







# Blade (The Dark Angel's MC #1)

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** Blade

Growing up, I idolized my father, the president of the Dark Angels.

I knew that one day, that role would be mine,

A role I was born to do,

A role that was always the dream,

A role that I cherished.

I lived and breathed the leather that I wore,

And I wore with pride.

Nothing mattered to me except for the club, that leather.

Until Her.

She came out of nowhere and knocked me for six.

I went from living and breathing the club,

To living and breathing her.

And then I made a mistake, a massive mistake.

I thought she was using me,

I thought she was trying to ruin what my family built, my club.

But I was wrong, so wrong.

I messed up, and now, she wants nothing to do with me.

She refuses every time I try, but I won't give up reclaiming what is mine,

Because she has been mine from the moment that I laid eyes on her,

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## Prologue

### Blade – Twenty-Five Years Old

I slowly lick my bottom lip with lust as I lean back in my armchair and dangle my beer between my fingers over the edge of the arm at the sight before me while brothers all celebrate around me in the common room.

Some talk shit with each other, some are playing pool in the far corner.

Others are getting their rocks off, not caring that some old ladies are still here looking on with disgrace, especially knowing a few of the brothers currently getting fuck also have old ladies – women we see as our forever unless they've tried to trap you that is for the patch on your back and what comes with it.

The Dark Angels MC is my family legacy. My great-great-great grandfather built it, and it is now my club.

Today, on my twenty-fifth birthday, my father, the now former President of the club, has handed the reigns down to me, the presidency patch sitting fucking proudly on my cut. I have followed him like a lap dog for years, doing everything he says and taking in every little detail.

Between school, work, prospecting – doing everything for a whole fucking year that the brothers demanded of us to show we respect them and the club and to prove our alliance to them – and then gaining experience as a brother, I followed my father's instructions to a tee, understanding the books, the roles within the club, our overseas

accounts, fucking everything.

I spent years proving to the brothers that I wasn't a spoiled club brat who was going to take over without earning my place.

I have spent years bringing this club higher.

I have spent fucking years keeping this club safe to prove my alliance and I know I have succeeded.

I have plenty of fucking blood on my hands, including a year stint in Juvie for drug possession, ensuring Fury, one of my best friends, didn't do time.

The girl he was fucking at the time decided to try and plant some coke on him when she'd found out he was also fucking her sister and best friend, knowing with his temper, he wouldn't last five fucking minutes without adding to his time.

I noticed her put it in his pocket right as cops swarmed the school, and I didn't even hesitate to purposely bump into him and the cop who was about to search him and grab the cocaine from his pocket to then be tackled.

Fun fucking times...

Juvie wasn't too bad, the female correctional officer gave really fucking good head, and everyone knew not to mess with me, knowing my role within the club.

That and I nearly killed some fucker who thought he could take the President's son down.

He realized the hard way why people called me Blade after I made one out of my toothbrush.

Anyway, I've proven myself for this role.

I've put the brothers before fucking everything, and now finally, that role has been given to me.

I'm ready, but in doing so, the roles for the rest of the club officers – brothers who get together in church and handle the finances, the club runs, and anything to do with the club, earning more out of the club businesses than the brothers – is now being changed, the former officers not getting a choice.

Psycho, another of my best friends, will take over from his father, as my Vice President, whereas Fury will become my Enforcer. Both earned their roles just like they earned their road names.

When it comes to violence, we're mean motherfuckers who like the smell of blood.

It could be something small like petty theft from one of our businesses, and without a second thought, the fucker's pinkie is gone.

We don't care because we live and breathe the fucking club and the roles that come with it.

To finish the officer roles, Viper will take over from his father Eagle as my Sergeant in Arms, and Venom will take over from his uncle Cannon as my Road Captain and club tech guru, not wanting his father's role.

We all grew up together within the club, more family than friends. We're all club brats that have earned our rights for our positions, and no one, fucking no one, messes with us. We've been a force to be reckoned with for years and our family is well aware of that.

I've lost count of the times they've had to try and bail us out of sticky situations. The drug charge was just something the police chief couldn't hide.

Most of the cops at the Pacific County station in sunny Rose Meadow, a small town on the outside of Santa Monica, California, are under our payroll, but this one cop didn't get the fucking hint.

He was new to the force and wanted to be a big man, trying to take down a club that had done nothing but bring more money into Rose Meadow.

He saw our prospect cuts and decided he was a big man but more fool him.

Dad explained he went missing after I was charged and sentenced, the judge wanting to make me an example.

This was the same judge who tried to keep me inside when my lawyer appealed the case but with the cop who found the drugs on me no longer available to give his evidence, I got out after a year, well, twelve months and two days to be exact and I came home to a party.

I take a large sip of my now warm beer as I watch the show before me, my cock hardening in my jeans, causing me to shift a little as moans hit my ears.

Snatch arches her back on the hardwood flooring, her black hair spread out over it as her bare tits jiggle with her movements. She moans, her mouth opening with a look of deep pleasure etches off her while she squeezes her caramel eyes shut.

Fuck me, that is a sight.

The room is full of brothers, yet she's acting like she's the only one in the room as Destiny eats her out like she's been starving for years, Snatch's fingers gripping the

woman's dark blond bob.

I take another sip of my beer and watch as Destiny's light green eyes watch Snatch as she shoves three fingers into Snatch's loose cunt, which I can confirm is indeed loose. Normally when I fuck her, I fuck her ass, the same with Destiny.

They've just been used too hard by the brothers, not that anyone cares. If they're willing to fuck, then why not.

Snatch and Destiny are both club girls or clubwhores if you will, and both want a brother's patch. They want to live a life of luxury that a brother can give them, and if he's an officer, then even fucking better.

Along with them, there are another six clubwhores, all wanting a brother's patch and will do anything to have one, including trapping one, another reason why I prefer their ass's to their cunts.

Can't knock them up in the ass.

Fury learned the hard way, not learning from Randy's mistakes.

Randy is a mechanic at our shop Dark Angels Motors, where Fury and I work, and the man fucked Cherri, a still popular clubwhore.

She thought he was a brother in the making, and he was just horny and didn't notice her poking holes in his condoms.

Nine months later, his daughter Lake was born, and Cherri went back to being a clubwhore knowing a brother would fuck her again because they're always horny.

The last I heard, Lake has nothing to do with her mother and isn't keen on the club,



not that I blame her. Most brothers think she's like her mama, wanting a brother's patch despite most not even knowing what she looks like.

Randy decided to homeschool her.

After the horror stories that Randy told us, I thought Fury would have been smart when fucking a clubwhore, you know, pulling out then jizzing into the condom or making her swallow his load.

Instead, he got trapped by Lacey who had been eyeing him up for fucking months knowing what his role would become in the club when I took over.

She poked holes in his condoms, and when she announced she was pregnant with a smirk, it took several of us to hold him down because she admitted to trapping him, demanding an old lady cut.

The joke was on her, though. After she gave birth to little Tate and paternity was proved, he got full custody, shocking her.

She was pissed her plan failed, and it is very fucking rare Lacey sees her.

Fuck, even now, the woman herself is busy getting fucked in the ass by some hang around that wants to be a prospect while Tank is fucking her mouth.

The only reason Dad decided to keep her around was because of Tate and yet I'd bet she doesn't even remember when Tate's birthday is.

I shake my head and pay attention to the two women before me, completely lost in their own world, knowing I won't fuck them just yet because my mother is still here, curling her lip in disgust at the brother's actions.

I'm going to continue to ignore her knowing she's one moan away from losing it, especially when one brother who is currently engaged and just gave his cut to his woman is getting a blowy while drunk off his ass.

Snatch widens her legs, giving me a perfect view of Destiny circling her clit with her tongue while she has three fingers in her pussy and two in her ass, juices coating her hand.

Damn...

A clubwhore's primary job is to cook and clean the massive three-story clubhouse, which from the outside looks like a country hotel with a wooden effect. They live on-site in the rooms provided on the second floor with prospects, while the brothers have a room on the top floor.

Fucking is completely up to them. They don't have to do it if they don't want to.

If they say no, then a brother moves on, though it is very rare that they say no.

They get paid and free board for keeping this place clean and in top shape, though some do slack and that will be changing, I'm going to ensure it.

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I smirk as Snatch's pussy gushes, and she squirts into Destiny's mouth, who moans, drinking it all up before suddenly, she quickly climbs up Snatch's body, grabs her thighs, and spreads them before putting her very wet pussy against Snatch's and moves her hips, rubbing fast and I bite my bottom lip knowing I'm going to take these two to my new room down near the offices.

I can't wait until Mama leaves after sticking up for her friends. My dick is like a fucking steel rod.

Destiny brings herself to orgasm and throws her head back and screams, pushing her large fake tits out, and her body locks up, their juices mixing together as she comes before she looks my way, full of lust, breathing heavily, sweat coating her chest and face.

I smirk coldly and command, "Sit on her face," then take another sip of my beer gingerly.

Without missing a beat, Destiny climbs up Snatch's body and hovers over her face.

Snatch grips her thighs and brings her down to her face, clearly not liking how slow she's going before her lips instantly latch onto Destiny's large clit.

I bite my bottom lip as Destiny throws her head back and moans loudly, my cock wanting to come out and play, twitching in my jeans.

Soon, real fucking soon, once my mother fucks off because if I stand up, I may not make it to my room before I shove my cock down Destiny's throat...

I watch, entranced by the show, while laughter, moans, and chitchat surrounds me, and contentment fills me. I fucking love my life, love that I've got pussy on tap, love that I have the freedom to do what I want.

The club, open pussy, what more could a brother want?

Luna – Seventeen Years Old

I tense at the sound of the creaky floorboards just off the stairway not far from my bedroom door, and I fist my covers tighter as my heart begins to race, knowing that what is about to happen, I can't stop, that a little bit more of my soul is about to die.

“You are mine. You always have been, and whether you like it or not, you belong to me!”

His whispered words of threat swim in my head like always whenever I hear the sounds of the creaky floorboard, a tell-tale sign that he will be in here at any moment.

My tears blur my vision as the creaking stops right outside my door, and the urge to run consumes me, but I know the consequences if I do and I know no one will come to my aide, not my mama, not my brother, no one.

It was my thirteenth birthday, the first time this happened.

I was just a clueless, happy kid who loved to hang around with her big brother and his friends, not really knowing the real dangers in life.

Now, my big brother, the president of the Furies MC, is most likely passed out drunk at the clubhouse or has some woman in his bed and wouldn't notice what is about to happen.

He has never noticed, none of them have.

Axe, or Taylor to me, is five years older than me, and I used to believe he was my best friend growing up. I idolized him until I didn't.

He allowed this evil into our lives. He allowed me to be treated this way, and I can't do anything about it.

The last and only time I tried to tell was at my father's funeral.

My mother called me a liar and accused me of trying to start a war within the club, then smacked me across the face while the brothers looked at me with disgrace.

Dad would have believed me.

He stupidly decided to drive back from his mistress's house drunk and crashed his bike into the side of the bridge just outside of town. His said his mistress turned up at the funeral crying that the love of her life was gone despite knowing she wasn't his only one and the fact that he was a taken man.

Mama didn't even hesitate to put a knife to her throat.

"Now you can join the cheating bastard!"

Her evil whispered sneer was heard throughout the cemetery. Everyone was in shock that she had killed someone, something old ladies normally don't do. It is well known that brothers aren't faithful, but this was the first time I saw a woman claim a brother who wasn't hers to claim.

The woman was dead within seconds, and no, that is not something a thirteen-year-old should see. It was at that point my hell got worse because I knew I was on my

own, and so did he.

The door to my room slowly opens, creaking like nails going down a blackboard, going right through me as my tears fall.

Four years, and I feel like I'm dying every day inside.

The door shuts, the soft thud sounding like a gunshot, knowing what is about to happen and what happens every night unless the club brothers are away on business.

I hear the rustling of clothes before the tell-tale sign of a condom wrapper crinkles, and I try to swallow my sobs.

Four years and I still can't harden myself to this. I can't disappear into my own head until it's finished, and I still can't escape, not until I'm eighteen, or that is what I keep telling myself despite what my family says.

"You are not leaving the club next year, Luna, and that is final!"

My mother's words swim in my head. She thinks if I leave, then she'll be burying me next to my father, but what she doesn't realize is that will happen if I stay here. Besides, it's not like she even cares about me anyhow. If she did, she would notice that I'm dying on the inside.

I already tried killing myself once. I was fourteen, and I popped a load of my mother's anxiety and sleep medication.

Axe found me and rushed me to the hospital.

Everyone thought it was an accident, and in their minds, I believed it was candy I was taking, but it wasn't.

It was a way to leave this world and my horrors and not one person decided to think, 'hmm, why would she do that, she's fourteen, she's not stupid' .

I feel the bed dip as the sheets are moved off my body before a hand glides underneath my nightgown, going straight to my breast, thick fingers pinching my nipple, and I try not to flinch as bile rises and my stomach tightens, knowing this is my reality until I can find a way out.

Leaving town, or ending it all and right now, I'd prefer the latter...

An angry growl vibrates behind me when the hand goes down my body, and he feels my underwear, and he snaps, "I told you not to wear them!"

My bottom lip quivers, but I quickly bite it hard to stop my sobs from releasing when he moves his hand away suddenly and I try not to move, not wanting to anger him.

Last time, he tied me up and then burned me with his lighter, five on my right lower hip, after shoving rolled-up socks in my mouth to quiet my screams.

He's marking me as his every time he uses it, branding me.

A cold bit of metal touches my thigh, making me flinch, and he chuckles darkly before tearing echoes and the material is removed.

My tears fall as he glides the sharp knife along my skin, ensuring to nip me, making me tense before he drops the knife on the floor, which lands with a thud, then he lifts my leg and blindly guides his member to my dry entrance and a burning sensation hits me hard.

Without thinking about me or my safety, like every night, he thrusts forward hard, tearing through my walls and my tears fall as my body protests, trying to expel him,

and he groans, “Fuck, I can’t wait until I can go bare inside you, to fill you with my cum and put my child inside you...”

The urge to vomit climbs higher and higher, and nothing but pain fills me as I try to swallow my sobs.

He pulls his hips back and then thrusts forward as he grabs my breast roughly, pulling and pinching my nipple, causing more pain with every thrust. My body continues to expel him, to push him back out, but all that does is make him groan, and his hips begin to quicken.

I try to block everything out, but my body hurts so much, and the urge to grab his knife and stick it in my throat consumes me.

I could kill him, I could end his life instead of mine, giving me my freedom, but it won’t, will it? All that does is take him away physically. It doesn’t take away the four years of pain and fear, the four years of my horror.

It doesn’t take away the filth I feel every single day.

He groans and grunts as his thrusts become choppy before he stills and moans, squeezing my breast while putting his sweaty face into the crook of my neck, kissing my exposed skin and sending goosebumps all over me but not the good ones, no, these ones are full of disgust.

“I fucking love your cunt, treasure, and if I could stay in it all night, I would, but duty calls,” he whispers as he licks my neck, knowing he can’t bite it without leaving marks.

Can’t have the club seeing bite marks on my neck.



That said, he pulls out, causing me to bite my bottom lip again to stop the painful cry that I want to let out, and he stands.

I don't move, even when I hear the rustling of his clothes and the dark chuckle, knowing he's most likely noticed the blood over his dick, the blood that always comes after he's used me.

I even stay still as he kisses my head and whispers, "Be good, treasure." then walks out, the sound of the door shutting, hitting my ears like a gunshot once again, while the creaking of the floorboards begins to disappear.

I allow myself to move only when I hear his bike rumble off into the distance.

Gingerly, I climb out of bed, wetness coating my thighs, wetness I know is blood and not my release because never orgasm, never get wet.

I slowly walk to my en-suite bathroom, something my mother insisted every bedroom required in the house, a house built on club property behind the clubhouse, giving him access to me whenever he wants, and I turn the shower on as hot as it will go.

I don't look in the mirror, knowing I'll see a shell of myself, and instead, I climb into the shower, clothes and all, and slowly take a seat on the floor, allowing the steaming hot water to drench and burn me while I slowly wish I could die.

For four years, I have lived this nightmare. For four years, my brother's best friend, Brock, who has grown up with us, his soon-to-be Vice President, has raped me, and no one cares to open their eyes to the evil they have within their club.

My bottom lip quivers, and I sob so hard that my body shakes. My screams echo in my bathroom, pain, terror, and fear all coming out of me before the bile I have tried so hard not to release comes up, and I quickly twist, vomiting on the shower floor, the

water washing it down the drain.

My stomach wrenches, my sobs still consuming me, my screams between gagging getting louder, and all I can think is how much I want to die.

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Blade – Twenty-Eight Years Old

Old man Trivers loves this car. He's had it since the fifties, but at least three times a week, it's in our garage with more problems. I swear it would be cheaper to buy a brand-new car than to keep this thing on the road, but I know it was the car he picked his wife up in for their first date and the car he brought his five children home from the hospital in.

He treasures it, and being my grandfather's oldest friend before he passed, I promised to keep the car on the road for him.

I roll out from underneath the car and look up to see a furious Psycho, his cheeks red, his nostrils flaring while he squeezes his fisted hands by his side.

I wince, knowing whatever Mama has done must be bad.

His light brown eyes are dark with anger as he runs a tatted hand frustratedly through his light brown hair.

I sigh as I stand before grabbing my rag and wiping my hands to get most of the grease off them.

"What did she do this time?" I ask, exasperated, not knowing how much longer we can put up with her antics before the brothers decide to cast a vote and ban her from the club.

Mama is a fucking menace, always has been but the more she pisses people off, the

more I'm beginning to believe it's intentional.

In her eyes, she's still the top dog despite my taking over from Dad years ago.

As far as she's concerned, because I don't have an old lady, she's still the club's first lady. In her mind, she has the last word within the clubhouse. I'll admit, at first, I went along with it, more for my dad's sake, knowing she'd drive him insane.

But the longer we allowed her to have free reign to boss the clubwhores around, to order the prospects with clubhouse chores, the more she's gotten a big head.

To be fair, Mama has always had a big head and believed she was untouchable, still does or so I thought anyhow, now though I'm not so sure.

Mama isn't liked much among the brothers which I think she's done on purpose.

She's continuously getting into their business and attempting to get into club business, fuck, I've lost count of the times she's interrupted church, something my father never allowed her to do when he was in charge, but because she's my mother, she expects more and the fact my VP looks ready to explode, I have had enough.

Fuck it, I'm going to bring the vote up myself at this rate.

Psycho shakes his head, linking his fingers behind his head as he looks around the dark gray and black garage before we make eye contact, and he admits, "She punched a Fury brother in the nose at the coffee shop today after he accidentally bumped into her. She made him bleed."

My mouth parts in shock. Fuck's sake.

The Furies and the Dark Angels aren't enemies, but we aren't close either. They keep

to their town, three towns over, and we keep to ours. We don't poach on their territory, and they don't poach on ours, that was the deal.

War was on the horizon when my grandfather was at the helm many years ago.

He fucked their then pres' old lady and impregnated her.

The then pres was pissed and rightly so but Grandfather didn't give a shit, just like he didn't give a shit when he fucked several women after my grandmother moved in with him, giving birth to my father.

For years, businesses on both sides were attacked, men lost their lives, traitors trying to get intel on either club were tortured, and it took a toll on my grandmother. She killed herself when my father was ten, not able to put up with my grandfather's activities or the consent wars.

My dad found her hung in the shed outside, and it took her to killing herself for both clubs to call a truce.

A promise was made to stay outta each other's way, and so far, that has stuck, so why in the fuck has Mama hit one of their brothers?

"Is she trying to start up the old fucking war again?" I growl, angry at her for doing this, knowing I'm going to have to try and calm shit down before they retaliate.

Psycho shakes his head and growls, "She saw Skylar on the opposite side of the street and went crazy. She didn't care that he was a Fury member and even went as far as keying the brother's bike, and it took five of their own to hold him back from strangling your mother."

I drop my head as I place my hands on my hips.

Fuck's sake...

Skylar Burton, twenty-two years old, black hair and dark blue eyes. My little sister who wants fuck all to do with me, my dad and the club.

I was four when Dad caught Mama fucking a prospect.

He hadn't touched a clubwhore, hadn't fucked a hang around, or even had a mistress.

When he met Mama, despite how fucking crazy she was and far up her own ass, he fell for her and didn't want to hurt her in any way.

At the time, he loved how fierce and independent she was, and she used his love against him during my childhood – or so the brothers explained over the years, something Mama never denied.

She thought she would get away with fucking around and apparently smirked when she saw Dad standing in the doorway to his room at the clubhouse while the then prospect was fucking her.

Mama really underestimated what a heartbroken man would do, especially a man with my father's background of violence.

He killed the prospect, a bullet to the head without even blinking apparently. Blood splattered on Mama, which she apparently screamed at, and then he fucked some woman he met at Dark Angels Girls, the strip club we own, and ensured Mama knew all about it, throwing it back in her face.

Four weeks later, Melissa Burton showed up at the club with a positive pregnancy test. Because my father still loved Mama and wanted to be with her despite her actions, he chucked a couple of thousands of dollars at Melissa's feet.

He told her to get rid of it, all while Mama was being held back from attacking a pregnant woman like it was Melissa's fault.

Even though Dad wouldn't have strayed out of revenge if she'd just kept her legs closed.

Still doesn't make what Dad did right.

I grit my teeth and demand, "Did she see?" hoping and fucking praying she didn't, but luck isn't on my side as Psycho nods once, and I roar and spin around, booting the workbench, tools falling and clanging on the floor before I lean my palms against the metal and hang my head.

Years, fucking years, I have tried to get Skylar to talk to me. She's my sister, my fucking little sister, six years my junior, and wants nothing to do with me, and now, thanks to Mama's outburst all because she saw her, Skylar will most likely boycott me even more and don't get me started on Dad.

This will send him over the edge with Mama.

I sigh. I was fifteen when I first saw her. I was at the club's diner when her mother brought her in, unaware of our presence. She had her hair in cute little pigtails and was my fucking twin.

"Dad?" I question, and my dad, who is laughing at Eagle, who has just had a milkshake thrown over his head after a one-night stand, who he decided to ditch without a word, walks out in a huff.

I can't laugh or make fun of him because my eyes are locked on the people at the counter.

“Yeah, son?” he asks with a chuckle, and I clear my throat, nodding to the dark oak counter, and confirm, “Is it just me, or is that little girl the spitting image of me?”

Dad's head whips towards the counter so fast that I'll be surprised if he doesn't give himself whiplash towards a woman and a cute little girl. She can't be older than nine, and she looks just like me.

“Fuck, I thought you said Melissa had an abortion,” Glock gasps in shock and I frown.

I ask, “Wait, the woman you screwed for revenge?”

Should I know about Dad screwing a whore to hurt Mama? No, but this is club life.

Dad's face pales as the little girl looks our way, and I suck in a breath at her innocence. She frowns as our eyes lock and tilts her head.

“Skylar, move it now!” Melissa snaps as she grabs her to-go coffee cup and drags my look-a-like out of the diner.

Dad quickly stands, banging into the table causing cups to spill but he ignores the mess and rushes after the woman and little girl while my mouth hangs open in shock.

Sister, I have a sister...

“Fuck, your mother is not only going to lose it but will most likely try to leave your dad over this. She may have cheated first but she never had a child with the fucker,” Eagle mutters, and I wince.

Fuck indeed.



“Your mother has not only just fucked with a two-decade fucking peace treaty but has also ensured whatever progress you could get out of Skylar is now out of the question. Apparently she saw everything and before she could move on and mind her own business, one of the clubwhores heard your mother threaten to kill her if she looked at any Dark Angel brother again,” Psycho growls and my breathing picks up.

Melissa refused Dad any contact with Skylar when he went after them.

No judge would allow him access after he tried to take things further through the courts because of how long it had been.

This happened, all while threatening Mama if she tried to leave him.

