



Billionaire Beast (Billionaire Bikers MC #2)

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Chapter One

Richard “Beast” Bruce stared down at Tina as she took his dick to the back of her throat, and held his cock there. She was a fucking pro at taking cock, and it was one of the reasons why she was such a good club whore. For the past two months he’d been calling her regularly to his work place just so he could blow off steam. It didn’t help that his PA, Temperance Harris, was going around in tight, fuck-me skirts, which was doing nothing more than turning him on. She was a good PA, the best he’d ever had, but she was fucking killing him. It wasn’t even Temperance’s fault. It was his.

She didn’t try to tempt or tease him.

Her efficiency was one of the reasons he liked her. Wrapping his fingers around Tina’s hair, he held onto her, and started to pump his hips up into her waiting mouth. The Billionaire Bikers Motorcycle Club had been started by ten billionaires, and he was one of them. They were like a lot of other MCs. They had a clubhouse where they kept women, and some close friends to them liked to party. The women were paid for their services, and in return they kept their mouths shut. The Billionaire Bikers also helped ensure the safety and future of women who had been caught up in human trafficking, or the sex market. It was mostly Lewis Cox’s fault that the club dealt with helping women. Richard understood why Lewis’s mission was to try to end all kinds of human trafficking, but they were fighting a war that Richard doubted they would ever win.

Tina was his club whore of choice for many reasons. One of his club brothers, Russ, had settled down with Anna, one of the women they’d saved. Tina had been hoping

Russ would take her as an old lady, and wife. Of course, that was never going to happen.

Richard was surprised that Russ had settled down. The club had been built together as brothers with the belief they wouldn't settle down.

A knock on the door startled him, and he closed his eyes. Tina's mouth wasn't where he wanted to be. There was another woman he wanted more than anyone else.

"What is it?" Richard asked.

"Sir, I've got your mail for you," Temperance said.

Just the sound of her voice was enough to arouse him. She had this husky voice, which always sounded to him like pure sex, the kind of voice a woman gets from screaming for hours in orgasm, maybe even from being between two men. Yeah, he was a little fucked up. He happened to enjoy sharing a woman. There was something beautiful when a woman was being fucked, getting pleasure from two men.

Staring down at Tina, he gritted his teeth. The woman between his thighs wasn't doing it for him. Tina had never really done it for him. It was just always so easy to imagine someone else in her place.

"I'll come out and get it in a minute."

There was no way he was going to leave without reaching orgasm. Fucking Tina's face, he kept his eyes closed and imagined it was Temperance on the floor taking his cock. Damn, he'd have her spread out on the table, sucking her pretty pussy before plunging his dick deep inside her.

Richard held onto the back of Tina's head and started to pump inside her mouth. He

groaned out, unable to contain the sound of his pleasure. Spilling his cum into her mouth, he felt her swallowing him down.

Opening his eyes, he watched as she licked the last drop, and sat back on her legs. Instead of feeling satisfied, he wasn't. The orgasm hadn't done anything to satisfy him. It was just empty.

"Time to leave," he said.

"What? You don't want me to stay so I can give you a main course?" Tina asked, rubbing her hands up his thighs.

Shaking his head, he stood up, putting away his now flaccid cock. "Get out."

"You don't have to be so rude."

Tina got to her feet and ran her fingers through her short hair.

She was the complete opposite of Temperance, and this woman oozed bitchiness. There wasn't a single nice bone in her body.

Reaching out, he gripped the back of her neck, pulling her in tight. "You're a woman of our club. We pay your way, and in return, we own you, Tina. Don't for a second think you can get away with shit."

He released her, and she simply glared at him. Tina was becoming a problem.

"I'll see you tonight?" she asked. The mask dropped into place, and Richard saw through her.

"No." He wasn't going to be joining in club activities tonight. He still had some

business to attend to, so he'd be working late.

Moving toward the door of his office, he opened it up.

Tina brushed past him, leaning up to kiss his cheek. "Have a good day, handsome."

She was pushing her luck, and he caught sight of Temperance watching them. Was Tina trying to find a place as his old lady? He hoped not. Richard had vowed never to harm women, but Tina was testing the club's nerve. He made a note to talk to Russ.

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Temperance's gaze followed Tina as the other woman walked to the elevator.

"You had mail for me," he said, approaching the desk.

She turned toward him, looking startled. "Ah, yes, here you go." She handed him a thick pile of letters. Some of them were official, and others were junk mail.

"I'll be working late tonight on the O'Brian account."

"The guy who designs makeup?" Temperance asked.

Part of his success was that his company held several accounts and wasn't just in one industry. He owned several firms, and for certain accounts, he made sure he was the one heading them.

"One and the same. I'll need you tonight," he said.

"Not a lot of notice."

"Do you need a lot of notice?" he asked.

Temperance smiled. "I need some. I could have a hot date, or be doing something."

Richard didn't like the sudden sick feeling at the thought of her doing something with anyone else without him. He liked the thought of sharing her, but it had to be with someone of his choice.

The smile on her face dropped as he continued to stare at her.

“Will you be able to make it?” he asked. “Or do I need to employ someone else?”

“No, I can make it.”

“Then what was with all that other sh—nonsense?” Richard didn’t advertise his extracurricular activity. There were always rumors about what the billionaire beast did, but he never allowed speculation about his personal life in the office. He enjoyed the club, and liked to keep the two separate.

“Nothing, it would have been nice to have some notice, is all.” She gave him another smile, only this one was forced. He didn’t like her to force her humor.

Walking back into his office, he kept his door open and moved behind his desk. Taking a seat, he started to go through his mail. All the time he was aware of Temperance leaving her desk, and swaying those perfect full hips of hers. He’d give anything to have her naked and beneath him. There was even a small spark of lust, thinking about her pressed between him and another man. Together, they’d blow her world apart. Richard wasn’t a small man. He was large, and some women, even Tina and Luna, some of their club women, couldn’t take all of him. Most of the time the women he was with preferred for him to finish off in their mouths, which he didn’t have a problem with. God, what was wrong with him?

Dropping the mail, he spun around to look out of the window over the city. So much was changing within the club life. It happened long before Russ found Anna. Being a billionaire and a biker was not a combination that could last all that long. He saw the way certain clients looked at him when he was in a meeting. Richard didn’t doubt for a second that his life wouldn’t be the same without his reputation and the way he looked. He wasn’t a conventional businessman. Most of the people he dealt with believed him to be a fighter, a criminal, or at least working with criminals.

He'd always been a large guy, and he also worked out.

Exercise was one of the best ways for him to blow off steam.

Staring out of the window, Richard wondered if the Billionaire Bikers would continue to ride after Lewis found the woman he'd been hunting for.

"Here is your coffee," Temperance said, interrupting his thoughts.

Spinning around, he watched as she straightened his desk. She was bent forward a little showing off a great deal of cleavage. His mouth watered for a taste of her. He wanted to pull her toward him, tear open her shirt, and lick the valley between her tits.

His cock pulsed, and he moved in his seat to get himself comfortable.

"Do you like O'Brian?" he asked.

"How do you mean?"

"We've been trying to get his account for the past six months, and he's been pretty adamant about going over his contract. I just wondered what you thought of him?" Richard didn't like the man, but he knew of O'Brian's reputation with the women and with fellow colleagues. The only reason Richard was going to be striking up a deal with the makeup mogul was because he was the top man in his field.

"Look, my feelings don't matter, so don't worry about it."

"I just want to get another perspective on the guy."

Why, oh why did he have to ask her that question?

Temperance stared across the large desk at her rather large boss. Richard was a very intense boss. She wouldn't call him a tyrant or even a bully, though many would. He was a perfectionist, which was rather strange considering his lifestyle choice. She knew about his other life as a biker even though he tried to keep it separate. Temperance had seen his leather jacket when he'd been in his en-suite bathroom. She had left him a coffee, and seen the name of the club. When she'd gotten home, she had done her research to find out who he was. Of course, the internet only ever told one story.

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She knew the man in the suit, and there were times she was curious about the man in the leather jacket. Which man was the real one? Were both an act? Either way, she'd never find out. He was such a grumpy man at times.

"What are your thoughts on him?" she asked. O'Brian was a lecherous bastard, who thought he was the answer to every woman's sexual fantasy. Not hers, nope. O'Brian was gross, and he'd even made her vomit in her own mouth once with his sexual overtures.

Richard leaned back, and the chair gave a little squeak under his weight. Her boss wasn't fat. He was just big, huge even, like a gladiator, or a demigod, or something. He certainly had her getting wet.

Temperance pushed all those thoughts to one side. She refused to be aroused by her boss, or at least that was what she tried to tell herself on a daily basis.

"He's a classic asshole. Money has made him believe he's untouchable."

Biting her lip, she forced herself to stare at Richard's face, and not do a casual sweep down his body, even though she wanted to.

"Untouchable?"

"I don't like him."

"Yet you're going to do a deal."

“I do a lot of deals with men I don’t like. Women as well.”

“Was that a deal you were doing with that woman?” Temperance slapped her hand over her mouth. She couldn’t believe what she had just said. Never did she make anything so personal.

“Tina is not business.” He climbed out of his chair and made his way around the desk. Temperance took a step back to give him room, and to also make sure that he didn’t actually touch her. This was how they survived their kind of boss and employee relationship. Richard was his domineering self, and she stayed out of his way. Neither of them touched. Just by being near to him, she felt a prickle of awareness at him being so close.

“She’s been coming to the office a lot. Sorry, it’s none of my business.” Temperance had an idea who the woman was, but she wasn’t about to cross that line with her boss.

“It’s okay.”

She couldn’t help but stare at his hands. They were so large, and she wondered how they would feel on her body, caressing and touching her. Pushing those thoughts aside, she took a step back.

“You still haven’t answered my question about O’Brian.”

“You’re not a fool, Mr. Bruce. You know my thoughts on O’Brian.” She left his office, going back to her desk. Taking a seat, she pulled up a list of the day’s appointments. She made a quick note, seeing that he had a twelve o’clock. Getting to her feet, she made her way toward the conference rooms.

Temperance knew her job well, so she set about preparing the room. She placed a notice that the room would be in use, and also opened some windows. There was

nothing worse than being unprepared for a meeting.

Whistling, she arranged all the chairs and grabbed a quick cloth to dust down the table.

She loved her job. Working as Richard's PA took her around the world, and she got to experience different kinds of cultures and admire a variety of countries. Not only did she love the travel, she actually enjoyed working with her boss, who was rather testy at times. He intrigued her.

Still, he was her boss, and there was no way he'd cross that kind of line. She never expected him to. Temperance wouldn't even dream of trying to tempt him.

"What are you doing?" Richard asked.

Spinning around toward the door, she saw him standing in the entrance. One of his hands was in his pants pocket, and the other holding the door handle.

"You don't think all your offices are pristine, do you? I'm just getting it ready for your first meeting of the day. Would you rather I stop?"

"Don't we have cleaners for that job?"

"I can run a cloth along a surface. It's no big deal."

"I pay you to work for me."

"I am."

He shook his head. "No, this is not working for me. This is cleaning."

Temperance frowned.

“Let me put it another way, do I need to hire a cleaner during the day?” He stepped into the room and started to advance toward her.

She stayed where she was. “I really don’t understand where you’re going with this line of questioning.”

Richard kept on walking until he stood right in front of her. The scent of his cologne was intoxicating. She was sure she detected a hint of leather and the scent of oil.

“The question I’m asking, Temperance Harris, is do I need to hire a cleaner seeing as you were not at your desk? I had to answer the phone in your absence.”

It was like a fog had descended over her brain making everything all hazy.

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Nothing happened. Richard stood within her private space, and she couldn't think. "A new cleaner?"

"It would mean you'd remain at your desk. I always wondered why you'd disappear an hour before a meeting. Now I know."

Was he whispering? His breath seemed to fan her face.

As she glanced down at his body, Temperance's cheeks heated. Pressed against the front of his pants was his large cock, and she had to contain her sudden fear. He was huge, and not just biker huge. This was porn star huge.

"You want me back at my desk?"

"Yes, I want you back at your desk."

"All right." She brushed past him and headed toward the door, but Richard caught her. "Is there anything I can get you?"

Richard didn't speak, and she forced herself to look up. He was staring at her curiously. "Yeah, there is."

"What would you like?"

"I want to know who Bryan is."

"Bryan? I don't understand."

“The person who called your desk. His name is Bryan, and he wanted you to call right away. He said it was urgent.”

“Oh, Bryan. Right, yes, he’s my brother.”

“You have a brother?” he asked.

“Yes, I have a brother. I also have a little sister, too. She’s in college right now, studying for an art major.”

“I never knew you had a brother.”

“He’s one of my contacts for emergencies. If you can’t get my parents, he’s the next one in line.”

Richard tilted his head to the side, observing her. “I never knew you had a family.”

Temperance smiled. “Everyone has a family.”

He released her arm. “Not me.”

“Surely you must have had some family.”

“None. I was passed through foster homes. Never did stick.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry.”

“Are you married?” he asked.

“What? No. I’m not married.”

“Do you have a partner?”

“No, I’m single, why?”

“I’m just curious to know. I don’t seem to know a lot about you.”

“Mr. Bruce, all of these questions can be answered on my employment form. You have them on all your employees, and you wouldn’t let me work for you without it.”

“Lifestyle choices change.”

Temperance stared at him. “Are you married?”

“No.”

“Single?”

“Yes.”

“What about that woman? She doesn’t strike me as a sister or a work colleague.”

“Miss Harris, what are you doing?”

“I’m asking reasonable questions. The way I see it, if you can ask them personally of me, then I can do the same of you. You once said you believed in equality, providing your employees knew that the final decision was your own.”

“You remembered that.” His lips gave a twinge as if he was fighting a smile.

“I’m sorry that my brother called the office. I won’t let it happen again.” She started walking toward the door, and was about to exit when his voice stopped her.

“She’s a woman I fuck when the mood strikes me.”

Glancing at her boss over her shoulder, Temperance couldn’t believe the flood of arousal that swept over her from his blatant words.

He fucked in the office. She’d known all along, and even though they were breaking the employer and employee code, she didn’t care.

It was getting late, and Jay knew it was going to be another day where Temperance wouldn’t be returning home to their apartment. She hadn’t even called this time. Her boss, Richard, he was starting to be a problem. He saw the difference in her. She liked her boss. No, not just liked, it was too subtle a word. Temperance wanted her boss. The desire was clear in her eyes, and Jay didn’t know what to do. He was losing the only woman he ever loved, and it was all his fault. She had never shown the slightest interest in him after their time years ago. He didn’t want to lose her, but other than sharing her with this boss, he didn’t know if he was ever going to win her over.

Just the thought of his little Tempe losing herself between him and another man had his cock so damn hard. She’d always had this effect on him, consuming him with need.

If only he’d fought for her back then. They had a lot of history.

I’m not going to let another guy take her from me.

Jay would do whatever he had to in order to keep her. He needed to find out who this boss was.

Chapter Two

He hated O'Brian. The bastard was so smug, and thought he knew what the hell he was doing. Richard stared across the table at the most irritating man he'd ever done business with.

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Sure, O'Brian's cosmetics were the best quality, but now he wanted to expand, and he also wanted to make a ludicrous advertisement that starred not only actors and actresses, but also both porn stars and real life people, since his cosmetics reached far and wide. They were so expensive, though, and only the rich would spend a ridiculous amount on them. Once Richard had the account, and O'Brian as part of his bigger brand, he'd make sure everyone would be able to have them.

Richard didn't believe in cutting the market in half so only the wealthy could have what they wanted. He knew what life was like out on the streets, being dirt poor, and having others look down on you because of it. That wasn't going to be the way he worked.

He glanced over at Temperance, who was sitting at his right side, making notes. She was always so efficient. He'd made a fool of himself earlier today with his reaction to her brother. At first he had thought that she had a boyfriend, and he'd become aroused. The way Temperance responded to him, he knew she was attracted to him. They had also crossed a line. He didn't know why he'd told her about Tina, but they had been dancing around this for a long time. The tension was building between them.

"What do you think?" O'Brian asked.

"It sounds like a lot of work for makeup," Richard said.

"Please, this is my product. I'm telling you, it'll reach far and wide. Miss Harris, what about you?" O'Brian offered his supposedly warm, winning smile toward her.

“I’m sorry?” Temperance looked at him and then back at O’Brian. “I’m not sure I follow.”

“Is that an O’Brian I detect on your beautiful face?”

Temperance shook her head. “No.” She said it so the O at the end sounded long and drawn out. Richard couldn’t help but smile.

“Excuse me?”

“I don’t wear O’Brian products.”

Richard saw the change in his potential client. “Why not?”

She looked toward him, and Richard raised a brow. He didn’t give a shit if she insulted the egotistical bastard.

“Erm, they’re too expensive.”

“So you don’t get paid enough?”

Richard smirked.

“Actually, I get paid a great deal for the job I do. What I don’t like is wasting the money on a bunch of foundation when it’s all the same.” She pressed her lips together, looking sick.

He found it to be one of the funniest things he’d seen all day. “What my very efficient PA is trying to say is that you’re currently a limited market. The wealthy are more than happy to buy expensive products whereas women on a smaller income couldn’t afford it.” Richard started to get into his line of marketing the man’s product to the

masses, and within time, going for the entertainment industry using it as well. He saw he had already captured O'Brian's attention, and he just needed to draw him that final bit with the figures.

Once he had O'Brian, they signed on the dotted line, and Richard had now acquired another element to his empire.

"Well done," Temperance said, later that night.

It was a little after ten, as the meeting had run on for a lot longer than Richard anticipated.

"I couldn't have done it without you."

"Yeah, right. You're an expert in getting what you want. You had that completely covered." She packed away the files, and together they made their way toward leaving the conference room. They made their way back toward his office, and Richard went straight to his safe.

Taking the folders from her, he placed them inside, and locked them away ready for tomorrow morning where he'd hand them to his lawyer.

"It took you commenting about your foundation to finally draw him in," he said, wanting to give credit where credit was due.

"But I didn't lie to you about that or about anything. I don't wear O'Brian products."

"Is it because they're overpriced?"

She pursed her lips. "Mostly. In the beginning it was because they were too expensive. All foundation works. Then I met the guy behind the makeup, and I didn't

like him, so I won't buy any of his stuff. He's already got enough ego as it is."

"I don't have to market him, just his product."

"I couldn't believe how he wanted to market it with porn stars, and regular people. Seriously, I feel like I was dealing with an amateur. There are ways to handle different products."

"Are you a prude?" he asked, leaning against the edge of his desk. Temperance stood in front of him, so close that their legs were almost touching.

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“I’m not a prude.”

“The porn stars didn’t bother you?”

“Not at all. We’ve all got to earn a living, and we all have ways of earning it. What I don’t agree with is putting everything in one big box, and calling it neatly wrapped. I was thinking for the sultry line get adult entertainers to work with it. As you go down his different lines, you’ll see what appeals to some, and not others.”

“No prude?” he asked, not caring about O’Brian’s cosmetics anymore.

“I’m not a prude.”

Richard stared into her green eyes and smiled. “If we had a client who happened to be a porn star, and she wanted our help to expand her production career, it wouldn’t bother you?”

“Not at all.”

“Watching sex all day?”

Temperance chuckled. “Would it bother you, boss?”

“No.”

“Are you sure? You seem to be hung up on me liking it.”

“I just want to know your limits.”

She leaned forward a little more, resting her hands on his thighs. “I don’t have any limits.”

They stayed like that for several seconds. She smelled like cinnamon and spice, which he found to be a heady combination.

“No limits?”

“No. What about you?”

Richard slid his fingers into her hair, and gripped the length tightly, drawing her closer toward him. “I’m a man without limits.” Pulling her to him, he closed that small space between them so that she stood pressed between his thighs.

“Richard?”

His name came from her lips in a moan. “What?”

“We’re crossing that line.”

He chuckled. “We crossed that line earlier today.” Running a finger across her lips, he couldn’t help but wonder what they would look like wrapped around his dick. They were so plump and soft. Pulling her in that last little inch, he slammed his lips down on hers. Even perched on the edge of his desk, he was taller than she was. She gave way to his mouth, opening her lips, and he plunged right in, deepening the kiss. She tasted of mints and coffee, a heady combination.

She gave a moan, and her hands moved up to cup his waist.

They had indeed crossed whatever line held them, and he didn't care. All he wanted in that moment was her, bent over any surface so that he could get her. She was so fucking sexy, and he wanted that surrounding him. From the moment Temperance had come to work for him, she'd been driving him crazy. There was a time when he never called the club whores to work to service his need, but now he did it on a regular basis. The only reason was because he couldn't have this woman. If he could have Temperance, he wouldn't go to anyone else. She fired his need unlike anyone else.

"No, we can't do this," Temperance said, breaking from the kiss.

Her lips were already red and raw.

"Why?"

"You're my boss. I don't want this to get weird."

