



# Anarchy (Kings of Chaos & Mayhem #6)

**Author:** *Ashlynn*

**Category:** Suspense Thriller

**Description:** Loss. Deceit. Betrayal.

No one saw it coming. They took him along with others we kept so close to our hearts. Too much suffering at the hands of the enemy. We refuse to let them win. They will not take anymore from us. Not as long as I'm still breathing.

Vengeance. Blood. Power.

The bloodshed over my family ends now! A king may have fallen, but they have awakened a beast. May god have mercy on their souls because I'm here to collect.

**Total Pages (Source):** 37

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

## Chapter 1

Love my green-eyed kitten. She brought all of us together and showed us what true love and happiness is. She's giving me the children and family I have always wanted. Looking down at her round tummy, I lean over and kiss the top of her head.

"I love you, Kitten," I whisper, and she looks up at me with her eyes so fucking bright as a smile traces along her lips.

"I love you too, Big Man," she whispers back, placing a soft kiss against my lips.

"Ewwwww," Jaxon yells. We pull away laughing as he points at us. Jade pops up from the couch, damn near dropping her bowl, but places it down on the coffee table and goes to grab her keys. I raise a brow wondering where she thinks she's going, but Jameson beats me to it.

They all argue over who's going to get fucking milk. We really should have it auto-delivered weekly because the amount of milk we go through now that we adopted Jaxon is insane. Getting up from the couch, I grab the keys to the Suburban and head to the front door.

Opening it, I yell behind me, "I got the milk," and shutting it as I step into the cold night air. A shiver races up my spine as goosebumps litter my skin. I get this feeling that someone is either watching me or something bad is about to happen. I don't like this feeling at all. Maybe it's a me thing from how we grew up—constantly looking over our shoulders. All our lives we've been targets just waiting to be taken out.

Bare footsteps slap against the cobblestone behind me as Jade rushes after me.

“Rio. Hold on, baby,” she yells as I approach the side of the Suburban.

“I’ll be right back, Kitten. Get your butt inside,” I order, and she huffs.

“Come here, the babies are kicking. Come feel this,” she says excitedly. Her whole face is lit up in awe as she takes my hand, placing it on her belly. And there’s the kicks.

“Holy shit, holy fucking shit!” I shout in amazement. Feeling my babies inside her kicking my hand is everything. I wonder if they will recognize my voice?

Crouching down, I lay both hands over her stomach. “It’s your dad, kick again girls,” and they do right on cue. “Holy shit, they’re strong,” I say, looking up at the mother of my daughters. Laying my forehead against her stomach, I whisper, “I can’t wait to meet you. I gotta run to get your big brother milk. I love you, Hazel. I love you, Haven, ” leaving kisses where I feel their powerful kicks.

Standing, I cup her face, kissing her sweet lips.

“Thank you, baby. I’ve been waiting to feel them. Now, get in the house. I’ll be right back,” I whisper, kissing her again. She takes a deep breath, looking up at me.

“Okay, hurry up. I love you, Big Man. Oh, and grab me a KitKat, please.” She smiles at me and I nod then, taking a step back, I wink.

“Anything for my girls, now get inside,” I say with a smirk, unlocking my truck and getting in.

Putting the key in the ignition, I hear a whizzing sound and I know, I know it’s too

fucking late, that this is it. Jade's screams don't help. There's nothing I can do.

Meeting her eyes in the rearview mirror, knowing this is the last time I'm going to lay eyes on her, decimates me. I'll never get to touch her, feel her, smell her. Nothing. Knowing I'll never hold my babies shatters my heart as I see her take a step. I shake my head slightly at her and mouth "I love you" as she screams for me, and just like that, my vision goes dark as the impact of the blow pins me against the seat as fire and smoke fill what's left of the truck.

I can't open my eyes as pain laces through my entire body, burning the flesh from the bone. I want to scream from the pain, but I can't as the smoke fills my lungs causing my chest to cease.

Am I dead? Does death really hurt this badly? Then, it all goes away as darkness consumes me.

Goodbye, my love.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 2

#### Bombs Away

#### Spade

“Come, Jaxon, let's get you a bath, and by the time Daddy comes back, you will have your milky,” I tell him and he jumps up and down excitedly for bath time. Bending down, I pick him up and head for the elevators. Pressing the button, we wait for the doors to swing open when the entire house suddenly shakes as the windows rattle. What the fuck? Then I hear her blood-curdling scream and my heart drops at the sound.

“What was that?” Jaxon asks, as I hold him tighter, running back into the living room where Jay and Ry are sprinting out of the house. Following closely, I come to a complete stop as the night air stinks of burnt flesh and smoke fills our surroundings.

“What the fuck happened? Where is Jade?” I panic, looking around as I cover Jaxon's face with his shirt. “Fuck, it's not safe for Jaxon to be out here breathing this in,” I yell as Ryder assesses the situation, and Jay falls to his knees. Shit, I don't know what to do. Where do I go as Jaxon coughs? Motherfucker .

Spinning, I go back into the house, pacing the hallway as I hear Jay roar in anger. I try to keep calm, but my heart is racing and I'm not sure what to do or what the hell happened. I couldn't even see what was on fire.

Ryder comes running in and taking Jaxon from my arms with wide eyes.

“Just go, Spade. They need you,” he says, taking Jaxon up the stairs and out of sight. I take a deep breath, not knowing what the hell I’m walking into.

Taking my shirt off, I cover my mouth and nose with the cloth as I walk through the smokey air towards Jay. Once I make it around his truck, I see the Suburban is blown to shit, and Jade lies on the concrete, unmoving. No. This cannot be happening again.

Kneeling down next to Jay as he holds her in his arms, whispering to her so low I can’t make out what he is saying. Feeling her wrist for a pulse, we lock eyes and I nod. He takes out his knife and slices down her arm. Old habits die hard, I see. She jolts awake from the slash, looking around with a panic-stricken expression.

“Easy, babe. Where’s Dario?” I ask, and she closes her eyes. Fuck. Looking over at Jay, I raise a brow. “You got her?” I ask and he nods, licking the blood from the wound he gave her.

Getting up, I walk over to the burning car, seeing Ri lying on the concrete next to the hanging door. Fuck. I fall to my knees and roll him onto his back. His face is damn near unrecognizable as I lay my head against his chest trying to find a heartbeat.

“Come on, come on, Ri. You don’t get to leave me,” I spit, reaching down for his wrist. I feel for a pulse, but nothing beats. That vein doesn’t fucking move under my fingers.

“No, Ri. I didn’t give you permission to go,” I growl, pounding on his chest as tears form in my eyes. “Breathe, god dammit. We finally got her back, and you go and die on me. No! I don’t accept that,” I yell into the night sky.

“Reid, tell me what’s going on?” Jay yells from across the driveway, but I don’t acknowledge him as I tip Ri’s head back, pinch his barely there nose, and breathe into his half melted mouth, watching as the air I push into him raises his chest. Sitting up,

I do the compressions, then listen to his heart. Nothing. NOTHING!

“Please, Dario. Just breathe. Please. Just fucking breathe. You can’t go. I need you. We all need you. Those god damn babies need you. We can’t go through this life without you. Who’s going to keep us in line, huh?” I sob as Jay and Jade come to kneel next to me.

“He can’t be gone. He just can’t,” she cries, laying her head right next to mine. Sirens blare in the distance. Someone must’ve called the police and reported the explosion. Fuck. Opening my eyes, they immediately lock on Jade’s.

“I’m sorry, Babygirl. He’s gone and I can’t bring him back,” I whisper as tears pour down her face.

“I know, Babyboy. How the fuck are we going to survive this? We were all just happy. How the fuck did we get here?” she asks, but I don’t have that answer. Jay kneels down, lifting Jade from Ri’s chest.

“Put me down, asshole. I’m not ready to leave him yet,” she spits.

“We have to let the ambulance in. They need to work on him,” he answers softly.

“No, just leave him alone. Give him a minute,” she begs, but I know just as much as he knows, Dario is gone. And right then and there, I lost a piece of my soul.

Nothing will ever be the same again.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 3

Secrets we go through the motions of all the clean-up.

It's not until hours later that I'm sitting in front of my computer, watching the video footage from the last five days, trying to find the person responsible for Dario's death. I watch as we all come and go, but what intrigues me is Spade fucking Jade against my truck, then busting a load along the side of my door panel. That mother fucker. Then he gives the camera the finger. I'm going to fuck him up. Fucking prick.

A yawn hits me, and I call it a night. I'll finish looking through the footage more tomorrow. It's been a long night and I need to go check on my girl.

Powering down my laptop, I leave the room, shutting the light off as I go. Heading down the hallway, I hear soft moans coming from Ryders' room, and I just shake my head, walking by and heading to Jade's. Opening the door quietly, I step in and see her curled into a ball on Dario's side of the bed. I strip out of my clothes, down to my boxers, lift the sheet and climb into the bed, pulling her body into my chest and wrapping my arms around her belly, rubbing it softly.

"I love you, Princess. So fucking much. Please don't go dark on me because if you do, then I will follow and we saw how that worked last time," I whisper as she grips my hands over her belly.

"I won't, Jamie, but know that I am not okay. None of this is okay, and I'm lost without him. I know that sounds horrible because I have you and Spade, but I just got him back. He's a huge piece of my heart and life. I'm not sure if I'll ever find my



way without him. I'm sorry," she whispers, telling me the god's honest truth and I respect the fuck out of her for it, even if it stings deep in my chest. But I understand, we will all feel it for sometime. I just don't need her to spiral, especially while carrying our babies.

"I know, baby, just remember you have two humans that are a piece of him growing inside you, and most of all, remember how much he loves you. He wouldn't want you to go off the deep end over him," I say, kissing her shoulder.

"I promise I won't go dark, but let me mourn my loss; our loss. Let me feel everything with no remorse." She sniffles. I squeeze her tighter, burying my face in the crook of her neck.

"I'm so sorry, baby. I wish I could bring him back to us," I say as the door creeps open and Spade steps in. He strips down to his boxers, lifting the sheet in front of her, and slides in. His eyes meet mine and I give him a sad look and a half smile. He lifts her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"Wife. I love you. Jay loves you, and most of all, Ri loves you. We are here and we aren't going anywhere. I need you to rest tonight, and tomorrow we will take over the world. Okay, baby?" he says sternly, and I almost want to laugh, but now is not the time.

"Don't think you're going to go all daddy on me now, Spade. Ain't going to happen," she says, and now I chuckle. Spade sighs and smirks.

"Well, fuck, at least I tried. Damn you, Jade." He laughs, snuggling into her.

"I love you both so fucking much and these babies. I just know I'm going to be lost, but please, for the love of god. Don't give up on me," she begs, and I growl.

“Never, Princess,” I say as Spade places a gentle kiss on her lips.

“I’m not going anywhere. We will get through this,” he promises, and suddenly I feel a kick.

“Holy shit. Did you feel that?” I ask, completely taken back.

“At least he got to feel them kick.” She cries as they continue to beat on her belly.

“Is that why you ran out after him?” Spade asks, and she nods as tears pour down her face.

“Yes, and I’m so glad I did, but I’m also glad you both are here with me as they do flippies inside me. I’m going to start running out of room soon.” She hiccups, and Spade laughs.

“This is so fucking cool. I can’t wait to meet our girls, and then once you’re healed, I’m planting my seed next,” Spade says, and I snort.

“Not if I get to her first,” I say, and she smacks both of our chests.

“Um, hello, I’m right here. I get a say in this, assholes, and no, we will wait a year and see how taking care of twins is like for us. Did you both forget we are criminals, and this world isn’t safe for any of us, especially the ones we love? Think with your brains, not your dicks. Idiots,” she huffs as we both laugh.

“That’s why we will have a live-in nanny and security for the kids,” Spade says, and she huffs again.

“Live-in nanny. Get fucked. I will not come home to A. my kids missing, or B. one of you fucking the hot nanny. Not happening, because I will turn this house into a

massacre,” she spits, and I laugh so fucking hard.

“Baby, I only have eyes for you,” I admit, and she laughs.

“Lies,” she says, and I bite down on her neck.

“I may have needs when it comes to men, but women? Not interested. Only you baby,” I say, and I can feel her rolling her eyes.

“Did she roll her eyes at me, Reid?”

“She sho did, Jay,” he says, and she gasps.

“Snitch,” she says, calling a spade a spade.

“Bros before hos,” he says, raising his fist, in which I bump.

“You two are ridiculous, you know that?” She yawns.

“Yes, Princess, we are well aware. Now rest, and tomorrow I’ll make you some bacon to feed the ninja babies,” I promise, and she snuggles into Spade’s chest as I rub my nose along the column of her neck.

“I love you both. Goodnight,” she whispers as we murmur our love, and soon enough, sleep takes over.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 4

#### Numb & Rage

Jade

One week later...

Sitting in the limo wearing a black lace dress with my curls cascading down my back, I put on my sunglasses as the chauffeur opens the door for me. Spade greets me, placing his hand out to grab as I step out into the warm sun. The wind blows around me, sending a shrill of cold air up my legs, blanketing me, as a hint of sandalwood hits my nostrils, causing my body to shutter. He's everywhere and nowhere. I can't fucking do this. I just can't. This solidifies my worst nightmare, making the loss of him so fucking real. I try to turn back, but Spade grips my elbow, steering me through the cemetery and over to the row of empty seats.

My heels crunch through the gravel as we walk in silence. Over the past week, I spent most of my time in bed, laying on Dario's side of the bed, constantly inhaling his lingering scent. Hoping and praying that he would come through the door with his bi-colored eyes and call me Kitten, but as much as I prayed for solace, it never came. Everyone has been hanging on by a thread. Even Jaxon knows something isn't right. Before coming here, we took him to the clubhouse and left him with some of the old ladies. That's another issue we need to figure out, but I know him being there is a safe place, for now. He's been through enough in his short four years, and I just didn't want him here today.

Approaching the dug up grave and Ryder standing near it, Spade places my hand into my brother's as he walks me over to my seat. Spade whispers something to him but I don't hear the exchange. My focus is on the hole in front of me. I chose not to do an open casket, my mind cannot handle that. So, I left all the planning to the guys, which wasn't fair to them. I know it wasn't, so I picked out the flowers. That's as much as I could physically do. Anything more makes it real, and I'm not ready to face reality. I'm just not. So I sit here like a robot, as the two men I love, along with Dario's brothers, Vincent and Carmine, carry the casket of the man I truly cannot live without. The twins kick me as I continue to stare at the dirt, wishing we were here for someone else. Someone sits next to me, placing a kiss on my cheek.

"Gra, your father sends his condolences," he whispers, and I nod.

"You didn't have to fly out, Kane," I murmur as he moves my hair off my shoulder.

"I'm your number two. This is where I'm supposed to be in your time of need," he replies, and I nod again as the four men place the casket over the hole, taking a step back, and coming to sit with me. Kane stands, shaking hands with both of my guys, then takes a seat directly behind me. The priest gets started and I zone out, not listening to a word he says. Jamie squeezes my knee, getting my attention. I look over to him as he tilts his chin towards someone with a snarl lifting at his upper lip.

Looking around, I finally see how many people came to pay their respects. I didn't realize how many people would be here and I feel utterly uncomfortable, but I follow his line of sight and see who is in the crowd, and it takes everything in me not to lose my shit. I need to remember where I am and that this is not the time nor the place, but if they start some shit, I will not hesitate to go off and maybe even shoot these mother fuckers.

The priest finally finishes and walks away as people start throwing red roses on his casket as it descends into the hole. Then they come around under the canopy and pay

their respects to us. It's not until these mother fuckers approach my husband's casket, spitting on it, that I see fucking red. Before anyone else can stop me, I'm up and out of my seat, stomping over to these two fucking pieces of shit. I shove the dark-haired man in the chest, rearing back and punching him in the face. The man next to him draws his gun, pointing it at my head, and I laugh.

"Go ahead. Shoot me. Mother fucker," I taunt, pressing my head to the barrel of the gun.

"Step away from her now," Jamie spits as a few, if not all, of my men already have their weapons pointed and cocked at these two scumbags. I see a red laser marking the middle of this asshole's forehead as the other spits again, cursing in Albanian.

"The audacity of the two of you to show up here as I lay my husband to rest, and then you spit on his grave. You're lucky I don't order your death right here, right now. Fucking leave before I change my fucking mind," I spit, pressing my head harder into the barrel of the gun.

"This isn't over," he warns, and I laugh.

"You're right, it isn't. I advise you to run back to the hole you crawled out of because when I'm ready, I'm coming to collect," I threaten, and he nods, putting his gun away as they both back up and leave. I don't take my eyes off of them until they're in their car pulling away from us. Looking back at my guys, Jamie looks murderous.

"It's bad enough I had to bury my brother today, but then you pull this shit. Get your ass to the limo," he orders, and I flip him off.

"Get fucked!" I shout, walking over to him and picking up my rose to say my goodbye.

“Give me a fucking moment alone, please,” I say, but Jamie growls.

“Jay. Just give her a fucking minute.,” Spade grits out as they all head towards the limo. I take a deep breath and stare at the black casket as tears fall down my cheeks.

“I love you, Dario Roselli. Please keep us safe. See you soon, my love.” I sob as I throw the rose down into the hole and walk away, wrapping my arms around my waist. The wind picks up and the scent of sandalwood surrounds me. “I know you’re with me, baby. Just keep leaving me your signs,” I whisper as I walk back to the limo, getting inside and crawling into Spade’s waiting arms.

“It will be okay, Babygirl. Let’s go home and eat. We need to feed our babies,” he says, lifting my chin to look at him. He uses his other hand to remove my sunglasses then places a soft kiss on my lips. “I love you,” he whispers, and I kiss him back, wanting to feel loved, but right now I’m numb. Numb to all the sweet words and touches. My mind won’t let me feel and I hate it.

“Can you do me a favor?” I ask, cupping his face.

“Anything, baby,” he says, looking into my eyes with concern written all over his face.

“Take me home and make me feel,” I say, and his eyes widen.

“Are you sure?” he asks. Oh, my sweet Spade. If I’d asked Jamie, he would’ve taken me right here, not giving a fuck to who is surrounding us. But my sweet Babyboy is the most selfless man I’ve ever met, so I nod.

“Just me and you. Can you do that for me?” I ask again, and he nods with a wicked smile crossing his luscious lips.

“Anything for you, my wife, as long as you promise me you will eat,” he says, and I smile back at him.

“Promise.”

Goodbye, Big Man. Until we meet again, my angel.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 5

#### Distractions & Pleads

Jade

“Fuck, Spade. You feel so good.” I whimper, slamming down on his cock, rolling my hips as he runs his hands over my belly, cupping my tits.

“So fucking tight, Babygirl. You’re going to make me cum already.” He growls, sucking a nipple into his mouth. I throw my head back, shoving my tits in his face. He grips my hips, thrusting up into me as I continue to roll my hips. The door creeps open but I don’t stop, almost expecting it to be Jamie, but to my surprise, it’s Ryder. I slow my pace as Spade growls into my chest. Ryder's throat clears as our eyes meet and I smirk.

“Get out or help me make him cum.” I moan, not feeling a bit ashamed that my brother is watching me fuck his boyfriend, but he was mine first, so he’s going to have to just deal with it. He walks over to us, stripping off his clothes as Spade flips us so I’m on my back. He pulls all the way out, only to slam back into me relentlessly. I whimper as his thumb toys with my clit piercing, making my body shudder from how sensitive I am. Ryder comes up behind him, kissing the back of his neck before wrapping his large hand around my husband's throat, causing him to groan deeply.

“I’m going to fuck that tight ass while you make my sister cum. But you aren’t allowed to spill not a drop of your delicious cum inside her until I say so. You

understand me? Your cum is for me tonight and her cum is for you. You good with that little big sister?" he says, looking down at me, and I grin.

"I'm good with that," I reply, jolting as Spade pinches my clit. Guess he doesn't like it when we gang up on him. Ryder grips Spade's throat tighter, waiting for his consent, but the smirk that greets his face lets me know he loves toeing the line with my brother, pushing him just a little further.

"Answer me," he commands as Spade continues to pump into me, making my body shiver.

"Yes. I understand." Spade growls.

"Good boy, now bend over, legs spread. Lemme see that tight hole I love so much," he orders as Spade adjusts his position, bending over, capturing my lips with his as his tongue dances along mine. Ryder spits as Spade's body shudders above me, deepening the kiss and slowing his thrusts. He tenses for a second before moaning into my mouth, sending me damn near over the edge as Ryder fucks Spade into me hard and fast. We all groan, completely enthralled in the moment from the movements Ryder is sending into the both of us. Spade doesn't stop kissing me as my pussy starts fluttering around his length. He pulls away, moaning deeply as I ripple around him, my orgasm taking over my entire body as my vision goes white and my body litters with goosebumps, causing me to convulse uncontrollably, soaking his cock.

"Fuck, Babygirl. I love when you drench me," he groans as Ryder picks up his pace.

"Remember what I said. You don't cum until I say so." He groans, slamming into Spade harder.

"I don't know how much longer I can hold on. She's so fucking tight." He moans,

sucking a nipple into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the hardened peak as another orgasm builds deep in my belly. His thrusts become erratic as Ryder grips his hips tightly.

“Tight. Hot and perfect.” Ryder moans as a sheen of sweat coats Spade’s body. They both groan as Spade snaps his hips hard against me, his piercing hitting that spot deep inside my core.

“Fill her,” Ryder orders as Spade pinches my clit, rubbing it furiously, making me scream my release, splashing against his pelvis as I feel his cock expand inside me, filling me with his cum.

“Fuckkkkkk.” Spade growls as Ryder slams into him one more time before biting his shoulder.

“Sweet baby Jesus, Spade.” He grunts, resting his forehead in the middle of Spade’s back. Spade lifts my chin, pressing his lips against mine.

“I love you, wifey.” He smiles.

“I love you too, husband.” I reply as he looks behind him. Ryder captures his lips and whispers all his love to our man, then pulls out, taking a step back, grabbing his clothes and leaving the room.

Cupping Spade's face, his eyes furrow, looking down at me.

“Go be with him. I’m going to take a nap. We have an appointment tomorrow. Tell Jamie to come lay with me for a bit,” I say as he presses his lips against mine before slowly pulling out of me.

“Rest, my love. I’ll send Jay up here in a bit,” he says before climbing off the bed. I

roll over to face the window, bringing the sheet over my naked body. Closing my eyes, I drift to sleep, praying Dario will meet me in my dreams.

The next day after me and Jamie leave the OBGYN, we go to pick up Jaxon from the clubhouse. Everything with the twins is perfect. Their heartbeats are strong, and they are both growing as they should. Thank god for small favors.

Before leaving the house with Jamie, I told Ryder and Spade to meet me at the clubhouse and to call a meeting with the rest of the club. It's time we figure this shit out. I know my brother doesn't want this life for himself anymore. He wants so much more and I don't blame him. He may be a killer and ruthless, at best, but to take over the entire organization is just not his style. We went over some of his ideas and I have his back on them, but we need to pitch it to everyone else and take a vote.

"Hey, Jamie," I say, looking over at my caveman.

"Yes, Princess," he replies, gripping my hand and bringing it to his lips as he drives down the long road towards the clubhouse.

"Can we stop at the mill real quick? I need to check on something." I say, and he nods.

"Sure, baby," he says, never letting go of my hand as his thumb rubs over the diamonds. That makes me so fucking sad knowing I'll never get to say 'I do' to Dario even though we do have a certificate of marriage and they are all my husbands, I still wanted a wedding. I wanted to walk down the aisle and see all three of them looking at me in my dress and to see all the love and admiration in their eyes. I know it's selfish to think about, being I still have Jamie and Spade, but I'm missing a piece of my soul and no one seems to understand that.

"What are you thinking about in that head of yours, Princess?" he asks, not realizing

tears have fallen from my eyes.

“I miss him. That’s all.” I sigh as he pulls into the new parking lot of the mill. He puts the truck in park, but I place my hand on his bicep before he tries to exit.

“I’ll only be a few minutes. I just need to check something,” I say, and he raises a brow. “I’m safe here. I promise I’ll only be a second,” I reassure him, pressing my lips against his, to which he deepens the kiss, as always. I pull back, and he growls. “Such a caveman. You can ravish me later. Be patient.” I laugh, knowing he will never be patient, not as long as his heart is beating.

Climbing out of the truck, I take out my keys from the back pocket of my black jeans and unlock the door, swinging it open. Flipping the switch, the lights turn on and I enter in the security code to shut the alarm off, then head for the stairs to the office. Opening the door, I’m immediately hit with Dario’s scent. Fuck.

Walking over to his desk, I sit and power up his computer. While waiting, I sit back and close my eyes for a second, taking a deep breath, wishing that maybe he would pop up out of nowhere and everything would go back to normal so that my heart wouldn’t be shattered. That I wouldn’t feel so fucking empty and lost anymore, but when I open my eyes, I see a picture of us sitting on his desk next to a frame with a picture of our sonogram picture of the twins.

Tears stream down my face as I pick up the picture of us that has collected dust. Sighing, I swipe the dust away, bringing it to my lips and kiss the man in the picture. I know over time it will get easier. So they say.

The thought of forgetting him sends a chill down my spine, a cold dread clinging to my heart. Letting go feels like severing a lifeline, a soul-wrenching emptiness threatening to consume me. Sitting here at his desk, a wave of grief washes over me, the faint ghost of his scent, a cruel reminder of the love I’ll never again feel. Each

passing moment feels like a fading echo of him, leaving behind an aching emptiness where his laughter once resonated. I can't tell the others how I feel. I'm so afraid they will think I'm selfish, but I can't help it.

I miss him so fucking much and I'd give fucking anything to have just one more day, one more kiss, one more everything.

Just one more day...

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 6

#### Offices & Screams

#### Jameson

Five months later...

“Sandie! Where is my lunch?” I yell from my office.

'Callaghan Enterprises' I fucking hate being here, running this fucking place. Father dipped out and left everything to me. For the past year, things have been pure Chaos, and then in the blink of an eye, everything turned into Mayhem. It doesn't help that the moment we all thought we could breathe and finally enjoy life, everything blew up in our faces and Bedlam ensued. The fall of a king and the legacies of our fathers' dynasties left us with little to no choices. Spade now runs the Cartel as I was forced to become the CEO of everything Dalton owns, and then there's Dario. All his fortune was left to Jade. Not by choice, but because of marriage. She didn't want any part of it, but again, there was no choice in the matter.

In a few weeks, she has a meeting with the five families along with the Irish Council. Watching her in action is the hottest thing I've ever seen. Her reigning Anarchy on the world, rising in power over men who she brings to their knees, pregnant and all, gets my dick hard every single time.

The door to my office opens as my secretary, Sandie, stumbles in with her blonde hair covering her face. She's not an ugly woman, she's just not Jade. I hate blondes

and we all know why, but what I dislike the most about her is that she's a fucking idiot. My father hired all these mouse-faced women who are truly airheads, which means all they were good for is a warm hole.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Callaghan. Your lunch is on the way." she stammers out, and I huff.

"How many times do I need to tell you? Call me Mr. Jameson, that's it. If I hear the word Callaghan come out of your mouth with Mr. attached to it again, I will cut out your fucking tongue. Now, get out!" I spit as she gasps and hurriedly leaves my space. Taking out my phone, I check everyone's location. Jaxon should be in preschool, which from the little green dot I see, shows me as such. Spade is down at the docks where the old warehouse blew up. I wonder if the contractors have updated him on that venture. Our house is finally finished but we are working on extending it some more. Jade insists on us having our own wing of the house and giving Spade and Ryder their own space as well. Whatever Princess wants, Princess gets, and she knows it too.

Scrolling down to the purple dot, I see that Jade isn't at home which grates on my nerves considering when I close out and look at my text thread with her, I don't see any messages from her. I do not like it when she leaves the house alone. She knows she is supposed to take one of Gio's men everywhere she goes, but of course, Jade being Jade, she never fucking listens. Scrolling down to Spade's name, I shoot him a quick text.

Me:

Did you know that our wife is not at home?

Placing my phone down, the door opens again and Sandie walks in with my lunch, placing it down in front of me. Taking a step back, she fiddles with her hand as she waits for me to say something. I look up from the food and my eyes lock with hers,



raising a brow. Her eyes widen, and she skedaddles out of my office once more. I laugh as my phone vibrates. Picking it up, I read the text.

Spade:

She said she wanted to go shopping and get some fresh fruit from the Farmer's Market in town.

Me:

But she has no guards. I am not okay with that.

Spade:

I'll get on it. Are you almost done for the day?

Me:

A few more hours and then I'll be home. Why? You miss me?

I laugh because I know he does. Things have changed a bit over the last couple of months. Let's just say we have been exploring some more in the bedroom since Jade doesn't like me stepping out of the circle, so Ryder suggested I take what I need from him and Spade. They both know how I feel and that Jade is my number one, but I can't keep lying to myself, or them, that there's no feelings for them, because there are. I just refuse to admit it. I'm not sure why. It's not like I don't trust them both entirely, but still, at the end of the day, something is missing. I think my biggest problem is losing my brother. I don't want to fully bring Ryder in and have the others think I'm replacing Dario because that's not what this is. He could never be replaced.

My mind has been fucked lately. I've been keeping something from everyone, and

I'm trying to figure out what to do about it. But I'm afraid if I tell them, they will want to send me away, and I will not leave them or the babies who are close to being born, so I've been keeping to myself at times trying to figure my shit out without involving everyone. One day, when I'm ready or if it gets worse, I'll tell them, but right now, I'm keeping track of the blackouts and keeping them to myself. My phone vibrating takes me out of my thoughts and I look down to see what Spade said.

Spade:

Maybe I do.

I laugh again because, of course, he won't just say it. I shake my head and close out the thread. Picking up my spoon, I dig into my broccoli cheddar soup while it's still hot.

Hours later, I leave the office and exit out of the skyscraper building, and get into my truck. I nod at Roger who's holding the door open for me as I unbutton my suit jacket, taking it off and hanging it up in the back seat.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Sir," he says, and I nod, climbing in and placing my phone on the dash. Pressing play on my pop playlist, "Say my name" by Destiny's Child blares through the speaker as I pull out onto the busy street, heading north to the highway that takes me out of the city. I'm about twenty minutes away from home when my phone starts ringing and a picture of Jade, laying on the bed with blood dripping from the slices I gave her, greets me on my dash screen. Pressing the button on my steering wheel, I answer the call.

"Princess, are you on your way home?" I ask.

"J-jamie. H-elp m-me!" she whispers as my fists tighten around the wheel.

“Jadeeee!!!!” I scream down the line as I hear rustling on the other end.

“I love you. Save the babies,” she whispers. I growl.

“Tell me where you are. Princess!” I yell, but I hear choking as more words greet my speakers.

“T-thank y-you for ll-oving mm-ee. I’m sorry. S-save the babies,” she says.

“No, baby, you hold the fuck on. Please, just hold the fuck on!” I scream through the car. I’m not fucking close enough. I don’t even know where the fuck she is. I hit the three-way call button and press Spade’s number, refusing to end the call with her. I need to know she’s ok. I need to get to her.

“Yo, Jay. Where you at?” he says cheerfully.

“Spade, Jade is in trouble. Find her location and send help now!” I command.

“What do you mean she’s in trouble?” he says, and I grit my teeth.

“Just fucking do it. What is her location, and fucking hurry?” I command as I hear him talking to Ryder, getting the help headed to her.

“Jade, baby, you still with me? Please, say something. Anything!” I yell, but it’s silent.

“Babygirl. Are you there?” Spade asks, but it's nothing but silence.

“She’s at the cemetery. How far out are you?” he asks, and I slam my hands on the steering wheel.

“Fifteen. Just get to her, and call me the fuck back and tell me where I’m going. Fucking hurry! She kept telling me to save the babies. Something is not fucking right. Now move!” I command again, and both lines go dead.

“Fuckkkkkkkkkk!!!” I scream into the empty car, gunning it to who knows where. My mind is a mess. I could massacre the world right now with how I feel. My heart is racing, my palms are sweaty.