She did leave a few times because he was adamant to get to know his daughter which come to think of it, is when she started shit within the club.

Over the years, we’ve tried to make contact despite Melissa’s disapproval and over the years, Mama distanced herself from Dad and me while Skylar hasn’t wanted anything to do with us.

It’s obvious she thinks we didn’t want her.

It also doesn’t help that over the years, Mama has made her feelings clear regarding an illegitimate child which I get, I do, but now she’s just made things fucking harder which pisses me off.

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She caused this. Skylar's birth is on her for opening her legs just to try and get under my father's skin, or so Dad accused, wanting more control. I'm not stupid, Dad shouldn't have retaliated like he did, but Skylar is here now, and the past can't be changed.

I sniff hard. I have tried my fucking hardest to get Skylar to talk to me, and it doesn't matter how many times I have tried to corner her, she walks away without a word.

"Have you told Dad?" I ask, and he scoffs.

"It was more like I snapped at Anna in front of the entire club. He lost it and decided she could stay at the house, and he'd stay at the club for the time being, she didn't contest it. If anything, she looked happy," he sighs, and I slowly close my eyes.

"She needs reigning in Blade and fucking fast. Skylar doesn't deserve to be treated like shit because she was born.

You know she only has her mother, and we both know, fuck, the whole club knows Melissa has most likely told her all about your dad throwing money at her to have an abortion.

She needs to be here, where she belongs, and with her mother out of her ear," he says, and I nod, knowing he is right.

Melissa is conniving. At first, I thought she didn't tell Dad about Skylar because he told her to get rid of her, but it turns out I was wrong. Her boyfriend at the time apparently convinced her to keep Skylar, or that is what Melissa gloated about when

Dad confronted her.

The money Dad gave her for a termination was used on something else, something Dad still has no idea what, and has enjoyed the money from the state, or well, she did.

Now Skylar works her ass off to pay some of her mother's bills while Melissa strips back at Devil's Angels girls, something Dad ensured just so his daughter got a better life than she most likely had.

He gave her more money a month than the other women got, hoping that one day Melissa would convince Skylar to see him and the club. But every month, even now, Skylar has refused contact.

I can still remember the look she had when she found out she had a brother and a father.

Fucking heartbreak.

"Call Fury and get him to finish the Chevrolet, old man Trivers will be here in two hours to pick it up. I need to make a call and defuse the situation with the Furies, and then I'm going to get my dick sucked to calm me down so that I don't strangle my fucking mother when I confront her about her behavior.

Don't tell Fury what happened, we don't need him losing it too! " I say quietly, and he sighs.

"What about Skylar?" he asks, and I swallow hard.

Out of all the brothers, Psycho and I are probably the closest, meaning, in his eyes, Skylar is his sister as well. We're all missing out on a woman who is smart as fuck, going to college on a full scholarship to become a lawyer while also working full

time at the supermarket.

“I’ll try to track her down at college tomorrow,” I answer him as I look his way. He winces, but I shake my head and remind him, “It’s the only way to get to her. She still lives with Melissa.”

I stand straight, and he nods curtly and gets his phone out of his jeans pocket while I grab mine from my workbench and walk out of the garage into the club's large front parking lot. I bring up a number I really didn’t want to have to fucking call and press the button.

Sighing, I put the phone to my ear as it rings.

“Blade,” Axe answers curtly after three rings.

“Thought I owed you a courtesy call after the shit my mother caused this afternoon with one of your brothers,” I say tightly.

He sighs and replies, “I appreciate the call, but it isn’t necessary. Brock will get over it and besides the fucker shouldn’t have opened his mouth.”

Opened his mouth?

I shake my head and mutter, “At least let me pay for any damages to his bike.”

He snorts, “It was barely a scratch, and it’s sorted, so no hard feelings. The truce is still in place –”

His words are cut off when a voice in the background says, “Yo, Axe. You wanted me to let you know when your sister is back from work...”

Axe growls, “Fuck’s sake, prospect, try knocking first!”

I don’t hear the guys reply, but I do smirk when Axe mumbles, “Fucking prospects!” and I chuckle and state, “Can’t fucking get them nowadays.”

Axe snorts, “No shit.... look, Blade, thanks for the call. I do appreciate it, and don’t worry about Brock he’ll live and hopefully he’ll learn to keep his thoughts to himself regarding your mother’s family, now, I’m sorry to cut the call short, but I have a certain sister to confront.

She’s been dodging me since I found out she’s leasing an apartment without speaking to me first.”

I frown as he hangs up, confused by his words, and I drop my arm and shake my head.

I get it, I do. If I had a choice, Skylar would be here where she’s safe, but Mama screwed shit up, and she is one of the big reasons why I won’t ever have an old lady. She’d ruin things out of jealousy, knowing her spot would lessen in the club.

Fuck...

Sighing, I start my trek to the clubhouse two hundred yards away to find Snatch or maybe Destiny, or both.

I need a release before I confront my mother and hopefully get some answers because Axe’s call has just confused the fuck outta me.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna – Twenty Years Old

“Luna!” My brother shouts from across the common room as I sit beside my mother, and I wince.

Damn, I was hoping he’d be balls deep in club girls right about now. I’ve already seen him getting sucked near the bar by Blondie, meaning I only had to show my face for five minutes then I could leave.

“What did you do this time?” Mama asks with a sigh from beside me, but I don’t look at her because, honestly, there is only one thing I’ve done, and he can’t know about that.

Swallowing, I look towards my big brother in the entrance to the dark hallway where his office is and where they hold church, his hands on his hips, and I wince at the look he is giving me.

Where I have long, caramel, wavy hair, his is light brown, and where I have dark brown eyes, his are light brown, more honey color like our father’s.

We don’t look alike in the looks aspect, but our facial features are the same, though right now, I don’t think I have ever seen him look this angry before, and I know it’s a look I can’t even do.

Damn, what did I do?

I try to think back, but nothing comes to mind.

“What is this shit I hear about you moving out?!” he demands loudly, and everyone pauses, looking my way in shock.

The music is switched off, and fear rushes through me, but not because the club is looking at me or because Mama has stood up, knocking her chair over but because Brock has shoved the clubwhore off his member and is glaring my way with a red face as he does his jeans up.

I swallow hard. How in the hell did he find out? I only just paid my down payment this morning, and I paid in cash just so it couldn't be traced.

After years of working at the club's diner and saving everything, I can finally move out of Mama's and off club property, away from my tormentor who looks ready to blow.

Things haven't eased over the years. If anything, he has gotten more aggressive, which has made me more determined to leave this place.

Axe made it perfectly clear a few years ago in front of everyone in the club that I wasn't allowed to date until I graduated college, not wanting my focus to be anywhere else other than on schoolwork when he overheard me tell one of the old ladies I was asked out on a date, a date I turned down instantly.

I didn't know the guy much, only seen him in passing, and I didn't want the club to make his life hell. More like I didn't want Brock to kill him, which I know sounds like an exaggeration, but it isn't because, in the end, the guy disappeared.

When Brock heard my brother's demand, he lost it. He broke my wrist, angry that the rule was in place, that he couldn't claim me as he planned despite screwing the club girls. He caught me off guard in the kitchen two days after the guy, whose name I still don't know, went missing.

I sigh as I walk into the kitchen, my brother's words replaying in my head from a few days ago. I'm still angry that he can treat me like a child. He has no right to decide when I can and cannot date, something I told him in front of everyone. Not that I will date anyway, but he doesn't know that.

He's not my dad. He's not even my savior. He's allowed evil into his club, evil that won't let me go and has squashed any hope of a future.

My eyes burn with unshed tears, knowing Brock will most likely be harder on me knowing he can't claim me like he planned next week before the club with Axe's rule. He's kept his distance for two days, but I know my time is slowly dying out until he snaps.

Maybe I could sleep in the club truck for the next few nights...

Just as the thought hits me, I'm grabbed roughly by the wrist, and I gasp in pain before I'm yanked against a hard body.

My eyes lock with Brock's, and nothing but pure fury shines in his light hazel eyes. His pupils are dilated, and true fear hits me hard.

I feel my tears building, the lump in my throat forming as my heart pounds, as I try to get out of his grip, but he tightens it, making me flinch.

"Allowing others to touch what is mine, are we?" he sneers, and I instantly shake my head as dark spots enter my vision, my fear consuming me. "No, funny, because that's not what Axe said in front of everyone, and now, I can't put my fucking patch where it belongs!"

Brock squeezes my wrist tighter and my tears fall because as if in slow motion, I know what he's about to do and I know I can't stop it.



He yanks my wrist sideways, and I feel a snap as blinding pain shoots through my hand and arm.

I cry out before he throws me on the floor.

I land with a lump, my head banging on the counter before Brock follows me.

I flinch, expecting him to inflict more pain, but instead, he gently grabs my wrist, and the kitchen door opens, and his facial features change, his tone softening.

“Ah, treasure, what did you do?” he asks softly and my heart hammers.

“What happened?” I hear my brother ask and Brock keeps eye contact with me and lies, “I was in the pantry with Blondie when I heard a thump and found her on the floor. It looks like she may have broken her wrist.”

Axe spent the whole time at the hospital having a go at me for not being more careful, all while Brock acted like the concerned VP, only to then rape me twice that very same night while burning my flesh as punishment.

After years of hell, I finally have a way to leave, and I won't allow my brother to stop me. I'm an adult now, so he has no claim.

I keep eye contact with my big brother, who is waiting for my answer. His brow is arched, his hands on his hips and anger radiates off him that I can feel from here.

I didn't want to come here tonight. I've been on my feet all day at work after another waitress called in sick, and I'm dog-tired. I also have a paper to write for my clinical psychology class.

Working and going to school full-time is hard enough, but having Brock come to my

room every night is tiring. I can't cope anymore, and honestly, I've lost count of how many times I've thought about just ending it altogether.

I chuckle internally. How pathetic is that, huh?

I'm currently in school hoping to go for my PhD so I can help people that have been in my position, who have been abused and raped, to help them want to live and fight against their traumas.

Yet here I am, already wondering how deep I need to press with a knife on my wrist to bleed out.

"Answer me, Luna!" Axe demands, and I try and swallow the lump in my throat.

"I'm twenty-two, Axe," I remind him, and his eyes narrow.

"You're also a club princess, Luna, meaning you aren't safe outside of these gates full-time!" he snaps back, and I have to hold in my chuckle at his words.

I'm safe here though? Sure...

Mama adds, "You are not moving out! This is your home, and like hell am I burying you next to your cheating father!"

I shake my head and bite my bottom lip, not wanting to snap back at her and I mouth, 'My cheating father,' with a mock and Axe winces seeing my action.

Everyone in this room knows she's screwing Screwball, a taken brother.

The only person who is unaware is Cleo, his old lady, his pregnant old lady at that.

He didn't want Mama, but suddenly, one morning, he woke up with her in his bed, and they were both naked.

She claimed he started things, and she promised to tell Cleo unless he continued to screw her, and instead of going to his woman, he went along with Mama's threats despite knowing she could be lying and now five months later, he's still doing as she demanded all behind an amazing woman's back.

Mama is a hypocrite and pathetic. She's just like all the club girls in this room, wanting a brother's patch. She knows Axe won't keep paying for her forever, and she also knows the brothers won't disrespect my father's memory by touching her.

"I am twenty-two," I repeat, stronger this time, "I work full-time, and I go to school full-time," I lock eyes with Axe, "It's time for me to stand on my own two feet, and you don't own me, you can't tell me what I can and cannot do," he scowls, but I finish bravely, "I paid the deposit plus the first month's rent on the lease.

It has good security doors and is in a safe area.

It's time for me to leave and find myself outside this club and honestly, there is nothing you can do to stop me. "

He shakes his head as Mama's breathing gets heavier, and I sigh, "I have a paper to write." Then I stand, not willing to stay in this room any longer than I have to.

"You're just letting her get away with this?" Brock demands, and I hide my flinch as I make my way to the exit with all eyes on me.

I hear Axe sigh, "You heard her. She's an adult, Brock. She wants independence, and we can't take that away from her. She works her ass off and hasn't asked for anything, even as a child. If she wants to move off club property, I'll help her, but

only after I vetted the apartment building.”

My heart flutters a little at his words, though it doesn't dampen my hate towards him for keeping that man around.

Just as I reach the door, I hear Mama growl, “She is not moving off club property, Taylor, or so help me god...” while Brock snarls, “Wow, pres, first allowing one of the Dark Angels' women to get away with splitting my lip and keying my prized possession, my fucking bike, and now this?”

The door shuts behind me, so I don't hear my brother's reply, but I do hear his standard growl. I flinch but don't stop my stride to my dark red Toyota Corolla.

I have a paper to write.

I blink several times as the words blur before me, then groan, throwing my pen down and giving up. I've been at this for nearly two hours and don't think I can continue. I'm tired, so goddamn tired, and my whole body aches, and not just because I've been bent over my old wooden desk.

My body is still trying to heal from Brock's abuse last night where he tied me to my bed and did whatever he wanted, with whatever he wanted.

I swallow hard trying to push back the horrors of the deodorant can tearing me and look at the clock and sigh but more with relief.

He would have normally shown up half an hour ago, knowing Mama would be with Screwball. He's most likely with his regular girl, Crissy, at the club to get his anger out, and I can't help the relief that fills me as I release a breath.

Shaking my head, I pack up my work, then stand, lifting my arms above my head and

stretching, my back aching as I look around my nearly packed up room.

Tomorrow, I move into my apartment and honestly, it can't come quick enough.

Rolling out my shoulders, I remove my top.

I ignore the bruises along my ribs and hips and quickly undo the button of my jeans and remove them along with my panties, sneakers, and socks, and begin to walk towards my bathroom, ignoring the mirror Mama ordered I keep after I tried throwing it out.

A hot shower is calling my name, but just as I touch the door handle my door opens suddenly, crashing against the wall and I still, my whole body locking up as heavy breathing echoes in my room.

No. He's supposed to be with Crissy. He didn't come when he normally does... No, no, no, no.

I'm vaguely aware that I'm nearly naked, only my bra in place, as his footsteps stomp towards me, and the relief I had only five minutes ago turns into absolute fear, and my tears fall.

I can't keep doing this, I can't.

I can feel my pulse race, and my body begins to shut down. The fight I used to have years ago is well and truly gone, knowing what is about to happen yet again, especially knowing how mad he's going to be about me moving out.

His hand fists in my loose hair tightly, and I quickly grab his hands out of instinct to push him away while digging my nails into his skin, hoping to hurt him, but he ignores me and yanks me back, and I cry out in pain before he shoves me to the floor,

ensuring my knees land with a thump.

Pain rickets through my body as I hear him unbuckle his belt before suddenly, he grabs both my arms, forcing the front of my body forward, my head banging on my floor making me dizzy and my nose throb.

I blink several times, trying to get my wits about me as I feel my hands being tied by his belt, the leather digging into my wrist, and I cry out again as he pulls hard, the position of my arms bending in an unnatural angle behind my back instantly hurting as he pushes me face down again, using my arms as his hold on me and I feel wetness underneath my nose.

I'm bleeding.

I tense as I hear the rustling of a condom wrapper before he places his member at my dry entrance.

He murmurs, "If you think I'm going to allow my woman to move out, to try and see other people, then you've got another thing coming," before thrusting hard and sharp pains shoot through my insides, and bile rises.

I thrash against him, trying to dislodge him but he pulls his hold on my arms to keep me in place sending more pain through my body.

Tears spill as he thrusts hard and fast, using my body muttering, "You're mine, fucking mine," repeatedly and slowly, I can feel my body begin to shut down, knowing this is what my life is going to be, and I can't stop it.

Dating, finding love, getting married, having kids, none of it will ever happen to me because Brock will never let me go, and even if, by some miracle, he crashes his bike into a tree and dies, I'll always feel dirty.

He grunts, rutting his hips before he groans, spilling inside the condom while I try to think of ways to end it all if I can't escape from this hell.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade

I lock my jaw as I watch the CCTV from our warehouse as five men enter it with torches, and three stand outside as lookouts looking nervous and nervous they fucking should be because those fuckers have signed their death certificate.

They're all prospects but Fury prospects, the fire symbol large on the back of their cuts clear as fucking day, like Axe wants us to know he's behind this shit.

I watch with pure anger as they begin torching the furthest boxes away from the front door, making their way down the large area, not bothering to look inside the boxes to see if there is anything even worthwhile to torch, the empty fucking boxes that we use as decoys from the cops.

After speaking to Axe last week, I thought everything was fucking good. No, I don't think, I know, because he said everything was okay, that our truce still held tightly despite my mother's blatant disrespect, and yet here we are, his prospects torching my warehouse.

It's a decoy warehouse, but he doesn't know that.

Now all this has done is bring the cops to our fucking doorstep, meaning we had to clear house of all illegal weapons and cocaine because it wasn't just torching the place down.

They also killed Macky, our oldest brother who was my grandfather's first recruit after they met at college decades ago.



He went to check the place out after one of our many surveillance cameras alerted us that someone was on the property.

The old fucker thought it would probably just be kids messing around and volunteered to check it, ending up going alone, something I wasn't aware of until it was too late, and now I watch helplessly as a short fucker rams his knife into Macky's neck with fear after he confronted them, the fuckers face paling realizing what he'd just done.

"They've declared war!" Venom sneers, his voice laced with so much anger and pain, and I look at the brothers sitting around the oval black oak table, who nod in agreement.

Torching the place, we could have had a meeting over. There was no gear inside, but killing a brother who's a legacy, they've declared war.

I fist my hands as I lean back in my large black chair and watch Macky struggle to breathe, putting his hands up to his neck before his legs give out and fall to his knees.

I don't look away as he slowly dies before Venom turns it off, and everyone stays quiet, allowing me to process what has happened.

"Who agreed for him to go out alone?" I demand quietly.

Never, fucking never does a brother go and check out a surveillance flag up on their own, and Macky knows this.

"Your mother told the prospect who was going to go with him to stand down. Cain wasn't happy about it, but she threatened his patch," Fury mentions, and I lock eyes with his light green ones that are blazed with anger.

Macky was the brother who taught him and me all about cars and bikes.

Without breaking eye contact with Fury, who shows nothing but wanting revenge, I demand, “Dad, call your wife in here now!”

Dad doesn’t question me. Instead, he stands, knowing full well Mama has gotten involved one too many fucking times, and I’m done because she’s now cost a brother his life.

Fuck, it's almost as if she's trying to get herself kicked out.

The old timers look on with anger and confusion over Mama’s actions knowing she’s never gone this far before. Like my dad, they come into church when things are bad, real fucking bad, and this is one of those times.

Pitbull, Glock, Bear, and Eagle sit stoic, Glock struggling the most, his hands fisted, his eyes stuck on the now turned-off TV.

Macky was his father, meaning he now has to tell his daughter Ivy that her grandfather is dead.

My eyes slide over to Venom. His face is also stoic, showing no emotion, but I know differently. I know he wants blood for this, and I can’t blame him, but...

I give a nod to Viper and Fury, and both men stand and walk over to Venom, who doesn’t move but raises a brow at me.

I smirk and remind him, “She’s still my mother, a woman you see as a second mama.”

He shrugs, and I shake my head and look towards the entrance of church to see Mama

walking in, Dad following closely behind with a face like thunder.

“What is this about Blade? I was having words with the prospects,” she says like I’ve inconvenienced her, and Venom pipes up and asks, “And what exactly were you talking to our prospects about, Anna? Because last time I checked, they have nothing to do with you!”

Mama narrows her eyes at him and states, “So you are all just happy with them sitting around on their ass’s doing nothing?” she curls her lips, “If you won’t ensure they’re doing the jobs you all pushed on them then clearly I have to because you know I’m the first lady!”

I narrow my eyes at her finger quotes and state coldly, “You’re not first lady and you have no say in this club,” making her look my way with a tiny smirk that just pisses me off. I glare back and demand, “You ordered Cain to stay behind while Macky went to check some things out. Why?”

Mama raises a brow, not seeing the tension in the room, and admits, “I needed him to watch the stove. Those clubwhores cannot cook to save their lives, and besides, Macky is capable of looking after himself.”

No fucking remorse, no care in the world despite knowing he could have been walking into anything, and now he’s dead, and his granddaughter is none the wiser about the situation.

His grandson looks ready to slice Mama’s throat while his son fists his hands to stop himself from grabbing his best friend’s wife.

“Venom!” I growl, needing her to get a reality check and fucking quick, and within seconds, he puts the footage back on the big screen on the wall. Mama looks with a roll of her eyes when I nod to it, but her face pales as she looks just in time for Macky

to get stabbed in the neck.

She takes a step back only to bump into Dad as Macky falls and takes his last breath before the fuckers who just killed him run out and his body burns along with the boxes and the warehouse, the cameras cutting out.

“You are not first lady, and right now, you are not an old lady,” I state coldly, making her look my way with wide teary eyes.

I continue, “As of today, you are banned from the clubhouse. If you step foot inside this building, then you’ll also be kicked out of your home on club property and before you say I can’t do that, I fucking can because all properties have only the brother’s names on the deeds. ”

Her breathing picks up as she stutters, “But-but I-I, I’m your mother, what about our...”

Venom cuts in, “And? That doesn’t give you the right to try and take over like you are the president!” she glares his way but soon swallows when he growls, “And now, because of you, I have to tell my sister that you got our grandfather killed.”

Mama’s tears fall as she shakes her head and mutters, “I didn’t get him killed so don’t you dare put that blame on me Cale.

He could have taken any other brother with him or even demanded another prospect or overridden me of my order, so don’t you fucking dare.

I get you are angry and want to push the blame on someone, but I never forced him to go alone so I won’t take responsibility over his death especially when he was like a father to me,” she looks around the table and I frown at the hate she’s showing as she states, “All you men sit around this table like you’re the big shots and always put the

blame on us women when it doesn't go your way.

Your prospects are letting women onto club grounds, sitting around smoking weed and drinking, not doing the jobs you all had to do to prove yourself while the clubwhores are not doing their chores," she looks at Glock, "Your dad didn't have to go alone. "

Glock tilts his head in understanding, any other prospect could have accompanied him while Venom flinches knowing she is right and my jaw ticks.

"Dad, have a prospect escort Mama out of the clubhouse and remove her cut. She is no longer an old lady, only your wife," I demand, and Mama's tears fall but not for her cut because shocking us all, she removes it and throws it on the table not looking at it twice, her eyes going to the now black TV.

And I finish with confusion, "Then announce to the club the changes. No one is to go to her for anything from now on."

Dad gently grabs Mama's arm, but she rips it out of his grip.

She looks at Venom, then Glock, and says, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry that you have lost an amazing man and I'm sorry that you feel like you have to blame me for his death," and they both look away, a little shame etching off them, and she walks out without another word.

"Why do I feel like I've been doused in shit for blaming her for Macky's death and forcing her out of her home?" Viper mutters while I furrow my brows as we watch her walk out without a fight and Dad stands near the door full of confusion.

It would be alright if this was the first time she's done shit like this, but it wasn't, and now a brother, a very much-loved brother, is dead and even though she is right,

Macky could have gotten anyone to go with him, he didn't and now a war is on.

“Venom, find all the prospects that were involved with the fire. Axe wanted a war, and now he has one. I want their heads, and he can have them back in body parts,” Venom nods, his green eyes gleaming with revenge, and I demand, “Viper, gather all of our prospects and the clubwhores, Mama is right about one thing, things have gone lax over the months and it is time to change. They don't like it then they know where the door is. ”

He nods once and I look around the room and demand, “We need to find out where the Furies like to hang out because war is happening. Church dismissed.”

The brothers all stand despite my not banging the gavel, and slowly, I follow their lead, knowing we now need to explain to the club about Macky, and worse, we now have to help his granddaughter through her pain.

Venom follows me out of the church, and we pause when Ivy, his little sister, bounces over to us. Her black hair, like her brother's, sways with movement, and her green eyes look innocent and happy. I instantly hate myself, knowing we're about to break her world.

