. Strange noises escape my throat and he swallows them up until I’m breathless and putty in his hands. Once I come back down from that powerful orgasm, Rooster releases me from his strong grip and holds onto me until I’m steady on my feet. I button my shorts back up and take a deep breath. “That’s why they call me Rooster. I’m the biggest cock in the hen house and if you’re honest with me, I’ll take you places you’ve never been before.”

A cold reality washes over me from the conversation I overheard earlier today. I straighten my spine and brush his hands off me.

I look him square in his dark eyes and ask something I’m afraid of knowing the answer to, “If we do this, are you going to be messing around with other women?”

“Where is this coming from?” His brows scrunch together, confused. “I’ve never cheated on a woman I was involved with and I never will.”

“You just said you’re the biggest cock in the hen house. I need to know, if I trust you and tell you what’s going on and we decided to do this,” I motion between the two of us, “whatever this is, I need to know your rooster won’t be sinking into other hens.”

“If we do decide to become exclusive, then no, my rooster will not seek other hens. There will be women crying all over the place.” A smirk appears on his handsome face.

“You’re such an ass. I have to get to work before Kayne comes looking for me.” I swat his chest with a smile on my face.



Rooster grabs my hand and pulls me against him, “I’ll be here when you get out.”

“OK,” I stare into his eyes and make up my mind that he will know everything tonight. The fear I’ve felt for the last few months drifts away. My shoulders aren’t weighed down with the stress from this secret and there’s an extra bounce in my step.

“Now get out there before Kanye comes looking for you. I’ll wait a few minutes to give you some space.” He adjusts his raging hard-on with a look directed at me that makes my pantie soaked again.

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“Thank you, Rooster. For everything.” I walk to the door and open it. I slip out of the storage room and walk past Kayne’s office. His door is shut and it’s soundproofed so I don’t know if he’s in there with Poison or at the bar.

I push open the swinging door and head to the bar. There are liquor bottles set up against the wall behind me with the Savage Saints logo etched on the glass behind it. A black-light rests below it, lighting up the sign in a deep purple glow, reminding patrons whose bar they’ve walked into. There are wooden tables with chairs pushed in around the whole room and leather booths lined up against the walls. I grab an apron and tie it around my waist, getting things ready for opening. I look up and Siren and Holly are sitting at their booth. Stryker and Blayde are sitting with them. Ace and Duke are standing at the door, guarding it. Tex, Talon and Maddox are sitting on the barstools. Knuckles, Tatt, Rebel and Butch are pacing back and forth watching the room, checking over the DJ equipment and anything else that could create harm.

Kayne comes out of the backroom with Poison and Rooster follows them. He gives me a wink before heading toward Ace and Duke. Poison walks toward Siren and Holly. Blayde and Stryker stand up, letting her slide in next to them. I squat down to restock the glasses under the bar when a dark shadow looms over me. Fear and panic snake its way through my body. I almost drop a glass in my hand until I realize it’s Rooster. I release a shaky breath and look up at him with a raised brow.

“Duke and Ace are going to stand guard at the door. Just to keep you ladies safe.” There’s an underlying hint in his tone.

“I’ll bet Poison and Siren won’t go for that.” I stand up and look over to their booth. Kayne is talking to Poison and she slams her hand down on the table. They’re in a

heated argument and she looks like she's going to unman him. He points a finger in her direction. I wish I knew what they were saying. Poisonnods her head in understanding and I see I'm sorry float past her lips. Kayne hugs her and she sinks into his embrace. He slides out of the booth and heads in our direction.

"Keep an eye on my Ol' Lady. I'm trusting you with her care," Kayne demands the moment he's within hearing distance. There's no room for arguing with this guy.

"Rooster, we have some things to take care of, let's roll." Kayne lets out a loud whistle and everyone stops talking or moving. All eyes rest on him, their Prez. Kayne puts his pointer finger up in the air and circles it a couple of times. Blayde, Stryker, Tex, Talon, Maddox, Knuckles, Tatt, Rebel and Butch all stand up and walk out of the bar.

Rooster gives me a wink and leans in close, "I'll be back at the end of your shift."

"I'll be waiting," I smile at him and he returns it, making my face flush and desire pool low in my belly.

Just like that, Rooster is out the door and heading into God knows what with his MC. His brotherhood. I just hope when I do confess my secrets, they won't be enough to drive a wedge between Rooster and the Savage Saints. I hope beyond hope, I'm making the right decision.

Chapter

Four

ROOSTER

Alyssa's scent is still lingering on my fingers. I'm itching to get this job done so I can

get back to her. All it took was a little cock persuasion and she was putty in my hands. Currently, we're sitting in a dark alley waiting for the little fucker called Adam to show up. Kayne got a lead after I discovered some info about Phoebe back at the Clubhouse. Adam was supposed to be part of Black Destroyers MC working with Steam. Even though we destroyed their whole MC, somehow we missed this little fucker. We didn't have time to verify if it was legit because Siren called in a panic. That part still bugs the fuck out of me. Like we're missing something big.

Hopefully, when Alyssa tells me her secret, those answers will shed some light on the trafficking ring going on.

Feet shuffling down the dark alley draws my attention. I'm crouched low against the wall behind the dumpster, staying out of site for the time being. Adam doesn't know I'm here and when it's time, I'll make my presence known. Right now, Kayne has him thinking he's meeting us to buy some white powder to sell for our club.

"Adam?" Kayne asks, holding up his hands. The scraping of feet stops and you can hear a pin drop.

"Yeah, that's me," Adam replies. "What are we doing down here?" He's jittery and it's making me nervous.

"We're down here because I can't trust you. Where's the money?" Kanye's deep voice is low.

"Right here, man." Adam pulls his backpack down off his shoulder. "Listen, is this a good product? Cause my customers want a good product, not this cheap shit selling here now."

"Trust me, man. This is the best around. I don't dabble in the cheap shit. Want to see for yourself?" Kayne coaxes Adam closer to him.

“Yeah, man. I need to sample the product before I pay a steep price,” Adam shuffles forward until he’s in my line of sight. Holy shit. No fucking way. That’s not Adam. I hold my place behind the dumpster to see what he says. Long dreadlocks surround his head tied back, he has on long cargo shorts and a white t-shirt. Not the normal gangbanger you see around here. He’s too jittery and Kayne must’ve picked up on it too.

As the guy leans forward for a sniff, Blayde has him by the throat, his switchblade pressed tight against his skin. Kayne rewraps the drugs and hands the brick to Stryker.

“Now, Adam. You’re going to tell me your real name,” Kayne paces back and forth in front of the man.

“My name is Adam. I’m here to buy some blow. I don’t understand what’s going on,” he sniffs.

“You’re lying. Who sent you?” Kanye stops pacing and turns towards Adam.

Adam swallows hard. The blade of the knife pressed into his throat. “OK. OK. I’ll tell you. Some guy named Steam sent me. My name is Joe, not Adam. Adam is waiting for me to return with information.”

“What information?”

“I’ve been sent to see if Lucas is still running with you.”

“Lucas? Who the fuck is Lucas?” Stryker asks, looking around.

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“Why does Adam want Lucas?” Kayne asks, ignoring Stryker’s question.

“I don’t know. I swear, I don’t fucking know, man.” Blayde presses the tip of his butterfly knife into Joe’s throat. Joe sucks in a deep breath through his teeth.

“You’re going to take us to him,” Kayne demands.

“I can’t. If I do, he’ll kill me.” Joe cries.

“Joe, if you don’t, I’m going to kill you,” Blayde growls. “I’ll carve your body up into little pieces and send them to your family.”

Kayne grabs Joe’s finger, “I’ll start with your fingers. Each day will be a new piece delivered to those you love, to remind them you crossed Savage Saints.”

Kayne drops Joe’s trembling finger and grabs his chin, making Joe look at him, “Then I’ll go after every single member of your family. Their torture won’t stop with your death.”

Joe’s body trembles with fear, “Fine, I’ll take you to him, but promise me you won’t hurt my family.”

Blayde releases Joe and he stumbles, losing his footing. “I have to meet him behind the old warehouse on Michigan Ave at midnight with the product and information and he’s supposed to give me my cut.”

I check my watch. Midnight is in less than an hour. I stand up from my spot behind

the dumpster and head toward Kayne, Blayde and Stryker. Joe's eyes grow wide when he sees me. Back on the night Phoebe left me in the pouring rain, I remember a man on the other side of her apartment door. This man stared at me with fear pouring off him in waves. My body is vibrating with rage.

"Oh shit. I'm fucked," Joe mutters with a shaky breath.

I head right for him and slam his body against the concrete wall, "Why are you fucked, Joe? Where's Phoebe?" My grip tightens around his throat cutting off his oxygen.

"She's not here. I swear. She was here years ago but they sold her, and I don't know where she went. I swear that's all I know." Joe cries. I release him and he drops to the ground gasping for air.

I pace back and forth in front of my brothers running through everything in my head. Why did they want her? What did she have to do with the Black Destroyers?

"Rooster," Kayne snaps me out of my head. I stop pacing and face him head on. "It's time brother."

"Yeah, it's time," I walk away from Kayne, Blayde and Stryker and head for my bike. I wait for them to come out of the alley with Joe. Kayne tells Joe how he's going to handle the exchange and Joe climbs in his piece of shit Honda and we follow. Bringing me closer to answers I've been searching for in the last eight years. Answers have been haunting me every time I close my eyes.

Joe hits his brakes, lighting up the dark night and turns quickly into an alley. He leaves his car idling as he climbs out. Joe paces back and forth in front of his headlights. Nervousness reeks from his body. We park our bikes and hide in the shadows waiting for Adam to appear. I check my watch for the millionth time,

something is off.

“Kayne, I don’t like this,” I whisper.

“You need answers and this is the way we’re going to get them,” Kayne whispers back.

I sigh and lean against the concrete building. “There’s something off about this. It’s too easy. After eight years, why are they popping up now?”

“That’s what we’re finding out tonight.” Kayne turns from his position and looks at me. I must’ve had apprehension written all over my face. “Look, I get you’re worried and questions are rolling around in that head of yours but keep it together just a little while longer. Once Adam and Black Destroyers get here, you’ll get your answers.”

Stryker leans forward from his position. “Can someone fill me in on what the fuck is going on and why that Dick bag called you Lucas? I thought your name was Ryan.”

“No, my real name is Lucas Ryan Johnson. I went by Ryan when I became a member. New name, fresh start. Then I got my road name and Lucas became a distant memory.” I whisper into the quiet night. “Now the distant memory will get his answers.”

I lean my head against the building and release a deep sigh. “Once we finish here, I’ll tell you everything I can.” I look in Kayne’s direction. “What can you tell me about Alyssa?”

Before Kayne can answer me, headlights wash over us and turn into the alley. The town car parks behind Joe’s. Four doors open and close simultaneously. We creep closer to the running cars and wait.



“Where’s the stuff, Joe?” That’s Adam, I can tell by his voice. We can’t see them clearly in the dark night, but I count four men and Joe. Four men that are a threat to me and my brothers.

“Right here, Adam.” Joe’s voice is shaking with fear. He needs to keep his cool or Adam and Black Destroyers are going to kill him on the spot.

“What about the other info?” Adam asks. He grabs the brick we loaned Joe for the exchange and hands it off to one of his men standing behind him. He unwraps it, takes a sample and nods his head.

“He’s here. Goes by the name Rooster now.” Joe answers.

“Rooster? What the fuck man,” Adam is laughing his ass off and it’s pissing me the fuck off. Kayne settles his hand on my arm and shakes his head. “Lucas goes from losing his job, losing his girl and now losing his fucking name.” Adam stops laughing. “Good. The motherfucker deserves it for all the bullshit he caused when he left the company.”

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What the fuck? When I left the company? I turn to Kayne and he's looking at me with questions in his eyes. Questions I don't have answers to either, but I will. I shake my head in response.

"Why does it matter anyway?" Joe asks, doing what Kayne told him.

"It matters because if Lucas, or should I say Rooster, finds out what really happened all those years ago, the bosses won't be happy. He's a loose end that needs cleaning up." Adam walks to the passenger side door of the town car but stops. "You did good tonight, Joe. I'll keep in touch with the next shipment I need." Adam climbs into the car and his men follow, backing out of the alley.

Joe visibly relaxes when the car is out of sight. He leans against the trunk of his car. "Holy shit." He breathes.

Kayne, Blayde, Stryker and I come out of the shadows and approach Joe. "Good work tonight, Joe. You gave us the info we need." Kayne pulls out a wad of cash from his cut and hands it to him. "You now work for Savage Saints. If I call, you better answer your fucking phone." I don't like this one bit, but Kayne is our Prez for a reason. His word is law and we follow.

Joe takes the wad of cash with trembling fingers. "What do I do now?"

"Clean yourself up." Kayne walks away with us following close behind. We mount our bikes and fire them up, leaving Joe in the alley alone and stunned. The deep vibrations of our Harley's echo around the quiet night. We take off and ease into formation. I might have some answers I need tonight, but a lot more questions are

now in the air that I need to get to the bottom of.

## Chapter

### Five

#### ALYSSA

The bar is slamming with people tonight. I've been barely able to catch my breath. Music from the DJ vibrates through the bar, making the crowd pretty rowdy. People are out on the floor dancing and grinding against each other practically fucking with their clothes on. Khandi has been flirting with Duke and the patrons all night, leaving me to staff the bar myself. I pour a seven and seven and slide it across the bar to the awaiting waitress. Then I line up six shot glasses and pour them each with Tequila. The waitress sets them on her tray and takes off.

There's a little break in drinks and I lean back against the counter catching my first full breath since the doors opened. I love being busy, it takes my mind off other things. And when I say other things I'm talking about a sexy as hell biker. Fuck that man has me all tied up in knots. I'm nervous about what will happen after I tell him my secret. Will he kick me out of the clubhouse? Will he ever speak to me again? I check the time on my phone and realize we only have an hour left until closing time. No text from Rooster either.

Lzzy Hale from Halestorm pounds through the speakers and the DJ turns the music up louder. Shouts and hollers echo over the music when Poison, Siren and Holly jump onto the bar top. They begin dancing to Halestorm's song I Get Off. Poison turns around and reaches out a hand to me. I hesitantly take it and she pulls me up onto the bar. A scene from Coyote Ugly pops into my head and I laugh while the girls move their hips. I find the beat of the music and begin to move with them. I pop my hip and sway my body to the music. Siren is really getting into it and she has every man at the

bar drooling over her. She runs the dance studio that used to be the strip club for Poison's old MC, Deadly Sins. I follow along to the beat and forget where I am and who's around as I get lost in the beat of Lzzy Hale's raspy voice. I imagine it's Rooster I'm dancing for. Getting off on me while I get off on him. I close my eyes and sway to the beat, running my hands up my hips and into my hair.

Suddenly the music stops and I open my eyes coming face to face with a pissed-off but turned-on Rooster staring directly at me.

"That's it! Everyone out get the fuck out of my bar now!" Kayne shouts. Everyone moves fast, gathering their things and heading out the front door. He's beyond pissed off pinning Poison with a deadly glare. She smirks at him and waves her fingers. He reaches up and yanks her off the bar, throwing her over his shoulder. She laughs and squeals as he swats her ass and carries her into the back room. I can imagine what they're going to do in his office.

"Get down now, Siren," Blayde growls. She scurries off the bar with Holly right behind her. Stryker is glaring at Holly and she pats him on the chest.

"You boys are acting like Neanderthals," Siren growls back. "We're just dancing and having fun. Chill the fuck out."

"You call that dancing?" Blayde asks stunned.

"Yeah, I do, Blayde. That was dancing." She raises a brow challenging him.

"If that," Blayde points to the bar I'm still standing on, "is dancing, the only place you'll be doing that is in our bedroom before I fuck you."

Siren rolls her eyes with a smirk on her face, "Only if you promise to make it worth my wild."

Blayde pulls her into him, “Oh, I’ll definitely make it worth your wild.” His lips slam into hers with a need and want that makes me blush. I turn away from the scene and hop off the bar. I start to clean up by putting beer bottles into white containers.

“What the fuck?” Rooster finally speaks. Oh boy, here we go with another chest beating.

“What the fuck what, Rooster? I was dancing. Having fun and letting loose. It’s not like I was doing anything wrong.” I throw my hands on my hips, my defenses are up waiting for him to belittle me.

“That was hot as hell, woman.” Rooster’s words stop me in my tracks. I turn to look at him. My eyes travel up his legs to the bulge in the middle of his jeans, up his abs and land on his gaze. His dark eyes are hooded with lust and desire. For me. I turn away quickly before he can see the blush spreading across my face. “If I knew you could move like that, I would’ve had you dance for me more often.” Rooster’s standing right behind me now, his big body heating my back. The hardness behind his jeans pushed against my ass while his hands roam over my hips. “In the privacy of my bedroom where I could peel off these clothes and fuck you so hard, you’ll forget your name and only remember mine.” His hot breath fans across my neck causing a shiver to run down my spine. Rooster brushes his lips against my neck and gently bites the sensitive spot behind my ear.

Holy moly, my panties are soaked. “Hmm...” I hum. My brain forgot how to make my mouth move. I tilt my head to the side to give him better access to my skin.

He licks the spot above my collarbone with a growl, “So tasty, Baby Princess. I can’t wait to taste the rest of you.”

I hold back a moan when Kayne comes out of the backroom with a relaxed smile on his face. Poison comes out behind him with messy hair and mirroring the same smile.

They take a seat at the bar and Kayne raps his knuckles on the solid wood. Rooster immediately moves away from me and I miss his body heat. They exchange a heated conversation with their eyes cutting to me every few beats.

I leave them to it and continue to clean up. I don't know where Khandi disappeared too. Probably in the back fucking someone. She spreads her legs more than she does her actual job. I don't know why Kayne has kept her around for as long as he has.

"Alyssa," Kayne's deep voice causes me to pause for a beat. I set the beer bottle down into the container and turn toward him.

“Yes?”

“Are you serious about my brother here?” That question throws me off and I look to Rooster. He’s leaning against the bar, his face is stoic, not giving me any signs.

“I am.” My face heats at my confession, but that’s one thing I’ve learned about Kayne. He doesn’t beat around the bush. He gets right to the point, no matter how uncomfortable you are.

“How serious?” He takes a big step toward me and I take a step back. “Will you put your life on the line for him?” Another step. “Will you sacrifice everything you know for a life with him?” Kayne’s towering above me and my back is against the wall. He’s deadly serious. His ice-blue eyes are pinning me in my spot.

I swallow hard and think about what he’s asking. I know without a shadow of a doubt, I’d give up everything to be with Rooster. To have him love me and protect me. I’d do everything I could to keep him safe. I’ve proven that with my secret to myself and know I would do it for him.

“I would without a doubt in my mind.”

Kayne smirks and backs off. Without saying another word to me, he whistles loudly and circles his finger in the air. Everyone follows him out of the bar and I breathe a little easier. He’s intense and kind of puts my nerves on edge. I relax my shoulders and continue the closing part of my job. Once the tables are wiped down and the chairs are set upside down on them, I can lock up. Shit, everyone left and I don’t have a ride home. Story of my life. Everyone forgets about Alyssa.

With a deep sigh, I grab my things from under the bar and walk to the door. Setting the alarm, I step outside into the warm summer night air and lock the door. Hitching my purse onto my shoulder, I resign myself to the fact that I have to walk back to the Clubhouse. Not surprising. I take a few steps into the dark night when a bike appears on the corner. A smile lights up my face when I see Rooster waiting with a small helmet in his hand.

“Where ya going, Baby Princess?” He teases, handing me the helmet.

“I was walking back to the Clubhouse. I thought everyone forgot I needed a ride.” I take the helmet and strap it on.

“Baby Princess, I’ve never been able to forget about you. Now climb on and wrap those thighs around me. Keep them tight 'cause you’re going to need it.”

“Have I told you I hate that nickname?” I ask. I use his shoulder as leverage to get onto the back of his bike. I wrap my arms around his waist and press my body against Rooster as close as I can. It feels right being in this seat. We feel right together.

“Hang on, Baby Princess.” He shouts over his shoulder ignoring my question as he fires up his Harley.

I squeeze Rooster a little tighter as he throttles the gas and takes off at a breakneck speed. He doesn’t slow down or stop as we disappear into the night. Just the two of us on the open road. All the stress and worry I’ve been harboring flies away while we soar into the night. I might be only one person, but I can do something to save the life of another. To give her the chance I never got. Now I hope Rooster will forgive me for the secret I’ve been carrying.

Rooster slows down and turns onto a long dirt road. He drives for a little while until a beautiful farmhouse appears. It has a wraparound porch with a swing placed on one



end. There's a big picture window and an oak front door. The house is perfect and everything I've ever dreamed about. Rooster pulls his bike into the attached garage and shuts it off.

He dismounts the bike and holds his big hand out for me to take. It's now or never. I need to tell him everything I know and pray he won't push me away.

