



Skully's Property

Author: *Landry Hill*

Category: Erotic, Romance, New Adult, Mc

Description: A monster rose from the ashes of that night.

I had it all—until it was all stolen.

Power. Purpose. A future. And her—the woman I was going to marry. The one who looked at me like I was a king. Her aqua eyes were so full of fire and love, she made me believe in always.

I was ready to build forever.

Until one gunshot ripped it all away.

Now, I'm a ghost in my own skin. Broken body. Shattered mind. A heart that barely remembers how to beat. The only thing more unbearable than the pain is the look in her eyes— the pity, the grief... the hope.

I told her to leave.

I told her to never come back.

But she didn't listen.

She's still fighting for the man I used to be. Still determined to love me. But that man is gone. I'm a monster now. And if she stays, I'll ruin her.

Total Pages (Source): 33

PROLOGUE

Skully

Alow whistle comes from one of the guys, followed by some “hot damns” and a “Fuck me. Bastard is so damn lucky,” which is straight out of Dagger’s mouth. I climb out from under the truck, needing to see what’s got my brothers all up in arms. When I see the fine-as-hell beauty standing by her pricy little red sports car, my heart starts revvin’ like the Ram I’m workin’ on. Sexy toned legs tanned to perfection. Narrow little waist small enough for a man’s hands to grip around. Petite enough to pick up and fuck in the air. And then there’s a perfect set of tits just the right size. Big enough to drool over, but small enough to fit entirely in my mouth.

But her body isn’t even the best part. It’s her face. Greenish-blue eyes that remind me of the ocean. Plump lips just like a red ripe strawberry, and then there are those two sweet dimples tucked at the top of the smile she’s tryin’ so damn hard to holdback. Fuckin’ hell, she’s somethin’. Her man is definitely one lucky bastard.

“Any chance I could get an oil change?” Her pearly white teeth sink into her lower lip, and she suddenly looks a little bashful. Like she just realized she showed up in dangerous territory. She is in danger. My dick is already making a mess inside my coveralls.

Her cheeks are now blushin’ something fierce as her eyes take their time to travel over me, running slowly down my frame. Her throat struggling to swallow the lower she gets. I swear I hear a whimper slip from her lips when she notices the heavy bulge pressed against the thin gray material I’ve got on. My dick is trying to rip through the

cotton.

I grab a shop towel and start wiping the grease off my hands, my stare aimed on the pretty girl. She's watching me closely, waiting for me to say something. The guys have hushed too, no doubt clocking the staredown, wondering what move I'm going to make. As soon as I've got my hands cleaned off, I start closing in on her. Eyes narrowing with every step. My lungs starting to heave heavy with my need.

"A girl like you has no business being on this side of town." I stop in front of her, crossing my arms. My body is locked so damn tight my muscles are nearly cramped. The one between my legs is already aching in pain. When a shiver rocks through her tiny frame, nearly causing her to stagger back, I have to fight my smile. There's no hiding what she wants. It's burning red in her cheeks and drawing heavy in her eyes. "Did you come all the way out here because you heard we were the most qualified to fix that fancy-ass ride you got?"

I look over to her red Porsche. The thing screams money from its shiny rims to its convertible top. So do the diamond earrings in her ears and the designer clothes she's got on. She definitely found herself on the wrong side of the tracks. That's for damn sure.

"Or did you come looking for some trouble?"

The word troubleslips from her lips on the faintest whisper as the air shudders out of her, and the coil of tension in me snaps. I lean down and toss her right over my shoulder. Listening to her little squeal as I land a smack down on her ass.

"Give her car a full overhaul, fellas," I call over my shoulder as I start stalking toward the clubhouse. It's time to give my girl a proper lube job, make sure her pussy is running hot and smooth. Wouldn't want it sputtering out from a neglected engine. Ignoring her giggling protests about me being a barbarian, I take her straight down

the hall to my room. Splaying her right out on my bed.

I shift back to get a look at that pretty smile and her pink cheeks. Damn, she truly is somethin’.

“Thought you had that country club event with your folks tonight, babe?” I didn’t think I’d get to see her until tomorrow, and I’d been feeling grumpy about it. Throwing myself into my work to keep myself distracted. Don’t like it much when she’s forced to spend time with all those rich snoots. I’m always worried someone’s going to say something rude to her and I won’t be there to defend her. Not to mention the fact that that ex-boyfriend of hers was going to be there. Definitely don’t need him sniffing around my girl no more. He’s liable to feed her head with more bullshit about me being beneath her.

“My dad got held up at work, and there’s no way my mother was going to show up without him. So, I’m all yours tonight.”

Fuck me, that means I get to go round and round with her. I don’t have to stop until the roosters crow. Or until her little body gives out from exhaustion.

I reach for the buttons on her skirt and begin to unfasten them one by one. My hands are still dirty, but I’ll be using my mouth first go ‘round. Besides, she loves it when I leave grease marks across her skin. She says it makes her hot when she can see my prints all over her tits and on her thighs from where I’ve held her open. The fact that she likes it rough and dirty makes me crazy. She’s so tiny and petite with the face of pure innocence but pet her clit real nice and she turns ravenous, like a hellcat in heat.

I yank her skirt right off and fuck me, I’m not gonna last. Her light pink panties are soaked all the way through, clinging to her pussy folds and giving a clear view of how swollen her lips are. She’s so damn hot and ready. Leaking like a water hose. Her engine already overheating.

I lean in, inhaling deep, savoring her scent. Never smelled anything like her. She's got this sweet musk with a hint of coconut and citrus from that soap she loves to use. I had to go out and buy me some so I could have her scent on my body at all times.

"How long you been running hot like this, babe?" Her body is flushed from head to toe with need and she's shifting in the sheets like she can't get settled. Breathing hard like her intake valve is strugglin'.

"All day. I had a dream about you last night and woke up frazzled. I almost drove over here on my lunch break, but didn't want to disrupt your work."

"You ain't ever a disruption, baby. I'll always stop whatever I'm doin' to take care of my girl."

Hell, if it were up to me, I'd have her locked in my bed all day every day. In between cars, I'd come in for a round with her. Get myself a taste of her sweetness to tide me over. Take her for a spin on my cock and ride out my need on her tight little cunt before I had to get back to work. My brothers might not be too happy with me taking so many breaks, but my dick sure would be in a better mood.

As it is right now, I only get to see her every couple of days. Between all the shit I got goin' down with the club and her internship, our time together is limited. But I best be gettin' used to it. Come fall, she'll be back at college for classes and I'll only get to see her on weekends. Though, I'm guessing I'll be driving there in the middle of the night because I won't be able to last that long without her.

Shit. Just the thought of not having her close by has my chest pounding hard. It's time to start making every moment count. Make sure I imprint myself so deep on her soul that when she's back on that campus, with all those smart college boys asking her out, there's not a single doubt in her mind of who she belongs to.

I reach out and drag her panties right off, finally getting myself a look of her pretty bare pussy. She keeps it waxed for bikini season, and I've never felt anything so soft or smooth. Or seen anything so young and ripe. Even when I was her age, twenty-one, I don't remember being this enamored by a vagina. But I'm fucking sunk for this girl. Can't get enough of her.

My head drops and I steal myself a taste, swiping my tongue right up through her folds, licking up her sticky sweetness. She's thick and swollen and so fucking wet. "What was your dream about, baby?" I wait for her answer as I kiss my way over every inch of her skin. Nibbling on her soft folds, savoring all the sexy little sounds she's making. I feel her shudder when I flick across her clit, and I'm groaning in kind.

"We were on the Ferris wheel," she breathes out as her hips squirm beneath me. I grip her thighs tighter to hold her still, leaving my greasy mark. I'll make sure she's all nice and clean before she leaves tomorrow, but right now, I'm going to enjoy dirtying her up. "And you were kneeled before me, just like you are now."

I can picture it clearly, and now that she's given me the image, I'm gonna make sure I fulfill this fantasy the next time the state fair is in town. It will be right around our one-year anniversary, which means I'll be making it a special night for her. Take her back to where we met, win her another bear to add to her collection, and then I'll ask the girl to be my wife.

I wrap my lips around her clit and begin to suck. The idea of her in a white dress is driving my need harder. She bucks up against my mouth, gasping my name. Her fingers clutching my hair. I only ease off so I can get her to tell me the rest of her story.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“What happened next, babe?”

“You were trying to get me to come before our cart got down to the bottom and we had to get off the ride, but I was struggling to get there, so you...” She lets out another groan as I work to get her off now. Before she’s done with her story, I’m going to have her shattering. “You spread my legs wide and started spanking my pussy, telling me I needed to behave and come like a good girl.”

Fuck me. I’m going to be the one coming before she’s done with her story.

“And did you? Were you a good girl for me?” I rub my lips against her, licking up every drop she’s giving me. And she’s giving me even more.

“Yes!” She throws her head back on a moan. “Yes, I was a good girl.”

I bet she was. I pull back, knowing exactly what she wants and land a smack down between her legs. She nearly bows off the bed, another loud moan gasped from her lips, and I fucking love that all my brothers get to hear me claim her. When I first brought her to the club, they all wanted to fight me for her, but it was made real clear that she only had eyes for me. And that’s a damn good thing, because she’s mine.

“Bet you were, baby. You’re always a good girl for me.” I give her one more spank between the legs, then drop my lips down to ease the sting. “You’re gonna be a good girl now and come for me, babe.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The loud pounding on my door startles the fuck out of me. And my girl. She snaps her legs shut around my head, locking me between her thighs.

“Yo, Skully!” Ripper calls out from the other side. “Shit’s going down. Time to ride out!”

Fucking hell. You gotta be kidding me. There ain’t never been a worse time for shit to be blowing up than right now. I let him know I’ll be there in two, and then I latch back onto my girl’s clit and drive her home. There’s no way I’m leaving her sweet little pussy hanging until later. Club business can wait until my girl comes on my tongue. And it doesn’t take much. I suction down hard, and she splits apart, shattering beneath me. Pussy quivering on my lips. Her juices running down my chin. I take her all the way to the end, savoring every pulse before I finally let up.

I stand, wiping off my chin as I step between her legs. Her eyes open and she looks up. A dreamy look on her face like I’ve just rocked her entire world. She certainly has rocked mine. Stole my breath from the moment I laid eyes on her. And I haven’t been the same since.

“Have to head out, babe. But I promise that as soon as I get back, we’re gonna finish what we started.”

She sits up, reaching for me. “Will you be long?” The fear in her voice grips my chest. She’s so damn sweet, and by some damn miracle, she cares about me.

“Nah, babe. This won’t take but a few hours. Then I’ll be back. Will you be here waiting for me?”

“Of course.” She nods, leaning into my touch. Her soft cheek rubs against my palm and now her pretty face is marked with my dirt. When I see the tears in her eyes, I decide that I’m not waiting a year to ask her to be mine. When I get back tonight, I’m

going to say the words I've been desperate to tell her since the moment I saw her at the fair. I knew right then and there she was the one. Got struck by a case of love at first sight, and when she opened her mouth and hit me with her stubborn little attitude, I knew she was old lady material.

"Miss you already, baby." I lean down and brush my lips across hers. "Gotta run. But I'll be back in a few. And then I'm gonna kiss you until the sun comes up."

The words I love you are on the tip of my tongue, itching to be set free, but I'm going to wait until I don't have to rush out the door. After I say them, I'm going to make sweet love to her body for hours. Show her how deep my love runs for her. Plus, I'm hoping she'll be saying them back. And once she does, there's no way I'll be able to walk out that door.

"Be safe, Skully. I need you to come back to me."

"I will, baby. Always. Don't you worry. We've dealt with this shit a million times." This time, we have the cops on our side, so we don't have to stay for cleanup afterwards. The police will be doing that. All we got to do is go in and kill Otiffe and his fucking drug-pushing soldiers, and then the blues will deal with the rest.

I lean down, giving her one last soft kiss, and then I'm heading out. As I reach the door, I turn, taking one last look of my beautiful girl before I shut it behind me. Not knowing in that moment that everything I'd told her would turn out to be a lie. I wouldn't be back in a few hours. And I wouldn't be kissing her until the sun comes up. In fact, I'd never get to kiss her again.

Fourteen months later...

The music pumps through the walls and my head starts to throb. I drop my pen and roll myself over to the window, grabbing the bottle of Jack I have sittin' on the sill. It's warm on my tongue, having sat all day in the sun. I chug back a long pull, no longer affected by the burn that coats my throat. It's like drinking a soda now. Goes down too easy, too smooth, but that just means I can get to the numbness faster.

Laughter comes through the glass pane, drawing my attention out to the backyard. The guys have a bonfire going, and a bunch of my brothers are all laughing and shootin' the shit, enjoying their Saturday night. There's a group of pretty young girls all dancing around them, trying to draw their attention. I take another drink as the jealousy starts to burn a hole in my gut. That used to be me. Coming back from a long ride on my bike, watching the sun go down, feeling the breeze whipping over my skin. I'd get back, get myself a drink, and the night would be young. We'd party until the wee hours of the morning. Having one hell of a time.

After I met my girl, it was even better. She'd dance with me, then curl up on my lap in front of the fire, talking with me about anything that came to her cute little head. Blowing me away with her brilliance. Eventually, the tension would grow too heavy in my sac, and I'd be carrying her back to my room, fucking her until the sun was about to rise. Then I'd tuck her in my arms and drift off to the most peaceful sleep.

Fuck!

I bring the bottle back up to my lips, chuggin' faster to get to the blankness, to get to the place where I can forget. But I come to the bottom of the bottle before I'm even close to that point. Not even feeling a buzz yet. The demons start fighting me harder. The memories. My jealousy. Her pretty face. I launch the bottle at the wall, and it shatters across the ground. Tiny broken fragments scattered everywhere— like my fucking heart.

I can't fucking take it anymore. I'm so fucking done. I can't even drink it away. The pain is too much. Every day, I wake up in hell and burn in the inferno of my memories, living in misery. And I don't even get a reprieve in my sleep. I shut my eyes and face the nightmares. I open them and it's worse. The only time I get a moment of peace is if I pass out from too much booze. But when I come to, the throb of my despair is so much worse. My misery only compounded by a massive headache.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

I grip the wheels of my chair and roll myself over to my nightstand, pulling my piece out from the drawer. I take the safety off, breathing in a shuttered breath as I fight to find the strength to put it in my mouth and pull the trigger. The laughter outside has me hesitating. Dagger, Hawk, King. One of my brothers will find me, and then they'll know what a fucking coward I was. But they have no fucking clue what it feels like to lose your legs and heart all in one night. To have your life and dreams ripped away in a matter of five seconds.

“Chamber is empty.”

The deep voice cuts through my warring thoughts. Ripper's standing in my doorway. Hadn't even heard him come in.

“Already lost one brother. Ain't gonna lose another,” he states, walking right in like he owns the place. He looks to the corner, noticing the broken glass on the ground. “Heard the shatter. I'll have the girls come in tomorrow and clean the place up.”

“Don't need them to pick up after me.” Don't need anyone to deal with my shit anymore.

“That's what they do. They get free room and board, and in return they clean up after us.”

Yeah, well, they don't need to pick up after me. I don't want them in my space. They always look at me with pity in their eyes. One even tried to offer me sex to make me feel better. I ain't no charity case. Besides, my dick don't even work anymore. It hasn't budged since the night my world went to shit.

“When did you snatch my ammo?”

I place the safety on and put my gun back in the drawer. Even if the thing was loaded, I don't think I could go through with it. After everything my brothers have done for me, that would make me one selfish prick.

“Four months ago,” he says. “Saw the look in your eyes when the girls mentioned going to the state fair. I knew that's where you met...” His voice trails off and he shakes his head. “Just didn't want to risk it.”

He and King both had the same fear. That was the night King showed up at my door with a bottle of Macallan in his hand and two glasses. He came in and spilled his guts about losing his wife and how hard it was being a single dad. Never seen the man so broken up and beaten down. I sat and listened, being there for him in the only way I knew how. After that, I figured it'd be cruel to stab him in the back by taking my own life. He'd lost his wife, the mother of his child, and he was still standing. Me... I'd just lost a girl I'd been dating for two months. Though, she was my everything.

“I'm out of booze.” I roll back over to my table and pick up my pen, hoping that Rip takes the hint and leaves. But he doesn't. He comes over to my table, invading my space.

“You want a drink, you have to go get it yourself.”

My eyes rise from my drawing, and all the anger boiling inside comes glaring out. He knows I don't leave my room. Not unless I fucking have to. Definitely not when the place is this crowded. The pity runs so thick and heavy I can feel it clouding around me like a toxic smog. It's in everyone's eyes, written on their frowns, gripped in their white knuckles, and I can't fucking handle it.

“Damn, Skully.” He snatches up one of my drawings, studying it closely. “These are

fucking good. You're fucking talented, brother. You think if I got you a tattoo gun, you could draw this one on me? Right on my left shoulder blade?"

He points to the image that has our fallen brother's face etched on a headstone with the date of our loss written in roman numerals. And Rubble is written across the top in our brotherhood's script. I've drawn that image a hundred different ways, but the one he's looking at was the first one I ever drew. That one is the only one that was a true likeness. The rest since have all had blank eyes.

Because that's all I can remember now. The blank look on Rubble's face as he was lying on the ground, the life having left his body.

"Need a fucking drink." I snatch the paper from his hand and shove it under my stack of drawings.

Again, Ripper ignores my request for booze. He turns and takes a seat on the end of my bed, resting his arms on his thighs. Deciding to make his unwanted ass right at home.

"Did I ever tell you about my uncle? The one who lost his arms in 'Nam. Both got torn right off by an explosion. Bastard was lucky to make it out alive."

He's never told me about his uncle, but he doesn't talk much about his family in general. If he does talk, it's about Rory. He's always bragging about her. Or complaining when she's giving him attitude. He sounds just like her father. Which in a way, I guess he kind of is like a second dad to the girl. He's been her bodyguard since she was two years old. Now that she's eighteen, it sounds like she's giving him a run for his money.

But can you blame her? She has a hit over her head and has been a prisoner in this place her entire life. Unable to leave the grounds. I've only been locked in this place

for fourteen months, and I'm already going crazy. Poor girl has never even been to the state fair.

Greenish-blue eyes appear in my mind, almost clear under the sun but would be as dark as the ocean depths when they were burning heavy. I pick up my pen and start drawing the flames around the skull I'm working on, trying to focus on Ripper's story.

"In a matter of weeks," he continues, "that man had learned how to feed himself with his toes and do just about everything for himself. When the money finally came in to get his prosthetics, the bastard didn't even want them. He'd found strength in doing the hard shit on his own. Plus, the girls were all over him. Everyone wanted to feed him and pamper the wounded war hero. He told me if he had arms, he wouldn't get his daily wash-down in the shower. The bastard was eatin' that shit up."

I don't know why he's telling me this. I'm not a war hero. I'm a fucking bastard who didn't have a fast enough hand to save his friend's life and then found himself with his knees blown off and needing to have both legs amputated. Now, I'm stuck to a life in this chair. If he's trying to encourage me to let the girls bathe me and give me rubdowns, no fucking thanks. I don't want them touching me. Sure as hell don't want anyone looking at my stubs and feeling sorry for my ass.

"My point is that we can take you to a doctor and see what they say about gettin' you a pair of legs."

My pen pauses on the paper. I hadn't realized I'd drawn tears dripping down the skull's face, making the flames burn higher.

If only two legs would bring my heart back to life, but that's never going to happen. With or without legs, I'm a crippled gimp. No longer a man. No longer worth a damn. Two plastic legs ain't gonna change my truth.

“Just asking you to think on it,” he states.

I let the air out of my lungs, slowly releasing the tension I feel building up inside. I’m done with this visit. Done with everyone trying so hard to cheer me up and fix me. I can’t be fixed. My body is broken, my heart is fucking gone, and my mind is so fucking messed up I can’t even stand living inside my thoughts.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“You get me a tattoo gun and I’ll ink it for you.” It’s the only thing that will get him out of my room. Besides, after everything he’s done for me, it’s the least I can do for him.

“Sounds good, brother. We’ve got church tomorrow. If you’re not there, I’ll be coming to get your ass, so make sure you’re up.”

Church. I don’t fucking see the point. It’s not like I’m a part of the club anymore. I don’t got a job. And with how fucking unstable I am, King refuses to give me an assignment. I fucking get it. I’m a loose cannon. PTSD or anger, whatever it is, keeps me from being levelheaded. Besides, without my legs, I’m fucking weak. By the time I roll into a room, all my brothers could be dead. I’m fucking useless. A waste of fucking space.

“Can you send in Shayna?” His eyes narrow in as soon as I ask, scrutinizing my motive. “I want to get some of this glass up, so I don’t pop a tire,” I add to throw him off my scent. All I want is another bottle of booze, and our bartender is the one who will get it for me. She’s the only girl in this place who will help me out.

“Yeah, brother, I’ll go get her.”

He leaves the room, and I pick up my pen, waiting for the sound of my door to open. When it does, I make my demands, not bothering to lift my head to see the judgement in her eyes.

“Need two bottles of Jack.”

“Sorry, Skully. We’ve been given orders not to deliver booze to the rooms anymore.”

In other words, they’ve been ordered not to bringmebooze anymore.

Motherfucker! If this is Rip’s way of getting me to leave my room and go out and socialize, it ain’t gonna work. I’d rather drown in my misery than drown in the fucking pity.

2

Madison

“Thank you, dear. We’ll look over your application and be in touch.”

I nod, watching her tuck my application at the bottom of the stack of papers, and I know it’s going to be forgotten. From the moment she found out I just graduated from college, she dismissed me. As if assuming I wouldn’t be sticking around in a job like this for long. She’s not wrong. As soon as I get a real job, one far, far away from here, preferably on the other side of the country or even in a different country, I’ll be leaving. Never to return again.

“Maddy!”

My shoulders tense at the sound of my name, wishing I could make myself small and quickly shrink away. But I’ve already been spotted. It’s too late. I didn’t think I’d run into anyone I knew here. All the people I went to high school with would never be caught dead shopping at a secondhand clothing store, and the people from my neighborhood would never come to this side of the tracks. I thought I was safe.