Grabbing her hand, he pressed it against his cock. "This is already more than I can bear to take right now." He stood up, wrapping his arms around her, capturing her ass, and pulling her close. Richard rubbed his cock against her stomach, letting her know exactly how hard he was.

He wasn't small, not at all.

Growing up, he'd always been bigger, taller, wider. By the time he was ten years old, he had no choice but to wear adult sizes, as his own age wouldn't fit him.

At thirteen, he was already having sex with girls older than he was, and he even fucked a couple of women. Richard liked his size, but he also knew that with it came the pain that women experienced. Sex always had to be careful for him, even when he wanted to get down dirty and rough.

It had been a long time since he'd felt this yearning, this ache to be with someone.

Tilting her head back, he claimed her lips, and spun them around, lifting her up so that Temperance was on the desk in front of him. He lifted up her skirt, scoring his nails up her thighs, finding that she wasn't wearing pantyhose. Fuck, his cock thickened even more if that was possible.

All this time he'd thought her smooth thighs were because of some tights or stockings, when in fact, it was just her skin.

When the skirt wouldn't go up anymore, he broke from the kiss, trailing his lips down her collarbone, and then over her shirt. He sucked her nipple through her shirt, happy that she wasn't wearing a padded bra.

Her tits were so large, and he wanted to see them. His hands were busy though. He grabbed her panties, and tore them right off her body, leaving her juicy pussy exposed. The scent of her musky cunt was making his mouth water.

Moving onto the next breast, he sucked her nipple into his mouth so that she had twin wet patches on her shirt. It was one of the hottest things he'd ever witnessed, and one he wanted to see again.

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He knelt down in front of her, dragging her to the edge of his desk, and tilting her back, so that she had no choice but to rest on her hands.

“Oh God, Richard, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to taste this pretty pussy. You’re already wet for me, baby. You want my tongue on this pretty clit?” He didn’t give her a chance to respond before he was swiping his tongue through her cream, moaning as her taste exploded on his tongue.

She was so sweet and musky. He wanted more. Sliding his tongue inside her, he fingered her clit. She was so slick that her cream was spilling out of her cunt and leaking down to her ass.

“Yes, yes, yes, just like that. Oh, wow,” she said, rubbing her pussy all over his face.

Removing his fingers, he gripped the edge of her shirt and tugged, so that buttons sprayed all over his office. His cock was to the point of pain where it was stuck inside his pants, and he quickly released it, rubbing the pre-cum all over the tip and sides of his dick.

Flicking his tongue over her clit, he couldn’t resist dipping inside her.

Creating a little pattern, he caressed her clit with his tongue, and then slid down, fucking inside her so that her cum dripped onto his tongue for him to swallow. One hand was on his cock, and the other he glided up her body, cupping the lace bra she wore, and pulling it aside. Her tit spilled out, and he started to play with her nipple, pinching it. Temperance arched up into his touch, her body clearly on fire for what he

needed.

She looked so fucking inviting. Her legs splayed open, getting eaten by her boss. It was how porn movies started, and he had to say, she was the best star he could ever want.

“Do you like that, Temperance?” he asked. “You like being spread over my desk, giving me what I want?”

She moaned in answer.

Plunging two fingers inside her pussy, he tongued her clit, wanting her to ride his hand and face to completion.

He wanted Temperance to think of nothing but him, to wipe every single memory of everyone she’d ever been with before.

Sucking on her clit, he used his teeth to create a little more pain, and then soothed out the pain with the flat of his tongue. Her hands gripped the edge of the desk, holding on tightly as he sucked her pussy, loving the taste of her cum. She was fucking juicy, and he wouldn’t need to use lubricant to get inside her.

“I’m going to come,” she said, gasping as her pussy started to spasm around his fingers, tightening.

Richard was relentless on her pussy, wanting her sounds of pleasure. She’d be screaming his name by the end of the night, and he wasn’t going to stop now.

Pulling a condom out of his pocket, as he always kept them on him, he teased her clit as the last waves of her orgasm started to fade away. Tearing into the foil, he worked quickly, sliding the condom down his length. He used both hands, and within

seconds, he was standing between her thighs, running the tip against her slit, coating his dick.

At her entrance, he stared into her green eyes as he slowly started to press inside her. She was so tight, but he was also so big. Her pussy was still contracting, and with each tug of her fading orgasm, she took him a little deeper.

“Fuck, you’re big,” she said.

“That’s it, baby, talk dirty to me.”

He’d only ever seen her as prim and proper. This was a new side of her, and he liked it.

“Fuck me, Richard.”

“I am.”

“No, fuck me.” She levered herself off the desk trying to take more of his dick. He removed his hand from the base of his cock, and held her hips.

“Shit, stop, Tempe.”

“No, you’re being gentle. Don’t be gentle with me. We’ve crossed that line now, Richard, fuck me.”

Damn! He wanted her so much. Holding onto her hips, he slammed in deep, and she took all of him. Every single inch of his cock, and he groaned, loving the warmth of her pussy surrounding him.

She was so hot, wet, and tight.

Temperance wrapped her arms around his neck, and her legs were wrapped around his waist, squeezing him tightly.

“You’ve been under my fucking nose all this time.” He had to wonder if she was limited to only one man. Watching Temperance come apart had to be one of the hottest things he’d ever witnessed.

“What?” she asked, frowning.

“Nothing.” He pulled out of her, and slammed within her, watching her cry out. Kissing her neck, he drove in her again, loving the tightness of her. “Come on, Tempe, ride my dick. Take what you want.”

He lifted her up from the desk and walked the few steps back toward his office chair. Lowering himself into the chair, he pushed her shirt off her body, reaching behind her to flick the catch of the bra. Her tits spilled free, and he threw the shirt and bra to the floor. At the same time, she tore his shirt out of his pants, and started working open the buttons.

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Her nails scored over his chest, and he gripped her ass beneath her skirt, knowing he'd leave marks with how hard he held her.

With his hold on her ass, he made her start to ride his cock. He looked up from between where they were joined, to her beautiful eyes. She had these starling eyes, which were like gemstones. He found himself captured by them.

“Fuck me, Tempe.”

“This is so far across the line,” she said, moaning.

“Over the line. We're fucking miles across over it.” He'd never fucked an employee, and even though he'd dreamed of taking Temperance, he never truly believed he'd do it.

With the taste of her still in his mouth, and the feel of her cunt wrapped around his dick, he didn't care.

Right there in his office, he watched her tits swing in front of his face, as he continued to fuck up into her pussy.

Releasing her ass, he sank his fingers into her hair and pulled her down, to claim her lips. His orgasm was so close, and the way she rippled around his cock, Richard couldn't hold back.

Holding her hip, and the back of the head, he took the both to the floor with her beneath him. He didn't once release her lips as he rode her hard, fucking inside her

with abandon, giving her everything.

Only when he screamed her name, as she did the same with his own name, did reality start to set in. He spilled his cum into the waiting condom, and the moment the pleasure began to ebb away, he pulled back, staring into her eyes.

The line had been crossed, and Richard didn't know what the hell to do.

"Come on, Jay, you've been blowing me off for weeks," Friday said.

Jay stared at the girl he'd been trying to stop coming to his apartment. He'd met her in a club one Friday night, they'd had sex, and for a short time, she became the woman he saw on a Friday. Usually, he only saw women when Temperance was no longer home. He missed her, and with her working for the big hotshot, it had been impossible to actually get her alone.

"I'm not in the mood."

"You're never in the mood. Have you found someone else, or do you have some hard-on for your fat roommate?"

Gritting his teeth, he took a step away from Friday. The apartment had a lot of pictures of him and Temperance. His friend wasn't slender. Temperance possessed curves that some women deemed fat. He loved her shape, and spent most of his time wishing he could hold onto those lush curves. She was at least a size sixteen, but he didn't care. He loved Temperance no matter her size.

"I'm not going to do this with you. I want you to leave," he said.

Just as Friday was about to open her mouth, he heard the front door slam. Temperance was home.

Chapter Three

Temperance slammed into her apartment and started to pace the entrance hall. “What the hell have I done?”

“Tempe, is that you?”

She looked up to see her best friend, Jay. She shared her apartment, and Jay was a bad boy accountant, or that was what he told her. They’d been friends for the longest time, and shared a lot together.

“Yes, it’s—” She cut off when she saw a red head coming out of his room. The other woman wore a revealing dress that did nothing to really cover her body. “Erm, okay.”

“Tempe, this is Red. Red, this is Tempe,” Jay said.

“I have a real name. Emma is my real name, and I’m leaving. I can’t believe you would pick her over me. You’re an asshole, Jay, and you can find someone else to fuck and be your girlfriend.”

“What? No, no, no, I’m not his girlfriend. I’m just his friend. We room together.”

“Weird,” Red said, before leaving.

“Weird? How are we weird? It’s normal what we do, right?” Temperance asked.

“I don’t know. I guess it’s pretty weird. We’re not young anymore.”

“So? How does it have to be weird? I’m twenty-nine years old, and so are you. We’re both not attached.”

“Yeah, I don’t really care what my Friday night is thinking.”

“Friday night?”

“Yeah, you’re usually over at your parents’ house, on a Friday night.”

Temperance rubbed her temple. “Please tell me you’re not one of those guys who label their women based on the day of the week you screw them?” She moved toward the couch and slumped down. Her night was going from bad, to great, to worse. The bad boy accountant image fit Jay perfectly.

“Does it matter? She thought I was being insulting only calling her Red, when I have her in my phone as Friday.” Jay pulled out his cell phone, pulling up the other woman’s information, and showing it off to her.

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“You’re a pig, right? You get that.”

“Does your boss let you get away with that mouth, or has he discovered you’ve got a hot, sexy side?”

She groaned, grabbing a pillow, and putting it over her face.

“That’s not exactly the answer I was going for.”

“It’s complicated, Jay.”

“Is that why you slammed the door to get into the apartment?”

“I didn’t slam anything.”

“Er, you did, and you weren’t quiet about it either. It was an almighty slam.”

Peeking around her pillow, she watched as he did the action as well as if he knew all along what he was doing. “It wasn’t like that.”

“It was. I’d just been about to give Friday the update that she was boring me, and you interrupted me. Completely messed with my muse.”

“How am I even friends with you?”

“I’m adorable, and I’ve never been mean to you.”

That was true. She'd been friends with Jay ever since playschool. Their parents had been close, and she had been close with Jay. Even throughout school, and then into high school, he'd stuck by her side. She'd been the chubby, awkward kid, but he didn't drop her. Everyone knew not to mess with her unless they wanted to face his wrath. He took care of her. They ended up going to the same college, and yes, he took her virginity, which was the creepy part of their relationship. Temperance hadn't been able to handle the feelings he'd inspired, and she'd cut it off before he had the chance to. They had gotten past it. Their friendship came before anything else. Jay fucked around, and she had the occasional dates. Unless it was serious, they had each other. To this day, Temperance had never had a serious boyfriend, and she doubted she ever would.

She let out a sigh. "I did something stupid."

"How? You've been at work all day."

"That was the problem. My boss, Richard, he wanted me to stay behind. He has this new account, and I can't tell you about it, so don't ask. Anyway, something has been a little different today, and we crossed a line."

"You crossed a line? Sounds exciting."

"Be serious for a second, Jay. Honestly, it's scary."

"Why?"

"I slept with my boss."

Silence fell in their small apartment, and she chanced a glance at Jay to see him frowning. The moment he caught sight of her staring, she groaned. "You think badly of me, don't you?"

“What? No?” He shook his head. “Of course not.”

“You’re being weird with me, Jay. Please give it to me straight.”

“You slept with your boss?”

“There wasn’t any sleeping taking place. We had sex. Hot sex.” She sighed. “Mind-blowing sex.”

Jay nodded, and a second later he stood up. “This is the boss you’ve been talking about a lot, right? Richard Bruce?”

He was acting strangely, almost as if he was jealous, but that couldn’t be the case. Jay was never jealous. He complained about other women being jealous but never about her.

“He’s my boss, Jay.”

“It’s not like that. You’ve been attracted to him long before now, right?”

Biting her lip, Temperance had to think, and she knew the truth. “I guess, yeah.”

Jay nodded.

“Is something wrong?” Temperance asked.

“No. It’s not.”

“I made a huge mistake. I’m going to have to give in my resignation letter.”

“How was it?”

“What?”

“The sex. How was it?” Jay poured them both a glass of wine, offering her one, which she took. She needed everything to help her come to terms with what the hell had just happened in her life.

“It was ... amazing. I mean, it was only in the office but he knows what to do with his hands, and mouth, and it has been so long.” Her cheeks heated recalling the way he held her ass, riding her pussy as he did.

“I’m happy for you. What are you going to do now?”

“I don’t have a clue.” She groaned, dropping her head back against the couch. “I’m going to have to quit.”

“Well if you do, you know I’m here.”

“You’re supposed to be supportive, and tell me not to worry about it.”

“I’ve never visited you at your office, have I?” he asked. “I don’t know who this Richard is?”

“Huh? No, I don’t think you have. You’re always dealing with numbers, and clients.”

“Yeah, it shocks the fuck out of women when they find out an accountant has blown their mind.”

“It makes a change for me to be the crazy one, and not you.”

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“This guy must mean something to you to go that next step.”

“I really don’t know. I like him. He’s ... different. Yeah, he’s different, and when he looks at me, he sees me.” She smiled recalling how intensely Richard watched her, the heat in his gaze.

“You’re a sexy woman, Tempe, and he doesn’t even know the real you.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” she asked, chuckling.

“I know how much you like to have fun, and experiment, and I’ve also seen you in action. Don’t forget I had you first.” Jay stroked her cheek, and she smiled at him.

“Very true. You were my first corruption.”

He laughed, pulling his hand away. “If this guy has any sense, but I don’t think he does as they’re all the same. Rich, wealthy, with very little dick.”

Temperance shook her head. “He’s rich, wealthy, smart, and he’s very well endowed in that department.”

“Okay.”

Jay was not acting how she imagined. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“So, do you have someone to replace Friday?” Temperance frowned. “What about Monday and Wednesday? I know you had a big argument with them a couple of weeks ago. Are you letting them go as well?”

“Yeah, I guess I’ve been a bit lax in my judgment lately.”

“What’s going on? What have you done with my friend?” She touched his cheek, laughing as she did so.

“I’m fine.”

He held onto her hand, locking their fingers together. They had done this a lot growing up. Their parents had found their friendship to be sweet at first, and then become a little uncomfortable. Neither of them had seen that they were developing, and that they were no longer allowed sleepovers. Of course, Jay was the first to lose his virginity, and he told her all about it. She never felt jealous though.

Jay was her best friend, and she loved him.

“I’m going to head to bed. I’ve still got to work tomorrow.”

“Didn’t he drop you off?” Jay asked.

She finished her wine and winced. “Not really. Afterward, he went into the bathroom, and I did the whole disappearing act. I didn’t really think it through.”

“Do you think he could come here?”

“I hope not.”

Shit, she had found someone.

Jay's heart raced as he stared at his best friend. What the fuck was he to do? He didn't want to lose her, and yet, he saw the look in her eye. She wanted Richard, and it went far beyond just fucking. Was there a way he could share her? He'd never been averse to sharing a woman, but Temperance had shown no desire for it. Jay was willing to do whatever it took to win her over.

"Do you want him to come here?" Jay asked.

"I'm not sure. How about you? How has your night been?"

"Okay."

He didn't want to talk about how he'd been pacing the apartment, scared out of his mind about losing his best friend, and the only woman he'd ever loved. "I watched some television."

Lies, all of it.

"What do you do when the woman you fucked runs out on you?" Richard asked, pulling up his pants.

He was so fucking angry finding her doing the disappearing act.

"Why are you asking me?" Lewis asked.

"I called Russ, and he's busy."

“So? I’ve got business to take care of.”

“Everyone knows you’ve been dealing with Mandy. Give a guy a break and help me out.”

“There’re seven other men you can call who’ll help you out.”

“I’m not looking for just any opinion. I want yours or Russ’s.”

“Why?”

Tugging on his suit jacket, he glared at his cell phone. He had it on speaker, and his so-called friend was starting to really piss him off. “You know what it’s like to connect to another woman.”

“I don’t have a clue what you’re talking about.”

“For fuck’s sake, Lewis. You’ve just spent every moment of your adult life hunting for a woman who went missing years ago. Mandy is not just some kind of pussy to you. She means something.”

“What are you trying to get at?”

“Are you being obtuse on purpose? I’ve just had sex with a woman, and she’s more than just some random pussy.”

“Oh, okay, now that makes sense. She ran out on you?”

It seemed like a switch went off inside of Lewis’s head.

“Yeah, she ran out on me.”

“Who is she?”

“She works for me.”

“Wow, you’re breaking your own code there.”

“Yeah, I don’t need you to spell it out for me. I know I broke my own code.”

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“Wait, are we talking about Temperance? You screwed Temperance?”

“Yes, I screwed her, and she ran out on me.” He rubbed the back of his head, trying to figure out what the hell to do. Richard couldn’t recall ever being in this position before, and he was out of his depth.

“What do you want to do?”

“Go after her.”

“Then why don’t you?”

“What?”

“Go after her? You know her address. You’ve just been screwing her. Go after her, and do whatever the hell you want to do.”

“Bye,” Richard said, hanging up the phone.

He took a seat behind his desk, accessed the secured employee files, and typed in Temperance’s name.

Her details came up, and he quickly typed them in his phone so that he could get directions.

Before he had the chance to talk himself out of what he was about to do, he was in his car, and following the road toward her apartment. She lived in a really nice area,

which he was happy about. The last thing he wanted was for her to be in an awful place. Temperance never made anything personal, and when he actually thought about their time together, she never talked about herself.

Today was the first that that they had ever crossed the line.

They were both usually ... he didn't know the way to describe the way that they were. After what he'd experienced with her underneath him, he wasn't going to give that up.

He followed the directions until he was pulling up outside of a large building. There was parking outside, so he pulled up and made his way into the building. There was a guy on reception, and Richard nodded toward him before making his way toward the elevator. No one stopped him.

Pressing in the correct floor he'd need, he waited while staring at his reflection in the mirror. His hair was a mess from Temperance running her fingers through it, gripping him as he rode her pussy.

Just the memory of her squeezing his dick was enough to make him hard all over again.

He adjusted his length and grew impatient with the slow moving carriage. The moment the doors opened, seconds later he was knocking on Temperance's door. He didn't like to be kept waiting, so he kept on knocking, growing more agitated by the second.

"What the hell?" a guy said, opening the door.

Richard wasn't impressed. He checked the number on the door, and then looked back at the man.

“I’m looking for Temperance Harris,” he said.

“Who are you?”

“Who are you?”

“You’re knocking on my door.”

“I’m here to see Temperance. I wasn’t aware she had visitors.”

“This is my apartment,” the man said.

Richard didn’t like him, as he was trying to stop him from getting what he wanted.

“Jay, what is going on?” Temperance asked, and suddenly there she was. “Richard?”

“Yeah, you remember me.”

“What are you doing here?”

“You ran out on me.”

“It’s not cool to come and stalk her. Kind of creepy,” Jay said.

“Jay, don’t,” Temperance said.

“Why don’t you mind your own business?”

“Do you think I’m scared of you?” Jay asked, stepping forward. “Big old businessman.”

Richard stepped forward about to show him that he was more than just a businessman.

“Don’t, Jay, he’s a biker, too. Don’t mess with him,” Temperance said.

“What?” Jay asked.

He stared at Temperance wondering how the hell she knew that. “We need to talk.” Richard noticed she was wearing a bathrobe, which only served to piss him off.

Closing the door, he kept on glaring at Jay.

“I’m not leaving you alone with him. The rich think they can get away with all kinds of crap.”

“He’s my boss.”

“The boss you just had sex with!”

“Jay. Please.” She growled the last part out between clenched teeth.

“Fine. Fine. If you know what the hell you’re doing.”

“I do.”

He watched as the mysterious Jay walked away. Richard liked that he was prepared to stay with her to keep her safe. Jay cared about her, that much was obvious.

All of Temperance’s blonde tresses were falling around her in waves, and he found he couldn’t resist touching her.

Reaching out, he twirled some of her hair, finding it soft to the touch.

“What are you doing here, Mr. Bruce?”

“Mr. Bruce? We’re back to that? Seriously, after I was just balls deep inside you.”

“God, you’re going to be vulgar.”

“Don’t,” he said. “Don’t pretend you weren’t with me the whole way.”

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“I’m not.”

“Then don’t pretend you weren’t someone different. I heard you, Tempe, and you came apart in my arms.”

“What are you trying to say?” she asked.

“Don’t be my employee. Be the woman you were tonight.”

“That’s not going to work. We crossed the line, and now we have to uncross it.”

Richard shook his head. “There are some things you cannot uncross.”

“This has to be uncrossed.”

“We fucked, and I’m not going to forget it.” He stared down at her, and he stroked her cheek, forcing her to look up at him. “Don’t push me out.”