Macky was her favorite person in this world.

“Hey Cale, have you seen Grandpa? He promised to show me how to change a clutch,” She says, completely oblivious to the pain she's about to have inflicted on her.

“Ives, we need to talk,” Venom says solemnly, not even snapping at her for using his legal name, something she hates not using even after all these years of him being Venom.

She furrows her brows at his sorrowful tone, and Psycho steps forward out of instinct.

Ivy and Psycho have been inseparable since she could walk and talk.

Growing up together, she has become his best friend, his confidant.

It's just a shame the idiot can't see how madly in love she is with him or won't allow himself to know, I guess, but he will lose her sooner or later if he doesn't get his act together.

Ivy, being a club brat, realizes quite quickly that something isn't right and looks around the room, but only towards the officer brothers, who quickly look away, not able to meet her eyes.

You can see she's picked something up, and she looks back at us and demands, "What has happened? Is it Mama?"

I wince. Clara, her mother, doesn't live on club property anymore. After walking in on Glock fucking an ex-clubwhore, instead of looking the other way, she burned all his clothes, trashed his bike, then left, leaving divorce papers on the club's bar with her cut.

He has yet to sign them, even after five months of her absence, because he wants her back but she doesn't want him.

"No, Mama is alright. I spoke to her this morning," Venom says and Glock walks over, but Ivy doesn't acknowledge him—she hasn't since she found out he cheated on her Mama. He sighs, looking down, and a bit of me feels sorry for him.

He made a mistake, and losing his wife, his old lady, was bad enough because of said mistake, but he also lost his daughter.

While Venom can understand because club life isn't easy, he let him off.

Right now, he's just watched his father get killed, and even when Ivy finds out in just a second, she won't hug him or comfort him.

She hates cheaters.

"Grandpa was killed, Ives," Venom says, and everyone freezes at those words while Ivy blinks, then blinks again before shaking her head in denial, taking a step back right into Psycho's body.

"Breathe, cupcake," he mumbles as he wraps his arms around her, holding her close. Her whole body shakes as her tears fall before a gut-wrenching scream releases from her body that has the hardest of brothers flinching at her pain.

We watch helplessly as Psycho tries to keep her up as she falls apart, and Venom, watching his baby sister struggle to catch her breath through her pain, vows coldly, "They're dead, they are all fucking dead for this."

I nod, not denying him as I eye Mama standing near the back door watching Ivy with pure pain etching her features, tears rolling down her cheeks.

I frown and step forward but she notices me and shakes her head as she turns away, walking outside without another word and I swallow hard, suddenly feeling guilty for banning her.

I get Mama fucked up because she let her anger and jealousy over my sister, who literally walked back inside the building just to dodge me the other day, get the better of her.

But killing a brother over something petty just makes Axe unhinged and now the war



is on.

Ivy drops to the floor, Psycho following as he holds her close, and Venom kneels down and cups her cheek as Glock grabs her hand, squeezing it tight to try and help her get through this, and I fist my hands full of anger.

The Furies messed with the wrong fucking club because now, the only way to satisfy us, is if their whole fucking clubhouse burns and burn it will because of what they've caused, killing our brother, has just become their downfall.

I just didn't expect her to be my downfall instead...

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna – Three Weeks Later

“Thank you, miss,” the woman says as I refill her coffee and I give her a small smile before going over to the next table to see if they need any refills, trying to ignore the ache in my lower back and the blisters I can feel forming on my feet.

I’ve been at work for five hours and I haven’t had a proper break yet.

Cannibal, who was put in charge of running the diner for the club last month, has made things perfectly clear that because I’m a club brat I need to prove myself to work here every single day which is pathetic considering I’ve been working here since I was fifteen and not once has any brother had a complaint.

The other two waitresses on shift have both had breaks, even the chef and each one of their jobs I was ordered to cover because again, I’m a club brat.

I just think the idiot has let the power of this one job role go to his head. He knows I’m technically a club princess and I am very aware he believes I’ve had a cushy lifestyle which is clearly false.

Not only was I forced to follow strict rules but nearly every night since I was thirteen the now VP has raped me and the one time that I opened my mouth, I was slapped and called a liar and a bitch for trying to ruin an innocent man’s life.

Ha, innocent my ass.

I sigh. I don’t even get paid any extra for this crap and it’s not like Axe will allow me

to quit my position, he barely let me move out.

“And Cannibal wonders why he’ll never be an officer,” I mumble as I make my way back to the counter.

“Luna,” I hear Cannibal snap, and I roll my eyes and look his way and raise a brow. He narrows his beady gray eyes and demands, “don’t give me lip girl! Hannah needs to take her break so you’re covering both sides of the floor.”

More like her second break.

I can feel my anger building as I ask, “And when exactly do I get to get my break? because I’m pretty sure it should be around about now.”

“You don’t,” he snaps and turns and walks back down the hallway but not before grabbing Hannahs hand who giggles, following him willingly and I growl.

Seriously, he’s been made the manager of the diner, not every single business the club owns!

The bell to the door rings and my brothers loud voice echoes as he says, “Hey sis,” and I close my eyes and mutter, “Can my day get any worse?”

“You got a minute?” he asks, and I scoff as I pick up some dirty dishes off the counter.

“Nope, your manager has let being manager go to his head and has decided Hannah deserved a second break because he wanted to get his rocks off, so I now don’t get a break at all today and have the whole floor to cover,” I snap without looking at him as I quickly wipe down the counter then take the dishes to the pass.

Conner, the chef, doesn't make eye contact with me, smart enough not to after he took an extra hour break that Cannibal okayed, meaning I had to cook then bring the food out, serve it, take more orders before cooking again.

"You've been at work since six," he says with confusion, and I snort.

No shit.

"I'm a club brat," I remind him as I take some French toast over to the man in the back, "I need to always prove myself despite my working here for five years or so Cannibal stated the day he started and to do that, I have to work endless hours on my feet, have no break and not get paid any extra."

I turn and look at him, but I ignore the man standing behind him, the same man I felt within seconds after my brother spoke, the same man who only last week forced himself inside me after kicking my ribs three times.

He can't access my building and he's more than mad about it, he's furious, so every time he gets a chance, he corners me which has only been twice since I moved out of the clubhouse two and a half weeks ago but as far as I'm concerned it's two times too many and both times, I've ended up bruised or burned, leaving more scars, more bad memories that I'll never be able to wash away.

I thought leaving would mean getting away from him, that he'd move on and I'd try to heal from my trauma, maybe get some help, but he didn't and I'm stuck.

He sees me as his property, has since I grew breasts even though I never really communicated with him growing up.

I just wanted to hang out with my big brother.

“Oh, by the way, if this treatment continues, then I’m going to have to resign because I can’t keep doing this and pass my finals,” I state and walk back to the pass to grab more food.

Axe sighs and states, “Brock, go to the office and fire Hannah then tell Cannibal he’s no longer manager of the diner and is to now do prospect work until further notice, meaning he can’t touch the clubwhores.

Punisher will take over as of tomorrow,” then he says, “and Luna, you are not resigning. I barely see you now that you’ve moved out so you’ll continue to work here and I’ll make sure you get paid for all the extra work you’ve done. ”

Brock glares at me before his eyes go down my yellow dress making me feel naked and dirty then he turns and heads down the hallway.

“I’m an adult, Axe,” I remind him for the hundredth time since I moved into my apartment. “If I want to resign I will, you can’t stop me,” I finish, trying to be brave knowing full well he would stop me.

Axe shakes his head as he looks down and mumbles, “What happened to the sweet little girl that would follow me around, wanting to always be around me?”

He knows what happened to me, he just doesn’t want to believe me.

“Take it all Luna, fucking take it!” Brock demands as he thrusts hard into my ass and grips my hair tightly from behind. Blinding pain hits me and I scream in pain and before I can swallow it, I wretch and gag before bile comes out as I throw up.

“Fuck’s sake you stupid bitch! What have I told you about throwing up?” Brock growls and picks up his speed and black spots storm my vision, the need to vomit again pushing high as pain like no other shoots through my lower back.

“I grew up,” I reply to my big brother, trying to ignore the horrors of my life, horrors that he brought into my life, not seeing what kind of devil is standing beside him every day, not wanting to see it.

“You can’t do this, I earned my role at this diner,” Cannibal growls as he rushes after Brock, doing his jeans up but freezes seeing Axe before his eyes go to me and I raise a brow. “Fuck,” he mutters, and Hannah quickly shoves past him and runs out of the diner in tears, and I roll my eyes.

What did she expect would happen?

Cannibal looks back to my brother and lies, “Axe, brother, I don’t know what she told you but all morning she hasn’t picked up the slack, leaving it to the other waitresses—”

I cut him off more to save him any embarrassment, not that he deserves it, and state, “The diner is riddled with cameras Cannibal. I’d stop while your ahead if I were you before they demote you back to prospect permanently,” we lock eyes and I admit, “Axe has done it before.”

His face pales then stutters, “I uh I mean Pres, honestly, I can’t hack this role, I think I let the role get to my head and I-I, yeah.”

“You forced my sister to do more work than necessary all because she was a club brat, this is more than the role getting to your head, this is you trying to be a big man knowing Luna wouldn’t say anything.”

Cannibal’s mouth opens and closes several times, shocked that my brother was smart enough to see through him and I snort.

He’s smart enough to see through his crap, just not smart enough to notice his VP is a

rapist.

Shaking my head, I walk past them and go over to the pass after Conner rings the bell and grab the food for table three.

The men don't look up as I put their food before them and then I go to table eight and collect the dirty dishes deciding ignoring the brothers will do me better mentally and hopefully they'll all just leave but I'm not that lucky, my past and present and most likely my future is proof of that as I walk towards the counter to grab the coffee pot, walking past my brother who decides to speak up.

"Luna, I miss my sister," Axe says.

I sigh and turn to see it's just him and Brock now, Cannibal gone and I swallow hard at the warning glare Brock is currently sending me.

"I'm not trying to make your life harder, Taylor," I whisper using his legal name.

He softens and I admit, "I just want to live for myself, not the club is that so bad? I mean look what has just happened, a brother using whatever role he was given against me all because I grew up in the club. Let me live my life for myself, Taylor."

Axe sighs, not looking happy with my words but he does nod as he walks over to me and pulls me into his embrace and for the first time since everything with Brock. I melt into my brother's arms wishing I could talk to him, that I could explain that I wasn't lying all those years ago, but I can't.

He wouldn't believe me, no one will.

I lock eyes with Brock, and he narrows his eyes as his cheeks redden. And this is why I haven't allowed my brother to hug me, he doesn't like any man touching me,

including family.

I clear my throat and pull back and Axe huffs, “I’m going to be checking on you more from now on, got it? Some things are happening with the Dark Angels for reasons I just don’t know yet and I can’t guarantee they won’t go after you and I need you safe, you hear?”

I furrow my brows in confusion because last time I checked, both clubs had a truce but not voicing my confusion, knowing my place all while trying to ignore the heat of Brocks glare knowing I’m going to pay for this.

Axe kisses my head before grabbing his VP’s cut and drags him out of the diner and I watch as they ride off but not before Brock glares at me again, a promise in his eyes that he’s going to get me tonight making bile rise and I quickly rush around the counter to do the refills before more customers arrive just to keep me busy so I don’t throw up.

I’m not sure what is going on between my brother’s club and the Dark Angels but hopefully it doesn’t spill into here.

I have too much coursework to complete to deal with big brute bikers having a pissing contest to see whose dick is the biggest and I’ve also got to deal with Brock.

My body still hurts from last week, the burn mark already scaring over on my stomach.

I can’t be taken again, I just can’t, my body is too tired, my mind too frazzled. I’ll break, I just know it.

Maybe I can hide somewhere for a little while...



Just as I grab the saltshaker fillers the bell above the door echoes, and I sigh and look up only to freeze.

Ah crap.

“So much for it hopefully not spilling into the diner,” I mumble as four very large, full of muscle men stroll in with scowls and Dark Angels cuts and I can’t help but notice how they demand attention without even trying and how extremely good looking they all are.

Damn, the aura they’re currently giving off makes the Furies look like weak mice.

I haven’t seen the Dark Angels up close before.

They live in Rose Meadow, the Furies are twenty minutes away in Classic Valley and since the truce many years ago, both clubs have stuck to their own territories, only passing through after gaining permission from the other club.

My college is literally in the middle of both clubs, on neutral ground.

My brother’s words echo in my head. He says there is trouble between the clubs, and he doesn’t know why, I bite my bottom lip.

I’m not equipped to take on four large men that are at least double my size in height and quadruple my size in muscle, but I also don’t want to call Axe because then that would mean Brock returning as well.

I sigh and open my mouth to demand they keep the peace or get out because this is a family diner and there are kids in here but my words lodge in my throat as I lock eyes on the last man walking in.

Oh my...

He's a man made of sin and not once in my twenty years have I ever looked at a man and wanted to melt on sight. Never has my libido ever woken up from the deep slumber Brock has made it stay in and never have I felt my heart race the way it is just at the sight of a man.

Standing at least over six feet tall, wearing biker boots, jeans that shape his muscular legs and a black t shirt that hugs his broad chest, my mouth waters.

I take him in before I notice his patch and suddenly my mouth is dry and fear shoves through me.

He's the president...crap.

Swallowing hard, I move my eyes to his and my stomach tightens as they lock me in. Intense deep blue eyes, darker than the ocean and so deep I feel like I can't look away and electricity running all over me, tiny bolts shocking me to my core.

He slowly licks his bottom lip before running a tatted hand through his black hair. It reaches his shoulders, wavy and instantly I want to smack his hand away so I can run my fingers through it instead and a new type of fear fills me.

Oh, double crap.

Brock's glare pops in my mind and I look away from the stranger, feeling my heart race and I say to Michelle who has come back from her break and is frozen beside me quietly, "Can you take this table?"

The woman nods so fast, she nearly gives herself whiplash and rushes over to them after picking up menus while unzipping her uniform dress to show off some cleavage

and I swallow the jealousy that fills me.

I look one more time and lock eyes with the President again but I quickly look away at the intensity in them and grab the refills like I originally planned, demanding my body to listen.

As beautiful as that man is in a rugged way, not only is he way out of my league and that he's also part of a rival club, the president no less but I'm broken, tainted.

I'm someone else's property, I always have been even if I never wanted to be.

Growing up not once did I think of Brock in that sense, if anything, he gave me the creeps and now, he's making sure I know that I belong to him meaning even if I was attracted to a man for the first time, nothing will come of it.

I'm dirty and honestly, I'm just tired of life now.

I just want to die.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade

“You’re sure this is one of their properties?” I confirm with Venom as we sit astride our bikes, looking over the light blue and white diner with flowers planted along the wall that is swimming with people coming and going.

Big Mackenzie’s Grub is the best diner on this side of Classic Valley. It’s a diner we’re going to shut down, hitting the Furies where it hurts most.

Venom and Viper have been watching the Furies brother’s for the past three weeks and they’ve been aware of every move they make.

They’ve followed each brother and prospect with cameras, while Venom has hacked into their business accounts, and managed to hack into some of their phones, giving us intel on their runs.

After two runs, we’ve now intercepted and destroyed their stash after tying up the brothers that accompanied the van that they used for their gear, not willing to kill them.

Unlike the Furies, we have some fucking morals.

The prospects that were involved in killing Macky are all dead, and that was enough for the club. An eye for an eye and all that.

After finding them within hours of watching the CCTV footage, we spent three hours torturing them, and not one of them could explain why they had to burn down our

warehouse, why they had to kill Macky.

As prospects, they were doing what they were told by their Pres and given no reason as to why.

The brothers and I agreed that even after watching one of their own get a knife stabbed into his eye, they kept to their original story while pissing themselves that they knew nothing.

They weren't given any details, only told to do their job and kill anyone who gets in their way, and now, all eight are dead, their body parts dropped off at their clubhouse to send a message.

Don't fuck with us.

I was going to call it even after we killed the fuckers who killed Macky, willing to keep the treaty intact.

I was going to give Axe a courtesy call, but instead, two of our brothers were run off the road by more of the Furies' prospects on their way back from collecting loans.

They didn't see it coming, but Dirty did see the Fury cut when one of them got out of the van and stole the money they had collected from our customers.

Not very fucking smart of them to wear their cuts unless Axe wanted us to know it was him retaliating for the death of the prospects killing one of our own.

Thankfully Dirty and Charter are both okay, only having some road rash to their sides, but their bikes are fucked, needing a lot of work done to get them road worthy again. The Furies have declared war, and war they shall get, meaning, hurting them where it hurts most, their finances.

“Yes,” Venom confirms, “And it’s not just any property brother, it’s their top earning property after their gun smuggling business.”

I smirk. We’ve already got four brothers watching their warehouse at the docks. As soon as their shipment arrives, we’ll intercept and ship it to our buyers in Mexico.

“Let’s head inside then, scope out the place ready for tonight,” I state as I climb off my bike, eager to get this shit over with.

I have a ton of fucking paperwork to finish before our raid tonight on this place before burning it down and I wouldn’t mind getting my dick sucked by a clubwhore to take the edge off.

“Fucking Axe...” I mutter.

I have enough shit to deal with where my mother is concerned than to have to deal with this as well. She’s gone quiet, too fucking quiet. She’s ignoring my calls, not messaging the brothers back when they’ve contacted her and Dad has mentioned she hasn’t said one word to him.

I’d say she’s punishing us for blaming Macky’s death on her, for kicking her out of the clubhouse but the prospect we have watching her said she looks fucking fine each time he’s seen her, happy even.

The woman hasn’t tried to come back into the clubhouse, she hasn’t tried to get into anyone’s business.

I’m confused as fuck over the situation.

Venom, Viper, and Psycho follow my lead and climb off their bikes. As soon as they dismount, the brothers enter the diner first, going in front. A bell rings above the door

to announce our presence, and I look around as I come in behind them, my eyes taking everything in.

It's not much different from the Dark Angels' diner.

It's light and airy, giving it a welcome feeling for families.

Light yellow and white booths and light gray tables are visible.

My eyes scan the room full of customers, some with kids, some in business attire, and some on their own, all content and happy.

Guess the service is good here. Shame we have to burn it down.

I eye each person in the room, not seeing a Fury cut, brother, prospect, or old lady, and I look towards the light gray counter. Again, several people occupy the space, either on their phones or talking away, food in front of them, no cut in sight.

Hmmm.

"Shame Axe fucked us over to start a war because this place is alright. Fuck, I'd even eat here," Psycho mumbles, and I hum in agreement, eyeing the staff next.

A woman with ginger curly hair watches us with wide eyes, but you can't miss the lust in them. The hazel darkens, and her pupils dilate as she looks at Venom and then Viper.

She's hot with a good rack that she has partially on view, and Venom obviously agrees with the smirk he has going on as he looks her up and down.

"Double dip?" he mutters to Viper, who chuckles but nods, eyeing the woman.

Psycho snorts then coughs, “Dirty dogs,” and I shake my head as the woman bites her bottom lip seductively.

I swear I can’t take these three anywhere.

Ignoring the woman now eyeing me or more like the patch I’m wearing. I look at the only other staff member in sight and fuck me, I swallow my tongue.

Curves that make men weak at the knees, tits that despite being covered, make my mouth water, and skin that looks so soft, I want to run my tongue over it.

I slowly look over the waitress as I lick my bottom lip, my eyes taking in her caramel hair in a messy bun before I take in her facial features.

A small button nose with freckles dusting it, full, kissable lips that I want to bite, and...I suck in a breath as I lock eyes with the mesmerizing dark chocolate brown eyes that instantly strike me as electric sparks shoot through me, and I feel like I can’t look away, that I’m locked in.

What the fuck?

“You good with that Pres?” Viper asks, and I blink, breaking the connection with the waitress.

What the fuck was that?

Wait, fuck, what did Viper say?

Instead of answering, I look toward the woman again only to see her look at the other waitress and whisper something, causing the ginger woman’s face to light up as she practically runs over to us while unzipping more of the front of her yellow dress, her



hot pink bra further in view while the other waitress looks my way once more but soon rushes over to the pass to pick up some food.

She doesn't want to serve us?

Is it our cuts?

What the actual fuck?

I chew my bottom lip as I watch her ass sway while she walks away, and my dick perks up as I imagine those legs wrapped around my head as I eat her pretty pussy out.

Okay, so my dick does more than perk, it stands in attention, and he likes what he sees.

“Yo, Blade?” Psycho says, snapping me out of my lustful thoughts, and I blink again and look towards my brothers.

Viper frowns and asks, “You good?”

I clear my throat, resist the urge to look at the other waitress, and state, “Yeah, sorry, what did you say?”

“I was saying, I think we should sit for a while, eat some grub while scouting the place out,” Venom replies, and I nod once, agreeing while trying to get my head back where it should be just as the ginger waitress stops in front of us, breathing heavy.

“Fuck, I can smell her arousal from here,” Viper whispers, and Psycho snorts while I smirk because he's not wrong.

The woman also has patch chaser written all over her, and if these men are stupid enough to go there, well, then, more fool them, I guess. And I know one thing, I won't be bailing them out this time.

“Hey, gentleman, my name is Michelle, and I'll be your server today,” she says sultrily, and Venom mutters, “I bet you will be...”

I swallow my chuckle and state, “A table for four if you have one.”

She looks my way and licks her bottom lip before biting it. Then she nods and whispers, “Follow me, gentlemen,” and walks away.

I roll my eyes at her confidence that she has my eyes on her, a president, and nod to the brothers to follow her.

They smirk before all three of them decide to do rock, paper, scissors to see who gets to fuck her first. I shake my head and walk around the tables.

My eyes go to the other waitress serving an elderly couple, a sweet, small smile on her heart-shaped face.

Fuck I'd bet those lips would feel amazing around my cock.

“Here are your menus,” Michelle says as she places the plastic menus on the table. Then she bites her bottom lip, pushes her chest out as she moves out of our way, and we take a seat.

She asks, “Can I get you all a drink while you decide what you want to eat?”

“Coffee's all around, sweet cheeks,” Viper says, and the woman's cheeks heat, proving she's all bark and no bite.

I shake my head as I grab the menu but don't look through it.

Instead, my eyes wander to the other waitress for the third time.

She's refilling the saltshakers at the counter, her attention everywhere but here, making me frown.

We locked eyes, and she was interested. I could see her pulse racing in her neck and her pupils were dilated, so why in the fuck is she not walking over here trying to get my attention like Michelle here?

Women flock to me, and I'm not trying to toot my own horn, they just fucking do. They love that I'm a Pres, they love that I wear overalls and that I'm a grease monkey, and they fucking love that I make them come before I do, yet this woman isn't even looking at me.

Why?

More importantly, why do I care?

Michelle says, "I'll be over with your drinks in a moment," but I don't acknowledge her and I don't take my eyes off the beauty at the counter, talking to customers without looking up from her task.

I want her to look at me, but instead, she puts the refills away, turns, and walks down a hallway, and I blink in shock.

"No one ever walks away from me," I claim out loud and the brothers look my way with a raised brow, but I just shake my head, baffled.

I'm a fucking catch, yet she walked away.

What the fuck?

I lean back in the booth, raise my thumb, and rub it along my lip, instantly intrigued by this woman.

I was supposed to return, ransack the place, and set it alight tonight.

I was supposed to get revenge for the Furies causing shit, but I think my plan has changed, at least for tonight anyway.

I want that waitress. I want her up against the wall, her legs wrapped around my waist while I fuck her hard, making her moan my name.

“Brothers, change of plan for tonight,” I say as I keep my eyes on the gap in the hallway.

I feel the brothers look my way before they pay attention to where I’m looking, just in time for the waitress that I can see riding my dick while I suck those generous tits walk back into the room, still refusing to look my way.

Venom, Viper, and Psycho chuckle, and I mutter, “We’ll carry the plan out in few days because tonight, I’m getting my dick wet.”

Never have I put club business second to pussy, but this certain caramel-haired woman has intrigued me, and I don’t know if that is a good or a bad thing for her.