“Oh my God, Mads! You’re back!”

I turn, and the frantic feeling grows worse. It's Shayna—who's smiling like crazy and practically running across the store to me. And my stomach is sinking lower and lower the closer she gets. Guilt is settling in so hard I can't even move.

"Girl, when did you get back?" She pulls me right in for a hug. "I missed you so much."

With all the effort I can conjure, I slap a smile on and squeeze her tight, forcing the excitement to come through in my voice.

"I just got back a couple weeks ago." It's a lie. I've been home for over a month. "I missed you too."

"You've been home for a couple of weeks and you didn't call me?" She pulls back, looking so wounded by the fact, and now I feel like an even shittier friend. It's not that I didn't want to see her, it's that I can't. Just looking at her brings back the pain. My chest is already starting to hurt and I'm struggling to breathe.

"I'm sorry. It's been crazy since I've gotten home. Mom and Dad have been making up for lost time, dragging me from one thing to another. And in between, I've been busy searching for a job. I can't handle living with them, so I've been out every day."

I'm working so hard to find something, anything at this point, so that I no longer have to be under their roof. They're still so angry with me about breaking up with Jeffrey. They both thought he was going to be their future son-in-law, and when I started dating... I can't even think his name without feeling the stab in my chest. God, it still hurts so much. When I started dating the man they didn't approve of, they threatened to disown me. Lucky for them, Skully broke up with me, so their fears were laid to rest. And so was my heart.

"I thought you'd already be off working at some big fancy company somewhere. I'm

so glad you're back. Any idea how long you'll be in town for?"

I thought I'd already have a job too. But apparently, finance jobs are hard to come by. Plus, my grades this last year sucked. I couldn't concentrate, and I barely ended up passing. I graduated by the skin of my teeth and now my father says I'll be lucky if I find a job paying fifty thousand a year.

Right now, I'd take minimum wage. Anything so I can start saving to get my own place. I even considered taking a live-in nanny position, until I remembered the fact that all the people looking to hire a nanny know my parents and are connected to the world I'm trying to get out of.

"The market is really tough right now. Plus, this last year was a bit rough, so I didn't do as well as I'd hoped." The truth comes out, and her smile drops. The sadness creeping into her eyes like a thundercloud rolling in. She reaches for me and grips my hands, offering me a kindness that I so desperately need. This last year has been terribly lonely. I've been so lost, barely getting through my days without shedding a tear.

"I know it was rough. I'm so sorry, Maddy. Do you want to know anything...um...about him?"

Deep down, I want to know everything. I want to know if he's okay. Or if he's still in pain. I want to know what the doctors have told him about his legs. And how he's doing after losing Rubble. Of course, the thought crosses my mind of whether he's missed me, which is why I shake my head, telling her, "I don't think I can handle it right now."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

After what he told me the last time I saw him, I think the answer to my question is obvious. I was just a summer fling, after all. Nothing more than a hot piece of ass. He was just “kicking it with the rich girl,” having some fun, but he always knew there was an end to our relationship because I was going back to school. It was never going to be more. And somehow, through all the quiet moments we spent together—cuddling, making love, the sweet things he said, the way he looked at me—I “should’ve known” it was just a casual thing.

Had I known that was the case, that he was using me for sex, I never would’ve gotten involved with him. I was so head over heels in love with him, I believed with everything in me that he was the one. And I could’ve sworn he felt the same. But now I’m suffering so much I can barely breathe. I’ve never known a pain so excruciating. No, I take that back. When Dagger rushed into the room, telling me Skully had been shot and was in the hospital battling for his life, that was the worst pain I’ve ever felt.

“I get it, Mads. But in case you were wondering, he hasn’t been with any of the girls. He doesn’t even let them come near him. Mainly, he just stays in his room. Drawing at his table. I’ve seen some of his work, too. It’s pretty incredible. But sad. Really dark and sad.”

No, it doesn’t make me feel better. It sounds like he’s hurting. And after everything he’s been through, I’m sure he is. I can’t imagine what it’s like losing both of your legs and your best friend all in one night. I just wish he had let me be there for him. But he didn’t even want me in the hospital room. He woke up and nearly freaked his shit when he saw me on his bed tucked in next to him. He told the guys to take me out, and told the nurses only family was allowed in, meaning his “brothers.”

That should've been another clue to how insignificant I was to him, but I fooled myself into believing he didn't want me to see him in pain. I thought he was worried I'd be sad or that I'd think less of him. But then he came home from the hospital, and he didn't mince his words when he told me to leave the club and never come back. He didn't want to deal with some clingy little girl while he was trying to recover.

“Hey!” She perks up. “Any chance you could give me a ride back to the clubhouse? The girls are going to be a bit longer, and I’ve already finished up my shopping. It would give us some time to catch up. I want to hear all about your plans and what’s been going on.”

“Um...”

I really don't want to drive to the clubhouse. I don't want to go anywhere near that place again. It's going to stir up too much pain. Bring back all the memories. And it's already hard enough. This conversation has ripped off any scab of progress I'd made, which was barely any.

“Please,” she pleads, giving me puppy-dog eyes. “I’ve missed you so much, Madsters. And the guys are in church right now, so there’s no worry of running into anyone.”

For as much as I don't want to do it, I can't say no to her. She was the one who held me when my heart was breaking in two. The only one who texted every day to make sure I was okay after everything went down. Even my own parents didn't care about me. They thought I was being ridiculous crying over a guy who ran around with a bunch of biker losers who were criminals just waiting to be arrested. My dad was furious when my tears wouldn't stop, so he sent me back to school early, telling me to get my shit together and wise up or else I should never come home again.

I didn't want to. I tried so hard to find something so I wouldn't have to return, but

nothing panned out and I had no choice. And every day, I get up, plaster on the fake smile, pretend like everything is perfect, and play the part until I'm out from under their scrutiny. Then I go tuck myself in a coffee shop and scour the internet for job postings. But after Mom told me the other day that she's arranging a dinner with Jeff's family in hopes that I'll reconsider the boy, I started looking for a sales job. Hence me applying in this store. I've submitted an application just about everywhere I know I won't be recognized by anyone.

"Okay," I agree, realizing she's still waiting on my answer.

"Awesome! You're the best. I'm going to go tell the girls I'm heading out and I'll be right back."

I nod, watching her retreat to the back of the store where the dressing rooms are, and as soon as she disappears, the memory floods in.

"Look, Jeff! There's no line for the Ferris wheel. Will you ride it with me?" I watch the pretty lit-up ride as it makes its slow rotation around and around, stopping to let patrons off and others on. It was always my favorite ride at the fair, mainly because it was slow and safe, and the views from up top were amazing. You could see all the way to the mountains. The snowcapped peaks glowing under the moonlight.

"There's a reason there isn't a line for the thing, Madison. It's the most boring ride in the place."

My excitement suddenly takes a hit. That's the second time tonight he's belted me with disappointment. Make that the third because he was an hour late picking me up since he had to pick up the guys first. This was supposed to be a romantic date, just the two of us, but apparently, he forgot that fact and invited his buddies along. Now, he's acting like an arrogant asshole, treating me like I'm impeding on his fun with the guys. He always gets this way when they're around.

I try to shake it off, not wanting to get too worked up. The fair only comes in town once a year, and I'm not going to let him ruin it for me.

"Oh, look, Jeff! They have cotton candy. I love cotton candy."

"That shit will rot your teeth, Madison. And it will turn your mouth blue. I'm not interested in kissing you with blue teeth."

Seriously? He's being such a killjoy. Can't he live a little and have fun? Take the snooty pole out of his ass for one night? I'm tempted to march right over and buy myself a bag, show him that I don't want him kissing me, but my attention gets caught on something else. A giant fluffy bear that looks just like the one my grandma gave me when I was a kid. I loved that bear so much, but my mom ended up throwing it out, saying it was nothing but a dust magnet.

I don't think it had anything to do with the dust. I think my mother resented the fact that the most cherished thing in my life had come from my grandmother. And I...resented the fact that she would keep me from my most beloved person in my life. My mom married into wealth and prestige, and she didn't want to be tied to anything that could "taint" her social status. My grandmother with her feathers and braids in her hair, and her free hippie spirit, was lower class and "crazy," and my mom didn't want her influencing me. Little did she know that by forcing me into her rigid, snooty box, she'd influenced me herself. I don't want to be anything like her. I don't want to be like any of them.

"Look! They have a basketball game," I tell him, pointing to the stand. "Do you think you could win me that big bear?" This should be right up his alley since it has to do with sports, because that's all he cares about. Basketball, football, baseball, and golf. He rarely talks about anything else. Not college or classes or anything I'm interested in. It's always about who had an amazing play, and who should be benched. How his online team is doing so well.

“That’s a waste of money.” He turns his nose up and starts to head back to the guys. “The games here are rigged. They purposefully make them impossible to win, so you’ll spend a fortune and walk away with nothing. The guys and I are going to go ride the Gravitron. You want to come?”

And get spun around and around until I’m puking my guts out? No thanks! Nope. I’m going over to see if I can win the bear myself. Now that I have my own apartment at college, I can have any stuffed animal I want. Besides, if I lie and tell my mom that Jeff gave me the bear, she won’t touch the thing. Anything related to Jeff is perfect. It’s all my parents ever talk about with me. How’s Jeff? Where’s Jeff? You’re so lucky that boy has chosen you. You two are going to have the cutest kids. He’s got a good head on his shoulders. That boy is going places.

For a while, they had me brainwashed into believing I was actually lucky to be his girlfriend. But now, every time he does something or says something rude, a crack forms in that belief. Lately, I’ve been questioning whether I should end things now or after I get back to campus and won’t have to listen to my parents rant over the fact that he won’t be their future son-in-law.

“I’m going to go win that bear,” I tell him then march off toward the game. I should’ve come here with the girls tonight. Although, they wouldn’t want to eat cotton candy either. They’re too worried sugar will make them fat.

I pull out a five-dollar bill to hand it to the man running the game, but he shakes his head. “It’s ten to play, doll.”

Ten? Holy shit. That’s expensive. But if I turn around now, Jeff’s point will only be proven, and he’ll be gloating over the fact. Besides, I’ve got nothing else to do while I wait for them to ride their vomit-inducing ride. I pull out another five and hand it to the guy. He tosses me the basketball and smiles.

“Got to get three in for three for the big prize. Two for three will get you a rubber ducky.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

Three for three? It is rigged for failure. Unless you're a basketball player, which I definitely am not, you don't stand a chance. And as soon as my first shot misses, I'm only irritated further, begrudging the fact that Jeff was right. Not only that, but he didn't even try for me. The least he could do was act like a decent boyfriend and try to win me the bear. Try to do something romantic for me.

My next shot misses, and now I don't even have a chance at the stupid plastic duck. The third one doesn't even make it close to the basket, but I wasn't aiming for it anyway. I was just tossing it to save face. Though, I doubt Jeff is even watching. He's probably taken off with his buddies to go ride all the fast rides.

"Which one were you going to get if you'd won?"

The deep voice comes out of nowhere, startling me. A giant of a man steps up to my side, leaning his hip up onto the counter, invading all of my personal space with his huge frame. I turn my head to ask if he minds moving, but not a single word gets past my lips. My knees nearly buckle as the world seems to stop. My thoughts and entire existence drawn in. A flutter jolts in my stomach like I just got on one hell of a fast ride, spinning me dizzy the longer he stares.

He's the most incredible man I've ever seen. The exact opposite of Jeff. From his dark spiked hair to his leather jacket, everything about him screams bad boy. Jeff has a pretty-boy face and is clean shaven with rounded cheeks; a typical teenage heartthrob. But this man... He's been cut from a rough stone. A rigid jawline covered in scruff. Ink painted over his neck and chest, covering every inch of skin that's exposed. He screams danger. And yet, his eyes are too kind. But his stare is unnerving.

Now, I finally understand why girls always fall for the bad guys, because they don't just ooze sexiness, they're drenched in confidence. And judging by the knowing smirk that's forming on this man's face, he is one hundred percent sure of himself, and one hundred percent amused by the fact that I was just checking him out. At least I didn't let the drool slip from my mouth, or that really would've given me away. But I can still feel the heat burning in my cheeks.

"Looks to me like there's something else you'd rather have instead of one of those stuffed animals."

His brow cocks in question, and I'm finally snapped out from under his spell. He just fed me a line. Definitely looks to be the smooth-talking type. Dishing out pickup lines everywhere he goes, and I bet women fall to his feet. He's so good looking. So strong and tall. Dominant and confident. Girls probably beg for his attention. But not this gal. I don't fall for strangers. Though, with the way he keeps staring at me, like I'm the most irresistible thing he's ever seen, I finally understand why some women aren't opposed to one-night stands. No one's ever looked at me the way he is. Like he wants to devour me.

My pulse races faster, and my mind is growing dizzy. It's like I'm on the Gravitron and my center of gravity is him. The butterflies are multiplying by the hundreds, and it suddenly feels so hot out.

"I'm trying to win one of those bears." I finally find some words. I'm glad they were the right ones. "I can assure you there's nothing I'd rather have instead."

His smile tips even wider and my irritation grows heavier, along with a feeling low in my gut. Lust. It's a feeling I don't think I've ever had before. At least, not like this. Even when I saw Jeff for the first time, I didn't feel like this. My first crush, my first boyfriend, my first kiss. Nothing ever came close to this feeling.

“So, what would I get if I won you that bear?” His question reminds me that he’s trying to hit on me, work his way into my pants tonight, but I’m not going to be giving him anything. He’s a complete stranger. And a dangerous-looking one at that. He might try to haul me off and dump me in the woods. I’ve heard when there’s a one percent patch on their jackets, it means they’re criminals. But I saw that on TV, so I don’t even know if that’s the truth.

Even if he is a criminal, there’s something about his eyes and the way he’s looking at me that doesn’t give me the impression he wants to hurt me. He definitely wants something from me though. And the butterflies start buzzing like crazy. I wonder what it would be like to have sex with a complete stranger. To throw caution to the wind and run on wild instinct and raw desire. I bet it’d be hot. Hotter than the basic boring sex I have with Jeff. Jeff, my boyfriend. I almost forgot I had one.

“Sorry, bucko! I’m not giving you anything, so you can move along before my boyfriend sees you trying to tread on his territory.” I turn to the man running the game and pull out another ten. “Can I try again?”

“Boyfriend?” The flustering man moves in closer, filling my lungs with his sexy cologne. There’s a hint of motor oil and the outdoors underneath that has me breathing in deeper, trying to take in more. He even smells manly. Jeffrey smells like potpourri and gym socks most days. I think his cologne is way too sweet, but he refuses to give up his signature scent. This man though... It’s heady.

“You mean the asshole who refused to take the most beautiful girl up on the Ferris wheel?” I turn my head, meeting his stare again, feeling my knees wobble when I see how dark his eyes have grown. “The boy who didn’t march right over to the cotton candy stand and get you as many bags as your little heart desired? The selfish jerk who refused to spend a dollar of his trust fund to try to win his pretty girl the bear she wanted? You know what his biggest mistake was?”

I swallow hard, gasping for oxygen and grasping for the counter. I need something to hold me steady. His voice drops even lower, his face moving in so close I can see little flecks of gold and brown in his eyes. "His biggest mistake was leaving you alone. There are too many guys with bad intentions roaming around here, and a girl as beautiful as you are is a prime target. You deserve so much better, babe. You deserve a real man. One who knows exactly how lucky he is to get to call you his."

I'm frozen. Mesmerized. And I realize he must've heard my entire conversation with Jeff. He must've been watching me from the moment we arrived. A fact that should probably be terrifying, knowing that he stalked me over here and has invaded my personal space, making his interest known. But I'm not scared. I'm dizzy from the flutters and excitement coursing through my body. My skin is growing warm and flushed as he holds me under his stare. Making me feel light-headed from the weight of his words.

"If I win you that bear, will you let me take you for a ride on the Ferris wheel?"

His voice is softer now, sweeter. And I'm struggling to find mine. My answer should be no. If I were smart, I'd run and find my friends. If I were wise, I'd tell the man he's a creepy stranger and should leave me alone. But I don't want to run. And I don't want to tell him to get lost. I want to stand here and savor this moment. Savor the fact that this gorgeous man finds me attractive.

The way he's looking at me makes my heart race. Goose bumps prick across my skin, and my breaths are pumping in faster and faster, shallowing into a pant as his eyes drop down to my mouth. His tongue sweeping across his lower lip like he's imagining a taste.

A familiar voice comes from the distance, pulling me from his hold. I turn to the sound. Jeff and the guys are standing right where I left them. They haven't gone on any rides yet. They've been distracted by a group of girls. A group of girls who are

flirting with them. And what is my boyfriend doing? Winking at one of them as he sweeps her hair off her face and tucks it behind her ear.

“He’s the biggest idiot in the world.”

My head lifts as the stranger’s whisper coasts over me. There’s a kindness in his eyes. A sincerity that doesn’t feel like this is part of his game. It doesn’t feel like a line.

“Just one ride on the Ferris wheel. The views are pretty spectacular from up there.”

I always thought love at first sight was a ridiculous notion, but the longer I stare into his eyes, the more it doesn’t feel so farfetched. There’s a force so strong hovering between us. Like a current. The power of it is dissolving all rational thought. It makes me forget what the right response should be. Instead, I go with my fluttering gut on this one.

“Good luck winning that bear.” I bite down on my smirk as his cheeks tip up into the cutest smile. He has dimples. I’m a sucker for dimples. And apparently, bad boys with muscles, ink, and smooth charm because I’m crossing my fingers that he can win that bear.

“You ready to go, Madsters?”

“Oh, um...yep.” I’m yanked back from the past, feeling like I’d just passed out for a moment. It was so heavy, it felt real. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

Skully

“Listen up, fellas!” King calls order around the room and everyone quiets down.

I sit in my dark corner, Dagger flanked on one side of me, Ripper on the other. Whenever I come out of my room, they’re always at my side. Just like it was when we used to ride. Raid and Hawk bringing up our rear, King leading us in the front. And Rubble and Razor riding wide to make sure our president was safe and protected, keeping an eye on our surroundings. Now, with Rubble gone and Razor MIA, I’m guessing it’s Bones and Rogue who’s got our president’s back. I wonder who rides between Dagger and Rip.

Goddamn, I miss my bike. Going on runs. Feeling the adrenaline. Mainly, I miss being a part of the brotherhood. Feeling like I’m important and needed. I was second to the Prez, and that came with a lot of responsibility. Now, no one expects shit from me.

“I just met with Prez and Ice from the Northeast,” King states, thankfully yanking me back from the deep end of my thoughts. “Their chapter needs our help. They’ve got shit going down and the stakes are high. Looks like one of their girls is in trouble. Her dad was trying to sell her virginity to the highest bidder. When Prez started digging, they uncovered a sinkhole of shit. This fucker has been running an entire underground sex-trafficking ring, and the key players are some pretty high-powered men. Given the political nature of those who are involved, they’re gonna need more help from unrecognizable faces. That’s where we come in.”

The entire room tenses. Every jaw locking up as low growls echo throughout the

room. Sex traffickers, drug dealers—we got no tolerance for any of them. Dads wanting to sell their daughters' virginities, hell fucking no. Those bastards will end up ten feet underground where they belong. And if one of those girls is an old lady, that fucker is going to pay ten times over.

“I’m gonna be riding out as soon as they know more, probably in a week or so. With Montoya still at large, I’m only planning to take half of our men. Ripper, Raid—you two will be staying behind with my little girl.” I feel Ripper tense at my side. Anytime anyone mentions Montoya, he goes rigid. The day they find that man is the day Montoya will wish he had never been born.

“Hawk, Dagger, and Cage will stay behind too. Bones, Rogue, Link, and Tack, you’ll be coming with me. The rest of you will decide amongst yourselves and your old ladies as to who’s going and who’s staying. Prospects will remain here, making sure the shop and everything else is running smoothly. Everyone good with that?”

It doesn’t go without my notice how he doesn’t mention my name. He doesn’t even look in my direction. That’s because I’m no longer a man. I no longer serve a purpose. Once upon a time, I was his VP. Now, it seems as though Link is his right-hand man. Sitting up there beside him in my old spot.

“Any other business we need to discuss?” King checks the room, his eyes not even scanning to this corner. “Good. By the way, I met with Razor.” Now, I’m the one stiffening in my seat. “He’ll be coming home soon. And when he does, I want to give him a welcome back like he deserves.”

That’s when his eyes finally land on me, gauging my reaction. Not sure how I feel on the matter. Razor took off while I was still in the hospital and never said a word. And he never called. King said the guilt hit him hard and he needed some time to recover. But he wasn’t the only one suffering. We all fucking lost Rubble. We all are to blame for what happened that night.

“Oh, and he’s bringing his old lady with him, so we want make sure we give her a proper welcome to the family.”

And now the knot in my stomach is so fucking tight I can barely breathe. I shouldn’t be jealous of my brother. He deserves to be happy. He’s one of the best men I know. But blue eyes invade my thoughts, and I can’t quit the pain. I need a fucking drink.

“All right, meeting adjourned.”

The men all start to get up, but I wheel my ass past them, rushing to get out of this room. Everything is closing in. Next weekend, I’m not coming to church. There’s no fucking point. I roll myself out the door, deciding to make a stop at the bar to stock up since the girls have been ordered not to bring me booze. I turn to the right, quickly putting my brake on when I nearly run into someone.

My chair halts in place right as my heart halts inside my chest. Greenish-blue eyes. The same ones I was just thinking of are staring right at me.

“Skully.” Her faint whisper barely breaks past the pounding in my ears.

It’s Madison. My Madison. The girl I was going to marry. And God, is she even prettier than when I first laid eyes on her. Her long blond hair is even longer now, curled halfway down her back. She’s still trim and petite, rocking a body that was meant to raise a man’s dick. Mine’s been comatose since the night I got shot but one look at her and it’s suddenly come out of the numb state.