“You had a woman come to the office today, and she wasn’t a client. I’m not stupid, Richard. I know she was there for you. To service you.”

“I can’t deny that Tina wasn’t there for that reason.”

“And now you’re following me home.”

“How do you know about the club?”

“The club?”

“The fact I’m a biker.” Richard folded his arms, and watched as she walked away. The robe only went to her knee, and it was plain white giving off the air of innocence.

She took a seat on the sofa, and he watched as she grabbed a glass of wine, taking a drink. “You left your leather jacket in your office. I saw it, and I did a little research. There’s an old picture of you in a newspaper clipping some years ago. Your club made headline news. Was that woman today part of your club?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not denying it then. You’re a biker?”

“Yes.”

“A billionaire biker.”

He took a seat next to her, nodding. “Yes.”

“You do know that sounds crazy, right? A billionaire who spends his free time being part of a biker club.”

“It’s an MC, and I don’t advertise what I do.”

“You’re surrounded by rumors though, all the time.”

“I know.” He shrugged. “It gives me an edge in the boardroom.”

“If you think so.”

“I know so.”

She rested her head on the back of the couch, and in that moment, Richard finally saw her. Temperance, in her own space, surrounded by her own personality, and he liked it. Even Jay, her best friend, suited her. Pictures of Jay and Temperance dotted the walls. She wasn't some sweet, innocent girl, but a woman who liked what she liked.

“Jay is my best friend. I've known him since I was a kid, and he's an accountant. We share an apartment, and it works for us.”

He didn't know if he should be jealous or not. He loved sharing a woman, and seeing the way Jay was with Temperance, it made him wonder if there could be something in it for the future.

“I should apologize to him?” Richard asked.

“Nah, it's Jay. He's very protective of me.”

“Are you two done?” Jay said, coming out of his room. He wore a pair of jeans and a plain white shirt.

“It's your apartment as well. Anyway, you wanted to meet my boss, here is your chance. Jay, please meet Richard, my boss. Richard, this is my best friend, Jay.”

“I'd say it's a pleasure but it's not,” Jay said, moving around to sit in a chair opposite.

“Do you think it's right to fuck your female employees?”

“Jay?”

Richard held his hand up. “I've not been with anyone else, and what I had with Tempe tonight has been building for awhile.”

“Tempe? That’s what you call her.”

“This is ridiculous,” Temperance said.

“You got a problem with that?”

“She’s my friend. Only I call her that.”

“Jay, you’re sounding like a child.”

Richard stared at his opponent as Jay looked at Temperance. He hadn’t become a billionaire by failing to read all the signs. He saw it as clearly as he was seeing the yearning on Jay’s face. His earlier assumptions had been correct.

“Don’t worry about it, Tempe. I’m sure I’d be pissed, and rather territorial if the girl I’d been in love with for some time, suddenly showed interest elsewhere.”

Temperance burst out laughing. “You don’t have a clue what you’re talking about.”

“I don’t?”

“You control the boardrooms, but you don’t know everything. Tell him, Jay.”

Richard leaned back, getting comfortable as he stared back at Jay. “Go ahead, tell her, Jay.”

Silence fell on the room, and he waited. He didn’t give a fuck if Jay was in love with Temperance.

He wasn’t going to back down without a fight, and then he’d win. Tonight he had a taste of her, and that wasn’t going to be the last time. However, Jay opened up a great

deal of possibilities.

Chapter Four

“I can’t,” Jay said.

“What? Sure you can. You’ve been sleeping with women all this time. You’re not in love with me. We’re best friends. We did that, and you said it made everything too awkward.” Temperance looked at Richard, but he was too busy staring across at her friend. The way he was looking at Jay made her nervous.

What was Richard thinking?

She didn’t have the first clue, and that scared her.

“I know what I’ve done, and I know what I feel.”

“No, this can’t be happening.” She tucked her legs up underneath her and stared at her friend, not really seeing him. “This night is just getting crazier by the second.”

“I love you, Tempe,” Jay said.

She shook her head. “I’ve just seen a woman leave. A woman you call your Friday, or Red, because you can’t remember her name.”

“I didn’t sleep with her.”

“Don’t try to pretend you’ve not had sex with every single woman that you’ve been with.”

“No, I have slept with her, but I’ve not slept with each woman in a long time. It has been a few months. I’ve been cutting things off with them. You wouldn’t have noticed as you’ve been working all the time.”

“I can’t believe this right now. You’re telling me that you’re in love with me?” She was aware of Richard watching the whole thing between her and Jay.

“Yes.”

“No. I can’t do this now. Not with everything.” She got to her feet, and turned to look at Richard. “I’ll see you tomorrow. I just—I’ve got to go to bed.”

She left the room, not looking back, and slammed her door closed.

None of this could be happening. She didn’t for a second think it was possible. Jay didn’t love her, and Richard coming to her at her apartment, was just crazy.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she stared down at the floor, trying to make sense of everything, and once again, she drew a blank.

There was no way to make sense of what the hell was going on with those two.

“Why did you have to do that?” Jay asked.

“Why did you have to keep it a secret?” Richard was intrigued by the man. He didn’t feel jealous as he saw an opportunity here to live out part of his desires. Jay had been in her life for a lot longer than he had. From just listening to them, he knew Jay had been Temperance’s first, and they shared an apartment. There was a chance they could share, and he was more than willing to give that a shot.

“You don’t just advertise that shit.” Jay stood and started to pace.

“You’re supposed to be best friends.”

“We are best friends.”

“And yet you can’t even tell her how you feel.” Richard rested his head on his hand, curious about the man pacing before him.

“You know what, leave.”

“Why?”

“This is my apartment, and if you don’t leave, I’m going to beat the shit out of you.” Jay moved to stand in front of him. “I don’t give a shit if you’re some kind of biker.”

Richard always loved it when men stood over him. It was what made standing up so exciting.

Getting to his feet, Richard stared down at her friend. “Just so you know, I won’t be backing down. Tempe is mine.”

“Do you really think she’s going to go for a guy like you?”

“I had her on my desk this very evening. I’ve got a better shot than you. I’ll see her soon.” Richard made his way to the door, glancing back at Jay. “It was nice to meet you, and I have a feeling this isn’t going to be the last time.”

He always liked to get ahead of the competition.

Leaving Temperance’s apartment, Richard climbed into his car and made his way to

the luxury clubhouse that he shared with nine other billionaires. They were the closest thing he had to a family, and to a brotherhood. He'd never grown attached to anyone else. The billionaire bikers had become his family, and without them, his main focus would be on his business.

Richard loved the club, and he also loved helping others.

The women they had saved, that was what the meaning of the club stood for him. The BBMC, protected the vulnerable, and saved those in need on a personal level. It wasn't just about signing a check, which he could easily do. Anyone could sign a check, but only a few could get their hands dirty.

Driving toward the club, it gave him time to think about his little PA. Temperance was proving to be different from how he imagined her. He truly believed she was a prim and proper woman, who believed promiscuity was what was wrong with the world. Of course, he'd gotten it wrong on every single count.

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Jay opened up something that Richard had tried to ignore. He loved sharing a woman, and with Jay, it would be the perfect way to start a relationship that excited him. Every other time, sharing a woman, the sex had been amazing, but something had always been missing. He and Tempe had a connection, Tempe had a connection with Jay, it could work.

Parking at the underground parking facility, he saw there were several of the club members already there.

Making his way toward the main bar, he found Lewis, John, Blake, and Jackson at the bar drinking. Russ and Anna were also present.

“Hey, Richard,” Russ said.

He gave the men a nod, and made his way up to the bar, taking a seat. There was no sign of the women, and he glanced around the main room, seeing it empty besides the men sitting there.

Anna rounded the bar, and gave him a smile, her rounded stomach showing signs of her late pregnancy. “What can I get you?”

“You’re a barmaid now as well?” Richard asked.

“Just for tonight. Sean, Jamie, and Malcolm are keeping the rest of the women busy.”

“Russ is not keeping you busy?”

She laughed. “Not this week, no.”

“How come?” Richard’s curiosity got the better of him.

“Enough, Richard,” Russ said.

“What? It’s a perfect reasonable question. Why do you have to bite my head off?”

“It’s personal. Leave it alone.”

“What can I get you?” Anna asked.

“An explanation would be good.” Richard folded his arms.

“Why are you being a dick?” Russ stood up, and turned to face him.

“I thought we shared this kind of information.”

“Ignore Richard. He’s got his own issues. He fucked his PA this evening,” Lewis said.

Turning to the other brother, Richard glared. The drama tonight was starting to piss him off. “Does Mandy know who you are yet?”

“You hit below the fucking belt,” Lewis said, getting to his feet. The stool clattered to the floor, and Richard stood as well. “What the fuck is your problem?”

“My problem? I ask a reasonable question, and that fucker is going on the defense. I remember a time when we could ask this kind of shit—”

“Stop!” Anna said, yelling to be heard. “We’ve had a little complication, and the

doctor has advised that I take it easy. I'm not to strain myself or have sex. That's all I'm going to tell you. Please, don't irritate Russ anymore. It has been ... tough."

Richard was the world's biggest dick. No, he wasn't a good friend, and he was an asshole. "Shit. I'm so sorry."

Anna's eyes filled with tears. "I'm going to go lie down."

She left, and Richard wanted to beat the shit out of himself, which was hard to do.

"Fuck! You just couldn't let it go, could you?"

Running fingers through his hair, he looked at his friend. "I'm sorry, man. What is going on?"

"She's having problems, and I brought her here to relax, and because we had a club meeting tonight, which you missed."

"A club meeting? I didn't know we had a meeting."

"I couldn't get through to your cell, and I told Tina to let you know."

"Shit. I left my cell at home. Tina didn't give me any fucking message." Running fingers through his hair, he looked around at the club brothers, staring at him with disapproval. He got that, and he understood their anger.

"Can I go and apologize?" he asked.

"Yeah, but don't upset her anymore."

Richard nodded, and before he left, he turned to Lewis. "I'm sorry, man. I shouldn't

have said what I did. I'm an asshole."

"That you are, and I appreciate the fact you know the truth, and that you are an asshole."

"How is Mandy?"

"Confused, scared, terrified, and she wakes up at night, screaming, not knowing what the hell is going on. Whatever those fuckers did to her, I hope she never remembers."

"Has she seen her family yet?"

Lewis shook his head. "No. She doesn't want to see them. I try. At the moment I've been able to get her in a room with a two way mirror, where she doesn't see them, but they can see her. Not to talk to her, just to know that she's alive, and she's doing okay. They're trusting me to take care of her." Lewis snorted. "I can't take care of her. I couldn't even stop her from being taken."

"You can't blame yourself for that shit. It was years ago."

"It doesn't change the fact she was still taken." Lewis took a sip of his soda.

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“Where is she now?” Richard asked.

“Therapy, just talking with someone.”

“She doesn’t remember anything,” Blake said.

“Doesn’t matter. She still has feelings, and nightmares. We’re not allowed to rush her to remember what happened.” Lewis glanced down at his watch. “I better go and pick her up.”

Richard watched Lewis leave, seeing a change within the brother.

“He’s found her, and it hasn’t done him any good,” Jackson said.

“No. She’s a shell of the woman he knew.” Richard turned to Russ. “I’m going to go and see Anna.”

“Sure.”

Richard left the main clubhouse and walked toward Russ’s room. He gave a little knock and waited for Anna to call out for him to enter.

Opening the door, he found Anna curled up on the bed, crying.

“I’m so sorry,” he said.

He couldn’t do tears. It was his one weakness with women, tears. They scared him.

“You don’t need to say sorry. You’re always glib like that.” She wiped underneath her eyes, sniffing some more. “I’m being stupid.”

“You’re not stupid at all.” He moved, taking a seat on the bed. “I was being insensitive.”

“Lewis said you were being a pussy tonight. What did he mean by that?”

“Fucker shouldn’t have said anything.”

Anna laughed. “It’s not very nice, is it, when people start to invade your privacy?”

“Is this payback?” Richard asked.

“No. I was just wondering what made you say the stuff that you’ve actually said. You’re glib, but you’re not cruel.”

Richard sighed. “I had sex with my PA.”

“Temperance?”

“Yeah, how do you know her name?”

“I called a few times to leave messages for you. Russ asked me to.”

“I had no idea.” He’d always assumed that Russ had called directly.

“I’m always helping out where I can. I don’t like to feel like a waste of space. I have to do something.”

“You’ve got to rest now.”

“Yeah, Russ, he’s been freaking out a little. I had a little bleeding, and the doctor recommended that I rest and abstain from having sex. Russ hasn’t touched me since.”

“Everything is okay though, right?”

“Yeah, everything is okay. How are you dealing with crossing that line with your PA?”

“I’m handling it okay. I’m more worried about her.”

“I don’t understand.”

Richard told her what had happened, including the incident with her friend.

“You’re not jealous though?”

“No. I’m not jealous. I’m intrigued.”

“Intrigued how?”

“Let’s just say there is something I’ve wanted, and with Temperance and Jay, there’s a possibility I could have it.”

“And Temperance just walked away?”

“Pretty much. She doesn’t know how I’m feeling about this though. Jay can help me to have what I want.”

“She may not have feelings for him.”

Richard snorted. “They’re best friends.”

“So?”

“He was her first.”

“So?”

“You’re not helping me, Anna.”

She chuckled. “What I’m trying to say is besides the obvious, that women are complicated, and not all of us stay hung up on those facts. We can have friends that are men without having any sexual desire for them. I consider you a friend, and I don’t want to sleep with you.”

“Charming.”

“Come on, you don’t want to sleep with me.”

“Very true. You’re tainted by your love of Russ.” He was doing everything he could to make her smile. Richard had seen the pain in her eyes, and the fear of what was happening to her. He liked Anna. She was strong. The BBMC had been there when she needed them most. Anna’s friend had been taken, and trying to save her, she’d gotten taken as well. During her time being captured, Anna was beaten, starved, locked in an animal cage, and witnessed her best friend dying.

He had a lot of respect for her, and for how she had handled what she’d gone through. Not many would have been able to bounce back from that.

“You could share her, you know?”

“What?” he asked. He was a little taken back seeing as that was what he wanted to do. Richard had no intention of Anna knowing that, though.

“Share her. Share Temperance.”

Richard laughed. “You’re really going to offer me advice on sharing. I bet you couldn’t share Russ.”

“First, I’m not an idiot. I know you like to share your women, Richard. Secondly, this is not about me and Russ. We’re not into that. You are. Thirdly, you weren’t jealous of Tempe’s friend, and we both know what you meant about there being a new possibility with him.”

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“Everything is fucked up right now.” He didn’t like how easy he was to read.

“I always love it when a businessman talks dirty.”

“Hey, that’s me you like talking dirty,” Russ said.

“I’ll leave you two alone.” Richard got up and made his way toward the door.

“Talk to her,” Anna said. “Talk to Temperance before you start assuming what she wants, and try to make sure she’s part of the decision. You billionaires are a little self-centered at times.”

Richard nodded. “Take care of yourself.”

“I will.”

“Tempe, can I come in?”

Curled up in bed, Temperance stared at the door that concealed her best friend from her. She didn’t want to deal with Jay right now. He was a problem that she didn’t see coming. Yes, she loved him. He was her best friend, and she couldn’t imagine life without him in it, but that kind of love, that had disappeared long ago, or at least she thought it had. Now she was struggling with all of her feelings.

He took her virginity because she asked him to, and she didn’t want anyone else for

her first time.

“Come in, Jay,” she said.

Seconds later he was lying beside her on the bed. “Hey, bumpkins.”

“Don’t. Don’t use childhood sweet names right now. I’m not in the mood.”

He sighed. “I’d have told you sooner.”

“How long, Jay?”

“Forever.” He didn’t even try to pretend that he didn’t know what she was talking about.

“That makes no sense. You’ve been screwing your way through every single woman that comes your way. You’re telling me that you’ve loved me all that time?” She didn’t believe it, not for a second.

“Yeah, I’ve loved you since the beginning. The night I took your virginity, in my head, that was it. You finally understood what I felt.”

Temperance remembered the day, and she felt her cheeks heat. She’d woken the next morning and asked that they never talk about it again.

“You could have said something.”

“How? You couldn’t even look into my eyes as you spoke. I didn’t want to lose my friend, and you’ll always be my friend.”

“This is going to be hard.”

“Give me a chance, Tempe.”

“Don’t.”

“I’m not going to go anywhere,” Jay said. “Richard, do you really think he’s the sticking around kind of guy?”

“I don’t know what kind of guy he is. I know bits about him, but, don’t do anything stupid.”

“Tell me something,” he said.

“What?”

“Do you like him?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you think you could love him?” Jay asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Do you think you could love me?”

“I do love you, Jay.”

“Not as a friend, as a lover?”

Temperance closed her eyes. “I can’t answer that right now.”

“Okay, we’ll just go to sleep.”

Richard was everything Jay hadn't imagined. How could his luck be that bad? Temperance had always wanted a man like Richard, and it didn't have anything to do with the money either. She liked them muscular, strong, and with a sense of humor. When he'd been in high school, and she'd admitted her fantasy to him, Jay had signed up to the gym and begun tryouts with the weight lifting team.

Damn, one of the reasons he'd held off pursuing Temperance was his own desires. He loved threesomes, and over the years had come to see how erotic it was to watch his woman let go in the arms of another man. There were moments where he'd imagine Temperance as that woman. Together they could find another man who they could trust to give them both what they needed.

All this time he'd truly believed Temperance wasn't the threesome kind. There was no way he could share her with Richard, was there? His cock thickened at the thought. Temperance was clearly attracted to Richard, there was no doubt. Could this be what he'd been hoping for?

It had been some time since he'd allowed himself to dream of a future with her.

When he actually thought about what he'd done to gain her attention, Jay wanted to kick himself. He'd done everything—apart from actually tell her he wanted her. On the night he took her virginity, he truly believed their relationship was going to start over, and he would finally have her.

She had woken up, and looked like she was going to vomit.

Jay would have her as a friend rather than not have her in his life.

"I love you, Temperance."

She turned to face him, and stared back. “I love you, too, Jay.”

Chapter Five

Saturday morning, Richard was going through his morning emails, making sure he had everything ready for the O'Brian account. His lawyer was coming by that morning to take care of the finer details of the contract. Every now and then he glanced over toward Temperance's desk wondering when she would finally arrive.

He had arrived at work early to be ready for Temperance's arrival. It was only eight, so she had another hour to arrive to work.

Only select parts of his company worked on a Saturday as he believed a good work force meant you treated them well, and most appreciated the weekend off.

The sound of the elevator door opening filled him with anticipation. He'd thought long and hard about what Anna had said last night.

Sharing a woman was one of the few pleasures he enjoyed. There was even times he'd hoped to enter into a ménage relationship. Most women hadn't wanted that kind of commitment, to be shared between two men. It was always fun for some spice, but never something they wanted long term. With Jay, the concept of sharing Temperance actually made him anticipate the next meeting with both of them. He was good at getting what he wanted, and he was sure he'd find a way of getting them both to agree that they didn't find the arrangement repugnant. Richard wasn't gay, nor did he have any fantasies about being with a man. He wasn't attracted to Jay. He loved his women, and Temperance was filling every single fantasy right now. Just the thought of seeing Temperance come apart in Jay's arms had him hard.

When Jay's figure appeared in his doorway, disappointment filled him but also intrigue. It would have been much better if Temperance was here. He doubted Jay would turn down an opportunity to be with her.

"Well, I have to say, I'm shocked to see you there."

"Yeah, I get it, you didn't want to see me."

"I'd rather see Temperance. I take it she is coming in to work." Richard didn't like the sudden thought that she would try to resign from her position. He wouldn't allow that. Richard wasn't going to allow his one chance of living out his desires to be taken from him.

"She is. I left early. She doesn't know that I'm here."

Richard put his pen on the desk and sat back. "Why are you here?"

"I'm in love with her, Richard. She's my entire life."

"You've done nothing about these feelings."

"She's never showed an interest in anyone else, and I figured in time she'd come to see that we were good together."

"Yet you continued to screw other women."

"Fuck! Look, I did what I thought was right. Tempe, she's not like other women. She doesn't complicate shit, and she's fun. Other women, they're just, they're not her. She didn't want me, and she made it clear that she was seeing other guys. I tried to move on. I can't do it."

Richard frowned, recalling last night's conversation. "You've been breaking it off with these other women?"

Jay nodded. "I want her."

"Why are you coming to me?"

Jay finally took a seat opposite him. "You're different from the other men she's been with. Tempe ... you have to know her to see something that sparks inside her. Ever since she has been working for you, you've struck this kind of chord inside her, and she hasn't been able to switch it off. It's been about you, Richard, Mr. Bruce, the beast, that's what they call you."

"It's a nickname."

"And now you're part of a biker club, and that's her ultimate fantasy."

"Is it?" Richard asked, happy that he had a hold on her that Jay couldn't take away.

"Obviously not billionaire bikers, but the rough, rugged type."