Michelle puts our drinks on the table, and I pick my coffee up, taking a sip, pleasantly surprised by how good it tastes while eyeing the other waitress, visions of her and I filling my head, making my dick hard, and I smirk.

I’ve never had to chase pussy before, but I guess there’s a first time for everything

because I want this woman, even if just for tonight.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna

Bile rises as Brock thrusts deep into my mouth, his member hitting the back of my throat and making me gag as I try and twist my head to dislodge him. He chuckles, his hand fisted in my hair tightening as his thrusts get quicker, his dick hitting the back of my throat hard going too deep.

There is nothing I can do to stop him, to prevent this, and I can feel my light dimming.

He caught me off guard.

Everyone had gone home, including Conner, leaving me with the clean-up.

Michelle had sauntered off with three of the brothers that came in halfway through her shift, and knowing this, Conner still decided to leave everything for me to deal with.

I knew how vulnerable I was. I just knew it, but the trash doesn't take itself out, so, with my pepper spray in hand and my knife in my pocket, I brought the trash out after mopping.

He came out of nowhere. One minute, I'm shoving the trash in the garbage bin, and the next, my head is being smacked against the concrete wall, making me dizzy, and the pepper spray is dropped to the floor, and before I could get my bearings, his hands were suddenly forcing my mouth open.

He shoved an open-mouth gag inside, giving me unbearable pain.

I tried to fight him, throwing my hands behind me to scratch his hands, trying to remove the gag, but all that did was anger him more.

He smacked my head against the concrete for the second time, causing blackness to take hold, but blinking, I knew I couldn't give up, and when my fight wasn't enough, I tried to grab the knife from my pocket, ready to end him, but he grabbed my arms and pulled them back before he tied my hands together.

As soon as I was at his mercy, he spun me around and the gleam he had in his eyes, an evil one that showed a promising punishment was awaiting me that sent chills down my spine before he shoved me down on my knees knowing he could do anything he wanted to me.

There're no cameras out here giving him the perfect opportunity and no one was around so he wasn't in a rush like he usually was back at the club.

"Fuck yes, I love your mouth, treasure," Brock moans, tightening his hold on my hair, and I swear I feel some being torn from my scalp.

Bile, yet again rises when he hits the back of my throat and I can't stop it from coming out even if I wanted to.

I gag, and vomit fills my mouth, but instead of pulling back, he groans and comes into my mouth, forcing me to choke on my vomit and his seed, and my chest burns as I fight to try and dislodge him.

He presses deep in me, not caring that I can't breathe, the fluid choking me as he moans, tightening his fist in my hair before pulling my head back, and I quickly lean forward, widening my mouth despite the pain just a little more causing the gag to fall

out.

I vomit again, this time on his boots, my stomach tightening with each retch, and tears fall as the blinding pain in my jaw makes it difficult to keep it open to vomit.

“Fuck’s sake, Luna!” he growls as he grabs my hair and yanks my head back, making me cry out as I struggle to breathe.

Burning hurts my throat, my stomach aching, my jaw now going numb, but he doesn’t care as he sneers, “I have fucking warned you about throwing up!” he leans down as he brings his fist up.

I instantly flinch and squeeze my eyes shut, expecting impact, but his phone goes off, and he curses, letting go of my hair as he throws me onto the floor.

I land with a thump, my hands still tied behind my back, and I gasp at the pain shooting through my shoulder.

“Yeah?” Brock answers as I try to blink away the tears and slowly move my hands to loosen the rope.

“What do you mean our guns are fucking gone? How does over four hundred Glocks and handguns fucking disappear?” he snaps with outrage, and without a word to me, I watch with blurry eyes as he rushes over to the car that he uses without the club's knowledge.

Can’t get caught raping the president’s sister if he’s in an unmarked car, right?

Without looking back, Brock drives away from the diner, and my tears fall.

“I hate my life,” I choke as I try to remove the rope.



My wrists begin to sting, but I ignore the sensation and manage to get one hand free and bring my hands around, and I sob, gently rubbing over the marks. A rancid taste makes me want to vomit, but I try and swallow it despite the burning sensation and stumble to stand.

I need to go back indoors, I need to wash my mouth, preferably with bleach....

Taking deep breaths, I ignore my image in the mirror like I always do and quickly wash my mouth, trying not to sob.

It's too much.

I can't cope with this abuse any longer, the pain.

My head hurts from where he bashed me into the wall, my knees are aching, my wrists are stinging, and my throat and chest burns.

The urge to end it all strengthens day by day, and I know I have a blade in my pocket that I can use. However, I also know I won't be going alone when I finally end it all. I can't allow a man like that to go on living and terrorize someone else in my position, I just can't.

Sniffing, I quickly wash my face, flinching as I gently dab the scrape on my forehead and scrub the rest of my face before letting my hair down out of its messy bun.

As the locks cascade down my back, the tension kind of eases in my head but a few strands fall to the floor, and my tears well up again.

I thought he ripped some from my head...

Shaking my head, I quickly but gently run my fingers through my hair without

looking in the mirror and turn and leave the bathroom. I still have to clean up, even though I should just walk away.

Why do I care if the club's diner is dirty by morning? Oh, I know, because it'll be me cleaning it anyway, and not one brother would believe their precious VP would abuse and rape their club's princess.

Sighing, I walk back into the diner, ready to shut the machines off and clean them just so I don't have to do it in the morning before I crawl home and fall apart, scrubbing my body red and raw to get Brock's touch off me yet again, but I stop in my tracks at the figure standing before the counter.

I'm pretty sure I locked that front door, yet the man who looks just as intimidating as he did earlier stands before me.

My heart races, and slowly, despite having his eyes sharpened on me, I pull the pepper spray out of my pocket—the one I wished I had sprayed in Brock's face when I had the chance—and squeeze it tight in my hand.

The man smirks and says, "A knife would be better than that shit."

My jaw locks. He's playing with me, but I guess I wouldn't expect anything different from a president.

Flaring my nostrils, I put my hand back in my pocket and pull out the Stanley knife I've started walking around with, one I'm yet to use even though I really want to.

If my hands weren't tied behind my back, I would have used it today.

I have a vision of stabbing it into Brock's neck. The more he assaults me, the more I want to go through with it. I just need the courage because I know that once I kill

him, I'll be ending myself as well.

I can't live with a kill on my conscience, even by a man like him, and I also can't live knowing he's used my body to the point that no one would want to touch me, but I wouldn't want them either.

The man before me grins and mumbles, "You're definitely not a scared little lamb, are you, princess?"

I narrow my eyes at him and ignore his words and how he looks at me. I demand, "What are you doing here, and how did you even get in?"

His intense gaze on me makes my skin tingle, but not in a bad way, and honestly, it's not a feeling I want.

It's a feeling I never wish to have, and I know he isn't here for a cup of coffee and a chit chat.

He and his brothers have never come into this diner before, and Axe mentioned there's trouble afoot with the Dark Angels, so he's here for one of two things.

To burn the place down or me if he knows who I am, something most clubs are not aware of because well, I hate the club and its meaning ever since Axe allowed Brock to become his VP despite what I told him when I was thirteen, not believing me.

The clubs represent family and loyalty, and my blood brother has never shown me that like he has Brock.

He's completely forgotten what I accused his VP of. He's never looked at me and thought, 'Oh, she doesn't go near Brock. Why is that? Is what she said all those years ago true?'

Yet he wonders why we're no longer close... Ha.

"What happened to your head?" the man questions, ignoring my own. I narrow my eyes at him and lie, "I tripped while I was taking the trash out and banged it against the wall."

He winces and mumbles, "Ouch," not seeing the lie that it is, and I shrug.

"It wasn't the first time. I'm clumsy," I continue to lie, then demand again, "Now, I'll only ask you this one more time before I stab this knife into your gut. What are you doing here?"

He grins, but it's not one of those soft grins. No, this one is full of promise and mayhem, and I can feel my heart beginning to pound so hard in my chest that I can hear it in my ears but what's shocking is that I'm not scared.

He takes a step forward, and I flinch, but I don't move, even when he rounds the counter.

Instead, I try to stand my ground. I already have one man making my life not worth living, so I won't add another one, even if he is the hottest man I've ever seen, which is saying a lot considering I used to live with a load of bikers.

I can feel my hands shake when he walks right up to where I'm holding the knife out, the tip touching his stomach, making my eyes widen.

Oh god, I'm going to have to stab him, and then I'll end up starting a war between the clubs.

Oh crap, crap, crap.

“Somehow, I doubt you’ll stab me,” he says cockily, tilting his head, “You’re not only sweating at the prospect of it, but your hand is also shaking like a leaf.”

I swallow the lump in my throat and mutter, “You’d be surprised what someone would do under pressure.”

He grins again and returns, “Oh, I know exactly what someone is capable of when under pressure, but you? I think you’d buckle.”

I narrow my eyes at his again, hating that he thinks I’m some weakling.

I’ve spent the past seven years being raped, having no one by my side, yet I’m still here standing. I may want to end things, but in my eyes, ending things makes me braver.

I press harder with the knife without thinking, but all he does is chuckle before suddenly, his hand is grabbing the knife while his other grabs my wrist so quick I don’t have time to react. He pulls me towards him but twists me before my back hits his front, making me gasp in shock.

The hard muscle of his chest presses against my back as he brings the knife around and puts it to my throat, but I don’t tense.

A part of me, a small part, is scared, but the larger part hopes he digs the knife in.

“Did you know my road name is Blade, princess?” he whispers in my ear as he wraps his free arm around my waist, holding me against him.

I swallow hard because, no, I did not know that, but what I do know is that brothers get their road names because of their skills or whatever stupid thing they’ve done warranted to get their president’s attention.

Axe had accidentally thrown an axe, aiming for the tree but hit dad's Harley, which I have to admit was hilarious though somehow, I don't think this man got the name Blade for shits and giggles.

"All I'd have to do is put a little pressure, and blood will spill," he continues, his hot breath sending a shiver through me and my clit pulses, shocking me.

I-I.... I'm aroused.... What the hell?

I try to control my breathing, hoping he goes through with it, ignoring my body's reaction to him, but instead, he disappoints me when he flips the knife around and then places it back in my apron before twisting me around, making me gasp in shock.

Our eyes lock, and instantly, I'm entranced. My skin heats up like it's on fire with his touch on my arms.

His eyes race between mine before he mumbles, "That would be a waste though, wouldn't it?" then leans down and gently places a small kiss at the corner of my mouth.

I suck in a breath at the electricity running through me, the sparks from his lips alone making my body hum, but as he pulls back, smirking, I instantly miss his heat.

Crap, no, bad body.

Blade slowly walks backward and rounds the counter. Just as he reaches the front door, he turns to me and says, "Next time, don't leave a spare key above the door," my mouth opens in shock, and he grins, "I'll be seeing you, princess," then leaves, locking the door behind him.

I watch as he mounts his dark red Harley before looking through the windows once

more. Our eyes lock, and a promise shining in his eyes makes my stomach tighten. He smirks and revs his bike before he spins away.

Swallowing hard, I lean against the counter, my body suddenly weak.

I've never reacted like that before. I never wanted someone to hold me longer than normal. His touch alone set my heart racing, and his touch alone felt like electric volts shooting through me, wanting more.

The encounter with Brock comes back in flashes, and complete shock takes over as I mutter, "He took away the filth, he made me forget..."

Not once did I think of what happened not more than ten minutes ago, and though the thought of dying still arose, I didn't feel the pain that was slowly coming back.

I forgot about the burning in my chest, and Blade became my whole focus, and suddenly, I wanted him, but more importantly, I wanted him to want me.

I blink as tears fill my eyes.

I know what I felt when he touched me, I didn't feel dirty or sick, instead I felt whole. I wanted him to wrap his arms around me and remove the bad memories, but that was just a silly pipe dream.

I am damaged goods, and he's the president of the Dark Angels.

I'm pretty sure our clubs are on the verge of war, meaning, even if I wanted to try and have a life with someone, if I could overlook the horror of my life, he's off limits anyhow.

Sighing, I turn and look at the mess that still needs cleaning behind the counter and

eye it for a few minutes before mumbling, “Screw it,” and I storm to the back where the lockers are.

I’ll just do it tomorrow, or heck, I may even call in sick because today has taken it out of me. Honestly, I have a lot of coursework to do, and my brother can’t expect me to work seven days a week.

I need space. My head is all muddled up, and I need to forget about this encounter, figure out how to dodge the next one with Brock, or learn how to get a backbone so I can finally get rid of his evil before ridding myself of this trauma.

Besides, it’s not like Blade’s going to become my knight in shining leather.



## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade – Two Days Later

I grit my teeth as I watch Fury prospects ransacking Devil's Nightmare, our nightclub, ensuring every bit of furniture is broken and every glass shattered while scaring the customers.

Fuckers.

Two are smashing the mirrors behind the bar while one is beating up our bar manager, Dom, who isn't even part of the club.

Pathetic weasels.

"Yet a fucking gain. He's sent prospects instead of his brothers to do their dirty work," Psycho snaps from his seat beside me, and I snap my pen breathing hard.

This is retaliation for the goods we stole, gaining one-hundred thousand dollars from the Mexican cartel.

Hossa was extremely happy about his purchase, claiming they were the best he's had, and how we got them just makes the son of a bitch even happier, considering the Furies tried selling them for double what we got, something they weren't worth.

If Axe isn't careful, he will make himself more enemies than just us.

"Fuck, I knew we should have burned down Big Mackenzie's," Viper groans, and I raise a brow at him as Venom and Psycho snort.

“I thought we agreed yesterday that plan was off the table because you, Venom and Psycho fucked Michelle and want another round?” I ask, and Psycho snaps, “I didn’t fuck her!” and I look his way and raise a brow.

He sighs, “Ivy called, so I went to help her instead. Her fucking car broke down again, and somebody,” he sides eyes Venom, “was busy getting his dick sucked and ignored her calls.”

Venom winces and mumbles, “I already feel like shit about that, especially knowing Grandad was usually the one she’d call. I don’t need you making me feel worse.”

I wince before looking back at the TV and sigh.

Thousands worth of damages were done, not as much as what we got for their guns, but thousands nonetheless, and a manager with a concussion.

“Surely this can’t all be because of your mother’s shit?” Fury questions.

I reply, “It doesn’t feel like it, but what else could it be?

” I look around at the brothers, “We’ve kept the peace for years.

None of us have poached on their territory.

None of us had taken a pop at the girls or stolen their property for personal reasons.

They’ve declared war, and now is the time to fight back.

They don’t even care if civilians get caught in the crossfire,” I nod to the TV as an elderly man gets a bullet to his head, “This is proof of that. The cops don’t want answers, they want us to deal with it. ”

“So, we take out their biggest source of income first – the diner while intercepting their runs,” Venom says.

“I’m sure Michelle can find another job, besides, it was just sex, and the bitch tried poking holes in my condoms this morning when I went for a second round so the bitch can burn with the rest of the place. ”

The brothers all nod, and dark chocolate eyes pop into my head.

Her name tag said Luna, but to me, she looked more like a Princess who wanted to escape life. I saw the pain she tried to hide in her eyes, the bags lining underneath them.

She had a fire within her, but she’s breaking and fuck me, I want her.

“I say we burn it tonight,” Fury growls.

Venom adds, “I’m up for that.”

“We’ll hold off on the diner for now,” I cut in quickly, needing more time to figure a way to get this woman in my bed, something I never had to do before but burning down her income would most likely put me on her shit list and my dick won’t get any action.

The brothers look my way with raised brows and I hide my wince.

“Is this about the waitress?” Psycho asks, and Fury questions, “What waitress?”

“Our Pres here got sidetracked when we were at the diner by another waitress. She was hot as fuck,” Viper says, and I fist my hands under the table before I grab his neck and strangle him. His words, for reasons I don’t know or understand, are

fucking pissing me off.

“It’s not about the waitress,” I snap, more ferocious than anticipating, causing the brothers to smirk. I take a deep breath and say calmly, “It’s about the waiting game. We’ll start with the two prospects in the basement first.”

“Sure, Pres,” Venom says, “So you won’t care that Michelle mentioned that Luna won’t be at work today because she has college at Rose Meadow’s Clearview College meaning I could go in and fuck her in the staff room?”

A lump forms in my throat, and the urge to run out here and climb on my bike is high, but I swallow it and state, “No, I don’t give a shit, but what I do care about is questioning these fuckers,” I point to the paused screen, “and finding out what they know.”

The brothers don’t drop their smirks and shit-eating grins as they nod, and I roll my eyes before banging the gavel to end church, pissed that we haven’t gotten into the club’s finances or the subject of my mother.

Money has disappeared from Dark Angel’s Girls, and the last person seen in the office before the cash went missing was Snatch, who used to manage the girls before deciding to become a clubwhore. Then there’s my mother, demanding to be allowed to get a job outside of the club, pissing Dad off.

In all the time they’ve been together, she never worked and now suddenly she wants to find a job and she didn’t even say this to me herself, she messaged Dad for the first time in weeks, still giving us all the cold shoulder.

I think we need to allow her to come back inside the clubhouse and takeover with the clubwhores again. Since we banned her the bitches have been slacking, and I wanted to talk it out with the brothers, plus, it is weird as fuck that she's not fighting for her

old lady cut.

Sighing, I stand, look around the room, and state, “In two days, another meeting will occur at six in the evening. After we question their prospects, we’ll devise a plan regarding the Furies and our revenge.

We need to discuss the two grand missing from Dark Angel’s Girls and my mother’s place within this club because, let’s face it, she’s the only one right now who can keep the fucking clubwhores in check with their jobs that have gone been shitty lately.”

The brothers nod, suddenly serious, and I walk around the table and out the door.

I have some soon-to-be dead fuckers to question.

I lick my bottom lip as I watch Venom punch the man sitting on the chair in the middle of the room in the face.

The basement holds a metal, soundproof room with a singular chair in the middle. Chains are attached to the floor and wrapped around the man’s wrists, holding his arms down on the chair so he can’t move, chains are also wrapped around either foot.

The first prospect knew nothing. After two hours of interrogating him while his friend watched on with fear, all he could tell us was that he was told to ransack the club and to kill anyone who got in their way, civilian or not.

One thing that did stick was his confusion over why only prospects are being sent out to do Axe’s dirty work.

Venom has been hitting the second guy for the past ten minutes, not getting a word out of him. Every question he asks, the guy keeps his mouth shut, and I don’t know if it’s because he really doesn’t know or if he thinks the Furies are worse than us.

The man is an idiot, though, because once I get involved, he'll sing like a canary.

Everyone knows my reputation with a blade.

The guy's head lolls back, his eyes rolling, and I chuckle, "Don't let him pass out, brother. We can't get information from an unconscious man."

Venom grunts and steps back, causing the man to blink and look up. He is probably confused as to why Venom has stepped away from him, and Cannon chuckles, looking at the soon-to-be dead guy with glee.

Every time we torture someone, Cannon is always present because, well, the fucker is a loose cannon, hence his road name.

Growing up, our generation knew if Cannon was disciplining us, then we were to be scared, and having him around here, he gives off mean energy.

Case in point, the side eye the guy gives him, swallowing hard before he looks at Venom again who tilts his head my way and slowly, I get my blade out of my boot, and the man's dark hazel eyes widen, and fear shines.

"Now, I've sat back and watched you and your buddy there," I nod to the slumped dead man beside him, "keep quiet, and you see, I can't keep hanging back anymore," I crouch before him and try to look apologetically and say, "Our bar manager, a normal, hardworking civilian was attacked, an elderly man lost his life, and you know I can't let that go right? "

He swallows hard, his Adam's apple bopping, and he stutters, "I-I, please, I didn't hurt-hurt anyone."

I hum and remind him, "But you did rape a girl, freshly turning twenty-one in the

corner of the club, thinking we wouldn't notice," his face pales despite the blood already marring it, "And there is one thing I hate the most, it's rapists."

His breathing picks up as I slowly bring my blade up and line the point of it at his eye. He quickly turns his head, but Cannon is behind him instantly, holding it still, and he screams, "Please, please, I'm sorry, please..."

Smirking, I stand and stab the blade into his right eye with force.

He screams and thrashes in the chair, making the men chuckle, and I quickly remove the blade, blood pissing out of his eye, making me smirk with satisfaction.

"Please, please, please," he sobs, "j-just kill me, please have mercy..."

I tilt my head and remind him, "Ah, just like you had mercy on that girl or on my club?" I crouch in front of him again and state, "My brother here asked you a question earlier. Why is Axe so determined for a war?"

He breathes heavily and admits, "I-I don't know if it is him," and the brothers still as I stand in shock.

"What the fuck does that mean?" Psycho demands and the guy cries, "Brock has been g-giving the orders, not Axe."

"Who is Brock?" I demand to know, digging the blade into his hand. He screams, "Our VP, he's our VP. Please have mercy, please."

Mother fucker.

"He has given out all the demands," he cries, "not Axe, never Axe. We just thought they were coming from him, but no other brother knew what we were doing, so I

don't know..."

Anger vibrates through me, and I pull the blade out of the fucker's hand and give him what he's asked for and bring it to his neck and like I did with Luna two days ago, I hold it over the skin, but instead of pulling back like I did with her, I slice it across his neck.

Blood instantly pours, and he thrashes in the chair as choking sounds echo around us before his head drops and his chest stops moving.

His words echo in my head, and I wipe the bloodied blade against my jeans. If what he said is true, Axe has bigger problems than a war with us.

Having a brother betray you is the worst, especially if you're close.

Taking a deep breath, I command, "Venom, start watching the VP Brock. I want to know his every move."

"Do you think Axe is oblivious to Brock's actions?" Cannon asks, and I shrug and admit, "I don't know, but what I do know is that every time something has happened, it has been prospects." I look his way to see a scowl etching his features, and I say, "The VP has a lot of control over prospects, so it is possible Brock is trying to start a war to help his club, maybe wanting more territory."

"Or?" Viper questions.

I sigh as I put my fists on my hips and state, "Or he's trying to start a coup and take over Axe's role within the club. He takes Axe out, then us, and he has all the power."

The brothers curse, and I state, "Let's watch him for now, figure out his shit before we take action, meaning," I wince, "meaning we don't retaliate from what they did at



the club.”

The brothers curse louder, and I nod because, yeah, chopping these fuckers up and sending them to the club, body part by body part, would have been really satisfying, but we can’t. We need to see what the next move would be.

“Watch him, Venom, with fucking everything,” I command, and he nods once.

I nod to Fury to get our own prospects down here and clean up the mess. I know the place will need bleaching once the furnace burns their bodies to ashes before the sprinklers come on. I turn and head out of the room, needing a shower before I get on my bike.

I have a woman to go see. I can already hear the hitch of her breath due to my closeness. I can already see her body's reaction when I whisper in her ear.

After the other night, she piqued my interest, something no woman has managed before. Instead of being scared of me, she stood up to me. She was afraid of having to stab me, but I know, despite my words, she would have used that blade, and that only made her more interesting to me.

She didn’t fawn all over me, she didn’t beg me to fuck her.

She's a breath of fresh air I didn't realize I needed. I’ve been bored of the clubwhores, and now this fiery little princess has me hooked, and I don’t think I’ll move on until I feel her sweet pussy strangling my cock.

I smirk. She will fight me, but I can’t wait for the challenge.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna

“Okay, class, pens down,” Professor Carmen shouts, and I sigh in relief as I get the last word written on my physiology paper.

Today is finals before summer break, and they will determine what classes I need to take next year. This is my final year at Clearview College before going onto my bachelor’s. This paper is also my only chance of passing this class.

I’ve just borderline managed to stay afloat.

Between the diner, school, and Brock, I struggle to keep my head above water, even after taking yesterday and today off sick.

My goal is to become a trauma therapist, helping people who have been in my position, but it’s going to take me roughly eight years to get there, and I’m only nearly three years in and already feel like I’m drowning.