She’s wearing a pretty dress, showing off those toned legs. But the best part...is still her face. Pretty red lips, just like a ripe strawberry. That little beauty mark reminding me of a classic actress, and then there are those eyes. But they’re no longer filled with love. No longer burning with an ounce of lust for me. They’re burning sad with pity.

Tears are brimming like she's about to cry, and that's because she feels sorry for me. Because I'm pathetic. A cripple locked to this chair. She used to look at me with admiration, like I was the king of her world. Now, the sight of me makes her sad.

"Thought I told you never to come back." My words drip with hatred because I can't fucking stand her seeing me in this state. Weak. So fucking weak. And pathetic.

"Madsters!" Cage rushes over to her, picking her right up and swinging her around. "What the fuck you doin' here, girl?"

I want to know the same thing.

"I ran into her in town." Shayna steps up to her side, giving her a squeeze. "I begged her to drive me back early. The others are still out shopping."

"Maddy Cakes!" Raid comes in next, taking his turn. Then Bones, and Link, and every fucking one of my brothers. The only one who doesn't pick her up or make contact is Hawk, but that's only because he doesn't like to be touched.

As they all take their turns greeting her, proving their strength and dominance as they lift her in the air, making her giggle and smile, the hatred burns darker. The anger. The jealousy. It festers to the point I can no longer breathe. I turn in my chair and roll my ass down the hall, locking myself in my room.

It was so fucking hard letting her go, and now I'm being sliced open again. My heart ripped right from my chest.

I pick up my pen, drawing the flames. Dark red flames, burning around a skull. A skull with blue eyes. And it all floods back. The first time I saw her. Her eyes so big and bright as she stared up at the Ferris wheel. She turned to that fucking tool she was with and asked him to take her up for a ride on it, and the stupid shit said no. When I

saw the flicker of light dim in those eyes, I wanted to beat him upside the head. Then when he told her he wouldn't kiss her if she ate cotton candy, I wanted to buy her five bags.

It was love at first sight, and when she cocked her chin, telling me good luck at winning the bear, her destiny was sealed.

I reach into my pocket and pull out a ten, happy I grabbed a few Benjamins on my way out of the clubhouse because I am not stopping until I get this girl her bear. And if I can't win it, I'll be buying it for her.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“Got to get three for three, man. Two out of three gets you a ducky,” says the attendant.

Yeah, I don’t want a stupid duck. I want this girl. I grab the ball from him and give the beauty a wink before I look to the net. Studying the height, gauging the distance, and fucking praying that I make it. And when I launch the ball, it goes right in.

I turn and look down, smirking when I see how shocked she is that I made it. But under that shock is a little twinge of excitement, a smile she’s trying to fight. “That’s one,” I tell her, picking up the second ball.

“That was luck.”

She says it right as the second ball drops through the net. I kiss my fist and point to the sky, thanking my dad for playing hoops with me as a kid. “That’s two.”

“Do you play basketball?”

My brow cocks up. “Do I look like I play basketball?” I’m the Savage Knight VP, not some athlete. But I’ve always had a good eye and a good aim, hence, me being King’s right-hand man.

Her eyes travel over me again, warming every inch they land on, and my dick is starting to aim straight at her, wanting to make a dunk shot and sink into her sweet body. Damn, she is something. Little curves. Cutest smile. Prettiest darn eyes I’ve ever seen. They remind me of the ocean. One of my favorite spots as a kid. Probably because it’s the place where I share the happiest memories with my parents.

“Here you go, son.” The man hands me the ball. “Good luck.”

I tip my chin at him and turn, lining up my shot, gauging the distance, breathing in to calm my nerves. Her sweet scent fills my nose on the inhale. Coconut oil and palm trees with a hint of citrus. Like a hot summer day at the beach drinking a piña colada. Damn, this girl in a bikini would be a sight for sore eyes. Gonna need to take her up to the lake for a picnic. That is...if I get the chance.

I take the shot and it hits the rim, giving my nerves a flip before it drops right into the basket, and I’ve never been more fucking pleased. The excited little squeal slips out of her before she shuts it down. I glance down, and though she’s still trying to fight it, I’m assured that she’s not disappointed by the fact that I came through for her. That piece of shit she came here with is a damn fool for leaving her alone.

“We’ll take that bear.” I point to the one she wanted. He hands it over to me and I give it straight to her. “For you, gorgeous.” I give her a wink. “Now, how about we take that ride?”

She takes the bear from me, looking at the thing like it’s something special, and that makes my chest hammer harder. When her eyes finally rise, my entire world shifts. Yep, that boy just forfeited his chance with her. She’s mine now. And I ain’t makin’ no bones about it.

“I think that was too easy for you. Maybe I should pick a more difficult game? Make it harder for you.”

And now she’s trying to play hard to get. Shit, I’m in love.

I lean in close, wanting to make sure the man before us doesn’t hear what I have to say.

“You’ve already made it impossibly hard, babe. Deal’s a deal.”

The shiver that rocks through her shoulders penetrates down my spine, leaving my sac hanging heavy and my dick trying to make a mess in my pants.

“Now, are you ready, doll?” I hold out my big, callused hand, still a bit dirty from working on the cars all day. But havin’ dirt under my nails is the story of my life. I’m ready to get her locked in that little cart, up at the top of the Ferris wheel with the mountains glowing under the light of the moon in the background. I want to sit across from her, stare into her pretty eyes, and find out everything there is to know about this girl. Where she’s from. Though, judging by her designer clothes, I’m guessing she’s from the ritzy part of town. What she likes to eat in the morning. Or if she just wants me to bring her a cup of coffee in bed.

“Fine,” she huffs, actin’ as if she’s annoyed, but that twinkle of excitement is still gleaming in her eyes, and her cheeks are blushing like crazy. “I’ll go. But I’ve only agreed to one ride.”

Fine by me.

Her little hand finally slips into mine and the spark that runs up my arm on contact almost trips my feet. Never been hit so hard with the case of flutters, but my entire body is buzzin’ like a live wire. I start leading her toward the Ferris wheel, making a quick stop before we get to the ride.

“Can I have two bags of cotton candy please?” I hand the guy a twenty, tellin’ him to keep the change then I take her to the ride. Slipping the conductor a hundred-dollar bill to keep us on the thing until I give him a signal, and another twenty to keep her bear safe.

As soon as I get her locked in the cart, I could’ve ridden the thing all night long. It

was the best first date of my life. Talking to her. Laughing with her. And man, the sound of her little laugh was addictive. We rode and rode. Around and around. And I never once saw the scenic view of the mountains or noticed the people down below. All I saw was her.

“Jeff just texted telling me they want to head out,” she states, looking at her phone. The smile drops from her cheeks and that glimmer goes dim.

“Do you want to leave, babe?”

Her eyes lift and the answer is right in the creases of disappointment etched around the edges.

“No, but he’s my ride.”

Not anymore, he ain’t.

“Do you think I want another man taking my girl home?”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

And there she goes cocking that chin again, playin' hard to get.

“Who said anything about me being your girl? I just met you.” And yet, it feels like I’ve known her forever. “Besides, I still have a boyfriend.” A fact we’re going to remedy as soon as we get down from this ride.

“A boyfriend who’s been off with his buddies for over an hour and is just now checkin’ in?” He’s probably still flirting with those girls. Stupid shit has the prettiest woman in the park and he’s wasting his time and attention on someone else. “That boy doesn’t deserve another second of your time. For all he knows, some stranger could’ve kidnapped you, taken you up on the Ferris wheel, and could be holding you hostage until he gets paid.”

Her cheeks turn up, little teeth trying to bite back her smile. Damn, she’s got the prettiest smile. The prettiest everything.

“And what does my captor demand in payment?” A million wrong things run through my head, but I’m trying to win the girl over, earn myself a second date, not just get into her pants.

“A kiss.”

Her eyes drop to my lips and she leans forward, leaving only a few inches between us. God, her smell is sexy.

“Tell you what. If you’re a good kisser, I’ll let you drive me home. But if you’re a bad kisser, then it’s time for me to get off this ride and head out.”

So, it all comes down to a kiss. Well, I'm about to knock her little socks off.

I reach out, touching her chin. My arms pricking with goose bumps as soon as I make contact. She's so soft and smooth. I stare into her incredible eyes, memorizing this moment. Making sure I burn it deep into my memories. This is going to be my last first kiss and I don't want to ever forget it.

My head dips and I brush my lips across hers. It's the slightest touch, but it sends an electric shock throughout every nerve. I tease my tongue out, getting a hint of her taste, and a groan slips from my throat. She even tastes like coconut and sunshine with a sugary sweetness from that cotton candy she ate. Watching her lick the stickiness off her fingers, moaning as the sugar melted on her tongue, had me about to come in my pants.

I go in for more of her sexy flavor. And more. My need taking control and taking the lead. My grip tightens in her hair, tilting her so I can take it deeper. Needing more. Her little whimper has me charging forward, and her tongue has lost all hesitancy. She's eagerly stroking against me now, demanding more, and I give into all of her demands.

To my surprise, I'm suddenly pushed back onto the seat. Her body climbing up onto my lap. No longer shy. No longer resisting. No longer fighting the intensity of our connection. She nestles down against my bulge, and I can feel the heat between her legs all the way through the denim of her jean shorts. She's soaked and desperate. Her grip on my shoulders tightens as she squirms to get closer. I know what she needs, and damn do I want to give it to her, but not on our first date.

Before I can't stop myself, I grip her cheek and slip my tongue away, though, she doesn't let me go easily. She presses forward for more, whimpering at the loss, so I have mercy on her and give her another taste before I pull away.

“How’d I do, baby? You gonna let me drive you home?”

Her eyes flutter open, but her lids are too heavy to lift fully. Her pupils are dark now, almost like the deep part of the ocean. So dark you can’t see beneath the surface, but I can feel beneath hers. She’s soaked between her legs, warming my dick with her dampness. Showing me how much she enjoyed the kiss.

“More,” is her whispered answer as she presses forward and pushes her tongue right past the seam of my smile. Ladies and gentlemen, meet my future wife. I kiss her deep, gripping onto her hips and assist as she begins to rock over me. I’m pretty sure the little cart we’re in is tilted toward my side and swinging back and forth, drawing the attention of the people below, but hell if I care. All I care about is gettin’ this little girl off. And it doesn’t take much.

I slip my tongue away, letting her catch her breath, wanting to watch as she has her first orgasm with me. Her eyes are drawn so tight, like she’s concentrating hard on the feelings. Her cheeks are burning red hot, rosy and flushed all the way down her neck, and her little teeth are sunk into her lower lip as the moans slip through her teeth. Fuck me. Just seeing her in this state is going to make me come.

“That’s it, baby. Grind those hips down on my cock, feel those little tingles building. I want you to soak me.”

“Skully!”

Her soft whimper is almost pained. She needs it so fucking bad.

“I got you, baby. Just let go.”

And she does. She lets the pleasure wash in and shatters in my arms. It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever witnessed. Her body is practically shaking. Her pretty face

all screwed up tight. And she's making the sexiest little noises as she clings to me tighter and rides it out. I take it all in. Savoring every last second, right up until she slumps against me. Her head nuzzled against my neck. Her little panting breaths casting over my skin. My dick has never been so fucking hard and ready, but it needs a lesson in patience.

"We're coming to the bottom, babe. You want to go back up or get off?"

I'm hoping she'll keep riding with me and just let me hold her, but she sits up and tells me it's time to get off. Now, I'm wondering if she's going to run. If she does, I'll be chasin', but I'm hoping that's not the case. I'm hoping she's feeling exactly like I do. Like fate has brought us together on this hot summer night. Like the stars aligned, lighting up the way for our future.

We climb out of the cart, and she sways as if she's got sea legs. I think that orgasm is what's making her unsteady. I grip her hips and keep her against me.

"What the hell, Madison? We've been waiting forever."

That cocky son-of-a-bitch comes storming over, and my entire frame tenses. I've never been one to hurt an innocent, but this kid makes me see red. I don't like the way he speaks to my girl. I certainly don't like the way he's lookin' at her either. And the stupid shit is more concerned over the fact that he's been waiting on her, than he is about the fact that a complete stranger is wrapped around her. I'd be punching a man's lights out if he tried to touch my woman. He wouldn't live to see the next day.

She pulls away from me and starts walking toward him, and I'm trying not to show the possession that's infecting my mind. I need to wait to see how this plays out before I make my move. Don't want to turn into an obsessive barbarian and scare her, but obsession may be close to what I'm feeling for this girl.

“You know...” she starts, sounding pissed off and it’s a damn soothing sound. “I had to wait for you for over an hour while you picked up your buddies without even asking me if it was okay for them to join us on our date, and you didn’t hear me complain about it. Then you shoved me in the back seat, treating me like a fourth wheel and you didn’t hear a peep. And don’t even get me started about you being a complete jerk once we got here. Oh, and by the way, I hope you got that girl’s number. The one you were flirting with, because we’re done.” Shit, she’s awesome. “I should’ve broken up with you ages ago.” She shakes her head like she’s disappointed in herself.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“You’re going to be sorry, Madison. Mark my words.”

The prick has some damn nerve, and one big-as-hell ego. Probably to compensate for the little dick between his legs.

“No, Jeff. You’re an asshole and a really shitty kisser. The only thing I will ever be sorry about is wasting so much time on you.”

This girl just put a lock around my heart. Damn, I’m already falling hard. My heart’s beatin’ heavy, warmed with pride for the girl. She’s mine now. That arrogant shit needs to run along and go bark his pathetic ass up someone else’s tree.

She turns on her heel and comes right back over to me. “Can you take me on another ride?” I’ll take her on whatever she wants.

“Up on the Ferris wheel, or you want to try somethin’ different, babe?”

When her eyes travel down my frame, I get the sense I may be her new favorite attraction at the state fair. She has no idea what a fun ride I can be.

Music suddenly blares through the walls and the memory fades. Shit, I feel like I just came out of a coma. My head is so heavy. Heart racing hard. I look down at what I’d been aimlessly drawing while I got dragged back into the past.

It’s an image of her face. Only her eyes aren’t twinkling like they were in my memories. They aren’t shining with lust or happiness. Aren’t filled with intrigue and need. They’re full of pity. Pity for the weak man I’ve become.

Madison

Raid puts me back down on my feet, and I turn, looking for Skully, but he's gone. He's rolling his wheelchair down the hall, heading to his room. I knew it was a bad idea to come. But now I have my answer. I definitely wasn't missed. He has no regrets on letting me go. There wasn't even a flicker of happiness to see me. There was nothing but anger in his eyes.

"Will you come have a drink with us, Madsters?"

Dagger's sweet to ask, but if I stay a moment longer, I'll break into tears.

"I need to get going. It's obvious Skully doesn't want me here."

He shakes his head, casting Hawk a look. "I doubt that's the case, babe. He's just having a rough day."

Rough day or not, the look in his eyes made it very clear how he feels about me. I've never felt such a coldness in my life. The man despises me.

"Hey, Mads." Ripper's standing in the doorway of their meeting room, the place where they hold "church," and it's not the religious kind, which I've never quite understood. "You mind stepping in here for a moment?"

"Yeah, um...okay."

I really want to leave, but Ripper is hard to say no to. He's the one who escorted me out of the hospital, holding me as I broke down into tears. Embracing me until I was all cried out. He told me Skully wasn't in his right mind and didn't want me seeing

him in such a banged-up state. But it turns out, Skully just never wanted to see me again.

“It’s good to see you, doll.” He closes the door behind us, gesturing for me to take a seat. “Been a long time.”

Exactly fourteen months and three days. Every single second more painful than the last. And it just got harder, seeing the truth in Skully’s eyes.

“Are you back for good or just passing through?”

I’m only back until I can find a job in another state. After today, there’s no way I’m staying here. It’s too hard. Too many memories.

“I’m currently searching for a job, so I’m not sure how long I’ll be in town for. The market’s a bit tough right now, though.”

“What kind of job you looking for?” His eyes perk up. “Maybe we can help.”

I doubt it. The Savage Knights run an auto shop and a construction company. Not exactly my forte. Not unless they need someone to handle their books, in which case, I’m their girl.

“Any chance you can get me a job in finance somewhere?”

“Are you shitting me? We’ve been looking to hire someone to get the club’s finances in order. Rubble used to run the books for us, but ever since...” He can’t even say the words. They all lost part of their family that night. Rubble was an amazing man, and I know his loss has been felt. “I’ve been drowning. We’re late paying bills, and late with sending out invoices. It’s a mess. Damn, girl, I could really use some help. If you’d be up for the job, I’ll pay you what we paid Rubble.”

It sounds right up my alley. I could have them back on track in a matter of days, or a few weeks depending on how bad it is. And if they don't already have accounting software, I could get them set up to make life easier for them. As long as they were willing to pay me minimum wage, it'd be the best job ever.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

But then I'd have to see Skully every day, and I don't think I can handle it.

"I don't think it's a good idea. Skully wasn't happy with me being here. I don't want to upset him further."

"Doll." He lets out a low sigh, leaning forward in his chair. "Sometimes us men will push the people we care about away because we don't want to see them getting hurt." It's what everyone told me when he kicked me out of the hospital. "Skully's been going through some real shit, and it's been really fucking hard for him. I can guarantee that the only reason he's so adamant about you not being here is so you don't get dragged down into his mess with him. I know how that man felt about you. And I know that those feelings didn't just disappear the night he got shot. His pride is hurtin', babe. You seeing him bound to a chair is not what any man would want. But in my opinion, I think you could be the cure he needs. I think he could use a bit of sweet in his life. Now, what do you say? You interested in the job?"

My gut had told me the same thing—that Skully didn't want me seeing him suffering, but the coldness felt so real. I don't think I can do it. I think the cure for him is for me to leave and never come back.

"Salary will be two hundred."

Two hundred a day is more than I'd make at any of the stores I applied to. Wait...he said salary.

"Do you mean two hundred a day?"

“Nah, Maddy Cakes. We aint’ gonna shortchange you. Two hundred thousand a year. But that does come with full discretion. We don’t want one word of our business dealings leaving this clubhouse. Understood?”

Two hundred thousand. Oh my freaking heavens. That’s even more than I’d make if I were the CFO at my father’s company. That’s more than I ever thought I’d be able to make, period. That’s enough to not only get me my own place, but I could also afford a house. I could get out from under my parents’ roof within a few weeks. That’s crazy money.

“You look shocked.”

“I am shocked. I think you’re overpaying, Ripper. I literally just graduated. Fifty thousand would work.” That’s all I thought I’d be able to make. According to my dad, I’d be lucky to get that with my grades as they were. Maybe I should tell him what my final grade point average was. He might rescind the offer altogether.

“Hell no, Mads. We’re paying you what we paid Rubble. I don’t have a single doubt in your abilities. Skully ranted and raved about how amazing you were doing at that fancy college of yours. And even if it takes you a moment to learn your way around, the fact that I won’t have to do it anymore will be worth every dime.”

“I didn’t do as well as I wanted this last year, so my grades weren’t that good. This year was...um...a little rough.”

His shoulders drop as his eyes fill with that same look I saw on Dagger’s face, and Shayna’s, and everyone else’s the moment Skully spoke to me. Everyone feels sorry for me.

“Doll, we all get hit from time to time. Life can take us down. The fact that you’re standing in front of me, even willing to be here talking with me, speaks to your

strength. I'm not worried about no grades. If you think it's something you can do, the job is yours. If you'd rather pour drinks, we'll get you a job at the bar instead. The choice is yours."

"No." I shake my head. "I'd love to handle the books and get all the finances in order. Numbers are my specialty." Pouring drinks has never been something I'm good at. I'll be making messes right and left with my clumsy hands. "But, Rip." There's just one thing I need to check before I agree. "Will you make sure it's okay with him? If he's already having a hard time, I don't want to make things worse."

"I can tell you the man isn't in his right mind to know what's good for him. I think you being around is exactly what the doctor ordered. He needs to be reminded of how good things were. He needs to see there's something worth fighting for. But yeah, Mads, I'll talk to him."

That seed of hope has been implanted again, wondering if I could truly be the cure. If there's a chance Skully still has feelings for me, I'll fight for him until death. I will never give up on him. But the choice is his. If he tells me to leave, I'll go and never return. If he says I can stay, then I'll figure out how to bring him back to life.

"Thanks, Ripper. And thanks for the offer. It's been really hard living with my parents. We just don't see the world the same way." All they see is wealth and status. And if you don't have wealth, you don't belong in their world. And because I fell in love with a man who was covered in ink and ran around with a "motorcycle gang," I no longer belong in their world either. It didn't matter that Skully was brilliant or kind or that he'd worked so hard to overcome adversity and make something of himself. All they saw was the dirt on his hands and the Savage Knight insignia on his leather jacket and it was enough to cast their judgement. "This will give me a chance to get my own place."

"You need a place to stay? We've got a room for you here in the clubhouse. You say

the word and it's yours."

For as much as I want to be out from under my parents' hold, I don't know if I'm quite ready for that. I need to see if I can handle being around Skully first. I need to see if I can breathe inside this clubhouse before I move in.

"Thank you. I think for now it's best if I give him some space. But if he's okay with me being here, I'll take the job."

"I'll talk to him, doll, and let you know. Now, why don't we go grab a drink from the bar. I know everyone wants to catch up with you."

Except for the one man who matters most.

5

Skully

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"What is it?" I bark out, practically scratching a hole through the paper I'm drawing on. Black flames over blue eyes filled with fucking pity.

Ripper comes walking in, looking pissed. He's not the one who should be angry right now.

"You want to explain why you're treating that sweet girl like that?"

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

No. I really fucking don't.

"You want to explain what the fuck she's doing here?"

"Shayna ran into her in town, and Maddy gave her a ride back to the clubhouse. Simple as that."

"So, is she gone now?"

"No. She's having a drink with the guys and Shay. You still didn't answer my question."

Why did I treat her like that? Because I want her out of my sight. Because I can't fucking stand being reminded of what I lost. I can't fucking stand the pity. Her eyes had nothing but love in them every time she used to look at me. Now, they're just filled with pain because I'm no longer the same man she met at the fair. "Because I told her never to step foot here again."