"The ones that break the law. Don't fucking stereotype that shit," Richard said.

Jay laughed. "Do you get off on confusing people?"

"Pretty much. Why are you here?" He was bored, and Jay was now ruining his day, and his plans. There was always an ideal way to set a plan in motion, and right now, this wasn't it. The last thing he needed was for Jay to be here when Temperance entered his office. Not many people were on his floor, and he intended to convince her exactly why she should belong to him and then later, why it would be good for her to be shared by him and Jay.

“I want you to back off from her.”

Richard laughed. “You’ve got no chance. You’ve got more chance of me sharing her with you than you actually have of me leaving her alone.” He’d experienced a taste, and now he wanted more. There was not a chance in hell of him giving her up, not even to her best friend, but sharing he’d do. He watched Jay’s reaction. Sitting back in his chair, Richard contained his smile. Jay wasn’t averse to the idea of sharing. There was a way this could work, and now Jay’s arrival held a lot more appeal to him. Jay was not someone he could control, but seeing as they were alone, Richard was going to use this opportunity that had been opened up to him.

“You’d consider sharing her?”

“I’m a greedy man, but I’m not going to fight her best friend. You’re already ahead of me. Is it something you’d consider?” he asked, already knowing the answer. He was an expert businessman, and he knew how to work any man, including this one. Richard had already used his connections to get all the information he needed on Jay. He now knew that deep down, Jay was a good guy.

“I’d share her. I won’t fuck you or anything, but I want her.”

“I want Thursday to Sunday,” Richard said. “You cannot call, or try to interrupt my time with her.” He decided to set down some ground rules.

“Man, I may be an accountant but I’m not a fucking pushover. No, you’re not having four days with her while I get three, and I bet you drop her off on Monday, at your own convenience.”

Richard was impressed. He expected the man to fold quite easily, yet he hadn’t. He had to respect that.

“I have her Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday we both have her, then you have her Thursday and Friday. The weekend we both share her again. She’s also working for you, so keep your hands to yourself.”

Sitting back in his chair, Richard thought about it. It was the most logical way of dealing with the week. The break on Wednesday where they both had her meant neither of them actually got too close at risk of losing the other. Also, it was the start

of getting him what he really wanted, the chance of seeing Temperance lost in pleasure while he got to watch. He liked it, and what pissed him off was the fact he was starting to like Jay. This man wasn't a fool, and Richard didn't like fools.

"Today is Saturday."

"Yes. She works until two, and I expect to meet you for lunch, and to also join you at the end of your work to be together."

Richard sighed. "You won't back down."

"No."

"Is there anything I can give you to make you back down?"

"Like money?"

"Yeah, what do you want, consider it yours," Richard said, testing the man's morals. If he was going to be sharing with another man, then it was going to be someone with values.

"I want Tempe."

"I'm not going to give her up." One taste was all it took to get addicted. "You've already had your shot with her, why don't you back off?"

"Because I've got another chance with her," Jay said.

"Fine, I'll agree to your deal. What are your terms?"

"Don't go splashing your money around on expensive gifts. If we do this, then you've

got to keep the luxury down.”

“I’ll buy her whatever the fuck I want. I’ve worked damned hard to be where I am right now.”

“Yeah, right, I bet you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and you didn’t have to work your way to being leader of the company.”

“You couldn’t be more wrong. I was in foster care. I didn’t have the luxury of having a family. This is what I earned with my bare two hands, and I can tell you, I love every fucking second of it. Don’t even think to insult me.”

“And yet you both can insult me,” Temperance said, speaking up, and drawing their attention to her.

Her arms were folded, and she looked totally pissed.

“Tempe,” Jay said.

“So that’s why you were gone when I woke up. You didn’t even wake me.”

“Did you spend the night in her bed? That shit will stop as well.”

“Not on my day.”

“Are you two even listening to yourselves?” Temperance walked in and closed the door. He’d already drawn all the blinds around the room except on the door.

“We’re coming to an agreement,” Jay said.

“Without me? Have you ever thought that I don’t want to share either of you?” She

turned to him. “Last night was a mistake. We shouldn’t have slept together.”

“There wasn’t a lot of sleeping involved. We had sex.” As Richard spoke, he got to his feet and rounded the desk. Jay had also taken the time to stand.

“I don’t care. We had sex, and that crossed a line.” She unfolded her arms, and he noticed the white envelope. “Please consider this my resignation.”

Richard took the envelope and tore it up. He wasn’t interested in losing the only woman he happened to like. His feelings for her weren’t clear yet, but he couldn’t stand the thought of losing her.

“What the hell?” she asked.

“I have the right to accept or decline. I decline.”

“You can’t do that.”

“I believe I can, and I just did.” Richard stared down at the bits of white paper on the floor. His cleaner could deal with the mess.

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“Ugh, why are you doing this? We messed up.”

“We’re willing to share you,” Richard said.

“That is messed up, and no.”

Her lips said no, and yet her pointed nipples told another story.

Stepping away from his desk, he moved toward her. She didn’t back away, nor did she put her hands up to stop him.

“You don’t want it? Two men, totally devoted to you.”

She snorted, and it was the first unladylike sound he’d ever heard out of her mouth. He wanted to hear her scream, and beg for his cock. Richard craved the woman that was beneath him last night. “Please, this is a competition between the two of you, and has nothing to do with me.”

“I beg to differ,” Jay said. “I think we’ve come to a pretty good understanding. It’s something you might want to consider.”

They both moved toward her. Jay touched her first, gripping her hip, and Richard grabbed her ass. He grabbed the cord, drawing down the blind to keep them in privacy. Gripping her ass, he cupped her cheek, tilting her head to look at him.

“Tell me your pussy isn’t wet right now at the thought of being between us.”

“This is wrong.”

“Says who?” Jay asked.

Richard nibbled on her neck, sliding his tongue over her pulse. His cock thickened in his pants, and he wanted her naked. Seeing the pleasure on her face, Richard wanted Jay to be fucking her just so he could watch and enjoy the show. He loved watching the club women come apart, and knowing he was the reason for it, or at least one of his brothers. There wasn't much about Jay that he didn't know, but Jay clearly cared about Temperance, which was all that mattered to him.

“No, we shouldn't be doing this,” she said.

Richard stroked her pussy, pressing the skirt deep between her thighs. The skirt she wore was slightly loose allowing him to touch her.

“You're so beautiful, Tempe,” he said, kissing her neck.

“This is completely crazy.” She let out a moan, and this time, Jay took possession of her lips. Richard gazed down at her shirt, seeing her tight nipples peeking out. Leaning down, he took one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking on her hard.

“Oh, God,” she said, moaning.

He used his teeth to bite down on her nipple.

“Don't make a sound,” Jay said. “We don't know how soundproof this room is.”

Temperance tensed up and pulled away, jerking out of their hold to the point that she fell down on the floor.

“Shit, Tempe, are you okay?” Jay asked.

“This is not happening. I can’t do this.” She suddenly rushed out of the room before either of them could stop her.

“Fuck!” Richard didn’t wait around. He followed her out, aware of the strange stares. When he got to the elevator, she was pressing the button with force. Before she could stop him, Richard got onto the elevator. Jay didn’t make it in time, but that was fine with him.

Son of a bitch!

What was it about the bastard that meant he always got there first? Jay rushed toward the stairwell, refusing to back down. Temperance was his, and he had seen the interest in her eyes.

Damn!

Fuck!

Shit!

He hadn’t read the signs in her, and now he could lose her to a fucking billionaire. It wasn’t going to happen, even if he was a biker. Even as he thought about it, he couldn’t deny how turned on he was at the thought of sharing her. That brief passionate exchange had only served to heighten a need within him once again.

Jay hadn’t tempted her for fear she’d try to cut him out of her life if he made her uncomfortable.

I'm not going to miss my shot.

He wouldn't let Richard win, and if he got the chance to share her, then he'd take it. Jay would do anything for Temperance, and as he thought about it, sharing her would be really fucking hot.

Even as he started to run out of breath, running downstairs, Jay didn't give up. He only hoped the elevators weren't fast.

"I've got to catch a break sometime."

His future was riding down that elevator, and he intended to be part of it.

Temperance was so embarrassed, and angry with herself. She couldn't believe she allowed it to go on. When she saw Richard rushing toward her, she clicked the button repeatedly in the hope of not having this confrontation with him.

It didn't work. The elevator doors closed just as she saw Jay rushing toward them. Tears filled her eyes, and she felt disgusted with herself. She'd almost caved even though she had heard them planning her own life.

"Baby, what's the problem?" Richard asked.

He made to touch her. She flinched away from him, not wanting his hands on her.

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“Shit, you don’t have to be afraid of me.”

“I’m not afraid of you.” She wiped the tears away, not wanting the memory of their touch.

The bad thing was she wanted it so bad, but she refused. She wasn’t going to allow herself to cave to two men.

“Which one of you came up with the idea?” she asked.

“Tempe?”

“No. I wanted to be alone, and you’ve forced your way into this elevator.” She looked at him. “Well, tell me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I don’t want your apologies. I want to know what the hell you were both doing?” She kept her arms folded. “I heard everything. You were arranging my time. What I was going to be doing, and neither of you even gave a thought to ask me.”

“Do you want Jay?”

“No,” she said.

“Are you sure?”

She went to say yes, and stopped. Jay was her best friend.

He took a step toward her, and she backed away. The wall of the elevator stopped her from going anywhere else. “What are you doing?” she asked.

“I want you, Temperance. This thing between us, it has been building for some time. I also believe that you’ve got feelings for your best friend.”

“What does this have to do with anything?” She had put Jay in the best friend department. She didn’t want him that way, did she? No, it couldn’t be. He was a horn dog who treated women appallingly, yet she couldn’t deny the spark of arousal. Was that because of Richard though? “I care about Jay. I always have.”

“Are you in love with him?”

She paused, thinking about her feelings. “I don’t know.”

He captured her face. “You’ve been in my life for a long time, Tempe.”

“You’re my boss.” She couldn’t help but touch him, holding onto his sides.

“I want to be more.”

“You’re breaking your rules.”

“That I am. What I don’t want is for you to doubt what you want.”

Temperance stared at his chest, wondering what the hell he wanted from her.

The elevator door pinged open, and she turned to see Jay standing there, panting for breath. “Fuck me, I’m an accountant, I sit on my ass all day. I shouldn’t be forced to

do this.”

She walked out of the elevator, already prepared to leave, but Richard caught her arm, stopping her.

“How about we go to breakfast and talk about this?”

“We could go back to our place,” Jay said.

“No,” she said. The last thing she wanted was to go back to her place as she would cave between the two of them. They would be naked in no time, and she wasn’t interested in getting naked just yet. “I’ll take breakfast. I’ve not eaten this morning.” She’d had every intention of no longer having a job at the end of the day. Richard had torn up her resignation.

“I want where we go to be safe where no one will be watching.” He pulled his cell phone out. “I’ve got the place, but I’m making sure I can take you two.”

Temperance frowned.

“Hey, Russ, how is Anna? Good, good. I’ve got to conduct a personal meeting in private, and I don’t want to risk the press catching sight of us. I wanted to make sure we didn’t have any security issues, or threats.”

She watched as he started to nod. Seconds later he hung up.

“We’re going to the club house. We can talk without the risk of being interrupted, and it offers us privacy.”

“A diner can do that.”

“Tempe, I’m a billionaire businessman surrounded by a lot of rumors. I’m not left alone.”

She’d never been to his clubhouse, and until recently she had kept her knowledge of his biking life a secret.

Richard grabbed her hand, and before she knew what was happening, she was in the passenger seat of his luxury car with Jay behind them. Richard was driving.

“Are you okay, Tempe?” Jay asked.

“Am I okay? Tell me, Jay, what do I have to be okay about?” She turned toward her best friend. “I heard you negotiated your terms of fucking use of me. How do you think I’m feeling? I’ll give you a clue. It’s far from okay.”

“I’m sorry,” Jay said.

“You’re feisty today,” Richard said.

“Don’t even start. I don’t want to talk to you.”

She never should have fucked her boss. That was the problem.

“You know most women are really happy to have two men chasing after them?”

Temperance laughed. “You’re not chasing after me though. You’re organizing when I’m allowed to spend time with you. You’re talking about sharing me, and even sharing me with both of you in the room. Do you know how absurd it sounds?”

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“It doesn’t sound it to me, to be honest,” Richard said. “It’s quite common for two men to share a woman.”

“Maybe in porn—”

Richard shook his head. “It’s not just in porn. Jay wants you. I want you, and we both came up with an agreement to suit us.”

“So romantic. Get the girl by pushing her into a tight little schedule.” She was going to fall apart if she wasn’t careful.

“It’s not like that.”

“I’m sorry, but I just don’t see the romance of two guys setting out their week to have a woman in their life.”

“In our bed. We’re going to want alone time as much as time with you.”

Richard was like a completely different being from what she was used to. He never shared, and he never did anything like this as far as she knew.

“Have you shared many women?”

“I’ve shared some, never on a permanent basis. You’re also going to meet Anna. She told me you both spoke on the phone before.”

“Yes, we have.” She liked Anna. They had only ever spoken, but she seemed nice.

“You’ll like Anna. She’s a strong woman, and she’s pregnant right now. There’s a few complications, so don’t try to upset her.”

“I wouldn’t dream of trying to upset her.”

Temperance let out a breath, and she folded her arms, trying to rub the wet patch on her shirt. The last thing she wanted to do was enter a clubhouse with a clear nipple sucking mark.

You almost caved.

You wanted it.

She looked in the mirror and saw Jay staring at her. He gave her a reassuring smile, and she returned it with one of her own.

Letting out a breath, she ran fingers through her hair, which she’d left down. That morning, she’d woken up, gotten dressed, and gone straight to work without even trying to take care of her appearance. She figured Jay had left so they didn’t have that awkward after morning crap from the revelation of the night before.

He loved her, and Richard wanted her.

She had gone from no men wanting her to suddenly two wanting her.

It seemed almost too surreal to her to even think about it.

Staring out of the window, she watched the people they were driving by, wondering if they ever suffered, or were confused by what was going on.

“Tempe,” Jay said.

She looked at him, waiting. “Do you have any feelings for me?”

“You know I do, Jay.”

Richard cupped her knee, rubbing her flesh.

She found comfort in that touch, and she also found it in the way Jay squeezed her shoulder. Maybe they were right, and she needed to give them both a chance. This a chance.

Richard turned off on a busy road and went down a large parking lot. She was surprised by the security, but when she saw the other expensive cars, she knew they had come to what the rich considered a clubhouse.

Her boss certainly lived a strange life.

“This is not what I imagined at all,” Jay said.

They all got out of the car.

Jay whistled at the cars. “Damn, are these all classics?”

“Yep,” Richard said. “This is what we love to spend our money on. That and other things of course.”

They made their way to the elevator, and he typed in a code.

“This is much better than the movies or television.”

“You can’t compare the two,” she said. “Richard is a billionaire, so everything has to be luxury, while the ones on television break the law. It’s small time stuff, or

whatever.”

“I tell you, we can compete against some of the MCs out there. We just do everything a bit differently.”

“Do you break the law?” Jay asked.

“No.”

“Can I join?”

“Do you have a billion dollar company I don’t know about?” Richard asked.

“Nope.”

“Then no.”

“Wait, that you know about?” Jay asked.

“You ran a check on him, didn’t you?” she asked.

“I run checks on everyone. You know that.”

Richard stepped off the elevator first, and he held her hand.

They made their way into the main clubhouse, and came to a stop at the screaming they were greeted with.

Temperance paused, recognizing the fear and panic attack. She used to get them growing up, and her brother talking to her used to pull her out of them.

Taking in the room, she saw several large men were surrounding a woman who was gripping her head, screaming as she stared at them. Another man was kneeling beside her, trying to soothe her.

It was chaos everywhere.

Without even thinking, she grabbed the men and started tugging them away. “Leave her alone, move out of the way.”

“Temperance?” Richard said, trying to stop her.

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“No, Richard, let her do this. She knows what she is doing.”

Grabbing the arm of the man who was kneeling, she forced him to move, and then, rushed to grab something to use as a marker, finding some lipstick.

The woman had started to go quiet.

“What is her name?” she asked.

“Mandy.”

Making sure there was enough space, Temperance marked the space in a semi-circle for the woman.

The woman was still whimpering, and she had now covered her face.

“It’s okay, Mandy. You’re in your safe place right now. Look, no one will cross this line right here.” She pointed at the dark red line that separated Mandy from them. “This is your space. No one will come near you. Mandy, it’s okay. Mandy, you’re safe now.” She kept repeating those words, keeping her voice steady. When someone behind her went to talk, she held her hand up, keeping up her calmness, not showing any sign of faltering.

Time passed, Temperance didn’t know how much, but Mandy stopped whimpering and her hands fell to her side.

The woman looked so pale, and so thin, so frail.

“Hello, Mandy, you’re safe here.”

“I’m safe here?”

“Yes, you’re safe here.”

“I don’t like being scared.”

“Me neither.”

“I don’t know you.”

Temperance nodded. “We don’t know each other. I’m Temperance.” She held her hand out but also made sure that she didn’t cross that line.

Mandy looked at her hand, and then at the carpet. “You made a mess of the carpet.”

“You needed your own space, and ta-da, I did it.” She did her best to comfort her. “When you’re ready to come out, you can.”

Temperance crawled away, keeping on level with the other woman.

Mandy looked past Temperance’s shoulder. “I did it again, didn’t I?”

“It’s okay.” A man who looked like he’d seen hell knelt back down again. “You have nothing to be afraid of, Mandy. The guys here, they all protect you.”

“I know. You helped get me out.”

Mandy got to her feet, and taking her time, Temperance stood.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Temperance.” Mandy stepped over the line and held her hand out. “I’m not usually so crazy.”

“No worries. I’m not usually so efficient with my ideas.”

The young woman was clearly fragile, and Temperance’s heart went out to her.

Chapter Six

Once Mandy had settled down, and Lewis had taken her to go see her therapist once again, Richard sat with Jay by his side, and Temperance sat opposite the two. The club brothers were leaving them alone, but Richard saw that Tina didn’t look happy.

“Will Mandy be okay?” Temperance asked.

“She will be.”

“What’s wrong with her?” Jay asked.

“I can’t say. It’s for security reasons, and Mandy needs to be protected now more than ever.”

“She looks like she’s seen death.”

He looked at Temperance. She did always seem to have a knack for reading people.

“She hasn’t had it easy.”

“No shit,” Temperance said.

“How did you know to do that circle?”

She finished taking a sip of her water, and he saw her look over at the lipstick mark she'd made on the carpet.

Russ wasn't even pissed. In fact all of the men, all of his brothers, were happy that she had done what needed to be done.

None of them had been able to deal with Mandy's meltdown.

"When I was younger, I used to suffer with severe panic attacks. I was bullied throughout school, and my parents didn't know how to stop it. Nothing helped, facing the bullies, or even having my brother or Jay fight people at school. So Bryan, my brother, he created the ring of protection. I don't know if it's a medical thing or not. I just know it always worked. Every time I was in that ring, nothing could harm me. Once I got older, the ring was imaginary, and I've not had many panic attacks since."

"I never knew that."

"It wasn't something you needed to know."

"You've shared it with Jay."

"He was there with me. I've not shared it with Jay. He was there, so it's different." She tucked some of her blonde locks behind her ear. She didn't have a clue how beautiful she was, and he found that even more charming.

Luna came out, carrying a couple of stacks of pancakes. "Please let me know if you want anything else. I can't do much, but I do pancakes well."

Richard smiled at her. "Thanks."

"You're welcome. Enjoy."

They were left alone in privacy, which was what he wanted.

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“This is a nice place,” Jay said.

Richard served them out putting pancakes on each other their plates.

“Let’s get down to business,” Richard said. He picked up his fork and got a bite ready. “I want you, Temperance, and the way you lit up in my arms, you want me as well. Listen.” She went to speak, so he silenced her with one word and a look. “I want you, and so does Jay. You’re not sure what you want.”

“Do you want me, Tempe?” Jay asked.

She sighed. “I don’t know. This is hard for me, okay? I’ve never considered something like this, not at all.”

“I can appreciate that.” Jay agreed with her.

“You’re both wanting a relationship with me?” She looked from one to the other.

“That is the catch, yes,” Richard said. “We want time of our own, and also sharing time.”

“This is sharing time?”

“Saturday and Sunday, and Wednesday.” She rubbed at her temple, and Richard reached out, taking her hand. “It doesn’t have to be complicated.”

“This is not the norm.”

“Who gives a shit about the norm?” Jay said. “I don’t care what others think. I’ve been using a multiple of women to try and get over you, Tempe. It’s not working. You’re the woman I want, the woman I love. He’s not on the same page as me yet, but he will be. You’re too good of a woman not to love.”

“You’re going to make this harder for me, aren’t you?”

“Yep. I’m not going to make it easy. I know what I want, and you know what you want, and we both want you. You want us,” Jay said.