“Okay, bring all your papers to me as you exit the room. I’ll post your results in two days,” Professor Carmen says and I swallow hard, my eyes going to the paper.

I wanted to be able to read through it, but I ran out of time – crap.

Licking my bottom lip, I slowly pack away my things as I scan parts of the paper before I stand.

I really, really, really hope I’ve passed this paper and this class because I don’t know

if I have the energy to re-do it next year because then I'll have to wait another semester to graduate, like my peers.

"Thank you, Miss Davis," Professor Carmen says as I place the paper on his desk and nod without making eye contact with the sixty-year-old man before walking out of his lecture hall into a crowd of students, my panic slowly taking over.

I've failed, I know I have.

Dropping my head, I walk towards the doors.

I don't make eye contact with anyone. My focus is on the exit.

The students know who I am and who my brother is, no thanks to Axe showing up at school my first week to send a message that I didn't want him to send.

So now the men fear me while the women try and flock to me so they can get close to my brother.

After nearly three years, they still haven't got the hint to leave me alone.

"Hey Luna, are any other of the brothers coming today, or is it just that lone one?" a girl asks from across the quad as I make my way down the hill and I look up in shock and fear.

Expecting to see Brock ready to give me my punishment for when I vomited on him the other night, I come to a halt seeing a Dark Angels brother instead, my mouth going dry.

Holy moly...

With his hair in a man bun and shades covering his dark blue eyes, Blade sits astride his bike, his head directed toward me.

How in the hell did he know I go to this school?

My palms sweat, and my heart rate picks up as my stomach tightens. My body is reacting to him, and it wants to pull towards him.

I still want him, and that is not good.

I didn't think I'd see him again, his warning from two days ago not really meaning anything yet here he is.

I swallow hard, noticing a lot of people eyeing him and I quickly look over to where my car is, a few vehicles from his bike. I look back over to him, and he tilts his head as if saying, 'I dare you' and I swallow again, my throat suddenly dry.

I won't leave here without seeing what he wants, I just know it.

Sighing in defeat, I slowly make my way over to his bike, ignoring the eyes bouncing between him and me while I try to harden my body from reacting to him.

The other day at the diner was weird. Never have I ever reacted to somebody the way I did to him, and it is scary as hell, especially with my horror in the past and present.

I'll never get to be happy, never get to fall for someone or get married.

I'm too broken, and Brock still believes I'm his because he grew up with me, so however my body is reacting to this man is a moot point.

"Hey, princess," Blade says as I stop before him and raise a brow.

“Princess, huh?” I ask, and he shrugs but doesn’t give me an explanation as he takes in my sneakers, jeans, and sweater. “Why are you here, Blade?” I ask, not bothering with how he found me.

I’m not stupid. He’s the president of a club, which means he probably has someone who is good with computers.

“I have a proposition for you, Luna,” he says.

I look at him suspiciously and ask, “What kind of proposition?”

I know for a fact I have nothing to give him, and so far, he’s giving no indication that he’s aware Axe is my brother.

All the information he could probably find gives Axe’s legal name, and it isn’t known within different clubs what a brother’s legal name is unless they are in that club with you or have grown up with you.

He slowly licks his bottom lip from side to side before he says, “I don’t do relationships,” and I raise a brow because, well, yeah, no shit, Sherlock. I figured that out within seconds of being in his orbit.

“But,” he says, “I want you,” my mouth parts, “I don’t know why I want you, but I do, and I know that a part of you wants me, so I proposition that we fuck a few times, get each other out of our systems then I can go my merry way, and you can go on yours.”

Speechless, that is what I am. I am absolutely speechless because never in a million years did I expect that to come out of his mouth.

I clear my throat when he raises a brow and I mutter, “I, uh, don’t think that is a good

idea.”

And it isn’t.

The only man who has touched my body is my abuser, and no one in my family has stood up to help me. Heck, my mother barely talks to me, and hasn’t since I accused Brock of rape at my father’s funeral after she demanded I stick with him so she could mourn.

He chuckles, “Why because you’d fall in love with me?”

I frown at his condescending words.

Not every girl falls in love because a man sleeps with her. I hate Brock with everything in me, though I don’t willingly give him my body.

“No, I just don’t think it’s a good idea, and besides, what do I get out of you screwing me out of your system?” I question and he smirks, a smirk that goes straight through me.

Damn, that is a good smirk. It makes him look more badass and surer of himself, and I instantly hate him for it.

I wish I had the confidence he’s radiating right now.

“Well, for starters, you’d get to do something for yourself other than this place because princess, you are giving off shut-off, rule-abiding vibes. You’re giving off the whole listening to the higher man kind of vibe, not living a life for you, not having fun,” he replies and my jaw locks.

“I didn’t realize I was that transparent.” I snap.

Sighing, he pulls out a card and passes it over.

I reluctantly take it and see Dark Angel's Motors at the top.

I look at him with confusion, and he states, "That is where you'll find me when you change your mind, but don't take too long because this proposition will only be open for three days before I decide you're not worth it. "

That said, he starts his bike, then, with one last look at me, he backs out of the spot and drives away as my heart pounds and my peers watch him leave.

He's extremely cocky that he thinks I'd go running to him, and I'm even more pissed that he caught on that I don't do anything for myself except for school.

I shove the card in my pocket, adamant to throw it away later because that man has cocky alpha hole written all over him, his confidence is just plain annoying. I stomp over to my car, ignoring the onlookers gaping at me.

Huffing with frustration, hating that the man read me like an open book, I climb into my car and slam the door behind me.

"If he thinks I'm going to go running to him, a stranger and most likely a man whore, then he has another thing coming!" I mutter to myself as I start my car and put it in reverse, trying not to stew at the audacity of Blade.

I sigh as I climb out of my car. After ten minutes of driving, his words still go around in my head.

I'm not considering them. In fact, I'm pleased that I'm in his head, I guess, but I know I can't go there with him.

One, he is a complete stranger. Two, I'm damaged goods. Three, he's part of a rival club, and four, I still want to die.

Shaking my head, I make my way to the large black door to my apartment building, promising to forget about Blade despite my connection with him but instantly, I want to curse at myself for not paying better attention, for being too much in my head.

A bad feeling consumes me when my foot hits the step, and a hand grabs the messy bun on my head.

I scream in shock as I'm dragged backwards and I quickly put my hand into my jeans pocket, and grab the pepper spray while allowing my body to follow the hand in my hair, trying to keep my wits about me.

As I'm thrown on the floor, landing hard on the grass with a grunt, the wind is knocked out of me.

I try and breathe through the pain and lift my hand with the pepper spray and press the button right into Brock's eyes, and I can't help the feeling of elation that fills me and he jumps back grabbing hold of his face.

I've always wanted to mase him...

"Mother fucker!" Brock shouts as he blinks several times before suddenly his foot connects with my ribs.

I gasp as the force of his kick spins me over on the grass before he stomps on my hip, making me cry out.

"This is how you treat your old man, huh? Huh?" he shouts, kicking me again, this time hitting my pelvis.



I cry out, landing on my stomach from the force, and before I can try and move away, his hand grips my hair as he sits on my back, his weight making it hard to breathe, the force at the unnatural angle of his grip he has on my hair, lifting my head making it worse.

“You knew I was going to be waiting for you,” he sneers, “you planned this didn’t you bitch?!”

My tears fall as I try and gasp for air before suddenly he throws my head down, my forehead hitting the grass hard, and I cry out then cough and splutter as I eat a load of grass.

Dizziness hits me as his hands find their way to my jeans, and dark blue eyes pop into my head, shocking me and making my heart race all in one. Suddenly, I want to fight back, to stop him from pulling my jeans off.

I want to fight harder than I normally would to stop him from raping me again.

With determination, I move slightly on my side before lifting my leg up. I kick Brock hard in his stomach, making him grunt and fall away from me. With strength I didn’t know I had, I scramble to my feet, using Brock's dazed state to limp to the door.

“You little bitch!” he snaps, and my pulse throbs as the door comes into view, people walking out of it.

“Hold the door, please,” I say loudly. The girl coming out holds it open, and I rasp, “Thanks,” before rushing inside as she walks away without looking at me.

The door closes and locks automatically before Brock grabs the handle and shakes the door to try and open it but fails before we lock eyes.

“Open the fucking door, treasure, don’t make your punishment any harder for you,” he growls, and I swallow hard, my chest hurting from the lack of air.

His eyes, red from the mase, show nothing but anger and promise, and it’s at this moment that I realize I do want more than to fight him.

I know that I want to live for myself and that I’m really considering Blade’s offer for some fun so he can screw me out of his system then I can throw it in his face that I allowed someone to touch me willingly.

I lock my jaw and slowly walk backward, trying not to flinch at the pain in my ribs and hip, and decide that I will screw Blade, not only that, I’ll gloat in Brock’s face as I stab my knife into his heart.

“Luna open the fucking door!” he shouts, but I ignore him and turn around, heading for the lifts with the promise stuck in my head.

It’s time to fight back, and by doing that, I need to use Blade for what he’s offering because there will be nothing more relishing than watching the fury take over Brock as I kill him, gloating about giving my body willingly to someone else.

Blade

I swear this fucking car is going to be the death of me. Don't get me wrong the old man brings in good business but his car is beginning to piss me the fuck off and I'm tempted to set the thing a light.

The bolt slips and anger shoots through me as I stand up and throw the wrench across the room, the tool banging against the wall and I breathe heavy, glaring at the fucking car.

"You're testier than normal," Fury states the obvious from where he's grabbing keys from the workbench, and I glare his way, but his light green eyes show no intimidation from me. Instead, he raises a brow which only further pisses me off.

That is what happens when you grow up with your officer brothers – they're not scared of you like the rest of the brothers, you don't intimidate them, and they know how to ignore your angry outbursts.

Fuckers...

"Don't you have a bike to go collect?" I snap and he smirks, running a hand through his short brown hair and confirms, "Yeah I do and it's going to take me two hours to get there and back. I'm going, I just uh, you never let old man Trivers car get to you like this... it's weird, are you uh, good?"

I turn away from him hating that he's right and mutter, "I'm just having an off day, I'm fine," I look his way, "Go pick the bike up before the customer rings and

complains.”

He snorts, “Customer my ass.”

I smirk. His dad, Bear’s bike broke down an hour away and now he has to go and collect it then figure out what the fuck he did to it this time.

Knowing Bear, he most likely put the wrong gas in it again.

Sighing, Fury looks over me for a few seconds before nodding knowing he won’t get anything outta me and walks out of the garage towards the club’s truck with the trailer attached and I breathe a sigh of relief not needing him to be around here for a while.

The fucker is too on the ball where I’m concerned and I know my frustration is only going to build the later the day gets.

Frustration that I know what the problem is, and it isn’t this car even if it is annoying that it’s back in the garage for the third time this week, or even my mother who has barley glanced at me, no, it’s because Luna hasn’t shown up like I thought she would.

Three fucking days and nothing and I don’t even know why I care, I don’t know why it’s pissing me off.

Okay, that’s a lie, I know why. I want her or maybe it’s because any woman would give anything at the chance at me fucking them. Not because they’d think I’m good at it or because I have a big cock but more so because of the patch on my back, the patch Luna didn’t even look twice at.

She’s different and I want her.

I grind my back teeth and walk over to where I threw the wrench and pick it up.

She's not going to show, and I meant it when I said she wouldn't get another chance, as cocky as it sounds, I have plenty of women that want to ride my dick and if I have to, I'll fuck however many I can and get Luna out of my head, stupidly though, I don't know if I will until I have her.

I never should have walked into that fucking diner.

Sighing with frustration I stomp over to the 1950 Chevrolet Dulux and glare at the thing, crossing my arms over my chest.

Maybe I can tell Trivers that I accidentally dropped the jack on it or that I accidentally crashed the thing. Hmm, maybe an accidental fire would be more realistic, though I don't really want to burn the garage down.

I drop my head and groan knowing I'm going to have to put my head underneath the hood again.

"Having a rough day?" a voice says from behind me and I turn my head quickly, nearly pulling my neck and my mouth parts as my throat dries.

Fuck me...

Wearing a light purple sundress that stops at her knees, thin straps holding it on her slim shoulders, the column of her neck visible and in need of sucking...

She's looks beautiful, fuck no, she looks good enough to eat.

Luna gently pushes her hair behind her ear, nerves radiating from her and I suck my bottom lip into my mouth.

I have two options, go over to her and fuck her without answering her or help calm her nerves because let's face it, she has innocent written all over her despite the dark clouds in her eyes and then fuck her.

Decision, decisions.

"This car is in here at least three times a week," I say as I nod to the car besides me, giving her option two because I'm not a dick even though she's come here to ride mine.

She furrows her brows as she looks it over and says, "Why not just buy a new one? I mean that one is a classic so someone would pay big bucks for it..."

I hum and admit, "It has a lot of sentimental value to the owner." She nods as she looks the car over and slowly, I walk over to the tool bench, placing the wrench on it as I ask, "Did the prospects give you any trouble giving you access?"

"No," she replies, and I look her way. "All I had to do was show them the card," she admits then frowns again as she looks at me and advises, "You may need new prospects because I could be some loony ex with a gun."

I smirk and state, "Or a woman carrying mace and a blade."

She shrugs with a small smile then slowly walks my way and my dick twitches with what is about to come, pun fucking intended.

I don't move, even though I really fucking want to. I stay perfectly still knowing she's skittish. I need to let her set the pace which is something I have never done before.

She stops before me and tilts her head to the side and whispers, "Just a few times to

get me out of your system, right?”

I nod slowly though something deep in my gut is telling me not to go through with this, that once or twice just won't be enough. I shut that voice up as Luna slowly places her hand on my chest, her warmth burning through my white tank and suddenly, I'm glad that I took my overalls off earlier.

She gently runs her hand up my chest before running her fingers into my hair and fuck me that feels so good.

Luna carefully pulls my head towards hers and I comply before our lips meet, her soft ones sending shocks through my body which lights up like fucking fireworks.

Luna's tense body loosens up and melts into mine and I groan as she licks the seam of my lips. I open willingly, allowing her tongue to tangle with mine.

Fuck ...

I allow her a few minutes to get her bearings, to become comfortable before I can't take it any longer.

I wrap my arm around her waist and drag her tighter into me as I bend a little and grab her thigh with my other hand. Luna gasps as I lift her up, her legs automatically wrapping around my waist and I can't help but notice how amazing we fit together.

Ignoring that stupid thought, I spin us and place her on the workbench before I put a hand between us and grip her panties.

I groan at how wet they are, the fabric soaked just from our make out session. I grip them hard before gently lifting her enough to pull her underwear down then off her legs, over her brown boots all while not breaking the kiss. Her lips feel so fucking

soft against mine.

I can feel my heart race and I deepen the kiss as I pull the zipper to my jeans down, pulling my hard cock out before grabbing the condom I've had in my jeans for the past three days and no, I won't look more into why I've had it in there or why I haven't touched a clubwhore since meeting Luna.

Two fucks then I'll walk away.

I quickly sheath myself before putting the head at her sopping entrance and she tenses causing me to break the kiss and place my forehead against hers.

I look over her facial features, her eyes screwed up tight.

"Look at me, princess," I demand gently and Luna opens her eyes which instantly lock with mine and I hate the fear she's showing in them.

Why the fuck would she fear this when she came to me?

"We can stop right now," I say making her furrow her brows. I continue, "We've had a hot as fuck make out session and if you want to leave it there, then I'll help put your panties back on and you can be on your merry way."

She blinks a few times, and I give her a moment to decide despite my balls aching for a release, my cock twitching wanting her tight heat that I can feel at the tip.

Wrapping her legs around my waist, she pulls me into her forcing my hips forward and I take her in one full thrust, and she gasps, "Oh my god you're big..."

I choke out a chuckle and reply, "And you're fucking tight... Jesus."



Luna wraps her arms around my neck as I grip her back with one hand, her hip with the other and I try to breathe in and out, trying my fucking hardest I don't come.

I've never fucked a woman this tight before and right now, I'm struggling.

"Take me, Blade," Luna whispers in my ear and my resolve breaks.

I turn my head and capture her lips as I pull out, only leaving the tip inside her before I thrust forward hard and fast, ensuring to tilt my hips to hit her g-spot knowing I won't last long.

"Oh wow," Luna moans against my lips and I quickly bite her bottom one and keep up the rhythm, trying to hold off my release.

I've never fucking had this problem before. Usually I can get a woman to come within minutes before I'm even ready.

"I need you to come, princess," I gasp as my spine tingles, her warm tight heat just too fucking good.

"I-I can't, just come," she stutters back, gripping the back of my tank and I growl.

"Like fuck will that happen," I snap and bring a hand between us, my thumb finding her enlarged clit.

Luna jolts in my arms as I press down hard on her clit and rub fast circles while my hips pick up speed.

Her pussy squeezes my dick in a vice, and I groan, taking her lips just as she screams, her orgasm taking over and I come, unable to hold it any longer.

My balls empty into the condom and I breathe heavy against her lips moaning as I continue to move my hips so she can get more pleasure causing her walls to squeeze me one more time before fluttering and a thought occurs to me, a thought I tried to ignore.

I'm never going to get enough of her...

Fuck.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna – Two Weeks Later

I quickly tie my hair into a messy bun on the top of my head, check the time, and sigh with relief, knowing I still have some hours to get done what is needed before Brock finishes work and I won't have to endure hell again.

Quickly tidying up my mess, I turn to open the door but pause when I hear my front door open, and I silently groan, knowing it'll be my brother.

I didn't want him to have a key, especially knowing Brock may somehow get a hold of it, but he swore no one would have access to it, including his VP.

I relented, putting a little bit of trust in him for the first time since I was thirteen but does he question why I don't want his VP to have access to it?

No, he doesn't.

It's like he's purposely blind to what is happening to me and what has happened to me over the years, and I resent him for it. I know we'll never have that brother-sister bond most siblings have.

The truth always has a way of coming out, and he'll soon realize his mistake and why he lost me but whether I have a pulse at that point or not, only time will tell.

"Luna?" Axe calls, and I roll my eyes. I quickly leave my small bathroom, coming out into the hallway.

I bump into my brother, who was on his way to my bedroom by the looks of things, and I raise a brow.

“This is a surprise,” I say instead of questioning him knowing there isn’t any point and he runs his hand through his light brown hair, causing it to stick up, and anxiety radiates from him, which is definitely not something I would expect from him.

“Yeah, uh, today is full of surprises, that is for sure,” he mumbles then he looks over me to see I’m not wearing my uniform. Frowning, and asks, “You’re not working today?”

I snort, “I took a week off, Taylor, you know since I haven’t had a vacation since starting at the diner.”

He scowls because, of course, as his sister, I must work more hours than the average employee until I’m at breaking point, even though I actually wanted to work at the crisis center in town for victims of rape and abuse, but he wouldn’t hear of it.

The family has to work for the club and my working there will raise questions as to whether I was actually telling the truth about what his best friend did to me, is still doing to me.

Not wanting to cause another argument between us, I sigh, “I have coursework and finals. If I don’t pass these finals, I will have to re-do the semester, and I won’t have that because, between this class and work, I’m running out of steam.

” I look at the time, “I was about to walk to the library to find a few books before they close.”

He doesn’t say anything momentarily, his eyes looking over my features as if assessing me, and I furrow my brows in confusion.

“You’re acting weird, Taylor,” I say and walk past him into my small living area, and I can’t help the small smile that appears on my face as I take in the space I created.

The dark gray wall behind the light gray couch, a glass coffee table, and a small TV in the corner are all mine.

“So you taking a week off isn’t because of your new boyfriend then?” Axe asks suddenly, and I turn his way, my brows furrowed in confusion.

I have a boyfriend?

“What new boyfriend?” I ask.

He scoffs, “Oh, so you’re denying it? My own sister is lying to my face again.”

I glare at him, not liking his insinuation. He accused me, along with everyone else, years ago, of being a liar, and seven years later, I’m still being abused, and he still thinks I was lying, they all do.

“I’m not lying, Taylor. I don’t have a boyfriend, but do you know what? Even if I did, it would have nothing to do with you or your club. I’m a grown as woman!” I snap, and he shakes his head, repeatedly running a hand through his hair with frustration.

“So, you and Blade, the president of the Dark Angels MC? What is he to you then?” he demands to know, and I snort.

Of course, he found out, meaning everyone else has.

All it takes is for one of their hang-arounds to see me in the Dark Angels’ territory or driving onto their club property to open their mouths to my brother, hoping to get a

prospect cut.

Dickheads.

I hope Brock is stewing with this. I hope he pictures Blade thrusting in me over and over, washing away his filth.

“Do you really want me to spell it out to you, Taylor?” I ask, giving him a chance to use his head. As the years have proven, my brother isn’t very smart.

“Yeah, I think you should because it’s very odd that the club that was suddenly starting a war stops, and my sister is seen around with their president!” he snaps, and I raise a brow and ask, “And how have I been seen with their president?”

I don’t really care that he knows. I’m more intrigued by how he knows more than anything or if he’s just combining two things.

“You were seen exiting his garage, Luna, while your car was parked outside more than once!” he growls, and I roll my eyes.

“So you just assumed that I’m sleeping with him?” I ask innocently, messing with him. His face pales a little, and I grin and admit, “Because you were right,” and his eyes darken in anger, and I sigh, “It’s just sex, Taylor. You know the thing you men do with the clubwhores to scratch that itch.”

“He’s an enemy, Luna!” he shouts.

I raise a brow at his tone and confirm, “Didn’t you just say that they’ve stopped trying to start a war?”

He glares at me and snaps, “It isn’t the point! He’s using you to get to the club!”

I chuckle, only making his face redder until I say, “He doesn’t even know you are my brother. He believes I’m just a waitress at the diner.”

His mouth parts in shock, and I shrug and state, “He has never mentioned the club or you and doesn’t even bring up his club.

There is literally no talking between us.

It is just sex on his workbench a few times a week, and it’s only for this month,” or that is what we agreed yesterday in his garage, the only place we’ve had sex.

For the past two weeks, I have gone to him as we planned after our first time, which was weird, really.

It was like discussing a transaction, but anyway, he’s had me up on his work bench every time and not once has he seen me naked so it’s a win for me.

I get orgasms, something I’ve never had before and he doesn’t see the scars marring my body while he screws me out of his system and I must admit, I never thought sex could be like that.

I don’t feel dirty or like I’m filth. I don’t want to wash him off and scrub my body afterward.

His body helps me forget everything, he helps me forget everything, and each time I get home after our activities, I always burst into tears, but not with regret, more with gratitude because I feel good.

Each time I come home, my emotions get too much to handle, so I just cry.

“Sex for this month, that is it?” he confirms, and I raise a brow because it isn’t really

any of his business, and this is just purely weird speaking about this with him. He puts his hands up and admits, “I’m just looking out for you, that’s all.”

I swallow my scoff. Seven years and not once has he looked out for me. He’s kept that monster by his side even after I told him what he did to me, not believing me, and my only saving grace lately is that I’ve managed to dodge Brock at all costs.

I’m not the last to leave at the diner, and here, I’ve started parking in the underground parking lot, which he can’t get into.

It costs me more a month, but the expense is worth it right now, and every time I’ve gone out for a jog, I’ve made sure it’s at the times I know he’s at the club because he’s not one to change his routine.

Even today, he’s on prospect duty, so I should be able to make it to the library before his shift ends.

“Yes, it is just sex for this month, then we’ll both go our separate ways,” I confirm instead of screaming at him like I want to, and he sighs but doesn’t say anything, knowing he hasn’t got a leg to stand on.

“Okay, just be careful, please, Luna. The Devils are dangerous men,” he says, and I nod once, not saying a word because I know firsthand that Brock is more dangerous than Blade where I am concerned.

Shaking his head at my silence, Axe looks around my place, a small smile now gracing his face and a little pride, but I don’t relish it.

I’m here because he couldn’t keep me safe. He didn’t even want me to move out, but I had to step up for myself because no one else would.