"Yeah, well, I offered her a job."

"You did what?" I snap my head up, narrowing all my self-hatred right on him.

"She's having a tough time finding a job, and we need the help. We're fucking drowning in all the fucking bills and shit." Because Rubble is no longer here to take care of it. "The girl has a finance degree and is a hell of a lot more cut out for the job than I am. Shit. I'm not even sure I passed math back in the day. We need her, Skull, and she needs the cash."

She needs the cash? Her family has more money than they know what to do with.

“Why does she need the money? She got a degree from some fancy-ass school. She should have no problem finding a job.”

“Because she’s living with her folks and wants to get out from under their handcuffs.”

Maddy’s parents were such assholes. They were arrogant snobs, looking down their noses at everyone who didn’t fit their mold. Even their own daughter didn’t make the cut. And the second she started dating me, they practically disowned her. The only reason they didn’t cut off her tuition was because they thought she’d go back to school and move on from my ass. I wonder if she did. I wonder if she’s dating anyone.

Fuck! The thought has me wanting to pull my gun and load it up.

“Tell her she needs to go find a job elsewhere. I don’t want her here.”

His jaw locks up tight, looking like he’s got somethin’ to say. I’d love to hear it. It’s hard enough getting through my days, and now I’ve been sliced wide open again. If he wants to pour salt into my wound, now’s his fucking chance.

“She needs the job, Skully, and we fucking need her. You know...” He shakes his head. “I’m starting to think it wasn’t your legs you lost that night but your fucking heart. If you want her gone, you’re gonna have to tell her yourself. But before you do that, I suggest you remember that that girl never did anything to hurt you. She’s not the one who shot your damn legs off. She stayed in that hospital room day in and day out, crying her little eyes out for you to get better. She’s a good girl and she cares about you. And she needs this fucking job. But if you want to rip it away from her, you’ll have to do it your goddamn self.”

He turns and storms out, slamming the door shut as he goes. His anger resonates deep in my nerves. Louder than the slam. Fuck! He doesn't think I know how much of a bastard I am. I know I'm fucked up. I know she didn't do anything wrong. But how the hell do I get past the fucking pain? Every day I'm haunted by what I lost. Haunted by eyes. Greenish-blue eyes filled with love. Aqua eyes filled with worry and agony. Lifeless brown eyes from my brother who laid dead on the ground because I wasn't there to have his back. Eyes full of pity. Eyes full of disappointment. And now I get to add angry eyes to the mix.

Ripper's pissed that I'm not fighting to get myself out of this chair. He's pissed I won't move on with my life. That I won't stop living in the past. But if the world were ripped out from under him, if he lost his fucking woman and his fucking manhood all in one night, what the fuck would he do?

I can't get my friend back. I can't give my girl the life she deserves. I can't protect my men anymore. Or ride my bike. I can't work on cars and make a living. I can't do any fucking thing other than sit in this goddamn chair and remember how fucking good everything was before that one fucking night. Before it was all ripped away from me and I woke up in hell.

And now he wants me to face what I lost head on day in and day out. How the fuck does he expect me to do that?

6

Madison

"How's it coming, Maddy Cakes?" Ripper comes walking in, looking over my shoulder at what I'm working on. He scratches the back of his head as he stares at my screen. He doesn't know what he's looking at, but most people wouldn't. It's a bunch of numbers that don't make much sense, but they will once I'm done here.

Everything's coming along really well. After he went over the details with me this morning and showed me all the different business accounts, I started getting everything organized and began setting up the software program. There's still a lot to input and a heap of receipts to be sorted through, but once the grunt work is done, everything will run more smoothly.

"It's good. I'm getting you all set up with this program, which will make everyone's lives easier. It will be easy to account for all the money coming in and out of the different businesses. Then once I get everything set up, I'll be making sure all the bills are paid and up to date and I'll get all the invoices sent. I have the companies split as individual entities for tax purposes"—because surprisingly these men, who I thought didn't obey the law according to my father, pay their taxes—"but you'll also be able to see the total financial accounting for the entire club. That way you'll always know what the club's net income is." And what has me thoroughly shocked is how wealthy they are. We're talking millions. Way more money than what my dad is worth.

"Shit, girl. I'm gonna have to give you a raise. You already did in one day what would've taken me an entire year to accomplish. And what's got me is the fact that there's a smile on your face."

"That's because I love numbers." And may also be because Skully said I could stay. It gives me hope that what Ripper said may be true. And maybe Skully doesn't hate me like I thought but is merely trying to push me away. If there's even a glimmer of truth in that possibility, I can work with that. I'll remind Skully of the past and what we had. How amazing everything was. But first, I have to figure out a way to see him. He's been locked up in his room all day, and I've been locked up in this office.

"All right, well, it's closing time. We don't pay for overtime around here." He winks. "So, we best be gettin' to the bar."

It's only five o'clock. I feel like I could work for hours on end. I actually find this fun. Plus, I don't want to go home. I don't want to listen to my parents rant and rave over meaningless bullshit. I swear they can talk nonstop about the pettiest things. Honestly, I'd rather be working.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“I don’t mind staying longer. There’s nothing going on tonight.”

“It’s up to you, girl. But would you mind taking this down to Skully real quick?”
He’s holding a brown box. It’s finally the excuse I’ve been looking for to go down and see him.

“Sure thing!”

I take the package from him and head down to Skully’s room. The closer I get to his door, the more nervous I feel. Maybe I should’ve stopped by the bar first for some liquid courage. My hand pauses in the air, and I count to five before knocking.

“What do you want?”

The harsh snap of his voice from within has me stepping back. I look down the hall toward the great room for my escape, but it’s too late. I can’t chicken out now.

“Skully, it’s Maddy. I have a package for you.”

There’s a long silence. Seconds pass slowly, and my nerves ratchet tighter and tighter. Maybe I should just leave the box by his door and go.

“Door is open,” he finally says, and another shudder of nerves rushes through.

I have to wipe my palm on my skirt before I reach for the handle. God, I don’t think I’ve ever been this nervous before. My lungs don’t want to work and counting to five is doing nothing to calm my breathing. I open it slowly. He’s sitting over at his art

table, staring intently at whatever he's drawing. He doesn't even look up as I enter, and that little smidge of hope I had is fading fast.

"Sorry," I practically stutter. "I didn't mean to interrupt you. Ripper asked me to bring you this box."

I don't know where to put it. On his nightstand, on his dresser—but that feels too high, or over at his table. The decision weighs heavily, the box practically shaking in my hands, until he snaps at me to bring it to him.

"You gonna stand there all day, or bring me my package?"

My feet quickly carry me forward, and I almost drop it on the table as if the thing is burning my hands. I'm ready to tuck tail and run. The nerve to stay and talk to him is completely gone. But before I get to the door, his deep voice stops me, and my sweaty hand sticks to the metal knob.

"Why are you here, Madison?"

I steel my breath before I turn, swallowing the nervous energy so I can form an answer. But my voice is so weak.

"I needed a job, and Ripper offered." And maybe I hoped I'd be the cure for the man before me. But by the way he's looking at me, it doesn't look like I'm the spoon full of sugar he needs. I'm catching a chill again from his angry stare and I wish I had a sweater of confidence to shield me.

"You couldn't find something somewhere else?"

I was under the impression Skully was okay with me being here, but it doesn't sound like that's the case. There's so much contempt in his tone.

“My grades weren’t that great this last year. I’d sent my resume to a bunch of companies, but nothing panned out. When Ripper offered me the job, I was shocked. I wasn’t expecting it at all. But I told him I wouldn’t take it if you didn’t want me being here. If you’ve changed your mind about me staying, I’ll go, Skull. I don’t want you to hate me.”

His head cocks to the side and there’s a flicker in his eyes, a tiny bit of life. The pulse at the side of his jaw is ticking so fast I can’t keep count. My heart is racing faster the longer he holds me hostage in the silence. Am I supposed to say something else? Should I assume his answer and leave for good?

“How come your grades were shit? You get too caught up with too many boys?”

Caught up with boys? How could he even ask me that? I haven’t thought about another guy since him. Dating may be off the table indefinitely unless I can figure out how to stop loving the man who seems like he can’t even stand the sight of me. No, the only boy I was distracted with this last year was him. I was so depressed, most days I couldn’t get myself out of bed to make it to my classes. And when I did go, all I could think about was my pain and whether he was okay.

“There hasn’t been anyone since you, Skully. It was a little hard concentrating on my schoolwork when all I could think about was you.” There’s another flicker in his eyes, but the warmth quickly dissipates right back to anger. “I wanted to call you so many times. I wanted to know that you were okay. But...I didn’t think you wanted me to.” So, I never picked up the phone.

“You were right. I didn’t want you to call me. I don’t need anyone’s pity. And as you can fucking see, I’m doing just fine.”

He gestures to himself, but I can’t tell if that’s a joke or not. He doesn’t look fine. Appearance wise, he’s still as handsome as ever, easily the most gorgeous guy, but

his eyes no longer hold any warmth. They're cold and angry. And I already know from what Ripper told me that he's not doing well. The anger is obviously a façade. A defense mechanism to help shield himself. But from what? Judgement? He has to know I would never think less of him for being in that wheelchair. My love for him hasn't changed.

"I missed you, Skully." The words slip out, but it's almost like I can't hold them back. I've always believed love and kindness could trump anger and hatred, so I want him to know what's in my heart. But when his lips turn into a scowl, I think I've missed my mark and angered him further.

"Don't you have a job to do?"

I'm so tempted to tell him I'm done with work for the day, but it's obvious I'm not welcome. I don't want to upset him. My goal is to help bring him back to life and get him well again, so pissing him off isn't going to work in my favor.

"I'm done for the day. But I'll leave you to it." I go to leave, but stop in the doorway, needing to say one last thing. "Thanks for letting me stay, Skull. I really need this job."

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“Yeah, well, as long as you stay out of my way you can keep it.”

I try to ignore the bite of his words, remembering that his defensive mindset right now is to push everyone away. Now, more than ever, I believe Ripper was right. Skully’s hurting and he needs my help.

7

Skully

Her scent lingers in her wake. Coconut and sunshine, like a warm sunny day on a tropical island. She smells exactly the same but looks even prettier. Though her eyes have definitely changed. This time they weren’t shining with pity but were lit with fear. She’s afraid of me. Her feet were practically shaking in those fancy little heels she was wearing. It makes me wonder who she got dressed up for. Which one of my brothers she’s trying to impress.

She’s working in a motorcycle club, not at some snooty-ass company, yet she was wearing a tight bodysuit, tucked into a tight skirt, showing off all those curves. She even had on makeup and jewelry. And those high-fucking- heels. Heels that make every man imagine what she’d look like in nothin’ but her shoes.

The anger strangles my nerves, and I pick up my pen, drawing a new set of eyes. Greenish-blue eyes filled with fear.

Even that first day I brought her to the clubhouse she wasn’t afraid. I thought for sure a little priss like her from her highfalutin world would be nervous or scared to meet a

bunch of one-percenters but she was eager as can be. Excited to see where I lived and where I worked. She wanted me to introduce her to everyone, not a fear about where they came from or whether they had blood on her hands. She wasn't excited about the sweetbutts though. Those were eyes of jealousy.

“You want to tell me why you're suddenly in a rotten mood?” I thought for sure it had to do with her realizing my accommodations were nowhere near as nice as what she was used to. I had myself a big room with a seating area and my own bathroom, but it wasn't a mansion like the one she grew up in. And the walls are paper thin.

“Do you sleep with those girls?”

It hit me right in the left side of my chest the moment I realized it was jealousy that had altered her good mood. She asked me about the girls roaming around the clubhouse, most of them scantily clad and trying to flirt with my brothers. I explained how they were sweetbutts. Didn't think much of it as I was talking to her about them, but it's obvious I struck a chord.

I move in, crowding her space, and tip her stubborn chin up. “Let me tell you somethin', babe. The moment I laid eyes on you at that fair was the moment I forgot that other females exist. Who I slept with in the past, I can't even fucking remember because all my memories have been replaced by you. There ain't nothing and no one you need to be jealous of. You're the only one I want.”

She steps forward, her eyes sharpening around the edges. “You better be a man of your word, Skully. Because if I find out you're sniffing up another girl's skirt, I will cut your dick off and shove it down that girl's throat.”

If I wasn't already in love, her brazen attitude would've sealed her fate. And it's time I sniffed up her skirt. We've kept things pretty PG over the last few weeks, mainly because I've been trying to wine and dine her proper. I'm aiming for forever with this

girl, so doing it right is important. Now that she's made her claim on me, it's time to take things to the next level. I've been dying to find out if that pussy of hers smells just as good as the rest of her.

I lift her from the ground and press her up against my door, my blood running so hot I might catch fire. I've never wanted someone as much as I want her. I want to lick her from clit to ass and feast on her pleasure until she passes out in my arms. She told me her parents are out of town for the night, which means she's mine until the sun rises, and damn, if I'm not going to savor every minute of my time with her.

"You know how fucking sexy you are when you're jealous?" I lick my lips, dying for a taste.

"Yeah, well, I hate the feeling, so don't try to make a habit out of seeing this side." Fuck, she's amazing.

"I will never lie to you, baby. When I tell you you're all I fucking want, I mean it. Now, wrap your arms around me and prove I'm your man. Prove I don't have to worry about any of those country club brats taking you away from me." She's the one I need to be worried about. I'm a roughneck from the wrong side of the tracks. What if she wakes up and realizes she can do better?

But the kiss she gives me alleviates every single worry. The emotion runs through her, making my knees wobble. It's filled with so much sexual tension and need, I'm drowning in my lust for the girl. When she starts to climb my frame, I finally release her lips. It's time to kiss her elsewhere.

I slide down to my knees, and there's a new look in her eyes: anticipation, excitement, heat. I'm about to make those eyes of hers burn even hotter.

"I've been thinking about kissing between your legs since that first night we met. One

day, I'm going to take you back up on that Ferris wheel so I can fulfill my fantasy." I slide her skirt up, watching the goose bumps break across her skin. My head drops forward and I slide my nose up her inner thigh, breathing in that sweet scent. I'll never get enough of her. When I get to her panty-covered pussy, I inhale deep. My mouth watering. "Like cotton candy," I moan, dropping my lips over her clit and sucking her right through the satin. Her hips buck forward, and her hands brace against the door at her back as the pleasure rolls through her. She's so sensitive. It makes me eager to know what happens when I make direct contact.

I slip the material to the side and go in for a real taste.

Bang!Bang! Bang!

The knock on the door yanks me right out of my memory, like jerking me from a deep sleep. I'm rattled. Breathing hard. My heart racing. And I realize that my heart isn't the only thing pumped with blood and pulsing. I've got my dick in my hand, fisting myself hard and fast. The memory of that night seeping from the end of my tip.

"Skully!" Ripper shouts through the door. "Open the fuck up or I'm coming in."

Fuck! I quickly tuck my dick away and scoot my chair to where I'm tucked further under the table. Don't need him seeing the third leg between my thighs and have him calling me out on it. Because he will.

Jesus. It's been so long since my dick was aroused, my seed is spilling in my pants without any contact. Throbbing like I'm on the verge of tipping over the edge. He needs to get in and get the hell out because I need to come.

"Why the fuck are you bothering me?" I bark out.

The door opens and in he walks. I would lock the thing, but they just bust right through that shit. Worried I've done something to hurt myself.

“Saw your girl back in the office working. I take it you didn't send her packing?”
She's not my girl. Though, my entire system fights that thought.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“As long as she stays out of my way, she can stay. Sounds like she needs the job.” It’s because of my sorry ass that she didn’t do well at school. I broke her heart, and she suffered from the pain. Another thing I can add to my list of shit, building the guilt deeper.

“Well, for what it’s worth, she did an amazing job today. Already cleaned up the mess I made of everything. She’s brilliant.”

Yeah, she fucking is. The girl is as smart as a whip. And had it not been for me, she’d be going places.

“Was there something you needed, Rip?”

“Nah, just pleased that you weren’t a dick to her. I was worried that smile would be ripped from her face again. But she’s smiling brighter now.”

God, I loved her smile. It was the prettiest thing I’d ever seen. Her eyes would light up so bright my body would catch a sunburn down to my core. She smiled with her whole face. But...she wasn’t smiling when she was in here, was she? She was looking scared, like she wanted to bolt. I wonder which one of my brothers she’s smiling for. I wonder who she wore that sexy outfit for. If I didn’t know the truth about Ripper and his secret obsession, I’d be suspecting him. But he’s not the one I’m worried about.

Dagger, on the other hand, was definitely jealous as hell when that girl showed up to the club. And when he saw her yesterday, he lit right the fuck up, didn’t he?

“You make sure she stays locked in that office and doesn’t go sniffing around any of the guys, and she can stay. Now, do you mind? I’d like to get back to wallowing in my anger.”

His lips tip up with a jerk of amusement at my comment. It’s probably the first time I’ve seen a smile on his face since that night of hell. I wasn’t exactly joking about wallowing in my anger, though. I’m so pissed at the thought of her being interested in one of my men, I’m seeing red. My dick is no longer pulsing between my legs. It’s back to its limp state as the jealousy runs hot in my veins.

“Don’t worry. No one in this club would dare touch your woman, Skull. I’ll leave you to your wallowing. By the way, I ordered that tattoo gun so it should be here in a day or two, but I’m not sure what else you need so I’ll leave the rest up to you.”

Right, I’d almost forgotten. I’ll get what I need. And maybe that girl will be the one to deliver my packages. I almost tell him to make sure she isn’t, but he’s out the door before I get the words out. Don’t know why my mouth decided to remain shut, but it did.

8

Madison

“Hey, Madsters! Would you mind taking another package down to Skully’s room?”

Ripper hands me another box, and I nod, quickly darting off into the bathroom to check my appearance and touch up my makeup before I go down to deliver it. My stomach is filled with nerves, but I’m braced for his anger today, knowing what to expect.

All night I was thinking about what Ripper said, and Skully’s reaction, and I’m

certain it's the truth. He's determined to push everyone away. Whether it's his pride or the pain over what happened, he's latched onto the anger and now it's become his safety net. Now, that I know that, I'm determined to become the one he clings to instead.

"Hey, Skully! It's Maddy again." I knock twice. "I have another package for you."

His grunt for me to come in has the tension loosening a little. It's already a better reaction than the one he had yesterday. He's sitting at his table drawing again. This time, I don't hesitate. I walk right over and place the box down for him. And instead of trying to flee, I linger, studying his drawings. He has pages and pages of them scattered across the table. I notice one of me, every detail perfect down to my aqua-colored eyes. Then another. And another. He has so many of me.

My heart starts to race. I don't think he would be drawing me if he didn't still care. I pick one up, noticing that the eyes are off. I look scared in the image. I wonder if that's what he saw when he woke in that hospital bed. I wonder if that's the reason he sent me away. It was the terror that he wasn't going to make it. He'd lost so much blood, and when they did the surgery, his body went into cardiac arrest. I've never been so afraid in my life.

"Why do you draw me?" The question slips out as I study the picture, but when his entire body tenses in his chair, I wished it hadn't.

The paper is suddenly ripped from my hand. He grabs the others too and starts to shove them under his pile. In his frantic movement, his pens get knocked to the ground. Colored pens scattering everywhere. I quickly drop to my knees, crawling around to pick them up. Wishing I'd kept my mouth shut.

I chance a glance over my shoulder to see if he's angry with me, but I'm struck by the look in his eyes. He's staring at my backside, and there's desire burning fiercely in

his stare. His teeth are biting into his bottom lip as if he's swallowing a groan. It's a look I remember, and it makes my blood run hot.

The buzz starts to trickle through me, and I crawl forward to get another pen, spreading my legs a little wider, hoping he can see the evidence between my thighs. My skirt has ridden up, and if he looks closely enough, he can see how soaked I am. I reach for the pen and chance another glance in his direction, but he notices this time and is quick to redirect his attention. But he can't slow his heaving chest or stop his cheeks from burning red. I can see what I'm doing to him, and I want to do more.

I turn and start crawling toward his chair, trying to garner the nerve to make a move. My eyes drift down between his legs, and when I see the effect I'm having on him, the massive prominent effect, it gives me the courage to keep advancing. His cock is making a tent under his jogging pants, and it draws a moan straight from my throat.

He jerks at the sound. Like I've snapped him from some kind of trance. He quickly shifts his chair away from me, putting a cold distance between us, and his entire face has gone frozen again with that anger he wears so well.

"Leave the fucking markers and get out."

I swallow back the nerves that are creeping up my throat and rise off the ground. I don't understand what's wrong. I don't understand why he's so angry with me. He obviously still wants me. And I want him more than I can breathe. The ache is pulsing so deep within my gut I wake up in a sweat at night longing for him to take the ache away. It's drilled deeper and deeper every day since he left me in this room, promising he'd come back and finish what we started.

I so desperately want to ask him why, but the look he gives me has me placing the markers back on his table and rushing out. As soon as I'm out of his room, I take a deep breath, trying to regain a hold on my shaking nerves. Trying to make sense of

what just happened. It's obvious he still desires me, but he still shut me out.

I don't understand it. But I do know one thing is for certain: I'm not going to stop trying. Tomorrow and the next day, I'm going to keep coming back. I won't stop until he remembers what we had, until he remembers how good it was. Because it was perfect.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

Skully

I wait for the knock. Every day it's like clockwork. Sometime between five and five fifteen she shows up at my door with another package. I wonder if she even questions the fact that I receive so many boxes. I could've ordered all the materials I needed for my tattooing setup at once, but apparently, I like to inflict myself with pain. My dick throbs like it's being constricted by a blood pressure cuff, tightening and tightening as my pulse races. Waiting for the knock to come.

She always finds some reason to linger in my room. Sometimes talking about the club and asking me about certain terms regarding the auto shop so she can make heads and tails of things on the invoices. She could ask Ripper or any of the others, but she doesn't. And honestly, I'm not sure I want her to. When the tension becomes a noose around my nerves and I've had all that I can take, I snap at her to leave. Then I fuck my fist so hard I nearly rub myself raw.