“You are not taking another person that I love away from me because I swear to god I will light up every single person who’s harmed the ones I love. Fuckkkkkkkk!!!” I scream again as my phone rings, and I jab the button to answer.

“Spade, talk to me,” I grit.

“Gio got to her, and it’s not good. She’s been loaded into the ambulance. Meet me at Whitestone General,” he says.

“I’ll be there in seven minutes or less. If anything changes, you call me,” I spit.

“Just fucking hurry,” he yells, and the line goes dead.

Please, for the love of god, let her and our babies be okay. I can’t survive without her. I need her like I need air.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 7

#### Fading Heartbeats

#### Spade

\*\*\*\* Please do NOT read, and skip right to chapter 8 if you have any triggers that have to do with children.\*\*\* Please see the author's content warning list before reading this chapter!!!! Your mental health matters to me, and this chapter is VERY HEAVY AND TRAUMATIC.

Rushing into the ER, I'm not sure what to expect. I told Ryder to stay home with Jaxon, despite his protests, but we can't bring him here, not when we don't know what the hell we are walking into. Getting to the nurses' station, the old lady manning it looks up at me.

"Can I help you, son?" she asks, and I nod.

"Jade Rivers, I'm her husband. She was brought in here by ambulance," I blurt out, and she starts typing into the computer.

"ICU, down the hall," she says and I nod, tapping the counter as I book it down the hall, making a left into the double doors of where I need to be. Time literally stops when I see Jade, unconscious and covered in blood, as they cart her past me. I blink as my heart is in my throat. Catching up to the doctors and nurses moving her swiftly through the halls, I grab her hand. The doctor looks at me.

“I’m her husband. What happened?” I ask.

“She’s suffered multiple stab wounds to the groin. How far along is she?” the doc asks as my heart drops even further in my chest. The babies. Fuck.

“Thirty-five weeks, I believe.” I say, swallowing the lump in my throat as we continue to move to the OB section of the hospital and right into a room. They check her vitals and strip her clothes from her body.

“The babies. Are the babies okay?” I ask, concern laced in my tone.

“We have to stop the bleeding and find the heartbeats. That’s what the nurses are hooking her up to—” he says, stopping mid sentence as Jade’s body starts convulsing. Chaos ensues around me as more people flood the room, moving all around us.

“Sir, we need to get the babies out now. Your wife lost too much blood. If we don’t get them out now, they will all die,” he says, and I nod.

“Do what you have to do, Doc. Just please save them,” I say, and he nods.

“I’m going to need you to step out for a moment and suit up. The nurse will give you a white zippered jumpsuit along with shoe and hair coverings. Please put them on as fast as possible and meet us in the last room on the right,” he orders as a nurse hands me the white jumpsuit. I stand in the hall and put everything on. Everything is happening too fast. I can’t even call Jay to tell him what is happening. He’s going to raise hell in this place. Fuck.

Racing down the hall to the last room on the right, I enter as they prep her for emergency surgery. A nurse navigates me to a seat next to Jade as they pull a screen up in the air below her chest. I’m not sure what the hell they are doing beyond it, but I’m fucking scared. Scared for the babies and scared for the woman I love the most in

this fucked up world. The monitors beep slowly around me as the doctor and nurses speak in low tones. It's making me nervous that no one is saying jack shit, but I hold on to Jade's hand as I watch her monitors; watching the lines go up and down, up and down.

"You got this, Babygirl. Just rest. Deliver our babies, and by the time you wake up, we will be parents. I love you, wife. You're doing so fucking good, baby," I whisper, squeezing her hand. The monitor above her starts blaring, and my heart flips in my chest as I watch one go flat as the other blinks erratically, and Jade slows.

"What the fuck is happening?" I shout, standing from my seat, not letting go of her hand. I'll never let go. Not now, not ever.

"Sir. She's hemorrhaging. You have a decision to make: it's her or the babies. One of them has the umbilical cord wrapped tightly around her neck. We need to know what you want us to do," The doctor states, and my whole world comes crashing down on me. How the fuck do I choose between the mother of our children and our babies? I can't, I can't fucking make that decision. I can't lose any of them.

"Save them all!" I spit, losing my fucking patience.

"I'm sorry, we can't. It's the babies or her. Time is running out," he says. My head spins. How do I make the right decision? How? Then suddenly, the monitor falls flat and Jade's head lulls to the side.

"No! No! No! Come on baby, you're stronger than this," I say, kissing her cheeks.

"Sir," the doctor says, but I ignore him.

"Please, baby. Fucking fight. Please come back to me. Please," I whisper, kissing her dry lips as tears fall down my cheeks.

“Doc, I can’t make that call. Save them,” I say, and he nods, disappearing behind the screen as they take the paddles and press them to Jade’s chest, speaking around me but I don’t listen. I just keep whispering to my wife. That’s all I can fucking do.

“I love you, baby. You’re so strong. I can’t wait for you to hold our babies. I just need your beautiful heart to pump for me. Please. Dario would want you to live. Don’t give in. Please stay with me. With us.” I cry, rubbing my hands over her head as I hear a faint infant cry in the distance and I take a deep breath.

“Come on, baby. Please, please, please. One baby is here. Let’s get the other one out, then I need you to fight. Fucking fight, Jade.” I growl as they press the paddles to her one more time and the monitors finally respond. Beep. Beep. Beep.

“That’s my girl. Keep fighting, baby. You got this,” I whisper, kissing her cheek.

“I’m so fucking proud of you,” I praise.

“Sir,” The doc calls to me and I look up.

“I’m sorry, but the other baby is gone,” he says, and I hang my head, resting it against Jade’s.

“I failed us. This is all my fault. I’m so sorry, baby. Fuck,” I whisper as tears pour down my face.

“Time of death for Infant Rivers, 7:15 p.m.,” the doc calls out, wrapping the baby in a pink blanket.

“Can you cut the cords, please?” he asks, and I nod, walking over to the warming station as he hands me the scissors. I cut the cords, and he places both babies in my arms. Looking down at them, I sob. I sob for the daughter I lost, the daughter who’s



healthy and alive, and for my wife who's still struggling on the surgery table. I kiss both of their foreheads.

"Haven, we love you, and I hope your daddy came down to take you back with him to heaven. Rest peacefully, our beautiful girl," I whisper, placing a gentle kiss on her tiny cheek. "Hazel. Welcome to the world, beautiful girl. We love you," I whisper, placing a kiss on her head full of black hair. She opens her eyes, and I sob harder, wishing Dario was here to see this. She has his eyes; his beautiful bi-colored eyes. She smiles up at me, and my heart literally melts for her. I place my finger in her small hand, rubbing my thumb along her tiny fingers.

"Perfect. You're both perfect," I whisper as the nurse comes over, taking both of the girls.

"It's time for their first bath, and I need to get their weight and height. Go back over to your wife. She will be stitched up in no time," she says with a small frown.

I hang my head once again and walk over to sit back down, laying my head against Jade's

"I love you, and I'm so fucking sorry," I whisper.

Leaving here without Haven is going to be one of the hardest things we will ever have to do, and I'm not sure if we will ever be able to come back from this.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 8

#### Dreamscapes

##### Jade

Walking down the hallway towards the bedroom we built for the twins, I crack open the door to find my husband rocking our babies to sleep. I lean against the door frame and watch as he hums a tune to them softly, and kisses both of their heads. My heart does a little flip at seeing my Rio soft for his girls. How does a man who craves the fight, whose hands are soaked in blood, hold these little girls as if they are the center of his world? I never thought I'd witness him being so hands on. I never feel frustrated or restless. He always comes in and takes over no matter the time of day. But I'm not going to lie, he makes me feral for him. My libido has never been this high before, and not just with him. All of them have stepped up and I couldn't have asked for better dads for our girls. I'm so deep in awe that I didn't notice him get up and place the girls in their cribs. His scent wafts over me, bringing me back to reality and snapping out of my thoughts.

Our eyes collide and he looks hungry for me. I back away from the door frame as he smirks. I giggle and rush back down the hallway as fast as I can, but I don't get far. His powerful arms wrap around my waist, halting my movements.

"Kitten," he warns. "Where you running off to, baby?" he asks, and I giggle as his nose slowly runs along the column of my neck, sending shivers down my body. I groan as his fingers slide into my waistband, slipping into my panties, finding my clit.

“Rio,” I breathe, pressing my ass into his hardening cock.

“I love when you call me that,” he groans, sucking the soft spot right below my ear.

“Where are the others?” he asks as he continues to toy with my needy clit.

“Jamie is at the office, Spade is-s,” I pant, licking my lips, wanting to cum so fucking bad.

“Is where Kitten?” he whispers, licking the shell of my ear, but I can’t think. My senses are heightened with each stroke of his finger.

“I-I don’t know.” I whimper as he slows his pace, spinning me to face him. He presses me against the wall, removing his fingers from my soaked pussy, sliding them into his mouth.

“Mmm, sweet baby.” He growls, pulling down my red tank, letting my tits spill out. He gently rolls my nipples with his thumbs, causing my body to shiver.

“I miss them being pierced,” He admits, bending slightly, taking one into his mouth. I moan at the contact, gripping his black hair as he sucks the hardened peaks, swirling his tongue. “I love the way your milk tastes, it makes me fucking crazy.” He groans as my eyes roll.

“Big Man, I need you inside me. Make me cum,” I beg as I hear a baby's faint cry in the distance. I look down at him as he begins to disappear. “No, please. Stay, Dario. Please. Don’t fucking leave me. This is the only time I get to see you,” I beg but other voices get louder, and a baby's cry gets closer the further he disappears into thin air. “Nooooooo!” I scream, reaching out to him as my vision spins and I’m thrust into the present.

“When she wakes up, I want to know who the hell did this to her. It’s been forty-

eight hours. I'm fucking worried, Reid," Jamie spits as I slowly peel my eyes open. The white light blinds me and I shut them, not being able to withstand the intensity of it.

"You will give her fucking time. You know as well as I do that she will tell us, now chill the fuck out!" Spade demands.

"Don't think because Dario is no longer with us that you're going to call the fucking shots. Not. Going. To. Happen." Jamie growls. I clear my throat without opening my eyes.

"The both of you shut the fuck up and stop arguing," I rasp, my throat on literal fire. Immediately, I feel hands on my face. "Turn the fucking light off. It hurts too much," I order as the room goes black with just enough light illuminating from who knows where. I peel my eyes open slowly, letting them adjust to the darkness.

"I'm in the hospital?" I ask as Jamie grabs my hands and Spade cups my face. My heart feels so fucking empty without Dario, and after having such a vivid dream, it hurts so much more that he's not here.

"Yes, Princess. Can you tell us what happened? Do you remember what happened?" he asks and I nod.

"I do. Your fucking dad is what the fuck happened," I spit as both of their eyes widen. "Wait." I stop for a second and feel my stomach. No bump. "Where the fuck are my babies?" I shout, ready to climb out of this bed, but Jamie grabs my shoulders, pushing me down.

"Calm down, Jade. Or you're going to open your stitches," he orders, and I take a deep breath.

“Someone better start talking before I lose my fucking shit,” I demand, but the looks on their faces paint me a picture of sadness and disbelief, and I want to think that those looks are all in my head because I don’t know how much more bullshit I can handle.

“Jade, baby. Walk me through what happened,” Spade says, and I shake my head.

“Where are my babies, Spade. Tell me now or I swear to god,” I spit as Jamie turns my face to look at him.

“My father is the one who is responsible for this?” he asks, and I nod as he lets go of my face and sends the rolling table flying across the room causing me to jump.

“Jade, focus on me,” Spade says, taking my hands into his and bringing them to his lips. “The ambulance brought you here. You lost so much fucking blood. You were hemorrhaging,” He stammers as tears form in his eyes. I swallow thickly as the tears drop down his face. I shake my head as my heart beats erratically in my chest. “You flatlined, baby. I thought I lost you forever,” he whispers, kissing my hands as the tears continue to fall. “The doctors did all they could and–” he says, and I interrupt.

“No, don’t you say it, Spade. Please. Where are my babies?” I rasp, as my eyes fill with tears.

“I’m sorry, baby. Haven didn’t make it. I’m so fucking sorry,” he confesses, and my heart drops. My baby didn’t make it? Haven is gone? I didn’t even get to hold her. I drop my head in defeat. The door suddenly swings open and a nurse comes in with a rolling cart, stopping midway, taking in the scene of destruction from Jameson’s meltdown.

“Should I come back at another time?” she asks, eyeing Jamie a little too closely.

“No, it’s fine,” I reply, and she nods, rolling the cart next to my bed. She lifts the baby, wrapped in a purple blanket, and places her in my arms.

Tears pour from my eyes as I stare at my beautiful little girl. “Hi, Hazel. I’ve been waiting for such a long time to meet you. God, you have your daddy’s eyes.” I sob, kissing her soft cheek. “I love you so much, Hazel,” I whisper, running my fingers through her dark hair. No wonder I had so much heartburn. This kid has a full head of hair, and she’s so fucking pretty. I see so much of myself, but yet, Dario’s features are so prominent. The bed dips beside me as Jameson leans his head against mine.

“I’m sorry for my outburst, but I’m right here, Princess. Isn’t she perfect, baby? She’s got your smile,” he says as I hiccup.

“She is. And I’m so in love,” I say as Spade comes to my other side, kissing my forehead.

“You did so good, Babygirl. I love you and our baby,” he says and I look up at him.

“I love you too, Reid. Always.” Then I nudge Jamie. “I love you too, Caveman. Forever and always. When do we get to go home?” I ask. I’d much rather be in my house than here, where it’s not safe for any of us.

“When do you want to leave?” Jamie asks, and I raise a brow.

“Today!” I say, and he nods.

“Well, I’m going to need you to get out of this bed and walk around some, then I’ll pay our way out of here. Deal?” he says with a smirk, and I nod.

“Deal,” I say as the door swings open again, and two men in suits walk through the threshold. Spade and Jamie are up and standing in front of the bed, blocking my view,

before they could make it another two feet.

“Can we help you?” Jameson asks.

“Yes, this is Detective Sinclair and I’m Detective Waterberg. We have some questions for Mrs. Rivers,” the detective states.

“Let ‘em through, it’s fine,” I say as my guys take a step to the side, never taking their eyes off of them.

“Mrs. Rivers, I’m glad to see you’re awake. Do you remember the events that took place forty-eight hours ago?” he asks, and I roll my eyes.

“Of course I do. Ask the damn question. I don’t have all day,” I spit, raising the bed up some more so I can swing my legs out.

“Do you recall who did this to you?” he asks, and I look at Jamie and he nods, knowing what’s coming next.

“Senator Dalton Callaghan,” I admit as their eyes widen in shock.

If they don’t find him, I will. I’m on a hunt and I will stop at nothing to put the monster down. Something we should’ve done when we had the fucking chance.

After finally getting home last night, it’s been an adjustment, but the guys have been wonderful helping with Hazel. No one ever told me pumping is so demanding, but as I sit on my bed with these things sucking my nipples to death, I can’t help but smile while I watch Jamie in the rocking chair whispering to Hazel. Seeing this man go soft for a child is something I never thought I’d get to witness, but I also see the sadness that is in his eyes anytime Haven is mentioned. He blames himself for his father’s behavior and it’s killing him, I know it. He might think I don’t know what is going

on, but I do. I just want to see when he's going to man up and tell me. The phone buzzing next to me takes me out of my thoughts as Jamie raises his head to look at me with a raised brow.

"Who the hell could be calling at this hour? It's the middle of the night for fucks sake," he whisper-shouts as I hold up the phone, showing him it's Flynn. Pressing the green button, I bring it to my ear.

"Yes," I say, and he huffs.

"Is that any way to greet your father, Jade?" he says in a tone I'm well acquainted with.

"Hello, Father, how are you?" I say in a condescending tone.

"I'm fine. How is my daughter and grandchild?" he asks, and it's like a stab to the chest. Making me miss my baby and their other dad. Why did this life take everything from me?

"Hazel is good, currently sleeping before her next feeding, and I'm just here if you want me to be honest," I admit, which makes him sigh.

"Are you coming home to lay Haven to rest?" he asks, causing me to grip the phone a little tighter.

"No, I am not. I won't be back there until the next council meeting unless you need me for something else, but I won't be back there to do that," I spit.

"Fallon. She's of Irish descent, you know our traditions," he says, displeased.

"I understand that fully, but she is also Italian and will be buried next to her father," I



say, getting more furious by the second.

“I see. Will you at least bathe her before you do anything else?” he asks, and I’m already shaking my head.

“I cannot,” I answer immediately.

“But you can. You are strong and powerful, Fallon. You are an O’Patrick,” he states as tears fall from my eyes.

“You don’t understand what you are asking me to do. You have never buried a child, Flynn, and what you want me to do is—” I say, but he interrupts.

“I may have not buried a child, but I buried your mother,” he spits, and I gasp.

“No, that’s not true. She’s—”

“Yes, I did. Do you know I have never loved anyone but her. She was my whole world. I never had eyes for anyone else but your mom. Still, to this day, I have never laid down with anyone, nor have I dated another woman. She was my sun, Fallon, and those pieces of shit took her from me!” he shouts. He doesn’t know. Fuck.

“You’re right, I didn’t know any of that because everything has either been a lie or a goddamn secret, but there’s something I need to tell you.” I say, swallowing thickly.

“What is it?” he asks, taking a deep breath.

“After returning with Kane, Jameson was put in Hillsboro Institute. We went in, guns blazing, but what was interesting was that when we were trying to escape, we were stopped and a gun was pointed at my head by a woman,” I say.

“What woman was that?” he asks, getting annoyed with me.

“Your sun. Are you sure she’s dead because the vile woman who stood in front of me looked exactly like her and wasn’t happy to see me. I stabbed her, by the way, but how can you be sure you buried my mother?” I ask, but silence greets my ears.

“Dad? You there?” I ask but still nothing. I pull the phone away from my ear to make sure the long distance call is still connected as I hear a crashing sound over the line.

“Dad, talk to me. Please, I need answers,” I beg as shuffling is heard on the other end.

“Fallon, that was not your mother. That disgusting woman is your aunt, and I know it because I’m the one who bathed your mother when she was brought back here. She had a tattoo of our people on her chest, and the woman I laid to rest was definitely your mom,” he informs me as I take a deep breath.

“Thank god because I didn’t want to believe that my mother hated me or that she would hide out for all these years when I needed her the most,” I admit, and he sighs.

“I gather you’ve been reading the journal entries, and I’m sure you know how much your mom despised her. Your aunt was very jealous of Theresa and hated how much people loved her. Keep reading those entries. It will help to give you more answers,” he says.

“Okay, I will. And yes, I will do the bathing with Haven even if it kills me,” I say, and he chuckles.

“It won’t, but nice try. Keep the traditions alive is all I ask. Kane will be back in town soon. Then I will need you both home for the council meeting. Please stay safe, and stay away from Teagan. Don’t underestimate her capabilities,” he warns.

“I know and I will. Talk soon.” I say.

“Love you, mo pháiste,” he says.

“Grá agat freisin,” I say, and the line goes dead. I remove the filled bottles and take off the attachments, putting everything to the side as I stand, walking over to Jamie.

“I’m going to go bag this milk up and put it in the freezer,” I say, and he nods. Before I walk away, he grabs my wrist gently, pulling me towards him.

“You know I love you, Princess, right?” he asks as I look down at him. I hate seeing sadness in his eyes. It’s not a look I am used to, and it breaks my heart.

“And I love you too, Jamie,” I say, and he takes a deep breath, letting go of my wrist. Slowly, I walk to the elevator, pressing the button, and the doors swing open. Stepping in, I hit the button for the main level and wait for the cart to descend. My mind is a mess, my heart is completely shattered. I don’t know how much more I can take before I snap.

The doors swing open, and I step out, heading for the kitchen. Once there, I put away the milk and go into the living room and stare out of the front windows. I’m not sure how long I stand here but my eyes must be playing tricks on me because I could’ve sworn I saw someone outside, just beyond the trees, but there’s no way. Jamie made sure the alarm system would detect anyone coming within fifty feet of the property, on top of alerting us if someone was trying to tap into the system.

An arm wraps around my shoulder, causing me to jump.

“It’s just me, Jade. Why are you standing down here like a weirdo in the dark?” Ryder asks, and I laugh.

“I’m not sure, brother, but here I stand,” I say, shaking my head.

“You good?” he asks, and I shake my head again.

“No, and I’m not sure I will ever be,” I admit, as he gives my shoulder a little squeeze and places a kiss on my head.

“One day you will be, and the same goes for the rest of us,” he says, and I nod.

“I’m ready to put everyone down, Ry. One by fucking one. I just need time to heal some more and then I’m coming to collect,” I say, looking up at him.

“And we will be right beside you. Always,” he assures me as I rest my head on his chest.

“Promise?” I ask, and he chuckles.

“You’re just as needy as Spade. It’s funny as fuck.” He laughs, and I elbow him in the ribs.

“But you love us, so there’s that,” I say.

“I do.” He sighs.

“What’s wrong? What are you not telling me?” I ask, and he laughs.

“Nothing that can’t wait.”

“Are you sure?” I say, elbowing him again.

“Ouch, would you quit it,” he scolds, and now it’s my turn to laugh.

“Pussy,” I say.

“Whatever. Go to bed sis, Hazel will be awake soon enough,” he says, and I nod, stepping away.

Walking back to the elevator, I turn to look back at my brother, who stands just like I was only moments ago staring out the windows. It seems we are all a little broken as of late, and it’s time for it to come to an end.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 9

#### Bald Headed Twats

Jade

Shopping for an outfit for your dead child is not what I wanted to do today. I've put it off for the past few days, and with the wake only hours away, I couldn't avoid it any longer. The guys went to pick out her little white casket, considering I have to give her a final bath before getting her dressed. I just mentally couldn't do it all. They keep saying I'm so strong but I'm not. I'm broken and weak, with nothing left to give.

Putting on my black lace dress for the second time this year is depressing. How many more people am I going to lose before I fully lose myself? I feel alone at this moment as I put on my black pumps and walk out of my room to the main bathroom. I stop before turning the knob and take a deep breath. I hate Flynn for making me fucking do this, yet again, but this hits me so much harder than it did with Harper. Haven grew in my belly for months just for her to be ripped away from me in a blink of an eye.

Turning the knob, I open the door and step in. The funeral parlor delivered Haven to us a few hours ago, and this is the first time I'm seeing her. This is not how I want to remember my baby; our little girl. Taking a step closer to where she lays on a pink blanket on top of the vanity. I swallow thickly and can't seem to take a breath as I move even closer to her. Tears fall down my face as I near the vanity, gripping onto it like it's my lifeline. I can't do this. I can't. "But you can, Kitten. It's okay, baby. She

will be safe with me. Bathe her and say your goodbyes. I promise she will be okay,” he whispers, encouraging me to do what needs to be done.

“I don’t want to say goodbye, Rio. Not to you, not to her. It hurts. It hurts so fucking bad,” I say into the empty space.

I wrap my baby girl in her pink blanket and lift her into my arms, holding her to my chest. “I’m so sorry, Haven. Mommy failed and couldn’t protect you. I’m so fucking sorry, but I’m going to get you clean and send you with your Daddy. I love you, Babygirl. You will forever be in my heart and a part of me,” I whisper, kissing her cold forehead.

Placing her down, I do what I’ve done once before with Harper, going through the motions while I sob. Once done, I get her dressed in an all white dress that has lace and red diamonds along the neckline and bottom of the dress. The tears never stop, not even after I carry her through the house and down the stairs to the guys waiting for me in the living room. We all walk outside together to the limo and I place my baby in her white casket, covering her tiny body with her pink blanket. “I love you,” I whisper, taking a step back as all three men shut the top of it and stand next to me. Spade and Jamie, grab my hand, squeezing it.

“You ready, Sis?” Ryder asks, and I nod as we slide into the limo and head to the cemetery to lay our baby girl to rest right beside her Dad.

Six months later...

We are sitting around Jamie’s oval desk at his office waiting for the Roselli estate lawyer to arrive after summoning us here to listen to the reading of Dario’s will. It’s taken us months to get where we are today. Between fighting with his siblings, who have now created a war between families, this is just the icing on the cake.

Getting out of the house is nice considering I've been elbow deep in kids and pumping. We've decided that we need more security and a nanny to help because we all can't be home to take care of the kids all the time, so some hired help would be nice. We've had a few interviews and none of them seem to be what we are looking for and the kids haven't taken a liking to any of them, which is a huge deal to us.

We want Jaxon and Hazel happy and well taken care of when we aren't around, but most of all, safe. Problem is we trust no one, and to make matters worse, Jamie wants to just kill everyone as of late. I caught him talking to the voices, which I thought stopped, but I think with all the loss lately, and the fact that he continues to blame himself is really taking a toll on his mind. Hopefully, the secret I've been keeping will cheer him up, and maybe he will finally let go of the things that haunt him, and finally enjoy life. Things have been quiet lately in the criminal world, but I have a feeling things are about to spin out of control because when it's too quiet, then the snakes are slithering and the rats are sniffing around.

A short, chubby, bald man in a suit enters the room. He's sweating as he stands at the head of the table, using his handkerchief to wipe his brow. He must be nervous being surrounded by dangerous people. He slides Jamie an envelope then exits the office. What the fuck? That's weird. I look at Jamie, and he laughs.

"He wanted to do this via Zoom and I refused. I love making him sweat. He is absolutely terrified of us, so forcing him to drop this off in person made my day," he states, opening the envelope and taking the contents out.

"Well, well, well. Dario has left us everything. All the cars. 1.5 million dollars. The house he built up north. The cabin in Vermont. A beach house in the Keys, all the businesses and diamonds. The three of us own everything except three places. The mill is solely Jade's, and Club Diamond. The warehouse he owns is left to his daughters to do with as they please once they graduate from college, but it must be a business that creates legal revenue. One mil has been left to each child, including



Jaxon,” Jamie reads, and I’m in shock.

“God damn. What about family businesses since The Aces are pushing daisies?” Spade asks, and we laugh.

“It’s all ours, but Dario’s wish is to stop the trafficking through the businesses and make them legitimate. He doesn’t care about anything else that is illegal,” Jamie answers.

“When was this signed? Like, when did he have the time to create a whole will without any of us knowing?” I ask, and they both laugh.

“Dario was always the most prepared and organized one out of the three of us. I knew he had a will. I just didn’t know it was this detailed and itemized,” Spade says as Jamie nods.

“It was signed in March 2025,” he states, and we both stare at him.

“Does it give you a specific date?” I ask, and his eyes furrow.

“March 24, 2025,” he whispers, and I stand.

“Where is that bald-headed lawyer? This doesn’t make sense how can a will be signed a day after he died. Make it fucking math!” I yell, slamming my fists against the desk.

“She’s right. This doesn’t make sense at all. Someone is either toying with us, or that is not his signature,” Spade states.

“Welp, there’s only one way to find out,” Jamie says, rising from his seat. “Let’s go pay Mr. Charles a visit. Shall we?” He smirks as I grin.

“Call Ry and tell him we will be home late. There’s milk in the freezer if he needs more than what’s in the fridge,” I tell Spade, and he nods, taking out his phone.

Mr. Charles better have the answers we need, or I’m going to slice his shiny bald head for everyone to see.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 10

#### Dinner & Reality

##### Ryder

Getting a call from Spade to take care of the kids was the best news I got all day. Being the President of my father's club is draining, to say the least. Gio stayed with Jaxon and Hazel while everyone went to the meeting for Dario's will. Hazel slept the whole time he was here and Jaxon just watched TV, coloring.

"So, Jaxon, what do you want for dinner?" I ask, and he looks up at me with a huge smile.

"Nug with fry fries. Oh, can I have ketchup and milk?" he asks, and I laugh.

"Sure, Bud, coming right up. You stay here and come get me if your sister starts to cry," I say, and he nods.

"Okay, Uncle Ryder. You got it, dude." He smiles as I exit the living room and go into the kitchen. It doesn't take me long to get the boy what he wants, and I figured I'd wait for the others to see what we are doing for dinner.

"Jax, come sit at the table. I'll put your show on in here. Mama will kick our asses if we get ketchup on her carpet," I say, but I don't hear anything. I set down his plate and cup of milk, and walk into the living room.

Jaxon, who said you could get in the pack 'n play with Hazel? Next time ask for help, dude,” I say sternly.

“I just wanted to play with her. I love her. She’s so pretty, like Mama,” he says, and I smile, sitting down next to them. Hazel crawls over to the netting, smiling as drool pours out of her mouth.

“I know, but you could’ve crushed her or kicked her in the head climbing in there, and we don’t want her to get hurt, right?” I ask, and his eyes shoot up to mine and narrow.

“She will never be hurt as long as I’m around. I’m her big brother. I will protect her with my strong arms. See, Uncle Ryder. Look at my musckles,” he says, showing me his little bicep. I can’t help but laugh. Since the day Jade brought her home, he’s been glued to her side, always wanting to help, and he hates going to pre-k now because he has to leave her. Despite everything he’s been through, he definitely has Ryker in him. Damn, I wish he was here to see his son. He’d be so proud.

“Alright, go eat your dinner before it gets cold. Don’t worry, Hazel can come too,” I say, watching his eyes light up as I wheel them into the kitchen while they giggle at how fast we move through the living room and into the kitchen. He climbs out as I put the TV on for him, and starts eating. Hazel puts her arms up for me and I scoop her up, placing her chunky self in the highchair.

“Alright, Hazey Baby, how about some strawberries and a yogurt pouch with some boobie milk?” I say as she pounds her little fists on her tray. Opening the fridge, I get everything I need and get to work, which only takes me a couple of minutes. Once she’s settled, I push her chair next to Jax and they both watch TV while eating. Grabbing my phone, I shoot a text to Spade.

Me:

What are we doing for dinner?

Spade:

Pizza!

Me:

Not again. Maybe I should've texted Jade instead of you. Lol.

Spade:

Hater.

Me:

Yea, yea. When are y'all coming home?

Spade:

Soon and I'll text you on the way with our dinner choices.

Me:

Sounds good. I love you.

Spade:

I love you too, Biker Bitch.

I laugh, because I truly do love him, and I love being here with all of them. Coming

home to him is something I never thought I'd be doing in a million years but here we are almost a year later and I don't regret pushing him one bit. He makes me feel alive after losing my father, and then Jade. I thought it was going to be me and Ryk against the world, but then we got Jade back only to lose my twin. My heart was shattered and made me resent the club life and everything involved but I always knew death would come for us sooner rather than later, but being with Spade, it feels right, like this is where I belong even if he is in a relationship with my sister. I don't care. We love him and he loves us.

Now, the things going on with Jameson are a bit touchy. I don't mind having some fun every now and then, but Spade is mine, and that's the end of it. I don't care what that blond-headed fucker says. Bring the Carver out, I will fuck him up if he tries to take what's mine from me. My phone vibrates against the countertop, taking me out of my crazy thoughts, and my body goes rigid as I see the text.

Teagan:

We need to meet up. Tomorrow night at 10p.m. Come alone.

I set the phone down, leaving her on read. This is the third time she wants to meet, and I'm getting sick and tired of lying to everyone. I need to put a stop to this, once and for all. Maybe take her right off the board. Then it will be one less enemy to deal with, but of course, that would be too fucking easy.

When will the lying end? I don't want to lose any of them but at the end of the day I'm doing this to protect everyone and then some, but at what cost?

## Page 11

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### Chapter 11

Blood only to find out she was taken not even a mile away from our house by the Abazi family, which makes me think they are the ones who planted the bomb in Dario's Suburban. It's been a mess, to say the least. We just need to figure out a way to get Giovanna and Antonio out of there and ship them off somewhere before they kill her. We honestly don't know who to trust anymore, and that alone is becoming a huge problem.

After Mr. Charles eats his meal, we followed him home, and now have him strapped to a chair and gagged in his living room. The man has already pissed himself, which only tells me he knows something.

"Are you ready to talk?" I ask as he yells into the gag. Jade taps my shoulder and I step away from the fat man shaking in the chair.

"Knife," she says, sticking out her hand. Spade laughs as I place a dagger in her hand and kiss her forehead.