Richard watched Temperance’s reaction throughout Jay’s little outburst. She was fighting her own beliefs that a relationship was between two people.

She took a bite of the pancake, and he saw it was difficult for her to eat. “I can’t deny that I do want both of you. Everything is happening so fast. Do you think we could slow it down a little?”

“How?”

“Maybe we could date, and not expect anything. Take a break on the sex, and just, I don’t know, see if this can work. I don’t want to start something that is not right for us.”

“Sure,” Jay said.

Richard sat back. “No sex?”

“I’m not comfortable having sex with either of you, and then with both of you.” She squirmed in her chair.

“It makes you horny though, thinking about us all together,” Richard said.

“What woman wouldn’t? You’re both sexy men. I just, I can’t commit to something like that. I need a little time.”

“We can give you time,” Jay said. “How about tonight? We can all go out on a date. What about going to a couple of clubs?”

Richard liked that idea. “Blake, one of the brothers, he owns some nightclubs, and has a section for special VIPs. I can get us in, and we won’t be disturbed either.”

Temperance bit her lip.

“Think about it, Tempe, we can have some fun. We’re not going to rush into anything. We can take our time getting to know each other,” Jay said.

He saw her thinking about it, and knew he just needed to wait for her to make a decision. She looked so sexy and out of place in the club. Instead of looking like his rather prim and proper PA, she looked like a sexy librarian who had taken turns going through the shelves.

“Okay. I’d like that.”

Richard had no doubt it wouldn’t be long before they moved forward, and he was bedding her. He even believed he’d get along with Jay.

Sharing Temperance.

Taking their time to love her, together.

Getting the chance to be with her, Jay could handle that. He may even like Richard.

The man was rich, but he seemed somewhat down to earth, and he liked the club, the billionaire bikers club. It was a lame ass name, and he'd advise them to get it changed quickly.

"If you touch her while I'm not there, I will kill you."

"I thought you were a legal biker?" Jay asked. Temperance had disappeared to the toilet leaving them both alone.

"I am. I wouldn't be killing you for the club. I'd be killing you for my own pleasure, and I do know how to dispose of a body. It would be so easy today."

Jay turned to stare at the man that he'd be sharing his own life with. "I don't do men."

"Me neither. Don't flatter yourself, Jay. I have no interest in getting acquainted with you. My interest is in Temperance. I'm not going to lie. I like the thought of watching her come apart in another man's arms."

He couldn't deny it either. Jay had shared a couple of women, and the experience had been great, just not entirely pleasurable. He'd not liked the man he had shared a woman with. There had to be some kind of chemistry, a bond between the men, or at the very least, neither person really gave a fuck, for there to be any real enjoyment.

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Richard seemed like the right kind of guy. Sure, he was a rich man, but there was something about him that meant the money didn't define him. Temperance had told him a great deal over the years about Richard, even saying she believed both of them would get along great. They would have to see how that worked out.

Turning to assess the dress, Temperance wrinkled her nose. The olive green made her ass look too big. It had been a long time since she actually went out dancing in a nightclub. The last time was just after college. She and Jay had been celebrating getting jobs, and he ended up taking some girl home, and she'd been left alone.

There was no way this idea of theirs was ever going to work. Richard wasn't the sharing kind, and Jay, he'd grow bored. She was playing along, going on some dates, and waiting for both men coming to their senses.

Removing the dress, she stared at her body, turning left and right. The black lace underwear was one of the most expensive sets she owned. She did love having sexy underwear on underneath.

She looked at her thighs, with the few hints of cellulite that made her cringe. Her stomach, it was rounded, and she hated exercise. She was a healthy woman, and she rather liked her body.

She grabbed the black cocktail dress that ended at the knee, with enough cleavage on display to make it tasteful and yet teasing.

Once she was happy with the dress, she did her hair next. She'd never spend that much time, and so she twirled several strands, and left the rest to do its thing.

Her makeup was minimal. She didn't like wearing it, and within the hour she was finished. She had shaved, waxed, and buffed to the point of boredom on her part. Staring at her reflection in the mirror she let out a sigh. "This is the best it's going to get."

"Tempe, Richard's here. Are you ready?" Jay asked, knocking on the door.

"I'll be right out."

Clasping her hands together in front of her, she counted to ten, and even as she was shaking with nerves, she made herself open the door, and walk out to the two waiting men. They both turned to greet her, and she offered them both a smile.

Richard moved toward her, and her heart started to pound at the intense look he was giving her. She'd never seen him react like that.

"You're fucking beautiful." He wrapped a hand around her waist, gripping the flesh of her ass, and tugging her close.

She gasped at the press of his dick, and then his lips as he claimed her mouth. With the possession of his kiss, she was pleased she hadn't put any lipstick on. It would have been a waste of time, anyway.

He'd have wiped it off the first chance he got.

Arousal flooded her pussy, and she gasped as Jay moved up behind her. His cock ground against her ass as he caught her waist. He sucked on her neck.

Both men surrounded her, and she loved it.

Closing her eyes, she tilted her head, still kissing Richard even as she gave Jay easy access to her neck.

Richard let go, stroking her cheek. "I love the dress."

"Thank you."

"I want to stay in, and remove it from your body." Jay laid his hand flat on her stomach, moving down.

Sneaking out from between them, she shook her head. "Not going to happen. We're supposed to be going dancing."

"Tonight is going to be torture, and you're doing it on purpose." Jay groaned, reaching toward her, and she dodged his touch.

"Everything is staying in our pants tonight." She made her way toward the door. "Who is driving?" she asked.

"I am," Richard said. "I may as well. I know where we're going." He held up a set of keys, and she couldn't help but shiver, recalling how good his hands were caressing over her body. "Your eyes give away your thoughts, baby."

They didn't linger in her apartment for long. She sat in the passenger seat, much to Jay's obvious disappointment.

Richard drove them toward the club, and she listened as both men talked. They actually got along really well, and she found it funny, watching them. Both men couldn't be more different, and yet they were talking as if they had been friends a

long time ago.

“How’s Mandy?” she asked, when conversation took a silent turn.

“She’s in therapy. She needs to be in a white room.”

“You can’t tell us what happened to her?”

“No. I really can’t. It was fucked up.”

“Is this about that your club does, the BBMC?” she asked. She had done a great deal of research, and even though a lot of it was speculation, she read between the lines. Mandy was clearly one of the many victims they had saved over the years.

“BBMC? What does that stand for?” Jay asked.

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“Billionaire Bikers motorcycle club, right?”

“Correct,” Richard said. “You did your research.” He glanced over at her, and she smiled.

“You left your jacket, and I was curious. I’ve got a curious mind. It’s a flaw.”

“We help people, women that have been taken against their will,” Richard said. “That is all I’m going to tell you, and if you repeat a word, your lives will be turned into living hell.”

“Fuck, a bit overkill,” Jay said.

“I wouldn’t say anything.”

“I know you wouldn’t,” Richard said. “I can’t guarantee him in the back.”

“Hey, I won’t say anything either. If we’re going to do this together, you need to learn to have a little faith.”

“Fine, then it’s something that can be earned along with everything else that we’re doing.”

Licking her lips, Temperance glanced out of the window. “Did you take the contracts for the O’Brian account?”

“Yep.”

She nodded. "I just wanted to make sure."

"I've already handled business. We've got a long day on Monday."

"That's my day," Jay said.

Richard laughed. "We're talking work."

"We're on a date, and you're talking work?" he asked.

She stared at her best friend, and his brow rose, letting her know that he knew what she was doing. Talking work kept it away from a personal level.

"Don't let her fool you, Richard."

"I'm not. I'm just letting her play all of her cards. I may not have known her since preschool, but I know her."

Temperance couldn't help but smile. Richard did know her. They had fun with each other, without it leading to sex.

Richard pulled up outside of a large night club, with a line of people waiting to get inside. Temperance groaned, but neither man would listen. Richard got out, handing the keys to some valet. Nightclubs had valets? He took her hand, and Jay followed in behind her.

He greeted the doorman, who didn't have a problem with them going straight inside even as people were standing there complaining.

"Now, this is the life," Jay said.

It was time to have some fun.

They were taken to the VIP section. She'd never been there before, so seeing several celebrities surprised her. Temperance was used to seeing familiar faces as she worked with Richard, and he was expanding within that business.

"Blake likes to give his clients whatever they want. The VIP section allows celebrities the privacy to party, but to also get their faces recognized. They can party without being bombarded. People can come, party, and see celebrities if they want. It's a win-win."

"Sounds good," Jay said.

"I want to go and dance," Temperance said. She was one of the people who were meant to be down there, not in the VIP spot. "Jay, dance with me." She held her hand out, and he went with her. They left Richard, and the song was an upbeat one, allowing them to join the throng of people, and get into the dancing. Jay stood behind her, gripping her hips as they danced along to the music.

Richard watched the couple on the dance-floor. They were natural together, showing they knew each other. He wasn't jealous. Temperance was nervous, and for now, he'd let her create her little circle around herself. He wasn't going to let her get away, nor was he going to let Jay leave either.

The more he thought about them being together, the more he liked the idea. He loved to see a woman come apart in another man's arms, and with Jay, he'd be able to trust him. Temperance was not going to be a woman he'd just share with any man, so her being best friends with Jay, helped him solve that problem.

His cell phone started to ring, and without taking his gaze away from Temperance, he answered it. She was staring right back at him.

“Bruce,” he said.

“I’ve just got a call from our informant within the police service. More women have gone missing, and are turning up dead,” Russ said.

“Shit, Lewis missed this?”

“Lewis hasn’t been keeping an eye on shit since he found Mandy. Tonight, I’m declaring a church meeting, only we’re all going to his house. You’ll be there?” Russ asked.

Glancing at the time, Richard cursed. “Give me a couple of hours, and I’ll be there.”

“We need to keep our eye on the ball.”

“Agreed.” He hung up the phone, and didn’t bother drinking the scotch that had been given to him. Leaving the VIP section, he made his way onto the dance-floor, and found his woman.

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Gripping her hip, he tugged her close, slamming his lips down on hers.

“Important call?”

“I can deal with it soon. Now, I want to dance.”

Chapter Seven

After two hours, the heels that Temperance was wearing meant he had no choice but to take them back home. Jay asked if he was coming up, and Richard declined, letting him know he had some business to take care of. He kissed Temperance good night, with the promise that Jay would be sleeping in his own bed.

Leaving his woman, and in a way, his man, he rode over to Lewis’s place, not surprised to see the various cars and bikes of the club already parked. He’d already sent a text to let his brothers know he was on the way over there.

He knocked on the door, and Lewis was the one to answer the door.

“What the fuck is this? All of you turn up at my house, uninvited?” Lewis asked.

“Uninvited? What’s going on, Lewis?”

He found the rest of his club brothers waiting in the living room. Some were standing, and others were sitting. None of them actually looked happy about the situation.

“Nothing is going on. You’re the one that is in my place, and after Mandy’s attack, I don’t think you should be coming around.”

Russ threw a large file down on the table. “So, you got what you wanted, and that’s it? The club ceases to exist?”

Pictures of women, dead, beaten, and drowned spilled out of the file. Richard had a strong stomach, but the sight of them made even his gut turn.

“What the fuck?”

“We created this club for a place for us as businessmen, but we found a cause. We were helping people, Lewis. You were the one that took us down that path.”

“I’ve been distracted of late,” Lewis said.

Richard stared at his club brother, and saw the truth. “This hasn’t been about the women all along, has it?”

“What? Of course it has.”

“Then why the fuck weren’t you over this?” Blake asked. “Look, I love the club, and the women, and the fun, and just being something fucking different. But we were meant to mean something. We’ve got money, all of us have. We’ve come from nothing, are nothing, but what set us apart from other wealthy businessmen, is this.”

“Was it just about you getting back Mandy?” Jamie asked.

Richard couldn’t argue, but if Lewis only used them to get to Mandy, then the club was about to take an ugly turn, and he didn’t like that. Other MCs, they dealt with drugs, with money, women, whatever they wanted. They had their own glue that

bound them together as a club.

The BBMC was bound by a cause to help women.

It was how Richard could look in the mirror every day, and still keep breathing as he did. He loved the club, what they did.

Lewis bit his lip. “I’ve not used you. I’ve not turned my back on the club.”

“Then what the fuck have you been doing?”

“He’s been trying to help me, remember?” Mandy said, coming into the room.

They all turned to the woman who didn’t look strong enough to be in a room full of men. All of them were dominant, demanding, and they were scary as fuck.

“Mandy?”

“I can’t let you tear apart your club.” Mandy’s arms were folded. “Lewis told me what you did, and how you saved me. He’s also, against doctors’ orders, showed me what I was doing. How I was helping these women.”

Richard glanced at Lewis, seeing the shame in his face. The doctor had said that if he tried to push too hard, they could lose Mandy. She was at a frail point in her recovery.

“These women, they need us, and Mandy, she was helping them.”

“Lewis believes that more information is locked inside my head. I’ve got to get it open, and little points, trigger a moment, or at least a moment within a memory. It’s what happened earlier today, only I couldn’t help it. My past, it’s filled with horror, and remembering that, it’s going to hurt,” she said. “It’s one of the reasons I don’t

want to see my family. Not only do I not completely remember them, but what if by simply looking at them, it's a trigger?"

Richard's throat felt thick as he watched the woman start to cry. The tears ran down her cheeks, and she made no move to bat them away.

"I want to help," Lewis said. "My mission started with finding Mandy. The deeper down this path I went, I saw that it didn't matter if I got her, I'd still have to find some way of, I don't know, saving as many as we could."

Silence fell on the room.

John, who was sitting by the paperwork, gathered it up.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there for this. I should have been."

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“Mandy, I appreciate what you’re trying to do, we all do, but you can’t do this,” Russ said. “You’re going to hurt yourself, and none of us want that.”

“I was able to remember something today. The news that was on the television on my, erm, my blackout at the clubhouse today,” Mandy said. “They were reporting on the stockyards, like the places where fishing boats and sea ports or whatever come in.”

“What about it?” Richard asked.

“The men, they use those kind of ports to transport girls. The crates are quite deep, and they can hide them behind stock. Drug them up, and some girls are out for like forty-eight hours. It’s how they’re doing it. It’s not a lot, but it’s something. If some of the girls cause trouble, they’re killed, and another woman is ordered.”

Mandy left the room, each of them watching the door.

“You’ve been trying to get her to remember?” Jackson asked. “That’s fucking dangerous.”

“These women, they’ve been discovered where exactly?” Lewis picked up the file and started to flick through it.

“A couple have been found washed up on shores. Others have been seen floating in canals, and there was even one found down by a lake by a kid of five in a theme park,” Russ said.

Lewis frowned. “There’s something about this that doesn’t add up. No one kills off their stock without a reason. Even women are considered stock.”

Richard watched as he moved toward his desk, pulling out a large map. They all stayed out of his way as he started to put little crosses on the map, looking over the file, and then putting the dots on the map.

Even as he saw what was happening, Richard started to get chills.

When Lewis drew a circle, all the men looked at each other.

“They know who we are,” Lewis said.

The circle on the map was drawn with a radius that included all of their main company buildings.

Could it be a coincidence? Richard doubted it.

For the next couple of weeks, Temperance divided her time between the two men. On the first Sunday after their nightclub date, they all went out to dinner as a small group, Jay and Richard getting along as if they’d been friends longer than a couple of days. She liked to see them together, having fun. They were both charming. At the end of the evening, they went to Richard’s place that had four bedrooms, one for each of them, and a spare. She slept in a room that wasn’t her own, all the time aware of the two men who wanted her.

The following week, she worked closely with Richard on several of his accounts, and Jay joined them for lunch, or they all went out. Her nights were spent with Jay. They stayed in watching movies, neither of them saying anything about the obvious sexual

tension. Wednesday was their sharing day, and that meant they stayed at Richard's apartment as his place was big enough to accommodate them all. Then she had Thursday and Friday with Richard, and they worked 'til late, shared dinner, and she slept once again in the spare bedroom. She did enjoy the time, and it was nice to actually be having fun.

With Richard, she did notice that he was a little distant. Something was clearly bothering him.

Late one Sunday night on the third week, she saw him standing at the window. Jay was still in bed, and Richard was staring out over the city.

"Are you okay?" she asked, folding her arms.

"What are you doing up?" He turned toward her.

"You're looking at that city as if it's going to bite you at any moment."

"It's nothing."

She saw the ink on his back. The same symbol had been on his leather jacket, and she imagined it was his club emblem.

"Does this have to do with your club?"

Richard looked at her.

"We both know you've been distracted," Jay said, coming out of his bedroom, rubbing the back of his head as he did.

"I want you both to move in here, and I want to hire you both a bodyguard."

Temperance gasped, staring at her boss, the man who was becoming more than just the guy she worked for.

“What?” she asked, not sure if she had actually heard him correctly.

“It’s not safe out there for either of you. Please, let me do this.”

She shook her head.

“What the hell is going on?” Jay asked.

“There’s a possible threat to the club. It’s not something we know for certain, but it’s enough of a problem that I want you both to have some form of protection. Please, for me.” He cupped her cheeks. “I don’t want anything to happen to you, to either of you.”

She saw the fear in his eyes, and knew he wasn’t kidding. This was real, and he believed the threat was out there.

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“You want us both to move in with you?”

“The space is big enough, and we all know this is going to happen. You want us both, Temperance. There’s no need to deny it. Just let it happen. All three of us want this. I’m not going to rush you, and I’m happy to take our time, getting to know each other.” Richard pressed his head against hers. “Please.”

She’d never heard Richard say please, so she nodded. “Yes.”

“Yes,” Jay said, stepping up behind her. She sank against him, finding comfort in both men. In that moment she knew they both needed her.

Even as her fear of being with them both was great, her arousal was even greater. Taking both of their hands in hers, she stepped toward the fourth bedroom. She had noticed that the fourth bedroom had the largest bed.

Richard gripped her hand tightly, and she looked back at him. “This is not to rush you.”

“I’m not feeling rushed. Do you feel rushed?”

“No.”

“Then do you not want to be with me, with us?” She released them long enough to enter the fourth bedroom. She hadn’t anticipated this tonight, but it just felt right. No matter her main doubts, it did feel right to her.

Turning toward them, she removed her robe, staring from Richard then to Jay, then back again. The robe fell at her feet, and she kicked it aside. She wore a sheer negligee as she loved wearing sexy night clothes. They were the most comfortable.

Pushing the strap of her dress down her shoulder, she stared at both men, even as the negligee fell to the floor. She walked up to Richard first, placing her hands on his sides. He only wore a pair of pajama bottoms, so he was naked for her to touch.

“Baby, I want to be with you, but only if you’re ready.”

“I’m ready.” She cupped his cheek, unable to believe that this was going to happen. They had been together for three weeks, and before that, she’d been part of both of their lives. Richard and Jay had found a friendship with each other. She loved being snuggled up with both men, and she knew they enjoyed being with her.

Lifting up on her toes, she started to kiss him, sliding her tongue into his mouth, and then caressing over his lips.

He moaned, wrapping his arms around her and drawing her closer.

Jay moved toward them. He stood behind her, pulling her hair off her shoulder, and kissing her neck. Tilting her head to the side, she gave him access as Richard followed, still kissing her back.

The feel of both men turned her on. Her doubts started to fade as they began to touch, Jay at her back, and Richard at her front.

Never did she imagine that this would be her life, her best friend, and her billionaire boss, yet this was what was happening.

“Let it happen,” Jay said. “Don’t overthink it.”

Her best friend at all times. Closing her eyes, she continued to kiss Richard, and at the same time, slide her hand down the front of his pajama pants. His dick was already rock hard tenting them.

Richard broke from the kiss, moving down her chest, and taking possession of one of her tits.

“I love your tits,” Richard said. “They’re so fucking big.” He cupped both of them, pressing them together, flicking his tongue over each nipple.

Suddenly, Jay started to move her back, and Richard followed, neither man letting go of her.

“Come on, it’s time to get on the bed,” Jay said. He climbed on the bed, and she saw he was already completely naked. “I’ve got room for you right here.” He patted the space between his thighs, making her laugh. “This has got your name all over it.”

She chuckled and climbed onto the bed. Just as she was about to turn, Jay caught her cheek, tugging her close. He took possession of her mouth, sliding his tongue inside. She was bent over, kneeling on the bed. Her legs slightly parted, and Richard moved in behind her, spreading the cheeks of her ass. His tongue slid over her pussy, and she gasped, pulling away from the kiss to look behind her. She only saw Richard’s body.

“Is his face against your pussy?” Jay asked.

“Yes.”

Temperance looked down, and there was Jay’s cock. He was working up and down his length, the tip already glistening with pre-cum.

Taking his cock in her hand, she held him tightly, lowering her mouth over the head.

She licked up the pre-cum and moaned as she took him into her mouth. She was halfway down his cock when she couldn't take anymore.

Richard tongued her clit, sliding back to plunder her pussy.

“Fuck, baby. Your mouth is fucking heaven.”