Today, she's running late, and my balls are already aching. I know I have another package coming. I checked the delivery status and it's here. So, where the fuck is she?

The soft knock on the door has me clenching my fists. My tension starting to squeeze my nerves, and when I call out, it's tight in my voice.

“What the hell do you want?”

The knob turns and the door opens slowly. She comes walking in, and my cock constricts further as my blood pressure spikes. I've never seen her looking so fucking

sexy. Her shirt barely goes below her tits and that skirt she's wearing barely covers her ass. It looks like she borrowed her outfit from one of the sweetbutts because my sweet Madison always dressed prim and proper. She's even gone to the trouble of doing her makeup, painting her lips cherry red just like a pin-up model, and she pulled her hair up into a high ponytail. Fuck me, she's too pretty.

I bet all my brothers want a taste of her. That's probably why she's dressed like this. To get their attention. It's Friday night, which means everyone's here. Everyone's drinking and wanting to fuck, and she's looking like a ripe strawberry up for the taking.

"Another package arrived." Her soft voice coats me like a warm blanket, radiating heat throughout my frigid veins. She brings the box over and places it on my table, somehow managing to knock my pens over in the process. "Oops. I'm so sorry, Skully. I can be such a klutz sometimes."

She immediately drops to the ground, crawling on her hands and knees to clean them up. The sight of her on all fours draws the cum right to the end of my dick. It reminds me of the first time she and I had a squabble. Her stubborn little hide was mad because I wouldn't let her come to a club party one night. The place was going to be filled with brothers from the Northeast chapter and without my cut on her back, I didn't trust the situation. Not that I would let her out of my sight, but I wasn't in the mood for men ogling what was mine. But the girl showed up anyway. Defying my order. Making my dick so hard I could cut steel.

She marched right in, looking like a foxy little biker chick and told me Shayna invited her. Then she tried to ignore my ass, which was like foreplay to my cock. When I couldn't take the pain of my need anymore, I marched right over and hauled her ass back here to my room, and then I spanked her naughty behind before I plowed my dick into her soaked cunt and drilled it into her that she was never to defy me or ignore me again. But the ornery girl enjoyed her punishment too much and from that

moment on she was determined to find ways to push my buttons. And man did I love her for it.

A pen goes rolling under the bed, pulling my focus back down to her ripe body. She leans forward, reaching under to get it, and as her chest dips, I get a straight view between her legs. Her pussy is completely bare under her skirt. She parts her legs further, that short skirt doing nothing to hide her slick folds, and the anger slams in hard. At some point, she may have bent over today and one of my brothers could've had a look at her bare pink pussy.

I roll my chair forward, trapping her between me and the bed.

“Got it.” She sits up, startling by my proximity. “I...um...Skully...”

I reach out, gripping around the base of her neck and the words get trapped behind her nerves. The tension is strangling me, and my grip tightens. Any of my brothers could've seen her pussy. Any of them could've seen her perfect folds and that perfect ass. But that was probably her intent. Why else would the girl strut around a motorcycle club looking like sex and not wearing any underwear.

“Why the fuck are you walking around with no panties on? You trying to show off your cunt to my brothers? Get one of them to fuck you?”

She blinks wide and shakes her head slowly against my hold. I can feel her nerves rolling thickly down her throat as she swallows. The fear is back in her eyes. Burning dark like the deep depths of the ocean.

“I took them off right before I came in here. The only one I wanted to look was you.”

My grip tightens, my control slipping as her confession resonates. This little display was intended to taunt me. Intended to torture my cock. She came in here and knocked

my pens down so she could show me her little pussy. So she could make me lose control. Well, she finally has succeeded because I can't stop it.

I tug her forward, so close I can see every tiny freckle on her face. My words seethe through gritted teeth. "You wanted to show it to me, then fucking show it to me." I urge her up by my hold, forcing her to sit on the bed. "Now, pull your skirt up."

My grip around her neck unlocks and I sit back, waiting. Anger and lust thundering in, pounding in my ears, heaving in my chest. She refuses to listen. I told her to go. I told her I never wanted to see her again. But she's here. Working in my club. Coming into my room day in and day out, reminding me of how fucking good it was. And now, she's trying to torture my cock with my need for her. Crawling around on the ground, trying to show me her bare cunt until I succumb to the urges.

She shouldn't want me. I'm no fucking good for her. But she's still here, and for once, she's doing as she's told. She shifts back on the bed, her hands reaching for the bottom of her skirt. She's breathing fast and her body is practically shaking, but there isn't fear in her eyes. There should be. She should be afraid of me because I'm a madman now.

She shifts her skirt all the way up, but I don't have a good view with her thighs closed. "Thought you wanted to show it to me. Spread your fucking legs."

Her teeth sink into her lower lip and her cheeks blush so hot it's as if she just got burned by the sun. She wanted to taunt me, to tempt me, but she had no idea she was tempting the devil. Her legs slowly part, and my cock lurches in my pants. That ache growing heavier. Her pussy is slick with her cum, and she's swollen.

It still is the prettiest I've ever seen. Silky and smooth. Her folds thick, especially when she's horny. I used to long for her to show up in leggings because she'd get one serious camel toe when her body ran hot, and it was so fucking sexy to see the outline

of her pussy lips. The little nub poking out up top. Just like it is right now.

“Your little cunt is a fucking cocktease. You come in here all wet and swollen, begging for my attention. Well, you fucking have it. Is this what you wanted?”

I swear I see her pussy quiver before me. Her juices leaking out onto my sheets. She’s so fucking horny, she can’t even contain herself. I’m barely holding myself to this chair. My fists squeezing the life out of the armrests.

“I wanted you to touch me.” Her breathless whisper twitches my nerves. My cock is aching. When her hand starts to slide between her legs, I finally snap. The last shred of my restraint is gone. I push forward and shove her hand away, shoving my hand between her legs instead. I grip her cunt with my full palm, biting back my groan as her cum slickens my skin. She’s warm and wet, and plumper than usual.

“This what you wanted? You wanted me touch you?” I press my palm down over her clit and watch as her eyes flutter under the pressure. She’s so hungry for it. So sensitive. I pump my palm against her, and she lets out a whimper. Her head falling back on her shoulders as her shirt rides up and reveals the curve of her tits. No fucking bra either. Fuck that’s hot. And so fucking maddening.

“You just don’t know what’s good for you, do you?” I want to rip her shirt off so bad and nibble on that plump flesh. Lick around the base of each curve. Draw her nipples tight between my lips as she writhes on my hand. “You should stay the fuck away from me. Yet...” I shift my hand, sliding my two thick fingers down her folds, right through her slick seam, teasing my way to her entrance. “You keep showing up in my room, begging for my attention.”

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

Her hips buck against me as I press my fingers into her core, sinking in nice and slow. Her wet heat is so snug and tight, reminding me of how tight she was wrapped around my dick. It always felt like I was fucking a virgin with her. Her walls gripping onto me, pulsing as she'd near her climax.

“Is this what you wanted all along? For my dirty fingers to fuck you?” I pump into her, my movement getting rougher as my need grows unbearable. My cock is about to tear through the cotton of my pants. “Walking in here, trying to show me this cunt. Squirting all over my sheets.”

Her juices run down my wrist and I pump harder. She's close. So fucking close. I press down on her clit, knowing it will strike the match, and it does. It sets her off. Her entire body is rocked by the force of the tightness taking hold.

“That's it, baby,” I groan as my dick watches with envy. “Make a fucking mess of me.” I pump harder, rubbing her nub at the same time, and she cries out my name. Her back arches off the bed, her entire body wracked by the waves. The sight of her is so fucking hot. Cum keeps slipping out with each one of her little whimpers. I'm desperate to feel her juices on my shaft as I fist my cock with the hand I just got her off with. I want to smear her scent all over me. Fuck.

She flops down once the final wave recedes. Her lungs breathing in heavy and fast as she tries to catch her breath. When her eyes finally flutter open, she looks straight at me. Her lips turning up into the prettiest smile.

“I've been waiting so long for that. You told me you'd be back in a few hours, and we'd finish what we started. You're a little late, mister.”

She's trying to tease me, but my mind gets flooded with the images. Lifeless eyes. A gun held to Razor's head, the sound of the trigger locking in place. A shot goes off as Rubble pulls his weapon and shoots the man dead before he can hurt our brother. And then...the bangs start exploding. Rubble's body like a firing target taking hit after hit. I drew my gun to take out the shooters but found myself going down. The next thing I knew, my body was exploding in pain. Excruciating pain. And then...I woke up in the hospital to sad, broken eyes. Eyes so terrified, so worried, and I couldn't fucking take it.

"Skully?"

Her voice pulls me back from the dark end of my madness. My focus clears, staring at her eyes. They're now full of hope. But what is she hoping for? That I'll make her mine again? What can I possibly give her? I have nothin' to offer anymore.

"You should get out to that party."

"Oh, um...okay. I...um..."

I push my chair back and turn, heading into my bathroom, hoping she takes the hint and leaves me be. When I hear my door close, I breathe out a heavy sigh. I'm such a fucking mess. That girl was smiling so pretty, and I fucking wiped it off her face, filling her eyes with rejection. But I can't give her what she wants. She deserves so much more than the shell of a man I've become.

10

Madison

"Maddikins! What's wrong?" Shay comes rushing over.

I don't know what happened. Everything was so good, and then I lost him again.

"I think I said something wrong. He was... We were... And it was so good. I was only trying to make a joke, but he told me to leave." His face went ghost white; his eyes filled with regret and fear and sadness. And when he came back, the coldness had returned. I don't know what I did. I thought I'd finally broken through to him.

"Okay, breathe, Maddy Cakes." She pulls me over to the side of the room. The place is packed. Everyone is here and the noise is almost too much for me to handle. "Okay, so start over. You were with Skully, and then what happened?"

"We... He...um... We kind of made out."

"Youwhat?" She practically shrieks, bouncing up and down, clapping her hands. I was excited too, until I saw his face. "I knew it was going to happen." She hits me with an I told you so smile.

Honestly, I wasn't sure it would. I was so nervous going into his room. But then I saw the bulge between his legs, and it was all the courage I needed. God, it was so intense. He was dominant and demanding. And I've never come so hard. Fifteen months of pent-up need and it took me by force. But then... "I was trying to make a joke about it taking him long enough to make a move, and then he just disappeared on me. It was like he was in a trance, and when he came back, he basically kicked me out of his room."

"Maybe being reminded of that night brought back the memories." God, she's probably right. I didn't mean to bring him back to all the pain. I wish I hadn't made my stupid comment.

"He probably just needs a moment. On the bright side, you got that man to make a move, which is mega progress. I think we should go have a drink and celebrate the

win.”

After what just happened, I don’t feel like celebrating.

“Actually, I’m going to head out. I’m kind of tired after the long week.”

“How about we have a girls’ day tomorrow and go shopping?”

“I can’t. My parents are making me go to the annual charity event at the country club.” It’s the one day a year where they pretend to give a shit about important matters and people other than themselves. There’s an auction, they bid on some fancy item, write a check, and think they’ve given back to the world. Done their good deed for the year. Then they go back to their self-centered lives and don’t think twice about anyone else.

“Ugh.” She shakes her head. “That sounds dreadful.” She has no idea. Every member of that club is a snob. Plus, Jeff will be there. And I really don’t want to see that guy. “Call me if you need me. And promise me you won’t let anything they say get to you. This is a them issue. Remember, you are beautiful, kind, and perfect.”

She really is a good friend. The only true friend I’ve ever had.

“I will.” I give her a hug. “By the way, Link looks like he’s about to lose his shit.” He’s glaring right at her.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

She gives me a grin as if she's happy over the fact. "He's mad about my outfit."

That man is terrifying. I'm not sure I'd want to be at the end of his temper. But Shayna is one tough girl. A byproduct of growing up in a girls' home. She's been through so much, but instead of letting it take her down, she wears her past as a badge of courage and strength. I just wish I had an ounce of that strength.

Right now, there's a headache of regret starting to creep in, and it's pounding harder and harder. If only I hadn't made my stupid comment.

11

Skully

She didn't show today. I've been waiting and waiting. Staring at that door. Wheeling circles around my room. Spinning myself dizzy with frustration. I know there's a package for me. Got the confirmation text on its delivery. I think she finally realized what a fuckup I am.

I storm from my room, rolling down the hall to the office. Ripper's the only one inside.

"Where is she?" I barge in, sounding way too on edge. His head snaps up from what he's working on, eyes narrowing in on me, and I realize how much I'm revealing in that one question. "She didn't bring me my package." My own nerves aren't even believing that excuse, and neither is my brother.

“It’s Saturday.” A hint of a smirk is formed on his lips. I don’t like it. It feels too vulnerable.

“I have a package. Tracking said it was delivered. She’s always the one who brings them to me. Even on Saturday.” The only day I don’t see her is on Sunday, but the mail doesn’t get delivered that day. It’s the longest day of the week. I get up, get my ass dragged to church, and then spend the rest of the day feeling like I’ve been run through an emotional grinder. And since I don’t turn to booze anymore, it’s only made worse.

“If you ask me, I think you miss your girl.”

“Ain’t no one asking. And she’s not my girl. I just want my package.”

He stares at me long and hard, his eyes too curious. Finally, he gets off his ass and rises from his desk. He retrieves my box from the corner and brings it over.

“You’ve been ordering a lot of shit lately.”

It sounds like an accusation.

“I’ve been getting supplies to do your tattoo. And ordered some more art supplies. Clothes, and shit, too.” I haven’t bought clothes in years. Suddenly, I’m trying to make myself look presentable.

He hands the thing over. “You know, if you want her, all you have to do is ask her to be yours. You don’t have to make excuses for seeing her.”

“I’m not trying to make excuses. Not trying to make her mine either.” She deserves better.

“You can keep sayin’ that, Skully, but I don’t even think you believe your own bullshit. That girl is your heart and soul, man. We all knew it that very first day you showed up with her. And we know it now. At some point, maybe you’ll take your head out of your ass and come to terms with the truth. Admit that you want her.”

“I have come to terms with the truth,” I snap. I’m faced with the truth from the moment I wake up in a sweat to the moment I drag my ass off this chair and crawl into bed. “That girl deserves a man, Ripper, not some crippled shit who’s bound to a chair.”

“Goddamnit, Skully.” He heaves a sigh, the frustration locking his shoulders up tight. “When are you going to see it? You may have lost your legs that night, but you didn’t fucking lose your life. The only reason you’re bound to that chair is because your ass won’t get up and do something about it. You can go to a damn doctor and be walking again. But legs or no legs, you’re still the same man I’ve always known. That hasn’t fucking changed.”

He can say that all he wants, but I don’t feel the same.

“I’ve changed in here.” I point to my head. It’s all fucked up inside. Dark and full of loss and suffering.

His eyes loosen around the edges, and he breathes out another sigh. “Let me ask you something. Would you take a bullet for me?” He should already know the answer to that question.

“Always. For any of my brothers.” I’d rather go to the grave than lose another friend. Besides, the weakest link should always be the sacrifice.

“That’s who you are, Skull. You may be dealin’ with shit. But you’re still the man who would give his life. A man who’s loyal, honest, and hardworking. I know you’re

bleeding guilt over that night. We all fucking are. But It's like you've given up. Like you've forgotten who you are."

It's not that I've forgotten. I remember every detail of the man I was. It's that I don't think that man will ever exist again. Carefree, strong, living life to the fullest. Going after bad men, fixing cars, fucking my girl up against a wall.

"Fuck, I know shit ain't easy for you," he states, "and I know it's a fucking steep mountain ahead, but the only one holding you back from having the life you want is you. If you want to walk again, you'll walk. If you want to ride your damn bike, you'll fucking ride. And if you want a future with that girl, she's yours for the taking. All you've got to do is start fighting. And we'll be right there by your side, fighting with you. The choice is yours, Skull. You just have to decide you want it."

I just have to decide I want it.

What I want is to be whole again. I want to be able to lay naked with my woman and not be half of a man. I want to stop waking up haunted by all the fucking eyes. Stop reliving that fucking night. I want to stop feeling so damn lost. So damn useless.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

If I knew how to fight, I'd be doing it by now. I just don't know where to fucking start. I don't want to put any more burden on my brothers. Going to doctors' appointments and rehab and all that shit is a drain on their time and a drag on their lives. I've already been enough of a burden as is. I'm no longer working and earning my keep. And they keep puttin' money in my account even though I didn't do a goddamn thing to deserve it.

"You're a good man, Rip. Appreciate what you and the others have done for me. I don't tell you thanks often enough." Don't show it in my actions either, and that shit's gotta stop. "I'll try, brother. For you and the others, I'll try to get my shit together."

He walks over and gives me a pat on the shoulder. "You ain't got to do anything for us. We'll love you no matter what. And just so you know, that girl loves you too."

I don't think she does. Haven't seen that look in her eyes. Trepidation, nervousness, and lust. And yesterday, I filled her eyes up with disappointment and rejection. I'm a sorry sack of shit. Even I'm sick of wallowing in my own damn tears. I gotta make a fucking change.

12

Madison

"Idon't understand you, Madison." My mother huffs as she clicks her fancy heels into the kitchen. I knew this was coming. Last night, my parents had to be on their best behavior, but today, the gloves are off. "Jeffrey is an incredible catch. Personally, I

think he's foolish to like you, but he does. And if you had an ounce of smarts in that brain of yours, you'd cling to that boy and the life he can offer you. Because your father and I are not going to support you forever."

They aren't supporting me now. Other than giving me a bed to sleep in, but that's about to change. I've already started looking for a place. And this last week, I transferred everything over into my name. My phone, my car insurance, and all my accounts. So, they aren't supporting me at all.

"Tell her, Steven," my mom says as my dad walks into the room. "Tell her she's being a fool for not giving Jeffrey another chance."

"Your mother is right." He narrows his beady eyes on me. "And I don't appreciate how rude you were to him last night. Your behavior was embarrassing. Atrocious."

My behavior? Jeffrey's drunk ass asked me if I wanted to sneak into the back of the men's locker room and fuck him, so I told him to fuck off. I think he was the one who was rude.

"Had I agreed to sneak into the men's room and have sex with him, you would've been more embarrassed. When are you two going to realize he's a jerk?"

Both of them look taken aback. Like I just told them their golden child was snorting cocaine. Which Jeff does on occasion. But they'd probably still think he was perfect anyway.

"And when are you going to realize that those thugs you're working for are a bad influence on you?"

"Those thugs gave me a job and are paying me two hundred thousand dollars a year."

My father's eyes flare. I hadn't told him how much I was making because I knew he'd assume the worst. That it's drug money they're paying me with. He doesn't think the Savage Knights earn their money legally. But as far as everything I've seen with their businesses, it's all on the up-and-up. If they are doing something illegal, they don't share it with me.

"You need to quit that job right now, young lady. You're getting paid with blood money, and they'll take you down with them."

"It's not blood money. And I'm not quitting. They run a construction company and an auto shop. They aren't bad men."

"God, how did you get to be so naïve? I thought you were smarter than this, but apparently, you're as dumb as those roughnecks. Let me spell it out for you, young lady. If you don't quit that job, you can pack your bags and leave. I will not have a club whore living under my roof."

Are you serious? My dad just called me a whore. How is it that I'm even related to these people? They're so arrogant. Arrogant and ignorant. They think because they have money and clout, they're the end all be all. But they're close-minded and awful.

All my life, I've been a good daughter and done everything they've asked of me. But this... This I won't do. I'm not walking away from the people who care about me or the job that I love. And I'd never walk away from my heart. Even in his darkest times, Skully is a million times better than the man before me. I'm done. I don't want anything from them ever again.

"I'm not quitting," I state. "I'd rather be a club whore than an arrogant asshole who looks down on everyone. I'll go pack my bags and see myself out. And don't worry, Dad, you'll never hear from me again. And, Mom? If you like Jeff so much, you should just fuck him yourself. He's your type."

I turn and storm out of the kitchen, calling Shayna on the way to my room. I really hope Ripper's offer still stands. Otherwise, I'll be moving into a hotel until I find a place.

13

Skully

"We need all eyes and ears on deck, brothers," Ripper states. "We're going to get him this time. He's not going to slip through our fingers again."

Everyone seconds that notion with hardened grunts and angry growls and then church is over. It's only half past noon and it's already been a shit day. We just found out that Montoya is back on our turf and planning an attack to get to our Rory, and while the guys are all gearing up to defend our own and take the fucker out, I'm stuck in this chair unable to do shit to put a stop to the guy. Ripper didn't even assign me surveillance duty. He doesn't even trust me to stare at a screen.

After our talk yesterday, I was gearing up to put in the fight and do the work. I even did some research online last night, looking into doctors. I was feeling motivated. Hope was starting to burn in my chest again. But that feeling is waning now, and the weakness is seeping right back in. To top off the shitty feeling, it's Sunday. I won't have a package delivered until tomorrow evening. That's a long-ass fucking time without a reprieve from the madness in my head.

A loud sound suddenly comes from the room next door. I look to the wall adjoining mine and Rubble's old room. More sounds come. And then female voices. It's time to find out what the hell's going on. No one should be messing around in his room. It's off-limits to the sweetbutts.

"Home sweet home, doll. Do you think this will work for you?" Ripper's standing in

Rubble's doorway, talking to someone inside. It sounds like he's giving Rubble's room to some sweetbutt. He better think fucking twice because no club pussy is going to take over my brother's space.

Page 20

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“It’s really nice,” says the voice that drifts through my dreams every night. “But are you sure, Ripper? I’d be more than okay sharing a room with one of the other girls.”

She’s moving in. But why?

“Wynter is the only one with a single,” Shay says. “And no offense, but that girl hates everyone. She’s not exactly roommate material.”

I roll my chair forward in need of answers. Madison is standing in the room, holding the big bear I won her at the fair. When her eyes see me, they instantly grow nervous. I hate that I cause that reaction.

“You mind explaining why she’s moving into Rubble’s room?” I direct my question at Ripper. He never mentioned that Madison would be moving in during church this morning. That seems like the kind of news you’d share. At least, with me. But I’m just now learning that I’m gaining a neighbor.