"It's Dario's. I've been meaning to give it to you," I whisper as she stands on her tippy toes, placing a kiss on my lips. She takes a step back from me and walks over to Mr. Charles. I truly love the fear rippling through his body. It makes me giddy, especially since I have killed no one since the night I gave Jade the ring. She never takes it off, so this is exciting, but I want to make this quick.

I miss my little munchkin, Hazel, and I hate not being home for our bedtime ritual, and I bet she's missing it too. There is nothing in this world more precious than

seeing her smile while her eyes light up as the three of us read Goldilocks to her. Jade rocks her as she watches us put on a show for her. Hazel coming into the world made me soft, but only for her.

The love she unlocked ,deep in my soul, is unconditional and I never knew it was hiding there until the moment I held her and she looked up at me with her bi-colored eyes, wrapping her tiny hand around my finger. It truly settled me. It was like this was all meant to happen. Not the losing Dario part, but Jade bearing our children and showing us what a family is and how much love we have to give, even if the love from our own parents was stripped from us and non-existent. Jaxon has wormed himself into my heart too, but there's something about Hazel that hits differently. I love both of our kids, but maybe it's a girl thing. Jade warned me that a man loves their daughters harder than their sons and vice versa for moms. So I guess she was right, yet again. The scent of blood brings me back to the present.

“Who signed that will? I will not ask again.” She spits, cutting down his suit shirt. Spade takes out his gun, cocking it, pressing the barrel against Mr. Charles’ temple.

“When she asks you a question. You fucking answer.” He growls, smacking the gun across his forehead. He screams into the gag as Jade slices down his chest. The scent of blood permeates the air, sending me back to a memory I’ve been dying to do again.

“Princess,” I say as she spins around with a towel in her hand.

“Hey, Baby, I didn’t hear you come in,” she replies as I step into her space.

“As much as I love seeing you doing domestic shit, I have a bone to pick with you,” I say, taking the towel from her hand and throwing it on the top of the dryer.

“What did I do now?” she asks, rolling her eyes. Wrapping my hand around her throat, I squeeze gently as her eyes roll.



“You didn’t tell me you have your period. I’ve been wondering for the past twenty-four hours why I smell blood, and when I went to take a piss, I saw your used tampon,” I say, and her eyes widen.

“Tell me you didn’t?” She gasps and I chuckle.

“Yes, I fucking did, and now I’m feral for more.” I growl, pressing my lips against hers.

“You’re fucking disgusting. Don’t kiss me. Asshole.” She spits, pushing me away and I laugh, pressing my body into hers only for her to step back into the washing machine.

“This is what’s going to happen. You’re going to take that sexy ass out of this room and down the hall to our new bedroom. You are to strip and get on the fucking bed,” I demand, releasing her neck.

“Jamie, no. I’m bleeding too heavy for this type of play.” she says, and I shake my head.

“That only makes me want you more. Now move, my little blood slut,” I command, stepping out of her way. She eyes me for a second before exiting the laundry room. I grab a towel from the dryer then follow behind her, but she stops and turns towards me.

“But Hazel?” she says, and I shake my head.

“Spade is putting her down for a nap. Get moving,” I say, and she continues down the hall, passing the kids' room and into our new wing of the house. She opens our door, stepping into the room, and removes her shirt as she walks to the bed. I close the door softly behind me, removing my shirt.

Walking around her, I place the towel at the edge of the bed as she slides her leggings and panties down her legs. I watch as she bends over, seeing the string nestled between her lips makes my mouth water.

Unbuckling my pants, I take them off along with my boxers and stand behind her, rubbing my hard cock against her ass as I wrap my arms around her waist, grabbing both tits in my hands, squeezing them as milk dribbles from her hard nipples. She moans, pressing her ass against me as her hands rub up and down my thighs. I continue to knead her breasts as her nails dig into my skin. My jaw tightens the harder she digs into me. I roll my thumbs over her nipples, letting more milk drip onto my fingers before bringing them to my mouth, sucking them clean.

“So fucking good, Princess. Now get on the bed. Hands and knees, baby. Just like that one time on the pool table,” I order as her knees hit the mattress. She spreads her legs wide, arching her back, sticking her ass out for me. I growl as I slide down to my knees and lick each thigh, biting them, making sure I leave teeth marks in my wake. Her legs quiver the closer I get to her pussy as I run my tongue over her hole, tugging the cotton string with my teeth. I glide my hands up the backs of her thighs and press my thumb against her tight hole.

“Breathe in for me, then exhale, Princess,” I say as I take my free hand and tug the string, pulling out her tampon.

“Jamie, don’t. Please don’t,” she begs and I slap her ass with the bloody cotton before placing it on the floor next to me. She whimpers as I tug her pierced clit, circling my tongue around it.

“Fuck, Jamie.” She whines as she rocks against me. Releasing her clit, I lick back up to her hole, sliding my tongue inside as my taste buds burst from her copper flavor. I press the tip of my thumb into her tight hole as I flick her clit with my other finger, lapping up her blood. I swallow everything she gives me as her moans echo the room.

“I’m going to cum. Fuck.” She screams as her pussy gushes against my lips, blood pouring down my face as she cums.

“Jay, Jay,” Spade says and I’m thrust into the present again. Shaking my head of the memory, I look over at him with wide eyes.

“You okay. I’ve been calling your name for the past couple of minutes,” he says, and I shake my head again.

“My bad. I was thinking about the time I ate Jade’s bloody cunt,” I say with a chuckle and he laughs, too.

“Well, no wonder why you missed everything,” he says with a raised brow. Looking around the room, Jade is nowhere to be found.

“Where’s Jade?” I ask in a panic.

“She’s throwing up in the kitchen. She was fine one minute while she was carving into the lying prick, then the next she dropped the knife, covering her mouth and hauling ass to the kitchen,” he says, and my eyes go wide.

“She’s never shied away from blood or carving into someone. What the fuck?” I say with concern laced in my tone. But before he can respond, she comes back into the room, not making any eye contact.

“Did he finally fess up?” she asks, as his screams permeate the air.

“Fucking gag him. I’m more concerned about why you are throwing up in the middle of a kill?” I say, walking up to her, but she shakes her head.

“Not now!” she commands, and I shake my head.

“No, Jade. Spill. What the fuck is going on?” I spit and she slides her hand into her pocket, retrieving a picture and placing it into my hand. I look down at it and it’s a sonogram.

“Surprise,” she says as Spade comes up next to me.

“Huh?” he says, and I slap the picture against his chest, then grab her by the back of her thighs, lifting her into the air as her legs wrap around my waist.

“For real?” I ask, and she smiles, looking down at me, nodding her head.

“Holy shit, Babygirl. We are having another baby?” he asks, and she looks beyond me, nodding her head.

“Fuck yea!” he shouts, and she just shakes her head.

“One of you knocked me up, yet again. Ya’ll must love seeing me fat. I just wanted some more time, but nooooo. Between the two of you, you have made it your mission to plant your fucking seed in me, and now we are having yet another baby. Assholes,” she says sternly, pointing her finger at the both of us. I slap her ass and growl.

“Are we done here? I want to slam into her and really plant my fucking seed,” I say, and Spade laughs.

“Bet you I won the race this time,” he says, and I growl.

“Fuck you. I’ve made sure to fill every fucking hole just so you didn’t win,” I growl.

“I slid into her every chance I got. I’m telling you, this one is mine,” he says, and she rolls her eyes.

“Does it even fucking matter at this point?” she says and we both answer.

“Yes. There is money on the line here, babe,” Spade says, and we laugh as she growls.

“I’m going to kill both of you one day. When will I be able to get my body back? How many more fucking kids do we need? Can I get a break, like Jesus Christ?” She yells, and again, we both answer.

“No.”

She growls again as I place her on her feet. She slaps my chest as she walks away, slapping Spade upside the head. “Finish this prick. I’m fucking hungry,” she says, walking further away, but stops and turns to us at the last minute. “Oh, and it’s a boy. Dickheads,” she says, then exits the room and out the front door. Turning to Spade, I’m fucking speechless. He puts his fist out and I bump it as we both smile because, fuck yes, our girl is pregnant again, and that alone turns me the fuck on.

“Does he know anything?” I ask, and Spade shakes his head.

“He’s sticking to the story of Dario being the one that signed it, that the signature is authentic,” he says, and I place my hand on my chin.

“Then the date has to be wrong. He must have signed off on this the day he died while they were at the mill. I knew he was doing some paperwork for him, but I didn’t know it was that. That’s the only conclusion I can come up with,” I say, and he nods.

“Same, Brother. Let’s end this. He’s useless anyway,” Spade says, and I pick up Dario’s dagger and press it against the fat fuck's throat.

“For Dario,” I say, and Spade repeats the sentiment as I drag our brother’s dagger across the fat fuck's neck in one quick swipe. Blood sprays and pours all around us as he chokes. We exit the house, covered in blood, as I wipe the dagger clean against my suit pants. Getting into the truck, I hand it to Jade and she puts it in the center console.

“Alright, preppers. What does our wife want to eat?” I say, and she smiles.

“Pizza,” she says, and I roll my eyes. Fuck. If she’s craving pizza, that means my soldiers lost the race and Spade is the true winner. His cheering in the backseat tells me everything I need to know.

Putting the truck in gear, we head towards Jade’s favorite pizza shop. I can’t wait to get home to see my little munchkin.

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### Chapter 12

#### Sparring & Surprises

##### Spade

Finding out I'm going to be a dad again has me like a little kid in a candy store, with a stupid grin plastered across my face. All week my wife has been craving pizza, which only makes me think that baby boy in her belly is a thousand percent mine. Throwing it in Jay's face any second I can has been fun too, but I know I'm taking it too far when I see the Carver peeking out of him every so often. Something is going on with him, but I can't place my finger on what it is exactly. Some nights he goes off by himself and comes back covered in blood. I think he forgot that I have access to these cameras, and I see. I see how he's trying to hide his kills, but I just leave him be. One of his biggest pet peeves is to be questioned, so I'm letting him be for now.

Pulling into the mill, I put the car in park and get out. Jade has an appointment today with Kai Wang. So I'm here to make sure his order is complete and accounted for before loading it up into the van. But before I go to help, I need to go see my wife. I haven't kissed her all day, and I need those luscious lips against mine.

Opening the door to the mill, I walk in and hear skin slapping skin. I look at the ring, doing a double take. What the fuck? I climb in the ring, walk up to the kid sparring with my pregnant wife, rear back, and punch him in the temple. Unfortunately for him, he drops like a sack of potatoes. Staring at him laid out on the mat, I laugh, not seeing my Babygirl come at me fast as hell. I jump back as she swings at me, ducking and weaving as she continues to come at me. I circle around the ring, laughing as she

yells at me.

“You motherfucker!” she spits, and I howl.

“What’s wrong, Babygirl?” I taunt as she comes at me again, but I spin around her, slapping her ass.

“You know damn well what’s wrong. Asshole!” she yells, tossing her headgear at me. I duck as it flies past my head and out of the ring.

“Maybe he should pay attention to his surroundings, or better yet, be grateful it was me who found you like this. Jay would’ve plunged a knife into his gut and your mats would’ve gotten splattered with red. I think I did you a favor,” I say, dancing on my feet, waiting for her next move.

“Get fucked, you idiot. I was just sparring. Ya know it’s healthy for me to exercise while pregnant, right? You fuckfaces want to keep knocking me up, and I’d like to stay fit, so fucking deal with it,” she spits and I raise a brow.

“You want a workout, Babygirl? I’ll give you one along with some hard dick.” I laugh, and she growls.

“I think your dick has done enough, don’t ya think?” she retorts and I shake my head.

“Hmm. I don’t think so, baby,” I say, looking at my wrist like I’m looking at the time. “It’s been all day since I’ve been inside that tight cunt. So no. It could do a lot more damage.” I grin and she chucks her gloves at me, hitting me in the chest.

“God, Spade. You’ve pissed me the fuck off. Now go do what you came here to do and leave me be,” she orders as she turns heading for the ropes, but I run for her, wrapping my arms around her waist hauling her away from the ropes.



“Put me down, you jerk!” she yells as I place her on her feet, spinning her little body in my arms.

“Kiss me and I’ll leave you be,” I say, and she shakes her head.

“No, I just want to punch you one time in that fucking mouth of yours.” She growls, trying to push me away, but I cage her in against the ropes, pressing my body into hers.

“Come on, baby. Kiss me. You know you want to,” I say and she continues to fight me, thrashing against me. I wrap my hand around her throat, squeezing as her eyes widen at me. “Babygirl, if you don’t fucking kiss me, I’m going to take you on this mat and show you who is boss. So, unless you want these men to see you in a compromising position, I suggest you do as you’re told,” I command, as her body shivers at my words. She stands on her tippy toes and places a soft kiss against my lips. I moan as her tongue glides against mine for a split second, then she pulls away as I let go of her throat. I look down at her and rub my nose against hers, then take a step back. She grins at me, then slaps me across the face. I’m stunned momentarily, then grin back at her. She’s fucking feisty today.

“I’ll let you have that one, but wait until we get home,” I threaten as she winks, bending over through the ropes and stepping onto the floor, walking away towards the stairs.

Adjusting my hard cock, I head outside to meet up with Romeo and Angelo. Exiting the mill, I walk over to the shed as I see them loading the guns into crates. I take the clipboard off the wall and look over the order.

“Make sure each rocket launcher is loaded into the crate by itself. Last time, one almost went off, and we don’t need to blow up their warehouse, so be smart,” I order, and Angelo nods, opening up a new crate, filling it with hay and laying the heavy

weapon down, carefully checking it over before covering it with more hay and sealing the wood box shut.

“Triple check this shit, one crate at a time, before we nail these shut,” I say as Romeo opens the first crate. “Twelve Uzis and ten AR15s in this box.” Moving over to the next one. “This one should have two 1100 Malones and three sniper rifles,” I say, moving along down the line as they count and load the van. “Have you checked the suitcases of pistols and Glocks, and the duffel bag of ammo?” I ask.

“Yes, sir. Boss lady came out earlier and was helping us sort out the order,” Angelo says as they lift the last crate into the van.

“You better not have let her lift anything heavy,” I say sternly, with a raised brow.

“N-no, sir. We did all the heavy lifting. She just pointed around the shed, giving us orders,” Romeo states, and I nod.

“Good. Thank you. I appreciate all your help. Go let the boss know we are ready to deliver,” I order, taking off my leather jacket, strapping a holster to my chest.

Grabbing a few pistols and knives. I load my body with weapons while I wait for my wife to come out and get herself armed. Kai may be trustworthy, but as of late, we trust no one and will have reinforcements in place just in case shit goes south. Some families are underestimating us, especially Jade, using the death of both her husband and child against her as her weakness, but little do they realize the hell she’s going to rain down on these mother fuckers. Her impulsive ass wanted to go to war months ago, but we told her not yet. We're waiting for the perfect moment to strike, to show the others what we are truly capable of. Then they will fall in line and bow at her feet like the queen she is.

Speaking of my queen, she exits the back door of the mill wearing black ripped jeans

and a red tank top with her hair tied up tight in a ponytail. She walks over to me and I hand over her holster, holding it open so she can slip her arms into it. After loading herself with weapons, I pick up her new matching black leather jacket, once again holding it open for her. Once she's situated, I wrap my arms around her waist and kiss along the column of her neck.

“You look ravishing, as always. You ready to get this over with?” I whisper, licking the shell of her ear. She whimpers in my hold but spins in my arms, looking up at me with those gorgeous green eyes of hers.

“I love when you wear a holster. Have I ever told you that?” She grins, giving me a wink before placing a soft kiss against my lips. I pull away, cupping her face.

“Well damn, Babygirl. Now my dick is hard.” I laugh and she shakes her head, taking a step back.

“Come on, Babyboy. Let’s go do this so you can take me home to do wicked things to me.” She smirks, walking over to the passenger side of the van.

“You damn right I am,” I reply, walking to the driver’s side, opening the door and climbing in. We pull out and head to the opposite side of town.

“Everything in place?” she asks and I nod.

“Yes, Boss Lady. We are all good,” I say, and she takes a deep breath.

“I’m not going to lie, babe. I have a bad feeling. Was everything good when you left the house?” she asks, and I nod again.

“Yes, Ryder was heading out to pick up Jaxon from Pre-k and Jay was hanging with Hazel in the backyard on the swings,” I assure her.

“Okay then, it's not them. Just keep your eyes peeled and don't get distracted. I haven't felt this uneasy feeling in a while,” she admits.

“We got back up. Don't worry. If shit goes sideways, you know what to do,” I say and she smiles big.

“I sure the fuck do.” She grins. This girl and her trigger finger. It doesn't take long for us to get across town and enter the Wang compound. We stop at the security booth, give the man our names, and enter through the open gates. We slowly drive around the circular driveway, parking the van facing the exit in case we need to get out fast. I put the van in park and get out, rounding the front to Jade's side and opening the door for her. Grabbing her hand, she steps out and we both wait for Kai to grace us with his presence as we lean against the back of the van.

Finally, two men step out of the front door and Jade nudges me. I follow her line of sight as my fist automatically tightens.

You have got to be fucking kidding me. Fucking Monty.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 13

#### The Pawn

##### Jade

Kai and Monty approach slowly as I eye both of them the closer they get. I fucking knew something wasn't right. Always trust your gut. I take a step closer and they both draw their guns, both pointing them at our heads.

"Do you really think it's in your best interest to have a gun pointed at my head?" I spit, looking Kai dead in his eyes.

"Well, little girl, there's only the two of you and all of us," he says as his men come out of the tree lines surrounding us.

"See, that's where you are wrong, Kai. You severely underestimate me." I smile as we both pull out our pistols. I cock mine as a man to my right approaches, and I pull the trigger, and then again as another man comes for me. Then I point it at Kai's head.

"If you don't want to lose anymore fucking men, I suggest you stand the fuck down," I spit as we come to a standstill.

"Just step aside and give us the order and you can leave with your life intact and your children safe," he threatens and I let the gun go off, aiming slightly to the left, hitting right between him and Monty.

“Never threaten my children. I don’t think you realized who the fuck you’re dealing with today,” I spit, taking a step closer to him.

“It’s really simple, Jade. Hand over the guns and your children will live. Call over to Jameson and see if I’m bluffing,” he says as I take out my phone, pressing the number one, which is my speed dial for Jamie. Putting my phone on speaker, it rings once before he picks up.

“Princess,” He says a little too excitedly.

“Hey, Caveman. How are things at home? Kids okay?” I ask, as I watch red beams dot the heads of the men surrounding us, including Kai and Monty. I smile, knowing all I have to do is say the word and they’re dead.

“Kids are great, but I can’t say the same for Kai’s men.” He laughs as Kai’s eyes widen. “Am I on speaker, baby?” he asks, and I grin.

“Sure am” I reply.

“Such a good girl, my love. Mr. Wang, next time you want to threaten someone’s family, maybe you should do your research first. You never threaten a man’s family, especially if that man is known as The Carver.” Jamie growls, and I can just picture the sinister look on his face. Both Monty and Kai’s eyes widen with the news of Jameson’s identity, and it sends a thrill through my veins.

“Thanks, baby. Be home soon. Love you,” I say, and he growls again.

“I love you too, Princess,” he says, and the line goes dead as I place the phone back in my pocket, taking a step closer to Kai, pressing the barrel of my pistol against his forehead, right over the red dot.

“I’d tell you to look around the lot, but if you fucking move, I will blow your fucking head off.” I spit in his face. “Do you have the money or not? I’m a busy woman and don’t have all day to play around with you dumb fucking idiots.” I growl, pressing the gun harder into his head. He winces like the bitch he is.

“You’ll pay for this,” he whispers, and I laugh.

“I’m Jade fucking Rivers-O’Patrick, queen of the fucking IRA. Without me, you have nothing. Say goodbye to your fortune and your pipeline because you cross me again, not only will I take everything you own, but I’ll make you a fucking spectacle while I’m at it,” I threaten, and he nods.

“Good. I’m glad we’ve reached an understanding. Now, for my next question,” I say, switching spots with Spade as I press my pistol into Monty’s chest. “What the fuck are you doing here?” I seethe, and he smiles.

“I was hoping to put a bullet in your head, Cherry, but that can wait,” he says smugly before I take my pistol and slam the butt of it against his temple, causing him to fall to the ground.

“Fucking piece of shit.” I growl, spitting on his limp body. Looking back at Kai, I raise a brow. “Money or I’m out of here,” I warn, and he nods.

“Karo, hand Ms. O’Patrick the suitcase,” he says to one of his men who comes from the front of the van, opening up the case as I look over the money, ensuring that it's all there and real.

“All good. Your men are free to unload,” I say, taking a step back with Spade at my side as Kai’s men rush to the van, quickly unloading their weapons. Once finished, Kai sticks his hand out for me to shake and I spit in it.

“Fuck you. Next time one of your children is being ganged raped by your enemy, don’t call me for help. Not after this,” I threaten as Spade chuckles beside me.

“You should’ve thought of a better plan when dealing with a queen, asshole. You’re nothing but a pawn on her chessboard. Learn your fucking place and spread the word,” he grits, and Kai nods his head. We get back into the van and leave the compound without another word until we are free from the gates. Spade takes his phone out, placing a call to the team.

“Take them out. Keep Kai and Monty alive. Let me know when it’s done,” he says, then ends the call, glancing over at me.

“What?” I say, and he grins.

“Lemme guess. Your dick is hard?” I laugh, and he nods.

“If we weren’t on the wrong side of town, I’d pull over and fuck the shit out of you, but I’d rather be on our turf before I do that. Plus, I’m curious to see what happened at the house,” he admits, and I nod too.

“Same. I hope none of the kids witnessed their dad going all bloodthirsty,” I say, and he laughs.

“You know it’s inevitable, right? This is our life, but I think we need a security booth, and a decision needs to be made soon about someone being in charge of the kids,” he says, and he’s right; we’ve been putting it off for too long and the more power we come into, the more dangerous it is for all of us, but I need to know they are all safe above the rest of us.

“I know, Babyboy. I wonder how the safe room worked out since we changed it from my weapons room,” I say.



“I’m sure everything is fine. Jamie wouldn’t lie about the kids being okay,” he says, and I nod because, once again, I know he’s right.

“Alright, well, wake me when we get home. I’m exhausted.” I yawn and he laughs.

“Will do, Babygirl. Rest. We will be home soon,” he says as he turns the music up. I rest my head against the window, watching the trees go by, wishing Dario was here with us. My eyes get heavy as sleep takes over, giving me the chance to dream about the man I miss the most every single fucking day.

### Chapter 14

Blackouts biting, licking, sucking as her hips move erratically. I return the favor, biting her bottom lip, making it bleed. She moans into my mouth as I suck the little droplets from her broken flesh.

“Get up and crawl to the coffee table,” I command, as her eyes light up in excitement. She grinds on me a few more times, causing me to growl before she climbs off of me and onto the floor. My eyes follow as her hips shake left to right with each movement as she crawls along the rug to the table. Taking my cock in my hands, I stroke my length as I watch her.

“Such a good girl. Now lay on the table. Feet up on the edge,” I order as I stand, kicking off my sweats. I walk over to the end table, open the drawer, take out one of my knives and go back to where she lays like a fucking goddess. Legs open, dripping wet and ready for me.

Walking around the table, I stare at her waiting form as her chest slowly rises with anticipation of what’s to come. Her body is the sexiest I’ve ever seen, with her stretch marks at the bottom of her little bump from carrying our babies. Her scars that show how much of a warrior she really is. Fuck, I could cum just staring at her, especially knowing she’s ready and waiting for me. I run the dull side of the blade over the scar on her cheek, down her chin, flipping it around so the tip nicks her throat. She swallows thickly as her breathing hitches. I twirl the handle, pressing the blade to the base of her throat, watching as her blood pools in the little rivet. Her fingers run up my thighs, causing me to shiver at her touch as she grips my cock in her little hand, stroking my length slowly.

“So fucking gorgeous, Princess. I love the way you stroke my cock, baby.” I groan, sliding the blade down the center of her chest, leaving a faint line that bubbles red in its wake. Then I circle around each tit, slicing over her nipples. Her back arches off the table and her grip on my cock tightens.

“You love being my little blood slut, don’t you baby?” I moan as her thumb glides over my tip, spreading the pre-cum gathered there for her. She leans up and licks it, causing me to hiss.

“Fuck, Princess. You make me want to cum down your throat after fucking it raw.” I growl, pressing the tip of the blade over each cigar mark under her perfect tits.

“Do it,” she taunts, and I raise a brow at her.

“I’d rather rip your perfect cunt apart,” I admit, and she smirks as I continue to slice into her perfect flesh, showing her that even wearing these horrible scars that were made by our fathers doesn’t mean she isn’t perfect or beautiful.

Her body shivers the more I slice into her, which only causes her to stroke me faster, tightening her grip around me. Finally, I make it to her perfect pussy, slicing down each lip.

“If I wasn’t such a greedy mother fucker, I’d fuck your tight cunt with the handle of my knife, but fuck that. I need my cum inside you when you leave in the morning for Ireland.” I spit, wrapping my hand around hers as she strokes my cock. We both groan as I take the handle and run it up and down her needy clit, causing her legs to shake.

Releasing her hand from my cock, I walk around the table as she opens her legs for me and wraps them around my waist, pulling me towards her. I toss the knife onto the couch and stare at her for a moment as she pants on the table with blood dripping

from her ivory skin. I lift her hips, line up my cock, and slam into her soaked core.

“Fuckkkkkkkk.” She moans as I pull all the way out, only to slam back into her, feeling the stretch of her cunt the deeper I go. Bending down, her nails dig into my back as I suck the blood from her throat and all the other places I sliced into her. I groan at the sweet taste of her blood as I thrust into her brutally. With each lick, I slam into her harder and harder, only for her to tighten around me and dig her sharp nails into my skin.

“So fucking tight, Princess.” I moan as I continue to pound into her and lick every drop of blood from her flesh.

“Fuck, Jamie. I’m going to cum so fucking hard!” she shouts. As I reach down, flicking her clit with my fingers, I bite her nipple and wrap my hand around her throat.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.” She screams as I slam into her so fucking hard, she gushes. But I don’t stop, I keep up my pace, flicking her clit rapidly and switching nipples as she screams her release, soaking the table and my cock. Her nails dig into my ass as her cunt continues to ripple around me. My balls lift as that familiar tingle rushes up my spine.

“Fuck. Jade. Take it. My little blood slut. Take my fucking load, you fucking cunt,” I spit as I cum long and hard deep inside her. My whole body tingles as she ripples again, screaming as another orgasm runs through her, causing her body to convulse.

“That’s it, baby. Such a good fucking girl. You’re so fucking perfect when you cum like that for me,” I praise, letting go of her throat as I rock inside her, making sure every drop of my seed knows where it belongs.

“Jesus christ. Jamie. Fuck.” She pants as we come down from our high.

“Perfect,” I whisper, leaning down, capturing her lips.

“I love you, Caveman,” she says, and I smile.

“I love you too, Wifey. I hate that you’re leaving. You know how much I hate when you leave the country,” I admit, and she nods, cupping my face.

“It’s only for a few days. I’m coming back to you. Don’t worry,” she says as I take a deep breath.

“I know, but I don’t fucking like it. I hate when you aren’t near. It makes me murderous. I-I just fucking love you and need you with me all the time. You know that, right?” I ask, and she smiles up at me.

“Yes, I do. Just like I need you too. I don’t know what I’d do without you; any of you. It’s hard enough without Dario, but fuck, If I lost all of you, I wouldn’t survive,” she says, looking away. I grab her face, forcing her to look at me.

“You will never be without us, Princess. Don’t think like that. Please. Just don’t,” I say as I place my lips against hers before pulling out and standing.

“Don’t move,” I order as I put the knife away and slide my sweats on. I pick her up bridal style and head up the stairs towards our room.

“Bath and bed. You have an early flight,” I whisper as she rests her head on my shoulder.

“Bath and Bed. Take care of the kids while I’m gone, and no fighting with Ryder,” she says, and I chuckle.

“What Princess wants, Princess gets,” I whisper, kissing her head.

Hopefully, the trip to Ireland will give us more answers about Teagan and what taking over the IRA truly means for her. Meanwhile, we will stay here and take care of the kids. I need to find a nanny and a new guard to help us out.

At least that will keep me busy while she's away.

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 15

#### Sweet Moments & Ireland

##### Jade

The next morning, me and Spade leave for a few days to Ireland. I have a council meeting tonight, plus Flynn has some things to go over with me. The flight there is long, so I brought my mother's journal hoping to read a bit to get some answers, and since Flynn was a big part of my mother's life, it will make things easier being able to ask him in person rather than over the phone. Reaching into my big tote bag, I grab the journal and place it in my lap. Spade gently nudges my foot from where he sits across from me. My eyes collide with his and he wiggles them.

“Wanna be a part of the mile high club with me?” he asks with a wicked grin on his face.

“Jamie fucked me up last night. How about on the way back? Kane will be with us, so it will piss him off and you know how much I love to rattle his cage,” I smirk, and his eyes light up.

“Fine. I guess I can wait,” he pouts, and I shake my head.

“I didn’t say you needed to wait, ya big baby. You can ravish me after the council meeting tonight. We have a few days alone here, so make it worth it,” I wink.

“Oh, fuck yea,” he shouts, and I shake my head at him. Opening the journal, he

nudges my foot again and I huff.

“You’re very needy this morning,” I say with a raised brow.

“Sorry, babe. Before you dive into the past, can I ask you a question?” he says, and I take a deep breath.

“Shoot, Babyboy.”

“Have you felt the baby kick yet? I also want to run a name by you that I really like,” he says, and I smile.

“Yes, I’ve felt him kick, especially when I eat pizza. You just so happen to be doing cartel shit when it happens,” I say, and he nods.

“I’m dying to feel him.” He smiles, which makes me smile too.

“Name?” I ask with a raised brow, and he laughs.

“Well, I have two. Reid Junior or Prince,” he says, and I wrinkle my nose.

“I don’t like Reid Junior. No offense, babe. But I do like Prince. Hmm... Jaxon, Hazel and Prince. I like that,” I say, as his eyes light up with excitement.

“Hell yea. So can we name him Prince?” he asks, and I nod.

“Sure. Prince Giovanni Rodriguez-Rivers,” I say, and the smile that litters this man's face is priceless. He jumps up from his seat, sinks to his knees in front of me, opens my legs, lifts my shirt and places a soft kiss against my little round belly.

“You hear that, Prince. That’s your name. Fuck yea,” he says, speaking to our baby. I



take out an envelope and hand it to him. I've been waiting for this trip to give it to him so we could share this moment together.

"What's this?" he asks, sitting back on his legs.

"Just open it," I tell him, rolling my eyes. He rips it open, taking out the paper and unfolding it as his eyes wildly read the document. I sit back and wait, knowing he's going to lose his shit, and a second later, he's up, running up and down the aisles, screaming in joy. I laugh as I wait for his theatrics to end, and he comes back to me, cupping my face, pressing his lips to mine.

"I love you, Jade. Thank you for making me a dad again. This is the best day of my life." He cheers, kissing me again.

"I love you too, Reid. I know you already knew, at least I thought you did since all I've been craving is pizza, but I wanted it in writing to show you that you are Prince's biological father," I say, and he smiles.

"Say it again."

"Prince is your biological son. Our son," I say, kissing his lips.

"Fuck, I love you. I'm going to text Ryder. You go relax, my queen," he says, sitting in his seat, taking out his phone. I pick up the journal and read the next entry.

Dear Diary, 1/17/2003

Once again, it's been awhile since I've written in here. I'm not even sure that I can anymore. The past two months have been devastating, to say the least. They took Jocelyn the night after I last wrote. They stole my poor little baby right from the compound. Fallon had woken up for a feeding, and I took her on a stroll of the garden

while her sister slept peacefully in the crib beside hers.

Flynn was out and was due home soon, so I thought nothing of it. We were safe there, or so I thought. Fallon loved being outside in the fresh air. Any time she would fuss, we would take her out and she'd calm almost instantly, so I figured to get her to latch, I would bring her out in the fresh air. I regret leaving Jocelyn and blame myself every day for what happened.