“You’ve done well here,” he mumbles, and I hum again, not saying anything and he sighs, “Mama misses you, Luna.” He looks my way and says, “You haven’t spoken to her since you moved out.”

“She barely spoke to me when I was there, Taylor,” I remind him, and he sighs again and again as he looks around the room, probably noticing the lack of photos except one, his eyes lingering on it for a moment.

Why have family pictures up when my family was never there for me?

I mean, my dad, even though he had a mistress, at least cared enough to come to my school plays and to teach me how to ride a bike, and that is the only reason why one lone photo of him on his Harley without his cut on, sits near my TV.

“She’s struggled with what you said at Dad’s funeral,” he mutters, staring at the photo of Dad smirking, and I blink.

This is the first time he’s mentioned it since then.

“I get it. You were upset, you lost dad, the only parent to pay attention to you, and Mama was badmouthing him, then his mistress showed up in tears,” he murmurs and looks my way with sad eyes.

“You made an accusation that could have harmed a good man, but you were hurting and just wanted your mother, and I understood that. Brock understood it, but surely now is the time to bury the hatchet with everyone? To apologize for your hurtful words and move back home?”

It takes everything in me not to shout at him, to charge at him and hit him before showing him my stomach and back, to show him the branding marks his VP has done to me.

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Still, after all this time, he thinks I'm lying. He believes his friend is innocent.

Good man, my ass.

I tilt my head at him and ask, "You still think I was making it up? That I would be evil enough to lie about something so serious?"

Anger shines in his eyes, and he snaps, "Brock sees you as his little sister, and yeah, I think you were lying, and I still think you were selfish. I just decided to see your side of things because of our mothers' actions!"

He'd never rape any girl, let alone you, Luna. You could have destroyed him!"

Shame I didn't then, I wouldn't have spent years being abused and I'd only have one burn mark on my hip because over the years, he's managed to make a B out of them.

I nod slowly, then whisper, "I think you should leave," not bothering to tell him his 'friend' who sees me as a sister, is raping me every chance he gets, that he marks my body to brand me as his, that he is adamant to claim me in the eyes of the club against my will.

He wouldn't believe me anyway.

"Luna..." Taylor sighs, but I point to the door, and he shakes his head and mumbles, "One of these days, you're going to lose everyone around you because of the lies you continue to stick with."

He turns and leaves without another word, and my tears fall as the door shuts.

I mutter, “Wrong, big brother. I lost everyone the day you all called me a liar and basically gave your best friend the go-ahead to ruin my life.”

I stand still for a few minutes, my tears falling, my heart breaking, and I don't know how to function.

How can he stand there and not question why I haven't taken back what I accused Brock of?

How can he not see the pain I'm in every day?

How could he not realize that I had tried to stay away from the club after the first time it happened?

I wipe my tears away with frustration, refusing to cry over this again before grabbing my bag and phone.

I need to get to the library before it closes for lunch, and more importantly, I need to leave and get back into the safety of this building where cameras line every inch inside before Brock finishes with the prospects.

I sigh as I walk back from the library, the four books weighing down my bag, and I mumble, “I should have driven....”

I'm trying to save money on gas, especially now that I've had to fork out cash for parking.

I came up with a plan on my way to the library. I need to leave, not just for a vacation but for good. I have some savings but not a lot, so rationing my food and gas will

have to do.

My family, the club, Brock, they all need to be in my past, and I can't try and move on if I'm here and I know without a doubt, if I killed Brock, my brother would kill me, and even though the thoughts of ending it all hits me every day, Blade's eyes come back to me and make me want to fight.

After two weeks of sleeping with him, I need him to breathe. I know what I said to Axe, we'd walk away at the end of the month. I just don't know if I can, but leaving means I have to walk away.

Blade was right to insinuate feelings and sex because I'm catching them and no, I didn't think I would, heck, I didn't even think I'd orgasm and every time he ensures I do before he does.

Not once have I ever gotten wet for a man before, yet I did for him. God, even now, I can feel my clit throb at the thought of Blade, and I'm even beginning to wonder what it would feel like to have his mouth down there.

Shaking my head of my lustful thoughts, I pick up speed as my building comes into view, but before I can take five steps, a hand grabs my arm hard, making me gasp before I'm shoved into the alleyway.

I trip at the force of the shove, falling onto my hands and knees, and I cry out in pain as little stones dig into my palms as my books scatter on the floor before a hand grips my hair tightly, and something is shoved into my mouth.

I try to dislodge it, to spit it out but it's tied behind my head and my fear spikes.

Panic hits me hard as my jeans are unbuttoned, and Brock whispers, "You think you can let that fucker touch what is mine, huh?"

Tears fill, and breathing becomes difficult.

He's supposed to be at the club!

"Well, I'll fucking show you!" he promises and shoves my jeans and panties down before two fingers rub over my entrance, and he chuckles, "You're actually wet for once."

Mortification fills me, that is for Blade, not him, but he doesn't care because one moment I'm trying to fight to get away, clawing at his hand in my hair, and then the next, he's thrusting inside me hard without protection, and bile builds.

Brock uses my body without a care in the world, and I scream in terror and pain over the gag and thrash against him as something hot hits my left hip and I know he's marking me again, his words confirming it as he grunts, "This is my body, fucking mine and only mine, and I'll kill that fucker if he touches you again! "

I stop my fight at his words and can feel myself shut down at the thought of Blade being hurt because of me.

I won't put Blade in danger, and honestly, after two weeks of managing to keep this from happening, of having Blade, I know I can't let him touch me again. I can't allow this filth to transfer onto him.

I can't allow this pig to create a war between the clubs.

Brock moans and groans, not caring that I've gone dry while pain filters inside me, my walls protesting against his dick, and the feeling of wanting to die hits me hard again as I realize I'm never going to get rid of him.

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

### Blade – A Week Later

I slowly run my tongue along my bottom lip as I check my phone for the fifth time in the past ten minutes. I am trying not to look like a lost fucking puppy, knowing that is exactly how I feel lately.

She's late, and even though Fury is still here, I'm pissed she hasn't shown up. No, I'm more than fucking pissed, I'm livid, and I'm so fucking ready to wreck this place.

For the past week she has ignored me. Every text, every call, nothing, radio fucking silence and I'm angry, no furious.

I never chase after a girl, and yet with this one, I did.

I never call or text a girl, and here I am, a week later, with several unread texts and missed calls and frustration builds deep inside.

She's beginning to take front and center in my mind, and that is not a good fucking sign for a man like me with a shitload on his plate.

I shove my phone back in my pocket, seeing no missed call or text from Luna. I pay attention to Fury again as I try and squash the irritation this five-foot-five of a woman is building inside of me.

"I mean, two fucking grand Blade," he snaps, running a hand through his short brown hair and I frown.

“Wait, two grand?” I ask, confused. Yeah, I wasn’t really listening to him, but with the anger and frustration he’s showing right now, I think I need to be.

Fucking Luna!

He scowls, “Seriously, that is the third time you’ve had me repeat myself!”

I wince and mumble, “Sorry, brother. My head just hasn’t been in it today. I’m listening.”

He sighs, “I swear the girl you keep bringing in here to fuck better contact you soon. Otherwise, I’ll go find her myself.”

I scowl at his words. “Fucking perspective fucker,” I mutter, and he snorts.

“That is my job, brother, to know what is going on with you always and enforce shit when it is required, and clearly, this girl needs enforcing before you break your phone or worse, our garage,” he states, and I mock glare his way because again, he reads me to fucking well.

He shakes his head, then sighs, “I was talking about the two grand that went missing at Dark Angel’s Girls yesterday. ”

“What the fuck?!” I snap, and suddenly, he has my entire fucking attention.

I’ll sort Luna out later because right now, someone needs fucking killing.

Fury nods, “Since allowing your mother back into the club or more like forcing her back, something you need to look into by the way, I had her watch Snatch, and guess who came out of the office at the same time the money disappeared and conveniently, guess which cameras had stopped working at the same time?”

I take a deep breath to calm my anger which was already brewing as it was because of a certain caramel-haired beauty, and I demand, “Where is the whore?”

He nods to the clubhouse and growls, “In the common room,” and I nod and confirm, “And Tate?”

Don’t need his sweet little girl seeing her favorite uncle going all Hulk on someone.

“With my mama at my house,” he says with a smirk, and I nod again, not questioning why she’s not in the common room sweet-talking the brothers before walking towards the clubhouse, not giving a shit that I’m still in my overalls.

Seems Snatch needs to remember exactly who I am and that just because we fucked months ago doesn’t give her a pass to do whatever she fucking wants, including stealing from us, and it’s time the clubwhores see what will happen if they steal from us if they take us for granted as Snatch has.

We don’t force them to fuck us, that is purely their decision and they know that, but we do pay them well to cook and clean as well as giving them board and stealing from us when we pay more than the average wage is not fucking acceptable.

I hear Fury following me as I keep up the pace, the dark door in my sight as Luna comes to mind yet again.

I’m not sure what happened for her to ice me out and not stick to our schedule, but as far as I’m concerned, if she isn’t here by the time I’ve kicked Snatch out, then I’m going after her, and the first place I’ll start is the fucking diner, and I don’t care if a Fury member sees me.

My dick doesn’t want any other bitch, he only wants her, and fuck it, so do I.



I slam into the clubhouse, the door banging against the wall, and look around the common room as the brothers who are still here pause their conversations, looking my way with confusion but also alertness.

I ignore them, and my eyes automatically go to where the clubwhores hang out in the corner and find all of them there.

They sit around doing their nails while eyeing up the brothers despite knowing we don't allow any fucking in the common room during the day because of Tate.

I narrow my eyes and look around the common room to find shit on the floor, beer stains, trash and even a filled condom near the couches and my mama gagging as she cleans the mess on the tables and my nostrils flare.

Now I understand why Tate isn't at the clubhouse riding on some brother's back and ordering them around like the sweet little thing she is. It isn't because I'm about to make an example of Snatch, it's more because of the state of this room.

What the fuck am I even paying them for?

"Clubwhores!" I boom loudly, putting my hands on my hips, getting their attention.

Some freeze, and some eye me, trying to figure out how mad I am or, more like, why, while Snatch just continues to paint her fucking nails, only further angering me for her disrespect.

Mama looks my way once then disregards me, taking the dirty dishes out without a word and I narrow my eyes.

Her fucking silent treatment is beginning to get on my nerves.

Growling with frustration, I focus on the task at hand and look back at the women. I tilt my head to the mess and ask, “Do we pay you enough, or do we not pay you enough?”

Chastity clears her throat, knowing I’m not one to be ignored, having been here long enough, and confirms, “You uh do, more so than most employers would.”

I hum and say, “And yet the common room looks exactly like it did last night,” and her light blue eyes widen, and she quickly takes the place in before her face pales.

I continue, “And I can guarantee, it has most likely been the old ladies cleaning up the kitchen with my mama front and center by the way she’s just gone into the kitchen with the dishes despite it being your jobs that we pay you to do,” I curl my lips at them, “Do any of you also notice a certain three-year-old not in here this morning running around? And I fucking wonder why, huh?”

Most of the clubwhores put their nail polish down, not needing it spelled out anymore, and scramble to stand and rush to the cleaning cabinet just outside the common room while Snatch stays sitting with Cherri and Lacy, and my nostrils flare with anger.

“What a fucking shocker that it’s those three that stay sitting,” Fury mumbles from beside me and I hum.

Lacy seems to think she has sway with what she does because of Tate but the bitch barely pays any attention to her unless Fury is in the room, and most of the time, Tate wants nothing to do with her.

The little three-year-old isn’t fucking stupid and knows a whore when she sees one.

Cherri is the same. After having Lake, she thinks she’s above everyone, and she isn’t

because, again, her daughter has never stepped foot in the clubhouse, never called her, or even sent her a card for her birthday or Mother's Day.

Cherri decided being a mother wasn't good enough if her child didn't belong to a brother and Randy, despite being a well-loved mechanic and club friend, she refused to connect with her daughter, a daughter none of us knew because of her.

Then there's Snatch, the woman who, because I used to fuck daily, believes she's about to get my cut despite me not touching her for three weeks – since meeting Luna.

“Cherri and Lacy, you both are on probation as of now until stated otherwise,” I state loudly, and both women look my way in shock.

I smirk “Caught fucking a brother, then you are both out. Don't complete your jobs around the club, then you are both out.

My mother will supervise you both, and as of now, your pay has been decreased. ”

Cherri's mouth opens and closes several times in shock while Lacy stutters, “I-I, you can't kick me out. I'm Tate's mama...”

I raise a brow and quickly hold my arm out as Fury steps forward to probably wring her neck.

I remind her, “You don't even see your daughter unless her father is in the room, hoping he'll see you as a doting mother that you're not and give you his patch,” her face pales, “Now, we have it in writing that you were to work here with full pay and Fury would have full custody, meaning he doesn't have to pay you a cent and won't have to if you are not capable of conducting your jobs within the club,” I look between both women, “Get to fucking work. Now!”

They both scramble to get up and rush off after the other clubwhores, and my eyes go to Snatch, who has a shit-eating grin on her face as she continues painting her nails, and I curl my lip.

“Fucking bitch,” Fury mumbles, and I mutter back, “Which one?”

He snorts, “All of them,” and I nod and whisper, “Go search her room,” before I descend the few stairs leading to the front door and storm over to Snatch not waiting for his confirmation, already knowing that is why he followed me to the clubhouse.

When close, as she’s mid-stroke on her little finger, I grab her wrist, making her gasp and ruin her work.

“Blade...” She cries as I tighten my grip on her finger and drag her up out of her seat, feeling the eyes of everyone still at the club on me.

Snatch stumbles to keep up with me as I bring her to the middle of the common room.

The clubwhores are all watching from near the door, just catching in the corner of my eye, and without a second thought.

I bend Snatch’s wrist quickly and hard, and a snap can be heard before her knees buckle.

She falls to the screaming and crying in pain.

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*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

I shove her to the floor, letting go of her wrist, and she quickly clutches it to her chest, crying as she rolls around on the floor.

Now, I hate hurting women, it isn't something I enjoy, but I also won't allow a thief who already gets over three thousand dollars a month plus board to steal from me.

“For the past four weeks, money has been disappearing from Dark Angel's Girls,” I announce, and the brothers growl while women gasp as Snatch looks up at me from the floor, tears trailing her cheeks, her mascara smudged everywhere, making her look like a fucking panda.

I tilt my head at her and state, “Every time money has vanished and the books poorly doctored, the cameras magically stop working.” I bend down and cup her cheek. She flinches and tries to move away from my touch, making me smirk and grip her tight and she cries out again.

“You were caught red-handed yesterday, Jo,” I say, using her legal name, and her eyes widen. “For a month, you have stolen over eight grand and –”

Fury cuts me off and shouts, “Got the money? It was underneath her bed,” I tilt my head his way, “There's roughly eight hundred missing, but otherwise, it's there.”

I nod and command, “Take that eight hundred out of her wages, then give her five hundred for what work she did actually complete.”

“Blade, please....” Snatch pleads and I glare at her and tighten my hold on her chin, and growl, “You took my kindness for fucking granted, and now, you are done,” I

shove her back again and watch as Fury throws the money at her along with the measly bag she came here with, and I look over towards my father and say, “Dad make sure every brother, prospect, and woman is aware she is no longer allowed on club property,” he nods, anger shining in his eyes at Snatch who he vetted to become a clubwhore and I look at Fury and command, “Throw the fucking trash out, I have someone to go confront.”

He grins, and I roll my eyes and walk past him.

Just before I get to the door though, I glance at the other clubwhores all looking at me wide-eyed, and I state, “You fuck me over, and that,” I point at Snatch, “will be you. I’ll be your fucking cheerleader through whatever college you want to do.

I’ll help you all get on your feet, but what I won’t fucking do, is have you all mock me and steal now get this fucking place sparkling, so Tate, can spend time with her uncles. ”

They all nod in understanding, and I continue my trek, needing to see my chocolate-eyed princess and demand some answers.

The diner is packed, and I growl seeing so many fucking people as I pull up before parking right in front of the diner.

I look around and see no other bike, but that doesn’t mean the Furies aren’t around.

I’ve stayed away from their territory the past few weeks while we watch their VP Brock. He likes to fuck the strippers at their strip club a lot, but so far, nothing is amiss, and none of the Fury prospects have gone after our club properties since.

There’s peace again. I just don’t know why. Again, though, this is something we’ll have to look into before I contact Axe.

I slowly lick my bottom lip as I look in the window and spot Luna instantly, serving some guy eyeing her tits, and I scowl.

“Mother fucker is going to have his eyes dug out of his head in a minute,” I growl as I watch the soon-to-be dead fucker eye her up as she walks away, and I fist my hands, not understanding my jealousy.

I’ve never fucking felt jealous before.

“I cannot kill someone on Fury territory,” I mutter repeatedly until I notice Luna carrying a trash bag. I smirk and mumble, “Perfect,” as I climb off my bike and walk over to the alley.

Can’t confront her in front of a packed diner.

I notice the back door and I round the corner and lean against the wall near it, and wait. Thankfully, I don’t have to wait long before Luna walks out in her yellow dress, her hair up in a messy bun.

Fuck me, she’s gorgeous.

She doesn’t notice me as she puts the trash in the garbage bin, and I clear my throat, causing her to jump and spin around, her hand going in her pocket before she holds her blade out, and my cock hardens.

“Blade, you frightened me,” she gasps, holding her chest with her free hand, and I nod as I look over her.

The bags under her eyes have gotten larger, and I don’t fucking like it, and no, I don’t know why, and I’m also not going to look more into it.

This is just sex.

“You’ve ignored me all week, princess, and not once have I chased after a girl,” I remind her, and she winces, then admits, “I think we should call it a day,” as she puts the blade back in her dress pocket and I nod slowly despite the pit filling in my stomach.

I should walk away, I should tell her goodbye, and yet, I can’t fucking move.

Why does she have this hold on me?

Locking eyes with her, I push off the wall and slowly move towards her, causing her to step back, her body going into the wall and I cage her in, not once breaking eye contact.

I gently press my lips against hers, once, twice, three times, lingering for a moment before leaning back just a little and I rasp, “You sure you want to call it quits?”

Her breathing picks up as her eyes race between mine, and seconds later, she grips my cut and tugs me down to her as she presses up on her tiptoes and our lips connect again, and this time, I melt into her as her mouth opens and our tongues tangle.

Fuck...

I don’t think about where we are or about how anyone could walk around the alley and see us. Instead, I allow my dick to drive me as I grab her thighs and lift her, needing her heat after a week without her.

Luna moans against my mouth as she wraps her legs around my hips, and I push her up against the wall while I quickly unzip my jeans and pull my hard cock out before I grip her wet panties and move them to the side.



Without thinking of the repercussions, I place the head of my cock at her entrance and slowly push inside her, her walls gripping me tight while she laces her fingers into my loose hair, gripping it tightly and I moan and begin to thrust lightly inside her, allowing her to get used to me.

She tightens her legs around my waist and begins to thrust towards me, giving me the go-ahead, and I groan, pushing harder, our kiss deepening, and I try to ignore the little voice in my head, knowing it's just irrational.

You're going to fall for her and never let her go....

I should have listened to the voice.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna

I chew my bottom lip as I look down at my outfit for the fifth time, eyeing the light blue sundress and I scrunch my nose up.

“Do I look too cute, maybe?” I ask myself with a frown.

Four days, that is how long it has been since Blade showed up at the diner, four days since he tore away the horror of what has happened in that alleyway more times than I can count, giving me something he doesn’t even realize – safety and comfort – something I shouldn’t take from him when we both know this isn’t a long term thing.

Even if relationships were his thing, my past and my trauma would tear us apart one way or another, and he wouldn’t be able to handle it.

I gently run my hand over my dress causing my hair to fall to one side. I should put my hair up.

Seeing him standing there, in a place where most of my trauma has taken place since I moved out of the club, I felt sick to my stomach, but not because of him, no, because of what that alley represents.

I didn’t want to dirty him, I didn’t want my horror to touch him, but the moment his lips touched mine, everything faded.

The past, my trauma, everything...gone. All I saw was him, all I felt was him, he centered me.

I'm falling for him.

I realized over the week that I ignored him.

He was all I could think of, and I missed him.

I know I shouldn't have allowed him to take me against the wall.

I should have walked away, but I just couldn't.

My heart raced seeing him, my body hummed, and all I wanted to do was fall into him and beg him to hold me and never let me go.

The man I wanted to use to throw what we were doing in Brock's face as I stabbed him is now the man that I'm falling for.

I sigh and eye my bare legs instead of my hair, knowing I can't put it up.

"Maybe I should wear jeans," I mutter....

I'm supposed to be taking my car to Dark Angel's Motors, but I can't decide how to dress. My hair is down, how Blade likes it, but clothing-wise, I'm stuck.

Jeans mean I'm strictly there for the car, and I don't want him to take me on his workbench, something my clit throbs at the thought of, and that I'm only there for car business.

A dress could mean sex, but I want...damn, I want more.

I want to talk to him, get to know him, and maybe, I don't know, maybe find out his legal name.

I want him to get to know me, not the me who is abused or raped by my brother's best friend, his VP, but the girl I was before that, the girl who loved to laugh and jump into lakes and climb trees.

I want him to fall for me too.

I sigh, grab my phone, walk out of my bedroom, and head to the kitchen counter to get my keys.

I'm asking for too much from him.

This is supposed to be just sex. It's what we agreed. I mean, it's not like he's falling for me. We don't even talk outside of sex, like no communication at all, though, to be fair I don't have any communication with anyone.

I've handed in all my final papers, thankfully passing, though only just so I've either been here or worked with no one to talk to.

Heck, I'm surprised I still even have a job.

After I kicked my brother out of my apartment, I haven't heard anything from him, and Mama has stopped trying to reach me, though to be fair, that one I'm not too upset about.

What kind of mother calls their thirteen-year-old a liar and then makes said daughter's father's funeral all about her. It isn't like she didn't know he had mistresses. I'm just shocked only one turned up at the funeral.

I needed her, and she wasn't there for me, and now she's having an affair with a taken brother, or more like blackmailing him into the affair anyhow.

“So much for family,” I mutter and walk over to the front door with my heart in my throat.

Four days since I slept with Blade, two days since Brock cornered me in the ladies at the diner and forced himself inside my mouth.

Bile builds yet again, the images of his gleam in his eyes hitting me hard as he spouted that I’m all his and that apparently, within the next month, I’ll be wearing his cut, that he has a plan, and again I wonder if I should go to Blade knowing the dirt on me because of that man.

I don’t know how much more I can take of his abuse. Seven years is a lot for one person, and now I just... God, I don’t want to be here anymore as much as it hurts to think because I am falling for Blade. I can feel myself slipping away bit by bit, and I don’t think I’ll ever come back, even for him.

He’d be better off without me anyhow, especially after he realizes I’m filthy, but until then, I think I need to take all the goodness from him before I decide to end it all.

My eyes tear up at the thought of committing suicide hits me again, and I lock my front door as I shake my head, trying to wash the thoughts away as I walk down the hallway.

I need to see Blade. I pause in my step and drop my head, sighing as I realize I’m becoming dependent on him to help take away my trauma, and I know that isn’t healthy. If anything, it means we need to end things soon.

Damn.

“Purpose for entry?” the young man on the gate with a prospect cut and a mean scowl demands half an hour later after I’ve rolled my window down, stopping in front of the

large metal gates.

“Blade has my car booked in at ten,” I say with a bit of nerves because, well, he’s scary for a prospect. I mean, his eyes look nearly black, and his whole head is shaved and tattooed, not to mention he’s built like a fricking tank.

Aren’t prospects usually scrawny?

The guy looks at the sheet in his hands, then walks around the car and reads my number plate before giving me a smile, which makes him look like a completely different man and makes me blink. He nods, then opens the gate and states, “Have a good day, ma’am.”

Holy...