“Maddy needs a place to stay, and since she’s taken Rubble’s old job, I figured she should have this room.”

“And you didn’t think of consulting with anyone first?” I point him with a glare.

“I spoke to King on the phone. He agreed with the plan.”

He shrugs as if it’s no fucking big deal. But to me it is. I’d like to be informed that my ex-girlfriend who I can’t fucking stop thinking about is going to be living next door. Right on the other side of that paper-thin wall. So close I can hear her footsteps

trod across the floor. I'll hear when she rises in the morning and when she climbs into bed at night.

"Just feel like this is a matter you should've spoken to the rest of us about."

"If it's a problem for me to be here," Maddy interrupts, "I can leave."

"No." Ripper shakes his head. "The room is yours for as long as you want it."

He gives me another hard glare. I'm being an ass. A fact I know.

Dagger and a few of the other guys come walking into the room, carrying boxes and suitcases. They're the ones she turned to for help. They're the ones she calls on now. Not me. I'm just a weak man in a chair.

I roll my chair right out of the room and back to mine, slamming my door shut. I need a fucking drink, but I refuse to go out and get one. The knock on my door comes not a minute later. Ripper's come to chew my ass out. But fuck him. All that talk last night was bullshit.

"Skully, it's Maddy. Can I come in?"

It's not Ripper. It's that soft, sweet girl who looked so good in her leggings and tank top.

"What do you want?"

The door opens and in she walks, that fear darkening her eyes.

"I just wanted to ask if you're okay with this? If you're not, I'll leave and get a hotel. Like I said before, I never want to do anything to upset you."

God, why does she have to be so goddamn sweet? This would be so much easier if she was a bitch. But she's an angel.

"Why do you need a hotel when you got that mansion you can live in?"

"Because my parents are assholes. My father kicked me out because I refused to quit my job. Then he called me a club whore."

I swear I would punch his lights out if I could. That man is an arrogant SOB. But if I showed up on his doorstep, defending her honor, he'd laugh his ass off. Tell me to roll myself off his property and take my pathetic ass back to the criminal hole I crawled out from. I can't even stand up for her.

"Your dad's an ass, but he's right about the fact that you should quit this job. You're better than this place, Maddy. You should be off doing big things, not slumming it in some biker club. It's beneath you."

"I'm not slumming it. This biker club has been better to me than my family. I thought you knew me. I thought you knew I didn't care about any of that stuff. Not the fancy cars or the expensive homes, none of it matters. What matters to me is being around people who care about me. And once upon a time, you used to care about me. I'll start looking for a place tomorrow. It's obvious you don't want me here."

She turns and storms right out the door, and that slam of it shutting hits me dead in the chest. I never stopped caring about her. Not for one fucking second.

14

Madison

Itoss and turn, everything replaying in my sleep. Jeff trying to corner me at the club,

my mom harassing me, my dad calling me a whore... Skully. He was so angry when he rolled into the room and saw the guys carrying in my boxes. I toss again, kicking off my sheets, feeling like I'm overheating. Feeling like my need for him is chasing me down. I want him so much. I want his touch and his kisses. I want his hungry eyes raking over me. His rough fingers rubbing between my legs.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

I wake in a jolt as if I've been startled by a sound. The music coming from outside was probably the culprit. These guys seriously like to party. It's two in the morning. Doesn't anyone have to work tomorrow? It's Monday.

I run my hands over my eyes, trying to wipe the sleep from them before I go in search of my earbuds for some white noise. If I don't get some sleep, I'm going to be inputting my numbers in wrong tomorrow.

"You should've locked your door."

The sound of Skully's deep voice has me yelping out in fear before I realize it's him. "You scared me," I breathe, sitting up to face him while I try to catch my breath. "What are you doing in here, Skully?"

"Trying to convince myself to leave." He reaches for my legs, forcibly shoving them apart. His roughness has me on alert now. The sleepiness gone. "I shouldn't be in here. Definitely shouldn't be touching you. My hands are too fucking dirty." He runs them up my bare thighs and I nearly moan at the touch. I want him to dirty me up. I want him to leave his mark all over my skin.

"You should tell me to leave, Madison. You should tell me to go and then you should lock your door. Make sure I can't hurt you." His hands grip the edges of my underwear, strangling the material within his grasp. "Last chance, little girl."

There's no way I'm sending him away. Not when I have him touching me.

I lift my hips, giving him my answer.

“Fuck,” he growls, and then my underwear is torn from my body, the ripping sound slicing the tension. My back hits the mattress and I’m abruptly yanked forward. Then I feel him. His nose brushing across my skin. The intake of air fluttering over me as he inhales my scent. I’m thankful I took a shower before I got into bed, but I can feel myself getting drenched by the second.

“Just like the fucking ocean.” He nuzzles in further, breathing in deeper. “Sweet just like a coconut. And so wet.”

A rush of need surges over me as I feel his tongue swipe along my folds. A long, languid taste. The sound of his groan making my body tremble. He takes another taste, and another, and the pleasure swells deeper. My breaths shorten and all my thoughts dissolve. Narrowing into my need for a release. Focused on the force tightening within.

His mouth devours every inch, like a wolf growing more ravenous by the second. His grip on my thighs tightens, and I pray that his mark will be left. Fingerprints across my skin, smeared pen marks showing the force of his need. I’m on the verge. The pleasure both breaking me down and building me up. I thrust my hips forward, grinding against his lips, seeking that final release. I want the dam to break. I want him to free the tension that’s been locked within me for over a year. Strangling my soul with a yearning.

His tongue licks over my clit and it’s like a spark striking dry tinder. The flicker suddenly becoming a wildfire, racing through my body, burning me down limb for limb. My body shatters, splintering into exquisite tiny fragments. Leaving me breathless. Leaving me weightless. When the storm finally passes, there’s a calmness left in its place. A hush in my mind. All the fear, longing, and worry blow out with the wind. And for the first time, I feel happy.

I finally find the strength to open my eyes, wanting to see the look in his eyes, but

he's gone. I sit up, searching the dark space, but it's empty. I didn't even hear him leave. My erratic heart was pumping so loud in my ears I didn't even hear the door open or close. But it's shut, and Skully isn't here. It's like he was a ghost. Like I dreamt him. But I know it wasn't a dream. I can still feel where his hands were. I can still feel the dig of his fingers and the tingles between my legs. He was here, and he kissed me so perfectly.

I climb out of bed and rush to the bathroom, flicking on the light. I want to see the proof. And it's there. A thumbprint of ink on my thigh. Another on my hip. My skin flushed. Cheeks red. He left his mark. It was very real. But he ran. And his words play in my mind. "You should tell me to leave. You should tell me to go, and then you should lock the door. Make sure I can't hurt you."

I finally have my answer. The truth. He doesn't think he's good enough. The anger that lives inside him has taken over and he's convinced himself that he's not worthy. But I know what kind of man he is. Honest and good. And kind. I need to remind him. I need him to remember who he is. Physically, he may be different, but he's still the same person on the inside. He's still the man I fell head over heels in love with. I know that with all my soul.

15

Skully

I heard her alarm go off. The sound of the bed creaking as she climbed out of it. Her feet padding softly across the floor then the bathroom door closing. I pressed my ear closer to the wall, listening to every movement until I finally heard her open her door and leave. She was heading down to the office to work. And I sat and waited.

Filling my day with useless activities until the clock struck five. The big question mark was hanging in the air of whether I would see her today. After breaking into her

room, violating her body without so much as giving her an apology, I'm not sure she'll be back. If she were smart, she would stay away.

The seconds tick slow when you're waiting. I try to kill the time. Spending extra time washing the marker off my hands in the shower. Trimming my beard. Sniffing through all my old cologne, deciding which ones still smell good. Organizing my closet and drawers, taking out old, worn clothes that make me look homeless. Ordering some new ones. I even sweep the floor and dust the surfaces. Giving my room a cleaning it's needed for a long-ass time.

And then I wait.

Staring at the door. Listening to every footstep out in the hall. Waiting for the ones that draw closer. Fancy little heels clicking quickly then pausing moments before the knock ever comes. She always hesitates as if she's getting geared up, as if she's trying to find the courage to face me. And then I hear her voice.

"Skully, it's me. I have a package for you."

The tension coils, wrapping right around my vocal cords and squeezing.

"Come in."

My voice sounds like a rough engine caked in grime and grease, rumbling deep. I swallow in an attempt to clear the tightness, but as soon as I see her toned legs, the black leather skirt clinging to the curve of her hips, the white button-down tied up at her waist, revealing a sliver of her silky skin, the tightness takes control and strangles the words in my throat.

"You can put it on the table."

She slowly walks over, her feet wobbling in those fancy leopard print heels. Her body's practically shaking like she's never been so nervous. When she places the box down, I expect her to run, but she doesn't. Her attention gets caught by something that I've drawn. I don't even know what I drew today. My mind kept replaying last night. Her taste on my tongue. The way she trembled against my lips. Coating my chin with her cum as she thrashed in the sheets. Her orgasm a violent storm that ripped through her and nearly tore one from me, making my cock spasm between my legs. The wind could've blown just right and I would've gone off.

"You drew the eyes wrong."

Page 22

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

I'm shaken from the memory. She's holding up a paper. An image of her, standing in my doorway, holding a package. Fear in her eyes.

"I'm not afraid of you, Skully. A little nervous. My stomach full of butterflies. But I'm not scared. I'm only afraid of you pushing me away. That you'll shut me out. But I'm not afraid of you."

She should be scared. When it comes to her, I have no control. My sanity frays and I get too rough. I'm sure she has bite marks on her flesh and fingerprint marks to prove it.

"I shouldn't have come to your room last night."

The words I'm sorry for violating you get trapped on my tongue as she starts to move in closer. Her hands working to untie the knot of her shirt. Revealing inch after inch of skin as she starts to unfasten each button, slowly.

"No, you're wrong. You shouldn't have left." She slides the shirt off, letting it drop to the ground and her black satin bra steals my attention. Her tits are about to spill over the cups. Another shift of her body and I may get a glimpse of her nipple. "I wanted you to stay, Skully." She stops before me, wedging herself between my legs. "I wanted to return the favor." She reaches back and works to unclasp her bra, and then her plump breasts are revealed. Her round tits the size of my palm, sitting high and perky. Two pebbled nipples perched in the centers. She has the most amazing tits. So pretty. So soft. So sensitive.

I reach for one, cupping my hand around it and squeeze. Her head falls back on her

shoulders as a sweet little mewling sound slips free. My thumb brushes across her tight peak, watching closely as the rosy flush breaks out across her skin. She sways on her feet, and I know she's already feeling the slow burn tightening in her core. I close my fingers around her peaked nub and give it a pinch, waiting for the tremble to rock through her. And she doesn't disappoint. Her body grows weak as my name is gasped to the ceiling. She's still so sensitive.

Her head lifts and her eyes are like the deep end of the ocean, dark as can be, swirling with desire. She stares me down, something brewing in her thoughts. I can't decipher the look in her eyes. It looks like there's a question on her tongue, but she doesn't ask it. If she's not going to speak, I will.

"What do you need, Madison?"

I can already feel the madness trying to take control. My need for her is burning hot. Thankfully, the armrests of my chair are bearing the brunt of the tension. Better it than her pretty skin. It's growing darker inside my head. I want to punish her for making me succumb to the monster. For making me crave her so much. She deserves better. But the temptation is too much to resist.

"I want you in my mouth." Her soft voice is like the song of a siren, drawing my cock's attention right back to her and her words. "I want to feel your power at the back of my throat. Taste you on my tongue."

The cum is already oozing out, ready to feed her craving. This is the exact moment I should tell her to run. I know how this is going to end. That rejection she fears is coming. Why delay the inevitable? Why make it harder? But the soulless man that lives within me won't allow me to do what's right.

"Then what are you waiting for?" The beastly growl rumbles from my chest. "Get down on your knees, little girl."

She slides right down on my command, not a flicker of fear in her eyes. The only thing I see in her eyes is hunger. I burn it to memory. Hoping I don't do something to bring back the fear. I need to keep the madness at bay. Keep myself from impaling her throat with my cock. I'm so riddled with tension I could choke her out if I'm not careful. But I'm not going to do that. I'm going to keep my hands locked on this chair and keep the beast restrained.

When her hand slides over my bulge, I doubt my control. The single touch has my dick already throbbing. The cum smears in my pants. As she starts to stroke, I squeeze the chair tighter. Biting down on my lip as the growl tears from my throat. It's been so fucking long. Too long since I've had her touch.

"Take it out," I growl, no longer able to wait. I need to feel her soft skin against my shaft. Her grip squeezed around me.

She works to get me free, and as soon as I'm out, her eyes grow even darker.

"My memory never did you justice. You were always so perfect."

She's the perfect one. Supple tits, soft skin, prettiest face. A tight pussy always eager for pleasure. And that mouth. I wonder if my memory has served her justice.

I'm done waiting. "Get your lips on me, Maddy."

A soft smile curls up to her cheeks and she lowers her head down, placing a soft kiss right at the end of my dick. A simple touch but she's about to take me over. Her tongue swipes, licking up my drips of cum and the pressure is already cooking in my balls. There's no fucking way I'm going to last.

Her mouth drops down, swallowing me between her lips, and it's like an explosion of sensations firing off in every cell of my body. I feel it from the hairs on my scalp all

the way to the end of my toes. Heat. Pleasure. Need. All of it blinding. All of it taking me under.

I reach for the back of her head, gripping her hair tight, and hold her to me. Needing to lock her in place, to keep her from escaping. She lets out a moan, and it barely registers in the beast's mind. There's only darkness in these flames. Fire coursing through my veins. And she fuels it with every bob of her head, every suction of her lips as her warm tongue slides against my shaft. She takes and takes. And I feed and feed. Fucking the back of her throat. Feeling her reflexes constrict around me. Her moans urging the cum to the end.

When I feel a gentle squeeze around my balls, I hit my breakpoint. My hips buck up against her, driving my cock deeper. My seed shooting down her throat. Rope after rope. My hand holds her steady, wanting her to take every drop, and she sucks me down until there's not a single drip of need left.

I slump back in my chair, feeling drained and completely at peace. Finally, the darkness is gone. My mind is blank. My thoughts silent. But when she shifts out from my hold, the calmness recedes. I'm afraid to open my eyes. I don't know what I'll find. Eyes of pain. Eyes of horror. Eyes of disgust. I held her so tight. I pumped so hard, practically choking her with my dick.

I open my eyes to face the consequence of my actions, to face the look in her eyes. Only...I'm met with what looks almost like joy. There's a blush in her cheeks. A sweet smile curved on her lips. And she's looking at me like I'm Santa Claus and just gave her the best present. I don't understand. I was rough with her. I lost control and fucked her so hard. To the point she was gagging on my dick. But she's not upset. She doesn't hate me.

Her cheek nuzzles against me, moaning like she needs more. Her hands are rubbing up and down my thighs, having her fill. I know she's ready for hers. I bet she's

soaked between her legs. And I can't wait to get my tongue between those pussy lips and feel her juices smeared across my skin.

Her hands slide lower, caressing over the stumps of my legs and my body tenses. I don't want her touching them. I don't want her feeling the way I'm lacking as a man. The insecurity is tightening in my gut, and the anger is wrapping its way around my nerves again. Every insecurity attacks my thoughts, one after another.

"Can I see them?" Her question has me flinching. "Can I see your legs?"

I unlock the brake on my chair and roll backwards, putting distance between us, causing her to fall back on her butt. She needs to leave now. The darkness is back. The anger and hatred. The disgust with my body. I don't want her looking at me like that. I don't want her to see how ugly I am. How I'm half of a man.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“You need to get back to work.”

I turn and face my window, waiting for her heels to click away and the door to close. But all I hear is her small nervous breaths. If I turn now, I’ll see it in her eyes. The rejection, the guilt, the sadness.

“I didn’t mean to upset you, Skully. I’m sorry if I said something wrong.”

She doesn’t need to apologize. This isn’t her fault. She didn’t mean any harm, but I need her to leave.

“I don’t want an apology. I want you to go.”

When the door closes, my fist slams into the wall, putting a hole right in the sheetrock. The pain radiates up my arm, giving me a reprieve from the pain that’s closing in on my thoughts. I should’ve stayed away from her. I should never have given in. It’s time to put a stop to the hope that I’ve been feeding her because there’s never going to be anything between us. I want better for her, which is why I have to get her over me.

16

Madison

As soon as the package arrives for him, I’m out of my chair. Rushing down the hall to his room. I’ve been wanting to see him all day so I could apologize again for last night. I didn’t mean to invade his privacy or make him uncomfortable. I was turned

on and wasn't thinking beyond my need. I wanted to rub my hands over him, show him how sexy I think he is. But asking to see his legs was so stupid. I didn't even think how it would make him feel.

"Skully, it's Maddy. I have your package."

Another package. Every day something comes for him. But he never leaves the clubhouse, so that makes sense.

"You gonna stand out there all day or bring it in?"

The gruffness is back in his voice. I'd finally gotten through to him and now I've messed it all up. I slowly turn the knob, steadying my nerves so I don't trip as I walk through the door. Just like usual, he's sitting by his table. His hand covered in ink. All of his incredible drawings scattered everywhere. He's amazingly talented. Ripper said he was going to have him give him a tattoo, hence all the boxes from the tattoo supply company. The one I'm holding though is from P Holdings. And there's a sticker on it that says, "same day delivery." So it must've been a rush order.

"Where do you want me to put it?"

He places his pen down and folds his hands over his lap.

"That one's for you."

For me? A tingle of excitement sweeps through my stomach, and now I'm filled with little flutters. He got me a present. After what happened last night, I wasn't sure he'd even talk to me. But he had this rushed for me. Maybe he feels bad for sending me away. He didn't need to get me anything. I was the one in the wrong.

I walk over to his table and place it down, anxious to know what's inside. The tape

gives me a challenge, but I finally get it open.

“I take it, it’s not a giant bear,” I tease. That was the first present he got me. The second present he gave me was a motorcycle helmet with the words Skully’s Property written on the side. He brought me roses almost every day. And lots of cotton candy. But my favorite out of all the gifts he gave me was the anklet. The one that’s tucked inside my jewelry box. Two little hearts hooked together like handcuffs. I wore it every day until the day he told me never to come back. Then I couldn’t handle the sight of it. It would make me cry every time I looked at it.

I weed through the packaging peanuts and pull out a long slender box. The words “King Rabbit” are written on the side. When I turn it around, I see the contents inside. My heart starts to race. Little tingles spark across my skin as my panties start to grow damp. It’s a dildo. Long and thick, close in size to Skully. The anticipation of what he wants to do with it has me swaying. Thankfully, the table catches my weight.

“Are you going to show me how this works?” The question comes out like a purr. I’m already out of breath with excitement.

“No. That’s for you. If you’re feeling horny and need some action, that’s what you can use. I don’t want you knocking on my door anymore. In fact, I want you to get someone else to start delivering my packages. It’s over, Madison. Told you that before and I should’ve stuck to my guns. This time, I’ll make sure to keep my distance.”

Is he kidding me? After what happened between us, he’s going to pull the plug again? Push me away? Pretend like I don’t exist? He can’t tell me he didn’t feel it. It’s never been that intense between us. It was wild and unhinged, and so fucking good. But now, he’s breaking up with me again. And he bought me a fucking dildo as a parting gift. What the fuck is that?

“If this is because of what I said, I’m sorry. I was turned on and wanted to see you. I didn’t mean any harm.”

“This isn’t because of that. This is because nothing’s going to happen between us, and I don’t want to lead you into thinking there is.”

“Tell me why not.” I don’t understand why he’s so resistant to the idea. If there’s something wrong with me, I’d really like to know.

He shakes his head, and the coldness in his glare sends a chill down my spine. I feel like my emotions have been in a tug-of-war. He wants me then he doesn’t. He’s hot, flaming hot, and then he’s ice cold. I know deep down he wants me, but for some reason he won’t let himself, and I want to know why. He’s not a danger.

“It’s for the best.”

That’s it? That’s all he’s going to give me? He sounds like my father. No real explanation, always assuming he knows what’s best for me. I’d love it if for once in my life people would let me decide for myself what I think is best.

“You should probably start looking for employment elsewhere. I think it’s time for both of us to move on with our lives.”

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

And now he's trying to take my job away from me just like my father. I love working here. I love what I'm doing. I love the people. And I'm making a difference. Plus, I'll never find a salary like this elsewhere. I'm not just struggling to get by, I'm living.

"I'm sorry, Skully. I'm sorry for what happened to you. And I'm sorry that I can't fix it. But I'm not sorry for the way I feel about you. And I'm not going to quit. This job, this place, these men... They're my family now. If you don't want to be a part of my family, I'm not going to force you. But I'm not walking away. And just so you know, I'll never move on. My heart will always be yours. You don't have to accept that, but it's my truth."

I snatch the box up and turn, storming out of the room and slamming his door. I go straight down to Shayna's room, needing my friend. She's looking in her full-length mirror at the outfit she has on and there's a pile of clothes on her bed like she's been trying on clothes. I wonder where she's going. She looks so pretty. But she's always pretty.

"Can I come in?"

Her eyes shift in the mirror, and as soon as she sees me, she turns, rushing over.

"What happened, Mads? What's wrong?"

What's wrong is the guy who just broke my heart again. He's so determined to push me away that he can't even see how good it is between us. He won't let me in, and I don't know what to do anymore. I'm trying to fight for him, to fight for us, but I'm

losing hope.

“He gave me this.” I hold out the box. “And then he told me to leave him alone and to find someone else to take him his packages. Oh”—and I can’t forget—“and he told me I should start looking for another job so we can both move on with our lives.”

“So, he’s trying to push you away again?” Exactly. “And what’s this?” She looks into the box, but the dildo got buried in the packing peanuts on my way down to her room.

“My parting gift,” I state.

She goes to her bed and digs out the plastic cock. “He gave you a dildo?” She looks and sounds just as horrified as I am. And here I thought we were going to have some fun together. But nope, that’s the only dick I’m going to get from him from now on.