When I came back inside to check on her and to lay Fallon down, she was gone. I went frantic and searched everywhere, asked every butler, maid and guard if they had seen her or anyone with a baby, and no one knew anything. No one did. It was like she vanished.

When Flynn came home and found me sobbing, holding Fallon, he had the compound turned upside down, only to find... nothing. NOTHING. Not a trace or sign.

The cameras on the grounds were hacked, replaying the same footage repeatedly. I felt helpless and scared. I barely slept, never taking my eyes off of Fallon, terrified it was going to happen to her too. I took her everywhere with me and slept in her room with the doors locked until I decided we were leaving. It was the hardest decision to make, leaving the life we created without Flynn. The man I loved the most in this world, but I couldn't stay there. I didn't feel safe anymore.

So, one night, I left him a note, packed our bags, and left. I paid off the younger guards, who I will assume are dead by now, and made them take us to the airstrip. Flynn caught up to us before we could close the doors and begged me to come back, but I couldn't. He was so angry with me, so angry I was taking his daughter away, but he also understood. We needed to be safe before we could return, so he made arrangements with Big John, which I was grateful for. We never found Jocelyn, and still, two months later, my heart is broken, but I feel safe now at the clubhouse.

The only people who know Fallon is alive are club members and their old ladies. I don't ever bring her around the Crow Eaters. They aren't women I trust. Big John has been a saint, and I'm so grateful to him. We pretend to be a happy couple and I hate it.

My heart will always belong to Flynn, but I can't help the life John has provided for us, and in front of others, he makes me feel like a queen. I guess my heart is conflicted. Am I in love with John? No. Do I still love Flynn? Absolutely, but I can't deny there are feelings there. My mind is just fucked up. I'm not sure how to feel or what's to come.

I guess when I figure it out I'll write another entry. But for now, Fallon is safe. We are okay. That's got to count for something, right?

Love always,

Tessa

Shutting the book, I take a deep breath. Jesus christ. I'm not sure how to feel about all that. My sister was stolen right from the compound. This only makes me wonder if they ever fucking found her, but if they did, wouldn't I have known her? Wouldn't she be a part of my life? This just brings up more questions than answers, but at least I know now how I got from Ireland to the States. Was my mom and dad's relationship a farce the whole time? Did they put on a show for everyone, including us kids? Again, so many fucking questions left unanswered.

Placing the journal down, I look at Spade, fast asleep across from me. I grab the blanket from beside me and get up to sit next to him. Laying my head on his shoulder, he rouses, wrapping an arm around me before resting his head on top of mine. I take the blanket and cover us as my eyes get heavy, letting sleep take over.

Hours later, after getting picked up from the airstrip, we arrive at the compound. Getting out of the SUV, Spade takes my hand as we walk through the wooden double doors, entering the castle-like mansion. The guards greet us and lead the way to Flynn's room, which is odd because I've never been here before. We usually meet in his office or sitting room. Kane stands outside the doors, playing on his phone. He looks up and smirks.

"Well, hello, Gra. Welcome home." He grins, and I roll my eyes as he shakes hands with my husband.

"You know, one day Jay is going to kill you for calling her that, right?" he asks, and Kane just shrugs.

"Blondie doesn't scare me," he says, and I laugh.

"That's because you truly haven't seen what he's capable of," I retort, and he shrugs again. "Why are we here?" I ask, and he takes a deep breath.

"Well, why don't you go find out? We will give you a moment with the boss and I'll show your husband to your room," he says, and I nod. Spade places a gentle kiss on my cheek as they both walk in the other direction towards my room. I take a deep breath and open the doors to my father's room. Stepping inside, I notice it looks similar to mine except it is much bigger and looks more like a living room than a bedroom. A maid is pulling the drapes closed now that the sun has set as I walk deeper into the room, expecting him to be sitting on the couches by the fireplace, but he isn't. Another maid comes from another room, which I assume is his actual bedroom. She sees me and frowns.

"Where's my dad?" I ask, and she points to the door. I walk over and open it slightly, and gasp when I see him lying in bed with machines surrounding him. What the fuck?

“Dad?” I whisper, and he clears his throat.

“I’m here. Come in, child,” he says in his thick Irish accent. The closer I get, the more I realize something is seriously wrong.

“Did you get hurt? Why didn’t you call me or Kane?” I question, sitting in the chair beside his bed. The machine next to me beeps as he tries to sit up. I rise from my seat to help him, but he shoos me away.

“Don’t be stubborn. Let me help you,” I grit, and he huffs. I grab his arm and pull him gently while maneuvering the pillows behind him. “Comfortable now?” I ask, and he nods.

“Thank you, my dear. How was your flight?” he asks and I shake my head.

“We are not doing that tonight. Tell me what is going on,” I reply sternly, which makes his lip twitch almost to a smile.

“You may look like your mother, but you are strong like me. I’m so proud of you, Fallon,” he says, and I smile.

“Thanks, Dad, but still, you’re avoiding the question and I won’t stop until I get answers, so start spilling or I will threaten every person under your thumb in this castle, starting with Kane and you know damn well I will hurt that man to get what I need,” I say with a raised brow.

“Sit, I will tell you,” he orders, and I do what he says. I sit back in my seat and fold my arms over my chest, waiting for him to talk.

“I wasn’t hurt by anyone. I’m just sick,” he says, giving me nothing else.

“Like the flu?” I ask, and he shakes his head. Fuck.

“Worse. I’m dying. I have little time to live, so I called you out here not for your pity or sympathy, but because I need you to take over sooner than expected,” he says, and I gasp.

“This is a joke, right? Is this another lesson to see if I can handle being queen of the throne? Because this aint it, Dad. All you had to do was tell me what was needed. You didn’t have to go through all this trouble just to get me to take over. I know what my duty is,” I say as a tear falls down his face. Shit. I’ve never seen this man be vulnerable, let alone shed a tear. Jesus fucking christ. He coughs, reaching for his water. I grab the cup and tip it to his mouth, helping him take a sip. Placing the cup down on the bedside table, he grabs my hand and brings it to his lips.

“I’m serious. I’ve been hiding my illness for the past year, but it’s taken its toll on me and I needed to see you before it was too late,” he admits, and I nod.

“I understand, but Dad, I only just found out you’re my father and now I’m going to lose you? I’m sick of losing people. When does it end!?” I say, terrified of the answer as I place my forehead into his chilly hands. “Jesus, your hands are cold,” I say and he laughs, then coughs again.

“Cold hands, warm heart.” He smiles. It’s an old Irish saying I’ve heard over the years. “I’m sorry, child. I regret not telling you sooner about being my daughter and about my illness. I’ve fucked up a lot over the years and I have many regrets,” he whispers as tears fall from my eyes.

“I know, it just sucks. I’m pregnant again and I hope you’re here long enough to meet Prince,” I say, and he smiles.

“You are a great mother, Fallon. Tessa would be so proud of you. Don’t ever forget

that. You hear me? We both are proud of the woman you've become, and I have no doubt in my soul that you will make the perfect queen for the council. Tonight is the night you get to meet everyone without a mask on. Do you think you're ready?" he asks, and I nod.

"Thanks, Dad. I just wish we had more time together. Do you know how long you have?" I ask, disregarding his second question because he should know the answer. There is nothing in this world that I'm not ready for. Life has thrown constant curve balls my way and I knock them balls out of the park all day, every day. I may have been weak all those months ago, but today, my mind and body are strong and I know I can make him proud.

"It doesn't matter. What matters is if you're ready, my child," he says and I shake my head.

"It matters. It matters to me. Do I need to stay and take care of you? How long do we have?" I grit. Getting pissed off that he thinks his time on earth doesn't matter.

"Months, maybe less," he answers, and I nod. I'm going to have to talk to Spade and figure out a plan. "Are you ready?" he asks again, and I nod with a smirk.

"I'm an O'Patrick. I was fucking born ready," I say, and he smiles, which is kind of frightening because this man doesn't ever crack a smile. He takes my hand, bringing it to his lips again.

"Fallon O'Patrick. My little Queen. Come back and see me after the meeting. I want an update. Welcome, Queen. Give them hell, my child," he says, and I grin.

"You know I will. See you later. Get some rest, please. I have some things I want to discuss," I say, and he nods, laying back against the pillows, shutting his eyes. Getting up, I exit his room but look back at him before shutting the door softly behind

me. Tears stream down my face as I rush down the hall to find Spade. I need a hug from my husband before I enter this damn meeting.

Then I put on my game face and do what I was meant to do.

Reign as the Queen of the IRA.



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*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 16

#### The Council

##### Jade

Walking down the long corridor to the council room with my mask in hand, I open the large wooden door and head straight for the room in the back where the council members get to speak with me without our masks on. Plus, I don't know anyone, so it's going to be a long fucking night.

Opening the door, I find the small, windowless room to be empty, just as I expected. I sit at the head of the oval table and wait. Being that my dad is the only one who knows the identity of each council member, it's now transferred to me and I get to sit with each person and introduce myself. I specifically came early, so I didn't have to wear the mask longer than necessary. I'm not sure how I feel about all of this, but I will never show any signs of weakness, especially in front of them. If they even smell fear on me, they will take that shit and run wild with it, and I don't want to disappoint the only father I have left.

Having huge shoes to fill is intimidating, but I know I can do it and I'll make him proud whether he's still breathing or not. I don't even want to think about that when I have to get this meeting over with. It's nothing but a distraction that I can't afford to get wrapped up in. There's a time and place to break and right now, ain't it. Kane will meet me in the main room after my little chat, plus I have my pistols if anyone tries anything funny. I'm in no mood for anyone's bullshit tonight. I just want to get back to my room and cuddle with my husband.

Everything that needs to be done within the council will have to go through me. They can't make any moves without my permission first. Kane told me there have been two new members that have been added to the council that I will meet tonight.

Sitting in my chair at the head of the table, I fold my hands in front of me as the door opens and a tall blonde woman enters. I almost want to say something, being that I thought I was the only woman here, but I guess she's one of our new members. She rounds the table as her heels click against the tile floor. She unbuttons her pant suit jacket, pushing her long hair from her shoulder before removing her mask and pulling out her diamond encrusted pistol, placing both on the table as she sits in her seat across from me.

"It's nice to see another woman at the head of the table," she states with a beaming smile.

"It is, isn't it? I'm glad to see you here if I'm being honest. At least I won't be alone while the others throw their dicks around like mine isn't the biggest in the room." I smirk as she laughs.

"I like your energy," she says, and I nod.

"Thank you, I'm Jade, Flynn's daughter. I'll be taking over the IRA. I'm already the largest distributor of weapons on the East Coast. If there is anything you need, just let me know," I quip, and she nods.

"I already knew who you were. See that ring you're wearing? It's one of my custom designs your husband Jameson had made for you." She smirks. Looking down at my ring, I twirl it around my finger and smile.

"It's fucking gorgeous. You do amazing work. Which means you're Vasilisa, the largest diamond dealer on the West Coast, but really in the whole world," I say, and

she nods.

“Yes, that would be me. I’m also the head of my family in Southern California. Your late husband also designed your guns.” She winks but continues. “My deepest condolences to you and your family. Dario was an amazing and loyal man. He will truly be missed,” she says, wiping a tear from her eye.

“Thank you. I miss him everyday, but he gave me the greatest gift before he was taken from us, so I’m thankful to have a piece of him even if he’s gone.” I frown, and she nods.

“I may not have experienced the same loss you’ve felt, but I know what it feels like to lose a child, but not the same way you have. My daughter Lilyanna was kidnapped almost three years ago and we’ve never been able to find her. With all the connections surrounding my family, no one knows where she is.” She sighs as I get up and round the table, sitting next to her. I grab her hand and give it a squeeze.

“Send me pictures of her and I’ll have my guys keep a lookout. My husband Spade’s family is heavily into trafficking which we try to intercept any time a shipment comes in, so if you don’t think she’s gone from this earth then send me pictures of her so when we steal the shipments I can keep an eye open for her. This is how I found my nephew, who is now my son,” I say, and she nods, pulling me into a hug.

“Thank you. You are a kind soul, and I’m thankful to have met you, Jade. I’ll have my men get in touch with you and give you a file on her,” she whispers, and I hug her tighter.

“I can at least try,” I whisper back. She lets me go and cups my face.

“I look forward to working with you. Give them hell out there. I’ll send the next idiot in,” she says as she picks up her mask, placing it over her gorgeous face, taking her

pistol and shoving it into the back of her pants before rising from her seat and exiting the room. I get up and go back to my seat, wiping the tears that I didn't know had fallen down my face.

A few seconds later, the door opens, and a man walks in, coming to sit to my right. He takes his mask off, placing his hand out for me to shake.

"Hey there, ma'am. I'm Harley Cyprus. It's nice to meet you." He grins, and my jaw drops. God damnit Jade. I school my features quickly and shake his hand.

"I'm guessing you are Axel and Caspian's oldest brother?" I ask, and he smiles. I gotta say he looks nothing like his brothers with his long hair tied in a bun and rugged features.

"That would be correct. I've been in contract with your husband Spade for a while now." He grins, and I laugh.

"Yes, I know. You're our growers along with distro for pills," I say, and he smirks.

"So, you've done your research I see," he replies, not letting go of my hand as his thumb rubs circles over my knuckles.

"Maybe," I say, leaning forward. "Or maybe I'm smart and I know everything there is to know about who I do business with." I grin, and he laughs, releasing my hand. I sit back and fold my arms.

"So, you're the famous Jade Rivers I've heard so much about. It really is so nice to finally meet the queen of all queens," he says, leaning on his elbow, resting his face in his palm as he stares at me.

"Yes, I am." I laugh, shaking my head. "Your brothers really came in clutch last year.

I owe you one,” I say, raising my brow.

“I’ll collect when the time is right.” He smiles then stands, sticking his hand out again for me to shake. “I won’t keep you. I know the others are waiting,” he says, kissing the top of my hand, then putting his mask back on and exiting the room. No wonder Jameson respects those brothers. Harley seems genuine and I like that. Once again, the door opens and a large man in a grey suit enters and sits in the same seat as Harley did, taking off his mask, and I roll my eyes.

“Where’s Flynn?” he asks in his thick accent as I fold my arms over my chest, ready to take this fucker out.

“Not here, obviously.” I spit, and he snickers, looking at me with disgust.

“Don’t look so disgusted.” I grin, subtly wrapping my fingers around the handle of my pistol.

“If I would’ve known you were involved, I wouldn’t have come. I will not be taking orders from you,” he states, and I laugh, leaning forward.

“Guess what? You don’t have much of a choice now, do you?” I smirk as he tries to stand, but I get up quickly, stepping into his space and pressing the barrel of my gun to his temple. He growls, thrashing away and I release the safety, cocking the gun, digging the tip deeper into his head.

Wrapping my hand around his throat roughly, I squeeze, forcing his face up to look at me.

“You’re lucky you’re a council member because if you weren’t, I would’ve put a bullet in your head the moment you took your mask off,” I spit as he grips my thighs tightly.

“I don’t fucking like you. You’re trash and the trash will be taken out,” he threatens, and I laugh.

“You wish you could, but I advise against it, scumbag. So fall in fucking line or I will make your life hell,” I taunt as I drag the tip of the gun down the side of his face to his lips.

“Open,” I order, squeezing his throat tighter. He slides his hands down between my thighs, cupping my pussy, squeezing it roughly. I wince but shove the barrel between his lips as the metal grazes his teeth. “You think by touching me where only my husbands bring me great pleasure is going to make me stand down. Guess again. I fucking said open.” I growl, pressing the tip against his teeth, ready to break them all.

My grip tightens around his throat as he does the same, not backing down even if what he is doing makes me want to scream. “Fall in line, Abran, or I will blow a hole in your face and suffer the consequences for it. Fuck it. One less Albanian scum to deal with. You can be replaced,” I shrug, laughing. “It’s not like I really have anyone to answer to anymore. I’m the queen. Do you know what happens when you disrespect the queen, Abran?” I ask, but he doesn’t answer. He opens his mouth like the bitch he is and I shove the barrel inside, making him gag, only to slowly take it out, then shove it back in. His eyes widen as his face starts to turn a deep red.

“Keep fucking with me and I’ll fuck your throat raw with my gun, then pull the trigger. I wonder where my little bullet will end up? Have you ever wondered where it would come out from?” I say, tilting my head with a sinister smile on my face. I release his neck and remove the gun from his mouth, taking a step back to sit on the table. He heaves as he rubs his neck, staring up at me with murderous eyes.

“You’re dismissed. Get the fuck out of here now before I change my mind,” I spit and he snarls, getting up, ripping his mask from the table and placing it over his still red face before exiting the room. Jesus fucking christ.

Instead of moving back to my seat, I stay where I am, placing the gun back in my holster. Taking a deep breath, I straighten my spine before another man comes into the room wearing a navy suit. He stands against the wall and removes his mask. He looks oddly familiar with his shaved head, light blue eyes and pointed nose.

“So you’re the new boss?” he asks in a Russian accent, and I nod.

“You must be Stefan, Serbian leader of the Ilich family. I was actually expecting Maximus. Is he dead?” I smile, and he nods.

“I am, and he is. We took him out along with the rest of his bloodline, which wasn’t many, but you will not have to worry about that disgusting family anymore,” he says, folding his arms over his chest.

“Ok, good. I’m Jade, by the way, but I’m sure you knew that already,” I say, and he nods again.

“You won’t have any problems with me, I can assure you,” he says.

“Well, if that’s everything, I look forward to working with you.” I smile, sticking my hand out, which he shakes, then puts his mask back on and exits the room. Well, that was easy enough. How many more fucking people are left? I’m ready to be done with this shit. I’m fucking hungry and want a damn soda.

The door swings open again and another man enters wearing black jeans, boots and a black button-down shirt. He takes his mask off, and I laugh.

“How the fuck did you get a seat at this damn table?” I say, and he shakes his head.

“Well, your father used to sit here and Ryder doesn’t want the club anymore, so someone needed to take over,” Slash says, and I shake my head.

“Jesus christ. I didn’t even know Dad was a part of the council. I swear to god there better not be anymore surprises tonight like fucking Dalton walking in here because I will blow his fucking head off,” I spit, and he laughs.

“That would be too easy, wouldn’t it? Unfortunately, only two of the three made the seat, and that was a close call,” he says, and my mind whirls.

“Wait, what?” I say, dumbfounded by this revelation.

“Fuck, Jade. You really don’t know who all the counsel members are?” he says, and I shake my head.

“Well, shit. Guess it’s my turn to let the next one in. There’s only two more out there.” He smiles, but I just sit here not saying a word because I have so many fucking questions and none of them will be answered until I speak to my dad. Fuck.

“Alright. Well, let the next asshole in,” I growl, and he laughs.

“This looks good on you, Princess.” He smiles, and I nod as he puts his mask back on and exits the room. What the fuck? The Aces all sat at the table. This makes no fucking sense. How? Why?

The door opens again, and another man walks in, but his stance is so fucking familiar. He shuts the door behind him and takes his mask off, and I gasp.

“Gio?” I say, and he smiles.

“Yes, it’s me. Don’t worry. I won’t give you any issues. I’m only here in place of Dario, for today. Carmine is going to fight for this seat the moment he finds out that I took Dario’s place, so be prepared for that,” he warns, and I nod.



“Thank you for doing that. I have so many damn questions, and I can’t wait for this meeting to be done with,” I admit, and he nods.

“One more to go, then we can discuss things out there with the rest of them,” he says, and I nod as he, once again, puts his mask back on and exits the room. I’m fucking mind blown. So, Armando was here for the Roselli family, which means if Dario was alive, he would be here now. Which also means.... The door opens and shuts. I don’t even look up as he stands between my legs, cupping my face, forcing me to look up at him. I tilt my head and roll my eyes.

“Take off the fucking mask,” I order, and he laughs, removing it, pressing his lips against mine. I moan, wrapping my arms around his neck.

“How’s my Babygirl doing?” he asks, and I sigh.

“I’ve got a lot to tell you, but that can wait until later. Just hold me. I need a fucking minute.” I breathe as he wraps his arms around my waist, hugging me tightly.

“You’ve got this, Queen. Take a deep breath. Put that mask on and let me watch you work the room. And once we’re done, I’m taking your sexy ass to bed and worshipping every inch of you,” he whispers, licking the shell of my ear.

“I like the sound of that,” I moan.

“Stop making those sounds baby or I’ll take you right here on this table, and all those people out there will hear their queen cumming for her king.” He growls, biting my neck. I shove him away, and he laughs, putting his mask back on and exiting the room.

Taking a deep breath, I stand from the table, place my mask over my face and exit the room. I walk over to the fireplace, giving them my back for a moment while I collect

my thoughts. I can do this. I'm a fucking queen. I was made to rule.

Turning to them, I place both of my hands on the table and lean forward.

“First things first, we discuss sales, distributions, trades and shipments. We don't leave here until there is a mutual agreement. So, I advise you all to fall in line or it's going to be a long night.”

### Chapter 17

Titty Fuckin the same with Slash. We aren't supposed to know who each other are but being around them both, no mask would keep their identity a secret. The door opens and slams shut behind me.

"Spade!" she shouts, and I quickly walk around the couch to get to her.

"What the fuck?" I yell as she throws her mask on the couch, coming right for me. I grip the back of her thighs, lifting her as she wraps her legs around my waist, sliding her hands into my hair.

"I want to kill him. I've never wanted to hurt someone so brutally as much as I want to carve his spleen out and shove it down his fucking throat," she spits as I cup her ass.

"Trust me. It took everything in me not to end his fucking life right then and there," I admit, as I slam her back against the closet door.

"He put his fucking hands on me in that room, so I shoved the barrel of my gun down his throat." She smirks.

"What do you mean, he put his hands on you?" I growl, searching her perfect skin for marks. "I'll fucking kill him." I seethe as she cups my face, pressing her lips to mine.

"Just be gentle with me down there," she admits, and I rip her away from the door, stomping towards the bed and placing her down on the mattress.

“Show me, or I’m leaving this fucking house to kill him,” I warn, ripping her leggings down her thighs. She winces, and I fume.

“Jade, so help me god.” I growl as she points between her legs. I fall to my knees, moving her thong to the side and seeing her pussy bright red. Slamming my fists onto the bed, she jumps as I place soft kisses against her reddened skin.

“Nobody touches you here but us. I’m so fucking mad, Babygirl,” I say through gritted teeth.

“I know baby, just make it better,” she whispers, leaning on her elbows, watching me lick up and down her slit as I suck her little clit into my mouth.

“I’m sorry he hurt you. He will fucking pay for it. I promise you that, my queen.”

Blowing on her clit, I take it into my mouth and swirl my tongue against the tender flesh slowly as her hips begin to move. I hold her legs down with my arms as I spread her lips, sucking her clit harder and gently adding a finger into her soaked core. I suck each lip gently, then kiss them, hoping to show her how sorry I am for not protecting her.

“You taste so good, baby.” I groan as she grips my hair, pressing my face into her, rolling her hips as she fucks my finger. Adding another one, she arches her back as I reach up and pull down her tank, spilling her tits from her shirt. Her nipples drip with milk, making my mouth water even more. I rub my fingers over the milk, smearing it over her nipples, rolling them between my fingers.

“Right there, baby. Fuck. I need you inside me. I need to feel you,” she orders, grinding her perfect cunt against my mouth. I lap up everything she’s giving me as I curl my fingers inside her. She groans, gripping her tits, moaning as she plays with her nipples.

“Fuck, Jade. I want to fuck those perfect tits.” I groan, unbuttoning my jeans, taking my hard cock into my hand, stroking it slowly as I continue to watch her.

“Come up here and fuck them. Let me suck your balls while you fuck my tits,” she says, and my eyes widen with need.

“Only if I can keep my face between your legs. I can’t get enough of your taste, baby. I want to smell you for days to come.” I groan, flicking her clit as I squeeze the tip of my dick.

“Then get your ass up here,” she orders. I pull out my fingers, sliding them into my mouth, moaning at how feral I am for my wife. Standing, I take my shirt off with one hand and remove my jeans, along with my boxers, with the other. I kick them to the side as she removes her tank and bra, throwing them off the bed. Our eyes never leave one another as I climb onto the bed and up her body, sucking her nipple into my mouth before moving up her chest to her neck, then biting her bottom lip.

“You sure about this?” I ask, and she nods.

“Yes, Babyboy. Let me make you feel good while I drench your face.” She smirks as I turn around and straddle her chest. Her warm tongue makes me jump when she sucks my nuts into her mouth. I groan as I rock my hips, placing my dick between her tits, pushing them around my length. Her hands run up the back of my thighs and down the crack of my ass. I shiver with need as I bend down a little more; yearning for her to touch me in places she’s never touched me before, making me miss Ryder’s touch. I take her clit into my mouth as I continue to rock my hips, fucking her tits as she sucks my nuts, circling her finger around my tight hole.

“Fuck, Jade.” I moan, flicking her clit as I feel her tongue circling my hole. My body shivers as I pump faster between her tits. Sucking her clit harder, her legs begin to shake as she whimpers beneath me.

“Babygirl, I need you to cum. You keep licking me like that and I’m going to blow my load too soon.” I growl, and she moans, flattening her tongue against me as my balls tighten, squeezing them in her hand. Biting down on her clit, she shutters, gushing her release with a scream as she shoves a finger into my hole, sending me over the edge. I flick her clit repeatedly, causing her to scream my name, squirting all over the mattress as that familiar tingle rushes up my spine the faster her finger pumps in and out of me, causing me to cum so fucking hard all over her stomach.

“Fuckkkkkkkkkk, Babygirl.” I groan, kissing her pelvic bone as she removes her finger from my ass. Slowly, I climb off of her and spin around, laying my head down next to hers. I cup her face while lifting her thigh and wrapping it around my hip.

“I fucking love you, baby.” I say, kissing her softly.

“I love you more, Reid. Always. Was that okay?” she asks, and I kiss her again.

“It was perfect,” I say against her sweet lips.

“Hold me tonight. Just like this?” she asks, and I nod.

“Rest, my queen. Tomorrow is another day,” I whisper as she lays her head on my chest. Reaching for the blanket, I throw it over our naked bodies and close my eyes, drifting off to sleep.

The next morning I wake up to my phone blaring in the distance. I roll over to an empty bed and automatically sit up, looking for her. I hear the shower running, so I lay back down, reaching over to the nightstand to grab my phone. Picking it up, I see four missed calls from Ryder. What the fuck can be wrong now? Pressing his name, I bring the phone to my ear and wait for him to pick up.

“It’s about time you answer the fucking phone!” he yells.

“Well, good morning to you too, handsome.” I laugh and he huffs.

“First of all, it’s not fucking morning here, and secondly, answer your goddamn phone!” He yells again.

“Jesus, who the fuck spit in your cheerios this morning?” I chide, and he growls.

“Ace, I need you to wake the fuck up and pay attention,” he orders, and I sigh.

“Fine, my little biker bitch. Lay it on me.” I groan, rolling over, low-key wishing he was here. I hate when he’s mad. He makes me want to fuck the madness out of him. I grip my hard cock as he growls into the phone.

“All that growling isn’t helping the hard cock in my hand.” I moan as I slowly stroke my length.

“Hold on,” he says, and I hear a door shut in the background. “Let me see?” he commands, and I pull the blanket down, snapping a picture and hitting send.

“Believe me now?” I ask, and he growls again. “What the fuck did I say about all that growling? It’s just making me harder, my little biker bitch. I wish you were here on your fucking knees for me, worshipping your king.” I groan as my grip tightens.

“Fuck, Ace. Now is not the time for me to be stroking my cock, but fuck. I miss that dirty mouth of yours.” He groans.

“Is that fat cock in your hands, baby? Rub your thumb over the tip for me,” I tell him, and he groans deep down the line, causing my cock to twitch in my hand.

“Damn, Ace. I want that tight ass sucking my cock like the good boy you are,” he groans as his wet strokes echo down the line.

“You want to stretch me out? Make me beg for more?” I say, pumping my dick faster the louder he moans.

“Yes. So fucking bad. I love when you beg, especially when my cock is gagging your throat,” he growls as his breathing becomes labored.

“Cum for me, my biker bitch. Let me hear you.” I groan, as my cock gets harder listening to him pleasure himself.

“We cum together, baby. I’m almost there,” he says.

“Fuck, me too. Just thinking about you pounding into me, making me your good boy.” I moan as my balls tighten.

“Shit, fuck,” he whimpers as a long deep growl echoes the line.

“Fuck. I’m cumming so fucking hard for you. Fuckkkkk.” I moan as I pump faster, squeezing the tip as my toes curl and the phone drops to the side. Hot white ropes of cum shoot against my stomach and chest as my entire body shakes.

“Fuck Ry. Fuck.” I moan, picking up the phone.

“Such a good boy,” he praises.

“I love you, Ry. I fucking miss you.” I say as I wipe off my cum with the sheet.

“I love you too, Reid, and I miss you more, but we have a fucking problem,” he says, and there goes my happy fucking mood.

Fuck my fucking life.



### Chapter 18

#### Untrustworthy Revelations

##### Ryder

Everything is fucked and I need Jade and Ace to get back to the States, ASAP. I don't know if this was a direct attack from Kai or a new player, but I'm sick of this fucking shit. I can't fucking find Slash. No one has heard from him in twelve hours. Jameson is busy with the kids, and I'm not sure what the fuck to do at the moment as I stand in a pile of fucking rubble at the clubhouse.

Thankfully, no one was here, but fuck, the clubhouse is no more; it's a pile of fucking ash with a message spray painted on the metal gates. "Boom." Jameson is working on amping up the security at home and at all our businesses. We knew this was going to happen, but we didn't think it would be this fast. Spade said they would get on the first flight out, but Jade's going to have to go back to help Flynn. We need to get things settled here before my sister starts traveling pregnant. We have to be on super high alert for now until we figure out who attacked us.

Kicking a piece of wood, I pace the grounds, waiting for the others to get here. The cops said it was a gas leak from someone leaving the burners on, but I know that's bullshit. How did they not see the message out on the gates, or is it because the clubhouse is in the shitty part of town that they are none the wiser? Who fucking knows at this point. My phone pings and I reach into my pocket, taking it out. Reading the text, I tighten my grip around my phone.

Teagan:

Get my message?

I growl. Slamming my fingers down on the screen, texting her back.

Me:

You did this?

Teagan:

Only way to get your attention since your boy toy isn't available to play with.

Me:

Well, Teagan, you have my mother fucking attention. What is it that you want?

Teagan:

Meet me at the warehouse and come alone.

Me:

Why so you can kill me? I'm good, crazy lady.

Teagan:

Your boy toy arrives in two hours. It would be a pity to have his SUV blown up before he can even take his phone off airplane mode.

Me:

You're playing with fire.

Teagan:

I am the fire. You just need to make the choice. You're either the water to put me out or the gasoline to set me ablaze. Choose wisely.

Me:

Fuck you.

Teagan:

Tick-tock. Twenty Minutes.

Getting on my Harley, I start her up, throw my helmet on, kick it in gear, and hightail it out of the compound. I need to end this shit once and for all. I'm sick of lying to the ones I love. I just want everyone safe. Is that too much to fucking ask for? I didn't even want this life. Ryker knew that. We've had conversations upon conversations about me leaving. He saw I was backing away from Kayla, and most of all, Cillian. When I was first thrown into this club, I thought I was hot shit. Got all the girls I wanted, made a name for myself, but once the killing started and I watched those that I care about get hurt, it wasn't fun anymore. Being a drug mule wasn't what I signed up for, but being the club's Sergeant at Arms, I had orders and was expected to do things I didn't want to do.

Approaching the warehouse, which isn't far from the compound, I see she's sitting on the trunk of her car waiting for me. Rolling in, I come to a stop and shut off my bike. Pushing the kickstand down, I climb off and remove my helmet, placing it on my

handlebars. I walk over to her and fold my arms over my chest.

“I’m here. What do you want?” I spit, wanting to get this over with. I hate looking at her because of how much she looks like my mother, and I know for a fact it isn’t her for multiple reasons. One being that my mother wasn’t this ruthless evil cunt and two, she had a tiny beauty mark under her left eye. If you didn’t look close enough, you wouldn’t see it.