## Chapter

### Six

#### ROOSTER

A faint gasp escapes Alyssa's lips when we pull up to my house. The moon is shining brightly overhead, lighting it up. Her thighs clench my hips tighter and I'm rock fucking hard having her on the back of my bike, pressed against me. I pull into the attached garage and dismount. Holding my hand out to her, Alyssa takes it cautiously.

Something is weighing on her mind and I hope she's ready to tell me what it is or our relationship won't last any longer than tonight. I'm giving her a chance to come clean and if she doesn't, I'll go back to the clubhouse and back to my life before she was in it. I don't want to. I really don't, but she isn't giving me much of a choice. I've already made it clear at the bar when my fingers were playing with her that she needed to spill whatever it is that's plaguing her.

With a deep sigh, Alyssa follows me into my house without a peep otherwise. I open the garage door and it leads into a mudroom. Toeing off my boots, I place them under the bench along one wall. Alyssa does the same with her shoes. I shrug off my cut and place it gently on the hook above the bench. I'm in my sanctuary so I don't need to have my colors on. Alyssa sets her purse on another hook and timidly steps into the next room. I watch her move with caution as she takes in her surroundings.

I had this house built years ago after Phoebe left me and I didn't know where I was going or what direction I was heading in. I thought if I had a house and a sense of purpose besides being the communications expert for Rockford and Associates, Phoebe would come back. But she didn't. The last time I saw her, the rain was pounding down around me and she left. No word of when, where or why. I've spent the last 8 years trying to find her. It's like she disappeared without a trace, until now.

"Rooster, this house is beautiful. Did you decorate it yourself?" Alyssa asks from the kitchen pulling me out of my thoughts.

I lift my tired body off the bench and follow her into the kitchen. I try to see it with her eyes, but I can't. I nod my head, "Yeah, I did."

Alyssa runs her fingers along the dark granite countertop. "Was there a particular woman you designed this for?" She avoids looking at me when she asks the question.

Seeing an opening to get her to be honest with me about who those men were taunting her and what secrets she's carrying, I stay truthful. "I would like to tell you no, but that would be a lie. When I built this house, I was in a dark place with no sense of direction." Alyssa's shoulders slump in defeat. I reach her in a few quick strides and place my hands on her shoulders. We both shudder from the contact. "But hear me now." I lift Alyssa's chin so she's looking at me. "The woman I had in mind, left me years ago, never to return. So back then yes, I did build this house with her in mind, but I've lived here with only me in mind when I realized she wasn't coming back."

"What if she did? Come back I mean?"

"Baby Princess, I wouldn't give two fucks if she came back claiming she had my kids and had to run for her life. I would never in a million fucking years put myself through that again."

“Do you mean it?” Tears glisten in Alyssa’s eyes and I want to wipe away the sadness enveloping her.

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“With everything on my patch.” I stare into her eyes that are so much like Poison’s it’s surreal she had a little sister she didn’t know about. “What’s this about? I’ve never seen you so insecure.”

Alyssa steps away from my touch and turns her back to me staring out the dark picture window from the dining room. “What I have to tell you will change everything.” She goes back into the mudroom for a moment and comes back with her purse clutched in her hands. “You’re going to want to sit down for this.” She motions to the stools placed at the bar overlooking the kitchen and sits on one while I straddle the other. Our shoulders brush with every deep breath Alyssa takes. I rest my hands on the granite and watch Alyssa’s chest heave with every inhale and exhale. Lust shoots straight to my groin and I tamp it down. Now isn’t the time to think of several different ways I can christen my countertops.

“Back when my mother and I were being held by Black Destroyers I overheard them talking more than once about moving merchandise from here across the US. I had no idea what they were talking about until I saw one of the merchandise by accident. She looked as bad off as my mom did when Rage had his way with her. The broken, lifeless eyes never even blinked as they dragged her through the warehouse with such force, that I thought for sure her arm was going to come off.”

“I tried to stop them from hurting her, but Rage yanked me away and shoved me into the room Kayne found me in. Told me if I ever step out of line again, I’d end up just like that woman and my mom.” Alyssa reaches inside her purse and pulls out a photo. She hesitates before sliding it in my direction. “She’s the reason I tried to help that woman. She’s the reason why those men were harassing me the night you found me. She’s the secret I’ve been keeping.”

I lift the picture and a little girl is staring back at me. She can't be any older than six or seven. Her dirty blonde hair is pulled back in a sloppy ponytail and her black eyes are haunted. I've seen this picture after we found the stash at Holly's childhood home. "Who is this?"

"You don't recognize her at all?" Alyssa asks.

I shake my head, "No I don't. Is she yours?"

"No, she isn't but that doesn't matter right now. What matters is the fact that if I told anyone what was going on, not only my life but hers would be in jeopardy. They used her to make me keep my mouth shut and get them the information they wanted."

"Who? What information do they want." I set the photo down and stare at Alyssa. "Come on, you've got to give me something to work with here. I can't protect you if I don't have any idea what I'm up against."

Alyssa hesitates before answering. "Dean Kingston and Steam. Kingston took over the Black Destroyers' territory when you guys took them down. They have this little girl. I don't know where she is or what's happening to her." Alyssa takes the photo back and gently touches the girl's face before laying it on the table like she's trying to give her strength through the photo. "Rooster, I'm worried about what they'll do to her if they find out I told you anything. What are we going to do?"

"You let me worry about that, Alyssa. If they contact you, act like nothing happened." I grind my teeth together trying to rein in the darkness lurking under my skin. Steam is behind this whole thing. I fucking knew it. I need to call Kayne and fill him in on what's going on, but there's more. I can see it in her eyes. "What else?"

She hesitates, licking her pouty lips and my dick takes notice. Alyssa opens her mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. I know she has more to say, but hearing

enough for tonight, I go with my heart and stop her from speaking. Needing contact with the only woman who's captured my attention since I became a Savage Saint, I slide Alyssa's stool next to mine and wrap my arms around her shoulders. She's warm and soft making me want to say fuck it and have my way with her.

Alyssa exhales a deep sigh pushing me past my boundaries and I lift her head so she's staring at me. Her green eyes, which are so much like her sisters, are staring at me with lust and need thrumming through them. I close the space between us and my lips capture hers in a heated kiss. Alyssa wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me closer.

I pick her up and she straddles my waist. With my back against the counter, I grab her hips and grind her onto my lap wanting to be buried inside of her sweet core. Alyssa moans into my mouth while our tongues explore each other. I pull her against me harder and Alyssa whimpers.

"Fuck, I need you right now," I growl resting my forehead against hers. Our hot breaths mixed together.

"So, take me, Rooster. I've been wanting you for too long." Alyssa moves her hips and her heated core presses against my jeans. I can smell her desire, feel her heat and it's driving me fucking crazy.

I stand up and Alyssa wraps her legs around my waist, nibbling and sucking on my neck and ear, about sending me to my knees. I stumble my way toward my bedroom and lay her down on my bed. Alyssa keeps her legs locked around my waist and I go down with her. She bucks her hips, pressing her heated core into me almost making me come in my jeans. I remove her Savage Saints t-shirt and bra, revealing her perfect chest. I kiss down her neck to the valley of her cleavage, a place I want to explore and I imagine fucking these globes until I come.

I continue my exploration down her body until I reach the part my mouth has been dying to get ahold of. “I’m going to feast on this until you’re whimpers turn into moans and you’re screaming my name.”

I strip Alyssa out of her tiny shorts and slide her wet thong down with them. I stand back and see Alyssa. I mean really see her for the first time. She’s naked on my bed, the most beautiful sight I’ve ever seen. Even more perfect than Phoebe. Dropping my jeans, I grab the back of my t-shirt and pull it over my head before dropping it onto the growing pile of clothes.

Alyssa is propped up on her elbows, her legs spread wide for my viewing. I crawl my way up the bed and kiss each leg until I reach the apex of her thighs. Alyssa releases a soft moan when my tongue finds the spot it’s been searching for. Her flavor explodes in my mouth and like an addict, I can’t get enough.

Once Alyssa comes back down, I slide my boxers down and toss them on the floor. Not waiting for her to change her mind, I crawl my way back up her body and kiss her softly. Alyssa cups the side of my face in a loving caress that sends chills down my spine.

“Are you ready, Alyssa?” I ask while teasing her core with my erection.

“I’ve been ready, Rooster.” She pants against my lips.

“Call me Lucas.” I groan as I slide into her sweet succulent body.

“Oh my God, Lucas.” Alyssa whimpers.

I take my time pleasuring Alyssa and in return feeding the beast living inside of me. I claim her the way I’ve never claimed a woman before. Alyssa is mine for now and forever. Once the last of our orgasm is wrung out, I collapse on the bed and pull

her into my chest. We quickly fall asleep, our breaths are even and for the first time in a long time, my dreams are peaceful.

## Chapter

## Seven

## ROOSTER

The next morning, I awaken, stretch my arms over my head and feel for Alyssa. The side she slept on is cool to the touch. Well, fuck me. Did she leave already? I sit up wiping the sleep from my eyes and glance around the room. Her bar uniform is still in a pile on the floor at the foot of my bed. Clanking of pans and a few curse words from Alyssa filter into my bedroom from the kitchen and I grin. She didn't leave. I stand up and make my way to the bathroom, taking a piss. Once I'm done, I wash my hands and stare at myself in the mirror. Gone are the stress lines marring my forehead and the haunted look in my dark eyes. In its place is something I haven't seen in a long time.



Hope.

Hope for the future.

Hope for the past to close.

Hope for love.

I throw on a pair of boxer briefs and pad my way out to the kitchen. I lean against the doorframe, watching Alyssa shake her ass in one of my t-shirts and nothing else. When she bends over to get something out of the oven, I notice she isn't wearing panties. Fuck my life. She is perfect for me.

I stroll into the kitchen and cup Alyssa's ass. She lets out a little squeal almost dropping the cinnamon rolls. She turns around, ready to throw down until she realizes it's me. "Shit, Rooster. You almost gave me a heart attack." Her cheeks are pink and her breathing is harsh as she sets the food down on the stove.

I pull the earbud out of Alyssa's ear and set it on the counter before I pick her up. Alyssa wraps her legs around my waist and I set her on the cold granite countertop. "I've been thinking of ways to christen this countertop with you."

"You have, have you?" She wraps her arms around my neck, pulling my head closer to hers.

"In so many ways, Baby Princess." I nip at her ear and open her legs wider for my body. Once my groin is flush with her heated core, I pull my boxer briefs down and

enter her in one swift move. I make love to Alyssa in my kitchen on my counter. Fuck the rest right now. I want her and I need her like I've never needed anyone before in my life.

After some persuasion, food and shower sex, Alyssa and I are back on my bike, heading for the Clubhouse. She's pressed tightly against my back and I think of ways to make her come alive on the beast. We don't have time right now but someday very soon, I will take her on my bike.

We pull into the Clubhouse and Alyssa's spine stiffens at the sight of the police cruiser sitting in our driveway. I give her thigh a reassuring pat before she climbs off, not taking her eyes off the car.

I grip her chin and make her look at me, "Hey, it's ok. They work with the Club. You have nothing to be scared of."

Kayne, Blayze, Detective Owens and Detective Kendrick come out of the Clubhouse. Kayne shakes each detective's hands before they get into their police car and drive off. I raise a brow questioning Kayne and he shakes his head, telling me he will fill me in later.

Alyssa and I walk into the Clubhouse hand in hand. Some of the patch bunnies give us a dirty look and I release a deep sigh. The old saying don't shit where you eat, pops into my head and I internally groan. I wrap my arm around Alyssa, pulling her closer to me. Kissing the top of her head, I whisper in her ear, "Ignore the petty bitches. They're going to do what they can to rattle you. Just know you're the only one I want."

Alyssa turns her face toward me with a mischievous gleam in her pretty green eyes. She turns her head to see a few of the clingers glaring daggers at us, listening to our conversation before she turns her gaze back onto me. "You mean to tell me, I

shouldn't tell them how you claimed me last night and again this morning?" Alyssa speaks loud enough for the patch bunnies to hear and then moves her hair to the side, showing the mark I left on her neck. "You didn't do this with any of them?" She points to the mark on her neck.

I don't take my gaze off Alyssa as the few patch bunnies stomp off in a heated huff. Alyssa tries to hold back a giggle but fails. "Not even close. If their lips weren't on my shaft, they didn't touch me." I shiver thinking about when one tried to kiss me, then begged for my lips to be on her body and I threw her out of my bed before we went any further. That shit wasn't happening to me.

Until Alyssa.

Now all I want to do is kiss her everywhere, anywhere, however she will let me.

"Does that mean I'm special?" Alyssa bats her pretty eyes, making me hard against the zipper of my jeans.

I lean down and kiss her on the lips. My tongue enters her mouth when she parts her lips and I dive deep inside her hot, wet cavern. By the time I pull away, we're both breathing heavily. "Very special, Baby Princess," I growl against the side of her neck.

"Ok, ok. Break it up in here." Talon and Tex come bargaining in the living room with their hands over their eyes.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I ask, throwing a pillow at them.

Talon peeks between his fingers and lowers his hands down, then pushes Tex's down. "We weren't sure if you had Alyssa bent over the couch with the way the bunnies came huffing and pissy into the commons room."

“And Prez is ready for you, Rooster.” Tex chimes in. They leave the room like tweedled dee and tweedled dumb. “Don’t be late!”

“I’ll be back as soon as I can. I’m sure your sister is around here somewhere.” I kiss Alyssa again before leaving.

“Wait!” Alyssa shouts. I turn to look at her. “I didn’t tell you something last night.” She pulls the little girl’s photo out of her purse and hands it to me. “Her mom is someone you know.”

I take the picture from her hands and stare at it. “Who?”

“Phoebe.”

My heart drops and I feel like I’m going to be sick. I walk away without saying a word to Alyssa. Questions swirl inside my head that I have no answers to, but now I know Alyssa knows where Phoebe is and so does Adam, I finally have a lead.

Chapter

Eight

ALYSSA

Watching Rooster walk away from me was the hardest thing I've had to do. I dropped a huge bomb on him right before church but hopefully, he will be able to forgive me for keeping this a secret for so long. I was afraid to tell anyone what I knew when Savage Saints MC rescued me from the Black Destroyers. After everything I've been through, knowing who to trust is hard. But the way Rooster treated me last night, like he could actually see me and not a victim, made me decide I can trust him. I hope it doesn't bite me in the ass.

I knew about Rooster's ex Phoebe missing for years, but I didn't put two and two together until I saw her picture up on Rooster's computer and Kington's men cornering me during Stryker and Holly's party. What they said to me about one bitch gone and I knew they were referring to Phoebe. Now her daughter is paying for Phoebe's mistakes.

Needing air, I go into the kitchen and out the back door. Sitting on a swing on the back porch, I let the warmth of the suncascade over my skin giving me a moment of peace in a world full of chaos.

Poison sits down next to me and I turn to look at her. I mean really look at my sister. Her cheeks are hollow and her eyes that match mine are sunken in with dark circles around them. "Are you OK? You don't look the greatest."

"I'll be fine. Listen, I don't know what's going on with you and Rooster." I open my

mouth to deny it but Poison holds her hands up stopping me. “And I don’t care. It’s not my business. What is my business is if whatever the two of you have will negatively affect the club.”

“It won’t, I promise.”

Poison places a protective hand over her belly. “Good because I see the way the two of you look at each other. If that doesn’t mean more than what I think it means then I’m losing my touch.”

“I do like him, a lot. He’s the first man to see the real me. I just hope I didn’t mess it up too bad today.” I confess.

“What happened?”

Might as well go for broke. “I know what happened to Phoebe, Rooster’s ex, and have been trying to protect her little girl. I didn’t say anything to anyone because I didn’t know who to trust. After last night, I told Rooster the little girl I’ve been protecting is Phoebe’s daughter. I didn’t tell him...” I trail off and then inhale a deep breath before letting it out. “According to Phoebe, I didn’t tell him that little girl I’ve been protecting is his daughter.”

“Holy shit.” Poison whispers. “How?”

“How’d I know?” Poison nods her head. “She looks just like him without black hair. Everything else is a spitting image of her father.”

“You need to tell him.” Poison encourages me.

“Like you need to tell Kayne your secret?” I bite back.

Poison flinches. “I have my reasons for not telling Kayne. It’s not the right time.”

“Poison, it will never be the right time.” I air quote the right time. “If you don’t do it now, it’ll be worse the longer you wait.”

“I should tell you the same thing.” Poison nudges me with her shoulder. “Do it together?”

I hold up my pinky finger. “Together. I’ll drop my news, then you drop yours, that way I don’t steal your thunder with my depressing news.”

“Deal.” Poison twists her pinky finger around mine, sealing our deal. Together we stand and make our way back inside. Once we’re outside the church doors, Poison turns to me. “Wait here until I come to get you.” She knocks twice before the doors swing open.

Nerves flit in my stomach and I press my hand against it, trying to calm myself down. My palms are clammy as I wait for Poison to come back out. I contemplate leaving but I know I can’t. I promised Poison I would do this. I won’t chicken out no matter what the outcome will be. That little girl depends on me to follow through. Rooster’s little girl.

Will he still want me even after he knows that child is his?

Is he still in love with Phoebe even after all these years and she left him?

Does he think she’s still alive?

Will I be pushed to the side again?

What’s going to happen to me once the truth comes out?

The church doors open slightly pulling me out of my questions and Poison sticks her head out of the crack. She's searching for me with a worried look on her face. Once she spots me, she opens the door wider and relief pours from her.

I step inside and my feet freeze to the floor. All the Savage Saints brothers are watching me with guarded expressions. Kayne is sitting at the head of the table, not giving anything away. Blayde, Stryker, Axel, Tex, Ace, Maddox, Damon, Butch, Duke, Knuckles, Tatt and Rebel all glare in my direction but it doesn't unnerve me. Not like the way Rooster does. The way he's looking at me has me shaking in my shoes. He's scowling in my direction and doesn't try to hide it and show me the man he was earlier.

Forgetting for a moment these men are stone-cold killers has me wishing I didn't know what I know. Poison gives me a push, forcing my feet to move until I'm standing at the end of the table. Sweat beads on my forehead and I wipe it away with a shaky hand.



*Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:56 am*

Kayne slams his gavel on the scarred table, making me jump. “Alyssa, Poison tells me you have information our club needs.” I nod my head. My throat is dry from nerves. “Let’s hear it then.”

I open my mouth and quickly close it, composing myself. “I met Phoebe Gates, who I learned later is Rooster’s ex-girlfriend, several years ago by accident. Rage was doing what Rage does when he threw Phoebe in my room and left us there for days.”

“She was eight months pregnant when he tossed her aside for someone who wasn’t. She was scared and alone and I did all I could to help her during those days. It wasn’t until she went into labor that the fear struck. I had no idea what I was doing and Rage refused to get her medical help. I had to deliver her baby on my own and in the process, because Phoebe was so weak, she died the moment she held her little girl.” I wipe away a stray tear falling down my cheek.

“The moment Phoebe died was the moment I swore I would protect this innocent little girl. She didn’t deserve this type of life and through the years I did that. Rage left me alone with the little girl as long as I kept her quiet and out of his hair. My mother was no help either. She was so strung out that she didn’t even know what day it was. Until one day, Rage came storming into my room and yanked my little girl out of my arms. When I fought back, Rage beat me until I couldn’t move and I stopped fighting to get my little girl back. He left scars on my body that will never heal. This was two months before you guys rescued me. He took my little girl and said if I didn’t do what he wanted, he would sell her to the worst kind of man on earth. The things he said he’d do to her had me complying in a heartbeat.

“Rage wasn’t supposed to die in the warehouse that night. You guys were. Now that

he's dead, I don't know where my daughter is, I only know Kingston has her somewhere and is trying to use her to get me to betray the Club. His goons cornered me the night of Stryker and Holly's party, threatening me with vile things they'd do to her if I didn't follow through. Now her life is in danger and I can't help her unless you guys help me." I sob, collapsing on the floor. My mental state isn't the greatest relieving those horrible years with Rage.

Strong arms wrap around my shoulders, pulling me into a broad chest. I hold on for life as Rooster lifts me and carries me away. His soothing words helped ease my heartbreak from letting my little girl down. "It's ok, Alyssa. We will find her."

"I don't think we will," I say through a hiccup.

"Trust me, I'm the best at what I do. Now that I have a lead, I know where to start." Rooster opens a door but it's not to his bedroom like I thought. It's to his communications room. He sits down in a chair and keeps me on his lap. "Can I ask you a question?"

I pull my face away from his strong chest and look into his dark eyes just like my daughters. "I wish you would."

"What's her name?"

That question surprises me, it's not what I thought he'd ask. "Elsa Gabriela. It's Hebrew for God's promise and God is my strength. Which is what we needed and still need."

"That's a beautiful name." Rooster hesitates. "Did Phoebe..." He trails off before asking the question I know he's been dying to ask. "Did Phoebe say why she left me?"

A tear rolls down my cheek. What I'm going to tell him will break him more than Phoebe did when she left. "She did." I nod my head and wipe away a tear. "I don't want to tell you and break your heart, Rooster."