“Yep. He told me if I need a release, I should use that instead of knocking on his door.”

He failed to remember the fact that he was the one who snuck into my room and forced his mouth between my legs.

“Wow. I hate to say this because I know he’s been through a lot, but he’s an asshole.”

“I don’t disagree.”

“You know what I think?” She stiffens her chin. “I think he’s spooked by his feelings and is trying to push you away so he doesn’t have to face them.”

I think that’s obvious, but what I don’t know is how to break through the chains that are holding him back. If he’s insecure about his disability, he shouldn’t be. If he thinks I deserve some fancy life, I don’t. I never wanted anything other than him.

“Okay, so then what do I do?”

“You give him exactly what he wants. I’ll start delivering his boxes to him. And you start fucking that dildo, loud enough for him to hear you every night. If I had to put money on it, I’d say he’ll be breaking down your door before the week’s up.”

Based on how he just acted in his room, I’m not so sure.

“I’m serious, Mads.” She squeezes my hands, just like she always does. Always so supportive and kind. Always having my back. “Let him miss you. Let him fight for you for a change. You’re so damn amazing, and as soon as you start ignoring his grumpy ass, it’s going to eat him alive. And if he doesn’t break, if he doesn’t bust down your door and claim you, then he’s an idiot and you’re better off letting him go.”

God, I hope she’s right. But as the days pass, and the knock never comes, my hope fades.

And every day it gets harder and harder to get up and go into the office. Maybe it’s time to start looking for another job. It hurts too much to be here.

17

Skully

It’s like going through withdrawal. I break out into a sweat. My body practically shaking. The need so fucking intense I feel like I’m going to lose my mind. And I don’t even get my daily fix anymore. Shayna is the one who brings me my packages now. I still order shit daily in hopes it will be Maddy knocking on my door, but she doesn’t come. For once, she fucking listened to me.

There's another crash outside followed by a burst of laughter. The music is blaring loud tonight. The guys are having a party. And damn, if I couldn't use a drink, but I'm not going out to face the crowd. I heard Maddy leave her room earlier, so I know she's out there with the guys. She's probably having a good fucking time too. Drinking, dancing, flirting with my brothers. It's another reason I stay locked inside this room. If I go out and see one of them groping her, her sweet face smiling up at them, I'm liable to pull my gun and put a bullet in his head.

Finally, I hear heels clicking down the hall followed by a giggle. Her giggle. It was always one of the sweetest sounds. A sound I'd live for. Her door opens and then closes, and I'm praying she's alone. I press my ear to the wall, listening. A pair of shoes drop, then there's the sound of a zipper sliding down. Another soft giggle has me pressing my ear closer, it's cut short by a hiccup. I think my girl is drunk. Thankfully, it doesn't sound like there's anyone else in there with her. Thank fuck because I'd be grabbing my piece and puttin' an end to the fucker's life.

The squeak of her bed has me breathing a sigh of relief because now I can stop worrying about her. I trust my men, but I don't know who the fuck they have here tonight. The hangarounds wouldn't have a fucking clue who that girl belongs to, and one look at her and they'd be trying to make a play to get into her pants. And since I cut her loose, told her to move on, she might be so inclined to do what I fucking told her.

I'm about to roll myself back, needing to quit my obsession, but then I hear it. Her soft whimper followed by a gasped intake of air. I press my ear so close to the wall the cartilage starts to hurt.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“Mmm...” She lets out another moan and my dick is now giving her a salute. I think she’s in there playing with herself. I wonder if she’s playing with that damn toy. The one I should never have gotten for her. That thing is getting all my fucking action. She fucks that thing nightly. She’s so fucking satisfied by that plastic cock she has no fucking use for me anymore.

There’s another gasp, and I can imagine her body arching off the bed. Her legs spread wide, her sheets already getting soaked.

“That’s it. Oh my God, yes. Just like that. Mmm...”

Her groaned words have me clenching my fists. She’s moaning for that thing as if it’s a man.

“Yes. Fuck, that feels so good.”

The hell it does. Doesn’t feel as good as my cock. Doesn’t feel as good as my fingers or my fucking tongue. It’s not even as thick as me.

“Oh, God, it’s so good. I’m so close. Mmm...”

The anger explodes inside my head. The jealousy trying to suffocate me. I can’t fucking take it. I shove back from the wall, rolling my ass out of my room and straight into hers. She doesn’t even hear me come in she’s so caught up in the throes of her heat. Any fucking one of my brothers could’ve barged in and she’d be none the wiser. Any stranger could’ve heard her moans and come in to help. Now I’m raging.

I slam the door seeing if that gets her fucking attention. She lets out a screech and goes to cover herself up until...she realizes it's me. Then she turns a snarl on me as her eyes glare me down.

“Get out of my room, Skully. You have no right being in here.”

The hell I don't. She's my fucking woman. This is my fucking clubhouse. And this is my fucking brother's room. I have every right. She's the one who has no right invading my space. Invading my damn mind morning, noon, and night. She's all I fucking think about. All I dream about when I shut my eyes. The obsession bleeds so deep all I draw are aqua eyes. Greenish-blue eyes filled with hope. Greenish-blue eyes filled with lust. Her damn beautiful eyes haunt my every thought.

I roll myself to the side of her bed, my dick pained when I see her naked frame. Every curve is lit by the moonlight shining through the window. She's absolutely breathtaking. The most perfect angel. Flushed and glowing. There's a sheen of sweat on her skin. Her nipples tight from the heat that was coursing through her before I interrupted. My eyes slide lower, and the damn toy I got her is between her legs. Wedged into her tight body.

Jealousy roars inside and I grab the thing and send it flying across the room. No one and no toy are going to touch what's mine. Her pleasure and her orgasms belong to me.

“You're mine, Madison. This pussy is my fucking property.” I reach between her legs, groaning when her wetness smears across my skin. She's soaked and swollen and flushed with need. “Do you hear me? MINE. This pussy. These tits...” I reach for one and pinch her nipple taut. “Are mine. And when you come, you'll be coming on my dick.”

I shove her back and then pull myself up onto the bed, hovering right above her. Her

eyes are staring up at me, heavy from the burden of her lust that's knotted tight, still needing to be released. But that's not the only thing I see in her pretty aqua depths. She's looking at me like she's been waiting for this moment. Relief. Excitement. Disbelief.

"Are you gonna give me what I want, babe?"

And now there's a look in them that I remember all too well. Just like that first night we met. Her stubborn defiance. She's playing hard to get.

"Not sure you deserve it after the way you treated me, mister." Fair point. I've been a fucking asshole but fuck if I won't do everything in my power to make it up to her. Starting with making her body purr. "But I'll tell you what. If you fuck me like you fucked my throat, I'll think about forgiving you."

Shit. Forgot that my girl likes it rough. Lucky for her, I've got enough pent-up anger and aggression running through these veins that it won't be a problem. My control with her is obsolete.

I sit back and rid myself of my clothes. Stripping my shirt off first and tossing it onto my chair. The second she gets a look at my abs she moans. Her fingers start trailing up and down the ridges, and my cock pulses at every touch. I'm hungry for her attention. When her lips close around my pec, my head falls back on a groan. God, I love having her mouth on me. Her tongue flicking against the sensitive skin. I'm never gonna fucking last.

Her hands slide down, running straight into my jogging pants and she closes around my shaft, drawing the tension tight. My hips buck up into her touch, pre-cum spewing out. Every squeeze and stroke pulling me toward my release, but I want to be inside her when I come. I grip her hand, giving her a warning glare when she narrows her stubborn eyes on me, unhappy that I'm taking away her fun.

“You need to behave.” I sharpen my voice, but only because I know how hot it makes her. “Now, it’s time for you to lie back, little one. I have a promise to fulfill.” I’m going to fuck her until she forgets all my past sins. Until all she remembers is how good I make her feel. How explosive it is between us.

She drops back. Her pretty eyes watching my every move. This is the moment I’d been resisting. The moment I’d been dreading. But with the way she’s looking at me as I pull off my pants, the blackness doesn’t take hold. The insecurities stay locked inside the dark depths of my thoughts. There’s nothing but red-hot lust running through her cheeks and burning in her eyes.

“I need you so much, Teddy.”

Oh fuck. Hearing my given name uttered from her lips is my undoing. I drop forward and pull her up, then I kiss her just like that first night we met. But the sparks are even more intense. Never thought the fire could blaze so hot. Her lips, her tongue, the sounds slipping into my mouth as her body starts to writhe against me. I grip her thigh and thrust forward, rubbing right between her folds, feeling her warmth coat my skin.

She slips back on a gasp, she feels rocking through her. Her eyes are shut tight, but I want them open. I need to see what she’s feeling.

“Look at me.”

They flutter open, and it’s there. The same look she gave me when we met. Connected beyond the physical. Bonded by a force out of our control. I knew it the instant I saw her, felt it the moment we touched, but this... This is more.

I shift forward and finally sink into her, and the feeling is overwhelming. It feels so right. Like I’m exactly where I belong. Like I’ve come home. The darkness is no

longer in the outskirts of my thoughts. The only pressing feeling is the pressure building within. And it's building rapidly. I pump my hips, chasing it down. Following it into the flames and letting myself burn in the pleasure.

My girl is mewling so sweetly. She holds on tight, taking her fucking like a perfect angel. Her fingers digging into my sides. Her legs spread. Pussy clenching. And it's tempting me closer to the edge. I'm not going over until she's with me.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

My hand slides between us and I rub over her clit, petting it softly to tweak her nerves. Her thighs clench together, body contracting around my girth, and I feel it. The gush of her heat. The pulse throbbing around my shaft. Her body shaking beneath my frame. And I finally let myself go, snap the restraints and give myself over to the feeling. It rips through me. Violent and brilliant. Tearing me down and tying me back together as every shock races through. Chasing the pain away. Making me forget. Making me whole again.

It's the most intense experience of my life. My body and mind almost can't reconcile the feeling. I open my eyes, wanting to know she's real. Wanting to know I'm not dreaming this moment. Aqua eyes radiate awe. A sweet, sleepy smile is formed on her lips. Her face even more beautiful with its rosy flush. She looks happy. I'm feeling it too. For the first time in over a year, my mind is at peace. The war isn't waging inside. I feel calm.

"What are you thinking about?" Her soft whisper snags my attention back to her pretty face.

"I'm thinking that I've got the most amazing girl in my arms. And that I haven't been very nice to her, and I owe her a true apology. Especially for that shitty gift I gave her."

Her cheeks lift. "It wasn't that shitty. I actually enjoyed it."

I nuzzle into her neck, growling at the fact. Never again. I'm going to toss the thing into the trash. No fake dick is going to steal her pleasure from me.

“I’ll gladly accept your apology on one condition.” I already thought I fulfilled my condition. Never fucked her so rough before and she exploded.

“What are your terms, babe?” I’ll do anything to get her to forgive me.

“You stay with me tonight.”

I tighten my arms around her, tucking her as close as I can. “Wasn’t planning on goin’ anywhere, babe. Not making the same mistake twice.”

Ripper was right, it’s time to start fighting. And this girl is worth fighting for. I’m determined now. Determined to get better for her. To get stronger for her. And I won’t stop until I’m worthy of her.

18

Madison

“So, he kidnapped her?” Okay, this story is totally crazy. Razor seems like the nicest guy. I can’t imagine him kidnapping anyone.

“She wouldn’t give him the time of day, so he did what he had to do to win her back,” Shayna explains like it’s no big deal, but the guy freaking locked Kensington in the woods with him. And after what he did to lose her in the first place, he kind of deserved the silent treatment. But I am happy it worked out for them. I’ve only spent a little time with Kensy and I already like her. And it’s obvious how much Razor is in love with her.

“I’m telling you...” Shay shakes her head. “These guys do not like to be ignored.” She looks at one man in particular. The one I’m still shocked she’s engaged to. I thought Link was like a father figure to her. Skully had even told me that Link almost

adopted her when she was a kid, so this new dynamic to their relationship is throwing me.

“Hey, beautiful!” Dagger steps up to us, looking dapper in his jeans and button-down. The rehearsal dinner was tonight, and all the guys look so handsome all dressed up. I can’t wait to see them in their suits tomorrow. Skully in his leather is sexy as hell, but him in a suit? My panties are getting soaked just thinking about it. “Any chance you’ll take a spin with me around the floor, Madsters?”

I take his hand, looking toward the corner of the room and smiling when I see Skully talking to Ripper. He’s making huge strides. Coming out of his room more, trying to spend more time with the guys. I even saw him working on a truck in the garage the other day.

“It’s good to see you smiling again, Maddy Cakes.” Dagger sways me on the floor. “It’s good to see my brother smiling again too. I owe you a thanks for that. For bringing him back to life. I wasn’t sure he’d ever come back to us, but you managed to crack the code.”

Everyone has been telling me that. And the more I hear about how he was while I was away at school, the more I regret not being here for him. He was suffering, and there was no one here to help. His brothers tried, but they could never get through. Makes me feel special that he let me in.

“I love him, Dagger.”

He dips me back, smiling wide. “We know. We can see it in your eyes every time you look at him. He’s a lucky son of a bitch.”

And now I’m blushing.

“So, when are you going to find someone, Dagger?”

He shakes his head, then pulls me back up again.

“Who says I haven’t?”

Wait, what? I had no idea he was interested in anyone. I wonder if his stepsister knows who it is. Though, it’s highly unlikely. The two of them don’t seem to get along very well. It doesn’t seem like he would talk to Wynter about his love life.

“Do tell, Dagger.” I wiggle my brow at him.

He shakes his head. “Nah. I’m just teasing. Let’s dance.” But for some reason, it doesn’t feel like it was just a joke. I think he does have feelings for someone. Feelings he’s not willing to admit.

I don’t know what’s holding him back, but I do know that life is too short to waste time. Which is why I’m going to tell Skully how I feel about him tonight. I was too nervous to tell him before, worried he was going to freak out on me again and push me away, but it’s time to get past that fear and tell him how I feel.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

Dagger dips me back again, and then spins me across the floor.

19

Skully

Her laugh trickles through the room, and I turn my head, seeing my girl dancing with Dagger. The jealousy instantly takes hold. A wildfire of pain blazing right through. She's smiling so wide. Her eyes so full of happiness.

He dips her back and she smiles even brighter, looking up at him like he's a fucking king. Her cheeks turning pink from whatever he's saying to her. And I can only fucking imagine what's coming from his smooth-talking lips when she's looking as tasty as she does. All dolled up. Every curve hugged by that tight dress she's got on. Her tits pushed up, about to spill over her neckline.

When he brings her back up, he lifts her from the ground and spins her around, showing off how fucking strong he is. I can't fucking watch this shit anymore. I turn my chair and roll my ass over to the bar to get myself a drink. All night she's been offdancing and having a good time. And until this moment, I hadn't noted the fact that she's been ignoring me. She's barely spent two minutes with me.

I'd been distracted by the guys. Each one coming over and asking if I'll give them a tattoo like the one I gave Ripper. Each one talking my ear off like they haven't seen me for over a year. Which some of them haven't. But now that I'm not distracted, I realize the only one who hasn't wanted my attention is Madison. Why would she when she's getting it from my brothers?

“Hand me a cold one, Cage.”

He gives me a look like he doesn't want to serve me. I don't need the fucking judgement in his eyes. Everyone else has a drink in their hand. After all, it's a fucking celebration, isn't it? Razor and his girl are getting married tomorrow. He's going to walk down that aisle with the woman of his dreams and then climb onto his bike and ride off into the sunset. Love is fucking in the air.

For everyone else it sure fucking is. Meanwhile, the girl I'm in love with is off twirling around and flirting with the real men in the room. Leaving her crippled boyfriend to sit in the corner because it's not like he can dance with her.

He hands me a beer and I chug down nearly half the bottle, knowing beer ain't gonna do shit to numb the pain. I need the hard stuff for that, but Cage will judge me further.

“Thought you'd given up drinking?” says the girl who all of a sudden finally gives a shit about what I'm doing.

“Ain't none of your business, is it?” I bring the bottle to my mouth, watching her eyes fill with disappointment as I chug down the rest of its contents. I finish it off with a satisfied sigh. “You want to get me another?” I can hear the ice in my voice and see it casting a chill over her face. Her tiny frame is tensing and her eyes are turning darker. That happiness chilled right over.

“What's going on, Skully?” She moves in closer and now there's concern in her eyes. The only thing I'm looking for is love from the girl, but that's not the look she gives me. Lust, desire—see that every night. But I want the look she gave me back when we first got together. I want her looking at me like I'm a fucking king. Giving me the look she was just giving Dagger. But I'm never going to have that, am I?

“Nothin’. You should get on back out there.” I tip my head to the dance floor. “Go find Dagger again.”

Her lips turn down and those aqua eyes are scrutinizing me, trying to get inside my head. She doesn’t need to think too hard to figure it out. No man wants to see his woman dancing and making eyes with another man.

“Are you jealous, Skully? Is that why you’re acting like this?”

“Jealous?” I let out a harsh laugh, forcing the wind out of my lungs. “Nah, doll. I ain’t jealous. You should go on and have fun with anyone you want to. It’s a free fucking country.”

She shifts in her heels, moving in closer, her hands reaching for the armrests of my chair as she bends down. “I promise you, Skully...” Her voice has dropped into a soft purr, a whisper of seduction. “You are the only man I want to have fun with.” She runs her fingers over my crotch, but I grip her hand and stop her.

“Don’t want you touching me anymore.”

She jerks back at my near shout, and now her eyes are filled with rejection. Sadness is creeping around the edges. And the darkness that had been gone for weeks is slowly invading, trying to swallow my every thought.

“Please come to the room with me, Skully. Please don’t push me away.”

I ain’t pushing her away. She was never mine to begin with. I’ve been fooling myself this entire time. Thinking that because she was sleeping with me at night, fucking me whenever she got a taste for sex, she was mine. But she hasn’t told me she loves me. And I’m starting to think it’s because she doesn’t. But I can’t blame her for that one. It takes a hell of a lot more than a big dick to make someone happy.

“You don’t take a hint, do you?” I grit the words, feeling the hate building within. The hate towards the injustice. Hate for what I’ve become. “Told you to stay the fuck away from me.” That way she won’t get hurt.

Her hand goes up, pressing against the left side of her chest, shaking her head, and there’s a new look in her eyes. One filled with so much pain it slices me wide open. She turns and runs out the door and I can barely breathe.

“Looks like you could use this, brother.” Razor steps up, holding out a beer for me. I snatch it from him and chug it back. Again, it does nothing to numb the pain.

“You want to tell me why you’re givin’ that girl hell?”

Because I’m a fucking bastard. That’s why.

“Don’t want a pity fuck.”

“You gotta quit thinkin’ that all people see is that damn chair. Maddy still sees the man you are inside, brother. That girl is still in love with you.”

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

It's really fucking hard to believe. And after everything I've put her through, I don't deserve her love.

"She can do better. I'm just some crippled shit who can't give her the life she deserves. Don't need to keep playin' house and pretend like that ain't the truth. She needs to go live her life."

"Do you know what Rubble would say if he were here?" Him saying our brother's name hits me harder with guilt. "He'd be knocking your two front teeth out, telling you to quit your pity party and start living. He'd tell you to get off your stubborn ass and go chase that hot little number down before it's too late."

That he fucking would. Rubble thought the world of Madison. Told her she was good for me. He'd be rolling over in his grave if he saw the look I just put on her face.

"If not for us, do it for him, Skull. If you want to go to therapy, I'll take you. If you want to look into getting prosthetics, we'll pay any amount to get you the best damn doctor there is. All you got to do is say the word, brother. We're all here for you. And all of us feel so damn lucky we get to see your grumpy ass every day."

"It's damn good to have you back, Razor." After losing Rubble, it was hard losing him too. "And you're right. Rubble would kick my ass. But some days, I wish I were lying right beside him, keepin' him company." I hate that he's alone. "But you know why I never pull the trigger? Because I know he would kick my ass in my grave and tell me what a pussy I was for givin' up. Don't want to talk to no shrink. But I'm not opposed to speaking with a doc."

I've been researching for weeks. It's about time I got off my ass and finally bit the bullet.

"We're gonna find you the best damn doctor there is and get you running marathons."

My brow cocks up. Does he know who the fuck he's speaking to? I ain't a runner. Hate the fucking sport.

"You want to pull the gun and shoot me now?" I tease, and the laugh that bellows out of him is a damn good sound.

"What's so funny?"

I turn my head to the sound of a sweet voice. His girl Kensy has joined us. She's a good seed. Back when I'd first met the girl, I knew she was perfect for him. But his stupid ass went off and made some shit decisions and they lost eight years together. Finally, he got his shit together and went after her. And now, they're going to be married tomorrow.

If I don't get my act together, that could be me. I already lost a year with my girl because of my stupid fucking mistakes. Another seven would fucking kill me.

I look toward the door Maddy ran out of, wishing like hell I could go after her, but I can't fucking drive, and I'm not pulling any of the men away from the celebration to help me clean up another fucking mess I've made. I'm just gonna have to wait. This is where she lives, so she'll be back. And when she does, I'm going to be groveling for forgiveness. Apologize for everything I've said and done. I'm going to make sure she knows exactly how I feel. How much I fucking love that woman.

Only...she doesn't come back. Not that night. Not the next. She doesn't show for the wedding. Doesn't show for work on Monday. And as every minute passes, my hell

grows more excruciating.

20

Madison

“Where are you going to go?”

“I don’t know, Shay.” I wipe my eyes and blow my nose. It’s raw at this point, and I’m sure I look like Rudolph. “All I know is I can’t go back there. It hurts too much.”

I’ve been fighting and fighting for him, and for us, but it’s a losing battle. He doesn’t want me. He made that very clear. I saw it in his eyes and felt it cut through my soul. There was no love there. And no matter what I do or say, I don’t think there ever will be. I lost him. The man I love died the night of the raid. He didn’t just lose his legs, he lost his heart. And I think it’s gone forever.

“But what about the job?” She sits down next to me, taking my hands in hers. She’s always been such a good friend. I’m going to miss her. “Don’t let him take that away from you too. You’re making such good money, and you love it.”