“I’m glad I finally got your attention, Ryder. It’s just a pity I had to blow up your clubhouse to get you here.” She smirks. I take a step closer to her, but she retrieves her gun, cocking it and pressing it against my chest.

“If you value your life, you will rethink that move,” she warns.

“You would take the life of your blood? Do you have no loyalty in your bones? Or is it just black smoke?” I say, raising a brow.

“You’re no blood of mine. So why the fuck would I care about your pathetic life; you’re just a piece of the puzzle,” she says, but I stopped listening after she said I’m not her blood. It’s like a knife to the chest hearing those words.

“You’re my fucking aunt. My mother’s twin sister. Your fucking blood runs through my veins. How can you spit such vile nonsense to your own nephew?” I ask, pressing my chest against the barrel of the gun.

“I’m not your aunt. Don’t you know?” she says, and my brows furrow. “You don’t. Oh, forgive me. I thought you knew where you came from,” she says, and I swallow thickly.

“What the fuck do you mean? My mother is Tessa and my father is John,” I say, but she shakes her head. What the fuck?

“Maybe you should ask your sister,” she says, and now it’s my turn to shake my head.

“If Jade knew, I would know. We don’t keep secrets like that. She didn’t even know her entire life that John wasn’t her dad. So start explaining before I snap your fucking neck.” I growl, and she removes the gun from my chest, sliding it into her holster.

“Has Jade told you anything about her birth?” she asks, and I shake my head. “Let me give you some history,” she says as I reach into my pocket and take out a joint, lighting it. I take a deep pull and pass it to her, but she declines. I shrug and raise a brow. “Long story short, Tessa had multiple boyfriends and got pregnant by Flynn with twins. She birthed two healthy baby girls, Fallon and Jocelyn. One night someone stole Jocelyn from the Ireland castle and she was never seen again. Tessa decided it wasn’t safe for Fallon and left Flynn to rush back here to the States and have a fake relationship with John. He left me for her, just like I always knew he would. Anything she wanted, she got. My man, my life. Everything,” she spits, and I yawn.

“Get to the point, Teagan,” I say, and she snarls.

“She came back and kept Fallon hidden from the world. Her and John created this false life while I was kicked to the curb,” she states as I take another hit off my joint.

“Okay, and what does any of this have to do with me and Ryker?” I ask, and she smirks.

“Everything. One of the Crow Eaters fell pregnant by one of the club members who was under age at the time. She kept it a secret for as long as she could, until she couldn’t anymore. Tessa needed another baby to call her own. People knew she was pregnant with twins, so when she found out this girl was about to give birth to these twins, she took it as an opportunity to get everything she wanted so she wouldn’t have

to hide anymore,” she says, and I laugh.

“Bullshit. So what she do? Shove her down the stairs? Put a gun to her head and force the girl to hand over the babies,” I say, shaking my head as I take another hit off the joint.

“She killed her and delivered the babies herself. With the help of others, of course. She was the club's queen. As always, anything she wanted, she got.” She says.

“So what you’re telling me is, my dad, who's a club member, probably a prospect at the time, knocked a Crow Eater up and the only mother I’ve ever known killed her and took us for herself? Have I got that right?” I ask, taking another hit off the joint before stomping it out with my boot.

“Yes, that’s exactly what I’m telling you,” she says, and I roll my eyes.

“And how do you know all of this?” I ask, and she sighs.

“I loved John. He wasn’t meant to be with her, and he didn’t want to see how she kept manipulating him. He made so many promises to me. She took my fucking life right from under me and now I want it back,” she says, and I laugh.

“You sound like a child with this shit. Again, why would I trust you? How can I believe anything you fucking just told me is true?” I say, and she smiles.

“Just go ask your dad,” she states simply, and I fold my arms over my chest.

“And who would that be?” I ask with a raised brow.

“Donovan ‘Slash’ Michaels,” she states, and I stumble back a bit, shaking my head. My phone buzzes in my pocket and I take it out, seeing the name on my screen.

“Go ahead, answer it. See that I’m telling the truth,” she states.

This has got to be a fucking joke. There’s no fucking way. No. This is a lie. Just like everything fucking else.

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Memories keep them safe and protected, along with our wife, when it's needed. Correct?" I say, and he nods.

"I'm well aware of what this position entails, and I can assure you, the kids and your wife will be in good hands," he says as Hazel reaches for him again.

"May I please hold her?" he asks, and I nod, stepping towards him. She damn near leaps out of my arms into his, cuddling into his neck. She brings her hands up to his face, placing it on his cheek.

"Hey, sweet girl," he says to her as her eyes light up and a drooly smile stretches across her face. "Hazel, right?" he asks, looking up at me, and I nod.

"Yes, Hazel. She's almost seven months old," I say, and he smiles, tickling her belly, causing her to giggle. Jaxon comes to sit next to him, trying to climb into his lap, and I step back and watch their interaction. I've never seen my kids comfortable with strangers, but this man draws to them. I'm not sure how to feel about it, and I wonder what the others will think.

"So, are you also aware that you will live on the grounds, specifically in the pool house in the back?" I ask, and he nods.

"I do, and that's fine," he says, playing with both kids.

"One more thing," I say, and he looks up at me. "If you even think about sticking



your dick in my wife, I will carve your heart out of your chest and shove it down your throat,” I threaten, and I swear a small smile pulls from his lip, but as fast as it was there, it disappears.

“I understand. I’ve cleared all your security checks, both verbal and virtually. Let me prove to you that I can be a good asset to you and your family,” he states, and I nod.

“I like you, Zayn, but I’m not the one who gets the final say. The queen will be arriving soon, and she’s the one you need to impress. She’s not like most women. So buckle up and enjoy the Chaos.” I smile, and his eyes widen for a second as he continues to play with the kids. I leave the room for a moment to grab the kids a snack when I hear the alarm go off, alerting me my girl has arrived. Oh, and Spade too.

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### Chapter 20

#### Balloons & Little Creatures

Jade

Pulling through the gates with Spade's hands between my legs, I moan.

"Please let me cum. I won't snitch. I promise, but fuck, Babyboy. I need to cum," I beg as he continues to flick my clit, pushing his finger slowly in and out of my cunt.

"You know damn well he will know just by looking at you, and I don't want to be on the receiving end of his punishment. Do you see how big he is?" Spade laughs, and I growl, gripping onto the bottom of his shirt as my back arches off the back of the seat.

"Fuck him. Please, Babyboy. I'll do anything. Please," I beg, but he shakes his head. We come to a stop, and so does he. Removing his fingers from underneath my sundress, he brings them to his mouth, sucking them clean.

"Mmm, Babygirl. You taste so fucking good." He smirks, and I huff, shoving the car door open and stomping towards the house. I swing open the front door in search of the man who thinks it's funny to deny me what I want most. I stop in my tracks and turn towards the living room as I hear my little girl giggling. Stepping into the room, I see a man I've never seen before crouching down on the rug with his back to me, playing with my kids. I don't even think. I remove my gun from the holster and step behind him, pressing the barrel to the back of his head, cocking it.

“Get the fuck away from my kids,” I spit, and he spins so fast, removing the gun from my hand as he stands, wrapping his hand around my throat, pressing me against the mantle with the gun against my face. My eyes widen as I take him in. He tilts his head, looking into my eyes, and I swear I see a speckle of green shimmering in his dark grey eyes. My heart beats erratically in my chest the longer he stares, pressing his big body against mine. I can’t help but gasp when a small smile pulls at his lip. Fuck, he’s gorgeous, and I can’t look away. What the fuck does that say about me? Shit. He releases his grip around my throat and takes a step back, pushing the safety on and handing the gun back to me. I take it and place it back in my holster, never taking my eyes off of him.

“I’m Zayn, you must be Jade,” he rasps, sticking his hand out for me to shake. I shiver at his words. What the fuck! I nod because, for once, I have no fucking words.

“It’s really nice to meet you. I was told you’re the one who gets the final say for my employment.” He smiles, and I nod again like a fucking idiot. He turns back towards the kids and crouches down as Hazel crawls over to him and Jaxon runs his cars over this man's shoulders. Where the fuck is Jameson?

“Snack time,” Jameson says, walking into the room as his eyes land on mine. “Your home. Did you meet Zayn?” he asks, and I nod.

“Sure did,” I snarl, and he rolls his eyes. “Wanna explain what’s going on here?” I ask, and he smiles, stepping into my space, gripping my hips before capturing my lips with his. I moan into the kiss as his grip tightens around my waist. He bites my bottom lip before pulling back.

“I’ve missed you, baby,” he says as I wrap my arms around his neck.

“Same, Caveman, same.” I smile as I feel little hands touching my ankles.

“My sweet baby,” I say, bending down to grab my little girl. I squeeze her tightly, kissing her drooly face. “Mama missed you, Hazel,” I say, placing her on my hip.

“Mama, mama. You’re home!” Jaxon yells as he runs into me, wrapping his arms around my legs.

“Yes, my big boy. Mama is home. Did you have fun while I was gone?” I ask, and he jumps up and down excitedly.

“Yes, I did. Mister Zayn is so cool, Mama. Can he come back and play with us? Please, please, please,” he begs, and my eyes lock with Jamie's, who is already raising a brow. Spade walks into the room and Jamie introduces him to Zayn. I don’t know what it is about this guy, but I keep looking at him when no one is paying attention. Hazel lunges for him as he walks past me to shake Spade’s hand and is quick to grab her. He smiles at me and I smile back before handing her to him. Jamie wraps his arms around my waist, pulling me closer to him.

“The kids love him. I’ve never seen them so drawn to a stranger before. It’s odd, but he checks out,” he whispers, running his nose along the column of my neck.

“Are you sure? Because I will kill him if he hurts one of them,” I say as I watch him and Spade shoot the shit over cars.

“Yea, I’m sure. You know I don’t like anyone, and I’ve already warned him that if he thinks about sticking his dick in you, I’d carve his heart out,” he whispers, sucking along my neck. I shiver at his words, knowing he is telling the truth.

“Alright. Hire him. Fuck it,” I say as I stare across the room at this man who, every so often, I catch looking back at me.

Later that evening, we invited Zayn to have dinner with us, so we decided to have a

barbecue in the backyard and show him the pool house where he will be living.

Sitting around the table outside as we wait for the balloons to be delivered, my eyes lock with Zayn's and I smile.

"So, Mr. Cruz, tell me about yourself," I say as he takes a sip of his water. Why does the way his damn Adam's apple bob make my body quiver? Jesus christ.

"You can call me Zayn. Mr. Cruz makes me sound old and I'm only twenty-eight." He laughs, and I nod, leaning forward placing my hands on the table.

"Alright. You have so many accomplishments. Why apply to be with my family twenty-four-seven rather than go home to your own?" I ask, and he frowns.

"I don't have a family. My parents died when I was young, and I've been on my own since I graduated high school," he admits, and I nod.

"I'm sorry for your loss. I lost my mom when I was thirteen, so I can sympathize with that," I confess.

"It's not easy being alone, but I've endured it and went straight into the military. I've made mistakes along the way, but I'm happy to be here," he says, and I smile as Spade comes out with the balloons, with Ryder not too far behind with markers.

"Forgive us, but today marks one year since my late husband was killed, and instead of going to the cemetery, I figured we'd send balloons up to heaven for him," I say, and he nods.

"That's a cool way to celebrate his memory," he says, swallowing thickly.

Spade walks around, handing out the balloons as Ryder passes out the markers.

“Alright, let's write Dario some messages and send them into the sky,” I say as I grab the red balloon and place it in my lap. Grabbing the black sharpie, I write him a little note.

“I miss you, Big Man. I love you, always and forever. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you. See you soon. Jade xoxo.

Placing the marker down, I stand, look up at the sky and let go of the balloon, watching as it floats into the air. Spade hands me another one and I place it on Hazel's high chair, holding it in place as he takes her hand, writing her name with the marker and letting her scribble on the balloon. Ryder does the same with Jaxon and then we let go, watching the balloons sail into the sky.

Tears fall down my cheek, and I glance over at Zayn, who's watching us all with a sad look on his face. My heart hurts thinking that it's been a year without his touch, without his voice, without his presence. More tears fall down my face, but something pulls me to this strange man, and when my eyes lock with his, I see hurt beyond his grey eyes and I'm not sure what that is, but I notice his eyes are watery in the light before he looks away as his phone pings. Spade wraps his arms around me, kissing my cheek, taking my attention away from this man who intrigues me. I spin around in his arms and press my lips against his.

“For Dario,” I say, and he sends the last balloon up in the sky as the sun starts to set.

“Well, it was nice meeting everyone. I'm going to get out of here so I can pack up my apartment. I will see you all tomorrow evening,” Zayn says, shaking Jamie's hand. He says goodbye to the kids, giving Jaxon a fist bump and Hazel a pat on the head. Our eyes lock and he nods at me. I smile, nodding back as he leaves through the side gate.

“Alright, it's bath time kiddos,” Ryder announces as Spade cleans up dinner. My eyes

collide with Jamie's, and he smirks.

"Once we put the kids to bed, I expect you in our bed, naked and waiting," he commands, and my whole body shivers in excitement.

"We'll see," I taunt, and he growls, lunging for me. I step back and run out into the backyard and down the hill as he chases after me. I laugh when his body collides with mine, wrapping his arms around my waist.

"You'll never outrun me, My Little Creature," he whispers, and I gasp, spinning in his arms. His eyes are dark and void. I haven't seen this look in months. I shove him away and take a step back. He licks his lips with a sinister smile on his face, and I'm not sure if I should be scared or not. Only The Carver calls me Little Creature, and this look on his face is not one I've seen before. The sun has set, and I notice we are all alone. The wind picks up around me, causing goosebumps to litter my skin. Taking another step back, he stalks as he tilts his head.

"Run, Little Creature, run," he growls, and I take off into the night.

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## Chapter 21

### MindFuck

#### Jameson/The Monster

#### On Page NonCon/Rape

The mind of a sociopath is truly the scariest place of all, especially when it houses multiple unique personalities that are nothing but ruthless, evil, and depraved. A doctor has never diagnosed me with any type of disorder, and now I'm wondering if maybe something is wrong with me.

The voices started after I killed my mother and have been steadily getting worse over the years. It doesn't help the abuse my father bestowed upon me, which is what I thought the voices were. My own mind berating myself for never being good enough, and then, when I craved the kill and became The Carver, the voices took my insecurities and turned them into impulsivity.

Now, we have this. I'm not sure how long I've been stuck here; more like trapped, and I don't like it. I've never been so scared for the ones I love, and there isn't anything I can do other than remove myself from the equation. I'm a selfish man who can't live without her or my kids, but this monster inside me is more than just my murderous self. The Carver has been dead for months. I thought I killed him in that institution. I thought I was finally free. Free from the strings that were constantly pulled, but I thought wrong, because this beast inside my head grows angrier and angrier with each passing day as he paces the cage he's trapped in. Staring at me,



growling at me, and when I lose control even for a split second, he takes that chance to rear his ugly head and throw me into his cage. I don't know what triggered the switch, but now I'm locked up and the only thing I can do is pray that someone will take him out, or at least I can try to find a way to break free.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," I taunt, as I sniff the air, trying to catch her sinful scent. I couldn't wait for those brats to go to bed and for that fucker with the fucked up face to leave. You stay the fuck away from my kids! So help me god! I'll fucking kill you even if that means killing myself! Do you hear me?

Ignoring the nagging voice, I saw the way she looked at him with want and need in her eyes. Everything in my bones is telling me to kill her, to wrap my hands around her fucking throat and squeeze. Leave her the fuck alone! You touch one hair on her head and I will take you down myself! I smirk. I'm not the one locked up in the cage. He is. This is the first time I'm letting him see the full picture in front of him. Let him feel the rage build behind the metal cage he bangs on. I throw my head back and laugh sinisterly, knowing there isn't a fucking thing he can do about it. Fuck him! I can't wait to get rid of his pussy ass so I can finally do what I should have done long ago.

"Come on, Little Creature, come out and play with your master," I command as she runs deeper through the trees. Her dark curls whip along her shoulders as she passes a few trees, nearing the back fence. I hope she rips you to shreds! She knows what to do when the monster appears. Good luck, you miserable fuck!

My Little Creature of the Night looks back at me, our eyes collide causing hers to widen in fear. She trips, giving me the advantage to catch up to her. She's not yours. I laugh as my body slams into her back. She gasps as she falls to her knees. Wrapping my hand around her hair, I pull her head back to look up at me. "Don't be frightened, Little Creature, I just want to play with you," I rasp as she thrashes against my hold.

“Get off me, Jamie. This isn’t funny,” she snaps, trying to pull away from me. I tighten my grip as she yells out into the night. Let her go!

“Your little bitch boy, Jamie, isn’t here right now. I’ve got him locked away where no one will find him,” I spit, pushing her to the ground as she falls on her hands, whipping around to face me. You motherfucker!

“Easy, did you fucking forget I’m pregnant, you fucking prick? Enough with this game. It’s not fun, nor is it sexy,” she spits, as I shove her face into the dirt. She sputters and coughs as she inhales the wet earth. I laugh, lifting her head, only to smash it down again. Come on, Princess. Fight this mother fucker! Kill him! Kill the fucking monster! She kicks out at my shins, causing me to loosen my grip and stumble back. She lifts her body from the ground and stands to her full height, looking at me with murder in her eyes.

“I don’t know what has gotten into you tonight, but if you want to fight, let’s fucking go.” She growls, and I laugh.

“Oh, the Queen of Death finally wants to play. Do you think you can kill me, like you kill everything else you touch?” I spit as her eyes widen and narrow.

“Fuck you, Jameson.” She growls. That’s right, Princess. Fuck him up!

“How many times do I need to tell you? Jameson and Jamie are gone. It’s only the Queen of Death and her monster here to play,” I rasp as she swings at me, sending two jabs to my face, causing my head to whip to the side. She pushes against my chest, sending me back into a tree. That’s my girl. Get him! Kill him! I growl, lunging at her, but she swings again, hitting me square in my nose as blood pours down my face. I lick my lips, savoring the taste of blood as I take her down to the ground, slamming her back into the dirt. Grabbing her hands, I pull them over her head as she thrashes beneath me, screaming for help.

“No one will save you this time, Little Creature. You’re mine now,” I taunt, and she continues to fight me. I rip her legs open, holding her thighs down with mine as I undo my jeans and take out my cock. Don’t you fucking touch her! Let her go! It’s me who you want. Kill me! Just leave her alone! Let her go! God damnit!

“Any last words before I rip this sweet cunt into two, then slice your fucking throat? He should’ve done this last year. Finally, I can take the damn trash out.” I roar into the night, slamming my cock into her tight core as her fear permeates the cold night air. Tears pour down her face, and I laugh. “Don’t cry, Queen of Death. Your god is finally here to give you everything you deserve.” I groan, slamming in and out of her. You mother fucker.

“Please Jamie. You’re hurting me. Stop, baby. It hurts too much,” she begs, which only makes me fuck her tight cunt harder. I rip her dress down, pulling at her nipple. She screams at the pain and thrashes beneath me.

“Always so fucking tight.” I moan, picking up my pace as she continues to scream for help.

“I-i thought you loved me. How could you hurt me like this? Stop. Please fucking stop.” She screams, and I wrap my hand around her throat, squeezing. Let her go! Please let her fucking go. Fuck! You motherfucker! Don’t kill her! Fuck! Her eyes widen as her face reddens the harder I pound into her.

“Fuck, I’m going to cum so fucking hard.” I growl, watching as her face turns a deep red and her eyes roll. Footsteps approach and the sound of a gun cocks next to me.

“You said to take the monster down. Here’s your fucking warning.”

Bang, Bang....

### Chapter 22

Choices my face is covered in dirt and tear marks streak my cheeks. Turning away, I step into the shower and let the water cascade down my body. I stand under the spray for I'm not sure how long, jumping when I feel warm arms wrap around my waist.

"It's okay, Babygirl. It's just me. You're safe," he whispers.

"Babyboy, I love you but I can't do touch right now. I just can't," I confess, as his arms leave my body.

"I understand, even if I hate it. Can I at least wash you while you tell me what happened out there?" he asks, and I nod. "Look at me, please," he begs, and I spin around, looking up into his steele grey eyes. He takes the soap and pours it on the loofah, then washes my body as I tell him everything that happened. The look in his eyes tells me he wants his brother's blood, but I also see the hurt and sadness within them. This hurts us all, not just me. When one fucks up, it is like a domino effect tumbling around us.

"I'm sorry he hurt you. I don't understand what the fuck his problem is, but tomorrow we will get to the bottom of it. He can't come home until we figure this shit out. Not that I think he will ever hurt the kids, but I can't trust him right now. Not after this," he admits as he rinses the soap from my body and hair. He shuts the water off, stepping out first. He wraps a towel around his waist, then another one around my body.

"Ry is stitching him up, then we will take him to the warehouse. I'll be back in a few

hours. Will you be okay alone? Or should I call Zayn to come stay with you?” he asks, but I shake my head.

“I’ll be fine. No need to bother the new guy just yet. I’ll just get into bed and wait for you to come back,” I say, and he smiles, placing a kiss on my shoulder. We both walk out of the bathroom and he takes off towards the closet to get dressed. Letting the towel fall, I climb into bed, bringing the sheet up to cover my bare chest. I roll over, tucking my hand under the pillow as my eyes get heavy. The last thing I remember is a kiss on my forehead before sleep invades me.

Warm fingers travel down the shell of my face as sleep pulls me under, but the scent of sandalwood hits my nostrils, causing me to call out to him. “Rio?” I say as the fingers continue to trail down my shoulder and over my bare breast. I shiver at his touch as his thumb grazes my nipple, causing goosebumps to litter my skin. Warm breath tickles my neck, and I moan as the sheet slips down my body.

“I’ve missed you so much, Kitten,” he whispers, licking the shell of my ear as his thumb continues to play with my nipples. “Always so responsive for Daddy. Fuck. What I would give to feel you tighten around my cock,” he whispers again, causing me to whimper as his hand slides down my body and between my legs. I open them, giving him the access he wants and what I yearn for. “Do you still taste as good as you fuck?” he rasps, as he spreads my lips, dipping his finger into my soaked core.

“Yes, yes,” I cry out, rolling my hips, chasing my orgasm.

“Such a good girl for Daddy. That’s it. Cum, Kitten. Let me feel it.” He growls, biting down on my neck as a white light fills my vision and my back arches off the bed as I cum so fucking hard against his hand, soaking the sheets.

“Mmm, good girl. Now sleep. I love you always,” he whispers, kissing my cheek as I open my eyes to darkness, silence. Sleep takes me under again, replaying that

moment over and over again.

The next day I'm standing in the kitchen making Jaxon lunch while Hazel naps when I hear a throat clear. I turn around and see Zayn standing in the threshold wearing black jeans and a white tee with his holsters strapped to his chest. He licks his lips, eyeing me before I raise a brow.

"You're here early," I say, and he smiles, walking into the room, giving Jaxon a fist bump.

"I've been here all morning moving in," he says, picking up an apple from the bowl in the middle of the island, biting into it. Juice drips down his chin and he wipes it with the back of his hand. Looking away, I cut Jaxon's sandwich in half and place it in front of him. "Eat up, little man," I say as he digs in.

"Did Spade tell you I have to leave for a bit before he and Ryder get back?" I ask, and he nods.

"Yes, he informed me. I checked your vehicle to make sure it's safe and Rafe will drive you," he states, and I shake my head.

"Not for this. I'll be going alone. Put my number in your phone. You can track me that way," I state, and he raises a brow.

"Your husband gave me strict orders to have Rafe go with you," he challenges, and I roll my eyes.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?" he asks, taking another bite into his apple.

"I did. Get used to it," I say, and he shakes his head.

“They weren’t lying when they said you were a handful,” he states, and I place my hands on my hips.

“Excuse me?” I say, quirking a brow. “They both can get fucked for saying that. Fucking pricks.” I huff, and he laughs as I grab the keys to my G-Wagon. He steps in front of me, blocking my exit.

“Stand down, Zayn,” I command, and he folds his arms over his chest. I can’t help but notice how big his biceps are as they flex against his chest.

“Can’t do that,” he retorts, taking a step closer to me.

“Move!” I command again, but he doesn’t budge. Taking out my phone, I dial Spade.

“Hey, Babygirl. What’s up?” he asks excitedly.

“You better tell your lap dog to let me out of my fucking house before he has no balls,” I spit, and he laughs.

“Come on, babe. He’s just doing his job,” he says and I growl.

“I don’t need anyone coming with me to go to the goddamn warehouse. I can take care of myself. You all can track me, between the phone, the cars, and my god damn clit. Now tell him to let me go!” I shout down the line as Zayn coughs at my words. Shit, now he knows I have my clit pierced and that it's a tracker. Jesus Christ Jade.

“Is that the only place you’re going?” he asks, and I roll my eyes. Before I can answer, Zayn mouths, “That's twice.” I snarl at him, then answer my husband.

“Yes, Reid. Straight to the warehouse and back,” I say, rolling my eyes for a third time and flipping the big fuck off.

“Fine,” he says, and I smile. “Let Zayn know you are free to go,” he finishes.

“Oh, I will. See you later, baby,” I say.

“I love you, Babygirl, be careful,” he says, and I smile.

“I love you too, Babyboy.” Then the line goes dead. Locking eyes with Zayn, I raise a brow.

“Well, you heard the man. Now move,” I spit, and he smiles, taking a step to the side.

“Clit piercing? Nice,” he whispers as I walk past and my whole body shivers at his words. I roll my eyes and walk away.

“That’s four times and counting, Brat,” he shouts, but I ignore him and leave the house, slamming the door as I exit.



### Chapter 23

#### Drive-Bys & Lies

#### Spade

“Jesus fuck, Ry,” I hiss as his tongue swirls along my piercing. We’re supposed to be heading home, but this motherfucker had other plans the minute we left the drop spot. He was slightly annoyed that I didn’t go to bed with him last night since I’ve been away for a few days, but he also understood. I told him to come to bed with us, but he went off on his own.

I press his head further down my length as we sit at a red light. Laying my head back against the seat, he sucks my cock deeper down his throat, swallowing around me. “Mmm, you feel so fucking good.” I groan as the light turns green. “Maybe I should pull over somewhere because the way you’re sucking me I do—Fuckkkk, Ry. Jesus Christ.” I groan as he gags long and hard, causing my body to shudder. He pulls up only to slam back down, and I growl. “Someone definitely missed me.” I moan as his hand cups my nuts, squeezing them gently. “Ryyy,” I warn, and he lifts his head up, releasing me with a pop as a string of saliva leaves his mouth. We come to another red light and he slams his mouth against mine, kissing me like his life depends on it. His tongue fights mine for dominance, and then he pulls away before I can deepen the kiss.

“I fucking want you, Reid. Like right the fuck now,” he growls, deep in his chest, which only makes my dick fucking twitch against the steering wheel.

“Damn, Ry. I do too.” I admit, as I try to find somewhere we can go, but the back window shatters and we both duck as Ryder’s side of the car gets lit up by bullets. The car speeds past us, but I don’t get the make or model, just the color black. “What the fuck!” I shout, putting my hand away. “Ry, you good? Are you hit?” I yell, as his hands cup my face.

“Na, I’m good, Ace,” he says as I check him over. He laughs at the concerned look on my face.

“It’s not funny, Ry. I’ve lost too many people, and today ain’t gonna be the day I lose you, so shut the fuck up,” I yell, but he slams his lips against mine, kissing me like a madman. He pulls away, leaving me breathless. “You really are madness under that cut,” I whisper, pressing my lips against his as I run my hands through his long hair. He growls, pulling me closer, causing me to moan as he bites my bottom lip. I pull away and he frowns. “We gotta get out of here. Call Zayn. Make sure the kids are alright,” I say, and he nods, taking out his phone and making the call. Who the fuck could have been shooting at us? The fucking list is getting longer and longer by the day, and we need to put a stop to this. I know Jade wanted to wait until she gave birth to Prince, but time isn’t on our side.

“Everything is wonderful at home. No alerts for any intruders. All is quiet,” Ry says, and I nod.

“What is going through your head, Ace?” He asks, and I sigh.

“Do you really want to know?” I reply. He doesn’t want this life. How can I continue this relationship when he’s not all the way in? He says he loves me, but he wants nothing to do with the club. There’s no difference between our family and club life. It’s all the fucking same.

“I do,” he says, and I shake my head.

“Ry, why do you care? You don’t want this life for yourself, but yet you’re still fucking here,” I say, and he growls.

“I’m here because I love you, and no matter what the fuck is happening in the underground, it doesn’t fucking mean I’m leaving you,” he states, and I laugh.

“That’s bullshit. You tell me all the time that you don’t want to take over the club. This isn’t the life you chose, but my life with the others is the same one you don’t want,” I snap as we drive down the deserted road in the middle of the day. Jade should be almost to the warehouse by now, and I’m already on edge because of that whole situation. It’s like everything is coming at us at all ends, non-fucking stop.

“You’re right, Reid. I don’t want this life, but if that means losing you because of it, then fuck it. I’m all fucking in. Just please don’t give up on me. I’m still working things out in my head that have nothing to do with how I fucking feel about you,” he says as I turn onto our block.

“I won’t force you to be here because you love me. I want you to be here because you choose to be,” I declare, pulling up to the gates, punching in the code and waiting for them to open.

“Look at me, Ace,” he says as the gates open and I press the gas, taking us up the driveway. Putting the car in park, I look over at him. He cups my face as I look into his eyes and see nothing but love and sadness. It’s like he’s waging a war within himself, and I hate that. “I’m here, baby. I’m not going anywhere. Whatever happens, we will get through it together,” he states as he leans in, pressing his lips to mine. Leaning my forehead against his, I take a deep breath.

“Do I make you happy?” I whisper as he presses his lips softly against mine, then pulls away.

“Yes, Ace. So fucking happy, and most of all, safe. You, Reid Rodriguez, are my safe place. Without you, I’d be dead already,” he admits. “I love you, Ace. Never doubt me or you will force me to fuck it out of you.” He laughs, bringing a smile to my face.

“I love you too, my biker bitch.” I chuckle. He presses his lips against mine once more, gripping my face tightly before pulling away.

“Tonight, after we put the kids to bed, you’re mine. You got that?” He growls, and I grin.

“That’s if we can make it until tonight.” I laugh, shutting off the car and climbing out. “Fuck! How much damage did those motherfuckers do to my baby?” I ask as he climbs out, taking a step back to assess. He places his hand over his face, then looks at me.

“Umm, let’s just call Harley and see if he can take care of this,” he says, and I shake my head.

“I don’t want to see, do I?” I groan, and he laughs.

“Nope. So let’s just keep it moving.” He laughs as he rounds the car, wrapping his arm around my shoulder as we walk up the cobblestone. “Remind me later to tell you about Teagan,” he says, and my face shoots up and over to him.

“What about Teagan?” I say, stopping in my tracks.

“I said later,” he retorts.

“You know damn well the way my mind works. Spill it now or I won’t stop thinking about it for the rest of the day and I’ll end up bugging you any chance I get, so

fucking tell me now,” I say, and he sighs.

“Promise you won’t get mad?” he asks, and I nod. Fuck, this isn’t going to be good. “Words, Ace,” he growls, and I take a deep breath, knowing this is probably going to piss me all the way off.

“Fine. I’ll try,” I say, staring at him as he looks everywhere but in my eyes. Fuck.

“I’ve been meeting up with her,” he confesses, and I raise a brow while folding my arms over my chest.

“Interesting. For what?” I ask as I stare at him, looking for the deceit, which is written all over his features.

“She summoned me weeks ago for a meetup. Every time I said I was dealing with club shit, I wasn’t. I went to meet with her,” he admits as my heart rate begins to rise.

“So you’ve been lying to me and sneaking around with the enemy? Someone we’ve been warned to stay the fuck away from. But there you are, running around with her while lying to me, who literally worries for your safety when you’re not with me,” I shout. He takes a step closer, but I push him away.