"When Phoebe left, she did break my heart." I duck my head afraid to hear what Rooster says next, but he doesn't let me hide. He lifts my chin with his fingers, making me look at him. "I was an asshole for years, using women when it fit my whim. My heart hardened and I stopped feeling things for anyone except my brothers. But that all changed the moment I laid my eyes on you. You, Alyssa made me feel again. So, whatever you tell me about Phoebe, I can handle it. She's in my past and you are my present, hopefully, my future."

Tears roll down my cheeks from Rooster's confession. It's not a declaration of love but I'll take it. I press my cheek to Rooster's chest, his heart is beating hard against my ear. "Phoebe met Rage at the bar she worked at. After a few months of flirting, he convinced her to leave her boyfriend Lucas and go with him. He promised her a world full of anything she'd ever want. He charmed her right out from under her boyfriend's nose. She told me he was a tech expert for some prestigious law office and never had time for her."

Rooster's grip on my waist tightens but he doesn't say a word, letting me finish. "When Rage tossed her into my room, she told me everything. She told me she wished she weren't persuaded by that monster. That once he had her, he chained her up in the basement with several other women. They'd come down into the basement every couple of days and take the women. Sometimes those women came back, other times they wouldn't. Rage and his minions would rape them repeatedly and Phoebe was no exception even though she was pregnant. Some of those guys got off raping a pregnant woman and sometimes she was sold to the perverts who had a pregnancy fetish to use for the night, a day, even a week at a time. She feared they'd hurt her baby, but never did. Just broke Phoebe's mind and spirit."

“She was so weak and broken when they brought her to me, I knew she wasn’t going to make it through childbirth. I begged and pleaded with Rage to get her a doctor but every time he refused. I even offered my body in return for a doctor for her. He took my body but still wouldn’t get Phoebe a doctor. The day she went into labor, all hell broke loose. I delivered a beautiful baby girl with curly blonde hair and eyes as dark as coal. Once the baby cried and I laid her on Phoebe’s chest, Phoebe made me promise to take care of the baby no matter what. To protect her the way she couldn’t. Then she told me, if I ever escaped then find Lucas Johnson, which is you, and tell you what happened. That she did love you at one point and she was sorry she ever hurt you. Then she kissed the baby on the head and died.”

Wetness lands in my hair and I shift my head up to see Rooster crying. I reach my hand up and wipe away his tears. “I’m so sorry, Rooster.”

Rooster looks down at me and offers me a small smile full of pain. “It’s not your fault. I don’t even know why I’m sad. Maybe it’s because Phoebe is dead and I have a daughter I didn’t know about. I moved on with my life when she left me and started a brotherhood here with Savage Saints. If she didn’t leave me for Rage, I wouldn’t be where I am today.”

“What are we going to do now?” I ask.

“Now, I am going to start tracking Kingston down and get my daughter back, with your help.” Rooster kisses me gently on the lips then rests his forehead against mine. “Thank you for telling me the truth, Alyssa. It means a lot.”

I cup his cheeks, his beard rough against my palms. “I hope it helps all of us heal. I do have one question for you though.”

“Ask away.”

“When we get Elsa back, will you allow me to be her mom? I’m all she’s ever known growing up.”

“I would love to raise our little girl together with you.” A genuine smile graces Rooster's lips.

“Thank you, Rooster.” I bring my lips to his and he kisses me like I’ve never been kissed before. It's rough but gentle. Firm but soft.

Knowing I’ve bared all my secrets to Rooster and the Club, a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. I hope we get my little girl back safe and sound and in one piece. Then Rooster and I can move on with our lives together.

Chapter

Nine

ROOSTER

*Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:56 am*

I'm not sure how long it's been since Alyssa dropped the biggest bomb on me that has changed my whole outlook on life. Every time I think about my little girl out there in the hands of a monster, my blood boils. I've been searching every inch of Dean Kingston's life, trying to figure out where he took her and haven't had any luck yet.

I'm rubbing my gritty eyes when there is a knock on the communications door. "Come in," I answer in a gruff reply. I haven't spoken to anyone for who knows how long. I'm not even sure when the last time I ate was.

Alyssa enters and takes a seat next to me. "How are you doing?"

The concern in her sweet voice reminds me I haven't talked to her in a while. I stop rubbing my eyes and turn to look at her. She's wearing the standard bar uniform that does little to hide how arousing she is. Her blonde hair is pulled up in a high ponytail and she has just enough makeup on to make her green eyes sultry.

"Are you working tonight?" I ask.

"Yes, I'm leaving in an hour and wanted to check on you."

"Shit, how long have I been holed up on here?" I roll my neck and it cracks.

"Almost a week," Alyssa answers quietly, a hint of sadness in her voice. "It's like you're here but you're not. I have been here with you every day, except when I have to work and it's like you didn't even notice. Everyone is starting to get worried about you. Are you getting any closer?"

I shake my head. I've been in here for a week? Alyssa has been here with me every day and I didn't even realize it? What the hell is wrong with me? My mother would be so disappointed if she were here to see the way I've treated my woman and my brothers.

Thinking fast, I check my monitors to make sure I'm not missing anything. Satisfied with what I'm not seeing, I write a quick program to send any alerts to my phone. I turn off the monitors and stand, stretching my back.

"Come on, let's go." I hold out my hand to Alyssa.

"Where are you going?" She asks, tentatively taking my hand.

"I'm taking you to work and spending your shift with you." I pull her against me and gently kiss her on the lips. "I'm sorry I've been so consumed with this."

"It's OK. I want her back more than anything." I pull Alyssa out the door but she stops me with a hand on my chest. "I would love for you to come to work with me, but Rooster, you need a shower." She leans in and sniffs me, wrinkling her nose. "Badly."

I sniff my pits and realize she's right. "Give me five minutes." I lock up the room behind us and walk into the living room.

"Make it fifteen, you need it." Alyssa laughs as I hurry down the hallway and up the stairs.

Guilt eats away at me as I quickly shower, shave and throw on clean clothes. Every time I go down this hole, it doesn't end well for me or anyone close to me. I ignore everyone and everything and go days without sleep or food or talking to anyone unless they come into the room. Even then I'm not even present for the conversations.

My stomach growls when I reach the bottom of the stairs and turn right into the kitchen to grab something to eat. Stryker's back is to me as he's standing between Holly's open legs while she's sitting on the counter. She giggles while he nibbles on her neck. I lean against the opposite counter and cross my arms over my chest. Once Holly spots me, she stiffens making Stryker turn around.

"Fuck, Rooster. What the hell are you doing?" Stryker growls.

"I'm all for exhibition, but if you don't want an audience, I'd suggest you go to a non-public room," I smirk, annoying Stryker. "Besides, I'm hungry and need something to eat before I take Alyssa to work."

Holly pushes Stryker away and hops down from the counter. Stryker scowls as she flits around the kitchen like I knew she would. Holly loves to feed people and I knew if I said that, she'd get me something in a heartbeat.

"You're not their servant," Stryker grumbles. It's a never-ending battle between the two.

Holly puts her hands on her hips and glares back. "No shit, Sherlock. I'm not getting him something because I'm being forced to. I'm getting him something to eat because I want to." Holly rolls her eyes and then hands me a sandwich.

Before Holly came here, she was living in another MC in Ohio. They forced her to do everything they demanded and no wasn't an option, including being repeatedly raped from the time she was sixteen. Kayne almost ran her over on a deserted, dark road when she escaped. She was bruised and broken and we riled around her to bring her a sense of peace. Since she and Stryker got together, she's coming out of her shell and not holding anything back.

"Thanks, doll face." I peck Holly on the cheek, take a big bite out of my sandwich



and smirk. Stryker growls in response. Knowing I've annoyed him for the time being, I exit the doors and smack into Bambi.

"Shit, I'm sorry." I try steadying her but Bambi wobbles in her high heels and ass-hugging mini skirt and we both crash to the ground. I shift us at the last second so I take the brunt of her weight and not the other way around, losing my sandwich in the process.

"Well, Rooster. If this is how you want to make up for ignoring me for so long, I'm down for it." Bambi straddles my waist so her core is resting on my flaccid dick, her chest is pressed against mine and her lips are skimming across my neck.

"Get off me, Bambi," I demand. I'm not one to hurt women, but I'll do it if she doesn't remove herself.

"You don't mean that, Rooster. You are the biggest cock in the henhouse and this hen has been missing a good cock." Bambi tries to kiss me but she's lifted off me in a rage of violence.

She screams as Alyssa stands above her, glaring. My lower member jerks watching Alyssa go cavewoman on Bambi. Alyssa leans down until she's right in Bambi's face. "If you ever touch my man again, I will end you." Holy shit, she is serious. Alyssa turns her back on Bambi and holds her hand out to help me up.

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I lift myself off the floor and kiss Alyssa hard on the lips. She opens her mouth allowing my tongue access. I jerk in my pants tasting her flavor. “Fuck, that was perfect, Baby Princess.”

Alyssa growls and nips at my tongue while rolling her eyes. She swats me on the chest at the nickname I gave her, Patch Bunny forgotten. “Are you ready to go?”

“No. I’d rather take you upstairs and lick every inch of your body.” I confess.

“With as much as I’d love that, we can’t. I have to fill in at the bar tonight.” Alyssa pouts.

“Later then.” I kiss her again before pulling away.

“Definitely later.” Alyssa agrees, looking at me through hooded eyes.

Bambi is still glaring at us as we walk together into the living room and out the front door. The summer sun is starting to set and the weather is beautiful so I head for my bike. I straddle her while Alyssa puts on her helmet. I run my fingers over the gas tank, caressing the beast. God, I’ve missed riding her. I fire her up and she comes alive underneath me. Like the way Alyssa comes alive. Fuck, I’ve missed out on everything while going down the rabbit hole of the dark web. I don’t even know what Poison had to tell us before Alyssa had a mental breakdown.

“Are you about done making love to your bike?” Alyssa asks with a cocked brow.

I smirk at her. “I’ve got to make up for lost time with two of my favorite girls.”

Giving Alyssa a wink, I stand the bike up and wait for her to climb on the back. The moment her body presses against mine, I feel like I'm going to explode with pent-up sexual frustration.

Alyssa's lips are against my ear, "I'll hold you to it, Lucas." She wraps her arms around my waist and her hands are dangerously close to my growing manhood. If she keeps this up, she might be late to work.

I take off down the driveway and pull onto the road. Once I reach the pavement, I gun the gas, causing Alyssa to squeal and tighten her grip around my waist. We ride in silence, letting the wind and the bike speak to us.

I arrive at the bar, with no pitstop and fifteen minutes later. Alyssa releases her grip on my waist when I pull into a parking spot in front designated for our bikes. Turning my beast off, I pop the kickstand down and Alyssa climbs off the back, taking her helmet off. The bar is pretty busy but not slamming like it will be in a couple of hours. Once the sun goes down, the adults come out to play. If they only knew the dangers that hide in the shadows, they'd rethink their decisions.

"Thank you for the ride." Alyssa looks nervous for some reason.

"What's wrong?" I question.

"Nothing." She shakes her head.

"Bullshit. Tell me what's wrong."

Alyssa's teeth play with her bottom lip before she speaks. "I want you to stay, but then I feel guilty for wanting you to stay when you should be searching for our daughter. Then I feel guilty for not helping search for her and wanting time with you. Then I feel guilty for thinking you feel guilty for taking a break. I'm a freaking mess

and can't control it." She takes a deep breath, composing herself.

I try not to laugh but fail miserably. "Why are you laughing? I'm a hot mess." Alyssa swats me in the chest. Her dainty fist doesn't hurt but that doesn't mean she'll stop swatting me or that I want her too. I like her violence.

I pull out my phone and wiggle it back and forth. "I wrote a program before we left to alert me if anything pops up. Baby Princess, we need this time together, so don't feel guilty about it. I'm the one who should feel guilty for not being able to find our daughter yet. I'm the best hacker in the Mid-West but these assholes keep evading me." I grab Alyssa's hips and pull her against me. "If anything happens to our daughter, I will find it."

"Promise?" Alyssa asks, resting her hands around my neck.

"I promise."

She leans in and presses her lips against mine. I groan low in my throat as our tongues battle back and forth. Fuck, I should have made that pit stop. All too soon, Alyssa is pulling away, breathing heavily, her beautiful eyes are hooded with desire.

"I have to get inside before Khandi goes nuts."

"Then let's go, Baby Princess." Alyssa swats me again and I grunt, climbing off my bike. "You're going to have to get used to it." I laugh putting my arm around her shoulders.

"Can't you call me anything else besides, Baby Princess? I really hate that nickname." Alyssa grumbles her disapproval.

"I'll tell you what." I stop walking and open the door leading to the bar. "If you come

up with another nickname and I like it, I'll stop. Deal?" I hold out my hand for Alyssa to enter first.

"Fine. But don't shoot down my ideas because you want to keep calling me Baby Princess." Alyssa responds over her shoulder.

I'm not promising her anything but I don't say that out loud. We walk into the dimly lit bar and I park my ass on a stool while Alyssa stores her things behind the bar. She ties an apron around her waist and begins slinging drinks. I could watch her do this all night, every night. The woman knows how to make a mean drink. Even goes as far as showing off while mixing cocktails for the customers.

We're about four hours into her shift when all hell breaks loose. My phone vibrates in my pocket and I answer it on the first ring. "Yeah." Alyssa is standing behind the bar next to me and her spine stiffens with my gruff tone.

"Rooster? It's Duke, we've got a problem. I need you at The Cage ASAP. It's Ace." Duke hangs up the phone before I can respond and I'm off my stool in a heartbeat.

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I lean across the bar and Alyssa leans forward. “I’ll be back as soon as I can. Do not leave this building until either myself or Kayne picks you up.”

“Is everything OK?” The worry in her voice undoes me and I cannot lie to her.

“I don’t know. All I know is Ace needs me. Please, don’t leave this building for anyone but Kayne or me.” Alyssa nods her head, holding back the tears in her eyes. “Thank you.” I kiss her hard before sprinting out the door and jumping on my bike.

My best friend is in trouble and I will do everything I can to help him. Come hell or high water, no one will harm my best friend without paying the consequences.

Chapter

Ten

ACE

I watch as my best friend rides off with the love of his life, even if he hasn’t admitted it to himself yet. I’m proud of Rooster for finally settling down and taking a chance on love after Phoebe broke his heart years ago. I will do everything in my power to help him bring his daughter back and that starts with this dipshit Adam and how he knows things about Rooster’s past that no one besides us know about.

I received a call from Seth, the guy who sets up the underground fighting ring I’m a part of, a little while ago. He told me a preppy asshole has been sniffing around asking about us and somehow Seth convinced Adam to get in the ring and we’d

come.

After clearing it with Kayne, Duke and I are on our way to The Cage. I was hesitant to bring Duke in but Kanye told me under no circumstance whatsoever was I to do this alone. So, Duke seemed like the best option to bring along. I just hope it doesn't freak him out when he sees how dark I can really get. The rumble of our Harley's vibrate the quiet night. I focus on getting answers from this douche canoe, so the rest of us can finally have some peace. This is my area, my domain. No one comes strollin' here, asking questions and expecting to get away with it. Fuck that. It's not how I roll.

Duke and I park our bikes right up close to the brick building and climb off. I open the metal door and descend the dark stairway. The scent of blood and testosterone is heavy the further down we go. Once we reach the bottom, it's like a whole new world down here. My world.

There's a huge metal cage in the center of the concrete floor with two men inside fighting. Inside the Cage, there are only two ways out. One is in a body bag and the other is unconscious. The concrete floor is littered with blood and possibly teeth, which they wash down after the night is over. Men and women are crowded around the cage cheering and chanting the fighters on inside the Cage.

"What the fuck?" Duke asks in awe.

"Close your mouth or you'll get something besides flies shoved in there down here." I offer. Duke snaps his mouth shut and his green eyes widen in surprise. I feel I must elaborate so he doesn't get the wrong idea. "If these people smell weakness, they will pray on it. I don't know if you've ever done hard time but it's the same way. If you act timid, they will pounce and make you their bitch. This place isn't for everyone so keep your cool and you'll be fine."

Duke nods his head and glares around the room. The transformation from awe to murderous he did would be comical if this was any other circumstance. But I need him to channel the latter to survive down here and I don't have to babysit him.

Seth notices the two of us as we push our way through the crowd, toward the back. He cocks his head to the side, saying he will meet me in my room. My chin lifts back, acknowledging him. I open the door to my room and step inside. It smells musty from not being used in a few weeks. There are boxes lined along the walls that are used for cleaning after a night of fighting, a single metal chair and a lonely light bulb above it sit in the middle of the room.

I stand in the center and remove my cut, hanging my cut on the back of the metal chair. I slip my t-shirt off and toss it on the floor. "Duke, no one but Rooster knows about this side of me. What you're going to see tonight will change you so strap on your big boy boxers and watch how a professional gets shit done." I sit in the chair and remove my boots and socks so I'm only in my jeans. "I'm going to warn you though, this takes a lot out of me and once I'm done, I might not make it home on my own. If that happens, call Rooster."

"You got it, Ace." He shifts from foot to foot with a worried look on his face.

"Spit it out, Duke."

"What do I need to do while you're in there?"

I stand up, grab some tape and wrap my wrists and knuckles. "Watch my back. If Adam is with Steam, then I wouldn't put it past him to try and take me out when this is over with."

"Got it. I'll be right beside you the whole time. I won't let anything happen." Duke nods his head. He's nervous and I get it but I have full confidence he will do what he



says.

Seth enters the room and Duke spins around, drawing his gun and pointing it at Seth's head. "Dude, what the fuck?"

"Duke, put it away, he can be trusted," I state. Duke holsters his gun and steps back, letting Seth in. I shake his hand. "Sorry about that, Seth. Thanks for getting this done tonight."

"Anything for my best fighter." Seth returns the handshake. "Listen, there are a few guys out there with this douche so watch your back. If he loses, then I have a feeling all hell will break loose. I will have your back as much as possible."

"Thanks, man. I appreciate it. How long until I go?" I question sitting down in the chair.

"As soon as this death fight is done, you're up as our main event. I'll keep the crowd away but it'll be your job to get the answers you need." Seth walks out the door ending our conversation.

I focus on one thing and one thing only. The darkness living inside of me. The hatred I have for all the years of abuse I've endured, Rooster looking for his daughter, the turmoil inside and outside the Club, everything else takes a back seat as I channel everything I am to what I try to hide from the world. I feel the tension shift as I let go and focus on beating Adam in the ring and getting the answers we need.

A loud knock on the metal door has my muscles coiling with tension and I rise from the chair. Stalking to the door, Duke opens it and steps back allowing me to go out first. I ignore the chants and smack talk as I fearlessly head to the open Cage door. Once I'm inside, it slams shut behind me and I focus on the dick bag across the Cage. I size him up and figure out the best strategy to play with my prey. I can see his body

visibly shakes when he comes face to face with me but he tries to hide it. Not today motherfucker. Not today.

I crack my neck from side to side and swing my arms back and forth, loosening my tight muscles. Seth does his little spiel, which I ignore and then the bell rings. I'm light on my feet as I tease this fucker with jab after jab. Not enough to hurt him yet, but enough for him to know I'm fucking with him. Adam ducks and tries to body hug me but I wrap my arms around his waist, lifting him so we're face to face.

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“Tell me what I want to know and I’ll end this for you quickly,” I growl.

“Fuck off, Ace.” Adam wheezes out.

I squeeze Adam hard before releasing him and landing a round kick to his midsection. His breath whooshes out and he bends over. I come at him with an overhand, landing on the side of his head, causing Adam to stumble and shake.

“You ready to talk yet?” I ask while landing another jab to Adam’s body and face. This asshole isn’t even putting up a fight and I’m getting bored. Adam charges me again, bloody and beaten, his eyes are almost swollen shut, and I lift him over my back in a suplex. I flip us over and he lands hard on his back. Adam flips onto his stomach trying to catch his breath when I’m on him in a rear naked choke. I squeeze hard, letting him feel how his life will end if he doesn’t answer me.

“It was Steam who told me about Rooster. He’s the one who’s working with Kingston and has his daughter. That’s why you can’t find her. He’s planning on getting that little bitch too.” I squeeze his neck a little tighter. “Ju..st kill me now.” Adam pleads harshly.

And I do. I end his life quickly and shove his limp body off me. The bell dings and the crowd roars. I find Duke standing by the Cage door with his hand on his weapon, waiting for me to exit. Some people try pushing their way past Duke, Seth and Seth’s men but no one lets them. I exit the Cage and make my way back to my room. My adrenaline is falling fast and my whole body is shaking uncontrollably. This is the worst it has ever been. I fall into the metal chair and the voices surrounding me fade in and out, one thing I do hear is Duke calling Rooster. I tried to tell him not to leave

Alyssa alone before my world goes black.

## Chapter

### Eleven

#### ROOSTER

I pull up to the brick building and park my bike next to Ace and Duke's. Knowing where I need to go, I yank open the metal door and take the metal stairs two at a time down into the basement. My best friend is in a world of trouble and I'll be damned if I let anything happen to him.