Jay gripped her hair, and he started to thrust up into her mouth. She looked up seeing the pleasure on Jay's face. It was so clear, and not something he could hide.

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“Fuck, Tempe, I love you. I’ve been dreaming of this moment for so long.”

“Now we finally have her between us,” Richard said. His tongue played up, and she couldn’t help but tense as he started to lick her anus, wetting it. “You know one of us is going to be here, baby,” he said, biting her ass cheek. “Your body is just too fucking hot to deny ourselves.”

Two fingers worked into her pussy, pumping in and out.

“I want to taste her,” Jay said.

She was moved, pulled off Jay’s cock, and put to her back on the bed. Her thighs were pushed open, and Jay moved between her legs. He started to lick her pussy, sucking her clit into his mouth.

“You taste like heaven,” Richard said. He was kneeling beside her, and his pants were now off. Both men had done it while she’d been busy with the other. Wrapping her fingers around his length, she took him into her mouth, giving him the same attention that she had done to Jay. “Yes, fuck, yes. Take my cock.”

Temperance gasped as Jay fucked her with his fingers at the same time as he teased her clit.

The pleasure was intense, and she shook with each press of his fingers.

Richard pumped his cock inside her. “Have you ever been fucked in the ass?” he asked.

Opening her eyes, she looked up at the man who was turning her world upside down. She shook her head.

“Are you ready to have that ass teased open?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Good, Jay, would you like to do the honors?”

“Fuck yeah.”

The night had only just begun, and Temperance had a feeling by the morning, she was going to be struggling to walk.

“I have some lube in the closet,” Richard said.

Jay licked Temperance’s excess cream and moved off the bed. He walked into the closet, seeing an array of sex toys, dildos, and nipple clamps. He took the lube and walked back into the bedroom.

Temperance still had Richard’s cock in her mouth, and he was fingering her pussy.

“You found it?”

He held up the tube.

“Good, let’s get her nice and prepared. I think it’s only fair we start as we mean to go on. Do you want her ass, or would you like me to take it?”

“I’ll take her pussy. You’ve been inside her already, and it has been too long for me. I want to feel her again.”

He handed the lube to Richard, and they switched places.

“Let’s get her on her knees. I want easy access to her ass.”

Jay moved up the bed, sitting against the pillows, and Temperance moved between his thighs, gripping his cock. Her ass was in the air, waiting for Richard’s attention.

He was so turned on that he had to keep counting to calm himself down.

Chapter Eight

Richard ran his fingers over her rounded ass. He placed the lube on the bed, and gripped her ass, opening her up so that he got a good view of her anus and her cunt. She was so wet, and he dipped his fingers inside her, gathering her cream, and spreading it over her tight little asshole.

Each time he touched her, she tensed just a little, and he couldn’t resist prolonging his teasing to see her finally relax.

“I’m just going to grab a toy,” he said, leaving the bed, and finding the dildo that he was looking for.

Moving back toward his woman, he watched as she sucked Jay’s cock. Both of them looked in bliss.

He wasn’t about to be outdone, so he climbed back on the bed behind her. Opening the tube of lube, he squirted some all over her anus, and with his finger, he started to work over her ass. He pushed the lube inside, working past those tight muscles. Once

one finger was inside her, he pumped in and out, then used a second finger to start opening her for his cock.

She was so tight, and he found it a turn-on to work her ass. He was going to be the first guy to have her ass.

“You’ve got such a nice ass, baby,” he said. An ass he could certainly grow accustomed to being inside.

When she took his fingers with ease, he gripped the toy, and removed them. Slowly, he guided the toy and started to work it in her ass.

She tensed up, and he paused, waiting for her to get used to the toy.

Richard had a great deal of patience, and he knew how to work a woman. Reaching between her thighs, he started to tease her clit.

“Holy fuck, man, what are you doing?” Jay asked. His head fell to the bed, and Richard used his other hand to start rocking the dildo into her ass. Once she had taken so many inches of the dildo, Temperance began to thrust up to it, moaning as she did.

He noticed she took Jay even deeper into her mouth, almost gagging on his cock. Her body took over, and he watched her, worshiping the way she fucked back.

Temperance needed two men.

She just didn’t know it.

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It was his and Jay's time to show her how much fun could be had between the two of them.

"Do you like your ass being fucked?" Richard asked.

"Um."

That was all the answer he got.

Sliding his fingers inside her cunt, he found her already soaking, and when she finally took the dildo and was riding it, Richard knew it was time for her to take his dick.

Leaving the dildo inside her ass, he climbed off the bed, and grabbed two condoms. "You're going to need one of them."

Jay tore into the condom, and Temperance pulled off his cock.

Richard rolled the latex over his dick, using some more lube to rub all over his dick. Once he was completely slick, he climbed back on the bed.

Temperance was kneeling, and he caught her chin, kissing her lips. "Are you ready for this?"

"Yes."

He slid his tongue into her mouth, deepening the kiss. "Then climb on Jay. Let him put his cock inside you."

She straddled Jay's thighs, and Richard rubbed the lube over his cock, working the length as he watched the other cock slide deep inside her pussy. He would need a mirror across his bed. He wanted to see every single reaction on her beautiful face, and right now, he didn't have that.

"How does she look?" he asked.

"Her eyes are closed, and she's biting her lip. Now she's looking at me," Jay said. "That's right, baby, look at me with those pretty green eyes."

Richard moved in behind her, cupping her hip as he pressed a kiss to her shoulder. "Does he feel good inside your pussy?"

"Yes. So good."

"Get him inside you, and I'll ride your ass."

She groaned out, arching up into his touch.

Jay gripped her hips and seated her completely on his cock. Richard claimed her lips, devouring the squeal she gave out.

"Hold her ass open for me," Richard said.

Jay took hold of each cheek of her ass, spreading her wide. The tight little puckered hole was gaping a little from the toy he had used, and Richard hoped she hadn't closed up for what he was about to put his cock there.

Wrapping his fingers around the length, he pressed the tip to her anus, and started to push inside her. Her muscles were a little loose from the dildo he used, so it wasn't that hard to get into her.

She gasped. “Fuck! You’re too big.”

“Every man wants to hear that,” Richard said. “It’s okay. Getting the tip in is always the hard part. Now we get to the fun part.”

Inch by inch, he pressed inside her ass. She was incredibly tight, and even Jay cursed. “Fuck, man, even I can feel you. You’ve made her pussy so damn tight.”

He pushed in the last few inches, and Temperance cried out.

“That’s it. I’m in, baby.”

“It’s too much.”

“Just give it a second. If you don’t like it, I’ll stop.”

She was gasping, and Richard worked his hand between them, touching her clit. He didn’t care that he was touching Jay in the process. All he wanted to do was make Temperance feel good.

Seconds passed, maybe even minutes, but he didn’t stop his teasing. Her body changed. She started out quite tense, and unnerved, but then she started to rock. Her ass squeezed his dick, and her pussy grew slick with her cream.

“Whatever you’re doing, don’t stop, man,” Jay said.

“I’m going to let her come. You’re going to come all over his cock, and then we’re going to ride you until we come, do you like that?”

“Yes, God, yes.”

“Not God, baby. Richard.”

“And Jay. Don’t fucking forget me.”

“I won’t,” she said, gasping.

He needed to get a lot of mirrors around the room. Richard didn’t want to miss a moment of fucking her, and the only way to do that was mirrors.

Using two fingers, he worked her clit, feeling the tremors of her impending orgasm as her ass started to pulse around his cock, squeezing him.

“That’s it, baby. Come for me. Let me feel how much you want it.”

She screamed his name, and then Jay’s. Her ass going even tighter, and from the combined pleasure and pain on Jay’s face, he imagined her pussy was just as tight.

Richard kissed her neck and nodded at Jay. “Fuck her.”

Temperance had never known pleasure like it. Jay and Richard were both large men. Richard a little bigger than Jay, but either way, she wasn’t complaining. She had a dick in her pussy and in her ass. The pleasure was out of this world, and the orgasm Richard had just teased her to, was the start of many to come. Neither man would ever let her go without receiving at least one orgasm.

Jay still held onto her hips, and he started to pull out of her pussy. Richard was still teasing her clit so little aftershocks were making her sensitive to each touch, each caress.

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She had never fantasized about having two men before. Richard and Jay, they had teased her these past few weeks, preparing her for what was to come. She was grateful that they had given her time as she hadn't been entirely sure this was what she wanted. Now, between both men, she knew it without a doubt that this was exactly what she wanted.

“You’ve got such a tight little pussy, Tempe,” Jay said.

“Your ass is telling me what it wants.” Richard kissed the side of her neck, sucking on her pulse. When each man kissed her neck, Temperance lost all sense as the pleasure grew within her.

“She’s our woman, with her nice tight pussy,” Richard said.

“God, yes. I’m not letting you go now, Tempe. You’re mine, and come morning, I don’t care. I’m not going to walk away again, and I’m not going to let you go.”

Both men started to fuck her body, taking it in turns. Jay thrust in as Richard pulled out so only the tip of his cock was inside her. Then as Jay pulled out, Richard would thrust in. There was a point inside her where both men crossed that took the pleasure to a whole new level.

Both men touched on nerve endings she didn’t know she had, stroking across her G-spot from different angles, and only serving to heighten her need. She gripped Jay’s shoulders, unable to do anything more than become a vessel for them to take what they wanted.

“Yes, baby, fuck, so fucking good,” Jay said.

“I’m not going to last. This is fucking heaven,” Richard said.

Fingers teased over her clit, and she had lost focus of where their hands were. Someone was holding her hip, her tit, and her clit. There was touch everywhere.

A few strokes to her clit, and she was coming again, screaming both of their names.

Both men rode her harder than before, with Richard being a little more careful with her ass. She felt his restraint knowing in her heart he was giving her time to get accustomed to him.

“I’m going to come,” Jay said.

“Then come.” Richard spoke up.

Temperance couldn’t speak. She had lost all use of her words. There was only mindless pleasure.

First Jay gripped her hips, slamming her down on his cock. He jerked, and his cock pulsed, filling the condom. At the same time, Richard did the same, only he filled the condom in her ass. It was the first time since they both entered her that they were deep inside her. Each pulse of their cock made it to the point of being unbearable, but didn’t cross it. She couldn’t stop them even if she wanted to.

Together, they all collapsed on top of Jay. She rested her head on his chest, and sighed. Her body shook from the sensation of being claimed not just by one man, but by two.

“Fuck me, we waited too long,” Jay said.

“You both curse a lot during sex.” Temperance giggled. “It’s funny. The billionaire and the accountant.”

“Sounds like a sexy porn film to me,” Richard said, kissing her shoulder. “I need to get some mirrors for this room.”

“Why?”

“I want to see everything. I didn’t get much chance to watch you there, Tempe, and you’re too good to resist.”

“I love the sounds she makes. There’s also this look in her eye that says she’s about to get wild,” Jay said.

“I didn’t see any of that because I don’t have any mirrors,” Richard said.

She laughed. “So, we’re getting mirrors for this bedroom?”

“Nah, I’m thinking all rooms. You’ll never know when the mood will hit.”

“All rooms?” She couldn’t move her head as she was sandwiched between the two men.

“There’s no point restricting our play to just one room,” Richard said. “A mirror in every single room.”

“I like that.”

“You also want Jay and me to move in here?” Temperance asked.

“Yeah.”

“This threat you’re on about, how serious is it?” Jay asked.

“Let’s clean up first. This is not a conversation I want to be having like this.” She couldn’t see Richard clearly, and when he talked, she wanted to see his face. Something told her it was important. It had to be important otherwise he wouldn’t have insisted they both stay with him, and have bodyguards for protection.

Just the thought of it made her shiver.

Richard eased out of her, and she hissed as he passed nerves endings that had gone a little numb.

Jay eased out of her, and both men disappeared into the bathroom. Richard ordered her to stay on the bed, so she didn’t move, which was strange as all she wanted to do was move.

He came back minutes later with a towel, and cleaned her up, pressing a kiss to her ass cheek before leaving again. Climbing under the covers, she held them over her breasts, suddenly aware of her body.

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Both men came back, obviously not caring they were naked as they walked into the room.

“You do not need to cover yourself,” Richard said, tugging the blanket down to expose her.

Jay jumped on the bed, and Richard sat down.

“Okay, so what’s going on?” she asked, getting straight to it.

“What I’m about to tell you both mustn’t leave this room. The only reason I’m saying something is I see this lasting. You both are my future.” Richard looked at Jay. “I don’t want to fuck you, but I like you, Jay. You’re a good man, and I do consider you a friend.”

“Likewise.”

He turned to her. “You, Temperance. What can I say about you?”

She raised a brow.

Richard cupped her cheek. “You came into my office, and you caught my attention. I believed you were this prim and proper little miss who had to have everything right. Slowly, I saw you’re anything but. There’s a time and place for it, and you know when it is the right time. I couldn’t allow anything to happen to you.”

“What he’s trying to say but making it sound way better than me, is, he loves you.”

She chuckled, patting Jay's hand away as he teased her hair. "Shut up."

"He's right, Tempe. I do love you. I didn't realize it at first, but there's no doubt in my mind. I love you."

Tears filled her eyes. She'd never expected him to love her. "You mean that?"

"Yes, I mean that, and I'm not lying either. I love you, and it's why I want you both to live her, have guards, to be safe, to be protected."

"What exactly is going on?" Jay asked.

"When we first started the club, BBMC, we had a mission, to help others. We wanted to make something better in the world, something that only money could provide."

"I get that," Jay said.

"Well, our mission soon turned to human traffickers. Lewis, he lost Mandy years ago when she was just a kid, and since then, he's been hunting for her. Many suspected she was dead, and others just gave up. Lewis, he never did."

Temperance struggled to believe it, but it explained why Mandy had a panic attack.

"After years of fighting, we discovered that our contact who was feeding us information on where the women were held, was in fact Mandy. She suffered greatly for it, and we were able to not only save her, but other women as well, and bring down several criminals exploiting the women."

"You didn't catch them all?"

"No. Trafficking, it's a large scale organization that is ever expanding. The black

market for sex slaves, prostitutes, and even children, is one that is sickening. I doubt that we'll ever be able to stop it, but we're not going to stop."

"Fuck, man, and I just thought you were a billionaire who got his kicks playing dress up in leather."

"I wish it was that simple. The BBMC has started something, and we're not going to stop. This is what we do."

"The men that you're after, do they know who you are?" she asked.

"We strive for privacy. However, over time articles have appeared, and we've been connected to the club and what we do. Anyway, rumors have been circling for years."

"Tell me, Richard," she said.

"Bodies of dead women have been discovered in different areas around the city. When you get a map and pinpoint their location, you find that they are around each of the ten main headquarters of the members of the BBMC."

"I don't follow."

"Give me a second." Richard left, and Jay wrapped his arm around her.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I just want to make sense of what is going on."

"I agree."

She rested her head against him. "I love you both, Jay. I can't pick just one."

“It’s good that neither of us wants you to pick. We’re both happy being together, sharing you.”

Temperance stayed leaning against Jay as Richard came in with a map.

“Here are all of our businesses,” Richard said, pointing at the map. “To give you an idea, this is where all the bodies have been found.”

She watched him draw a circle.

“It could be a coincidence, but we don’t believe in that shit. We believe in cold hard facts.”

“Someone could be coming after you?”

“Exactly, and I don’t want to take any chances. I’ve only just found you. I’m not going to lose you now.”

Before she could say anything, his cell phone rang, and Richard had to leave to go and get it.

Lifting up the map, she showed Jay exactly where Richard’s building was.

“It’s not just a coincidence, is it?” Jay asked.

Temperance shook her head.

Wrapping his arms around her, he held her close, inhaling her sweet scent. Tonight had been a dream come true to him, and with this threat, he was scared. He had been waiting for Temperance for so long, the very thought of losing her was just too hard to grasp. There was no way he was going to let anything happen to her.

Richard walked back in the room.

“What is it?” Temperance asked.

“They have found another body.”

“Do you need to leave?”

“No, not tonight. The main investigation is taking place first.”

Temperance moved up, snuggling so that her ass was against his dick. “Jay and I will do what we can to help.”

“Yeah, we will. We’ve got your back, man.”

“All I want is for both of you to be careful. Don’t linger too long in empty streets.

Don't go to places to eat you've never been before. I'm going to assign a guard, but you're not going to know where he is."

"I'm a guy. I don't need a guard," Jay said, trying to lighten the mood.

"You're an accountant," Richard said.

"So, we can be badass."

"You scream at spiders," Temperance said.

"You're not helping my case here, baby."

"Just take the guard, Jay. I know you've got a big dick, so you don't have to act the man. Be the bigger man now, and see that this is upsetting to Richard."

Looking at the man he was starting to see as a friend, Jay saw the fear Richard was trying to hide. It was serious shit.

"Do I get to pledge to be a member?" Jay asked.

"We're not some frat house."

"Technically, you are."

Temperance laughed. "He's trying to tease you. Smile, Richard, and move on, otherwise he'll start calling the club many other names."

Chapter Nine

They were all gathered in church at the clubhouse the following Sunday. Temperance

and Jay were outside in the main bar while Richard finished off this latest club meeting. During the past week, he'd gotten a guard for each of them. One for Jay, two for Temperance, all three men had been employed to keep a careful distance from their respective charges. He didn't want to hear both of them complaining. They had both moved in with him, and he'd helped to bring their stuff to his place. He liked having both of them around. At first he had thought Jay would be a problem, but now, he was his best friend outside of the club. It was fun to finally have a friend to watch football with, have a beer, and of course, share a woman.

Mirrors had already been put in place in the fourth bedroom, and every single night that was where all three of them slept. He loved having Temperance between them. Some mornings he woke up to her lying across his body. Other mornings, he woke to her ass against his dick, and she was snuggled up against Jay.

No jealousy struck up. She belonged to the both of them, and he liked it that way. During the day, Temperance was the official PA, apart from lunchtimes. Those he had her spread across his desk so that he could lick her pussy out.

He also loved her sucking his dick. Sometimes, Jay would join them for lunch, and it was hard not to turn it into a fuck-fest. Both of them had been taking turns to possess her mouth, her pussy, or her ass. Richard loved her. He truly did, and there was no doubt, this was his future with both of them.

Lewis circled the new link of the dead girls.

"Do we recognize any of them?" Jackson asked.

"Their names have all turned up in the missing person's database," Lewis said. "What I'm not liking is each girl is part of different order lists. The order forms where men or women order the kind of girl they want. You know, blonde, brunette, fat, thin, stuff like that. Each of these girls matches a description from different lists."

Lewis went back to his keyboard, typing something. On the large projector, Richard saw the different order forms, and then there were the three faces of the dead girls. “Here, blonde, roughly five foot, with no blemishes, chunky. This matches Darlene. She was reported missing by her family a week ago. Slim, brunette, no ink, this matches this woman here.”

“What does this mean?” Blake asked.

“One of these women was last seen in one of your nightclubs,” Lewis said.

“What?”

“Darlene was spotted on footage coming out of your nightclub. She never made it home. It gets worse. Tania, she’s the brunette with no ink, was employed by you, Russ.”

“What?” Russ asked.

“And this woman.” Lewis pointed at the redhead. “She was the cleaner for this club. Sarah, that was her name.”

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“You think we’re being targeted?” Jamie asked.

“All I know is right now, the cops are looking at us a little suspiciously. These women, they’re innocents, and they’re being killed because of what we do.” Lewis stared at the board. “Our lives within the club are no longer secret.”

“What do we need to do?” Richard asked. “I’m not going to sit back while a bunch of innocents are being targeted because of us.”

“I’ve got to use all the data I have, but I need access codes into your security. All of your security codes.”

“Wait? Why?” Jamie asked, standing up. “Do you think one of us is the snitch?”

“Not at all.”

Richard watched as the men started to glare at each other, ready to fight.

This was not part of the club, and Richard was pissed off. “Enough!” He yelled the word, so everyone paused, turning toward him. “Do you see what is happening? We’re having doubts about each other, and it was us who went looking for them.” He looked at each of his nine club brothers. “We’ve got each other, and right now, innocent people are dying. If you’ve got a problem with Lewis having our access codes to help find these fuckers, then I say I’d vote you out of the club.” Grabbing some paper, Richard wrote down the access code. “That’s all you need to know.”

“This is our company.”

“We came together for trust. We each have access here, and a woman was killed because she cleaned for us.” Richard shook his head. “I’m not taking any fucking chances.”

One by one, the men wrote down their access codes. It was a single code known only by them, which allowed for security around the building to be checked. Lewis didn’t need to entire codes. Even Richard didn’t have every single code to each building, or the access point for staff files.

Lewis took a seat at the computer desk. He looked over the codes, and then set fire to the piece of paper. Richard didn’t question him as he got to work.

“What do you have to do?” Richard asked, taking a seat.

“First, I access the victims’ files, and then I cross reference them to the nights they were killed, and I can use some software that I created that allows me to extract anomalies based on these facts. It’s the quickest route to finding out what went wrong.”