“Don’t fucking push me, Reid. Let me fucking explain.” He growls, but my rage is boiling over. I don’t like being fucking lied to, especially by someone I fucking love and trust.

“Why? So you can spew more bullshit my way? Is this a fucking game to you? Did she put you up to this?” I sneer as he takes a step towards me.

“No, I’d never fucking do that to you. Never. That’s not who I am,” he growls.

“Yea, well, the person standing in front of me is not who you are. I’ve never given you a reason to lie or be deceitful,” I spit, throwing the keys to my charger at him.

“Take it to Harley’s. I need some fucking space.” I grimace, walking towards the door.

“Don’t, Reid. Let me explain!” he shouts, and I spin before reaching the front door.

“Your chance to be honest has come and gone. I need to fucking think and go take care of my kids,” I hiss, opening the door and slamming it behind me. My heart is in my throat as I walk through the front of the house to the kitchen. Opening the fridge, I grab a water bottle, twist the top off, then chug it, slamming the empty plastic onto the counter.

“Rough day?” Zayn says, staring at me from the back door.

“You could say that. How are the kids?” I ask as he walks in, leaning against the stove.

“They’re good. Both have been sleeping for about an hour,” he says, and I nod. “Wanna tell me why you look so pissed?” he asks, but I shake my head.

“Maybe some other time. Can you head to the warehouse to relieve Rafe? Just keep your distance from her. I don’t need to hear her mouth later if she spots you,” I plead, and he chuckles.

“Sure, no problem, Boss. I’ll head there now,” he says, taking off towards the hallway.

“Thanks man. See you later,” I say as he nods, leaving the house. I stand in the kitchen for what feels like forever. My phone vibrates in my pocket and I take it out,

opening the text.

Ryder:

I'm sorry. I'll give you the space you need, but I will be home later. I love you Reid. Don't fucking give up on me yet.

Leaving him on read, I place the phone down and take a deep breath, hating the way I feel right now. I fucking love him just as much as I love Jade. Feeling betrayed by him is unbearable. I fucking hate it. I just hope we can get past this and the lies come to an end. He says I'm his safe place but yet he didn't feel safe enough to confide in me. Fuck!

I just want to be happy with him and her by my side, but I won't put up with the lies from either of them and if push comes to shove, he will leave me no choice but to walk away.

### Chapter 24

#### Sorrys & Eye Rolling

##### Jade

Walking into the warehouse, I'm immediately hit with the sense of guilt and memories from last year. Opening the door, I see Jamie on his knees with his arms stretched out above him and his wrists cuffed with chains. He has his head lowered, and I don't know if he's awake. I slam the door behind me and his face shoots up to mine as our eyes collide. His eyes widen at my presence, then cast down with sadness. I approach him, but he doesn't look up at me.

"Do you know why you're here?" I say, and he looks up at me with tears streaming down his face.

"Princess, I'm so fucking sorry. That wasn't me," he says, wincing.

"So you understand why I had to do this, right?" I say, and he nods.

"I've always told you to take the monster down, and I was so fucking proud of you for fighting back, but fuck, Jade. I was screaming inside my own body for you," he rasps, and I quirk a brow.

"Make me understand, Jamie, because I'm fucking terrified. You raped me last night. I told you to stop, and you didn't," I spit as he hangs his head.



“I know, Princess. I know. For the first time, the monster let me watch what he was doing. Locked me in the cage that is my mind while he took over, allowing me to see everything so vividly,” he admits, which has my eyes widening at his confession.

“What do you mean? I thought the voices just egg you on, but they were gone when you killed The Carver,” I state, and he shakes his head.

“You’re right that’s exactly what usually happens but there’s something I’ve been keeping from all of you and I don’t know how to explain it myself, and I was trying to get control of it but last night the monster reared his ugly head and showed his face, hurting you in the process, and I never wanted that to happen. I died a little inside watching him hurt you the way he did and the words he said.” He sighs. Bending down, I cup his face, forcing him to look up at me.

“I’m fucking terrified, Jamie. Not only for myself, but for our kids. Why didn’t you tell me? I thought we trusted one another,” I shout, and he frowns.

“I wanted to figure it out by myself. I didn’t want to involve anyone else until I knew I needed help. The blackouts have been making me feel things I don’t normally feel. I see snippets of scenes I don’t remember and I’m not sure who I’m seeing but when I wake up from them. I feel guilty, like I’ve done something I can’t remember that I won’t be able to come back from, but last night was different,” he explains, and I bring my lips to his, kissing him softly.

“I need you to come back to me, Jamie. The man I saw last night can never come out again. I’ve accepted you and everything you are, but that monster scares me to the core and he cannot live in our home,” I warn, and he nods. Standing, I walk over to the wall and take down the chains, slowly relieving his arms. He removes the cuffs from around his wrists, throwing the heavy metal to the ground, causing them to echo around the empty room. He winces as he rubs the shoulder where Ryder shot him, and looks over at me.

“Can I please hug you?” he pleads, and I nod. He rushes into my space, falling to his knees, wrapping his arms around my waist, lifting my deep purple sundress and pressing his lips to my bump. “I’m so fucking sorry, Princess. I’m so fucking sorry. Please forgive me. Know I’d never hurt you.” He sobs, kissing my stomach and up my body, over my chest and neck, cupping my face. “I love you, Jade.” He breathes, resting his forehead against mine. “Please don’t leave me. I won’t survive it,” he says as tears pour down his face. “I’ll never forgive myself for what The Monster did to you. Never,” he rasps, kissing my cheeks, holding me tightly.

“Jamie, I understand. I just... I don’t know how to feel right now. There’s so much going on, and you losing control is not what any of us needs,” I say, and he nods, pressing his lips softly against mine. I pull his bloody shirt towards me, needing to feel him against me. Despite last night’s events, I can’t help but yearn for his touch, for his love. Looking up at him, our eyes collide as he searches mine, for I don’t know what. “I’m not leaving you, Jamie, but if you are struggling, you need to tell us. Even if it’s not me. Tell Spade or Ry. Let us help you,” I beg of him, and he smiles, nodding in agreement.

“My promise is to you. I’ll never be my father. I don’t want to be that monster.” He confesses, and I reach up on my tippy toes, kissing him. He growls, deepening the kiss as his hands slide down my waist, cupping my ass.

“You are not Dalton,” I spit, pulling him closer to me as his eyes cast down. “Look at me, Jameson,” I command, and his eyes fly back up to mine. “Are you listening to me? You are not Dalton! You will never be fucking Dalton. What you are is a beautiful man and husband, and most of all, an amazing dad. The monster inside doesn’t define you, Jamie. Unfortunately, we are all products of our parents' neglect, but we are stronger than them. Do you hear me?” I say through gritted teeth, and he smiles, showcasing that dimple I love so much.

“I hear you, Princess,” he answers, licking his lips. “But what I want to hear more of

is the sounds coming from those sexy fucking lips with my name attached to it.” He growls, walking us backwards, pressing my back against the cold concrete.

“You know what I want, Jamie?” I ask, as his eyes light up with excitement.

“Anything, Princess. Tell me and it’s yours,” he says, waiting for me to reply. I smirk before licking my lips, bringing his to mine. I bite his bottom lip, causing him to growl, and I giggle.

“I want to mold your big cock, then peg you with it. Ya know, as punishment,” I whisper and he pulls back, searching my eyes, but I raise a brow, waiting for the answer.

“Maybe one day, but today ain’t that day, Baby. I’ve got some making up to do,” he confesses, and I grin.

“And why should I let you do anything to me, Caveman?” I say, biting my bottom lip.

“If you make that lip bleed, you know I won’t be able to control myself,” he growls, as I slowly sink my tooth into the soft flesh. “Princess,” he warns, and I giggle as he runs the tip of his tongue over the blood pooling against my skin. “Mmm, Princess, he says, lifting me by the backs of my thighs as I wrap my legs around his waist.

“Give me that lip, baby. Did I ever tell you how much I crave you? How you’re the air I breathe? There is no me without you, Princess. There never was,” he declares, slamming his lips against mine. I moan as his hands crawl up my body, pinching my nipples, forcing my back to arch. “I love that I can make you cum by playing with these perfect little nipples,” he groans, pressing his hard cock against my center.

Closing my eyes, I lay my head back against the cold concrete wall as he bites down

on my neck. A flash of bright light from outside flows over my vision, but his hand finds my needy clit, distracting me, making me moan from his onslaught. “You wet for me, Princess?” he gripes, pulling my clit and nipple simultaneously, making me clench my cunt around nothing.

“Jamie,” I pant. “Please, fuck me,” I beg, as he uses his skilled fingers to bring me to the brink. His finger skims down, circling my core, driving me mad as I chase his hands to where I want them to be. Rolling my hips, I try to fuck his finger as he sinks just the tip in causing me to cry out. “This is torture,” I whine, panting the more he gives me just the tip, only to pull away and pinch my clit. “Fuck, stop edging me. You prick!” I yell, opening my eyes to see a figure standing against the far back wall.

“You fucking love it.” He growls as he takes out his cock, slapping my clit, causing me to jump as I try to figure out who that is in the distance. He pulls on my clit again, then thrusts up into me, and my eyes roll.

“Yes, yes.” I moan, sinking my teeth into his neck as he thrusts into me. My eyes never leave the man in the shadows as he watches us. “Fuck, Jamie. Harder.” I whimper as he grabs my ass cheeks, spreading them as he slams deeper into me. I pull his hair as I moan out his name, tightening around his cock.

“So. Fucking. Tight. Baby. Fuckkkkkk.” He grunts as we both pant in pleasure. The man in the shadow steps just out of the darkness, and I smirk. Jamie’s grip on my ass tightens as his fingers toy with my tight hole, making me want to be filled airtight. I roll my hips and bounce my ass, causing Jamie to growl deep in his chest. “Fuck, Jade. You feel so fucking good wrapped around me.” He moans, picking up the pace, reaching between our bodies and pinching my clit. I scream my release as my body shudders in his arms as white light blinds my vision from how hard my orgasm hits. Tightening around him, he flicks my clit hard and fast, causing me to gush, and with a roar, he fills my tight pussy with his seed. “Princess.” leaves his lips as the man in the shadows winks at me before taking a step towards the door.

“Hey, Zayn,” Jamie says as my eyes widen. How the fuck?

“Yea, Boss?” he says with a smug look on his face.

“Did you enjoy the show?” Jamie asks, and I bite my lip. Zayn smiles, licking his lips.

“Naa. It was subpar,” he lies, and I narrow my eyes at him.

“Well, go fetch me a shirt, then take this one home,” he orders, and I pull back, looking at Jamie.

“You got it, Boss,” Zayn says, exiting the warehouse. Raising a brow, Jamie pulls out and places me down on my feet.

“How the fuck did you know he was watching?” I ask, and he laughs.

“The same way you knew and didn’t stop it.” He grins, and I roll my eyes.

“You know I love an audience, and it’s not like he saw anything from all the way over there.” I retort, trying to justify that I let my new guard see me cum.

“As long as he doesn’t touch you. I won’t be forced to kill him and make you watch,” he warns, and I roll my eyes again.

“Yea, yea, Caveman. Why is he taking me home and not you?” I ask as we walk through the empty warehouse.

“Because I have to go to the office to sign some paperwork and make sure things are being handled. So, you can take that sexy ass home to the others while I go to work,” he answers, and I nod.

“Fine, I’ll call Spade if I decide I want to stop along the way,” I say as he grabs my hand, bringing it to his lips.

“If you want Zayn to take you shopping, just say the word, love.” He smiles, making my insides flutter.

“I do. Oh, and I have a doctor’s Appointment tomorrow. Just wanted to remind you,” I say, and he nods.

“Have you guys come up with a name yet?” he asks, opening the door and stepping to the side to let me out first.

“Yes, Prince. We decided on the way to Ireland,” I say, and he smiles.

“I like that a lot,” he says as Zayn approaches with a shirt. As much as I love an audience, I’m extremely embarrassed. I was actually hoping it was Spade, but it wasn’t.

“Princess. Behave. I love you. See you at home.” He winks, pressing his lips to my forehead, and turns to Zayn.

“Whatever she wants, you make it happen. Except sticking your dick in her. If she asks for that, access denied,” he says, and I roll my eyes. Jamie gets into my G-Wagon and takes off towards the city, and I look over at Zayn.

“Don’t give me that look,” I snarl, climbing into the passenger side of his black Audi RS7.

“That’s five times today, Brat,” he says, and I laugh.

“You’re really keeping count of my eye rolls, huh?” I say, shaking my head as he

starts the car, putting it in gear, taking off onto the highway.

“Something like that,” he smirks, shifting gears. “What does the Brat want to do for the rest of the afternoon?” he asks ,and my eyes light up.

“Anything?” I say, raising a brow.

“Boss's orders to keep the Brat pleased. You tell me what you want and I'll make it happen,” he says, and an idea pops into my head.

“Spin around, get on the highway and head north.” I order, and he nods.

This shall be an interesting little trip. Let's see if he can hang.

### Chapter 25

#### Phone calls & Bullets

#### Ryder

Harley's shop was closed, so I turned around and headed home. He may want space, but I need to be heard. I admit I made a mistake. I should've told him the minute that cunt started texting me, but I didn't and now I could lose the only man I truly have ever loved, and who actually loves me back.

Slamming my fists on the steering wheel, I roar in anger. "Fuck, fuck, fuck." Pressing my foot on the clutch, I shift, pushing my foot down on the accelerator as his Charger flies down the highway. "How could I do that to him? Why did I lie? What is the big deal with telling him the truth? I'm such a fucking idiot." I yell, knowing I'm talking to myself. No one is going to give me any answers. My phone rings and I pick it up without looking to see who it is.

"What!" I growl.

"U-uncle Ry," Jaxon whispers, and my heart stops.

"Yea, Jax, What's up?" I say calmly, trying not to lose my shit.

"Th-ere is a man here and I-i don't know where Daddy is," he says as my fingers tighten against the steering wheel.



“Okay, Jax. Where is your sister?” I ask.

“I have her in my strong arms. We are hiding in Mama’s closet. They have big guns. Un-cle Ry,” he states as I press my foot down on the gas.

“You’re doing such a good job, little man. You stay there. Do not come out until one of us gets you. I’m almost home,” I tell him.

“Okay, you got it, dude. Stay quiet, protect Hazel. Got it,” he says, and a smile crosses my face.

“I’ll be there real soon. Do not leave that closet,” I repeat.

“You got it, dude,” he says, and the line goes dead. Where the fuck is everyone?

Hitting two on my keypad for Jade, I press call.

“What’s up Ry? Everything okay?” she asks.

“Where are you?” I ask.

“Heading up north with Zayn. Why? what's wrong?” she asks, her tone sounding strained.

“Turn around and get home. Jaxon called m—”

“What? What do you mean Jaxon called you?” she yells.

“He called me to let me know there were men in the house with guns and he couldn't find Spade. So I’ll be there in two. He’s hiding in your closet with Hazel,” I spit.

“Fuck! Call Jamie. He was on his way to the city when I left him. I’ll see you at the house. Kill them all,” she says, and the line goes dead. Hitting three for Jameson, he immediately picks up.

“Before you yell at me, I’ve already spoken to Jade. To everyone else, I owe an apology, I know,” he says, and I shake my head.

“That is not why I’m fucking calling. Get the fuck home. Now!” I yell, and he growls down the line.

“Give me the details,” he says and I tell him everything he needs to know as I’m pulling up the driveway. I’m not sure how long it will take Jade to get here, but at least I know Jameson isn’t far.

Climbing out of the Charger, I take my gun out from the back of my waistband, click the safety off, and cock it as I trudge up the cobblestone path and through the open door. Spade is laying on the floor in the middle of the hallway, unconscious. My heart is in my fucking throat as I kneel to check his pulse while taking in my surroundings. Sliding my fingers over the side of his neck, I feel the thump of his pulse. Thank god. I run my fingers through his black hair and he rouses.

“Come on Ace, we got mother fuckers to kill,” I whisper.

“How did you know?” he says, and I smile.

“Jaxon called me when he couldn’t find you,” I reply and he smiles, then his eyes widen.

“Hazel!” he says, and I press my finger over his lips and point upstairs. As we hear footsteps above us. Luckily, not in the direction or the floor of Jade’s room.

“They’re looking for Jay,” he says, and my eyes widen.

“Well, they are about to get what they wished for because he will be pulling up momentarily,” I say, and he nods. Standing, I take a deep breath, putting my hand out, helping him up. He grabs his temple, wincing in pain. I cup his face, forcing him to look at me.

“You good, Ace? How’d they get the drop on you?” I ask, wiping the blood that’s dripping down his forehead with my thumb. His eyes burst with lust as I suck the red liquid from the tip and grin as a furious Jameson comes bulldozing into the house.

“The kids?” he asks and I place my finger over my lips and point upstairs.

“Reid, you good?” he asks, and Ace nods.

“Yea, I’m good, Brother,” he answers, taking his gun out and cocking it. Jameson spins his knives between his fingers as he grins.

“Let’s go get our hands bloody. Shall we?” he says, but I grab his arm before he can go any further.

“They’re here for you.” I warn, and he grins even wider.

“Well, what’s the plan?” Ace whispers, and Jameson just smiles.

“Kill them all!” He growls, and I shake my head.

“No shit, Sherlock,” I whisper-shout.

“Tsk, ts, boys.” A gruff tone speaks through the front door, causing us to spin. “Sir Jameson, if you would just come with me, we can end this all peacefully,” the man

says. He's short with dark hair and glasses, wearing black cargo pants, boots and a tight black tee. Weapons riddle his body as he stares us down. Jameson steps in front of us, blocking us from the man before him.

"Alfred, Alfred, Alfred. Always doing Father's dirty work," he taunts as the man takes out his knife.

"You know my name isn't Alfred. Cut the shit," Alfred spits causing Jameson to laugh.

"Max doesn't fit the job description now, does it? So, Alfred, what's it going to be? If you want me that bad, you're going to have to get me yourself," he says, licking his lips as Alfred lunges at him, swiping the knife at his face. Jameson dances backwards, laughing and taunting the man.

The backdoor creaks open and Spade spins, shooting the guy between the eyes. Another one comes from the stairs and I lift my arm, shooting him in the chest. He grunts, falling the rest of the way, slamming his head on the wood floor. I look back to see a slice in Jameson's bicep as he grunts behind me. Blood pours down his arm as they continue to fight.

"Ry, down!" Spade yells, and I drop as he shoots the man pointing a gun at me. A loud bang echoes through the hall as I get back to my feet and see Alfred drop like a sack of potatoes. Jade and Zayn walk in with their guns raised.

"Where's my kids?" she shouts, looking around the area. Spade takes his shirt off and throws it at Jameson, who wraps it around his bleeding bicep. "Everyone good?" she asks as another man comes flying down the stairs. She aims and pulls the trigger, causing him to fall down the bottom flight.

"Enough!" is bellowed as Dalton waltzes down the steps, carrying Hazel in his arms,

pressing a pistol to her temple. Jade steps forward, and he shakes his head.

“I wouldn’t take another step if I were you. I will not hesitate to blow her head off,” he spits, causing all of us to growl.

“Put her down!” Jade spits as Jameson comes to stand beside her.

“Where is Jaxon?” Jameson asks, and Dalton laughs.

“That little fucker bit me so he’s locked in the closet screaming his little head off, much like what you did at his age. Such sweet memories.” He smiles, and I want nothing but to blow his head off where he stands.

“Why are you here, Father?” Jameson asks, flipping his knives through his fingers.

“Put down your weapons, son,” Dalton orders.

“Funny thing is, Father. If you knew who I truly was, your actions wouldn’t be to order me around. You’d be begging for your life!” He spits, and Dalton raises a brow.

“And who are you? A disappointment, to say the least.” He laughs, causing Jameson to take a step closer.

“You know, the serial killer no one can put a face to,” he says, and the color from his father's face drains.

“You’re The Carver?” he asks, and Jameson smiles sinisterly.

“Yes, now hand me my daughter before I remove every single vein and organ from your body while you scream,” he threatens.

“Awe, Daddy's perfect puppet, thinks he's the one in control. Guess again.” Dalton smiles, and just like that, Jameson's entire demeanor changes and he spins, looking at all of us with his eyes completely void. Jade lifts both her pistols and points one at Jameson and the other at Dalton.

“You'd be dead if it wasn't because you have my daughter in your arms. Count that as a blessing, you miserable fuck,” she spits, then looks at Jameson, whose eyes never leave hers.

“Awe, Little Creature. I love when you get murderous, but you are the Queen of Death, so it only seems fitting enough that she dies,” he grins as she takes a step towards him, pressing the gun to his head as he snaps his teeth at her like a rabid dog.

“Puppet, that's enough. Come, stand here now!” Dalton commands, and Jameson, as if responding to invisible strings, immediately walks over and stands beside his father, putting his knives in his pocket.

“My job here is done. I'll be leaving here with my puppet and will place your daughter in her car seat to ensure mine and his safety upon leaving. I'll be in touch,” he says as Jade steps to the side, still pointing her guns at the both of them as they walk past us.

“Zayn, don't!” Spade yells as Zayn lunges for Dalton, trying to grab Hazel, but Jameson quickly protects his father, taking out his knife and stabbing him in the thigh. He stumbles back as they exit through the front door. Spade rushes to Zayn as Jade follows Dalton and Jameson out. Alfred, limping and holding his gut, right behind them.

Walking past Spade, he nods to Jade and I quickly catch up to her as Dalton places Hazel into the G-wagon and climbs into the limo after Jameson. The car quickly leaves the driveway and I take out my phone, closing the gates behind them. Looking

back at Jade, she has Hazel in her arms kissing her face. Our eyes meet, and she looks up at the top floor.

“I got him. You good sis?” I ask, and she nods, following me back into the house. Spade already has the first aid kit out, preparing to clean up Zayn.

Taking the stairs two at a time, I get to Jade’s room and hear Jaxon wailing for help. Throwing the chair from under the knob, I swing the door open and he lunges for me.

“Jaxon, Jaxon. It’s me. Uncle Ry. You’re safe, bud. It’s okay,” I yell as he swings at me, screaming. Wrapping my arms around him, I sit on the floor and rock him, letting him feel my warmth as he calms down.

“It’s okay, Jax. It’s okay. You’re safe. Everyone is safe,” I say as he sobs into my chest. After a few minutes, he looks up at me, wiping his face.

“Where’s Hazel? Is she okay?” he asks, and I nod.

“Yes, she’s okay. Let’s go see her. She’s with Mama,” I assure him as I pick him up and carry him down the stairs. Placing Jaxon on the couch next to Hazel, he cuddles her into his arms, kissing her face, and I look over at Jade, then Spade.

“What the fuck just happened?” I ask, and we all sit there for a moment, not saying a fucking word.

Dalton is truly the root of all evil and he’s been in control this whole fucking time. This whole fucking time.

## Page 26

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 26

#### Family Ties

##### Jade

Spade walks over to the end table, taking out a knife from the drawer and slices down Zayn's pants as he lies on the dining room table. I swear that table has seen more blood than any other place in our house. He gets to work on him as I sit on the couch watching with Hazel in my lap and Jaxon close by with Ryder sitting on his opposite side.

"Let's get Zayn stitched up and the kids some food before we hash this out," I say as I get up and walk into the kitchen, placing Hazel in her highchair, pulling it towards the island so Jaxon can sit next to her. Ryder turns on the TV, putting a movie on for them as we make them some dinner. I can't eat at the moment even though I should, but I can't stomach food right now. How the fuck has Dalton, that motherfucker, been controlling Jamie from afar? Witnessing the switch happen before me with just a few words made me question everything. I have so many fucking questions, but the kids come first.

Popping some nuggets and fries into the air fryer while Ryder cuts up some fruit, I walk over to the cabinet and grab the bourbon before walking over to Zayn. Handing him the bottle, he takes it, twisting the top off and guzzling it down. The amber liquid dribbles from the corner of his lips and I have to refrain from cleaning it up with my tongue. Jesus, Jade, get it the fuck together. My god.



Rounding the table, I see Spade deep in thought, talking Zayn through it. He pulls the knife out as blood gushes from the wound. Zayn's jaw flexes as he bites down on his bottom lip. Rein it in, Jade. He groans as Spade sticks his fingers inside the hole, looking for the tip of the knife that broke off.

"I'm sorry, man. This is going to really fucking hurt," he warns, as he pushes further into the wound. Amber liquid comes flying out of his mouth with a roar as Spade finds the little metal tip, taking it out and placing it on the gauze. "Got it. Jade give him something to bite down on while I disinfect this," he orders, and Zayn winks at me. Rolling my eyes, I turn and grab a dish towel before handing it to him.

"That's six, Brat," he spits before placing the cloth in his mouth as Spade pours disinfectant into the wound. Spinning back towards the kids, I see them eating while watching their movie. Walking over to Ryder, I hip bump him.

"You good bro?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

"I don't know, Sis. I didn't leave the house on good terms with Spade, and now all of this. We have a lot to talk about." He sighs, and I nudge him. Our eyes collide and I raise a brow.

"You love him, right?" I ask, and he nods.

"And you know he loves you too, correct?" I say, and he nods again.

"Then whatever it is, it will work itself out. Do you think I don't fight with all of them? I know I'm a handful, but we love each other and couldn't survive without one another, so we will get to the bottom of it. Don't stress," I whisper, but he shakes his head.

"I lied to him; to all of you, and I don't enjoy hurting the ones I love," he admits.

“Did you lie to protect us? Or did you lie because you were up to no good? Like, were you with someone else?” I ask, and he shakes his head.

“I lied to protect everyone, but I also could’ve told him the truth; but no, I’d never step out on him. If I wasn’t happy with him, I’d tell him. You know I’m not that guy,” he says and I smile.

“I know and he knows that, too. So let’s get the kids settled so they can finish the movie, then we can talk about everything together,” I reassure him as he takes a deep breath, nodding at me.

“Sounds like a plan, Sis,” he says as we both lean against the counter, watching the kids and Spade do his thing.

Hours later, after giving the kids a bath, we put them to bed, and I call a meeting with everyone, including Zayn. We relax on the couch, putting the TV on low for some background noise. Spade and Ryder sit on one end while I sit in the middle next to Zayn’s foot, propped up on a pillow. Looking over at him, he raises a brow, and I roll my eyes.

“Comfy?” I ask, and he chuckles.

“Seven, Brat!” He grins, and I shake my head. Looking at the others, my eyes collide with Spade’s. He smiles as I take a deep breath.

“Alright. I don’t know where the fuck to start,” I say, but Ryder clears his throat, standing from the couch.

“I lied to all of you, and I’m sorry that I did. I’ve been meeting up with Teagan. She contacted me not too long ago to meet up with her. I kept refusing until I couldn’t any longer. She kept threatening the lives of the kids and I would not put them in harm's

way. So, when I met up with her the first time, it was a test to see if I actually would show up. Then after that, I ignored her. Recently, while you both were in Ireland, she blew up the clubhouse and forced me to meet with her saying if I didn't, she was going to shoot Spade the minute he stepped foot off the jet," he says, looking over at Spade, who doesn't look to be all that angry about this revelation.

"Keep going," I encourage as he digs into his pocket, taking out a joint. Sparking it up, he takes a deep pull and hands it to Spade.

"She told me a lot of shit I never knew." He exhales, and I raise my brow when his eyes collide with mine. "You know she's not mom, right?" he asks, and I nod.

"She's a cunt and doesn't have mom's beauty mark," I say, and he smiles.

"She also told me I'm not her blood. We aren't even siblings," he says, and I gasp.

"What the fuck do you mean we aren't siblings? We share the same mom!" I declare, but he shakes his head.

"Apparently, we don't. Some Crow Eater is my mother, and guess who my father is? It ain't Big John, that's for sure," he says, and my eyes widen.

"What the fuck, Ryder." I shout as Spade passes him back the joint, which he offers to Zayn, who takes it.

"Slash is my real dad. Apparently, he was a young prospect who got a Crow Eater pregnant, but that's not even the kicker," he says, shaking his head. "Mom killed her by pushing her down the stairs so she didn't have to hide anymore. Twins is what she needed to be free," he says, and I swallow thickly.

"Have you spoken to Slash to confirm all this?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

“I haven’t had the time and I’m not sure I want to at this point,” he says as Zayn passes the joint back to him.

“That’s some heavy shit,” I say, and he nods.

“That’s not all. Apparently, mom stole Teagan’s life from her and all this shit, and now she wants it back,” He says, and I laugh.

“She’s sick, but she can have fun with that. It’s not her life anymore. There’s nothing to give her. Everyone around us is dead. From what I read in Mom’s journal, Teagan was a mean bitch who was obsessed with Dad. Besides that, someone kidnapped my twin sister, Jocelyn, in Ireland at the castle, leading me to another conclusion,” I say, looking over at Spade who raises a brow at me.

“What now?” he groans.

“I can’t confirm this, but my suspicions are that either your father and or Armando are the ones responsible for Jocelyn’s disappearance. And before you say anything, look at who sits at the table now, and think about who was sitting at the table all those years ago. Flynn attended a council meeting the night Jocelyn disappeared; therefore, so did The Aces. They were furious that my mother fled the country and didn’t know that Flynn was our biological dad. They didn’t have the chance to take me because I was with my mom when they stole my sister. It’s the only conclusion that makes fucking sense,” I say, and Spade covers his face with his hand.

“I’m not saying you’re wrong, but we need to dig deeper into that. But even if we find out that your suspicions are true, there’s nothing we can do about it. The Aces are dead,” he says, and I nod.

“I know, but I’d still like to find her and know what happened. It’s a piece of my life that was taken from me and I want it back,” I admit, and he nods.

“This is some heavy shit. What the fuck did I get myself into?” Zayn says, and I laugh.

“Welcome to the shit show, my guy,” I laugh as he shakes his head.

“Anything else Ry?” Spade asks, and he nods.

“The day Kai’s men came to the house. I saw The Monster in Jameson first hand. He was killing men left and right doing his thing, then all of a sudden, he changed and started speaking a different language in a tone I’ve never heard before. He kept repeating the same shit over and over again,” he says, and I gasp.

“What the fuck, Ryder. What did he say?” I ask, and he takes a deep breath.

“Daddy’s perfect puppet and kill the children. I pointed the gun at his head and all of a sudden, he came back and didn’t remember anything. He begged me not to tell you guys but said if the monster came out again and he was hurting anyone, to take the monster down. Hence last night,” he says as I bring my hand over my mouth.

“Jesus christ,” Spade says, hanging his head in defeat.

“So, he told me that last night was the first time The Monster let him see what was happening. I thought the voices were his intrusive thoughts that turned into impulsive actions, but he said he killed The Carver when he was in the asylum and doesn’t understand why this is happening, and that when he blacks out, he’s seeing snippets of a person doing things but he doesn’t know who the person is, and sometimes, doesn’t even remember, and that when he comes back, he feels guilty like he’s done things he can’t remember and doesn’t know if those things can be redeemed,” I tell them, and they all look dumbfounded.

“So, when you left the warehouse, he was himself?” Spade asks, and I nod.

“Yes, he was. When I walked in here, he was still himself,” I say.

“But the minute Dalton came down and uttered those three words, the switch happened. How the fuck did he do that?” Ryder asks, and I shake my head.

“I don’t know. I don’t have the answers to that, but fuck. How the hell are we going to get him back? Jamie is a danger to himself, but not only that, he is a danger to us now too,” I say, and Spade growls.

“This is bullshit. Jay would never hurt us. He loves us. But that monster wants our flesh, and that's not something to take lightly. This is totally fucking fucked,” he says, and I nod.

“It is, and I don’t know how to help him when we don’t know the true trigger, other than the words Dalton spoke. There has to be more to it, and we need to figure it out fast,” I say, and they all nod. “As much as I want to walk into the Callaghan mansion and tie Dalton up with explosives, it’s just really anti-climatic. Don’t ya think?” I add, and they laugh.

“We aren’t like that. We much rather torture for days, maybe even weeks, draining the human body of their blood. Strapping bombs to someone's person is the stupidest idea I’ve ever heard of. Let’s not ever speak that into existence again. Worst way to kill him. He deserves so much worse,” Spade says, shaking his head as I laugh harder.