Once my feet hit the concrete floor, I look around and assess my surroundings. People are moving about, trying to leave or just hanging around waiting for something else to happen. Two guys standing behind Seth and his men catch my attention and I head in that direction. Seth spots me before I make it to them and he redirects me toward the back of the Cage. He knocks once and opens the door. Duke is crouching over Ace's limp body with his gun raised, aimed at the door. He lowers it once he recognizes me and I hurry across the small room. Seth leaves, giving us privacy and closes the door behind him. I check Ace's breathing. It's shallow but steady.

"What happened?" I ask.

"He was fighting Adam and after the match, he made it back in here and passed out. I don't know why or how." Duke responds. "Will he be ok?"

I check Ace over to make sure none of the blood on him is his. I move his hands, arms, feet, knees legs and head. He pushes back against each movement. "He's in between unconscious and conscious. When he's had a harsh fight, his body gives up

but his mind is still alert.”

“How does this happen and is there a way to prevent it from happening again?”

“I wish I knew. Did he say anything before he went down like a box of rocks?”

Duke shakes his head. “Ace mumbled something but there was so much chaos after the fight, I couldn’t hear him. By the time Seth and I got the door closed from the crowd wanting in, Ace was on the ground. I’ve never seen someone transform the way he did in there. It was like he was playing with his prey, knowing when to strike and when to hold back.”

Shit, this is bad. The last time Ace went down this quick, it was days before he woke up to tell us anything. I pull out my phone and dial Kayne.

“Rooster, what’d you find out?” Kayne answers on the first ring.

“It’s bad, Prez. Ace went down as soon as he got into his room. I’m going to need a van, a prospect and Butch to get him home.”

“Consider them on the way.” Kayne hangs up before I can respond.

I shake Ace’s hand and he grips mine for a second before letting go. His mind is awake and he’s trying to fight what’s got ahold of him. “Take it easy, Ace, I’ve got you. Rest so you can let us know what’s going on.” I don’t know if he can hear me, but I keep telling him over and over, that I have him.

“Duke, get me something comfortable to rest Ace’s head on and keep him warm.”

Duke starts rummaging through the boxes along the wall before he pulls out some clothes. I have no clue why Seth would have boxes of clothes in here, but I’m not

going to complain if it makes Ace comfortable. “Here, Rooster.”

He hands me a few hoodies and together we turn Ace on his side, slide two underneath his body and then use one for a pillow.

After twenty minutes, Seth comes into the room to check on Ace. “The two men with Adam are still being detained by my men. What do you want to do with them?”

“Tie them up and we’ll take them from here,” I respond while texting Kayne to let him know I have a couple of packages. He responds, telling me he will meet us at the repair shop. Seth leaves the room and a few minutes later Butch and Stone, the prospect enters. Duke is still overprotective of Ace and has his gun drawn, pointing it at their heads. Stone throws his hands up and Butch just walks toward us.

He does some things to Ace before picking him up and putting him over his shoulder. Ace is a big fucker and Butch acts like he weighs nothing. “I’ll take him to the van and Stone will drive him home. I’ll take Ace’s bike.”

“Thank you, brother.” I open the door for Butch and let him pass. Thankfully, the basement is completely empty now. “I’ve got to get a couple of packages from Seth. Don’t let Stone leave until I get there with them.”

Butch nods his head and he and Stone ascend the stairs while Duke and I search for Seth. We find him in the corner with two men hog-tied, gagged and bleeding. I raise an eyebrow to Seth and he shrugs his shoulders.

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“We had to get a little creative with these two. They weren’t happy your man killed their friend.”

“Duke, help me with this one and Seth, will your men bring that one up?” I ask pointing to the man farthest in the corner.

“Sure thing, Rooster.”

Duke and I pick up the bigger guy by an arm and a leg on each side. He’s heavy but together we get him up the stairs, after hitting his head a few times. Seth’s men follow us and Stone has the rear door open to the van. Duke and I heave him inside and he lands face-first on the floor. Seth’s men do the same to the other guy and I shut the doors.

“Straight to the shop, Stone. Stay the speed limit and don’t fuck around. We’ll be following close behind.”

“You got it, boss.” Stone climbs in the van and takes off. That’s how he got his road name Stone. He’s a stone-cold killer with nerves of steel. Nothing shakes his demeanor no matter how many times we’ve tried. I climb onto my bike and fire her up. Butch, Duke and I take off behind the van and I have a sickening feeling deep in my gut that I’m missing something. I just don’t know what it is.

We arrive at the shop and Kayne, Blayde and Stryker are waiting for us with the garage bay doors open. Stone pulls in and we follow. Once we’re all inside and the van and our bikes shut off, Blayde closes the bay doors. Kayne and Stryker open the side door and pull Ace out. He’s moving a little bit but not much. I look around for

Poison but don't see her, which is rare. Usually where Kayne is, Poison is with him and vice versa.

"Let's get him in the back room on the cot to rest some more. Then get some answers from these two while we wait. Butch, stay with Ace in case he needs you." Kayne demands. Stryker and Blayde look completely confused about what's going on with Ace.

"What's wrong with him?" Stryker asks Kayne.

"It's not my place to tell you. When Ace is ready, he'll talk. But if you question him about it, I will end you. Are we clear?" Kayne responds, helping Butch and Stryker move him.

"Crystal clear, Prez," Stryker responds.

"Help me get these two chained up." I slap Blayde on the back and open the back door. We pull out one guy and Blayde almost drops him on his head. "Dude, what the fuck?"

"No fucking way." Blayde is shaking his head, his eyes shifting around the shop like someone will pop out and shoot the crazy fucker.

"What is it?"

"Do you know who this is?"

"Friends of Adam's. Why should I know who it is?" I ask as we hang him up by the chains suspended from the ceiling. He's suspended in the air by his wrists from a long chain hanging from the ceiling, normally used to hoist engines out of cars. His toes are barely touching the floor.



“Kayne is going to be pissed when he sees who this is,” Blayde answers without answering me.

We pull the second guy out and Blayde shakes his head. “Kayne is going to go ballistic.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I’m so confused.

Blayde takes pity on me after we get the second guy up and lifts the first guy’s shirt, revealing his tattoos.

“Fuck.”

He drops his shirt. “Yeah, fuck. Back when Kayne and I were in Detroit with our sister chapter, these two fuckers were prospects for Steam.”

Kayne comes out of the back room with Stryker on his heels. He spots my two presents hanging from the chains and releases a long explicit that would make a sailor blush. Kayne comes closer, his fists clenching at his sides. “Now we know the truth.” Kayne spits out in anger.

Chapter

Twelve

ROOSTER

“Would someone please fill me in on who Meathead One and Meathead Two are?” I ask.

Kayne steps next to the bigger guy with sandy blonde hair, “Brothers, I’d like you to

meet Scab from Savage Saints, Detroit Chapter.” He slaps Scab across the face, rousing him. “Wake up fucker and meet your maker.”

Scab’s head rolls on his shoulders before he starts waking up. Kayne leaves him and steps up to the Meathead two. “This, brothers is Goblin. Also, a Savage Saints, Detroit member.” Kayne slaps Goblin’s face rousing him awake. “They’re not wearing their colors but I will never forget these two.”

Kayne’s blue eyes turn to ice the longer he waits for them to wake up. He pokes the two of them with his cane now and then, seeing if they’re faking it. They’ve been out cold for over an hour.

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Finally, Scab wakes and Kayne pounces. The spikey part of his cane lands on Scab's right thigh and he rips it away, taking chunks of skin and meat with it. Scab screams out in pain as blood drips down his thigh onto the concrete floor.

“Welcome to hell, motherfucker.” Kayne growls. “Why are you here and with Adam?”

“Fuck you, Kayne,” Scab grunts through the pain.

“Ok, we’ll do this the hard way.” Kayne drags his cane across Scab’s body. His cane is a beautiful thing. It’s a three-foot cane made of hard oak with a rubber grip on the handle and spikes on the end. He’s had that baby for years. He said it was a gift from his dad before he died.

Before he winds up to hit him again, Goblin wakes up and begins rattling the chains wrapped around his wrists. With his toes barely touching the floor, his body swings back and forth. Blayde steps up to Goblin flicking his switchblade. Goblin’s eyes grow wide with fear.

Blayde grabs the back of Goblin’s head, holding him steady as he sinks his blade into the side of Goblin’s face and starts to pull down. Goblin screams in pain as his blood drips freely onto the concrete floor. “Why are you with Adam?”

“I can’t tell you.” Goblin cries out. “He’ll kill me.”

“I’m going to kill you, Goblin but you have a decision to make. I can do this slowly and painfully or fast. You decide.” Blayde counters.

“Don’t you fucking dare talk.” Scab spits out.

“Fuck you, Scab. I didn’t even want to be a part of this anyway.” Goblin retorts. “I’ll tell you, but promise you’ll make it quick.”

“You fucking traitor,” Scab screams.

“Gag him, Stryker.” Kayne demands.

“With pleasure.” Stryker shoves a dirty rag into Scab’s mouth and tapes it shut with duct tape.

“Continue,” Kayne gestures to Goblin.

“After you two left, Steam got a wild hair up his ass and went psycho. He’s been trafficking women and children through the Club.” Goblin states.

“We know that. Tell us why you were with Adam. What does Adam have to do with Savage Saints and why was he so focused on Rooster?” Kayne questions.

“Adam was the middleman for Steam and some Russian asshole and Kingston. I don’t know who he is or anything about him. All I know is when a shipment of girls came in, Adam was there to see the product moved for Kingston and the Russian fucker.” Goblin confesses.

“Why was he focused on Rooster?” Kayne is losing his cool with Goblin.

“Because Rooster knows how to find the Russian fucker, he used to work for him. And now Steam has Rooster’s daughter, which is why he can’t find her. Kingston has her hidden with Steam to try and control Rooster. Kingston figures the girl is his safety net. That Rooster won’t touch him as long as she’s with him.” Goblin breathes

heavily. “That’s all I know, I swear.”

What the actual fuck? Steam has my daughter. Are you fucking kidding me! I’m going to murder that little dick bitch for fucking with my kid. I’m going to track that fuckhead and when I find him, he will wish he never, ever laid a finger on my daughter.

“Rooster, calm down. We will get him. Now we know where to start.” Kayne rests his palm on my shoulder. Kayne nods to Blayde and he slices Goblin’s throat from ear to ear. He gargles for a moment before his life leaves his eyes.

“Kayne, where’s Poison? Isn’t this her domain?” I ask curious where our queen is.

Kayne’s face lights up in a huge smile. “She has stepped down for a little while as our Cleaner.”

“Why?”

“You don’t know?” I shake my head at Kayne. “You really must have gone down a dark hole. She’s been in to see you a few times this last week.”

“She has? Did I even acknowledge her?” I question.

“Yeah, she has. But to answer your question, her big news is, she’s carrying my child.” Kayne grins from ear to ear, excited by the news.

“Wow, Prez. That’s fantastic.” I exclaim. The smile falls from my face for a moment. “Shit. She’s going to kill me when she sees me.”

Kayne chuckles, “Nah, right now she is happy. Really happy and the last thing on her mind is murdering her sister’s love interest. Unless you break Alyssa’s heart. Then

we'll have a problem.”

Oh, shit. I left Alyssa at the bar unprotected. I check my watch and it's three a.m.

“Shit, Prez. I've got to go. Alyssa's shift ended an hour ago and is waiting for me to pick her up.”

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“Go and take Stryker with you. We’ve got this handled. When you get back to the Clubhouse, take a break until morning then start looking for Steam.” Kayne advises.

I don’t know if I will take the advice but I’ll think about it. Stryker and I fire up our bikes and Duke opens the bay doors with just enough clearance, allowing us to pass. Once the two of us clear the doors, we take off like rockets into the night.

Stryker and I pull up in front of the bar and I shut my bike off, popping my kickstand down. I don’t wait for Stryker to follow. The hair on the back of my neck stands on end when I reach the thick door and it’s slightly open. I unholster my gun and slowly open the door. The bar is trashed, beer bottles and alcohol bottles litter the floor. The bar stools are broken and the booths are ripped apart. I walk behind the bar and spot a blood trail leading to the backroom. Stryker and I follow the blood trail to the storage room. I slowly open it and the sight before me makes me want to gag. Khandi, the bartender working with Alyssa is strung up in the middle of the room, naked. Her mouth is taped shut, she has blood on her thighs and her head is at an awkward angle, the fear in her eyes is unmistakable. I feel for a pulse, just in case and she’s cool to the touch.

“Motherfucker!” I shout. “Where the hell is Alyssa?”

We check each room and come up empty. Alyssa isn’t here. That means Steam and Kingston have her.

“Fuck!” I dial Kayne and he answers on the first ring. “Kayne, she’s gone. Those dick suckers took my woman and they raped and killed Khandi!”

“Rooster, come here,” Stryker shouts from the bar area before Kayne can respond.

“Hold on, Prez. Stryker found something.”

I hurry out of the supply room and over to the DJ Booth where Stryker is standing. There’s a note in a pool of blood. I pick it up and read it aloud.

Rooster,

If you want your woman alive, meet me at Deerfield Park tonight at ten p.m. Come alone or this little piece of ass you’ve claimed will end up like that bar bitch.

Dean.

“Fuck, Kayne. Kingston has Alyssa.”

Chapter

Thirteen

ALYSSA

My head is pounding against my skull causing vomit to rise in my throat. I try to open my eyes, but only darkness greets me. What the heck happened? Where am I? How did I get here? I try to roll over but something is holding me back. I wiggle my fingers behind my back and they tingle. I try my feet next. I can only roll my ankles from side to side. My legs and arms are being held behind my back. I try to move my head forward but something rough bites into my throat, choking me.

“You’re finally awake.” A familiar thick Russian accent causes my blood to freeze.



No way, this cannot be happening. Shaking my head, I try to clear it from the fog taking over. The rope tightens around my throat and I cough but I can't open my mouth. This man has me bound, gagged and blinded. My heart starts pounding in my chest, causing my head to throb. I don't remember anything after Rooster left me at the bar when he received a phone call that Ace was in trouble. I need to calm down before I hyperventilate and pass out.

Rooster. Everything we've been through up to this point and everything I dreamed about flashes in my mind. I wish I had a chance to tell him how I felt. I hate the fact that I didn't trust myself enough to let him in more and now I don't know if I will get that chance.

"Such a pretty little thing at my mercy." The Russian asshole speaks against my ear. His hot breath fans across my nose, making my stomach churn. His soft fingers grip my cheeks, forcing my head up, but since I can't see, I don't know if he's looking me over or what he's doing. I squirm away from his grip and that causes the rope around my throat to tighten.

"Kozlov, don't touch the merchandise." Another man's voice reprimands the Russian. I don't recognize the deep, raspy timber of smoking three packs of cigarettes a day. But I store it in my memory for later.

I inhale a deep breath through my nose, trying to calm myself down before I have a full-blown panic attack. The Russian releases my face and I can hear him move away from me. I listen intently to my surroundings, trying to figure out where I am. There is a low buzzing noise above me, shuffling of feet to my left, shoes tapping in front of me and a small whimper to my right.

I hone in on my sense of touch since everything else is limited. I'm sitting on a cold unforgiving floor that's rough like concrete. My legs are bound in front of me and my arms are tied behind me. I move my hands as much as allowed in the bindings and the

wall is rough like the floor. A cold breeze causes goosebumps to break out across my skin. I still have clothes on but not much since there isn't much to wear in my bar uniform besides a crop top and short shorts. I move my head back and it nudges the wall, giving away the rope tied around my neck. I wonder if I keep my head against the wall, will I be able to move it from side to side without choking? I test the theory and sure enough, the rope doesn't choke me. But If I move forward it will. That means it's tied to something above my head. If I could get my hands in front of me and slide my body up the wall. I might be able to loosen the ropes and take my gag and blindfold off. I just need to patiently wait until these men leave the room.

A childlike whimper to my right catches my attention. Oh no, they have a child down here with me. Why would someone be so cruel? I kick my feet, trying to get someone's attention to remove my gag and blindfold.

Heavy boots stomp my way and stop, nudging my bare thigh. I can hear the crack of their knees as they bend down. "What the fuck do you want?" Rough hands grip my face, making me tilt my head. Don't these assholes know I can't speak from the gag in my mouth? I shake my head back and forth, keeping my head against the wall so the rope doesn't choke me. I flare my nose, breathing hard. Maybe that will get him to take the gag off.

"For fucks sake." He mumbles and pulls the gag away from my mouth. My lips, tongue and throat are dry. I create a little bit of saliva to coat my tongue.

"Why..." I swallow and try again. "Why are you doing this?" My voice is scratchy but I don't care. The child to my right whimpers at the sound of my voice and I stiffen.

No, it can't be. I shake my head trying to stop the tears forming in my eyes.

"You've figured out who else is here, haven't you?" The man's rough voice asks. He

removes my blindfold and I blink, trying to adjust my eyesight. I turn my head to the right and a sob escapes my throat. Elsa, my little girl who I've taken care of since her mom died, is tied up next to me with fear in her dark eyes.

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“Let her go, please,” I beg the man. “I’ll do anything you want, just please let her go.”

He releases a harsh laugh, “You’ll do what the fuck I want anyways. Having her here assures you’ll listen.”

I turn my head away from my little girl and come face to face with the monster. He has on a worn leather cut with Presidenton the left breast and Steam below it. On the right, it has the Original patch and one percenter below that. I try wracking my brain on who this man is but come up empty. I’ve never seen him before in my life. His weathered face has a hard edge to it and his pale green eyes are watching me, waiting to see what I’ll do.

Movement behind Steam grabs my attention. A man dressed in a pristine dark suit and tie with slicked-back hair comes into view. His cold eyes assess me and it all comes flooding back. Khandi and I were closing the bar for the night when three men kicked the door open. Khandi ran off into the back and two of the men followed her. My feet were frozen to the floor behind the bar until I heard her scream and cry, begging for them to stop raping her. I tried to get to her but the third man grabbed my hair from behind and wrapped his hand around my throat. The two men stayed in the back and I had to listen to their grunts and moans as they raped her. She finally fell silent and the two men came back out, blood covering their hands. They smirked at each other before heading in my direction.

One tried to touch me and I slapped his hand away from my chest. He backhanded me, sending my body flying into the open room. I grabbed a chair and tried to fight the three men off but they were bigger than me and stronger. The two that hurt

Khandi finally pinned me down onto the floor and were in the process of yanking off my shorts when another man stepped in. He had on a dark suit and slicked back dark hair. He told the men not to touch me and beat the crap out of the man who was going to rape me. The second man backed away with his arms raised. The third man held onto me so I couldn't escape.

After that, the man who stopped them injected me with something in my neck and it was lights out.

"I see she's remembering what happened." The man in the dark suit tsks.

"You killed Khandi." I accuse.

He releases a deep sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. "No, I didn't but my men did. Which is why one is dead and the other is wishing for death. Khandi was a good fuck and she wasn't supposed to be there, but I guess that's what happens when you climb into bed with a man like me."

"I don't get it. What do you want from us?" I ask.

"I want your little fuck boy to suffer the way he's made me suffer." The man straightens his suit jacket and checks his watch. "Steam, it's almost time." The man leaves the basement with the Russian on his heels.

"Right behind you, Dean." Steam leans in close, his hot breath fanning across my face. "You be a good little bitch and I'll let you live." His eyes trail down my body and back up again. "For now." He rises to his full height and turns around. My stomach drops when I see the back of his cut. Savage Saints MC is the top rocker and Detroit, MI is the bottom rocker. Oh no, this is the man Poison and Kayne and the rest of the Savage Saints have been talking about taking down. Do they know he has me and Elsa? Is this a trap?

Once Steam climbs the stairs and closes the door, Elsa starts whimpering. I turn to look at her and she's sitting on the ground about three feet away from me, has a gag around her mouth, her hands are tied behind her back and fear in her dark eyes. I have to get out of these bindings and get to her.

"Elsa, honey. I need you to stay calm. Can you move?" I gently ask her. Elsa nods her little head. "OK, I need you to make your way over to me as carefully as you can. Can you do that?"

Elsa nods her head and starts shuffling her little butt in my direction. "Good, that's good, baby girl. Keep coming." I contort my body as much as possible without choking myself and try to move my hands from behind my back. It's no use. I can't scoot back far enough to do it successfully.

Elsa is next to me and she leans against my side, her little body shaking. I take a deep breath and savor this moment of finally touching my little girl. "Elsa, I need you to stand up. Can you do that?" She slowly stands, using the wall for support. "Good, baby girl. Good. Now bend over while bending your knees and bring your hands with you so they slide down the back of your knees."

Elsa does what I ask and before long, her hands are bound in front of her instead of behind her. I release a deep sigh. She's almost free. "Good job. Now remove your gag." Elsa does and she sobs. She throws her arms around my neck.

"Mommy, I'm scared." The fear in her little voice almost breaks me.

"I know, baby. I'm scared too. But guess what?" I say with a watery smile.