I give him a small smile in return, trying not to show him how much he freaked me out, though something inside me tells me he already knows and is most likely happy about it.

I take a deep breath, put my car into drive, and pull forward before swinging to the left of the clubhouse, ignoring all the bikes out front. I drive down a little road before pulling up in front of the black garage, parking in front like Blade requested before switching off the engine.

My palms sweat a little.

Normally, I’d be excited about seeing him, but what Brock did two days ago dampened things a little, and I hate him even more for it.

Blade has become my happy place, something I never thought I’d have, and even though I know he mostly likely doesn’t feel the same, I’m lucky enough to have this

feeling, even if it's just for a little while.

Out of instinct, I look up through the garage doors so I can see Blade work for a few minutes because, well, there's just something about a man in a tank top, overalls tied at the waist, dripping with sweat, and covered in oil.

Or maybe, more like Blade but I frown seeing him talking to some woman whose hands fly all over the place.

She's not wearing a cut, yet she looks a little like Blade. I mean, not the hair color but the facial features.

Swallowing, I open the car door and climb out as her words hit me as she sneers, "I will not allow this Blade!"

Blade scoffs, "Well, guess what, Mama? You don't have a fucking say."

Mama, as in.... ah crap.

The woman with light brown hair growls, and not wanting them to think I'm listening to their argument, I shut my car door, getting their attention.

The woman glowers at me as her head snaps my way, her light blue eyes darkening with anger, giving most of the brothers in the Furies a run for their money, making me want to flinch back, but I hold it down.

Seeing Blade's face soften, as he takes me in, a small smile etching his features.

I'm suddenly happy I wore the sundress and ankle boots.

I give him a small smile as I wave a little like a dork, nerves hitting me, and I say,

“I’m sorry to interrupt,” as I walk over to them.

“You’re not interrupting, princess,” Blade says, and I know my cheeks are heating at his nickname and the fact he’s using it in front of his mother, especially by the smirk he has stretching across his face, though I don’t miss the woman scowl at her son.

She doesn’t like me, and I’m beginning to believe their argument has something to do with me.

I shake my head, hold my keys out for him, and ask, “Are you sure you’re not too busy to do the cambelt?”

Blade rolls his eyes and takes my keys from me, our fingers touching, causing sparks to shoot up my arm.

He states, “As I told you yesterday and the day before that and the day before that, it isn’t a problem.

It needs doing, Luna,” like he didn’t feel anything, which I have to admit stings a little and I realize my feelings for him are deeper than I originally thought.

Leaving him is going to be hard when the time comes.

I wince and admit, “I know. I just don’t want to be a bother.”

He shakes his head with a sly smile and admits, “You being safe in a reliable car isn’t a bother, now stop fussing.”

My cheeks heat again when his mother clears her throat, and he sighs.

“Mama, go back to the clubhouse and do what you are best at, pissing off Dad and



the prospects,” he demands gently, and the woman flinches but hides it and scoffs, “What, don’t want to introduce me to your girlfriend?”

My eyes widen at her words, but my heart, which has no right, soon drops when Blade replies, “Luna isn’t my girlfriend like I told you before she pulled up, we’re friends, now fuck off.”

The woman growls before walking past me, accidentally shoving into my shoulder in the process, and I have to bite my bottom lip to stop the cry that I want to escape while she walks away.

Brock rammed me into the wall before he forced himself on me, and now it’s a little sore.

Blade sighs and mumbles, “I’m sorry about her, she has problems.”

I snort, “Most mothers do, don’t they?”

He grins and tilts his head, and I know he has questions, but I also know he won’t ask them. Instead, he grips my hips and pulls me into him as he drags me into his garage, and I giggle before his lips meet mine causing me to melt into him like normal.

As our tongues tangle, everything in me relaxes. His words, just moments ago, are forgotten until he pulls back, and we lock eyes.

Damn, I could get lost in those dark blue orbs.

It hurts knowing he doesn’t see me the way I see him, but I also know he never promised me more.

It’s just sex and now a car fix.

Needing to break his intense gaze, I turn my head and look around the shop before noticing the Chevrolet Dulux. I wince and mutter, “Uh oh,” and Blade groans, dropping his forehead to my shoulder and making me laugh.

“I swear that fucking car is going to be the death of me,” he mumbles before kissing my shoulder, sending shivers down my spine. I grin, move away from him, and walk to the dark green car.

“What’s wrong with it this time?” I ask as I look over the old car.

Blade sighs before I feel his arms wrapping around me from behind, and he rests his chin on my head and mutters, “This time, break failure and transmission issues because of its age. Three days ago, faulty spark plugs and last week was the electrical system. The car is a fucking menace, and I keep trying to tell the owner to just put it in storage and buy something more reliable, but he won’t.”

I smile as I turn my head a little to look up at him, and we lock our eyes.

“You love it really,” I say and he shakes his head then presses his lips against mine before mumbling, “Maybe a little,” then he kisses me harder.

I smile into the kiss as I turn in his arms, wrapping mine around his neck to hold him to me.

I know it is selfish to not walk away, but I just need a little more of him to keep me sane, just until I can either leave town after killing Brock once I’ve got the strength to do it or end it all.

Blade is the light in my darkness, and he doesn’t even realize it, and it’s something I have to hold onto.

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*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade

I smile as I watch Luna serve a little kid who looks at her like she's an angel while the mother looks really pale, seeing how large the milkshakes are here, and knows instantly that her child is going to be bouncing off the walls.

Fuck, the whipped cream alone on top will give the kid a sugar rush, let alone the rest of the thing.

Luna sends a wince to the mother, and I chuckle a little. I swear the more time I spend with this woman, the more intriguing she becomes.

She doesn't have a life outside of school and work, and now me, and yet she is probably the sweetest girl I've ever fucking met. She works hard and never asks for more than I'm willing to give.

This was supposed to be fun, an itch to scratch, something to get her out of my system, but months later, it isn't enough. It's never enough. I want more. I want to know the girl underneath the uniform. I want to know the girl beneath her education. I want to know her, and I fucking hate that I do.

She's slowly becoming my main priority, and I even find myself texting her throughout the day like she's my girl since the other day, yet I know nothing about her.

Fuck, I don't even know what she's going to college for.

“Hey, princess,” I say as she rounds the counter and picks up the coffee pot.

She walks over to me and refills my drink making me smile, and she says, “Sorry, Blade, if you give me ten minutes, I’ll be with you, we’re swamped, and they haven’t replaced Hannah yet after she screwed the manager.”

Why doesn’t that surprise me with the Furies owning this place?

I chuckle, then say, “I was just wondering what you are going to college for?”

She pauses a second after lifting the coffee pot, and her eyes race between mine.

I expect her to decline, to tell me this is just fun, so no personal information about each other, giving me the out I should take but really fucking don’t want, but instead, she says, “How about a question for a question?” making me fucking proud.

She never asks anything of me, and I’m man enough to admit that my chest puffs out a little that she finally has. I had to coerce her into letting me fix her car out through sex, for fuck’s sake.

The cambelt was loose as fuck, the oil hadn’t been changed, and two of her tires were barely legal.

I smile, nod, and demand, “What’s your question?”

She chews her bottom lip before she asks, “What’s your legal name?”

Okay, I wasn’t expecting that. I half expected her to ask how many other women I’m fucking, which is none, but she doesn’t know that.

Yet again, she’s just a fucking mystery.

I tilt my head at her and reply, “Leo,” and she smiles a little then whispers, “A trauma therapist, to help people who have been abused or raped,” and my lips part in shock because, again, I didn’t expect that and then she adds, “I’m going for my bachelor’s after next year before my PhD,” before walking away, leaving me shell shocked.

This woman is becoming more and more of a mystery as time passes.

“Fuck me, mama was definitely wrong. She’s smart as fuck and not a patch chaser,” I mutter to myself as I shake my head and take a sip of my drink which I moan at.

Fuck she makes good coffee.

Mama decided to fucking corner me before Luna brought her car in the other day.

She’d heard that I had a woman coming into the garage, which is why I’m here instead, and she claimed that Luna could be using me, that she wouldn’t make a good old lady or first lady despite not knowing fuck all about her or her life.

She made shit up in her own head and ran with it without thinking because all she’s thinking about as usual is herself.

Another word, she doesn’t want anyone stepping into her role within the club despite her basically requiring to be begged to come back.

She hasn’t got her old lady patch back yet, but she is still earning it, not because of me but more because of Dad.

Again, this is something Mama isn’t aware of.

He thinks Mama may have been a patch chaser, and he didn’t notice.

Not once has she had a job since they met, doing more charity work and ensuring the club ran smoothly, and the fact that she's an absolute bitch to Skylar every time she sees her, or so people have stated, just enhances his suspicions when it's been over twenty years.

She's fucked prospects on and off over the years just to get his attention, or so some of the brothers have claimed.

Mama is pushing her luck again after the whole Snatch situation, and if she isn't careful, she'll lose her home.

"Any siblings?" I ask Luna, trying to forget the shit with Mama and the anger that I feel every time I remember the scowl she sent this amazing woman. She puts the coffee pot back and leans against the counter before she smiles sadly and admits, "One brother. He's older, but we don't talk."

Huh, guess we're more alike than I thought.

"You?" she asks, and I grin at her, liking how she's getting comfortable with asking me questions.

I told Mama we were friends, and I don't know, maybe we can be.

"I have a sister but only half," I admit, and she tilts her head so I give her more and explain, "My mother decided to make my dad jealous and slept with another man in the club, a prospect, or that was how the story was explained," her eyes widen and I nod, "Dad decided to get one on her, you know an eye for an eye and all that, and slept with a stripper who ended up pregnant," Luna winces, "Dad told her to get rid of it when she came to the club. Actually, he threw money at her feet and well..."

"She had the baby without telling him..." Luna finishes, and I nod and confirm,

“Yep. I think my sister was around seven when we found out about her. Her mother walked into the club's diner with her, and it was like looking at my twin. Now my little sister wants nothing to do with the club, my dad, or I, and my mother treats her shitty every time she sees her around town like it was her fault my father strayed when in reality is if the stories are true, it's kind of her fault.”

Luna winces again and asks, “Do you think she is treating her shitty, or do you think that is what people are saying to cause trouble with your mother. I mean have you physically seen her treat her crappy?”

I think for a moment and then admit, “I'm not sure. I mean, I've never seen Mama personally be nasty to my little sister, but that doesn't mean she hasn't.”

Luna sighs as she grabs my hand and squeezes it.

She says, “Maybe you should try and speak to your mother instead of jumping to conclusions with what you've been told by other people, especially if they are wrong.

You'll regret it if you don't, Axe, and then maybe you may have a better chance of trying to win your sister round.”

And now, suddenly, I hate how she calls me my road name when she knows my legal name.

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

Friends, we're going to be fucking friends, that is it....

I clear my throat, turn my hand, link our fingers, and say, “I'll think about it, princess, but what I do know is that I won't stop fighting to get her to talk to me. Skylar, she's special.”

Luna frowns and asks, “You mean Skylar Burton?”

I raise a brow and ask, “You know her?”

Something passes across her face before she shrugs, “Not really, but she’s at the same college as me or was. She graduated this year, and we crossed paths sometimes. She was really nice and always helped people when they needed it.”

I nod with a little smile, and she goes to move when someone calls for her, letting go of my hand, however, she pauses and hesitates for a moment as she looks at me, chewing her bottom lip, obviously on the fence about what she wants to ask.

I tilt my head at her to give her the go-ahead, and she clears her throat and asks, “How, uh, how old are you?”

Fuck again, not what I expected her to ask....

I laugh, and her cheeks heat as I say, “We’ve been sleeping together for what five weeks?” she nods once, “And you’re only now just asking?”

She shrugs and admits, “Well, I didn’t think you were old enough to be my father, so I didn’t question it.”

I chuckle and shake my head, saying, “I’m twenty-eight.”

She tilts and mumbles, “Huh, so you are old then.” I narrow my eyes playfully at her, making her grin and admit, “I’m twenty.”

“I’m not that much older, then,” I growl playfully and lean up to grab her. She quickly moves out of my grasp, laughing before going to the customer who called for her, making me shake my head.



She does something to me, and I can't put my finger on it. The more we talk, the more I want to know, and it is a dangerous path I'm going down.

I can't offer her more than what I'm giving her.

The Furies, Mama, the club, the garage, I have too much to deal with, and I can't give a girl like her what she deserves – my undivided time.

Sex and maybe friends that is what we have to deal with.

Sighing, I pick up my coffee and take a large sip as I look out the window and notice a Fury brother sitting outside, focusing solely on me.

I recognize him from the photos Venom has shown me—Brock, the VP who likes the strippers a little too much and may be the cause of trying to start a war, the fucker. I can't go to his Pres and explain the shit he could be causing without proof.

I watch as his eyes go behind me, and I subtly look to see what he's looking at. I tense up, seeing it's Luna, and look his way just as his eyes go back to me. Nothing but pure anger radiates from him.

He wants Luna.

I don't like the feeling that consumes me at that thought, but I know I'm right. The fucker starts his matte black Honda SP160, something I wouldn't expect a brother to own, meaning he's using it to keep under the radar of his club, and drives out of the parking lot, leaving dust in his wake.

I turn and notice Luna stiffening, seeing Brock drive off and I narrow my eyes and ask, "Do the Furies bother you?" as she walks over towards me.

She clears her throat and admits, “Not normally,” but she doesn’t make eye contact, and I’m not sure if she’s lying to protect me or herself.

I nod, and she sends me a blinding smile and asks, “Did you always want to be a grease monkey? Or did you want to do something else, like ballet, singing, dancing, or maybe football?”

I laugh at her words, and she relaxes, seeing the tension disperse in my shoulders, making my heart fucking skip that she could do it with such ease, something no one in my family can do, but I squash the feeling and admit, “Always a grease monkey. I love finding a problem with whatever vehicle I’m trying to fix and watching it come back to life. ”

She smirks and admits, “You also look good doing it as well.”

I laugh again as she walks away to the next table and I watch her go while a lump forms in my throat, knowing this girl is going to end up meaning more to me than I anticipated, and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

I watch as Luna serves a table full of loud kids, then walks over to the pass and whispers something before heading to the back. I don’t think. Instead, I allow my body to do all the movement as I follow her.

She goes into the staff room, and I follow her inside to see her sipping some water as her head comes my way.

“Blade?” she questions, and again, I fucking hate that she’s not using my legal name, but I squash it like I have with every other feeling I’ve been having with this woman and walk up to her as she puts the lid back on her bottle, and before she can put it down, I cup her cheek and press my lips against hers.

The bottle lands with a thump on the floor as she grabs my cut and grips it tightly to keep me close to her, and I quickly move my hands from her face and bend a little, gripping her thighs. She jumps as I lift, not once breaking our kiss as she wraps her legs around my waist.

I press her up against the lockers, suddenly wishing we had a bed so I could latch my mouth around her clit and taste her juices, but this will have to do.

I quickly undo my jeans as she grips my hair tightly, something she fucking loves to run her fingers through when we're like this, sending shivers down my spine and causing my balls to tighten.

Trying not to come like a teen, I release my hard cock and move her panties to the side, groaning at yet again how wet they are for me, and I place the head of my cock at her entrance, all common sense leaving me for the second time and I thrust forward moaning at how tight she is, how tight she always is.

Luna gasps against my lips and tightens her legs around my waist, and I fuck her hard and fast, trying to ignore the feelings wanting to consume me.

Friends with benefits, that is what we'll become, nothing more, nothing fucking more – right?

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade - Three Months Later

I slowly lick my bottom lip as I gently move Luna's caramel hair out of her face while she sleeps on her side, her hand clutching the pillow I slept on last night, her brows furrowed like she's in distress making it so fucking hard for me to leave.

I'm not supposed to spend nights, that was the deal. Along with no foreplay and no nudity on her part, a rule I fucking hate but went along with believing it would quench this thirst I have for her.

How fucking wrong could I be huh?

After nearly getting caught by the chef at Big Macenzie's Grub three months ago, Luna and I mutually agreed that we needed a new place to fuck, and her apartment just seemed like the easiest solution.

Mama is still on my back at the club where Luna is concerned, worried she's using me, making it difficult for us to spend time at the garage.

She's decided to ignore Dad, who has determined Mama is still in the doghouse, not realizing Mama hasn't spoken to him in weeks has decided to focus on me and has even gotten more brothers involved. They are now accusing me of allowing my dick to cloud my judgment with a woman none of them have actually met, a woman they are all accusing of being a patch chaser, including my VP, though that fucker doesn't have a leg to stand on.

The idiot fucked his best friend, Venom's little sister, last week, causing a massive

brawl in the common room.

It took several brothers to keep Venom from killing him, something he would have deserved right now.

After fucking Ivy, something everyone knew was bound to happen with the looks they kept giving each other over the years but never wanted to give in, knowing their friendship would forever change, he thought it would be best to fuck a clubwhore.

Of course, Misty enjoyed rubbing it in Ivy's face not realizing he fucked her a few days prior but knew how close they were and hated it which started the whole brawl when Venom asked Ivy what was going on after she ran out of the common room trying not to cry.

She admitted that they slept together, but he wanted to forget it and go back like they were before it happened like an idiot.

Psycho didn't see Venom coming when he left his room looking a little pale and, if you'd ask me, regretful.

Ivy has been MIA since, only keeping in contact with her mama, much to her father's disappointment and Venom's dismay, while Psycho has been killing himself at Dark Angel's Tats, trying to ignore his so-called sudden feelings for his best friend and the fact she won't answer his calls and Venom won't even look at him.

Not really sure what Psycho expected.

I get it, he wanted to push her away because she's always dreamed of moving to New York, but that was not the way to fucking do it, and now he's probably lost her completely.

Fucking idiot.

I slowly lick my bottom lip as I trace Luna's.

Mama has been acting weird, and day by day, I'm just not sure what her next step will be.

Growing up, the brothers were sure Mama was a patch chaser, jealous when my father's attention wasn't on her.

But right now, her main focus is me, not Dad, and she won't even talk to Dad, which is confusing, especially when she hasn't even brought up her cut.

Luna sighs in her sleep as she searches for the warmth of my hand. I smile as I gently cup her cheek, rubbing my thumb along her jaw. She settles instantly, making my chest tighten.

I've not spent one night at the club since coming to Luna's apartment three months ago, not wanting to really.

Despite both of us agreeing to no sleepovers but as soon as she falls asleep I can't make myself leave and end up wrapping myself around her and the real fucked up thing is I have yet to see her naked.

I've yet to suck on those generous tits of hers or see what she tastes like and I don't fucking care because fuck.

.. Over four months of fucking I still haven't got enough of her and not once have I looked at another woman, much to the clubwhores dismay.

I'm falling for my princess, something I have tried so hard to deny and ignore, but the

feelings are there. I'm protective of her, fought for her against my family while lying. I promised them it's just fun, and yet I find myself pulled towards her every fucking day contradicting my words.

Everyone at the club has accused me of falling despite not meeting her.

They can see the signs, signs I wanted so fucking hard to ignore.

If my phone rings, I'm quick to answer it in case it's her.

A message comes through, the same again, if she's not with me, I need to be in constant connection with her otherwise, I begin to panic.

She's taking over my senses and I don't know how I feel about that.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, and I sigh as I gently let go of Luna's soft skin, knowing I need to get going for church to discuss the Furies' prospects raiding Dark Angel's Girl's again last week, the first time it's happened in months only this time, they raped four of our girls while grinning at the camera, not realizing the danger they are now in while my eyes race over Luna's body.

Fuck, I don't want to leave her.

She slept in a t-shirt of mine that I left here a few months ago and a pair of panties. She looks fucking edible, and I would give everything to climb back into bed with her. I know I can't, knowing she'll want answers that I can't give her.

I'm out before her alarm goes off every day at six for college, which has now started back up again, or work, just so she doesn't know that I've stayed over, so she doesn't know that I hear her crying out in her sleep.

She doesn't know that I've seen her scars that I felt under my touch for the first time a few months ago after she fell asleep.

I wanted skin on skin for once and felt the scars before quickly taking a look, scars that look to be self-inflicted, and if they didn't look older than the time we have been fucking, I would have been fucking concerned because, on her right hip, they look like the shape of a B.

I think she has some trauma that caused her to do that shit to herself.

She's been hurt at some point in her life, and she begs them to leave her alone in her sleep, then settles when I gently whisper in her ear that I'm with her, that she isn't alone and I can't fucking question her regarding her nightmares because I'm not supposed to be spending the night.

Just like I shouldn't know about the few burn marks that lace her lower stomach along with the B on her right hip.

I have so many fucking questions and no answers that can be given.

My phone buzzes again, and I silently groan, not wanting to leave her but knowing I must. Sighing, I gently place a kiss on Luna's forehead, then stand, and Luna mumbles, "Leo," as she grips my pillow, and I swallow hard but wince. It feels like razor blades are etching along my throat.

Fuck, my name sounds good coming out of those lips.

Taking a deep breath, I turn and walk out of her light blue room and down the small hallway before I say fuck it and climb back into bed with her.

My eyes go to the photo near the TV as normal as I get into the small living area,



with the man on the bike without a cut taking my focus, the only photo she has in this whole apartment.

“That’s my dad, he died in a bike accident.”

Her words echo in my head.

She doesn’t talk much about her family, and honestly, after her admittance, I didn’t want to bring up such pain for her about her dad.

She’s such a puzzle.

Sighing as my phone goes off again, I leave Luna’s apartment and grab it from my pocket, and without looking at the screen, I answer, “Yeah?”

“You on your way back?” Dad asks.

I don’t question why he wants to know. Mama is probably losing her shit after noticing I’m not at my house on club property or in my room in the clubhouse and reply, “I’ll be twenty minutes, just in time for a coffee before church.”

Dad doesn’t say anything. He hangs up, and I sigh again, knowing how he feels about me being here. No one is on my fucking side regarding Luna, and after the shit with Mama, Dad is suspicious as fuck regarding her as well not realizing he’s slowly losing her anyhow.

Shaking my head, I descend the stairs quickly and storm out of the apartment building. I then go to my bike on the curb and mount it.

I look up at her apartment window before starting the bike and gently riding off quietly so I don’t wake her.

I can't answer the questions she'd have as to why I stayed. I know why, but I won't voice them because we can't go further than we already have, even if everything inside me wants nothing more.

I walk into the common room fifteen minutes later, with five minutes to spare as I put my hair up in a man bun, which I always leave down in the evenings because, well, Luna likes it down, only to come to a halt with my steps to see the room full of brothers.

"What the fuck?" I mumble, seeing brothers that normally don't get up until fucking noon looking pissed off.

"Son," my dad calls, and I look towards the bar and raise a brow as I drop my hands. He sighs, "Your mother called an emergency meeting, claiming it came from you."

I scowl hard and look through the men before locking eyes with my mother and snap, "What the fuck gives you the right to act like you're in charge?!"

She shrugs, a little smirk playing on her lips, shocking me a little, showing she is not one bit bothered and admits, "Because you've clearly forgotten how to be a president, and this is an intervention."

Fuck, is she trying to get herself kicked out of the club?

All the brothers groan, seeing that my mother duped them, while my father looks away from her, ashamed of her actions.

Fuck, he's going to divorce her at this rate, and she doesn't seem to care.

The brothers all stand. Some go back upstairs to their room, while others go to the kitchen and I descend the stairs, ready to lose it with my mother, who again doesn't

look sorry.

“Fuck, I’m sorry, Blade. I honestly thought you called the meeting,” Psycho sighs as I stop next to him with a glare because he should have stopped her.

I snap, “Since when do you fucking take my mother’s words without calling me fucker?”

He winces and replies, “Since my heads up my ass,” he looks over to where Venom is sitting, glaring, and I sigh, knowing two of his best friends hates him right now.

He looks back my way and admits, “I tattooed a fucking cat on some dude's calf yesterday, which was supposed to be for Crystal instead of the wolf he originally wanted,” I wince because fuck, and he nods, “Yeah, I have to cover it next month for fucking free for my fuck up.”