“Agreed,” I say as I look at my husband, who is frowning yet again.

“There’s one more thing,” he says, and I raise a brow.

“On our way back from the drop point this morning, my Charger was shot at in a drive-by. All I know is that the car was black. I didn’t even get the make or model.

Someone is gunning for us, and I don't know who to look at first," he says, and I take a deep breath.

"I just wanted to give birth before I started going on a killing spree, but that doesn't look like it's going to happen. There's only so much I'll take before I unleash hell on everyone," I spit.

"We have to do something. It's getting too dangerous for the kids," Spade says, and I nod.

"You're right, but for tonight, we table this until I can think straight. I'm still fucking jet lagged, and this has all been too much for one day," I say, getting up from the couch.

"I'll meet you in bed later. I want to talk with Ryder for a bit and help Zayn to the pool house," he says, and I nod.

"Make some calls too. We need more security and to change all the codes, because what we are not going to do is allow Jamie access to us right now," I say as a ping hits straight into my chest.

"I hate that we have to do this, but he's unstable," Spade says, and I frown.

"I hate it too, Babyboy," I whisper, climbing into his lap as he wraps his arms around me.

"Go make up with Ry. I'll help Zayn," I whisper, placing a kiss on his cheek.

"Thanks, Babygirl. I love you," he says.

"I love you more," I reply, getting up from his lap and walking over to the gimp.

“Ready, Gimpy?” I ask, and he smirks.

“You gonna be my nurse, Brat?” he asks, and I roll my eyes.

“You wish.” I laugh as I swing his legs around, helping him up. He wraps his arm around my shoulder as we walk to the back door.

“That’s eight. We get to ten and you’re going to force me to bend that bratty ass over and give it a beating,” he whispers as my cheeks redden.

“If only you could catch me,” I reply, and he laughs.

“I can do a lot of things. Don’t tempt me,” he says as we walk through the wet grass to the pool house.

If only he could. If only he could.



### Chapter 27

#### Gagging Biker Bitch & Plans

##### Spade

Walking down the hall towards Ryder's room, I enter and head straight for the bathroom. Turning on the shower, I strip out of my bloody clothes as I wait for the water to warm. Tossing my clothes into the hamper, I look over my shoulder behind me as Ryder watches from the doorway.

"You coming in?" I ask, and he nods, gripping his shirt and pulling it over his head one handed. I swallow thickly as I take in his tattooed skin and the way his abs flex with the movement.

"You got a little drool there, Ace." He grins, pointing to the crease of my lips, making me smile as his eyes rake down my body. He licks his lips as he stares at my cock. Taking a hold of it, I wrap my hand around my length, stroking it as I watch his breathing pick up.

"Do we really need to take a shower right now?" he asks, stepping closer to me.

"I'm covered in blood," I reply as his eyes meet mine.

"I don't give a fuck about the blood. I want you, Reid." He breathes, removing his jeans and boxers, kicking them away as I continue to stroke myself. He steps closer, running his fingers over my chest and down my ribs. He grips both of my hips,

pulling me closer to him. Taking his cock in my hand, I hold both mine and his in my grip, using my hands to stroke us together.

“The lying stops here! You understand me.” I growl, tightening my hold on us. He hisses as I run my thumb over the tip of his cock.

“Yes, Ace. I understand.” He groans, licking up my neck. “I’m sorry, baby. I never meant to hurt you,” he whispers, biting my jaw. Tightening my grip, I pick up the pace, shivering as he moans in my ear. His hand wraps around my waist, palming my ass as the other toys with my asshole.

“Get in the shower, place your hands on the tile, and spread your legs,” I order, as I release our cocks from my hold. His eyes shoot up to mine, and I smirk, causing him to growl. He walks past me, opening the shower door, walking in and doing exactly what he was told.

Walking over to the vanity, I grab the bottle of lube from the drawer, then walk into the shower, stepping behind him. Grabbing my cock, I run it up and down the crack of his ass, smacking it a few times before opening the bottle of lube and pouring the liquid over my dick and down his ass. Leaning forward, I press my lips against his shoulders as I slide my cock between his cheeks. Pressing my body into his back, I wrap my arms around his waist, taking his cock in my hand, stroking him slowly as my other hand runs up his stomach and chest, right to his neck, squeezing his throat.

“You’ve been a bad boy, my little biker bitch. Bad bitches get punished.” I groan as he clenches his cheeks against my length, making it harder to thrust up and down his ass.

“I deserve it, Ace. Punish me,” he rasps as I take away his air and leave his cock dangling between his legs.

“Let’s see how tight this hole is today.” I groan as I line my cock up with his tight entrance, and push in slowly before pulling out and repeating my motions until he’s ready to take all of me.

“Touch me, please, Reid,” he begs, but I tighten my grip around his neck and hips before slamming into him.

“No! You will take what I give you until your punishment is complete.” I growl as his whole body shivers despite the hot water steaming around us. I run my hand over his stomach and down to his cock, but instead, I cup his nuts, cradling them in my hand, giving them a tug.

“Fuck, Reid. You feel so fucking good.” He moans, and I release his throat, shoving his face into the tile as I pick up my pace, fucking his ass with quick thrusts, snapping my hips against his ass.

“Nice and tight, my little biker bitch. You love when I fuck this ass, don’t you? Such a good butt slut,” I spit, dropping his nuts and slapping them. He hisses with every thrust in his ass and slap to his nuts. I bite down on his shoulder as I feel my balls lift, but I want him to gag on my cock while I cum down his throat.

Pulling out, I slap his nuts one more time, making him growl before I spin him to face me. Pressing his body against the tile, I slam my mouth against his as our tongues dance for dominance. He grips my hips, pulling me closer to him as the water cascades between us. Stepping back, I look at him and smirk.

“Clean my cock, then take it down your throat.” I order as he slides to his knees, taking the soap and doing what he was told. “Such a good little whore. Fuck. I can’t wait to fuck that tight throat raw.” I groan as his grip tightens around my length.

“Thee royal cock is clean.” He smirks, looking up at me.

“Then swallow it!” I command as he takes me into his warm mouth, sucking me down. “Such a good biker bitch.” I groan, running my hand through his wet hair, pulling it roughly as I lean forward, cutting the water off. His eyes shoot up to me and I moan, rolling my hips a bit. “Keep your eyes on me, baby. Now, gag on it. I want to feel how tight that throat is,” I order as he takes me all the way down, swallowing around me. His hands grip my ass cheeks, spreading them as his finger toys with my hole, pushing in and out. “Fuck, Ry. Just like that.” I groan, watching as tears fall from his eyes. He takes me deeper, gagging repeatedly as his finger pumps in and out of my ass.

Slamming my hands against the tile in front of me, I never take my eyes off his as that familiar tingle rushes up my spine. “I’m going to cum so fucking hard down that tight throat.” I growl as my balls lift. He swallows again, pulling back only to slam down my length, choking as I tighten my jaw, groaning deep in my chest. My orgasm hits me like a freight train and my body riddles with goosebumps, causing me to shudder as I cum with a roar down his throat. His finger continues to pump in and out of me as I grab both sides of his face, holding him still as every last drop of my seed pours into him. His eyes leak with tears as cum dribbles from his mouth. Releasing my grip on his head, I pull him back and slide the leftover cum into his mouth as he swirls his tongue around my sensitive tip, sucking me clean.

“Such a perfect little cum dumpster,” I praise as he releases me with a pop, catching his breath. Cupping his face, he smiles at me.

“I love you, Ry. I love you so fucking much,” I say as he stands, wrapping his hand around my throat, pressing his lips to mine. Deepening the kiss, I moan at the taste of my cum and him mixed. He pulls away, laying his head against mine.

“I love you more, Reid. Always. I’m not going anywhere. I’m all in. No one, and I mean no one, will ever fucking change that. I’ve decided, and I choose you and this life, even if that means taking over the club for our family. I’ll do it, but only, if by

doing that, I get to be with you,” he confesses, and I smile, kissing him.

“Are you sure?” I ask, and he growls, pressing me against the cold tile.

“Yes, I’m fucking sure. I’ve never been so sure in my life about you,” he grits and I laugh, shaking my head.

“I meant about the club,” I say, and he laughs.

“Oh, but yes. I am. I can’t imagine life without any of you and if taking over the club brings our family even closer together and shows others a united front, then I’m all in,” he states, and I nod, leaning in and kissing him again. Our tongues swirl and he groans.

“You gotta go check on Jade, even if I would love nothing more than to fill your holes, but I know she needs you, too. Go to her, but I request you in my bed tomorrow,” he says, and I smile.

“I think that can be arranged.” I smirk, and he grins, shaking his head as we exit the shower to dry off.

After getting dressed and saying good night to him, I go down the hall to see my wife. Opening the door to her room, I see it’s empty. I check the bathroom and not a soul in sight. Heading back out and down the hall, I check both the kids' rooms and our new suite and still can’t find her. Stepping further into the room, I look out the huge back window and spot her sitting by the tree where we buried the dogs.

Sighing, I leave the suite, taking the elevator down to the main floor and going out the back door towards her. When I reach her, she looks up at me with tears in her eyes. Crouching down, I cup her face as she leans into my touch.

“How many more people are we going to lose before I’m left with nothing and no one? Who’s next?” she whispers, as more tears drip down her beautiful face. Sitting down in the grass, I lift her into my lap and wrap my arms around her body.

“You will never be alone, Jade. I’m not going anywhere,” I whisper, kissing her head.

“You say that, just like Jamie has said it, but yet he’s gone too. How the fuck can we get him back? I need him just as much as I need you. I’ve been so lost without Dario, and now this. Despite losing a child and a husband already, that man still gains everything, especially the air he fucking breathes, and I’m sick of it. I’ve never wanted someone to suffer at my hands as much as I want to be coated from head to toe in Dalton’s disgusting blood. He’s taken everything from me and now it’s time I take everything that means something to him,” She spits as I tighten my hold on her. She looks up at me with a grin. “I’ll never hurt Jamie because of him, and he’s playing a game that he thinks I don’t see, but I have a plan, and that plan starts with Max. I’ve got Zayn doing some recon on him. I want to meticulously track his actions, and when the opportunity presents itself, we will strike,” she growls, and I smile.

“I’m here for it, baby. It’s time we show our cards and get our boy back,” I tell her and she smiles wide.

“I love you, Babyboy. Can we go to bed?” she asks, and I nod.

“Let’s go, Queen. Tomorrow we take over the world.” I say, and she laughs.

The Queen has her enemies fooled. They think she’s a delicate flower mourning her losses not prepared to fight, but my wife is a fucking bomb ready to detonate at any second, and when she blows, the entire criminal world is going to feel it.

May god have mercy on their souls.

### Chapter 28

#### Orders & Expectations

#### The Monster

Dragging the knife across this woman's throat as I fuck her loose cunt has my balls tightening. Let me out, you stupid fuck! I'm going to kill all of you. I swear to god. You're all fucking dead. I can't believe I've let this happen. All these years, how did I not know? Growling, I slam into her harder, chasing my release.

"That's it, Son, make her choke on her own blood as Max fucks her throat. Make Daddy proud," he growls as Monty sucks his cock. I'm so disgusted with the scene before me. I need to get out of this cage and out of this house. I want to go home to my wife and kids. I don't want to be here.

"Your little bitch boy won't shut up in my head, and this bitch's pussy is loose as fuck." I growl, throwing the bitch to the ground as she chokes. Her head bounces off the tile floor as I look over at Max, who backs away, walking towards Monty. Taking the knife again, I stab the bitch in the neck repeatedly, creating a little hole as blood seeps from her skin, pouring onto the floor. Shoving my cock into the small hole, I fuck her neck the best I can until I cum with a roar. Fucking a dead girl's neck will not impress the old man. Try harder, asshole. Narrowing my eyes, I growl, wishing I could cut Little Boy Blues' tongue out. Fat chance, asshole. He will never love you. The faster you figure that out, the better off we will all be. He never shuts the fuck up. I should've never shown him anything. It was peaceful when he wasn't aware of all the things he's done.

“Here, it’s time for more.” Father says, handing me the syringe. I plunge the liquid into my neck and sit down on the couch, closing my eyes as the drug rushes through my veins, making everything feel warm inside. My dick hardens as I sit here, letting the drugs dull out the annoying voice in my head, making me feel so fucking good.

“Feel better, my perfect puppet?” Father asks as Monty growls. I open my eyes, look at them, and nod. “Don’t worry, Harrison. He may be my perfect puppet but you’re my favorite,” he growls, patting his head as he releases down Monty’s throat. “Now that you’re home, son,” he says, tucking himself away and standing. “I want you and Harrison to go run Enthralled for the next few days. Make sure everything is operating correctly and try out all our new merchandise. Then I have plans for you both. I have to leave the country for a bit, but you will be on strict orders. I want those kids gone. Send them to Alistair, and then once she has that baby, he is to go too. Once that is complete, you both are to kill them all. I want complete control by the cunt’s birthday,” he says, and I grin as he looks over to Max. “There’s enough injections to keep him docile. Next week, he will start working on perfecting the formula. This is going to be great. I can feel it. All the power I need is right at my fingertips.” He laughs, taking a sip of his bourbon.

“You’ve done well, my perfect puppet. I’m so proud of you. Thank you for handing me all the information I needed and doing as you’re told. If you decide to go against me, I will show them everything you’ve caused, and I won’t have to kill you. They will do it for me. Don’t forget who holds the power, son,” he says, looking at me.

“Whatever you need, Master. It’s yours,” I say, and he smiles.

“Good. Now go enjoy the high and get your ass to Enthralled. Keep the killing to a minimum, please. I need to catch a flight to check on your sister, then I’ll be unreachable. Behave,” he orders with a raised brow, and I nod.

Standing from my seat, I head for the door with Harrison hot on my heels. I don’t



particularly like him. He can suck a mean cock, but he's obsessed with my father, so he's useless to me.

"Who's driving?" he asks, catching up with me.

"You can. I just want to chill tonight," I say, and he nods as we leave the house and get into his black sedan.

"Wanna place a bet?" he asks as he pulls out of the driveway.

"What's the wager?" I answer, and he grins.

"Whoever can cum the most tonight gets to end the night with a kill," he says, and I grin.

"I'm intrigued. You're on," I say, putting my hand out. He shakes it and we drive to the club.

It's so nice for my mind to be silent. It's like a vacation I never knew I needed. Tonight is going to be great. I pleased my father and now I get to run through all the men and women I want. Knowing what my mission is, I can't wait to get started. The rush of it all has me bouncing my leg for what's to come.

Let the games begin.

### Chapter 29

#### Nightmares & Pizza

Jade

“I’m here, Kitten. They won’t take our babies.” Dario says, cupping my face as men dressed in all black surround our house.

“There’s too many, Big Man. How the fuck are we going to get out of this alive?” I ask, terrified this is the end.

“We got this baby. Together. Trust me.” He winks, taking my hand.

Jolting awake, I’m covered in a sheen of sweat as I rub my eyes, trying to get them to adjust. A warm body lays next to me as another stands next to the bed. I look up as my eyes collide with blue ones, a sinister smile on his face. A baby cries in the distance as he licks his lips, taking the knife and swiping it across the throat of the person next to me. I scream, lunging at him.

“You’ll never be able to save them, Little Creature. Face it. You’re dead just as much as they are.” He laughs sinisterly as I look at the man bleeding out next to me.

“Rio?” I gasp, covering my hand over his throat. His bi-colored eyes meet mine and widen as the monster drives the knife into my neck. Tears fall down my cheek as I look at the monster, who’s grinning with glowing eyes.

“Jade. Jade. Wake up, baby. You’re having a nightmare.” I hear Spade yell as he shakes me. My eyes fly open as I sit straight up, gasping for air.

“Baby, you okay? You were screaming,” he says as I grab him, wrapping my arms around his shoulders, shoving my face into his chest.

“Jesus fucking christ,” I say as my body shakes from the nightmare.

“What happened?” he asks, holding me tight.

“First, I was with Dario and men surrounded the house trying to kill us, he assured me we’d be okay, then I woke up in the dream thinking I was actually awake, but I wasn’t, and Jamie was standing over Dario and sliced his throat. A baby was crying, he told me we were all dead and shoved a knife into my neck. Then you woke me up. I was fucking terrified. It felt so real,” I admit, and he pulls me closer to him and lays us down on the pillow, wrapping a thigh around his waist.

“You’re safe. We’re all safe,” he says, but I shake my head.

“We’re not, Reid. Not by a long shot,” I say, and he sighs.

“We will get there, I promise. I just need you to calm down. Lay on my chest. Focus on my breathing and shut your eyes. We have a doctor's appointment in the morning. You need your rest,” he soothes as he rubs circles on my back. Taking a few deep breaths, I focus on his heartbeat as my breathing evens out. Listening to the beats slow down, lulls me to sleep where I meet the man I miss the most, sharing the same eyes that our daughter has.

The next morning we’re leaving the doctor's office with a new sonogram of Prince. His profile looks just like his daddy’s and that made Spade’s whole day. Prince is healthy and growing strong, which made me extremely happy considering all the

stress I've been under. The Doctor said to keep taking my vitamins and exercise as I please. I can't wait to get back in the ring, much to Spade's disdain. Doc said it's not a good idea to spar with someone, that she rather I do it with a bag, but what Spade doesn't know won't hurt him.

"Pizza?" he asks, looking at me from the driver's seat. I smile and nod.

"I could eat," I answer, and he whoops into the air, causing me to shake my head at his antics. Pulling onto the highway, we head to Amici's as my stomach rumbles loudly. Holding my hand up, I stop him in his tracks.

"Shut up. I don't want to hear it. Zayn gave me enough shit this morning. I don't need it from you. You're taking me to eat, so shut up," I say, raising a brow, and he laughs, holding both hands up in surrender, then placing them on the steering wheel. My phone goes off and I reach in my bag to grab it, and pressing the green button, I answer.

"Madra," I say, and he huffs.

"Gra, next meeting is coming up. When are you due?" he asks.

"End of September, if I make it that long. How's my father feeling?" I ask.

"He's doing better with having started a new experimental drug. So we are hopeful. I'll delay the meeting until you bring that little boy into the world," he says, and my eyes light up.

"That's so fucking good to hear. Keep me posted, Madra," I laugh, and he growls, ending the call.

"Back to Ireland, baby?" Spade asks, and I shake my head.

“No, he’s going to push back the meeting until after I have Prince, and Dad is doing better. That was the update. I think we should get the plan into motion, so we can make our move,” I say, and he nods.

“Roger that. Now let’s go eat,” he says, pulling into the parking lot and shutting off the car. He steps out and rounds the SUV, opening the door for me. Getting out, he takes my hand in his as we walk into the restaurant. It’s busy at this time of day, but Spade works his magic and gets us a booth in the back. We place our order and wait for the food to come.

“I’ll be right back. I need to use the ladies room,” I tell him, and he nods as I get up, walking to the bathroom in the back. Entering the room, I see a girl with short black hair washing her hands, along with a little boy. She looks over at me and smiles. Why do I get an odd sense that I know her? But she doesn’t look familiar. Smiling back, I walk into the stall, locking the door behind me as the bathroom door swings open and close as I relieve myself. Once I’m finished, I walk over to the sink, wash my hands and glance at myself in the mirror, fixing my mascara. Turning to leave, I go to pull the handle, but the door swings open, causing me to stumble back a bit.

“Fancy seeing you here,” he says with a snarl. I roll my eyes, placing my hand on my hips.

“What can I do for you, Monty? Come to kill me again?” I say glumly, already bored of this conversation.

“No, not yet, but it seems your husband has come home and chose a side.” He grins, and I laugh.

“Maybe for right now, but if I were you, I’d sleep with one eye open.” Taking a step closer, I run my nail over his cheek and he slaps it away. “Never trust a monster. They always wear two faces.” I smile, and he growls, snatching me by the throat.

Taking out my knife from my holster, I hold it to his groin, watching his face pale and eyes widen.

“Get your fucking hands off me,” I rasp, pressing the blade deeper into his flesh. He releases me roughly and I stumble back.

“This isn’t over,” He growls, pointing a finger at me.

“Count your days, Monty, because I’m coming to collect.” I laugh sinisterly as the door swings open again and Spade enters the space, eyeing me and Monty before rearing back and punching the prick in the face. Monty’s face snaps back as blood pours from his nose. Spade takes his gun out, pressing it under Monty’s chin.

“Come near her again and I’ll fucking kill you,” he growls, digging the barrel deeper into his face, causing him to lift his chin. “Get the fuck out of here before I have my Queen place a call to clear out this place just so I can paint a pretty picture against these walls with your brain matter.” He snarls, removing the gun from his face and taking a step towards me. Monty wipes the blood from his face before exiting the bathroom without another word. I twirl my knife in my hand before sliding it back into my holster. My eyes snap to Spade’s as he locks the bathroom door, putting his gun away. Taking a step towards him, I push him against the wooden door.

“Damn, Babygirl, you trying to tell me something?” he asks with a raised brow.

“Fuck me,” I say, running my nails up his chest as he catches my bottom lip with his teeth. I growl into his mouth as he deepens the kiss. Unbuckling his jeans, I pull them down, along with his boxers, as I take his cock out, rubbing my thumb over his tip. He growls, sliding his hands under my dress, grabbing my ass before lifting me. He walks us towards the sink before placing me down on the cold vanity, and sliding my panties to the side, he slowly sinks his cock into me. We both swallow each other's moans, not wanting to alert anyone of what we’re doing. Our mouths don’t separate

as we both fuck one another hard and fast. Dragging my nails up his back, he squeezes my ass so fucking hard I know there will be marks later, but I don't care. He thrusts into me harder and harder as we both chase our orgasms. He pulls away, rolling his hips as I reach down to rub fast tight circles on my clit.

"Fuck, Babygirl. You look so hot playing with yourself. The more you play, the tighter you get. Fuck baby." He groans as I meet him thrust for thrust.

"Don't stop. Right there. Fuck, fuck, fuck," I whine as I cum so fucking hard, I gush all over the sink.

"Fuck yes, Baby. I'm going to cum," he growls as he slams into me, then stills as he fills me, slowly milking my walls as he bites his bottom lip, shivering as he comes down from his orgasm. Our eyes collide and I slam my lips against his as he cups my face, gliding our tongues against one another until we're breathless. He pulls away and smiles.

"Can we go again?" I ask, and he laughs, pulling out of me.

"I love how insatiable you are, Babygirl, but can I feed you and our son first?" he asks, and I nod as my stomach rumbles. He helps me off the counter, fixing my dress before we exit the bathroom.

I wonder if I can get him to take me in the back of the G-Wagon before we get home.

### Chapter 30

Hard Dick not even how Jade looks at me, or they don't care. I'm not sure how to feel about it, but honestly, my favorite time of the day is hanging out with the kids. Hazel just started walking, and she looks like a little Tellytubby. Jaxon is smart as a whip. I know when he gets older, he's going to be a handful and overprotective of Hazel. It's going to drive her nuts. But for the time being, I will make sure all three kids are safe and well taken care of. Last weekend I helped them move the rooms so all the kids have their own spaces. Plus, Spade and Jade wanted to get Prince's room set up.

"Alright, guys, he's pulling in down by the docks. Everyone ready?" Spade asks as we all answer yes.

"Brat, are you even armed? Or did you only come with your good looks and a prayer?" I ask, and she laughs.

"Awe, you think I look good, Zayn?" she says, her voice silky smooth, hitting me straight in my cock. I clear my throat, parking the car and getting out. They already have Max surrounded, ordering him to walk into the shipment container.

Looking over my shoulder, I see Jade walking in my direction. All attitude, screaming sex appeal in her knee-high boots, leather skirt, white crop top and red leather jacket with her long black curly hair flowing around her face as the wind picks up. I've never seen a more gorgeous woman in my life. Now I understand why the guys keep impregnating her. She's breathtaking with her round belly. Even in an outfit like that.



“Pick your jaw up from the ground, Hotshot. We got a dickface to kill.” She smirks as she wipes the drool from the corner of my lips.

“Ladies first. I’ll watch your six. Remember to stay focused when you get in that container. Unleash hell on that motherfucker,” I say, and she winks at me as she looks over her shoulder.

Taking out my pistol, I take in my surroundings as we walk towards the metal container that's dangling just over the edge of the dock. I quickly get in front of her and open the door, letting her step in. She takes off her jacket and hands it to me. Taking it from her, I stand back, close to the door, leaning back against the metal wall. My phone vibrates in my pants, and I take it out to read the text.

Unknown:

Your time there is almost up. This is your reminder of the deal you made with us.

Me:

I haven’t forgotten.

Sliding my phone back in my pocket, I seethe where I stand watching Jade work the room. Three more months and I have to say goodbye. They need to hear the truth from me before it’s too late. I should’ve just stayed away, but I couldn’t. They didn't allow me, and now, just when everything is going well, one text, and my world comes crumbling down.

### Chapter 31

#### Dalton's Little Bitch

Jade

Max thrashes against the chains holding him in place at the back of the container. Walking up to him, I smirk.

“Dalton really thinks he’s smart and in control lately. This is where I show him he’s wrong,” I spit, stepping into his space.

“Fuck you. You’re all dead, you just don’t know it yet. Each of you has an expiration date along with a bounty dangling over your heads. Dalton will reign over you all,” he growls, causing me to throw my head back, laughing.

“He’s never had the power to create such a false narrative. Money can’t always buy loyalty and respect. I’ve hired men to watch the house. There are guards who’ve I paid off to hand me information, but yet he thinks he holds all this power. He’s a fraud and that money he promised everyone is gone. Isn’t it, Babyboy?” I grin, looking over my shoulder at my husband, who wears a huge smile across his face. Damn, I’m one lucky girl. That man can wear a pair of acid-washed jeans and a white tee like a fucking god. His hair is wild as he stares back at me. He rarely wears a holster, but with being the cartel leader now, he’s been arming himself more and more. And my god, he’s one fine specimen.

“Focus, Brat. Stop eye fucking your husband,” Zayn growls into my ear. My eyes

slam to his as he stands in the container's entrance with his arms folded across his chest. I roll my eyes and wait for him to scold me, but he never does. Interesting. He's another one who wears all black with his neat beard that makes me want to ride his face while looking into his eyes. Jesus. I really need Spade to fuck me, like ASAP. I've never been this fucking worked up in my life. Maybe because I'm lacking two other men I love and haven't felt in a long time.

Looking back at Spade, I nod at him as he comes to stand next to me with a tablet in his hand. Max's eyes widen as Spade shows him with a flick of his wrist how Dalton's overseas accounts are now gone. I had Spade create accounts for the kids. They will have a great start later on in life. That's the least this prick can do after everything he's done.

"No, what did you do?" he accuses as I take my knife out of my thigh holster, pressing the blade under his chin.

"I'm taking everything from him one by fucking one. His money, his cars, businesses, homes. By the time I'm done, he will have nothing but the suit he's wearing. Then, and only then, will I string him up and drain his blood slowly while torturing him until he's nothing but a skin bag," I snarl, digging the knife into his throat. His eyes widen in fear as I apply pressure against the handle, twisting as he chokes. Blood seeps from the wound as I carve into his flesh, ripping through the muscle, hitting the bone with the tip. Leaving the knife embedded in the bone, I take out Dario's dagger, slamming it into his chest as I grind through his flesh, writing three words into him. His body convulses as I tap the handle sticking out of his throat. The more he struggles to breathe, the more blood splatters against my face.

"Damn, Jade," Zayn says in my ear, causing my cheeks to redden. He's never truly seen me kill before. Not sure what he was expecting. The smell of weed permeates the air and I look over my shoulder to see Spade passing a joint to Ryder. He winks at me, and my cheeks get even redder. Jesus Christ.

Taking a step back, after I'm finished carving into his body, I take out my phone and snap a picture, then slam the knife handle further into his throat as his head lulls to the right. Turning towards the guys, I toss my phone to Spade, which he catches quickly.

"Send that to the burner phone. In thirty days, send it to Dalton," I order, and he nods as I walk past him. Looking up at Zayn, I hand him my earpieces and proceed to leave, but he grips my arm, pulling me back before I could take a step further.

"Let me walk you to your vehicle. Be fucking smart out here," he whispers in my ear. I bite back a moan from his growly tone and let him leave before me. Spade and the others know what to do. I don't need to even say it.

Exiting the container and into the blistering sun, I'm blinded momentarily and Zayn holds me steady.

"You good?" he asks, but I shake my head.

"Give me a second to adjust. Those lightbulbs in the container are so dim, then you come out here, and Jesus, it's so goddamn bright. The water doesn't help either." I say, and he laughs.

"Keep your eyes closed, give me your hand and I'll guide you to the shade. Maybe that will help," he offers, taking my hand, walking us through the parking lot to my G-wagon. I hear him open the door, rustling around for something before placing my sunglasses on my face. Opening my eyes, he lifts me by my hips, causing me to squeal, and places me in the driver's seat.

"I could've done that myself, but thank you," I say, and he laughs.

"Now, was that so hard?" he asks, and before I can roll my eyes, he's already

growling. “Don’t even think about it, Brat.” And I laugh.

“I don’t want to go home just yet. Tell Spade I’m going to the Mill,” I order, and he raises a brow, taking out his phone, pressing a button as he lifts it to his ear.

“Yea, she wants to go to the Mill. Okay, you got it, Boss,” he says, and now it’s my turn to raise a brow.

“I’ll meet you there, Brat.” He winks, and my jaw drops.

“What the fuck. Can I ever go anywhere alone?” I seethe, and he laughs, walking to his car. God damn, he’s got a nice ass.

“You know the answer to that. Let’s go. He wants to strengthen my thigh muscles with some exercises.” He shakes his head, shutting his car door and starting her up. I do the same in mine and head out of the city.

Sitting in my office at the mill, I make sure everything is in place for Hazel’s birthday party tomorrow and go over the list of names for the next fight night. Spade asked if we could do a combo of fighting and gambling one night, and I thought that was a brilliant idea. Plus, it gives us the upper hand to make deals with others. I need to remember to ask Ryder about some of the Crow Eaters. I wonder if they would wanna make some extra cash serving drinks. It's nothing different from what they already do, just with men who have bottomless pockets. Sending a text off to my brother; I don’t give a fuck what his bloodline is, he will always be my younger brother so Teagan can get fucked. Maybe that’s what she needs. The dumb cunt.

Standing from my seat, I get up and look out to the ring and see Zayn sparring with one of the other guys. Jesus, he reminds me of Dario the way he dances around the mat, so light on his feet. I watch, completely transfixed by the man swinging with such grace and precision. I guess being in the military trains you for combat a little

too well. A knock at my door takes me out of my thoughts as I swing around at the person standing in the doorway. I narrow my eyes and round my desk, leaning against it with my arms folded.

“What can I do for you, Carmine?” I ask, with the fakest smile I can muster. He steps further into my office. His stance looks wild, as if he’s on something.

“I know you had something to do with my brother's death and will,” he accuses, pointing his finger at me. I tilt my head to the side, watching as he paces the room. He’s definitely on something. I’m just not sure what it is.

“How much do you need?” I ask as his crazy eyes snap to mine. Got him.

“I want what is owed to me!” he shouts, throwing his hands up.

“I can write you a check, but you're not entitled to anything,” I spit, and he lunges at me. Rearing back, I punch him in the face. He stumbles over the glass coffee table, causing it to shatter all over the carpet. “I’m Dario’s wife and the mother of his children. How fucking dare you come into my place of business spewing lies? Before his funeral, I didn’t know who the fuck you were. So, like I said, you are owed nothing,” I growl.

Turning, I grab my checkbook from my desk and scribble down some ridiculous amount before ripping it out of the book and spinning to hand it to him. I lean back suddenly as he swipes at my face with a piece of glass. I lift my leg and kick him in the stomach, sending him flying back into the couch. Standing, I pull Dario’s dagger from my holster and spin it in my hand.

“You picked the wrong female to fuck with today, Carmine! I’m not like the women you were brought up with. I bow down to no one,” I grit, as he rights himself.