“You do that.”

Richard rubbed at his temples. This was getting too damn confusing, and he didn’t want anyone to get hurt.

The men sat down around the table.

“You’ve put three guards on Jay and Temperance,” Blake said.

“Temperance is my woman. I’m sharing her with Jay. You got a problem with that, we can step outside and solve that problem.”

Blake held his hand up. “A ménage relationship isn’t going to go down well in the market.”

“Do I look like a give a fuck? The press can say I’m fucking Jay for all I care.” He’d never been one to lose sleep over the speculations of other people. Growing up in foster care, Richard had learned not to take anything to heart. There were cruel people in the world, and there were nice people. Most of the time, he encountered the pieces of shit that didn’t deserve to walk on this earth.

“Wow, is it serious?” Jamie asked.

“Yes, it’s serious,” Richard said. “I love her.”

“Wow, the beast has fallen in love.” This came from Sean.

“I’m not the beast. You know that. I know that.”

“Actually, you kind of are. You’re not exactly known for your lovely manner,” Jackson said.

“Whatever. I’m not here to babysit what people think.” He leaned back into his chair. “God, I need a break.”

It had been a long time since he took a vacation, and he was starting to need one a lot sooner than he anticipated. He rarely ever vacationed.

The very thought of a nice beach, the ocean, privacy with Temperance and Jay, was exactly what he needed.

“How’s Mandy?” he asked.

“She’s fine. She’s going to more therapy, and trying to access her memories. I’ve stopped trying to pressure her.”

“None of us want to pressure her. She’s been through so much already. I bet none of us can really imagine what she’s gone through,” Russ said.

“Let her have this time when she doesn’t need to remember, and give her the peace she actually needs.”

“That’s what I’m doing,” Lewis said. “I hope I can find out who these monsters are before another girl goes missing.”

This time, the missing girls were on their hands as they were people that were close to them. Whoever the bastards were, they had made it personal.

“It’s more of a gentlemen’s club, don’t you think?”

Temperance kicked off her shoes, laughing at Jay’s assessment of Richard’s clubhouse. It had been a long day. The O’Brian deal was already underway, and to start on marketing they were looking for the right face to go with the product. She was tired of looking at women’s bodies and faces. O’Brian was determined to have it all about sex.

What was sexy about makeup?

If you even thought of kissing, it all got mussed up.

It was gross if your eyeliner ran.

“Has it been a long day for you?” Jay asked.

“Yes, my feet hurt. I spent the whole day getting coffee and doughnuts. I’m so damn tired. This account is going to kill me.”

“The O’Brian account.”

Richard had been talking with Jay about everything.

“Yes. He’s such an asshole. He judges everything on beauty, and those that don’t match up, it’s bad news. They just get completely cut from the whole thing. It’s sad,

and horrible.”

Jay moved in beside her, lifting her feet up, and placing them in his lap. He started to massage her feet, and each touch made her moan even louder.

“That feels so good.”

“I’ll take care of you. O’Brian is an asshole. Richard doesn’t like him either.”

“There’s nothing to like. He’s a total asshole. One girl got cut from the callbacks because she had freckles. She was a hot woman, and he wanted us to go through slides of women in the adult business as well.” Temperance cringed. She really did hate some men.

There was nothing to it. O’Brian wasn’t the first man she hated just because he was a sexist pig. There had been a lot during her time in the corporate world. This was just another element.

“How was work for you today?” she asked, trying to change the subject.

“You do not want to know about my shit. It’s all numbers, and shit. Very boring, you know that.”

“You’ve always been good with numbers. You’re so clever.”

“Two plus two equals ... four. Did I make you hot?”

“Totally.” She laughed, then jumped as someone placed down a large glass on the counter.

“Wow, I’m going to need some points from you,” the woman said.

Temperance recognized her from the visits she used to go to Richard. Ever since he'd started seeing her, this woman hadn't made an appearance not once. From the looks of fire coming her way, Temperance knew that the other woman was totally pissed.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yeah, do you have a pussy of gold? Is that what keeps them coming back to you?"

"Tina, don't cause trouble," another woman said, approaching the table.

"Back off, Luna. You may get off fucking these men and being nothing but a whore, but I don't."

"I'm not a damn whore," Luna said. "These men, they're my family, and you're the one making more of it. This is what we agreed to. This is all I want."

"Is it being fat? Is that it?"

"Hey," Jay said. "You better back off."

"Oh, so now you have two men. Well, he's not a club brother, but he's someone that is way above your league. On the scale of one to ten, you're like a four, if that."

Temperance sighed. "What makes you think you're a ten?"

"I'm really sorry," Luna said.

She liked Luna. Temperance had learned that Luna had a young girl of five who suffered with asthma. She wasn't looking for love, and the club gave her enough money to live a lifestyle that was more than comfortable, but also meant she could afford the necessary medical care for her baby girl.

“You better leave.”

“I’m a ten because I’m beautiful, hot, and I know how to suck cock.”

Temperance chuckled. “Is that it? Is that all you think guys want?”

“That’s all they need.”

Jay smirked. “Wow, you’ve totally got it wrong. We need a hell of a lot more than a good little cock sucker.”

“You’re fat, and Richard should walk away.”

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Richard asked, storming out.

Temperance cringed. Richard had a temper, and especially when people were not treating her right.

Tina went from super bitch to syrup within a second. It even made Temperance want to gag. She had never seen a woman change so fast. She was like one of those creatures in the desert that changed its color when a predator was about.

“I did try to warn her,” Luna said, stepping away. Her hands were up in the air in surrender. “I don’t want any trouble. I love the club.”

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Temperance had no doubt, but Tina, she had crossed a line. Still, she wasn't going to force a woman out of the club just because she didn't like her.

Getting to her feet, she climbed out of the booth, having to straddle Jay as she did. Her breasts ended up thrust in his face, and she stumbled on the hard floor. She wore a pair of tights, and her shoes were on the floor. "Are you done for the night?"

"No, I'm not done." Richard looked past her shoulder. "Do you think you can get away with calling my woman names?"

"She was all up in his space. They were pretty much fucking."

Temperance turned around to look at the other woman. "You're kidding right? You're going to tell a bunch of lies to get what you want."

"Who are you going to believe?" Tina asked.

"First, I wouldn't believe you even if I had seen it with my own two eyes. Second, Temperance belongs to me and Jay. If she wants to fuck him in front of the club, then she can. She's ours. Third, that was your final strike for me. I want you out of the club for good."

Richard looked pissed, and when she caught sight of the other club members, she knew that Tina had pissed them all off one too many times.

"I suggest you leave the club until we come to a decision," Russ said.

“But—”

“No buts. Get the fuck out,” Jackson said.

Temperance watched as Tina glared at all of them. That woman was not going to back down without a fight.

Later that night, Jay sat back, stroking Temperance’s hair. Her feet were in Richard’s lap. It was that time of the months so fun and games were out of the question. They were snuggled on a large sofa. They were in their pajamas, and Temperance wore a large nightshirt with a kitten on it. The pajama pants had cows.

She cuddled a hot water bottle against her stomach, and had fallen asleep.

“What will happen to that woman at the club?” Jay asked.

Once they had sent Tina off, they had left the club.

“We’re going to get our club lawyer to handle it. We’ll pay her off, but she’ll be bound by an agreement that states she is to keep the running of the club a secret. If anything gets leaked, we have the means of making sure her life is ruined.”

“Wow, don’t you think that is a bit harsh?”

“Besides the fact she called Tempe fat, there is more at stake than just some rumors. Look what is happening to innocent women. I will not allow a spiteful woman to risk others. I don’t care about myself. She can talk about the club all day long to everyone, but we’re not just any club. We’ve made ourselves targets, and that is on us. I regret it, but there’s nothing we can do.”

“More women have been taken?”

Richard sighed. “Sadly, yes. More have been taken, and we can’t know for certain who it is.”

“No one can do a good deed anymore without it becoming an issue.”

“You’ve got that right.” Richard rubbed at his temples.

“Did you always want to be a biker?”

“No. The only thing I ever wanted was to help people. That’s it. I wanted to help people.”

“You are helping people,” Jay said.

“Am I? Right now it seems I’m killing more than I’m helping.”

“You can’t blame yourself for what is going on. You’re doing a good thing, and I bet you’ve saved hundreds of women.”

“Now women are being killed, and I can’t help but fear what will come next.”

Jay looked over at his friend. He never for a second thought he would be loving Temperance with another man. Richard was a good man.

“We’ll handle it together. We’re a team, right? We’ve got each other, which at times is more than others have.”

Richard touched her leg. “I can’t lose her.”

“We won’t. We have this, together.” Jay smiled. “I had lunch today with my bodyguard. His name is Curtis, and he’s ever so nice.”

Richard started to laugh. “You shouldn’t have noticed him.”

“It was kind of hard not to. At first I thought I had an admirer, and then I saw he was packing. I went out, shook his hand, and we had lunch. He’s a good guy. He’s got three kids, and a wife who worries about him.”

“Curtis is a good man. He’ll keep you safe.”

“I also know you’ve got two guards on Temperance.”

“I don’t think she knows about them,” Richard said. “I prefer that. I don’t want her aware of the danger that I may have caused her.”

“You’re not going to lose her. She loves you too damn much to lose you.”

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Richard sighed. "I love her with my whole heart. I never thought I'd love a woman as much as I love her. She's my life."

"I agree."

"I want this to be forever," Richard said. "Can you handle that?"

"Sharing her?"

"Yes."

"I've been handling it just fine. I happen to like you, Richard. No, I'll never want your dick, but I can see us sharing her."

"I'll marry her."

"You're the one with all the money," Jay said.

"It's not about the money. I want her to be protected, and I know she'd protect you as well if anything was to happen to me."

"Are you proposing to me?" Temperance asked, sounding sleepy.

"I thought you were asleep."

"I was. I'm not asleep anymore." She rolled over. "Are you proposing?"

Richard chuckled. “Yeah, I’m proposing.”

Temperance smiled. She looked up at him. “What do you think, Jay? Should I make him ask again?”

“I think you should put the guy out of his misery.”

Temperance laughed. “Yes, Richard, I’ll marry you.”

Chapter Ten

Three days later, Richard was back at the clubhouse. Jay and Temperance had stayed at home to make dinner, and he was going to miss it if the meeting ran over.

“I’m sorry it has taken me so long, but I finally found the one person that was present within a specific time frame,” Lewis said.

“What?” Russ asked.

“Each woman was killed, and from the autopsy report, the suspect is male. The damage to the woman’s bodies was consistent with that of a blunt force trauma, which anyone can do, but it takes strengths. These women, they were taken, tortured, and killed, dumped. Other women would not be able to work alone for this. They don’t have the physical strength to carry this out.” Lewis spoke without any emotion. “There was no rape, which is why the cops are coming to us now no longer as potential suspects. It’s something that doesn’t add up.”

“What do you mean?” Richard asked.

“Murder, there’s a reason for it. There is a relationship between most victims and the murderer, and I’m not talking like father-daughter relations. This can be something

like each woman insulted the murderer, which is why he killed them. This doesn't add up. Each murder is completely related by one thing, us."

"So because it's not rape, they're saying it's a problem, and we're the only connection?" Richard asked.

"There have to be at least two different killers out there. The women that were found before were raped, so it was done by someone else. Each serial killer, murderer, criminal, they have what is known as a calling card. These three women do not match the women that were found raped before. None of these women had anything in common, they don't look the same, share the same lifestyle. We are what connect them, which leads us to this man." Lewis clicked on a remote, and three images came on screen, each at different angles, but what had Richard sitting up was he recognized the guy.

"What about this man?" Richard asked.

"This is the person that has been present near the women. It's not a coincidence. He was at Blake's club, and was seen leaving a few minutes after Darlene. They had been dancing together. He was also a visitor at your building, Russ. Tania was the one who showed him around." Lewis pointed to the next image. The man was driving a van, and he watched as Sarah climbed inside on the small video of the footage Lewis had taken.

"What's his name?" Richard asked.

"For the last two, he used a different name. I don't know what name he was using for the first one with Darlene," Lewis said.

"He's part of O'Brian's entourage," Richard said.

Richard had seen him, and he used his cell to start contacting O'Brian.

Putting his cell to his ear, he waited for O'Brian to answer.

His heart was racing as he stared at the image on the main screen. Fuck! He'd not even given it a thought to check out O'Brian's entourage. His club life had never entered his working life unless he had a club whore visit him to take care of his problem.

"Richard, what do I owe the honor?" O'Brian asked.

"The man who has been your guard, the one who stands in the back." Richard gave a brief description of the man.

"Yes, I know who you mean. I don't have his details. I use a security firm who sends out different men for me."

That man had been with him while he'd been with Temperance. Hanging up his cell phone, he made his way out of the meeting, rushing downstairs as he started to call Temperance's cell. It went to voicemail. Next he called Jay.

Nothing.

Then he called his apartment, and once again, nothing. He didn't even explain to any of his club brothers. Climbing onto his bike, he shot out of the private parking area, not caring about his own safety. Something had gone wrong. He knew it.

He'd been so fucking stupid not to have seen it or check out what the fuck was going on, but he'd been distracted.

Richard would never make that mistake again.

Temperance's head was pounding, and when she tried to touch her face, she was stopped.

"Wait ... what?" Her foggy brain was struggling to catch up with everything that was going on, and it only served to make her more confused.

"Ah, she's waking up."

Frowning, she opened her eyes and turned her head. Nothing was in focus, so she blinked her eyes to try to clear her mind.

"There she is."

She remembered being in the kitchen with Jay, and having fun. As she glanced

around the warehouse, it looked abandoned, and she couldn't see any sign of Jay. Someone had broken into Richard's apartment, and Jay had been shot. God, he'd been shot, and now he was bleeding.

Tears filled her eyes and started to fall. Jay could be dead, and no one knew.

"You're starting to remember."

"What are you doing?" she asked.

Opening her eyes, she forced herself to look at the man who was taunting her. She recognized him but didn't know how she did. They had never talked before. There was nothing that stuck out about him.

"What am I doing? Let's see, I'm trying to gain the attention of the billionaires affecting my business. Now, they make think they're smart, but they haven't got anything on the corporation as a whole."

Temperance stayed silent as the man kept talking.

"Don't you think it's a little lame? A bunch of billionaires thinking they can save the world."

"They're not trying to save the world. Just the women and children you hurt."

The man threw his head back, laughing. "They don't need to be saved. They're there to be used. If I don't use them, someone else will."

This man sickened her. "You will be stopped."

"I doubt it. Where there are women, there will be men who can order them like cattle.

Sometimes, we get a picture of the woman they want.”

“Why do you have me?” she asked.

“I needed to teach the little lame bikers a lesson. They seem to think they have their billions so they can do what they want.”

“You have nothing, and think the same thing.”

“I’m providing a service.”

“You’re a monster.”

“That I am. I won’t lie about who I am.”

Temperance looked around, and saw that she was sitting on a chair with her arms stretched out. She didn’t even want to think about what this man had in store for her. Whatever it was, it wasn’t going to be pleasant.

“What are you going to do?” she asked.

“I’m thinking it’s time I made a call.”

The man turned away and left her.

Tears were pouring down her cheeks, and she was struggling to keep herself together. She was petrified, and she was trapped.

Stay calm, Temperance.

She kept repeating the same words over and over in the hope that she would

eventually believe her own words.

Richard slammed into his apartment and found Jay lying on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

Grabbing his cell phone, he dialed for an ambulance, checking Jay's vital signs.

"My friend has been shot. I need an ambulance. His pulse is faint." Richard told them the address, and rolled Jay over.

In the distance he heard his friends rushing into his apartment. Dropping his cell phone, he removed his jacket, pressing it to the wound.

Jay finally moaned. "Fuck me, please tell me I'm dreaming and I'm going to wake up to Temperance about to ride my face."

"Now is not the time for jokes."

"I'm not joking. Fuck me, that hurts." Jay opened his eyes and started leaning against the kitchen sink.

"Colorful language for an accountant," Lewis said.

"I've been shot, and I bet it's your fault. Pissed off any employees lately?"

"None, but it is our fault."

"Where's Tempe?" Jay asked.

“She’s not here.”

“What do you mean she’s not here?” Jay stared at him, sweating. “Fuck, I can’t—did they take her?”

“I don’t know what the hell is going on,” Richard said.

“Do you have security cameras around the whole of the building?” Lewis asked.

“Everything is controlled with computers now.” Richard pressed the jacket while trying to think, and not panic. It was fucking hard to do.

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Temperance was gone. Jay was shot, and it looked bleak.

“I fucked up,” Jay said.

“What?”

“I didn’t protect her. Someone has Tempe, and I fucked up.”

“Shut up, Jay. We’ll deal with this, and we’ll find her, and we’ll make the bastards pay.”

“At what cost, man? They hurt her, and we’re not going to get the same woman back.”

Richard couldn’t think about that shit right now.

“Got it,” Lewis said.

“Help me up,” Jay said.

“You need to rest.”

“I’m not dead yet, and I have a right to see this shit.”

He had no choice, so with Jackson’s help, he got Jay to his feet. They moved toward the main television where Lewis had hooked up the security footage. He was rewinding it back to the point where the apartment was first broken into.

Richard recognized one man as the guy on O'Brian's security detail. He didn't recognize the other guy.

The guards that Richard had assigned were out cold. The only one not there was Curtis, but it was his night off.

"Fuckers came in and started shooting. We didn't have any time."

Richard didn't have security cameras within his apartment, so next he saw Temperance fighting them. She was trying to get away, screaming, kicking, and even biting.

He cursed when he saw one of them slam their fist in her face, and Temperance went out cold. They picked her up and disappeared. They clearly didn't care about being caught. Richard had never seen anyone do this out in the open, which made him wonder who they had as contacts within the law. Lewis typed, changing each camera angle, and they watched as the men dumped her in the back of a car, and drove off.

Richard thought that would be it, but Lewis was already moving onto the next step, framing the license plate, and running it.

"What are you doing?" Jay asked.

"I'm finding where he went. I've got recognition software that I can access."

"I don't feel so good." Jay started to sway, and Richard held onto him, leading him to the couch.

"I've got you, Jay. The ambulance will be here, and we're all going to be okay."

"You've got to protect her. She's too precious to allow anything to happen to her."

“Jay, shut up, and stop worrying. You’re going to be fine.”

“If I don’t make it, you’ve got to keep her.”

Richard gritted his teeth. “Shut up.”

“You’ve got to love and cherish her, and you’ve got to go through with it. You’ve got to marry her, otherwise I’ll come down and haunt your ass.”

“You’re not going to die.”

“I’m so cold.”

Temperance tried not to cringe when she caught sight of the man coming back. He was laughing, and she didn’t like that. It was terrifying.

“I see you’re still awake.”

“I’m not exactly comfortable,” she said. Her arms were spread out, and her ass was starting to get numb.

She was in an abandoned warehouse used for torturing people and she was more concerned about her numb ass.

Get your head in the game.

The man laughed. “This isn’t about your comfort. Do you really think they will come for you?”

He grabbed another chair and sat in front of her. Her heart was racing, and she was trying to hardest not to let the fear show.

Richard will come.

The BBMC will come.

In the beginning she'd thought the billionaire bikers were a bunch of men who didn't know what they were doing. They were just playing at being tough men. Now, she saw what they were doing, and she appreciated it more than ever.

"You know, I've trained a lot of girls for a lot of men to be their pets."

"Is that what you do? Train them to be animals?"

"Hardly animals. Some girls, they fight, and it takes killing another to keep them in line."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I'm thinking if I kill you, it'll keep everyone else in line. They have Mandy, and she was great for soothing the girls. She played her part. It was just a shame she decided to turn on us."

"Mandy helped you?"

"In the beginning she fought like a wild animal. My mentor, he found her the hardest to break, which was why she was given special privileges over time. Once she earned enough, he kept her on to help the other girls. He had no idea the whole time she was a traitor. The woman is an expert actress. No other woman is ever going to get that close again."

Temperance smiled. “That’s what you get for fucking with women.”

He slapped her around the face, once with his right, and then with his left.

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The pain was instant, and blood pooled from her split lip.

Closing her eyes, she tried not to cry.

“Do you really think you’ve got a chance of getting away? No one knows where you are. No one knows who I am.”

She had faith that Richard and his brothers would find her. They were billionaires for fuck’s sake, with all the latest technology, and they were geniuses. She just had to stay alive long enough for Richard to come.

“You’re going to be okay. You’ve got to fucking live. I’m not having Temperance tell me I failed if you die. Do you hear me?”

“Mr. Bruce, we’ve got to take him now.”

An oxygen mask covered Jay’s face, and the paramedics were working hard to keep him alive. “You keep him alive. Anything happens to him, and I’ll own your asses and your hospital.”

“We will do everything we can.”

Jay removed his mask, looking paler by the second. “Go and get our girl. Now!”