I did. But I loved Skully more. Money doesn’t make me happy. And being in that clubhouse will destroy me. The only way for me to heal is to move away.

“It’ll hurt too much, Shay. I can’t go back there.”

I know my limits, and I know the sadness will eat me alive if I go back.

“Men are such assholes. They never realize what they have until it’s gone. And then they come running.” She’s speaking from her own experience. Link almost lost her forever from what she told me. But if Skully was going to come after me, he

would've shown up at this motel and been banging down my door by now. But he hasn't shown. He hasn't even called.

"I'm sorry, Maddy." She squeezes me tighter. "He's an idiot. And he's going to realize it."

The words feel like a lie, but I know she's trying to make me feel better.

"You know." Her cheeks lift into a weak smile. "You could always move to Alaska. I hear the ratio of men to women is like twenty to one out there. That would make your odds of finding someone really good."

I don't want to find someone else. I just want to figure out how to survive without my heart. Time may heal, distance may help me forget, but my heart is never going to beat for anyone else. But... Alaska is far enough away that I'll never have to worry about running into anyone again.

Skully

Anoise next door jolts me out of the fog that had taken me under. I drop my paintbrush and rush out, my heart already racing a mile a minute. She's back. Finally. I've been so fucking desperate to talk to her, to tell her how fucking sorry I am, I haven't been able to breathe. But when I roll into her room, I'm crushed with disappointment. It's not her. It's Ripper. And he's boxing up her things.

"Why are you packing her shit?"

His head turns and I've never seen such anger in his eyes.

"Because you finally broke her. She's leaving. Quit her job and asked me if I could bring her her things." She's leaving? "Now, I gotta figure out how to replace her genius ass. No one, not even Rubble could do the shit she did. But it's not even that." He turns to face me head on. "It's the fact that she gave us our brother back. You were fucking happy, man. Haven't seen you smile that big in a long damn time. Why couldn't you fucking see it? Why can't you realize that it's okay to ask for fucking help? We don't always have to do shit ourselves. It doesn't make us less of a man. It doesn't make us weak to depend on others. To need people. And as much as you think this is all one-sided, that girl needed you just as much. She was a shell of herself when she first arrived. But her confidence grew and so did the brightness in her eyes. She was fucking happy. And that's because she was in love. In love with a man that she deems more than worthy. But after the way you treated her, I'm starting to think she's worthy of better."

He turns back around and continues to put her belongings into a box.

“Don’t,” I snap. “You’re not packing her shit. I’m not letting my girl go anywhere.”

His head slowly turns, those eyes peering in closer.

“I need you to take me to her, Ripper. Now.”

There’s a flare in his eyes, and finally he’s not looking at me with so much disgust.

“’Bout fucking time.”

He’s right. I should’ve done this ages ago. I should’ve rolled out that door and gone after her. Chased her down and told her I love her. I should’ve called her or bled my heart in a text. I should’ve never let her go in the first place. But I was a fucking coward. Letting myself sink instead of swim. I’m fucking done being the victim. I’m alive, and it’s about damn time I start living. But that life isn’t going to be without my girl.

As soon as we pull up to the motel, I turn a glare on Ripper.

“Who the fuck let her stay in this place? She could’ve gotten her ass hurt.”

A pretty girl coming in and out of a motel room for all of the bastards to see. They could’ve busted her door down and raped her.

“The girl is stubborn. Tried to put her up at the fancy hotel in town, but she refused my offer, spoutin’ how this was perfectly fine. So, I put two of the prospects on watch. They’ve been staked out around the clock.”

And damn if I don’t feel like a fucking sack of shit. My brothers have been protecting my woman when it should’ve been me. I owe this man my life.

“Thank you, Ripper. Not just for lookin’ out for my girl, but thank you for puttin’ up with my ass. For fighting for me when I couldn’t get out of my own damn way. It wasn’t just her that brought me back to life, it was you. You and Razor, Link and King, all of them. You’ve all been there for me, and I will never forget that.”

“Shit, man.” He shakes his head. “I’d fight for you until my last fucking breath. You’re a good man, Skully. And I don’t just call you my brother because of the patch we both share. I call you a brother because you’re my family. I love you, man. And I’m here for you.” He gives my shoulder a squeeze, and I’m caught with my emotion, wiping the damn tears from my eyes. “Now, are you ready to go inside and get your girl?”

Fingers fucking crossed I’m not too late.

22

Madison

“Yo, Mads! It’s Ripper.” He pounds on the door, and I almost don’t want to answer. This is it. He’s here to give me my things. And then...it’s time for me to leave. I don’t even know where I’m going to go. Or what I’m going to do when I get there. All I know is I can’t stay here.

I wipe my eyes, but it’s useless. I’ve been crying for days. My entire face is red and swollen. I open the door with my head tucked down so he doesn’t see my hideous face. But it’s not him standing before me. It’s Skully.

The tears burst out of me as soon as I see him. It’s all too much. All the pain is crashing in at once.

“Baby, no.” He pushes forward and reaches for me. I’m pulled onto his lap, hurting

too much to fight it. I have no strength. The floodgates of pain are open. When his arms wraparound me, holding me close, the tears fall faster. The pain digging deeper.

“God, baby. I’m so fucking sorry. I never meant to hurt you. Please don’t cry, Maddy baby. It’s breaking me.”

I’m the one who feels broken. I tried so hard to fight for him, to fight for us, but I lost. And I can’t do it anymore. My heart isn’t strong enough.

“Baby, there’s a lot I need to say, and I’m hoping you’ll give me a chance to explain before you make up your mind.” Make up my mind. What am I making up my mind about? He’s the one that closed me out. He’s the one who told me to leave. “Shit. I’ve never been good with words. I don’t want to fuck this up.”

It’s then that I hear the nervousness in his voice. He’s practically shaking beneath me. I lift my head and it’s in his eyes too. Fear. It has me frozen. I don’t understand what has him so afraid.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“When I woke up in that hospital, I was terrified.” The quiver in his voice catches me in the chest. And so do his words. “It wasn’t just because I’d lost my legs and didn’t know what the fuck I was going to do. It was because I could no longer protect you. I looked down and saw your tiny frame cuddled up next to me, sleeping, and the fear rocked me so fucking hard. I was afraid that some bastard would come in trying to get vengeance for what we’d done, drawing a gun, and I wouldn’t be able to protect you. I couldn’t even protect Rubble, and I was standing. I didn’t know how I was going to protect my girl. And the thought absolutely terrified me.”

I remember seeing the fear in his eyes right before he freaked out and started screaming for them to take me out of the room. I’d thought he woke up from a nightmare. A flashback from the night of the shooting.

“My mind spun out of control. I needed you safe. I needed you far away from the danger. So, I told them to take you away. Then after you were gone, I laid there in that bed for days. All I could think about was how I wasn’t going to be able give you the life you wanted. You deserved to live your life and be happy, not be burdened by taking care of me. And I knew you’d stay. I knew you wouldn’t finish college, so I had to end it, saying things that weren’t true.”

It’s what I always wanted to believe deep in my heart, but he was so convincing.

“But then you showed up again.” He tucks my hair behind my ear. “I’d spent a year in my dark hell. The nightmares, the fear, the self-hate. Missing you so fucking much I couldn’t breathe. My mind had turned so dark. The anger and blackness lived in my veins, and I didn’t want any of my ugliness to touch you. I didn’t want to drag you into my hell. That’s why I fought it so hard. That’s why I tried to push you away. But

I lost that fight. I love you so damn much, it was impossible to stay away.”

“Then why, Skully? Why did you shut me out again?” Everything had been going so well. We were happy.

“When I saw you dancing with Dagger, the jealousy hit me hard. I watched him spin you around the dance floor, dip you back and make you smile. He was doing the things I so badly wish I could. And the darkness took control. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t handle the pain. That’s why, baby. Because deep down, I know you deserve better. But the moment you walked out the door, I realized I can’t live without you. You’re my heart, Madison.”

My breath gets caught inside my lungs. Every word breaking me apart and putting me back together. I can’t imagine what it’s been like for him. He’s a strong, dominant man. The VP of the Savage Knights motorcycle club. A man who people feared when he’d walk into a room. A man people respected and admired. And to lose his ability to walk, to ride—it has to be so incredibly difficult. And all along, he was suffering in his dark silence, alone. Believing I deserved someone better. Believing he was lacking.

“Madison, baby, if you’ll give me another chance, I promise I will fight to get well. I will spend every day fighting for you. Fighting for us. I’m gonna start seeing a shrink about the shit in my head. I’m gonna work to get stronger. I’ll talk to the doctors. I’ll do whatever it takes. Whatever I have to do to be the man you deserve, to be able to give you the life you want.”

And the broken little fragments begin to fuse back together. Shifting back into their home. The warmth healing the edges around my heart.

“That’s what you don’t realize, Skully. I don’t want anything or anyone but you. It’s not about what you can give me or what you can do for me. It’s not about dancing or

how much money you make. It's about the way you love me. It's how your eyes light up when you look at me. How you make me feel like I'm the most special girl in the world. It's how you make me feel confident and loved, with your words, with the way you touch me. From that first night we met, I've been in love with you. Starstruck not just by your looks, but by your heart. By the man you are inside. Nothing has changed that. And nothing ever will. You have me, Teddy. I'm yours. In this fight, and in this life. All I want is you."

His hands grip my cheeks, and I see it. The flicker burning in his eyes. The spark of the man I remember.

"You have no idea how much I love you, baby. You're my heart and my reason, and I will never let go again."

"You promise?"

He shifts forward, pressing his lips to mine and the world fades. The warmth takes over as his word breathes into me. "Promise." And then the kiss he gives me becomes the most incredible one we've ever shared. I can feel him. I can feel his love in the soft lick of his tongue and in the smooth caress of his lips. It takes my breath away.

"Can we go home, babe? I want to make love to my woman in our bed."

That four-letter word: HOME. It's what I've been searching for my entire life. And I just realized it's not a place. It's not a mansion or a house. It's not a shelter to keep me safe. It's him. He's my home.

Her gasp has me turning. She's staring at my wall, witnessing my obsession. Her eyes and face painted everywhere. Bluish-green eyes filled with happiness. Bluish-green eyes filled with desire. Eyes filled with worry. Eyes filled with wonder. Eyes filled with admiration. And now I'll have a new set to capture. Eyes of forgiveness. Eyes of love. Eyes of promise.

"I needed to have you looking at me. Like I said, can't live without you, babe."

She turns and starts walking toward me. Slowly. It's in her eyes. Swirling in her aqua depths. Her nipples are tight through her shirt. Her cheeks filled with heat. She's so fucking beautiful.

My need for her burns so deep, I never would've survived without her.

She stops before me, and I feel like I'm a king. Like I hold the power to the one thing she wants. What she doesn't realize is she's the one with all the control. I'll do anything for this girl. Will die trying to make her happy.

"Are you gonna take me for a ride, Skully?"

She reaches for the armrests of my chair and climbs onto my lap. Her skirt rising up to her waist as she straddles my hips. I can feel how soaked she is. Her body is running hot, and that fever is pulsing into me.

"Take it out, babe."

I grip onto her waist, keeping her steady as she lifts up, her eager hands almost trembling as she pulls me from my pants. The simple touch of her fingers has me shivering.

"That's it. Now, show me what you want."

She pulls her panties to the side, sinking down slow. Her head dropping back on her shoulders as she takes me into her. And with every inch, I'm sunk deeper with need. She's so tight. So soft. Warm. Rocking slow like she's coasting down a runway. Steady and so fucking sweet. Picking up speed as she starts to take off. Pressing on the gas. Her engine accelerating. Taking me higher. And I'm about to fucking launch.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

Back and forth I push and pull, grinding up against her. And she gives herself over to me. And it's fireworks. Always fireworks. Nothing but bright electric light. Sparking everywhere. The darkness is gone. And it feels so fucking good. After a year of drowning in the pain, I feel alive. It finally feels like everything's going to be okay. Not just okay. But really fucking good.

24

Madison

“Your last appointment is here, boss.”

Skully looks up from his station and his entire face lights up. I don't think he realized who his next client was. His schedule is always so booked, he probably didn't even look at his appointment book to know I was coming. He goes nonstop. Honestly, I don't know how he does it. But I think it's because he finally feels like he has a purpose again. And he's so passionate about what he does now.

At first, it was his brothers who came to him wanting tattoos. They all wanted him to memorialize Rubble on their skin, just like he had for Ripper. And after that, they started coming to him for all of their ink. He was booked solid for months. Then word started to get out. People began asking the men where they got their art, and now, my man has a full-blown tattoo business. He finally expanded and got this place so that outsiders weren't coming on the compound. It's amazing what he's built. And he's making some serious cash doing it.

Until I started doing the books for him, I had no idea how much tattoo artists made.

He's making my dad's annual income look like peanuts. It's interesting how my parents always looked down their noses at tattoo artists and people of the like, but Skully is way more successful and way more talented. Same goes for all of them. They may be covered in grease from working on cars or dirt from building houses, but they are by no means poor or lower class. Personally, I think they're richer than everyone I grew up with, because these men know the value of life and love. And that means more than gold.

"What are you doin' here, babe?"

He pulls me between his legs, and I melt right into his arms. I missed him today. Same as every day I'm not working at the shop. My addiction for him is growing.

"You know, if you wanted to see me, all you had to do was ask. I'll always make time for you."

"I came for a tattoo."

His eyes perk up. "My baby wants ink, huh? What do you want to get?"

I shift off his lap and start unbuttoning my blouse. As each button comes free, his eyes grow darker. His nostrils flaring when I slide my fingers across my breasts.

"I was thinking you could write Property of Skully right here."

A growl comes from his chest as I'm yanked back between his legs.

"Damn right, you're mine." He places a kiss over the spot, lighting flames across my skin. The tingles stir and I'm not sure I can wait until after we're finished. I need him.

"Don't want to cover up an inch of these perfect breasts, babe. Besides, I kind of had

something else in mind for your first.” He shifts forward, reaching for something from inside his desk. “I was thinking I could give you one right here?” He takes my hand in his and draws a circle around the base of my ring finger. “Our wedding vows scrolled in a band.”

The air is suddenly trapped inside my pounding chest. It feels like he might be asking me to marry him, but I don’t want to mistake his words. But then...he holds up the most brilliant diamond ring, and I know I’m not mistaken. It’s really happening.

“Baby?” My heart stops in its tracks. “You have owned my heart since the moment you walked into that fair and stared up at the Ferris wheel with those wondrous eyes. Watching the twinkling lights with a gleam on your beautiful face. In that moment, I knew I’d do whatever I had to to get you to look at me that way.” Oh God, the tears are already slipping. “Every second I’m with you, you make me feel like I’m on top of that ride. Close to heaven and the twinkling stars. Nothin’ but beauty surrounding me. If I know one thing, it’s that you’re the one I want to ride through life with. Marry me, Madison? Say you’ll be mine.”

The tears slip down my cheeks. This is the moment I prayed for. Ever since the night we met. He was the first one to show me what kindness and respect truly feel like. And now, watching him heal, watching him get stronger, seeing the confidence and pride gleaming in his eyes, it’s the best feeling. And he pours it all out into me. Every single day he makes me feel special.

“Babe, you’re killing me here.”

My lips curve up. “Took you long enough, mister. Been waiting a long time for you to ask.”

He pulls me forward, his face lit with those dimples. My sexy bad boy in his black leather, painted in ink. God, he’s beautiful. He slips the ring on my finger, and then

he kisses me until every thought fades.

The kiss grows hotter, and he hoists me up onto his table. His tongue deepening the need with every lick. “Pull those panties aside and show me, babe.”

God, I love when he makes his demands. I shift back, spreading my legs, tugging the material to the side. A beastly growl emanates from his chest, making me feel his desire all the way to my toes.

“Always so eager.” His nostrils flare, no doubt witnessing the mess I’m currently making of myself. “And always so fucking tasty.”

He drops his head, burrowing between my legs. The rush of sensation hitting on impact. The adrenaline and need fully pumping through my veins. I grip his head, holding on while he takes me for a ride on his tongue. Twisting and turning. Winding me up slow and steady, like a steep climb to the top. And then...it’s like a free fall. His tongue fluttering over my clit, plummeting me straight into the orgasm. The thrill rushing through every nerve. It’s such a ride. Every single time.

The pulses slowly coast to a stop, his kisses turning soft and sweet, and my lungs finally fill again. I open my eyes, and he’s watching me, looking up with wonder. Like I’m his favorite attraction. And I’ve never felt so loved.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

“You ready, man?” Ripper steps up to my side, pattin’ me on the back.

I’ve been ready since the day I met her. Waited my whole life for her, actually.

“I’m so fucking ready.”

“Damn, I’m proud of you, you know that?” I turn to face him and see that pride shining in his eyes. “You put up one hell of a fight. Never fucking gave up. And you’re back. And better than ever. Rubble would be proud, man.”

Shit. He’s gonna choke me up before my bride comes down the aisle. I spoke to Rubble this morning. Got down on my knees at his grave and told him that I’m gonna live for the both of us. I’m gonna make every fucking moment count. So when I finally see him again in the next life, he’ll be proud.

“I couldn’t have done it without you guys, Rip. Thanks for putting up with my cranky ass and for all the time you’ve spent with me.”

He and Razor have been taking me to my doctor appointments for the prosthetics and then driving my ass to PT so I can get stronger on my new legs. And my girl’s been taking me to my shrink appointments. Every single one of them has had a part in my healing. I couldn’t have done it without them.

“That girl is going to be shocked. But I hope you know, she loves you no matter what. It’s your heart that she’s after. Even if you were bound to that chair for the rest of your life.”

I know. That girl loves me so hard. It's pretty damn amazing.

"She's also after my huge dick," I tease, giving him a smirk. He busts out laughing, shaking his head. It's great to be back. And an honor to have him standing here next to me.

The music suddenly starts and we both quiet, turning our attention down the aisle. My breath is caught in my lungs, my heart starting to race. This is the moment I've been waiting for. The moment I've been fighting for.

She steps out and the world fades. All I can see is my angel, looking so beautiful dressed in white. The most breathtaking sight. And her eyes. The happiness is radiating so bright.

I watch her take her steps closer, waiting until she gets to the front, and then I stand. I rise out of my chair and step forward. Seeing the shock and hearing her gasp. She had no idea I'd gotten my legs. I wanted to keep it a secret. I wanted it to be a surprise.

Every day I fought, so I'd be able to stand next to my bride, walk her down the aisle, dance with her until the wee hours of the morning, and then carry her back to our room. I want to fuck her up against the wall until the rooster crows.

"Skully..." Her watery whisper gets me choked up. "You're standing."

"I know, babe. And I'm gonna stand by your side for the rest of our lives."

A tear slips down her cheek, and it's a vision that will forever be burned to memory. Eyes of pride. Eyes of pure love. Eyes looking up at me like I'm her entire world.

EPILOGUE

Madison

Five years later...

“Happy Anniversary, baby.”

He lifts me off his bike and gives me a kiss, igniting the flames with a single stroke of his tongue. I try to wrap my legs around his waist, but he puts me down. Doesn't he realize how hot it makes me being wrapped around him while he manages his huge piece of metal? Plus, the vibrations of the motorcycle are like foreplay. I'm soaked.

“You need to behave or I'm gonna have to spank your naughty ass. We came here to ride some rides, not fuck in the parking lot.”

“Why can't we fuck in the parking lot?” I cock my chin, feeling the stubbornness brewing. Taunting him has become one of my favorite pastimes. Getting him riled. Making him so tense he turns into a beast and then fucks me until I can't remember my own name.

“Shit, babe. Come on. It's time to ride the Ferris wheel.”

He grabs my hand and leads me into the fair. As soon as we enter the park, I look up, staring at the twinkling lights of the big, beautiful wheel. It's always been my favorite attraction, but now it holds a different meaning. This ride is where I fell in love with the man of my dreams.

“You want to go up on it?” He smiles, wrapping me in his arms and kissing the top of my head.

“Hey! I'm not that easy, mister. If you want to take me for a ride, you have to win me a bear first.”

His cheeks curve up and I get a shiver. The flutters are stirring in my stomach just like on our first date. But the way he's looking at me is different. The hunger is more intense. He's the one who's not gonna be able to behave tonight.

“And if I get you that bear, what do I get?”

Page 33

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:54 pm

I step in closer so the people passing by can't hear. "I'll fuck you at the top of the Ferris wheel."

He grabs my hand and turns, storming right over to the basketball game. He slaps the money down on the counter, ignoring the guy as he tells him three for three if you want to win a large prize, two for three gets you a ducky. Skully knows the stakes and is determined. He takes the ball and sinks his first shot. Then he grabs the second and sinks it.

But then...the third shot bounces off the rim and misses. The attendant comes over and places a stupid rubber duck in front of us, and I love it. It's the best anniversary present anyone has ever won me.

"I'll give you a hundred for that bear," he states, pulling out a bill from his wallet. The guy looks around the park then nods, taking the money and pocketing it before he hands over the bear. "Here you go, baby."

"You cheated." I fight back my smile.

"I got my girl what she wanted, didn't I? I think I earned my reward."

I think he did too.

We don't even get to the top of the ride before Skully's pushing me back in my seat and ripping my panties from my body. It's just like the dream I had all those years ago. Him kneeled before me, licking between my legs, working me higher and higher as the wheel slowly goes round and round.

“We’re starting to go back down, babe. You need to come for me.”

The flutters tighten, tension building, but it’s just out of reach. And then...a smack lands down between my legs, pulsing against my clit, radiating over me.

“Be a good girl, Madison.” His tense command tightens my need. “Give me what I want.” Another smack lands down, and I gasp as I start to edge closer. Then another. Then his mouth is on me again. His tongue and lips easing the sting, soothing the need. Sucking me right over the top.

The world fades. The fireworks explode. And it’s the most intense ride of my life.

“You know,” I gasp, trying to catch my breath. “If this baby ends up being a boy, we could name him Ferris.”

He smiles wide, leaning forward and kissing my small round bump. “I like that, babe. I like that a whole lot.”