"What?"

"I found someone I want you to meet when we get out of here. He's an incredibly

special man and he means a great deal to me. Would you like to meet him?"

Elsa nods her head yes against my shoulder. "OK, I need you to loosen the rope around my neck for me so I can move better. Can you try?"

"Ok, mommy. I'll try." Elsa's face pinches in concentration as she works the knots in the rope. After a little bit, it finally gives away. I breathe a sigh of relief and start shimmying my way up the wall. Once I'm standing, I shake the tingles out of my legs and arms then move my hands in front of me, the way I told Elsa. Once my hands are in front of me, I reach for Elsa and pull her into me, hugging her.

"Ok, baby. Now we need to get your free." I work the knots out of Elsa's bindings, fear ripping through my body that this is taking too long. I hear movement above us of shuffling feet, shouting and then silence. I finally get the last knot out of Elsa's ropes and she starts working on mine, while I work on the ropes around my ankles. Footsteps surround us above our heads once the last bit of rope comes free.

"Come on, we need to get out of here," I tell Elsa, grabbing her hand. Together, we quietly make our way to the bottom of the stairs, but it's too late. The door creaks open and a man stands at the top of the stairs. Looking around quickly, I usher Elsa to a dark corner behind the stairs. Together we hunch down, fear radiating from both of us. I wrap her little body tightly around mine and pray.

Heavy footsteps echo down the wooden stairs and I squeeze my eyes shut. My heart is hammering inside my chest and Elsa's little body trembles underneath my hold. This is it. They're going to find us and we're going to die.

Vengeance replaces the fear thrumming through my body and I quietly set Elsa on her feet. I won't go down without a fight. Not today, not ever again. I've let bad men ruin me in the past, I won't let it happen again. The dark figure slowly moves in our direction and I'm on the balls of my feet, ready to pounce. Once he gets closer, I do

just that. I jump on the man's back, knocking us both to the ground and putting him in a chokehold.

“Fuck, woman.” A familiar voice growls underneath me.

“Oh, shit.”

Chapter



Fourteen

### ROOSTER

I'm back at the Clubhouse in my communications room, going over every inch of footage on the security cameras installed around the bar. Ace came too long enough to get back to the Clubhouse with us and he told me what Adam confessed with his last breath. Steam and Dean Kingston have my daughter and planned on taking Alyssa the moment I left her unattended. Which I stupidly did to help my brother. None of us knew it was a ploy to get me away from Alyssa and unprotected.

I'm hunched over my computer screens, watching the footage of Alyssa's abduction for the hundredth time. I have cameras placed in every room except Kayne's office. I watch with nausea as two men rape Khandi, then slit her throat. Thank fuck there is no sound. I don't think I could stomach listening to her crying and pleading for them to stop.

I pan in on Alyssa while Khandi is being raped. She tried to stop it, but the third guy caught her and forced her to listen to Khandi's screams with his hands around her throat. Tears are rolling down her face, powerless to help. Then when the two guys came out of the back room, Alyssa tried fighting them off. The same two that raped and killed Khandi tried raping Alyssa before Kingston came in dressed to the nines in an expensive dark suit tailored to fit his form. I'm still confused why he stopped it and beat the shit out of thug one. Then I watch as the third man pulls Alyssa up from the floor and Kingston jabs a needle into her sensitive neck. After that, she sways on her feet, still fighting then she's out. The third guy picks her up and carries her out the door.

I switch to the next feed and watch as they shove her into Kingston's black town car and speed away. I pull up the city feeds, tracking his car until he gets out of city limits. Once he crosses the line, I lose him. I slam my fists on the desk, making it rattle.

Kayne sticks his head in the door, "Rooster, Church in ten. Pull yourself together, brother. We need your clear head on this one. I get this is personal, but now's your time for redemption."

I nod in understanding. Alyssa needs me to save her, Elsa needs me to protect her, and Poison needs me to find her sister. With renewed determination, I watch the cameras again. Instead of rage pounding through my blood, I look for clues as to where Kingston would take my Ol' Lady and daughter. My fingers freeze on the keyboard. Ol' Lady? Did we pass the part of no return?

I think of everything Alyssa has sacrificed in her young life. Her safety for a little girl who isn't hers. The abuse at the hands of Rage and the Black Destroyers, thinking her family didn't love or care about her, but she still puts others first. The way her smile lights up a room when I come in. Her caring personality nursing my asshole ways. The way she makes my body come alive just by being around her. I have never felt this way for another woman, not even Phoebe. Alyssa is the light to my darkness and the thumping of my heart tells me, she is mine as I am hers. I might be afraid to say those three words, but I sure do think them. I love Alyssa. Now, I have to find her and get her back so I can make her my Ol' Lady, put my patch on her back and my ink on her skin.

With renewed determination, I pull up Kingston and Steams accounts I've been slowly draining, I check over businesses related to the two men. Remembering Alyssa mentioning something about a Russian man, I search for that too. With my computers running full tilt, I sit back and wait. While I wait, I come up with different ways to torture Kingston and Steam. I'm going to make them pay for touching what's

mine.

My ten minutes are up and I'm armed to the teeth with information on Kingston, Steam and some Russian fuck named Mikhail Kozlov. I make my way into the Chapel with my laptop and a solid plan. I check the time on my watch and we have a little over four hours before we meet Kingston at Deerfield Park. I haven't slept a wink since Alyssa has been missing but I have been very productive.

Kayne slams his gavel onto the table once everyone files in. "You all know by now what we're doing here so I won't beat around the bush about this. Rooster, the floor is yours."

I stand up, clearing my throat. "Around two thirty a.m., Kingston broke into Savage Saints bar, two of his men raped and murdered our bartender Khandi and then kidnapped Alyssa. He left me a note demanding I meet him at Deerfield Park at ten p.m. tonight. It doesn't say if he will have Alyssa or why. But I did find this." I hand each of my brothers a photo of the Russian fucker and a list of businesses that Steam, Kingston and this asshole frequent together. "The man in the photo's name is Mikhail Kozlov. He's one of the head snakes in the Russian skin trade. This man is wanted by Interpol, the CIA, the FBI and several other departments."

I hand each brother another slip of paper with the names of missing women and children, the dates taken and their ages. "As you can see this is a list of missing women and children. I've crosschecked the list we have from Deadly Sins strip club and Holly's parents' house and all of them are on here. Which tells me Drex and Steam had a deal with this Russia, Mikhail Kozlov, and they were selling women and children to them."

"The list I handed you with the Russian fucker's photo is a list of businesses Steam, Kingston and Kozlov frequent together. If my guess is right, getting us to Deerfield Park is a ploy to take us out. After doing some digging, I deduced that they would

have Alyssa and my daughter, Elsa, in one of these three places. A strip club run by a local gang, a warehouse owned by a Shell Corporation and Rockford Law Firm .” I want to face-palm after I talk out these locations. “They’ll be at the office building.”

“Are you sure?” Stryker asks.

“Positive.”

“Wait a minute. Adam said that you used to work for a Russian. Is this him?” Ace questions.

“He said that?” I counter. Ace nods his head. My mind is running a million miles an hour, flashing back to when I used to work for Rockford Law. One night stands out above the rest. After that night, Rockford had me doing more shady shit for him.

“Before I came here, I worked as the head security tech guy at Rockford Law. Mr. Rockford was my boss and I’d constantly cover shit up he’d do. I remember one night I was working late like usual and I accidentally ran into Mr. Rockford and some of his business associates,” I make air quotes around business associates, “in the middle of an intense meeting.”

Chapter

Fifteen

ROOSTER-5 YEARS AGO

I lean backward in my chair and stretch my arms over my head. Checking my watch, it’s well past midnight. Mr. Rockford had me on a project that took all day to fix. Apparently, there was a breach in our protocol yesterday and he wanted it found and fixed. After hours of sifting through company data, I found the breach and rerouted

the person who was snooping on the company server to be redirected to a dummy site I had set up for times like this. Whatever information they're looking for, they won't find. All they will get is a Trojan horse on their computer and their bank accounts wiped clean. All the money in their account will go into a shell corporation in the Caymans linked to Mr. Rockford's business associates.

I print out the information I have and stuff one into a file. Then I send a copy to myself through a backdoor I created that cannot be led back to me. I erase all traces of my digital footprints to this person and shut down my machines. Standing up, I grab the file off my desk, turn off the lights and leave, locking the door behind me. I set the code on the outside so no one, not even Mr. Rockford can enter my space without triggering an alarm with a direct line to me.

Most of the floor's lights are off except one toward the end of the hallway. Mr. Rockford's office. I make my way down there and strange voices coming from inside his office cause me to hesitate to open the door.

"This is absurd, Matthew. I do not tolerate insolence in my line of work." A deep Russian accent comes from the other side of the door. "If you were one of the shlyukha's I'd have you on your knees for this."

"You don't want to do that. If something happens to me, remember shit floats downstream and you'll be the intended target." Mr. Rockford comes back at him.

The Russian mutters something in Russian before switching to English. "Get it taken care of, Matthew and quickly."

"I have my best man on this." Mr. Rockford answers, his voice a little shaky, which piques my curiosity. "He's been working on finding the breach all day and should be here any minute to give me his findings. My phone alerted me that he just left his office."

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Well, shit. Now I have to act like I haven't heard a thing before I enter. I step away from the door, walking further down the hallway so I can't hear the Russian's response. The door handle jiggles and I open the file, acting like I'm looking at it when the door swings open. I feel a set of eyes on me but I don't look up. I can see the man in my peripheral and regret it. He has a jagged scar running down the side of his left eye, his dark hair is slicked back and his eyes are a cold grey steel. He isn't much taller than me, but the man radiates evil. He smirks before leaving with another man shorter than him, hot on his heels.

I step forward once they're out of sight and enter Mr. Rockford's office. He's sitting behind his desk, drinking a glass of whiskey. His hands are shaking slightly as he brings the glass to his lips. Whoever those men are scared the shit out of my boss and he isn't a man to scare easily. He's the top defense attorney in the state of Michigan. His criminal case is the best in US History. To say he isn't afraid to defend the worst of the worst is an understatement. But looking at him right now, you'd think someone threatened his dick.

"Here's the information you requested, Mr. Rockford," I tell him, dropping the file on his desk.

"Thank you, Lucas. Was there any trouble?" Mr. Rockford asks, picking up the file.

"Negative, sir. As you can see, the man in question has been snooping around for a week now. He wasn't able to get any information because of my security measures." I answer, moving my hands behind my back.

"Good, good." He answers, flipping through the file. "And I take it all the proper

protocols have been set up?”

“Yes, sir. Within a week, he won’t know what hit him.” I want to ask who those men were in here but I have a feeling he won’t tell me. So, I don’t.

“Good, good.” He flips the folder shut and stares at me. His beady little eyes narrow in my direction. “Anything else?”

“No, sir.”

“Good, go home, fuck your old lady and be back here tomorrow morning at eight a.m. I’ll have another job for you.” Mr. Rockford dismisses me with a wave of his hand.

I leave his office and a dark foreboding feeling flits deep in my stomach. I have a feeling this won’t be the last time Rockford has me do this type of work.

Chapter

Sixteen

ROOSTER

“And I was right. Rockford had me move a lot of money from one account to another in a span of a year. By the time I told him to shove it up his ass, he had more than ten million dollars sitting in several bank accounts all over the country. I kept all the files on him and have been draining his accounts for the last four years. That’s why I think they’d take Alyssa there. To get back at me.” I finish telling my brothers why I think Alyssa and Elsa will be at the office.

“What’s the plan, Prez?” Ace, my best friend asks. There’s cold, hard vengeance in

his eyes.

Kayne fingers his goatee, his icy blue eyes are lost in thought. “Here’s what we’re going to do. Rooster, Blayde, Ace and I will go to the office building. Tex, Stryker, Maddox and Duke will take the strip joint. Axel, Damon, Talon and Knuckles will take the warehouse. Tatt and Rebel will stay with the Ol’ Ladies and keep them safe. I’m also calling in Reaper to watch over the Clubhouse. Since our numbers are limited, we need all the help we can get.” Kayne slams his gavel onto the scared table. Brothers start rising to leave the Chapel. “Oh, one other thing, brothers. If you find Steam, I want him alive. Kingston I don’t give a fuck about. One other thing, Rooster, since you’re going with us, I need eyes on our locations. I’m putting Tatt on it, as long as you’re good with him in your space.”

“Aye, Prez. I don’t mind as long as he doesn’t fuck with anything.” I agree.

Everyone agrees with the plans and files out of the Chapel, leaving Kayne, Blayde and me sitting here. Kayne leans forward, lighting up a cigarette. He inhales and exhales a puff of smoke before his gaze lands on me. “Are you really serious about Alyssa?”

“Yes, Prez. I want to make her my Ol’ Lady when we get her back.” I answer with no hesitation.

“What about the kid?” Blayde asks, leaning forward so his elbows are resting on the table.

“No matter what the paternity test says, I will claim her as mine. Elsa is a part of Alyssa, even if she didn’t give birth to her. I’m not letting either of them go.” I say with a sigh of relief. “Alyssa is mine, just as I am hers. No matter what happens, she has given me another chance to breathe again and come alive again. I won’t give up like I did with Phoebe.”



Kayne slaps the palm of his hand on the table. “Then let’s lock and load, brother and bring your woman and child home.”

We stand up and exit the Chapel. Walking into the kitchen, I look around and see all my brothers, checking over their weapons, waiting for me. One by one they stand up and slap me on the back before exiting the room. The brotherhood of this club is strong. This feeling right here makes me proud to be a Savage Saint.

Poison is the last to approach. The look in her eyes makes me want to cup my balls but I don’t. I stand tall, waiting for whatever she wants to dish out. Poison stands in front of me with her hands on her hips. “If you hurt her, I will cut off your balls and feed them to you. Are we clear?”

“Crystal.” I nod once.

“Good, now go get my sister back. She has a niece or nephew who needs her in their life.” Poison hugs me before walking over to Kayne. He plants a long kiss on her lips that should be X-rated.

“Get a fucking room.” Ace chuckles from the island.

“Wait, Ace. One of these days you’re going to meet a woman and she will knock you on your ass.” Poison counters.

“She would have to be some kick-ass woman to put up with the likes of this grumpy fucker.” Tex drawls from across the room.

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“Shit, she’s got to have balls of steel to keep up with his brooding ass.” Duke retorts.

“Like your mom?” Ace counters. Then, like true Savage Saints, your mama jokes start flying, easing the tension in the room.

I smile to myself while listening to all the banter going back and forth and checking my weapons. I slide the chamber back on my .40 Cal M&P and slide it to the inside of my cut. Then I check her sister and do the same. I slide my combat knife into its sheath and holster it to my side. Then I pocket a Rooster Knife my mom gave me before she died.

I send up a prayer to the Biker Gods and my mom, God rest her soul, that we can get Alyssa and Elsa back safely before leaving the house. My brothers are following close behind and together we ride into the night heading for redemption.

The moon is high in the sky, lighting up the path to our destination. Kayne signals to turn off in the parking garage north of the office building. We follow suit and park our bikes furthest away from the entrance on the first floor. We shut our bikes off, pop the kickstands down and Kayne lights up a cigarette. I’m

“Prez, are we going in there or not?” I’m agitated, itching to get in there and find Alyssa but Kayne stays seated on his bike.

“Aye, we will, Rooster. Now’s the time for patience.” Kayne responds inhaling a drag of his cigarette.

“With all due respect, Prez. The longer we wait, the more harm will come to Alyssa

and Elsa.” I’m trying to get him to see where my mind is.

“I agree with you, Rooster, but right now it isn’t time to act.” Kayne looks out over the concrete barriers into the night. “We need to wait a few more minutes.”

“Wait for what?” I growl, causing Kayne and Blayde to both look my way. Kayne’s ice-cold stare would stop a lesser man in his tracks. Ah, shit. I’ve fucked up.

“Wait for me to fucking tell you to go in. If you can’t control yourself, Rooster, you will go back to the clubhouse and wait.” Kayne’s voice is low and deadly. “I will not have you or anyone else disobeying my word.”

Properly chastised, I sit on the seat of my bike brooding. “Sorry, Prez. It won’t happen again.”

“You’re damn right it won’t.”

Kayne’s phone buzzes in his pocket. He pulls it out while stomping out his cigarette and reads the text. “The strip club and warehouse are clean. No sign of life at either. Everyone is on their way here.”

He pockets his phone and looks back at the office building. I join him and Blayde as we wait for the rest of my brothers to show up. There is a dark car parked out front that looks like the one Kingston uses. A shadow passes by one of the glass windows and Kayne stands still. We watch as a man comes out the front door carrying a bag. He loads it into the car sitting out front and heads back inside, not knowing he’s being stalked by us.

I wish I had my computers to hack into the camera feeds right about now. Kayne pulls out his phone and dials a number. “One dirty just exited the building then went back in.” He pauses while the person on the other end speaks. “Copy that.”

It's usually me Kayne is speaking with about this shit and I'm going crazy, wondering if Tatt is fucking with my shit or just doing what he's told.

Kayne smirks, "Don't worry, Rooster. Tatt isn't fucking with anything."

"Better not be or he'll have one less body part to tattoo." I sulk. Kayne and Blayde laugh at my expense. Fuckers.

The deep rumble of eight Harley's pierces the quiet night and I dismount my bike, waiting for my brothers to pull in and park. Once everyone arrives and is ready, we quickly and quietly make our way over to the office building. Kayne's phone vibrates with a text. He pulls it out and reads it.

"Tatt has the cameras on loop and we're ready to go. We need better communication than text messages." Kayne grumbles.

"I'll get on it once we get Alyssa back," I respond. It's something I've been wanting to do since the shit hit the fan with the Black Destroyers. I've been waiting for Kayne's approval.

Blayde squats down and pulls out his lock-picking set, I unholster my gun and wait for his word to enter with my back flush against the concrete building. I never thought I'd step foot inside this building again when I told Rockford to choke on his dick. My palms are sweaty, ready to get this shit done.

Blayde pops the lock and enters the building. Kayne follows, then Stryker. I'm right behind them with Ace hot on my heels and the rest of the brothers behind him. We all move across the marble floor, staying hidden in the shadows until we reach the door to the stairwell.

"The basement is down three flights and the office spaces are up four. How do you

want to do this Prez?" I ask.

"Rooster, Duke, Ace, Blayde, Stryker and I will take the basement. The rest of you spread out on the other floors and do a clean sweep." Kayne commands.

"You got it, Prez," Talon concedes.

"No one except Steam left alive," Kayne says opening the door.

"Aye." Everyone agrees.

We part ways and the five of us head down while the rest head up. Once we reach the bottom of the stairs, there's another door standing in front of us, teasing and taunting me. I reach for the knob when a scuffle above our heads draws our attention. A loud shout before a body comes barreling down the well-hole and lands with a solid thud at our feet. I bend down and turn him over.

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“It’s not one of ours,” I tell them. I check for a pulse and find none. Looking up I see Tex leaning over the well-hole six floors up.

“Sorry,” Tex whisper shouts.

“So much for being stealthy,” Blayde grumbles.

“Let’s finish this,” Kayne responds and shoves open the basement door. I’m the first one down the dark stairs and stop at the bottom. Looking around, I catch a flash of something out of the corner of my eyes behind the staircase. I quietly head in that direction with Ace behind me while Kayne, Stryker, Duke and Blayde spread out.

I reach the back of the stairwell and turn to the right. Suddenly small arms wrap around me, tackling us to the ground. I can tell it’s Alyssa by her size and scent. She wraps me in a chokehold squeezing as hard as she can.

“What the hell woman?” I growl out.

“Oh, shit,” Alyssa replies, releasing my neck. She climbs off me and I get off the ground with Ace’s help. He’s laughing his ass off and Alyssa scowls at him. “I’m so sorry, Rooster. I thought you were the men who took us.”

“It’s OK, spitfire. But next time warn a brother.” I pull Alyssa into my body, relishing her soft curves.

“I like that,” Alyssa says against my chest.

“Like what?”

“Spitfire. It’s a lot better than baby princess.” Alyssa grumbles. I can’t help but laugh.

She pulls her head away from my chest and stares into my eyes. My lips descend onto hers in a kiss that’s full of passion, love and raw unadulterated lust. She parts for my tongue and I groan when her flavor explodes in my mouth.

A throat clears behind us and I pull away, resting my forehead against Alyssa’s. “We’ll finish this later.” I rumble against her soft, succulent lips.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“Uh, I hate to break up the reunion but we have other matters to attend to,” Kayne says. I turn to look at him wondering why he’s talking in hushed tones. He’s standing underneath the stairwell and steps to the side.

Alyssa pulls herself out of my arms and goes to Kayne. She squats down and holds her hand out. “It’s OK, baby. They’re friends of mine. I promise.” Alyssa coaxes the little person hiding in the shadows.