“That’s the biggest problem with you bitches. My brother should’ve put you on your knees and made you obey his every whim,” he spits, and I laugh.

“You really didn’t know him now, did you? Take the check and get the fuck out. I never want to see you again!” I shout as he lunges at me again, but someone grabs him from behind and whips him around, disarming his hand as the glass shard falls to the ground. He smashes Carmine’s face against the wall as the crunch of his now broken nose echoes through the room.

“You obey the Queen, you miserable prick. You don’t get to come in here and disrespect her like that, let alone come at her with a weapon. Get the fuck out before I end your life,” Zayn growls, shoving him out of the room, yelling down the stairs. He turns to me, stepping into the room and slamming the door behind him. I can’t decipher the look in his eye as his chest heaves, stepping through the glass, coming right for me. I step back but have nowhere to go. He cups my face, looking for damage as I smack his hand away.

“I had that under control, you dickhead,” I say, shoving him.

“I don’t give a fuck. I’m here to protect you. No one should get this close to you,” he says, and I roll my eyes. One minute I’m leaning back against my desk arguing, and the next minute, he has me bent over it, smacking my ass repeatedly.

“How many times did I tell you to stop trying me? Now I’m going to redden this fine ass of yours, so every time you sit, you will wince thinking of me.” He growls as he leaves me breathless on my desk. He takes a step back, pulling me up from where I’m bent over. I spin on him, shoving him back.

“Zayn, what is it about you that makes me crave your presence?” I ask, pushing him again until he’s sitting on the couch. I straddle his lap as he grabs my hips, squeezing.

“I don’t know, Jade, but we can’t,” he whispers a breath away from my lips. My breathing hitches when I feel how hard he is against my core. “Fuck it,” he growls, slamming his lips against mine. I moan as his soft lips caress mine, causing my body to come to life as his hands crawl up my back and into my long hair, pulling at the scalp. My hips rock as we explore each other's mouth, pushing and pulling the air we need to breathe into each other's lungs. I’m too afraid to stop, knowing I should, but fuck, he lights me up like no one else has done before. His tongue swirls around mine and he growls, pulling back.

“We can't, this was a mistake,” he says, lifting me off of him and placing me down on the couch. He gets up and leaves the room, slamming the door in his wake. I sit here for god knows how long with my fingers on my lips trying to catch my breath.

What the fuck was that? Why did I like it? Why do I need more of it? Fuck, I’m so fucking fucked.



### Chapter 32

Roses you are fucking off-limits. So it's better if I avoid you, but do you know how hard that is? When all I want to do is be around you every single second of the day," he pleads, looking at my lips, then back up to my eyes.

"I'm not sure what to say, but I don't want these feelings to stop," I confess, but he lets me go, taking a step back.

"Just forget about me, forget anything happened. I work for you. That's as far as it goes." He growls, spinning and walking out. I want to scream and throw shit around the office, but it's time for my munchkin to open her presents. I grab my holster, sliding it on and pick up Hazel who lays her head on my shoulder, yawning. My girl is tired. It's been a long, fun-filled day. The door opens behind me and I huff, spinning.

"Come back to tell me more things I—" I stop mid sentence, shocked at who is standing in my fucking office. I school my features and narrow my eyes.

"Well, hello, Cherry. We meet again." He snickers.

"What is it that you want?" I ask, yawning.

"You! Dead!" He spits, and I laugh.

"Same bullshit, different day. Get in line with the rest of them," I snarl as he takes out his gun, pointing it at Hazel's head.

“This is what’s going to happen. You’re going to hand her over. I kill you and all is well in the world,” he tells me, and I laugh again in his face.

“Fat chance of that happening. You’re a nobody sucking the boss’s dick. That’s it,” I say, and he shakes his head.

“Wrong. You ever wonder what happened to your twin sister? Or how Daddy Dalton knew where you were the day he stabbed you? Or how about—,” he says, clapping his hands together in thought, bringing the barrel of the gun to his lips. “Who blew up your precious husband?” He throws his head back, laughing. My eyes narrow into slits, but I make use of this moment, taking my gun out and pointing it in his direction. His eyes widen as I cock my weapon.

“You wanted my attention? Well, now you got it. Spill,” I spit through gritted teeth.

“It was just the other day that you met her, but what a pity that you didn’t even know it was her,” he says, and I roll my eyes.

“So, she’s alive?” I ask, and he nods with a shit-eating grin spread across his face.

“Yes, and too bad you will never get to know your sister, April, or your nephew, Easton. Maybe me and Jameson will share her? He loves to share his meals with me, so I might as well share the mother of my child with him,” he taunts, and I growl.

“That may be true about my husband, but what did I tell you about the devil wearing two faces? He will stab you in the back soon enough. That’s if I let you leave this room alive,” I taunt, and he laughs.

“I can almost say the same for you, Jade. Are you sure he wears the right mask for you? Are you sure the one you claim loves you the most isn’t the cause of all your heartache?” he mocks, stepping closer to me. What the fuck does he mean by that?

“Back up, Monty,” I threaten, and he laughs.

“You’re not listening, Jade. Who do you think told Dalton where you were when he found you at the cemetery?” he taunts, and I shake my head.

“No! That’s bullshit!” I yell, but his smile gets wider.

“How about who is the one who placed the bomb under Dario’s Suburban? Who else would have access to your security cameras to erase the evidence?” He spits as he continues to taunt me. “He’s the reason your other daughter and husband are dead. He’s the monster,” he rasps as I shake my head.

“You’re wrong.” I shout as he takes another step closer to me.

“Who’s going to save you now? All I need to do is pull the trigger and lights out,” he taunts, and I smirk.

“Funny thing is, my family surrounds this place. You may kill me, but you won’t make it down the stairs in time. So be sure you know what you are doing, because if I die here tonight, so the fuck are you!” I growl at him, but he shakes his head.

“Not if I pull the trigger first,” he snaps.

Bang, Bang, Bang...

## Page 33

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 33

#### Turtles & Pain

#### Spade

“Come on, Dad, fight me. I bet I can kick your butt,” Jaxon taunts, as he grabs the back of my chair. I place my cards down and wink at Ryder. Getting up, I look over at my son and laugh.

“You think you got what it takes to go against me?” I say, lifting both arms to show off my biceps. He laughs, karate chopping his arms in the air.

“I’m Jaxon, the newest green-masked turtle,” he cheers, and I laugh as we circle one another. Pop, pop, pop. I immediately grab Jaxon and throw him to the ground and get on top of him, protecting my child. What the fuck. Looking around, everyone has drawn their weapon, but I see no threats.

“Spade, the shots came from inside,” Ry shouts. Shit. Jade.

“Gio, get Jaxon and the others to safety!” I order as I get up and run towards the door of the mill with Ry on my tail. Swinging the door open, I check left and right and see it’s completely empty. The office.

Quickly, I race up the stairs two at a time and see Zayn lowering his weapon. I bum rush him, pushing him out of the way, taking in the scene. Both Jade and Hazel have blood splattered across their faces. Hazel is calm as a clam in Jade’s arms sucking on

her little fingers. My eyes fly to Jade, but she stares at Zayn, then I see Monty's dead body on the floor. Jade sways and I grab her, sitting her down on the couch. She screams, wrapping her hand around her stomach as water gushes onto the floor.

"Babygirl, look at me. Did your water just break?" I ask, my heart racing in my chest from both excitement and fear. What the fuck just happened in here and now what am I supposed to do? Do we go to the hospital? Is my son going to be born tonight? So many thoughts race through my head, but she screams again, taking me out of my thoughts. She grabs my hand, digging her nails into my skin.

"Jesus fucking christ this hurts. It feels like my pelvis is being cracked open. Fuckkk. I could kill you for doing this to me," she spits, all that anger and rage laced in her wicked tone.

"It will be okay. Just take deep breaths," I assure her, and she growls.

"Fuck you, Reid!" she yells, then shifts to look at Ryder, who is helping Zayn roll the body up in a tarp that Rafe just brought up. "Ry, come get Hazel and bring her to Ophelia. Have her take the kids home. Send Rafe with her," she orders as Ry drops Monty's legs like a sack of potatoes and comes to grab Hazel, taking her from the room. Jade's scream permeates the air as her face squeezes in anguish.

"Alright, Babygirl, I'm not sure what I'm doing, but I think we need to get you to the hospital," I tell her, and she rolls her eyes.

"You fucking think, smart guy," she snarls. Lord, is she feisty tonight? I lift her up by the backs of her legs and she yells. "Put me down. I need to walk. Jesus christ," she grits, slapping me away as she waddles past Zayn, who is busy tying some rope to the end of the rug.

"If you need anything, let Ryder know. I'll see you later," I say to Zayn and he nods,

continuing his work as Jade takes the stairs really slowly. “You sure you don’t want my help?” I ask, and she turns her head, side-eyeing me.

“If I wanted your fucking help, I’d ask for it,” she says in a strangled tone.

“I know, baby, but I hate seeing you in this much pain. Let me just help you down the stairs,” I offer.

“Well, maybe you should’ve thought about that before sticking your dick in me. Then I wouldn’t feel like my body is coming apart, on top of the fact that liquid is seeping out of me. I feel disgusting at the moment, so please, shut the fuck up,” she growls as she grips the railing, hunching over. Fuck this. I lift her up and carry her the rest of the way down the stairs, out of the Mill, and into the chilly night. She thrashes and screams at me as I get to my car. Wrenching the door open, I place her on her feet, and she turns to me with murder in her eyes.

“I hate you!” she says before getting into the car. I blow her a kiss, slamming the door. Rounding the car, I hop in and start her up. Spinning around in the gravel, I get on the highway and race to the hospital.

I can’t believe it’s happening. My son is going to be born. I just wish everyone was here to share the moment with us.

Eight hours later, the doctors decided it was time for Jade to have another c-section. She wanted to try to have the baby naturally, but her body had other plans. Needless to say my dark-haired, green-eyed boy is here weighing in at eight pounds six ounces and twenty inches long. My heart is complete as I lay beside my Queen completely and blissfully in love as I watch her breastfeed our son. I can’t take my eyes off of them, it’s almost too good to be true. Now I just need Ry to get up here already so I can introduce him to his...Son/Nephew..Sonphew. I chuckle to myself, and Jade snaps her head in my direction, raising a brow.

“What’s so funny?” She asks, and I shake my head.

“You don’t want to know,” I say, and she pinches my nipple. “Ouch, what was that for?” I jump.

“Get your head out of the gutter. God damn it,” she seethes, and I laugh.

“No, baby. That is not what I meant,” I say, and her eyes widen.

“Oh, well then, my bad. I thought you were over there staring at me, thinking how radiant I look and how much you want to ravish me after I just gave birth.” She grins, making me smile.

“Well, duh, but,” I raise my finger up at her. “You worked hard for months on top of everything that happened today. You and your body deserve a break. But that was not why I was laughing. Is Prince Ry’s step-son or nephew? Or both. I’m not sure how to label it, so I laughed, thinking about it,” I tell her, and now it’s her turn to laugh.

“I never even thought of that. But that’s hilarious,” she says, lifting Prince up to her shoulder to burp him.

“I love you, Jade. Thank you for giving me a son,” I tell her, and she smiles as I lean down, pressing my lips to hers.

“I love you more, Reid. Isn’t he the cutest little baby? I can’t believe how green his eyes are. They are more emerald than mine.” She smiles, kissing the top of his head.

“He’s perfect, baby. Just like you,” I praise as she rests her head against mine.

Today truly was a perfect day, and it ended with the death of an enemy and the birth of a Prince.

## Page 34

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 11:18 am*

### Chapter 34

#### Extra Cream & Videos

#### Ryder

Almost two months later....

Life with a newborn, a toddler and a preschooler is wild. There's never a quiet moment unless they are asleep, but I wouldn't change it for the world. Jade is such a great mom who can literally juggle motherhood like it's a cakewalk. Spade was made to be a dad and watching him with Prince is such a turn-on. I want all the kids with this man. If I could get him pregnant myself, I would.

Standing in the kitchen, drinking a cup of coffee, I look out in the backyard, taking a deep breath. Life has been good lately. Still no word from Jameson except for his subliminal messages through the security cameras, letting us know he's around, but no one has actually seen him. The police say Monty disappeared and that they have no leads, but we know he'll never be found. Nothing like some pig food to get rid of the body. April has made it her job to find out who killed him and has even joined the police force and started her training just last week. Jade's been having us dig into April's past, but we've come up dry for anything prior to her fifth birthday. So she put a call into The Colony to her friend Elliot to see if she can dig a bit deeper for us.

Next week is another council meeting in which I'm going to take the seat from Slash. It's time we take over the council, full circle. Jade informed us that at the meeting she is going to demand Giovanna be returned to us, along with Antonio. We will set them



up in Stonedge so she can get on her feet. We've already started looking at houses for them and found a really cute three bedroom cape house. Hopefully, Giovanna will be happy about what we chose for her.

Warm, strong arms wrap around my waist, sliding up my stomach and over my chest. "Why didn't you wake me?" Spade asks, as he kisses along my neck.

"You were up with Prince in the middle of the night, so I let you and my sister sleep and tackled the early morning feeding. He's been fed, changed and put back to sleep. Jade has the next feeding while we go to the clubhouse," I tell him as his hand slides down my stomach into the waistband of my sweats. I groan as he wraps his hand around my length, stroking me slowly and running his thumb over my tip.

"How much coffee do you have left in that cup?" he asks, licking the shell of my ear.

"About half." I moan as he picks up his pace.

"I want you to bust a nut in the cup. It needs some extra cream," he commands, tightening his grip around my cock. I hiss as he jerks me faster, running his thumb over my tip, spreading my pre-cum around, creating the perfect lube the more aroused I get. He sinks his teeth into my shoulder as his other hand slides between my cheeks, circling and teasing my asshole.

"Ace," I grit through clenched teeth.

"Shut up, you like it. Come on, my biker bitch, cum for me. I want to taste you," he whispers, sinking his finger into me as the other hand strokes me hard and fast.

"Jesus, Ace. I want to feel your cock stretching me out," I pant, my mouth drying up like the Sahara Desert. As I lift the cup to my lips, he growls, sinking his teeth into my neck.

“The time for you to take a drink has come and gone. You get nothing until you cum for me like a good biker bitch,” he whispers, running his tongue along the column of my neck. My body shivers at his words as I place the cup to the side, holding myself up against the counter. This man of mine adds a second finger to my ass as he swipes his thumb over the tip of my cock, causing me to cry out.

“Ace, I’m—” I stammer, grabbing the cup as my balls lift.

“That’s right, baby. Cum for me. I can’t wait to taste you,” he growls as I tremble in his arms, cumming into the cup like he asked.

“Fuck, Reid,” I breathe as he takes my softening cock and wipes the rim with the last drops of my seed.

“Such a good boy,” he praises, pulling his fingers out of my ass. I spin around and hand him his coffee.

“Extra cream, just how you like it.” I grin as he takes it from my hands, never taking his eyes off of me and downs the rest of the contents. My dick hardens all over again, watching him swallow me.

“I’d like my coffee like this every Sunday.” He smirks, stepping into my space and placing the cup on the counter behind me.

“I think that could be arranged,” I say, capturing his lips with mine, wrapping my arms around his neck, pulling him closer to me. He deepens the kiss, sucking my tongue as his hands grab at my shoulder blades. Pulling away, I nibble his bottom lip before placing a soft peck against his flesh.

“We have to be at the clubhouse in an hour. It’s going to be a long fucking day,” I say and he nods.

“Alright. Let's get dressed and do this.” He smiles, grabbing the cup and taking it to the sink. Tucking myself back into my sweats, I look back outside to see Zayn heading over from the pool house. The back door opens, and he steps in.

“Good morning, Z,” I greet him, and he nods his head. He is not a morning person until he’s had his first cup of coffee. He grabs a cup and does just that. “Me and Spade are going to be at the clubhouse all day. If you need us, just text,” I tell him, and he nods again. I pat him on the shoulder and walk out of the kitchen. Time to get ready for the day.

We get into Spade’s Charger an hour later and head towards the clubhouse. I called a meeting to discuss turning the compound into a home for trafficked kids with a bar in the front and the mechanic shop attached. I’ve already spoken with Jade about it and she agrees that it will be lucrative and a great idea for when we come across kids and women who need a safe place. Me and Slash need to speak about him being my father and everything else Teagan told me, but most of all, his seat in the council.

“Hey, do they know I’m coming to this meeting? I’m not a part of the club. Is there a rule against me being there?” he asks, taking me out of my thoughts.

“At this point, I really don’t care what any of them say. The club was left to me, and I haven’t officially handed it over to Slash yet, so it’s still my club,” I reply, and he nods his head, digging into his pocket.

“Wanna wake n’ bake with me.” He smiles, and I shake my head.

“Na, not this time,” I say as we come to a red light.

“I got a message last night from Jameson’s phone. A video message,” he says, and my eyes widen.

“And you're just telling me this now? Does Jade know?” I ask, but he’s already shaking his head.

“No, and this stays between the two of us,” he says, as he revs the engine. The light turns green and we take off, rounding the bend. It’s still dark outside as the sun is beginning to rise.

“No shit. What was in the video?” I ask, as he takes a hit off the joint, shifting as we come to another bend.

“Him, fucking and killing like a madman. The look in his eyes sent chills through my body. I’ve never seen him that far gone and I’ve known him damn near my whole life. I don’t know if he will ever fucking come back,” he says, and I cover my face with my hands.

“Fuck, man. I’m sorry,” I say, looking over at him as he looks at me. Headlights momentarily blind me as they get closer. “Fuck, Spade! Look o—” I scream, but it’s too late. The car slams into us, sending the Charger tumbling down the deserted road. My life flashes before me, and all I see is him. His smiles. His laugh. His touch.

Then my vision flashes back to the present as we continue to roll once, twice, but the impact of it all sends us flying around the car. Glass shards cut into my skin as my neck whips around the more we roll. Finally, we stop rolling and skid across the concrete.

Footsteps approach as they walk through the glass littering the concrete. We both groan in pain as my vision darkens. I reach for him, “Ss-p-ade,” I rasp as a gun goes off, sending everything into darkness.

### Chapter 35

Breast Milk only bringing him closer to me. Licking my lips, my tongue grazes his bottom lip, causing his eyes to burst with need. “Jade!” he growls, but doesn’t take a step back, like I thought he would. I lick my lips again, only this time I drag my tongue across his, causing his hand to wrap around my throat as the other cups my breast, rolling his thumb over my hard but sensitive nipple. I moan, digging my nails into his ribs and down his stomach as I grip his belt, as he slowly tortures me with nipple play. He grips my neck tighter, forcing me to look up at him. “You know we can’t do this, but yet, you’re pushing me to snap and I don’t know how much longer I can resist,” he whispers as I unbuckle his belt.

“Then snap, Zayn. Touch me,” I say, and he growls,

“Fuck it,” he groans, slamming his lips against mine. He kisses me, sucking all the air from my lungs before I deepen the kiss, taking his. He pulls back, heaving for air. “If we do this, we are going out to the pool house and we are doing it my way.” he says and I nod, wrapping my arms around his neck as he lifts me by the backs of my thighs, wrapping my legs around his waist, fusing his lips to mine. Sliding my hands in his long hair, I take out his hair tie, pulling his long dark strands free. He growls into my mouth as we walk through the kitchen and out the back door into the chilly night. Pulling away from his lips, I drag my teeth along his powerful jaw, biting it as he walks the couple of feet to the pool house. Opening the door, he steps in and slams it behind me before dropping me onto his bed.

“See that tie over there?” he asks, nodding to the bedpost.

“Yes.” I pant as he smirks.

“Hand it to me,” he orders, as I roll over and crawl to the headboard, grabbing it from the post. “Don’t move,” he groans, and I stop my movements as I feel the bed dip behind me. Warm fingers glide up the outside of my thighs, lifting my skirt over my hips. His lips linger over my ass cheeks as he pulls down my thong. “Is your pussy always this wet? Your lips are glistening.” He moans, then sinks two fingers inside me, causing me to arch my back as he pumps in and out of me while my wet sounds echo the room. “Fucking soaked for me. Can I taste you?” he asks as he pulls his fingers out of me.

“Please,” I beg as he sucks my clit into his mouth. “Let me ride your face,” I whimper, and he doesn’t hesitate. He slides beneath me, pulling me down on his face. I rip off my shirt and bra, throwing them across the room as my hips roll. He licks my clit, lapping up everything I have to give as I grind against his mouth. One of his hands slaps my ass as the other pulls at my nipple, causing milk to dribble. He takes the spilt milk and rubs it on my clit, licking me clean as I throw my head back, moaning his name, grinding harder against him. “Fuck, just like that. Oh my god, you feel so fucking good,” I whimper above him, and just as I’m about to cum, he flips me off of him, taking the tie and wrapping it over my eyes.

“I want you to shatter all over my cock, Brat. Lemme feel how tight this wet cunt is,” he growls, sending goosebumps all over my skin.

“I’m a squirter, so don’t freak out,” I tell him, and he groans.

“Mmm, yes, baby. I want you to be a shaking mess in my bed. All these months of teasing,” he hisses as I hear a belt fall to the floor and a zipper being undone. The bed dips again and he grips my thighs roughly. “You’ve made me jerk off many times in this very bed to your bratty ways. Every time you fucking rolled those eyes at me, is as many times as I want you to cum for me tonight.” He growls as he runs his pierced

head over my sensitive clit.

“Zayn,” I shudder, breathlessly, as I reach for him, but he grabs my hand, pulling it over the top of my head as he slams into me. My back arches off the bed as he pulls all the way out, only to slam back in, stretching me. “Fuckkkkkk,” I scream as the bars on his cock drag in and out of me. “How many fucking piercings do you have? Jesus fucking christ.” I moan as his thumb flicks over my clit.

“I have a double ladder with an Albert,” he confesses as I meet him thrust for thrust. “Shit, Jade. Your cunt is so fucking tight. God damn it.” He groans as I tighten around him, causing his chest to rumble with a growl. “Fuck, baby. You’re going to make me cum already.” He hisses, lifting my hips, and sinking deep into me as his thumb presses against my clit, flicking it.

“I’m so fucking close, Zayn. Fuck!” I scream as I tighten around him. He picks up his pace, slamming into me as he takes my nipple into his mouth, biting down on my sensitive flesh. I scream as my pussy ripples around him, causing him to thrust into me faster. Gushing along his length, my legs tremble as his fingers flick over my clit so fast another orgasm rushes through me, soaking his stomach and bed sheets. He pulls out with a roar, cumming on my pussy.

“Fuckkkkkk.” He pants, as he runs the head of his dick along my slit. He leans down, placing a kiss on my lips, then rolls over next to me, pulling me into him. I yawn as he takes the tie off my eyes. He reaches over, shutting off the light, and I find myself exhausted and falling asleep fast in his arms.

Waking up to Prince crying, I wipe the sleep from my eyes and roll over to an empty bed. Sitting up, I turn on the light and see the baby monitor on the nightstand and a note with my name on it. Grabbing it, I flip the folded paper open and read it.

Jade,

I'm sorry.

Zayn

What in the actual fuck?



### Chapter 36

Lashes The Aces are dead. This isn't them. I'm not even sure how the fuck we got here. One minute we were driving to the clubhouse, and the next minute Ry was screaming, and all I saw were headlights as the vehicle smashed into us so fucking hard that the Charger rolled. Last thing I remember is my head smacking hard against the windshield. I'm lucky to even be alive.

"Ry? You good?" I rasp, as my throat screams in pain at how raw it feels. The wet fabric covering my eyes takes over my ability to see him. I'm not sure how long we've been here but judging by the throbbing ache in every limb and the stiffness in my neck, I'm guessing over twelve hours. The Aces put us through more torture than this. But Ry. He's probably worse for wear. "Ry, if you're with me. I need you to make a sound. Anything, baby," I rasp again as the chain continues to bang against the metal slab.

A muffled noise comes from beside me, which leads me to believe he's gagged. Mother fucker. If he has his sight but not his voice, we can't communicate to get ourselves the fuck out of here. This is something me and my brothers would do anytime The Aces tortured us. We'd use our senses and each other to escape. Wait a minute. If whoever is doing this to us knows to take away our senses, and the only way to communicate with one another, then it's Jameson behind this. No way! It can't be!

The door creaks open, making a loud scraping sound that causes me to grit my teeth. Then it slams shut, followed by footsteps, heavy ones, that approach us. They pour another bucket of water over my head as I scream, gasping for breath, while

continuing to drench me. I refuse to succumb to the psychological warfare; the trauma of near-drowning overwhelms me, bringing back all the years I was held underwater. All the memories I kept locked away are bleeding into my soul, begging to be released, but I won't allow it. Not for anyone. This will all be over soon. I have to stay positive: my wife has our location and will rescue us.

A slap to the rib cage takes me out of my thoughts, causing me to gasp for air. Blood rushes in my ears as I brace myself for the next hit, which comes all too soon as the switch splits my skin on impact. Blood leaks down my side as another hit comes against my wet flesh.

Ryder screams into the gag as the person takes turns giving out our lashes. I grit my teeth every time the switch splits my skin, praying this will be over quick but it just continues between the lashes and the water. Ry screams beside me, thrashing so fucking loud against his chains. It fucking kills me that I can't see what the fuck is going on, but then I feel it. My hip burns as the smell of burnt flesh hits my nostrils. My screams echo through the room as I feel my skin being melted down to the bone.

Tears fall from my eyes as I try to catch my breath, but another hit of the switch splits my shoulder, causing me to tighten my hold on the chains. I convulse as someone pours salt all over my body. I'm not sure how much longer I can hold on for. Then, it all stops as footsteps get closer to us and I take a deep ragged breath, praying for rescue.

"Don't get too excited there, boy. We are only getting started. Next up is your little cunt of a wife. She will be here soon and I can't wait to kill all of you, including your devil spawns. I think we should drown them like rats." He laughs sinisterly.

"You stay away from my family, you piece of shit!" I spit, but another bucket of water drowns out my screaming, causing me to choke and gag yet again.

“I’m taking everything, including your entire organization. The Kings and their Queen must fall down. The Pawn will rise, wiping the board clean.” He laughs as the door scrapes along the concrete as it’s pulled open. A silencer goes off. Pop, pop, pop. Thank god. It’s gotta be my girl.

Ryder’s muffled words echo throughout the room, but I can’t make out what he’s saying as the blindfold is ripped off of me. The light blinds me as I blink, trying to focus, but then I hear his voice.

“Hello, Brother. Long time no see.” Then everything goes black.

Jade

I'm so fucking angry and worried and there ain't shit I can do about it. No one, I mean no one, is answering their phone. Everyone's locations are off and I'm literally in panic mode. Rafe and Gio have been looking all morning for them because after Zayn's bullshit note, I went back into my house and noticed Spade and Ryder were not home yet, so I immediately started making calls.

The kids are playing in the living room as I try to stay calm while feeding Prince, but my mind is racing. Spade has never shut off his location nor contacted me with an update. It's been twenty-four hours since I've seen him and a little over twelve hours since his last text. I need to just think positively that maybe wherever they are is a no service zone, but with Zayn leaving so abruptly after the night we had along with Jamie's bullshit videos and messages, and no word from anyone,—I'm about ready to fucking snap. My chest is so fucking tight with worry and my gut feeling is telling me something bad is going to happen. Call me dramatic, but I need to prepare for whatever my gut feeling is trying to tell me.

After burping and changing Prince, I place him down in the swing as Jaxon and Hazel play with their toys on the carpet. I go upstairs real quick and grab the kids' bags along with my own and a duffel of weapons, bringing them downstairs and placing them in the safe room. My phone rings and I see it's Rafe. Immediately I pick it up, praying he's found them.

"Any word?" I ask, out of breath.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. Nothing. Gio is scouring all the last locations, but he's coming up

empty,” he informs me, and I sink to the floor next to the safe room door. “Whoever is behind this keeps bouncing the locations. We can’t get a damn spot to actually stay still for more than ten seconds. It’s like they know how you operate and know that you would send men out looking for Spade and Ryder. It’s being done deliberately,”

“Do you think we have a rat?” I ask, gritting my teeth.

“I sure hope not,” he says, not sounding too convincing, to say the least.

“Thanks, Rafe. Keep me updated,” I say, sounding completely defeated.

“Ma’am, we will find them. Don’t give up hope,” he assures me, but I end the call, tossing the phone to the ground. I’ve lost all hope as of lately. Dario’s dead. Jameson has conformed and probably will never return. Spade and my brother are missing. What do I fucking do? I can’t just go out there and help Gio and the others find my husband and Ryder. The kids need me and they always come first, but I know what I need to do. Picking up my phone, I press the number one and bring the phone to my ear.

“Princess,” he says, and tears fall down my face.

“Jamie? Or am I speaking with, ollphéist?” I growl, and he takes a deep breath.

“No, baby, it’s me. Listen, I know I’ve done some terrible things and I need you to let me explain. Dalton is gone. He had me chained up, but I was able to get the antidote to bring me back. Max and Monty are dead and I took all the injections this prick had. I’ve missed you. I’ve missed the kids. I have so much to make up for—” he says but I interrupt.

“Wait, if you’re back and have been chained up, then who the fuck has Spade and my brother? Everything that is going on fits your profile, Jamie. I don’t know what to believe. Is this a trick? You’ve done enough damage and I can’t take this shit

anymore!” I yell into the phone as I hear a car door slam and an engine come to life.

“What do you mean who has Spade and Ryder? What the fuck is going on?” he growls.

“Prove to me you are my husband, the man I fucking fell in love with and not The Monster that I am very well going to kill if he ever shows his fucking face again,” I promise, my tone laced with venom.

“Do you remember that time at the academy when I was a prick to you and all you wanted from me was some Mary?” he asks, and I smile.

“Yes, I do. That's the night you smoked me up and pressed a knife to my pussy. How could I ever forget that?” I say, and he laughs. God, I missed his laugh.

“I never did tell you why I ran like a bitch and hid in the bathroom,” he says, and I wait for him to continue. “It was because I wanted you so fucking bad, but knew that I was the reason you lost your mother. The way you smiled at me with sadness in your eyes. I knew I was the reason for your heartache, and it seems that hasn't changed.” He sighs as tears pour down my face.

“Jamie, as much damage as you've done, I'm going to need a lot from you, but I also can't fault you to a certain extent because you were being controlled,” I tell him, as I hear him driving. “Are you coming home?” I ask, hoping he is so then I have someone else to help me find everyone.

“Can I? Please, princess?” he asks as I stand to walk out of the house to let Rafe know that Jamie is allowed on the grounds.

“Yes, just let me go tell Rafe. I'll see you when you get here,” I tell him.

“Jade, baby,” he says, and I smile.

“Yes?” I say.

“I love you, Princess,” he whispers.

“I love you too, Mo Gra,” I whisper back, hanging the phone up and walking to the security booth. I don’t see Rafe’s bright red hair sitting at the desk, so I turn around as my phone rings, but I ignore it, seeing it’s a call from unknown.

Stepping into the house, I go to press Rafe’s name, but my phone rings again from an unknown number. Pressing decline, I send them to voicemail. I go back into the living room to check on the kids who are still playing quietly on the carpet with blocks and toy cars.

Once again my phone rings, looking down I gasp, dropping the phone, covering my mouth. I blink once, twice, three times before the screen darkens.

“Mama, Mama. Everything okay, Mama?” Jaxon asks, and I have no words. The phone rings again, vibrating against the wood floor and I see his name again. Slowly, I bend down, picking it up, pressing the green button and bringing it to my ear.

“Hello?” I say in a shaky voice.

“Kitten. Listen to me,” he says, and I gasp.

“Dario?” I say, as tears pour from my eyes.

“Yes, Kitten, just listen. I know you have a lot of questions, but I need you to get the kids and run. They’re coming, baby. They are coming, you need to move now!” he shouts.

“B-ut, bu-t,” I stammer.

“Jade, focus. Listen to my voice. Get the kids and run, baby. Fucking run!” he screams down the line as the glass behind me shatters, sending bullets through the window.

“Dario!” I scream... To be continued in: THE FALLEN KING: Dario Roselli's Novella.