Richard charged for the elevator and made his way back to his apartment. Lewis was

on the computer still, using his own technology to get what he wanted.

“Do you have her?”

“Whoever took her is not that bright. They didn’t even mask the fucking car, and he led us right to an abandoned warehouse near a port. It’s thirty minutes out.”

Richard moved toward his office, going into his safe and grabbing out two of his guns. He walked back into the main room. “Call our informant. Tell him everything, and make sure he gets there soon.” He wasn’t going to wait around.

“It’s already done, Richard. A group of SWAT is circling the building. It seems this man, known as ‘the torturer’, was on their most wanted list.”

Richard rushed out of the apartment. He was going to be there when they stormed that fucking building, and he was going to save his woman.

Temperance was in pain, in so much pain that an aspirin wouldn’t cure her. She was no longer sitting, but the bastard had started to show her exactly what he did to train the little pets.

This man needed to be stopped.

She was completely naked, and he’d touched her. Just remembering his hands on her made her want to vomit, which she already had done, and it was a struggle not to step in the mess. He’d turned her so that she was facing the wall, and then started to use all kinds of whips, or devices, or something that had made the flesh on her back burn.

“Well, I think you may have turned me to fat women,” he said, moving to stand

behind her. He wrapped his fist in her hair, pulling her head back to look at her. He wrapped his fingers around her throat, cutting off her air supply. She couldn't do anything to stop it. She was at his mercy, her arms bound up. "Such a beautiful body for me to play with. I always thought slender women were the best, but the curvier you are, the more rounded places to hit. You're a little more durable as well." He slapped her ass, and finally released her throat. She took great gasps of air, precious air.

Before she'd taken enough, he did the same.

"All you've got to do is be good, and you'll get everything you want."

Follow the rules to be rewarded, break them, and you'll be punished.

She squeezed her eyes shut, hating how degrading this was. No matter what she couldn't let Richard or the BBMC stop their hunt for men like this.

There were women out there being tortured, used, manipulated, and she was going to see that it was stopped.

Temperance didn't care that for every person they brought down, another took their place. They would just have to keep on fighting until all the men were brought to justice, and it was a mission she was going to fight for.

He released her throat, and she gasped for breath.

"I'm impressed. You're not screaming or begging me to stop."

He ran his hands all over her body, and she tried to think of the men in her life.

Be strong for Jay and Richard.

Be strong.

Don't give up.

Don't give in.

Fight.

She couldn't give up. There was too much to lose now.

The man started hitting her, beating her with something like wood, and the pain was making her dizzy. She couldn't keep holding on. She was at the point where she wanted to give in. Each slap to the skin was as bruising as the last.

There was no respite to the pain. She couldn't handle anymore.

Just as she was about to scream for mercy, she heard the unmistakable sound of gunfire. In a bizarre twist the sound of gunfire actually stopped the pain she was feeling. She couldn't see anything as she was facing the wall. All the time she heard shouts and gunfire, fear gripped her in ways she wasn't prepared for.

What was going on?

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She was naked, and something was going on. If someone did this wrong, she could get shot.

Crap!

Temperance started to scream at the top of her lungs. Time passed. It could have been seconds, but to her it felt like years.

“I’ve got you, Temperance,” Richard said.

His voice soothed the pain that she was suddenly feeling.

“Richard?” she asked, sobbing his name.

“It’s me, baby. I’m here.”

“You came. I knew you would.”

“I’m here now, and I’m not going to let you go.”

“I hurt,” she said.

“I know. No one is going to hurt you again. I’ve got you.”

Chapter Eleven

Jay sat in the wheelchair. He was bandaged up, and the hospital had done everything

to care for him. The moment he saw Richard and he got the update on Temperance, he'd been able to calm down. He couldn't relax though. Not until he saw her. Jackson, one of the club guys, wheeled him around. He didn't mind seeing as Richard was with her.

"You can't go any faster?" Jay asked.

"You've had surgery to remove a bullet. Doctor's orders you're to take it easy."

"So? Get me to my woman. Move, man!" He was trying to cover up the fact he was frightened. Temperance was a strong woman, but what she had just faced, it scared him.

Jackson didn't move faster, and as they rounded the corner, he saw the rest of the billionaires outside in the corridor, waiting.

"Damn, is it that bad?"

"One of our own is hurting, and we're here to offer him support. It's the way of the club."

Jackson wheeled him into the room, and the first thing he saw was the fact Temperance was on her front, with her head turned to the side. Dressings had been applied to her back, and Richard was knelt beside her head, kissing her.

"Jay's here, baby," Richard said.

"Jay?" Temperance's voice broke, which only served to upset him.

"I'm here, baby." Jackson wheeled him so that he was able to look at her.

Tears were spilling from her eyes, and seeing her sad and broken, tore him apart.
“You’re safe.”

“Yes, I’m safe. Damn bullet had to be taken out, but I’m doing good. It didn’t hit anything vital, and I’ll be out tomorrow. You know the health service.” He tried to make light of everything.

“Always cracking jokes.”

“It’s my method.” He reached out, taking hold of her hand. “Forgive me.”

“There’s nothing to forgive, Jay. Neither of us could do anything.”

“You got to her in time before anything worse happened?” Jay asked.

“I got to her, but I don’t—” Richard stopped, stepping away from the bed.

“Don’t let him blame himself. I wasn’t raped, and I wasn’t hurt too badly. The wounds, they will fade, and in time, I’ll be safe and happy once again. Don’t let him go making it about himself. He’s a billionaire, and he has enough attention as it is.”

Jay laughed. “Come on, man. What happened, it was fucked up, but we’re all here now.”

Richard nodded and took a step toward them.

He and Richard moved in close, pressing their heads against Temperance’s. “I love you, Temperance. I can’t live without you, and I don’t want to. I can’t live without you either, Jay. I’ll never want to fuck you, but don’t ever fucking scare me like that.”

“Wow, I feel all bro-manced up. Love you, too.”

“I love you both, and I don’t want to spend another moment without either of you,” Temperance said.

“This is it for me,” Jay said. “I want you both, and I’m happy to share my life with you, Richard.”

“I want my kids with you, Tempe, and I don’t care who gives them to you. We’re both in this together.” Richard kissed her cheek, and once he pulled away, Jay did the same.

Mandy stared into the hospital room with tears in her eyes. Jay, Richard, and Temperance were great together. They didn’t deserve this kind of pain. She was thankful that they had only gotten stronger together, not weaker.

Lewis was stood within the room as were the other BBMC They were a bunch of good men who didn’t deserve the crap that had been handed to them. What they were up against, it wasn’t an easy fight, nor was it one where anyone would be a victor. It was going to be hard, dangerous, and scary as fuck.

She remembered everything.

That very morning she had woken up, and it was like coming out of a daze. At first, she had wanted to break down, cry, scream, and at the same time be happy. Her life for so long had been a nightmare with no sign of getting out. The beatings, the rapes, the manipulation, all of it had finally taken its toll. She was ready to die, so she had decided to reach out to someone in the hope of trying to do something good before she ended her miserable life.

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Mandy had found Lewis. Throughout it all, she had remembered him, and been in love with him. There was a time when she was young and innocent where she'd thought they would be happily married together, but now that was all a fantasy. She had been taken, stripped of all kind of innocence, and learned how to play dirty.

To gain trust, she had done despicable things, getting girls to trust her, and in doing so, she had been fighting to bring down the men that thought women and girls were to be used as cattle.

Part of her wished she had never remembered. To remember meant it actually happened, and right now, she couldn't look at her own reflection.

Moving away from the somewhat family moment, she made her way to the café in the hospital. Grabbing a shit cup of coffee, she took a seat, staring down at the dark liquid. Her life meant nothing. It had no meaning. She had saved a couple hundred women by feeding information to Lewis, but there were still thousands of women every day being traded.

She didn't deserve to be free.

Taking a sip of the cup, she relished the burn as it slid down her throat. She had no place in this world. Mandy hadn't finished any kind of schooling. Her knowledge was basic, if that. There was nothing for her here. She didn't have the kind of knowledge that others had.

Her knowledge was in obedience, pleasure, sex, and knowing what her master wanted.

God, even now it made her stomach roll just thinking about what she'd had to do.

"There you are," Lewis said, coming into the room.

"Hey." He was a very handsome man.

Lewis was also a man who deserved someone much better than she was. Someone clean. She wasn't clean. She was dirty, filthy, and there was no cleaning the dirt on her skin.

"You just left."

"You needed to be alone." She sipped more of the burning liquid.

"They got the torturer. He's in custody."

"There's more to replace him."

Lewis paused. "What?"

"Do you remember when we were little, younger? You used to say that nothing would ever happen to a good girl because there was no way darkness could touch someone good."

"Mandy?"

"That's not true." Tears filled her eyes. "Darkness touches everyone, and the monsters prey on the good, the weak."

"You remember?"

“I remember.”

“Shit, why didn’t you say anything?”

She looked away, unable to stare at the man who had saved her. “You were never supposed to save me, Lewis. You were always supposed to help them.”

“Mandy, I had to help you.”

She shook her head. “I’m beyond help. Those women, those innocent girls, they need your help. I’ve got to go back.”

“No! You’re not going back.”

Her shoulders slumped. “What use am I here? I can’t even spell.”

“You can use a computer, and you can help me.”

“I’m dirty, Lewis. I did things that I don’t ever want to think about or remember. I don’t deserve to be free.”

Lewis grabbed her hand. “I started the club. I made sure we did these missions. I lied to them. Everything I did was in order to find you. You’re the only one I was searching for. The only one I cared about. I thought once I had you, I’d stop, not look back.”

“Lewis?”

“Let me finish.” He held her hand so tight. “I can’t give up. I started something in finding you, and we were lucky to find each other. I’m not giving you up, but I will stop fucking looking.”

“What?”

“If you go back and put yourself in danger again, I will stop, and I will never start again. You’ll be on your own, and I will thwart any attempt you make to help people.”

“That’s blackmail.”

Lewis’s jaw clenched. “I lost you once. I had to live knowing that you were being hurt. Every night I lay awake hearing you scream my name, begging for me to save you. I’ve saved you. I don’t give a shit what you did. It’s you, Mandy. You did it for a reason. You’re going to be more help to me here than anywhere else.”

She knew he wasn’t bluffing. Lewis was stubborn. He would make sure no one else was saved to prove her wrong.

“Where do we get started?” she asked.

“That’s my girl.” He held her hand tightly. “You’re not dirty.”

Mandy snorted. “I’ve sucked enough cock and pleased enough men to know that I’m dirty.” For punishment she had been passed around. She wasn’t going to go into detail of the party she was presented to, and how her owner, to punish her, had made her available to everyone.

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She had been in so much pain when that was over.

“You’re not dirty to me. I love you, Mandy. It’s hard for you to accept right now, but I do love you. I love you so much.”

Hearing his admission of love filled her with so much guilt. She loved him. She did, but Lewis needed someone who was better.

She wasn’t good, whereas he was.

Two days later Jay and Temperance were released from the hospital, and Richard was there to take them home. They had already emptied out their apartment, and they were living with him full time.

He had a club meeting later that night, but because of them being released from hospital, the meeting was going to take place at his apartment. Richard had everything set out so that both of them would have the utmost care and attention.

“I’m not going to miss hospital food,” Jay said, climbing into the back of the car with a groan.

Temperance was doing much better. She had to air the wounds on her back for a few hours, and the doctor had given him the cream for him to put on. He was looking forward to playing nursemaid with her.

“Me neither. I look forward to something cooked properly.”

Richard helped her inside, and when he was happy she was comfortable, he climbed behind the wheel.

“No one knows the real you, do they, Richard?” Jay said.

“What?”

“Well, you’re called a beast, but I have to say, you’re like a little puppy.”

“Jay, don’t try to taunt him.”

“You’re a friend, Jay. Friends don’t get to see that side of me. I reserve it for everyone else.” He pulled away from the hospital, and joined up with traffic. It was good having them back in the car, and back in his life. He didn’t want to consider a life without either of them. Did that make him a pussy? If so, he was happy to be one. He didn’t want to miss the chance of being happy.

“I’ve seen him be a beast at work. Honestly, you do not want to get on this man’s bad side,” Temperance said.

He gripped her knee, giving her a gentle squeeze. He needed to touch her just to know that she was okay. The past two days he hadn’t left the hospital. During the day, he spent time with both of them, and at night, he divided his attention between Temperance and Jay. She was having trouble sleeping, and he tried his best to soothe her in any way that he could.

“The guys are coming over later tonight. Anna’s going to be with them.”

“What about Luna? Is she coming?” Temperance asked.

“No. She has to stay home. Her kid is sick, and we’re not going to force her to come to the club.”

“Damn, remind me to order a care package or something.”

Over the past couple of weeks, Temperance had found the time to pretty much befriend everyone. She was close with Anna, Luna, and Mandy.

Thinking about work, she was always able to draw people out of their shell. It was one of the things he liked about her.

He also happened to like staring at her, which was no hard feat either. She was a sexy, beautiful, desirable woman.

“How about Vegas?” Jay asked.

“I’m not going to get married in Vegas,” Temperance said.

“Why not?”

“It’s tacky, and I don’t want to get married there.”

“It’s easy.”

“I don’t care. It’s not going to happen. I want a proper wedding. Not something that is rushed just because you think it should be.”

“I’m not the only one who thinks it should be,” Jay said. “Come on, Richard, tell her.”

“This is something you can do all on your own. I’ll be there at the right time to say

the ‘I dos’, and that is it. Tempe can have whatever wedding she wants.”

“You’re just kissing her ass.”

“At least he knows what ass to actually kiss. Whereas you, Jay, you’re heading toward no sex.”

“You’d deprive a man sex?”

“To get what I want? Yes.” She chuckled. “I can do it now. I have two of you.” She blew Jay a kiss, and winked at him.

God, he loved her. He really did.

Richard never thought he’d be this happy, but he was. He never wanted to it stop, and he would fight to the end to get it.

Chapter Twelve

Later that night, Jay and Temperance were in the sitting room with Anna while Richard was conducting a meeting with his brothers and Mandy. She had her memory back, and now they were working on finding the rest of the men who were trafficking women.

“You’re saying it’s multi-organized?” Sean asked.

“Yes. They’re everywhere, and they take orders from powerful men. It’s not just personal orders though. They, erm, they take women and kids off the street to fill a need, or a space within brothels. Only a select few girls get given to the torturer for training.”

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“Torturer?” Richard said. “That’s the guy who was hurting Tempe.”

“He won’t be the only one. If anything, he’d be the one assigned to this port. They will have hundreds of them all around the world. The women that men want to have training will go to that man. After a period of between six months to a year, he will have the perfect, compliant slut, as they call it. A pet, a submissive, a toy, property.”

“How do you know this?” Richard asked.

“I was one of the few who was trained. The order is very specific,” Mandy said. “It has to match what they want. Without it, there is no payment, and in this world, it’s all about the payment.”

“Something like this has to have someone finding out about it,” Jackson said. “Cops can’t just ignore it.”

“Select groups of professionals are trained to get the cops to look the other way, and create distractions that take their eye off the ball.” Mandy moved toward the map. “When I was still part of the organization, there was a big operation down on the south coast. It was an easy port to access for them, and also one of the head directors owns it.”

“We’re talking about bringing down billion dollar corporations disguising traffickers?” Jamie asked.

“You’re not going to get them all,” Mandy said. “They’re everywhere, and they hide really well. You can only hope to help so many. If you save one, it’s better than

none.”

“We started something because of me,” Lewis said. “I was looking for Mandy, but I can’t turn my back on this. I’ve got the means, I’ve got the power, I want to make this my life’s work. When people think about taking another woman or girl from the street, I want them to hesitate, to stop.” Lewis paused, staring at each of them. Richard already had an idea where this was going. “If you don’t wish to continue this, I understand. I’m not going to stop. I’m in this for the long haul, and there’s no way I’m letting it go.”

Richard sighed. “I’m not backing down. I saw the mess, and what they have done to other women. I’m not going to stop until I either die, or they kill me. Either way, I’m in this. Count me in.”

“And me,” Jackson said. “I want to see every single son of a bitch pay. This is not about the club anymore. This is about justice.”

One by one the club brothers each put their name back in.

They had started out as a club for them to hang, which had turned into a cause, and now it was a mission. They were going to try to save every single one they could, or die trying.

A feminine scream coming from his sitting room had them all rushing out.

Running into his room, Richard stopped as he saw Anna on the floor panting, gripping her stomach.

“Our baby is coming, Russ.”

“Holy shit.”

Eleven large men started rushing around his apartment trying to figure out how the hell they were going to get a woman in labor to the hospital. One of them called the hospital, the other the fire department. Lewis was on the line to Mandy's therapist.

"I've got it," Temperance said. Jay held a phone pressed to her ear, and the men paused as she started to work on delivering a baby into the world. "Okay, I can see a baby's head here, and I can tell you, we're not going to make it to the hospital." She listened, nodding. "Make sure the paramedics are here. I don't know what else I can do. Russ, hold her."

Temperance took a deep breath, and then she started to work, preparing herself for the birth.

This had been one hell of a night.

Later that night, after Temperance had helped birth Russ and Anna's son, she was curled between her two men. They had all gone to the hospital, and when she was sure she hadn't done any damage to baby, and mother, Temperance had been ready to go home. The BBMC had gone their separate ways. Some of the brothers stayed with Russ so that he had some protection.

Jay kissed her shoulder. She lay on her front as her back was still healing.

"I delivered a baby."

"I thought I was going to pass out," Richard said.

"You were very brave."

“Brave?” she asked. “I thought I was going to pass out, too. I’ve just seen a vagina do something I never wanted to see, and yeah, I don’t want kids.”

Jay laughed. “You’ll want kids some day. It’s you, and you’ll make one hell of a mother.”

“Do you think so?” she asked.

“I know so. I don’t doubt it. You’ll make an amazing mother.”

She turned to Richard. “What do you think?”

“About you being a mother?”

She nodded.

“I’ve got no doubt. You’re an amazing person, and you’re going to be the best mother in the world.”

She leaned up, kissing him deeply. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” He stroked her cheek.

“I want to ask you something,” she said.

“What, baby?”

“Will you be helping others like Mandy and Anna?”

He tensed up.

“We were talking about it with Anna while you were in a meeting,” Jay said. “We believe it’s something you should do.”

“The club, we started something, and we’re going to finish it. Or at least, we’re going to try.” Richard leaned down, pressing a kiss to her nose. “Do you have a problem with me doing that?”

She shook her head. “No. I’m proud of you. Just don’t do anything to get yourself

killed. I love you too much. I don't want to lose you."

"You're not going to lose me."

He kissed her again, happy to be with her. Soon, she would be completely healed, and then he'd be able to claim her in the right way.

Epilogue

One month later

Someone has tamed "The Beast" but who is she? Richard Bruce married his rather mysterious PA today. Is this a marriage of convenience or is something not right? Also, what is up with the mystery man?

Richard laughed at the headline that Temperance read out. They had flown to Vegas to get married, much to Jay's amusement. The BBMC had all been present as they had all flown to one of the Vegas chapels to witness his binding to Temperance. Also, which was rather unique, Jay had opted to wear a ring as well. They had a commitment to each other.

"Mysterious PA and mystery man? Who do they think we are?" she asked.

"They clearly don't have a clue," Jay said, taking the paper from her hands. "I've got a much better way of spending our honeymoon." He caught Temperance around the waist and carried her toward the bedroom.

Richard followed, enjoying the view as Jay got her naked, and then took her to the bed.

"It's time I took your ass," Jay said.

He watched as his best friend got his dick ready with some lube. The entire honeymoon suite had been fully equipped for newlyweds. Sipping his champagne, Richard watched as Temperance took Jay into her ass. He saw how wet she was, her cream spilling out of the lips of her pussy, sliding down to coat her ass, and Jay's cock.

Removing his robe, he took another sip, and wrapped his fingers around his length.

"Do you want this, baby?" he asked, working his length from the base going up to the tip.

"Yes, Richard."

Climbing on the bed, he crawled toward the two people he loved more than anything. This was the start of their future. Never did he think he could share a woman, but seeing the pleasure in Temperance's eyes, he couldn't imagine being without Jay.

"Do you like him in your ass?" Richard asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want me in your pussy? Your husband?"

"Yes, please, Richard, fuck me."

He aligned the tip of his cock to her entrance, and slid inside. "I want to get you pregnant, Tempe."

She moaned. "Not yet."

"Yes, I want to fill you with my spunk, and see you grow big with our kid." He took possession of her lips. Jay reached between them, stroking Temperance's clit.

“We’ve got the rest of our lives,” she said, gasping.

“Exactly, let’s start it now.”

She wrapped her arms around them, giving in to his demands. This was how their lives were going to be, bound together, loving each other. Richard would cherish Temperance and Jay, neither of them ever going without. Richard would see to that.

They had given him something to live for, and he was going to give them back with his love, and everything that he was.

Temperance and Jay were going to be loved by him.