A small hand reaches out of the darkness and wraps around Alyssa’s. Their skin is pale compared to Alyssa’s tan. The hand is small and unsteady as Alyssa reaches into the shadows and lifts them into her arms. She takes a step out from behind the staircase, whispering soothing words while rubbing her hand up and down the little person’s back. Once Alyssa steps out from the shadows and my gaze lands on a little girl with blonde hair, eyes as dark as mine, the shape of my nose and my face, I inhale a deep breath. My heart skips a beat when I realize I’m looking at my little girl. Alyssa was right, she is a spitting image of me, minus the blonde hair that she got from Phoebe. Everything else is me.

Holy shit.

Chapter

Seventeen

ALYSSA

I see the moment Rooster realizes who I'm holding. His dark eyes normally full of hate and vengeance take on a softer look that he usually saves for me. My heart skips a beat when he realizes this is his daughter, our daughter.

I step forward and introduce them. "Elsa," I pick her head off my shoulder. "I'd like you to meet Lucas. He's the special man I told you about earlier. Will you say hi?"

Elsa picks her head off my chest and looks Rooster over. He hasn't moved a muscle, watching and waiting to see how Elsa reacts. "Hi, Lucas."

Rooster clears his throat, "Hi, Elsa. I'm honored I get to finally meet you."

Elsa's face lights up in a beautiful smile and Rooster returns it. I can't hold back the tears as father and daughter meet for the first time. "Elsa, there is something else I want to tell you." My voice is hoarse from trying to hold onto my emotions.

"What mommy?" Her little voice is so trusting, I don't want to hurt her but I have to tell her.

"Lucas..." I trail off trying to find the words. "He's...well, I don't know how to tell you this."

"I'm more than a friend to your mom and as long as you approve, I'd like to be your



dad.” Rooster cuts me off.

Elsa scrunches her little nose. “But I already have a dad.”

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“You do?” Rooster looks confused and I don’t blame him. He doesn’t know I’ve already told Elsa a long time ago about him from what Phoebe told me.

“Yeah,” she nods her head. “His name is Lucas. Like yours.” Elsa grins at Rooster covering her mouth on a giggle and I swear if his pride gets any bigger, we’ll need to roll him up the stairs.

“You’re a pretty smart kid, you know that?” Rooster praises.

“Yup.” Elsa pops the p at the end. She lifts her hands to cradle my face and presses her nose against mine. She stares into my eyes, “Just like my mama, my mommy and my daddy.”

I try to hold back a sob but can’t. I smile at Elsa with trembling lips. “That’s right, baby.” I close my eyes and fight back the tears.

Kayne’s phone vibrates in his cut breaking the moment Rooster, Elsa and I are in. He reads whatever is sent to him and his face turns to stone. “I hate to break up this reunion, but we’ve got to go,” Kayne speaks in a low and gentle voice. “There’s still a threat out there and we don’t need to be caught with our dic..tionary’s out.”

Elsa giggles when Kayne corrects himself and I smirk. “She’s heard worse.” I shrug.

“But she doesn’t have to anymore,” Kayne growls, causing Elsa to tuck her little face in the crook of my neck.

“I appreciate it.” I acknowledge. “Elsa, baby, we’re going to take a trip. I want you to

keep your head tucked into my chest and don't open your eyes until I tell you to, OK?"

"Ok, mommy." Elsa tucks her head into my chest and we head toward the stairs. I'm exhausted from all the events but I stay strong.

Kayne and Blayde go up first with their guns drawn. Elsa and I are tucked between Rooster on my left, who has his arm around my back and Ace on my right. Duke and Stryker follow behind us, also holding their guns out. Elsa is getting heavy in my arms as we ascend the stairs but I'm not letting her go. I stop over a body and keep the palm of my hand over Elsa's face so she can't see it. Her arms are secured around my neck and her legs are wrapped around my waist.

We make it up four flights of stairs and my legs are burning from carrying the extra weight. Kayne holds up a fist and we all stop moving up the stairwell. My breathing is heavy as I wait for the all clear to move forward. Kayne and Blayde disappear through a door and I hold my breath in anticipation. Rooster rubs soothing motions on my back, helping me stay calm but my heart is pounding against my chest. He pulls me against his chest and kisses the top of my head. His lips linger briefly on my skin and I inhale his scent. I didn't think I'd get this time with Rooster again and my heart beats hard for other reasons.

I lift my head off Rooster's chest and stare into his dark eyes. I open my mouth to tell him how I feel when he kisses me. "Not now, Spitfire," Rooster says when he pulls his lips away from mine. "We'll have time later."

"Promise?" I ask.

"Promise. And for the record, I don't make promises I can't keep." Rooster kisses my lips one more time before Kayne and Blayde open the door.

“All clear.” Kayne looks at Rooster and something passes between them. By the subtle nod of Rooster’s head and the tension radiating off all these men, it can’t be good. “Stone is almost here with a ride for Alyssa and Elsa. Keep her head covered and don’t stop for anything.”

“Thank you, Kayne,” I whisper.

“Don’t thank me. It was Rooster who tracked you down.” Kayne dismisses my thanks and turns.

We quickly and quietly follow Kayne out the door and into the lobby. Our shoes squeak on the marble floors and the noise sets my teeth on edge. My heart hammers hard against my chest when I spot more dark figures heading our way. Before I can let out a scream of fright, Rooster settles his finger over my lips, making me catch my breath.

“It’s the rest of the guys that came with us.” He whispers against my head. I nod and squeeze my eyes shut causing tears to fall onto my cheeks. I’ve never been this scared in my entire life. I don’t want Kingston, Kozlov or Steam to capture me again. If they do, I probably won’t live long enough to realize what is happening.

We make it outside and I inhale a deep breath, letting the summer night air intoxicate my lungs. I’m almost out of energy but then Elsa shifts her hold and I dig deep for renewed strength. I can do this, we’re almost out of here. Kayne leads us to a parking garage and I spot their bikes parked in the back on the first floor. A dark SUV with tinted windows sits next to the bikes and Stone steps out. His dark hair hangs into his grey, cold eyes. His whole body is tense and his jaw is clenched tight. He’s the one prospect that scares the crap out of me, but I’d rather have him on my side than against me. I tighten my hold on Elsa and inhale a deep breath.

Stone opens the passenger back door of the SUV and I climb inside with Elsa tucked

safely in my lap. “You can open your eyes now, baby. We’re safe.”

Elsa opens her eyes, but she doesn’t move her head off my chest. She’s watching the activity in the garage with rapt attention. Her eyes are tracking Rooster’s every movement. He’s arguing with Kayne and Stone, his hands are moving everywhere. His body is tense and full of agitation. Once they’re done with their little spat, Rooster makes his way over to us. He inhales a deep breath and exhales it through his nose before he opens the door.

A genuine smile graces his lips as he looks from me to Elsa. “Stone is going to drive my ladies back to the Clubhouse and we’re right behind you. Once we get there, please take Elsa directly to my room. We have to get some things in order so she’s comfortable once we get there.”

I raise an eyebrow at Rooster and he winks. “Do you mean you’re actually going to put a lid on the bunnies there? I’d hate to have a repeat from the last time you ran into one.”

“Kind of. There’s going to be new rules put in place and if they don’t like it, I really don’t care. I have the ladies I need in my life.” Rooster leans in and plants a hefty kiss on my lips before he gently kisses the top of Elsa’s head. “I’ll see you at home.” Rooster shuts the door before I can respond. My lips tingle from his kiss and I can’t help but smile.

My man came and rescued me and our daughter.

Rooster sees me.

The car ride back to the Clubhouse was quiet and uneventful. Elsa fell asleep in my lap and I found myself falling asleep a few times on the way. Now that the danger is over, a sense of peace I haven’t felt in a long time overcomes me. Stone stays silent

the whole ride and I'm grateful for the reprieve.

He pulls down the long driveway and turns the car off. The rumble of bikes following us sets my heart on fire. I'm so close to being able to tell Rooster my feelings that I'm nervous. The SUV's door opens and Rooster is standing on the other side. He reaches in silently asking me if he can take Elsa and I nod my head. He lifts her with ease and then holds out his free hand for me to grab. I climb out of the SUV and take his offer. Together, the three of us head up the driveway and into the Clubhouse.

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Once we reach inside, I do a double take. The music is turned off, the T.V. is muted and no Patch Bunnies are to be seen. Poison, Siren, Holly and two of the lower members that stayed behind are waiting for us. Poison looks like she's going to explode from happiness but stops before she can wake Elsa.

"She's so precious," Poison whispers while she steps up to us and runs her hand gently down Elsa's head.

"Thank you," I whisper back.

"I'm going to take her upstairs and get her settled down. Are you coming, Alyssa?" Rooster asks. I nod my head and follow him up the stairs. He pulls his keys out of his pocket and hands them to me. I open his door and we enter his room. The last time I was in here Kingston's men attacked me out in the backyard. Rooster saved me then and brought me up here to his room. It seems like he's always saving me. It was the first time where I could let my guard down and sleep.

I take my time looking around his room. He has a King size bed in the center of the room with a nightstand on each side with a lantern on each. A big T.V. is mounted to the wall across from the bed and someone brought in a small mattress next to the side of the bed away from the door. Dark curtains cover the window and there are two doors next to the T.V.

I move the blankets back on the little bed and Rooster gently lays Elsa down and covers her with the blanket. He leans over Elsa and kisses her gently on the head. I do the same, watching her sleep for a moment before standing. Rooster opens one door and turns on a light, then dims it down. I peek inside and see it's an attached

bathroom. The other door must lead to his closet.

“What now?” I whisper.

“Now, we talk.” Rooster answers back. He grabs my hand, and the warmth from his palm goes straight to my heart. He leads me out of the bedroom, down the hallway and the stairs. We enter his communications room and Tatt is sitting in his chair, his eyes are searching the monitors in front of him. “Out.”

One word and Tatt stands up without saying a word, leaves the room and shuts the door behind him. No, thank you, no good job, just one word, out.

“What if Elsa wakes up and we’re not in there?” I ask.

“Got that covered.” Rooster holds up a monitor and turns it on. Elsa’s soft snore comes across and I relax. I flop into a chair, exhaustion overtaking my body. Rooster sits in the other chair and pulls mine to his. My legs spread around his big body.

“What’d you want to talk about?” I ask, playing coy. I know what I want to tell him, but my nerves are getting the best of me.

Rooster fidgets with the hem of my work shorts before he places his big hand on my thigh, gently caressing it. His fingers inch further up the apex of my thigh and all rational thoughts leave my brain.

“I have something I want to tell you.” Rooster’s voice turns deep and his dark eyes are boring into mine. “When you first came here, things were so screwed up. Poison found out her father wasn’t who she thought he was, Siren and Stryker just found out they were siblings and Holly was attacked by another club. You kept disappearing and bad shit kept happening. My mind went to a dark place, I’m not proud of when it comes to you. I thought you were causing all of these issues and I was desperate to



take you down.

“That was until the night I saw that man threaten you during Stryker and Holly’s party. When he caged you against the garage wall and threatened you, I knew in the bottom of my soul you weren’t the one causing all this trouble. You were scared and alone and I just knew you wouldn’t do that to Poison. So, I started digging.” Rooster hangs his head in shame.

I pick up his head and make him look me in the eyes. “Rooster, I’m not mad. Believe me, my own actions made me question myself. All those times I’d disappear on everyone, I was searching for Elsa. I’d get so close, only to have her ripped away from me. I didn’t know it was Kingston who had her until the night in the bar when his men killed Khandi.” There’s a memory nagging in the back of my mind about her and I can’t quite place it.

“You’re not pissed I went snooping?” Rooster asks.

I shake my head. “Not even a little bit. Secretly I was wishing you’d discover what was going on and find a way to help without me saying anything and putting Elsa’s life in more danger.”

Rooster pulls me onto his lap and I straddle his waist. His lips land on mine and I moan when he slips his tongue inside my mouth. His hardness pushes against my core and my body comes alive at how he makes me feel. When we break the kiss, I rest my forehead on Rooster’s breathing hard. “Thank you for saving us, Rooster.”

“Lucas.”

“What?”

“When I’m about to rock your world, I want you to call me by my God-given name.

The name my mama, God rest her soul, blessed me with, Lucas.”

“Thank you, Lucas.”

Rooster’s lips land on mine again and our teeth scrap together. We’re messy, we’re real, we’re us. He lifts my shirt over my head and tosses it behind him. He lavashes each breast with his tongue until I’m a whimpering mess. So much for talking. Rooster lifts me up and sets me on my feet. He pops the button of my shorts, sliding them down my legs. He kisses his way back up one leg until he’s at the apex of my thighs. His hot breath fanned across the spot where I need him the most. His tongue glides between my legs and I see stars.

“God, Lucas.” I moan, gripping his hair tight.

“That’s right, Spitfire, let it go.” Rooster groans against my heated core and I come undone.

He brings my body alive with every touch, and every look and I love him for it. Once I come back down, Lucas moves his way up my body. I unbutton and unzip his jeans and they fall down to his knees. He squeezes the hardness that protrudes through his boxer briefs and I lick my lips. Lucas drops his boxers, lifts me and settles my butt on his desk. His big body spreads my legs wide, opening myself to him.

He enters me slowly at first, while he kisses me and I groan. Lucas picks up the pace, slamming into me and I climb higher and higher. The words I want to tell him are on the tip of my tongue and I can’t hold them back any longer as he brings us over the edge. Together we fall into bliss.

“I love you, Lucas.” I close my eyes as the words leave my lips in a whisper and he stills inside of me.

I peek an eye open, nervous of his reaction and Lucas is grinning from ear to ear. “I love you, too, Alyssa.”

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I smile and my heart skips a beat. Lucas kisses me hard, giving me everything he has. Once we pull apart, I put my clothes back on and Lucas adjusts his. He gives me another kiss before he sits in his chair and pulls me onto his lap.

“Now that we got that out of the way, what can you tell me about what happened?” Lucas asks, his arms tighten around my waist and he kisses the top of my head.

I inhale a deep breath and tell him everything that happened from the bar, how I was helpless to stop them from hurting Khandi, to when I woke up in the basement, then how the three men left us alone and how Elsa and I were able to escape.

“What three men?” Lucas asks when I stop talking.

“A Russian they called Kozlov, Kingston and Steam. They had me blindfolded, tied, gagged and a rope around my neck that would choke me if I moved.” Suddenly a conversation pops in my head. “Holy shit.”

“What?”

“Kingston, he said it was a pity that his men raped and killed Khandi because she wasn’t supposed to be there but that’s what happens when you climb into bed with a man like him.”

“Are you sure?” Lucas asks, he turns us toward his computers and his fingers come around me, flying over his keys.

“Positive.” I watch with rapt attention as his screens turn from a bunch of numbers

and letters to cameras all over the city. “Whoa,” I exclaim in shock.

Lucas smirks, kisses the top of my head and continues entering in codes and numbers. My brain can’t keep up with what he’s doing and it’s pretty overwhelming. Images flash across the screens until his computer beeps.

“Gotcha, fucker.” Lucas’ body is filled with tension as an image of Khandi, Kingston, Kozlov and Steam fills the monitor. They’re in the bar.

Chapter

Eighteen

ROOSTER

I still haven’t told Alyssa Kingston, Kozlov and Steam weren’t there when we arrived. I don’t want her to freak out and start doing stupid shit. They must have snuck out another door not on a camera while we entered from the front. The man Duke threw over the edge was one of Kingston’s but the fucker wasn’t in sight.

There was something we were missing and thanks to Alyssa, I think we found it. When the image of the three men and Khandi at our bar the day they took Alyssa popped up, I knew we had them now. They’ve been right under our noses the entire time and fury builds in my gut.

“Thank you, Spitfire. You just helped me figure this out.” I kiss Alyssa on the cheek. She raises from my lap, stretching her back, exhaustion from the last couple of days evident in the way she moves. I have the urge to slap her ass in those booty shorts and I’m hard again. Fuck, she’s killing me.

Alyssa leans over my chair so our noses are touching. “You’re welcome, Lucas. I’m

going to lie down with Elsa if you don't need me anymore."

"Babe, I will always need you. Never forget that." I squeeze her ass as Alyssa's lips land on mine and I pull her back onto my lap. She grinds her core into the hardness behind my jeans and I swallow her moan.

She pulls back and stares into my eyes. "I love you, Lucas."

"I love you, too, Alyssa. Get some sleep and I'll be up as soon as I can." I kiss her one last time and watch her as she walks out of my communications room and shuts the door behind her.

Looking at the clock on the wall, it's almost three a.m. and I haven't slept in over forty-eight hours but there's shit to get done and I'll sleep when this is over. I get back to work and send a text to Kayne and he responds immediately. Then I text all my brothers and tell them Church in thirty. I search for more images to see how they're getting into the bar undetected and that's when I see the glitch on the screen. The fucker hacked into my system and has been running a loop each time they're there.

"Son of a bitch." I growl. I pull up all the feeds and begin searching for the same glitch. Once I find several of them, I compare them to the camera feeds.

Rising from my seat, I collect everything I need and head to the Chapel. I'm the first one in here and take a moment to center myself. I run my fingers over the oak table and a sense of melancholy takes over. This table has held our secrets, sheltered our tears and revived our lives. I wouldn't be here today if the Savage Saints didn't take me in when they did.

Thankful for having this opportunity and having a family again, I take my seat, fire up my laptop and wait for everyone else to file in. Kayne and Blayde are the first

ones to enter. They don't say anything as they take their seats.

I clear my throat and look directly at Kayne. "I'd like to say something before anyone else comes in."

Kayne lights up a cigarette and exhales before motioning for me to continue.

"I want to say, thank you." I clear my throat from the emotions overtaking me. "Thank you for bringing me into your family and giving me this opportunity to do what I love. I also want to thank you for kicking me in the ass when I needed it when it came to Alyssa. Looking back now, if I had pursued her in the beginning, I would have broken her heart. Instead, she healed mine and tonight, I want to make it official as making her my Ol' Lady."

"Of course." Kayne nods his head, flicking the ash into the ashtray. "I'll get the prospects to get shit around for your Ol' Lady party and have Talon ready for her to get your ink. Remember, in return, you have to get her ink too." Kayne smirks.

I think back to when Kayne and Blayde got their Ol' Ladies ink and I release a chuckle. "As long as it isn't some dainty shit."

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“Good luck with that, brother.” Blayde slaps his hand on the table with a grin. “She is Poison’s sister and she is dainty.” Blayde winks and everyone else piles in the Chapel.

Stryker takes his seat across from Blayde, on Kayne’s right. Axel next to him, Tex next to Axe and Maddox next to him with Talon taking the last spot, where Poison used to sit but is now vacated until further notice. Ace sits next to me, giving me a fist bump. Damon and Duke take their seats next to Ace and once everyone is seated, Kayne slams the gavel on the table.

“Brothers, Rooster has some news. After we get this taken care of, we’ll get some much needed sleep and go back at it tomorrow.”

“I learned tonight that Khandi, our barmaid was sleeping with Kingston. I searched for images of Khandi, Kingston, Kozlov and Steam and I found something.” I turn my laptop so everyone can see what I found. “They hacked into my surveillance system every three days at two p.m., played a continuous loop of the same image for two hours over the last three weeks. Khandi would get to the bar to get it ready to open, the feed would change and the three other men would come in and do who the fuck knows. I didn’t catch it because my programs weren’t set up to check for forward hackers and this loop was almost flawless to the naked eye. I just caught it tonight by the glitch at the top of the screen.” I point to where the glitch is. It’s a half a millisecond and anyone who isn’t trained to see this, wouldn’t.

“From the date I gathered, they were there two days ago, so that means this afternoon they’ll be back and we need to be ready for them. I’ll keep the security the way it is now, so they don’t suspect us. But once we catch them and this is over, I am



tightening my programs. No one will ever penetrate my systems again.” The fury in my voice is overpowering. I’m beyond pissed off. I’m downright murderous.

“What do we think they’re doing in there?” Tex asks.

“Who the fuck knows, but we are going to find out.” Kayne slams his fist on the table. “Everyone, get some sleep and we’ll be back at it again tomorrow. I want kickstands up at noon. We’re going to end these evading fuckers once and for all. Remember, I want Steam brought back here. He doesn’t have to be in one piece, but I want his ass alive for the time being. He betrayed the patch he wears and we’re going to make him suffer.” His gavel comes down. “Dismissed.”

Everyone stands up to file out when Kayne speaks again. “Oh, and one more thing, Maddox, get the prospects to get shit ready for an Ol’ Lady party tonight. Rooster is finally becoming a man. Ace, keep the Patch Bunnies in check. Now that there’s a kid here, we need to shield her from as much as we can.”

“You got it, Prez.” Maddox slaps me on the back, congratulating me before leaving. Everyone else does the same and pride fills my chest. Ace comes up last and gives me a bro hug.

“Never thought I’d see the day, brother, but Alyssa looks good on you.” He winks and exits the Chapel.

I climb the stairs and head to my room knowing I’m one lucky son of a bitch. I have the best brotherhood anyone could ask for, a spitfire, feisty Ol’ Lady and a beautiful daughter whom I’m excited to get to know. I open and close my door quietly and tiptoe into the bathroom. Before I shut the door, I spot Alyssa curled up around Elsa, holding her close on our bed. Her long blonde hair is fanned out behind her and the stress from the day is erased from her delicate face. Parts of Elsa’s blonde hair is covering her face as she sleeps soundly. Her little mouth partway opened and soft

snores cut through the quiet room.

Softly closing the bathroom door, I strip out of my clothes. I hang my cut on the hook on the bathroom door and discard all the rest in the hamper next to the towels. I start the shower and let the steam fill the bathroom before stepping inside. Once inside, I let the hot water beat down on my back, working the kinks out of my neck. I dunk my head under the spray and hear the bathroom door open and quietly click shut.

I can feel Alyssa in here before I see her. She discards her clothes and steps in behind me. Her slender fingers wrap around my waist while her cheek rests on my back. A soft sigh leaves her plump lips and skates across my skin. I lift my head out of the stream of water and turn around. Alyssa has her hair pulled up on top of her head and she's biting her bottom lip as she looks me up and down. I'm fully hard again and little brain wants in on some Alyssa action.

Alyssa steps forward until we're chest to chest. I cradle her face in the palms of my hands and lean down to brush my lips against hers. My tongue runs along the seam of her lips, asking for access. She opens and allows me inside. I pick Alyssa up and she wraps her legs around my waist, her heated core brushing against my engorged member. A moan rumbles up my chest while Alyssa wiggles her hips and I slip inside of her heat. My fingers dig into her ass as she bucks against me. Up and down, she rides me hard and fast.

"I love you, Spitfire." I tell her on a groan as she squeezes me tight.

"I love you, Lucas." Alyssa moans against my lips. I plunge in and out of her heat until we both fall over the edge, moans of ecstasy float around us. Once I'm soft, I pull out of Alyssa's heat and wash her body. I kiss my way up one leg and then the other until my face is nestled against her core. I swipe my tongue along her seam and Alyssa groans. My dick grows from her taste and I can't get enough of this woman. I lick and suck until she comes unraveled again. Once she comes back down, I kiss my

way up the rest of her body until my face is lined with hers.

“You’re driving me crazy, Spitfire, but I can’t get enough of you.” I say against her lips.

“I never thought it’d be this way, Lucas.” Alyssa cups my cheeks in her palms so I’m looking into her eyes. “I love the way you make me feel alive and wanted. I love the way you see me. No one has ever looked at me the way you do and I don’t ever want this feeling to go away.”

“If I have my way, it will never go away. I want to keep you for the rest of our lives and then together afterword. If you die, I die.” I confess.

Tears flow down Alyssa’s cheeks and a bright smile lights up her face. “If you die, I die.”

Alyssa rests her head on my chest until the water turns cold and we’re forced to get out. We dry each other off and during the process I’m turned on yet, again. Alyssa sinks to her knees and pulls me into her mouth. She hollows out her cheeks and sheathes me, sucking and licking until I explode.

“Fuck.” I growl while I spasm down her throat. Alyssa takes every drop I have to offer and does it with a smile on her face. “That’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen, except when you’re coming from my touch.” I pant.

Alyssa giggles and climbs to her feet. “We should really get some more sleep.” She responds while yawning and covering her mouth with her hand.

I throw on a pair of basketball shorts and Alyssa puts on a tiny pair of silk shorts and thin tank top. Together we make our way into my bedroom and lay down. I pull Alyssa into my chest and she pulls Elsa into hers. My arms wrap around both my

girls and I breathe in her scent before we drift off to sleep.

## Chapter

### Nineteen

#### ROOSTER

Apounding on my door pulls me from a deep sleep. I crack open my gritty eyes and my hands touch two small bodies. Alyssa and Elsa are still sound asleep. I grab my phone off the nightstand and check the time. Ten a.m. Holy shit.

Another knock comes from my bedroom door and I pull my body away from the warmth of my girls. I open the door before the asshole on the other side can knock again. I don't want whoever this is waking my girls up.

“What the fuck.” I grumble.

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Ace is standing on the other side of the door with a shit eating grin on his face. “Prez wanted me to make sure you’re up. Kickstands up at noon.”

“Thanks, bro. I’ll be down soon.” Ace turns to leave but I stop him. “Do you think this will ever end?”

“God I hope so, brother. We all need a break.” Ace responds. The look in his eyes tells me he is struggling with something.

“What’s going on, Ace?” I ask stepping into the hallway, closing the door behind me.

Ace shakes his head, “I’m having a tough time adjusting to all of this and I don’t know what to do. I’m missing my brother likecrazy and I’m itching to fight, even though I know I can’t right now. Not with the way my body has been reacting lately. This last fight, I wasn’t sure if I was going to pull myself out of the darkness. I’m on edge and antsy.”

Shit, I knew he was struggling but I didn’t know how much. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Nah, I’ll figure it out on my own.” Ace shakes his head and unclenches his fists. “Once we end these motherfuckers, then I can focus on getting my mind right again. Hey, by the way, once we get Kingston and Steam squared away, Tex has a job for us to do. It’ll be a two-day run. Are you up for it?”

“Yeah, brother, count me in.” I slap him on the back. “Seriously though, when you’re ready to battle this thing, let me know. I will always have your back.”

“Thanks, brother. I will.” Ace acknowledges. He walks down the hallway to his room and I go back into mine. I quietly close the door and Alyssa stirs. Her pretty emerald eyes open and she offers me a sleepy smile.

“Hey, what time is it?” she asks, her voice husky from sleep.

“Ten a.m. Are you ready to get up and start the day? I have to leave at noon and won’t be back for a few hours.” I walk to the side of the bed and sit down next to Alyssa.

Alyssa stretches and yawns. “Yeah, let me get Elsa up and we can go down together.”

“Ok, I’m going to change.” I lean over the bed and kiss Alyssa on the lips.

“Hmm...” she mumbles, “I like that good morning.”

“Woman, I have other ways I’d like to wake you up.” I nuzzle Alyssa’s neck with my nose, inhaling her sweet scent. My eyes drift to Elsa who’s now awake and watching us with a grin on her little face. “But unfortunately, I can’t at the moment.”

Alyssa’s gaze lands on our little girl and Elsa giggles. “Hey, sunshine. Are you hungry?” Elsa nods her head. “Ok, let’s get up and head downstairs for some food. Do you want to know a secret?”

“Yes,” Elsa nods her head.

“I know the cook and she makes delicious food.” Alyssa winks at Elsa. Elsa covers a giggle. “And I have it on good authority that she can make Minnie Mouse pancakes. Does that sound yummy?” Elsa nods her head and Alyssa’s smile lights up the room. “Then go use the bathroom, wash your face and we’ll go downstairs for some yummy grub.”

My heart soars from the way Alyssa takes care of Elsa. She's so beautiful when she puts Elsa's needs first and knows just the right things to say to her. It makes me want to fill her belly with a whole football team of our kids. I must be staring like an idiot because Elsa looks at me with a wrinkled brow.

"Are you ok, daddy?" Elsa quietly asks.

And my heart just flew out of my chest and landed in the palm of Elsa's hands. The need to protect her and keep her safe hits me like a ton of bricks. "I'm good, sweet pea. I'm good."

Elsa gets up and heads into the bathroom. Once the door clicks shut, I'm on Alyssa. "God, the things you do drive me crazy. I want to stay buried inside of you for the rest of our lives." I kiss her lips, her chin, her cheeks, down the column of her neck until I get to the valley of her heaving breasts.

"That sounds wonderful, Lucas. But there is one minor problem with your plan." Alyssa's voice is husky with need.

I stop kissing her chest and stare up at her through the valley of her chest. "What's wrong with my plan?" I pout.

The toilet flushes and the faucet turns on. Elsa is singing to herself as she washes up. "That's what's wrong with your plan. It would be awkward to stay wrapped around you like that when she's around."

I release a low groan that vibrates against Alyssa's skin. "Fine. But I get the nights and any stolen moments available."

"Deal." Alyssa pulls my face up to hers so our lips touch. "But right now isn't a stolen moment. If I've counted right, Elsa will be turning the water off and coming

out here in five seconds. You need to let me up so I can feed our little girl.” As soon as Alyssa says it, the water turns off and the doorknob turns. I quickly right Alyssa’s clothes and let her get up.

She sashays to the bathroom door, putting an extra wiggle in her ass and I’m instantly hard. I release a deep breath and exhale it harshly. Elsa opens the door and Alyssa kisses her on the head before going into the bathroom and closing it behind her. I want to join her but this little mini me is watching me carefully. Elsa still doesn’t trust me or anyone besides Alyssa and I don’t blame her. She’s been through more in her young life than any grown adult has ever. And this burning need deep in my gut makes me want to take all the bad away.

I stand and gather some clothes from my dresser, feeling awkward as fuck. I see what Elsa has on and the shirt she’s wearing is torn and dirty along with the pants. I don’t have any pants to give her that would fit but I do have a t-shirt for her we can make work. I pull out a black Savage Saints MC shirt and bring it over to her.

I sit on the side of my bed, next to her sitting on her bed so we’re facing each other. “Hey, Sweet Pea. I have this for you to wear and once I get back from some business I have to do, I’m going to take you shopping to get new clothes. How does that sound?” I hand her the t-shirt and she carefully takes it from my hands. “Elsa, honey, you are safe here. I won’t let anyone hurt you again.”



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She keeps her eyes down on the shirt in her hand and tries not to cry. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

Elsa shakes her head her tears falling faster down her cheeks. “I’m sorry.” Elsa whispers.

“Sorry for what?”

“Crying. Only bad girl’s cry.” Her voice hitches on the last part.

Oh fuck no. Anger pours through my body and rage bubbles under the surface of my skin but I tamp it down to soothe my little girl in front of me. “Is it ok if I hug you?” I ask.

Elsa nods her head and I gather her into my arms. She comes willingly, burying her face in my neck. I smooth her hair and gently rub her back. “It’s ok, baby. You can cry all you want. I won’t ever make you feel like a bad girl. You’re my angel.” My voice chokes on the last part and I swallow the lump in my throat. “I will protect you and keep you safe for the rest of your life. You will never have to worry about anything bad happening to you ever again.”

Elsa’s grip tightens around my neck as she continues to cry and I let her soak my shirt, holding back my own tears. Alyssa quietly comes out of the bathroom and sits next to us. “Elsa, baby.” She soothes. “Do you remember what I’ve always promised you?”

Elsa picks her head up from my neck and nods it, tears falling down her cheeks.

“Then you know Lucas will never harm us, right?” Elsa nods her head again and wipes away her tears and Alyssa continues. “I know it’s hard to wrap your head around, baby, but we’re safe here. Lucas will lay down his life for you. He will do everything in his power to keep you safe. Do you believe him?”

“Yes, mommy.” Elsa wipes away her tears and sniffs. “I’m happy we’re finally here. I do feel safe, I just don’t know how to act.”

“Act like yourself. We love you no matter what. Just be you and everyone else will love you just as much.” Alyssa says with a trembling smile.

“OK, thank you mommy.” Elsa kisses Alyssa on the cheek before they go into the bathroom to change Elsa’s shirt.

With my hands on my knees and my head bowed, I heave a deep breath, trying to get my emotions under control. Once the anger and rage pass, I’m filled with sadness for my daughter. I tamp that down too and vow to always protect her. Even if I drive her nuts when she gets older, I will do everything in my power to keep her safe, happy and secure. No one will ever break her heart or try to break her spirit ever again.

Chapter

Twenty

ROOSTER

Elsa and Alyssa are sitting at the kitchen table with Poison, Siren and Holly. They’re all laughing, eating and enjoying each other’s company. Worry creeps into my mind about leaving my girls here while we take care of Steam and Kingston but I shove it away. I have this place secure and monitored and no one will be able to get to them without one of us knowing about it.

I'm trusting Tatt to watch our backs while we ride out. Normally, I'd stay here, but this job is personal and I refuse to sit on the sidelines for it. Speaking of Tatt, he is sitting at the island and I motion for him to join me in my communications room. He sets his coffee cup down and follows me out. I unlock and open the door, allowing him to enter first.

Taking a seat at the monitors, I fire them up and get them running. All ten screens come to life and I put the feeds for the Clubhouse on five of them. One for the pole barn off to the side of the house, the driveway leading to the Clubhouse, the Clubhouse itself and the backdoor leading to the garage behind the Clubhouse. The last one is a continuous loop for the other four feeds. Then I pull up the bar feeds, making sure the hack system is in place.

I point to a screen on the desk. "Tatt, once their hacker logs in to take our feeds, our security monitor will notify us they're in. Then I wrote a program that overrides their security to gain control back, but the catch is, they won't know we hacked their hack. All you have to do is make sure the feeds are current."

"How will I know that if they hacked in?" Tatt asks, looking at everything set up.

"That's the beauty of my program. On their end, it'll show the little blip on the top right of the screen that I showed you all the other night when I discovered it. On our end, it won't be there. If you do see it, call me ASAP." I respond. I pull up the rest of the bar security feeds on the remaining monitors and let them run. "I'm trusting you to have our backs out there and to watch our girls. If they get the drop on us because you fucked up, then there will be hell to pay. Are we clear?"

"Got it, Rooster. I won't let anything happen to any of you on my watch." Tatt promises.

"Good. If this works out, I might have some jobs for you in the future." I slap him on

the back and exit my communications room, feeling better about leaving Tatt at the helm of the operation.

I make my way back to the kitchen and lean against the doorframe, watching my girls. Elsa is making funny faces at Poison and Poison is giving them right back to her. Alyssa is smiling, which makes me grin. Laughter and giggles filter around while I watch and a sense of peace washes over me. Alyssa looks up from watching Elsa and our eyes connect. She offers me a sexy smile and I wink at her in return.

Suddenly the lightness on Alyssa's face disappears when a warm, slender hand wraps around my waist. My body stiffens from the touch and Alyssa is out of her chair in an instant. Her emerald gaze, which normally has a calming effect on me, is hardened and murderous.

"Rooster, baby, where have you been?" Trixie's nasally voice whispers from behind me and her hand inches lower to my flaccid dick. She cannot see Alyssa on the hunt because Trixie is pressed against my back. I don't respond to Trixie as Alyssa approaches us. "Come on, I've missed you, Rooster. Don't you want to have some fun?" She says the last part right when Alyssa steps up to us.

"I would remove your hand from my body, Trixie." I raise an eyebrow, waiting to see what Alyssa does. She has to show these Patch Bunnies not to mess with her man, I can't do it for her or they will continue to walk all over my Ol' Lady.

Alyssa has a scowl on her beautiful face and I hold my hands up, telling her, I'm not instigating this and do your worst. Alyssa nods her head once and leans in real close. I lean forward in anticipation of what she'll do. Call me a masochist, but this woman turns me on no matter what she says or does. She reaches between us and grabs Trixie's fingers, bending them back and making her move into the next room, away from little eyes. I step out of the way, ready to intervene if necessary.

“Ouch, what the fuck!” Trixie whines.

“Do you like your fingers, bitch?” Alyssa snarls through clenched teeth. She pulls them back harder, making Trixie drop to her knees. Siren stays with Elsa, keeping her distracted at the table while Poison approaches us with her arms crossed over her chest, glaring at Trixie. Ready to back her sister up if she needs it.

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“Let go of me, cunt.” Trixie is trying to fight back, but Alyssa has the upper hand, literally.

Alyssa’s grip on Trixie doesn’t let up as she leans over her. “Don’t ever touch my man again, Trixie or you’ll be picking your teeth off the floor.” She pulls back harder and Trixie whimpers in pain. “Are. We. Clear?” Alyssa asks through clenched teeth.

“Yes. Fuck, let go of me.” Trixie cries.

“Make sure to tell your littlebunnies,that Rooster is off limits for the rest of your skanky lives. And if any of you touch what’s mine again, I will chop off your fingers and shove them up your assess.” She releases Trixie with a shove and Trixie crawls away, holding her hand to her fake chest.

“That was the hottest thing I’ve ever witnessed.” I don’t take my eyes off Alyssa as I pull her against my body. I’m hard and willing to take her upstairs now.

“Hmm... Don’t be getting any ideas, mister, or my threat goes to you too.” Alyssa responds against my lips.

“And I’m out of here. I’m finally able to keep food down, I don’t need to see this and bring it all back up.” Poison says behind us, rubbing her belly. It’s getting bigger now and I can definitely tell she’s pregnant.

“Hey, Poison,” I say stopping her from leaving. She raises a blonde eyebrow, questioning me. “Congratulations on having a baby Savage. I’m happy for you and Kayne.”

A smile graces Poison's lips. "Thank you, Rooster. I appreciate it. But remember, if you hurt my sister, pregnant or not, I will cut you, pour rubbing alcohol in your wounds and watch the life drain slowly from your body." Poison threatens me with a smile on her face and that freaks me out the most.

"Duly noted, stored and put away for later." I mock salute her, even though she does scare the shit out of me sometimes.

"Poison, be nice," Alyssa chides.

"Baby sister, I'm trying to look out for you." Poison says, the grin not leaving her face.

"Thank you, sis. If I need your torturing expertise, I will let you know." Alyssa kisses me hard and I wrap my arms around her waist, picking her up. Alyssa wraps her legs around my waist and Poison quietly leaves us alone.

"You drive me crazy, woman," I growl against her lips. Alyssa giggles against my lips and I groan. I'm hard beneath the zipper of my jeans but a throat clearing behind us stops me from taking Alyssa upstairs and ravishing her body.

"Kickstands up in five." Kayne laughs behind me and strolls out the front door with Poison.

I release a loud groan and set Alyssa back on her feet. Ace, Blayze, Stryker, Stone, Duke, Butch and Talon walk past us, out the front door and that's my cue it's time to leave. We're leaving Maddox, Tatt, Damon and the prospects here to watch over the Clubhouse. The two detectives on our payroll, Tara Kendricks and Vince Owens, are going to drive by to make sure everything is fine while we're out.

"Come see me off?" I ask, my lips on Alyssa's blushing forehead.

“Of course,” she replies.

I grab her hand and together we walk out the front door. The sun is high in the sky and the temperature is warm against my skin. I approach my bike and slide onto the seat. Forgoing a helmet in this heat, I wrap a Savage Saints MC bandana around my head. Alyssa is standing next to me, Poison is with Kayne, Siren is with Blayde and Holly is with Stryker. Kayne’s mom, Cougar has a hold of Elsa’s hand, making her laugh and giggle while we say our goodbyes. She has changed a lot since she first got here and caused a lot of issues for Kayne. Since Poison came into Kayne’s life, Cougar has been acting like a mother, instead of a Patch Bunny.

I wrap my arm around Alyssa, pulling her against me. “Be safe.” Alyssa tells me with worry in her eyes.

I kiss her hard and pull back before I say fuck it and not go. Maybe have another recap in my communications room. “I will. I love you, Spitfire.”

Alyssa’s dainty fingers grip my face. “I love you, too, Lucas.” She kisses me again before motioning for Cougar to bring Elsa to us. She hands her over with a smile on her weathered face.

I hug Elsa and give her a small kiss on the forehead. “Bye Sweat Pea. Be good for mommy and I’ll see you soon.”

Giggles erupt around us and I look around. All the women are swooning and my brothers are grumbling about Rooster being whipped. I shrug my shoulders and my gaze lands back on Alyssa. She’s radiating under the hot sun and my heart skips a beat. God she’s beautiful.

I pull her back against me and kiss her again.



“Alright, let’s roll out.” Kayne shouts after a piercing whistle.

“See you soon, Spitfire.”

“Be safe, Lucas.” I offer Alyssa a wink, fire up my bike and the nine of us roll down the driveway.

Fifteen minutes later, we pull behind the bar and hide our bikes. My nerves are on edge as we make our way into the bar through the back door. I pass the storage room and memories of when my and Alyssa’s relationship changed fill my head. I smile to myself, ready to get this show on the road and end these motherfuckers.

We’re all strategically sitting inside the bar for two hours before Kayne’s phone beeps in his pocket. He pulls it out and reads the text. “Showtime, brothers. Kingston and Steam are heading our way with three bodyguards.” Kayne pockets his phone and sits on a barstool at the bar. Blayde is next to him and they both have a glass of whiskey in their hands but we all know Kayne’s is for show. Kayne hasn’t had a drop of liquor since he came here and now that Poison is pregnant, he will never relapse again.

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Ace and Stryker have taken up a spot outside around the corner and will be upon Kingston and Steam as soon as they reach the door, preventing them from hightailing it out of here.

Duke, Stone and Butch are at the door that leads from the bar to the back offices and storage room. Talon is next to me in case I lose my shit and I'm standing by the DJ booth, in the spot where Kingston's two men tried to rape my woman. I tighten my hold on my .40 caliber gun nestled in my cut, ready to let bullets fly. Rage consumes my every pore as the doorhandle jiggles and the door opens wide.

We don't say a word or even breath as the five men come strolling into our bar like they own the place. "Steam, Adam will be here in thirty with the next shipment." Kingston says. His voice trails off when he spots Kayne and Blayde.

"Fancy meeting you here." Kayne teases. He sets his glass of whiskey on the bar top. "Please, since you are trying to fuck us over, come sit down and have a drink with me."

Steam tries backing out of the doorway when a gun is pressed to his temple. He raises his arms high above his head. "Fuck." Steam murmurs.

"Fuck is right, Steam. You betrayed the patch and our colors. Now sit the fuck down." The fury in Kayne's voice has me grinning from ear to ear. The rest of my brothers fill the bar area with their guns drawn on the five unsuspecting men, disarming the guards Kingston and Steam brought. They're all on their knees with their hands on their heads. Duke and Stone quickly tie their wrists and feet. I sneak behind them until I'm directly behind Kingston.

I pull out my gun when Kingston tries to step away and place it on the back of his head. “Try me, motherfucker and I will end you right now.” Dean Kingston raises his hands high above his head. “Get on your fucking knees.” Dean hesitates and I clock him on the side of the head making him bleed. “Now!”

Rage is burning inside of me and I’m trying hard not to blow his brains out. Dean Kingston complies and drops to his knees, his pristine suit getting wrinkly and stained. The blood from where I hit him drips onto his neatly tailored dress shirt. By the time I’m finished with him, the stains on his knees will be the last thing he needs to worry about.

Steam slowly bellies up to the bar and stands next to Kayne. He knows he isn’t getting out of this but Steam will try to intimidate Kayne. He grabs the glass sitting on the counter and downs it in one gulp. He places it top down and sways a little.

“Look, Kayne, I’m sure we can make a deal here. I’ve treated you like a son since you first patched in and your father, God rest his soul, took his last breath.” Steam tries to talk his way out of this but mentioning Kayne’s father is a big hell no.

Kayne’s fingers grip his cane tightly, his face turns red and he slowly moves his head in Steam’s direction. I swallow hard and discreetly cover my balls with the look Kayne gives Steam. When Kayne speaks, his voice is low and deadly. “God rest his soul?”

“Yeah, what happened to Switch was a tragic accident. Can I get another?” He motions for someone to give him another shot of whisky.

“God rest his soul?” The deeper Kayne’s voice gets, the tighter his grip gets.

“Do you have a fucking parrot, Kayne?” Steam asks without looking in Kayne’s direction.

“God. Rest. This. Motherfucker.” Kayne brings the sharp end of his cane down onto the back of Steam’s thigh, the teeth digging into Steam’s flesh. He releases a startled cry when Kayne pulls his weapon back and hits him again, this time Kayne doesn’t use the teeth of his cane. Blood is flying everywhere while Kayne beats Steam. Steam’s body is crumpled on the floor of the bar, his breathing is shallow.

Kayne grabs Steam’s hair and yanks it back so Steam is looking directly into Kayne’s deadly blue eyes. “You. Killed. My. Father. Now I’m going to kill you.” He releases Steam’s head, slamming it on the floor. “Tie this motherfucker up on the bar. He doesn’t deserve to wear our patches.”

Stone, Butch and Blayde lift Steam up and slams his body onto the bar top, face down. Stryker quickly ties his hands above his head, secured to the sturdy wood and Duke ties his feet. Kayne strips Steam of his cut and places it on a stool. Then he slices Steam’s shirt off, not caring if he knicks his skin revealing the huge Savage Saints MC tattoo on Steam’s back.

When a member betrays our patch and our Club, there is no mercy. First we burn off the tattoos that represents our club. Then, if the guy survives, we have a little fun making him bleed until all his blood drains from his body. Normally, any man can’t live past the burning of his flesh, but some have and that’s when Butch comes to play. It’s his favorite thing to do.

“Blow torch.” Kayne doesn’t shout, just quietly demands with his hand held out. Blayde places the handheld blow torch in Kayne’s palm and lights it for him. “Steam, I Kayne, of the Savage Saints MC, find you guilty of the murder of my father Switch and of the skin trade with the Russian, Mikhail Kozlov. May the Devil not have mercy on your soul.”

Steam’s eyes widen and he starts begging for his life, but Kayne isn’t having any of it. He nods to Stryker and Stryker shoves a gag in Steam’s mouth. Kayne gets to work

burning the tattoo off of Steam's flesh. The smell is putrid and I stifle a gag. Swallowing back the vomit working its way up my throat, I stand strong and watch with satisfaction that Kayne is getting his retribution that's been years in the making. Kingston on the other hand had vomited all over the floor once the flame touched Steam's skin and the smell made its way over to us.

Once Kayne is done melting Steam's skin off, he steps back and turns the blowtorch off. He doesn't take his deadly glare off Steam. "Check is pulse."

Butch steps forward with a glint in his eyes and places two fingers on Steam's neck. "It's faint but there."

"Take him to the repair shop, finish him off and get rid of the body." Kayne turns to me, "Rooster, when we get back, I want a message sent out that Steam is no longer in charge and Savage Saints MC, Detroit has a new leader."

"You got it Prez." I nod my head.

"Who's the new leader?" Blayde questions, his brows furrowed.

"Kick." Kayne says with a wide grin. "We'll ride down, make the announcement and ride back. Bring the women with us too. So, the new Prez can finally meet the woman who captured his son's heart."

Fuck, this is exactly what we need. But we have one more piece of business to handle and he's currently passed out at my feet in his own vomit.

"What are we going to do with him?" I ask, kicking Kingston.

"Is all his money drained and product moved to our warehouse?" Kayne counters.

“Yup.” I answer popping the P.

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“Then end him however you see fit.” Kayne shrugs his shoulders and I grin from ear to ear.

I wake Kingston up with a kick to his guts. He slowly sits up, shaking his head. I squat down so we’re face to face and he sees it’s me that’s going to end his life. I pull out my Rooster knife and press it against Kingston’s throat. “It’s payback time, motherfucker and I am sending you to rot in hell. And I know about you being flat ass broke. Guess who’s responsible for that one.” I raise an eyebrow. “Me, asshole.” I sink my blade into Kingston’s neck and watch as the life drains from his eyes and his blood flows down his dress shirt.

A loud crash comes from the back and Duke shoves Mikhail Kozlov face first onto the floor. “Found this one trying to sneak inside.”

Who knew fate would intervene like this? Not only did I find my peace ending these motherfuckers, but now Alyssa can also get hers too.

Chapter

Twenty-One

ALYSSA

Poison, Siren, Holly, even Kayne’s mother, Cougar and I played with Elsa all day long while we waited for the guys to return. Hours passed with no word from them and worry starts to creep into my mind. At one point, Holly made dinner and we all ate in silence. Night has fallen, Elsa’s eyes are drooping, and she keeps falling asleep

watching a movie on Disney plus.

I pick Elsa up and carry her up the stairs and into our room. Her head nestled into the crook of my neck, I carefully lay her down on her bed and turn the TV on. Finding the movie she was watching, I hit play from the beginning and turn the volume down.

Pulling out my phone, I check for anything from Lucas, but there is nothing. No text, no emoji, nothing but silence and that worries me the most. I walk into the bathroom and silently close the door. Sitting on the countertop, I send a text to Lucas. I know he's busy, but I need my mind at ease.

Me: It's getting late and I wanted to check on you. Is everything OK?

I wait until the message says delivered before I turn the screen off. Not wanting to bethatwoman, I put my earbuds in, turn on my music and busy myself cleaning the bathroom. I know I won't be able to sleep until Lucas is back home safely.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, making me jump. I pull it out and click on the screen. It's a message from Lucas.

Sexy lover: Everything is fine. I'll be home soon. Love you. XX

Oh my god, when did he change his name in my phone? I hurry back a response, before Lucas gets busy again.

Me: Ok, be safe. See you soon. I love you. XO

Relief fills my body hearing something from Lucas so I finish cleaning the bathroom, then go in search for Poison since Elsa is fast asleep. I clip the baby monitor on my belt loop as I make my way down the stairs. Lucas gave me one earlier and told me that I didn't need to be holed up in our room while Elsa slept. He didn't want me to



feel trapped in one room because I was afraid she'd be scared if she woke up and I didn't hear her.

I find Poison and Siren in the gaming room with Holly and two prospects. They all have on their Ol' Lady cuts and it makes me pause, wondering if I will get one. I shake the thought from my mind because there is more important things going on and enter the room. The prospects are watching everything around them, looking for a threat. A smile lights up Poison's face.

"You're here!" She tackles me in a true fashion Poison hug before releasing me.

"I'm here," I answer throwing up my hands in mock surprise. "Hey, I heard from Lucas and I wanted to let you know. He was cryptic but that's ok. It eased my mind."

"I heard from Kayne about five minutes ago." Poison tells me.

"I heard from Blayde and Holly heard from Stryker." Siren giggles. "Who knew big bad bikers would check in with their Ol' Ladies while handling club business?"

"That's because they know better and there'd be hell to pay if they didn't" Poison responds with a laugh. My sister is one badass bitch. She can and did handle her own and I hope some day I can be just as badass as she is. Poison rubs her swollen belly and sits on one of the stools. I take a seat next to her.

"Have you been to the doctor's yet?" I ask.

"We have an appointment for Monday to take measurements and do an ultrasound. If my calculations are right, this little Savage will be here in five months."

"Five months? Geez sis, you really held off on telling Kayne. Was he pissed you waited so long?"

“He was at first, but then got over it when he calmed down and listened when I told him why I waited.” Poison shrugs. “Not much I can do about it now and with everything that’s happened with the Club, the last thing I wanted was him to worry about our little Savage too.”

“Are you excited?”

Poison’s smile lights up the whole gaming room. “I am. I’m scared but excited at the same time. What about you, Rooster and Elsa? How is that going?”

“It’s been wild getting to this point, but I’m grateful to have this opportunity to have Elsa meet her father. When Phoebe and I were locked in that room, she always talked about what a great guy Lucas was and she wished she had chosen differently. She asked me, if she didn’t make it if I would do everything I could to get their daughter to him. I just didn’t expect to fall in love with Lucas in the process. Now that we’re all together, I wouldn’t change anything. I just wish Phoebe could see how brilliant and beautiful her daughter is. That’s why I’ve never kept anything from Elsa. She knows the truth and that she has two moms and a dad who love her with everything they have.” I close my eyes and take a deep breath, controlling my emotions. When I open them, Siren and Holly come over to us and join our conversation. “What about the two of you? Are there little Savage’s in the future?” I ask.

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Holly nods her head, “That’s the plan. Stryker and I have been trying with no success yet and I’ve got a dose of baby fever.”

“She’s not a baby anymore, but feel free to spoil Elsa anytime,” I comment.

“Oh, I plan on it!” Holly squeals in excitement. “She’s going to be so spoiled, all her bad memories will be washed away. She is a beautiful little girl.”

I look at Siren and she shakes her head, her eyes wide. “Oh, hell no from me. I’ll love on everyone else’s babies, but there is no way something that big will ever come out of a hole that small.” We all laugh at her comical expression. “Besides, I can’t have kids. So, I’ll get to be the best Auntie around.”

I want to ask her why she can’t have kids but my question is cut short by the rumble of Harley’s pulling up the driveway.

“They’re here.” Poison enthusiasm is contagious and I find myself grinning along with her. Together the four of us walk out the front door as the guys shut off their bikes. Kayne settles his bike on the kickstand and removes his gloves before he gets off it and heads straight for Poison. The kiss he gives her makes me blush. One by one all the men climb off their bikes with a somber look on their faces which has my defenses up. The van used to transport things or people pulls around to the back of the Clubhouse and out of sight. Ace, Talon and Duke follow behind it.

Lucas approaches me and I grasp his cheeks in my hands. I stare into his black eyes which are full of anxiety and sadness. “Lucas, what happened?” I ask.

“Things went the way we expected them too, but with one surprise.” He grabs a hold of my hand and kisses my fingers. He looks over at Kayne and Kayne nods his head. “Give Holly the monitor for Elsa. I have something I need to show you.”

Silently, I hand the monitor to Holly’s outstretched fingers and Lucas wraps his arm around my shoulders, pulling me into his large body. He kisses the side of my head before we follow the van out back. Ace, Talon and Duke are standing in front of the garage doors and the looks they have on their faces makes my stomach churn. I look behind me and Kayne, Poison, Blayde and Siren are following us.

“Spitfire,” Lucas stops walking and pulls me into his chest. Tears brim my eyelids as I wait for him to continue. “There is someone in here that I saved for you. Now, you don’t have to do anything, but from what I’ve seen with Poison, Siren and Holly, they needed this. I think you do too, but the choice will always be yours.”

I’m terrified of what Lucas is talking about but nod my head. He leans in and presses a kiss to my temple and I close my eyes, holding back my tears. Together, with my sisters behind me, Lucas leads us into the garage. A gasp leaves my lips when the man my nightmares are made of appears in my line of sight. My body starts to tremble looking at the Russian who has taunted me most of my life.

“How... where?” I stumble for words. I swallow and try to speak again. “What’s going on? Why is he here?”

“He’s here because I brought him here.” Lucas quietly speaks. “I know what he’s done to you and I want you to gain back the power he stripped from you.”

My eyes never leave Mikhail Kozlov. I look at him, starting with his feet, his toes barely scraping the floor, bare and bloody, up his legs to his torso, which is also bare and bloody, up to his face. His dark eyes are focused on me and a snarl leaves his lips. His arms are bound above his head in chains attached to the rafters. He rattles

them, trying to scare me and I flinch until I realize he can't hurt me anymore.

Straightening my spine, I step closer to Mikhail and focus on everything he did to me in my past. How he'd threaten me, my daughter and make us afraid of him. How he told me he'd sell me to his most vial clients and enjoy my torture. How he would take part when they broke me and enjoy every moment of my suffering. The only thing that stopped him from moving forward with his plan was my mother and Rage. She'd sacrifice her body to keep me safe and Rage wouldn't let this asshole touch me. The one thing he did for me. I thought he cared, but he wanted me to himself instead.

I look to Lucas and he gives me a nod of approval. Still unsure what I should be doing, my gaze lands on Poison. She steps forward from Kayne's embrace and pulls me off to the side.

"What's going through your pretty head, sis?"

"I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing. This is way out of my element here."

"You have a few choices." Poison holds up one finger, "One, you can take revenge on what this man has done to you." She holds up a second finger, "Two, you can leave and always wonder if he will come after you, or," Poison holds up a third finger, "You can watch your man do his work on this asshole and make him suffer the way Kozlov made you suffer." Poison gives me a gentle hug, "The choice is yours, sis. Only you can decide what is best for you."

"What did you do?"

"I did what I had to do. I'm not proud of it, but I'm not afraid of my own shadow anymore. And since I was the one to take back my power, I know the man responsible for it, won't hurt me anymore. Yes, I have blood on my hands but I also took back my freedom."

“Weren’t you afraid it would change you?”

“At first, yes. But after the job was done, I realized it did change me, but it changed me for the better, not the worst. Doing this gave me the strength I needed to move on and be a badass. Do you want to be a badass too, Alyssa?”

With no hesitation, I answer, “I do, but I don’t know if I can do this. It’s not who I am.”

“And that is OK. You don’t have to do the things I do to be a badass. You’re raising a smart, beautiful little girl who adores the hell out of you and that, in my book, is a badass. Just do me a favor and look Kozlov in the eyes, make him understand you are not afraid of him anymore.”

I turn my head in Mikhail’s direction. Fear that used to wrack my body from his presence disappears. I realize, as I stare at the man who used to torment me, that he is a weak man, prying on women, believing they are the weaker sex, when in fact, us women have more power than this man believes.

“There you go, sis. Take back the power you deserve to have.” Poison gently nudges me forward. “You can do this.”

Mikhail watches me as I step into his space and stare him down. “You might have tried to break me in fear, Kozlov, but know this as you take your last breath by the hands of my man, you failed. You have never broken me and you never will.” I deliver a blow to the side of his face, stinging my hand. I shake it and step back.

Kozlov growls low in his throat, anger and rage poring from the black pits of his eyes. “You’re all going to regret this. Mark my word, Savage Saints will end.”

Looking at Lucas, I nod my head. “Finish him.”

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Those two words hang in the air as Lucas does what I tell him to do. He ends Kozlov's life with a flick of his knife and everything I've ever been afraid of disappears with Kozlov's blood running down the drain.

"C'mon, Spitfire, lets get out of here." Lucas' lips land on mine and he kisses my breath away.

"Together." I state.

"Together." Lucas nods his head and we exit the garage hand in hand.

I might not have ended Kozlov's life, but I did seize back everything he tried to take from me. Including my happiness and my daughter.

Epilogue

ROOSTER

It's been five months since the attack on our Club. Alyssa and Elsa are adjusting well to our way of life. The scared little girl who came here is gone. In her place is a thriving preteen who is giving me a run for my money and I wouldn't have it any other way.

We celebrated Elsa's ninth birthday last week and instead of asking for an ungodly number of presents, she asked if I could teach her how to code. I've taught her basic hacking skills that won't get her into a lot of trouble. I know it'll get me in trouble with her when she's older, but I'll do anything I can to put a smile on her face. Also,

she knows I can't say no to my Sweet Pea.

Elsa moved into her own room, giving Alyssa and me some much needed time alone. We had Alyssa's Ol' lady party two nights after taking out the trash and I've been deep inside of her every chance we can get. She is branded with my tattoo and I'm branded with hers. The girls also gave Alyssa another tattoo that the Ol' Ladies get that represents them. I didn't question it and let them do their thing. Alyssa being accepted into their folds was a game changer and something she needed.

A loud knock on our bedroom door has me groaning as I'm deep inside Alyssa for the second time that morning. I nibble the side of Alyssa's neck, making her moan. "If we ignore it, they'll go away," I say, thrusting deep.

"Lucas, I'm so close, don't stop," Alyssa begs.

"Fuck, no woman. There is nothing anyone can say that'll make me stop." I thrust faster and harder, bringing us closer to the edge.

Another knock and Alyssa bites my shoulder as she squeezes my shaft, causing me to follow along with her. Breathing hard, I kiss her on the lips, still moving my hips, bringing her back down to earth.

"C'mon Rooster, wrap that shit up, Poison's water just broke." Ace chuckles from the other side of the door.

"Fuck." I growl. "We're coming," I shout back.

"Sounds like you already did." Stryker laughs from the other side of my door.

How many fucking people are out there? "Shut the fuck up, Stryker before I send Elsa after your ass." Alyssa giggles against my neck, her legs still wrapped around



my waist. I look down into her soulful green eyes and my dick twitches. “You think it’s funny those guys heard you come?” Alyssa nods her head and grins. My naughty woman.

“Fuck, don’t threaten me like that man.” Stryker whines.

“Then give us a few and we’ll be down,” I shout back.

A couple of months ago, Stryker was being Stryker, a total asshole, and Elsa overheard him giving a prospect a hard time. So instead of saying something to him, she got even and hacked into his phone. She gave his number out to single males looking for other single males that want a happy ending. Stryker is still getting late night phone calls and dick pics.

“Fine,” Stryker grumbles, his heavy footsteps drift further and further away.

Knowing Ace hasn’t left yet, I shout. “Same goes for you, Ace. I might love ya like a brother, but I will sic my daughter on you.” Ace chuckles before walking away.

I kiss Alyssa in a heat of passion and she moans and squirms underneath me. Before we take it too far, I pull out of her warm body and climb from the bed. “C’mon, Spitfire, we need a shower and head to the hospital.”

I hold out my hand and Alyssa takes it. Lifting her naked body over my shoulder, Alyssa squeals and slaps my bare ass. “Lucas put me down.”

I enter the bathroom and slide Alyssa down my body. Cradling her head in my hands, I kiss her on the lips. “Never, woman. You’re mine.”

“I love the sound of that.” Alyssa responds, licking her lips.

“And I love you, Spitfire.”

After twenty minutes and another mind-blowing orgasm later, Alyssa and I are finally on my bike, heading toward the hospital. Siren and Blayde already took Elsa with them when they left with Kayne and Poison. Alyssa's is wrapped around me tightly, hanging on. The fall air is crisp and days like today are going to be few and far between until spring.

We arrive at the hospital and make our way up to the maternity wing where everyone else is. Kayne and Poison are the only ones missing in the waiting room. Before we go in, Alyssa tugs on my hand holding hers.

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“Lucas, I have something I need to tell you.” Her voice is hesitant and unsure.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

“Nothing.” She shakes her head and gives me a soft kiss. “But you better be ready for this in eight months.” A sparkle lights up Alyssa’s green eyes and mine widen in disbelief.

“You...we...” I snap my jaw shut trying to find the words. “We’re going to have a baby?”

Alyssa nods her head. “Yes. I hope you’re ready for this.”

I pick Alyssa up and spin her around, ecstatic about the news. “Oh, I’m so ready for this.” I set her on her feet and kiss her deeply. “The woman I love and want to spend the rest of my life with is giving me one of the greatest gifts I could ever ask for. I’m one lucky son of a bitch.”

And lucky I am. With our growing family, my heart has doubled in size. I will do everything and anything to protect them. I will sacrifice my life to bring a smile to my girls’ faces. Nothing and no one will ever harm them again.