I shake my head and mumble, “You need to figure your shit out.”

He scoffs, “That isn’t going to happen until Ivy answers my calls.”

“And won’t happen until you realize you are in love with her!” I snap back, and he drops his head.

“She’s supposed to be going to New York, Blade,” he reminds me, not denying my words, and I huff.

“You are a fucking idiot,” I reply, and he looks at me wide-eyed, but I shrug and state, “Her plan to go to New York was only a plan when she started looking at you with heartbreak every time you fucked someone else...”

His mouth parts in shock, and I pat his back as his horror hits him hard for how he’s

just treated her so she can live her dream when her dream is him before walking over to my mother, who is now standing by my father, looking like a stubborn child more than anything else.

“What you did is a cause to get you banned off club property,” I growl, and she nods, again confusing me.

I continue, “Just because you are my fucking mother doesn’t give you the right to be this stupid, hoping the punishment wouldn’t be severe,” my eyes dart to Dad before going back to my mother, “You’ve already lost your old lady cut, and now, it looks like you won’t be getting it back. ”

Mama tilts her head and says, “Okay,” and my mouth parts as Dad’s head shoots her way while she shrugs and states, “I’m looking out for my son,” and Dad sighs, but she continues, “I’m being punished all because I want to look out for you then fine but from what I’ve discovered, she may be using you,” I shake my head because yet again this is about Luna, but I soon freeze as she brings up a family picture on her phone, shoving it in my face as a little girl no older than twelve who looks extremely familiar takes my notice as mama snaps, “She’s a Fury Leo.

Her brother is Axe, so why don't you go and contact your girlfriend, friends with benefits, whatever you want to call her, and question her over this instead of threatening me, your own mother.”

I can feel my heart pounding, and I want to breathe heavily, but I put it off, knowing my mother would fucking relish in her findings, not giving a shit that I’m fucking breaking with the truth staring back at me.

She used me, she fucking used me.

“You are banned from the clubhouse for two months,” I say quietly, trying to control

my anger and I swear I see her eyes sparkle. I continue, “You step foot inside this building in that time, then you’ll be packing your shit and leaving!”

“Okay,” she says without a care, then looks at Dad, but he’s too busy looking at me, knowing I’m about to blow.

Curling her lip at him, Mama turns and walks away without a fight, shocking the brothers who have stayed in the common room to watch the commotion but I don't think too much about her reaction.

As my breathing becomes choppy and betrayal consumes me.

Her lying in her bed this morning, murmuring my name, wearing my T-shirt, blinds me.

“Son,” my dad whispers with a little bit of pain because he can see my fucking heartbreak, but I ignore him and storm past him. Knowing I can’t fucking defend the girl that is becoming my everything. Knowing that a picture says a thousand words.

I’ve asked her several times about the Furies. Not once did she fucking mention her brother was the president, her fucking brother who sent prospects to rape our employees, whose prospects killed Macky, a beloved brother.

I storm into my office, the door banging against the wall before I kick my desk, once, twice, three times as anger takes over before I flip the wood, roaring out.

Arms wrap around me from behind as Psycho steps before me, gripping my face, but my vision blurs with red.

She fucking used me!

Luna

I sigh as I walk down the sidewalk, past the mingling students waiting for their next class.

School has been back for a few days, and I'm already feeling it. My body is aching, and the pressure to keep on top of everything is already drowning me. It doesn't help that I'm continuously watching my back.

Between school, work, and then Brock, I'm falling again, and the only person who has become the light in my tunnel is Leo, well, Blade. In my head, I like to call him Leo, but when I speak out loud, he's Blade, and I hate it. However, I know I cannot call him his legal name.

I'm not his girl or his old lady. I'm his, I guess, friend with benefits?

We have dinner and talk before we end up in between my sheets, and friends do that, right?

I shake my head and dip it before picking up the pace, knowing I'm approaching the alleyway Brock loves to take me in.

Twice, that is how many times he's managed to sexually assault me in the three months Blade has started coming to my apartment.

Both times he's only taken my mouth before he's been interrupted by students walking past, not able to screw me like he really wants, but both times, I've been

given a new mark on my left hip, which is looking the same as the right hip as punishment for being able to hide from his advantages.

All are shaped like a B, and I'd bet my education that he's also trying to brand me on my left, just so no one wants me, not even Leo.

Losing him is going to hurt, and I know I'm going to struggle to move on with my life, just like I struggle when I wake up in the mornings to an empty bed despite our agreement on it.

Three months ago, we agreed we'd have sex, and then he'd leave. Every night I have dreams that he spends the night holding me close, but every time I wake up, he's gone, and I'm disappointed, and I'm surrounded by the realization every day – I'm in love with him.

I can't even be disappointed in myself for falling because, at the end of the day, the feelings I'm having will stay with me until I die. He's made me want more, he's made me feel whole again.

He saved me, even if just for a few months. He'll never know it, but I'll always appreciate him for that, and he'll always hold my heart.

The wind picks up, and I burrow into my jacket, regretting wearing my maxi skirt today, when suddenly a strong grip latches onto my arm, and I gasp in pain as I'm shoved into the alleyway before I'm pushed into the concrete wall, making me grunt.

A body presses against mine, keeping me against the wall, and my eyes widen as I shout, "No!" and fight against the person behind me, knowing it's Brock, and his cold chuckle confirms it before he sneers, "No? What the fuck do you mean no? You are about to become my old lady next week meaning this body, I fucking own," he cups between my legs, "This fucking pussy is mine!"

My heart pounds and my fight burns inside me. Leo comes to mind, and I think about how I'll feel if this happens again and if he ever finds out.

I won't let Brock do this, not again, never again.

I bring my head forward a little as his hands go to my skirt, lifting it, and I quickly bring my head back, blinding pain shooting through my skull as I connect with his, and I flinch because, wow, that hurt.

Damn, they make that look so easier in the movies...

"Fuck!" Brock shouts, and I take his moment of surprise and quickly move towards the mouth of the alley as fast as my feet will take me but stumble a few times as my head throbs but just before I can step out before the light touches my body where lots of people are mulling about, a hand grips my loose hair and yanks me back and I scream, swinging my arms around to try and hit him, to dislodge his grip but all he does is growl and bang my face on the wall.

Holy...

I cry out as excruciating pain blinds me while he keeps my head squished against the wall with one hand and yanks my skirt up with his other.

My breathing picks up as his touch burns through me, washing away the touch of Leo.

I twist and move my hips despite the pain in my head and shoulders from where he's keeping me against the wall.

Knowing I can't deal with this anymore, knowing what loving someone feels like, until suddenly something hot hits my left hip, stopping me in my tracks.



I scream, which is soon muffled as he shoves a gag into my mouth, and my tears fall hard and fast.

No, not again...

He presses another burn and then another right underneath the previous one before he shoves my panties to the side, pulls my hips out as he digs his nails into my skin, making me flinch, then rams into me, tearing me open.

I sob, unable to stop him, but I don't lose my fight, and despite knowing he'll hurt me more, I reach behind me and try and scratch him, to knock him off balance, anything to get him away from me.

I manage to scratch his face, and he roars out, pulls my head back off the wall, and then slams it forward, dizziness hits me, and bile builds.

I quickly put my hands flat against the wall, unable to hold my own weight on my two feet as black dots lace my vision.

Brock grunts, and he thrusts harder and lets go of my head to grip my hip while he burns me with his other hand, but I don't move, unable to, already feeling blood dripping between my legs and down my face, my body feeling nothing but pain.

I've given up.

I don't move, even as Brock groans and finishes, pushing himself deep inside me as he presses another burn on my hip and stays deep routed for a few minutes until chatter can be heard at the mouth of the alleyway. He pulls out quickly, dropping my skirt, and I stay completely still.

"I'm only going to tell you this once, treasure," he huffs as I hear the clinks of his belt

being done up.

“Next time you let that Dark Angel fucker touch you, I’ll burn his fucking club to the ground and kill every fucking member.

I’ve already got people wrecking his businesses, so it won’t be much bother to destroy his home, too. Do I make myself clear?”

I blink, my tears falling, my voice unable to work, and he grabs my hair again, pulls my head back before slamming it back against the wall, making me cry out, and he sneers in my ear, “I said do I fucking make myself clear?” I nod a little, and he murmurs, “Good, get ready, treasure, because next week, my plan will come into place, and you’ll be wearing my fucking patch! ”

That said, he shoves off me and walks away and I know without a doubt, he’s either going to lie to my brother.

A brother I haven’t heard a peep from in months, that we’ve been seeing each other in secret and that I’m so madly in love with him I’ve branded his road name letter on my hip or he’s going to try and kill him and start a coup in the club.

Yet, I can’t bring myself to pick up the phone and tell him because deep down, I know he won’t believe me anyhow.

Brock has always hated the level of respect and power my brother held within the club and hated that he was the next president.

Tears fall as I slowly turn around and slide my way down the wall Brock held me against as I hear his bike roar off down the road, his threats clear as day in my head, and I try to keep in my sobs, feeling so hopeless, so alone as students walk past unaware of my horror, the same horror I went through that day Skylar stopped and I

lied to Leo about.

“You don’t know who you are messing with, little girl,” Brock threatens as he keeps the grip of my hair in his fist. The woman who has just interrupted him from forcing himself down my throat chuckles as she drops the brick before I hear the sudden click of a safety clip being let off, and Brock tenses.

“Actually, dickhead, you don’t know who you are dealing with!

” the woman says coldly. “You have five seconds to leave before I kill you, and don’t think I won’t because I will.

You’re not the first,” she finishes, and Brock’s hand releases his grip before he shoves me to the floor and murmurs, “For this, your punishment will be worse.”

With one last lip curl at the woman, Brock storms away, but the woman doesn’t move.

She keeps her gun pointed at the mouth of the alleyway until she hears the pipes of his bike roaring off.

She quickly rushes over to me, puts the safety clip back on, and kneels before me.

My tears fall as she cups my cheek, her dark blue eyes showing concern.

I didn’t want to lie to Leo when he told me his sister's name, but how do you say to the man you’ve fallen madly in love with that his sister held a gun at the VP of the Furies after she attacked him to stop him from assaulting me in this very spot?

I begged her not to say anything when Brock sneered at her and walked away, promising me with his eyes that it wasn’t over, which it wasn’t. He just hurt me

worse that night, cracking a rib.

Skylar promised but tried to encourage me to get help and to tell my brother, knowing who he was. But again, how do you tell someone that your family didn't believe a thirteen-year-old, so they most likely wouldn't believe the adult now?

I choke back a sob, suddenly feeling like I've just cheated even though I didn't, and I slowly get up, in between my legs aching and wet and I know it isn't just blood, that he was unprotected yet again.

"I'll have to visit the pharmacy again," I mutter angrily as I wipe away my tears but wince at the scrape down the side of my face.

I need to see Leo, tell him what Brock said, and hopefully, he'll at least believe me. I mean, I need to clean up first, but Leo deserves to know what is happening to his properties and why. He'll hate me for it, but at least he'll be able to fix it.

My tears fall faster, knowing I'm about to lose the only good thing in my life, but I, again, quickly wipe them away, but this time gentler with my face and grab my bag that I dropped in the scuffle, wincing from the pain, but I push through.

I chew on my bottom lip as I eye the clubhouse and climb out of my car, leaving it on the side of the road.

I don't see the point in driving inside when I know he'll kick me out anyhow. According to Brock, Leo's businesses have been hit because of me.

I look at my car for a moment.

It's crammed full, and the new plates I've had for a while are in the trunk.

I'm ready to leave. This right now is going to be essentially a goodbye. I cleaned up, changed into sweats with Leo's shirt underneath my hoodie, and slapped on makeup to hide the new cuts and bruises. I just couldn't leave without telling Leo some parts.

He doesn't need to know I've been raped for seven years of my life and that I was too weak to kill my rapist and then myself before his businesses were affected, he just needs to know the basics, and then I'll disappear forever.

"Keep walking, miss," the prospect says as I stop near the gate, and I clear my throat and ask, "Could you uh call L- I uh mean Blade down to the gate, tell him it's Luna."

The guy with ginger hair frowns but gets his phone, and instead of calling, he sends a message.

A couple of minutes later, I hear a woman shout, "You are not going down there!" before Leo appears, walking my way in his usual tank, cut, and jeans.

His face is cold and impassive, making me swallow hard while his mother tries to intercept him.

Does he know I'm dirty?

Does he know about what Brock told me already?

"Well, look what the cat fucking dragged in, the patch chasing traitor," he sneers as he curls his lip at me, and I flinch at his cold tone, his words sending ice down my spine.

He continues and accuses, "Came to get more information on me and my club for your brother, huh? Come to help them fuck over more of my businesses and employees?"

My breathing picks up as a few of his brothers stand behind him, one wearing the enforcer patch and the other the sergeant in arms, and everything in me dies at the hatred shining through his dark blue orbs that I love so much.

He added four and four and came up with twenty without speaking to me or hearing my side of things.

He gets his phone out when I don't say anything.

Instead, I bite my bottom lip, relishing in the pain from the scrape, letting it keep me the moment so I don't fall apart but as Leo, no, not Leo, right here and right now is the president of the Dark Angels MC, Blade.

He turns his phone around and shows me a picture from the lake of Daddy, me, Mama and Axe, my tears fall over.

That was when I was innocent and didn't know true evil, when I thought my family loved him.

"Get the fuck off my property before I put a bullet in your head like you deserve," Blade sneers, and I nod numbly, my eyes on his phone, only snapping out of it when the screen goes black and without looking at him, I turn and go to walk back to my car, but I'm stopped as someone grabs hold of my arm.

I don't fight back, all my fight gone as I'm twisted harshly before a fist hits my face. I grunt as I lose my step and fall to the concrete floor, landing on my hands and knees as pain flitters through my bottom lip.

"Fuck's sake, Anna!" someone snaps, someone that is not Blade.

He really did just see me as a fuck, huh?

“That is what she gets for using my son like the whore she is!” the woman, Anna, sneers, and Blade states coldly, “She should be happy that it wasn’t my blade across her throat, Fury.

Now get the bitch away from the clubhouse before I carry through with my threat, My dick has a date with a clubwhore. ”

His words slice through me as I hear his footsteps disappear, and a gentle hand touches my arm, but I quickly move it out of its grip and stand on my own.

“I was just trying to help,” the guy says, and we lock eyes. His light green eyes look at me with concern before they go to the side of my face that I tried to hide with makeup, but by the look of his furrowed brow, I failed.

“I don’t need your help. I don’t need anyone’s help,” I whisper and walk away without looking back, ready to leave this place for good.

There’s nothing here for me now anyhow.

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade – Three Days Later

“I swear to fuck, Blade, she had scratches down the left side of her face!” Fury snaps for the millionth time since I kicked Luna out of the clubhouse, and I grit my teeth, trying to ignore him as I look over the thousands of dollars’ worth of goods before me that we swiped from the Furies.

“She tried hiding it with makeup,” he continues, and I can feel myself ready to fucking break.

Finding out she was Axe’s sister, and she never fucking told me, knowing there was trouble afoot between the clubs was hard. Watching her not defend herself, not tell me that she didn’t want to lose me or whatever, was fucking heartbreaking.

She just stood there, she said fuck all and stood there tearing me a fucking part.

What was supposed to be fucking to get her out of my system, knowing I couldn’t offer her what she deserved, turned into my heart fucking breaking because I fell in love with her, and she lied to me, used me...

“Seriously, Blade, you need to go speak to her. Something doesn’t fucking feel right about this,” Fury yet again states, and I growl.

“Fuck’s sake, Fury, can we just get through this shit before you lecture me!” I snap, and he clamps his mouth shut, not because I’ve snapped at him but because he knows when I’m ready to snap.



We've got their shit, the war back fucking on, and all the prospects who were involved in attacking our strip club are dead, all not knowing why Axe restarted the fucking war, and I would have called him and have it out, but hey, the fucker sent his sister to ruin me, and it fucking worked.

I haven't slept since she left the clubhouse, and I haven't spoken to Mama since she punched her not that she's tried to call me.

I had to walk away before I put a bullet in my own mother's forehead after she hit Luna and got Dad to pack her shit and put her in an apartment off club property. I haven't heard from my mother since, and no, I haven't tried to fucking contact her either and neither has Dad.

It was bad enough that she decided to try and embarrass me before the whole club, creating a bogus intervention to explain who Luna really was, but to hit the woman I was seeing, the woman I'd fallen in love with...

She can fuck off as far as I'm concerned.

"I'm sorry, Blade, I just, all I'm saying is go speak to her.

You'll probably regret it if you don't," Fury mumbles before walking over to the stolen goods, and my jaw ticks because I know he's right, but I can't go confront her right now.

We need to get this shit figured out, and then I'll go to the girl I was only just supposed to fuck but ended up falling in love with.

"If it helps, brother, falling in love fucking sucks," Psycho sighs as he steps next to me, and I raise a brow at him and admit, "No, that doesn't fucking help you idiot!" not bothering to deny I didn't fall in love with my fuck buddy.

He shrugs, “Well, it does,” he looks at the stuff we stole, “Something I didn’t tell you about Ivy and me...

I told her I loved her that night but that we couldn’t be together because I didn’t want to hold her back and she decided to shock me and fucking fight for me and I messed up,” he looks at me, “Love fucking sucks.”

I roll my eyes as he walks over to the boys.

Ivy still won’t speak to him, and I’ve heard from the grapevine she’s dating, meaning he fucked up majorly, and now he’s kicking himself and projecting onto me.

Fucker.

Shaking my head, I go to follow but pause when my phone rings. I get it out, my heart pounding at the withheld number.

Maybe....

I swallow hard and quickly answer, “Yeah?”

“Blade,” Axe replies, and my jaw ticks. “Look, I know we’ve got shit going on, and I don’t fucking understand where it has all come from,” I scoff at his words, but he ignores me and states, “I’m willing to call a truce and allow you to keep my shit if you hand my sister back.”

I raise a brow at that as the brothers look at me with questioning looks but soon look at me with surprise when I state, “I haven’t got your fucking sister.

The bitch drove off after I confronted her about her lying to me so do yourself a favor and fuck off and while you’re at it, stop attacking my club! ”

I hang up and frown as his words swim in my head, and like Fury mentioned, something doesn't fucking feel right.

Fury asks, "Why does he think you have his sister?"

I don't answer though, instead I command, "Psycho take over with the counting then find a buyer, I have shit to do," before turning and leaving the warehouse.

I have a certain caramel-haired beauty to confront. This is the same beauty who said she didn't speak to her brother, which was clearly a lie, right?

Half an hour later, I pull up outside Luna's place and look up at her window before looking around the parking lot.

Her car isn't outside, but she does park it underneath so she could be in and is just ignoring her brother because she failed him.

Or she's busy fucking someone else for said brother, and he just wants to screw with me.

I roll my eyes at my thoughts and climb off my bike, adamant to have this shit out.

I can't just walk away because I've fallen for her, and I'm confused.

I've never fallen for a girl before, plus, all I can think of is that she's mine, and no one else can have her even if that does make me an alpha-hole.

I can't get her outta my head, and now that the hurt has passed, I know I can now talk it out with her.

I just don't know if that means we'll end up together in the end, even if I don't want

anyone else to have her, the trust is broken.

“So much for being just a fuck...,” I mutter before sighing as I walk over to her building and get her keys out of my pocket, not thinking too much about it, which she gave me two months ago.

“Let’s have this fucking shit out, shall we,” I mumble as I walk inside with determination to find out what the fuck she was planning and hope I don’t throw her on her bed and fuck her like my dick wants.

An hour later, I stand in the middle of Luna’s apartment in complete shock, eyeing the place where the photograph sat. I know she’s gone, and I know the call from Axe wasn’t a hoax.

I’ve gone through the place, and she fucking left me.

She’s left town. She’s left me without fighting it out with me, without fighting for me, for us, and a lone tear falls as my heart fucking shatters.

“Hey, Blade,” Misty whispers, and I eye her as I take another shot.

Fuck, how long have I been sitting here for? When did I leave Luna’s?

I’m sat at Dark Angel’s Girl’s, and I have no idea how I even got here or how many drinks I’ve had, but what I do know is that I can’t seem to sit up straight.

The flashing lights are blinding and the music is pissing me off, and the love of my life has taken all her shit and left me, left her apartment empty and cold.

Okay, so it wasn’t empty of furniture, just all of her personal shit, including my t-shirt because, like a sad sap, I looked, and it was gone.

Don't know if I'm happy about that or not, okay, so I'm fucking glad. I'm an idiot, alright? She left me, and I'm happy she took my shirt.

Fuck I'm drunk.

Misty is in just a G-string, and yet my dick doesn't twitch because my dick only wants one woman, and she's gone.

She used me, then left me.

"Fuck off..." I slur, but Misty doesn't get the hint. Instead, she tries to cozy up to me.

She sometimes works here for us, and sometimes, she gives us a good head, but my head doesn't want hers. Nope, he wants his princess's head. Wait, what was I thinking?

Misty gently rubs her hand over my flaccid dick, and I gingerly shove her away and slur, "N-not you's, princess's, hers..."

Fuck am I making sense?

"Piss off, Misty, and stop trying to take advantage, you stupid bitch!" Viper snaps, and I whine, "Hey," as he takes my shot off me and shakes his head.

"Fucking hell, Pres, I thought you were going to see Luna?" he questions, and I hiccup.

"Princess, gone.... Took shirt and g-gone," I slur, and he winces and mutters, "Fuck," then grabs my arm and loops it over his shoulders, then says, "Come on, Pres," before he shouts, "Yo Kip, come give me a hand..."

“She left me,” I slur, “gone, gone, gone, like the wind gone.”

“Holy...” Kip stutters, and Viper snaps, “Fucking focus.”

“I-I loved her, brother,” I admit, and he looks at me with pity.

Fuck I hate pity, yet my drunken ramble won’t stop.

“She left me even though I-I loved her. She and me, we were ever...” I slur, most likely not making any sense, before the room spins and Kip mutters, “Fuck he’s about to pass out,” and Viper replies, “Good,” as everything goes black.

I wish the blackness to stay because I know once I wake, the woman I’ve fallen for will still be gone and will have ensured she won’t be found for fucking months...

I groan, my head spinning, and I blink and notice I’m at my home on club property, and I mutter, “Fuck...” as I try and sit up. Just as my back leans against my soft headboard, a glass is placed before me, and I blink before locking eyes with my dad.

I groan for a different reason, and he chuckles, holding out some pain relief.

“Thanks,” I mutter, and he nods and reminds me, “You were a mess last night. It took a few of us to get you to bed.”

I wince and throwback two tablets before taking a large gulp of my water, then croak, “I know,” remembering snippets, including shouting at a clubwhore who tried to sneak into my home, but thankfully, Psycho was here before she could fucking try anything.

“Jewel has been put on probation,” Dad confirms, and I nod but wince at the throb that shoots through me. “So, son,” Dad begins, and I look his way to see concern

shining back at me as he questions, “What are you going to do?”

I lick my dry lips, knowing exactly what he’s asking, and I look to my nightstand, where a picture of Luna grinning at me from her kitchen wearing nothing but my shirt sits.

I didn’t understand at the time why I wanted to take it or why I wanted it in a frame, but I see it clearly now.

“She lied to me,” I begin, and he nods and states, “Most likely used you for her brother.”

I nod back, eyeing the picture, then admit, “I’m going to find her and bring her home where she belongs, then put my cut on her before taking her brother’s club down for the shit he’s caused, the lives lost,” without a second thought, not caring that she lied to me.

I look at Dad and see a massive grin spread across his face, agreeing with me and I look back at the photo of Luna.

Ready or not, princess, I’m coming to find you and make you mine. I just hope my trust can be rebuilt...

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*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna – Three Weeks Later

I eye the handful of pills sitting on the grubby nightstand with contentment. No fear runs through me, only peace and acceptance.

I thought my heart would pound, my palms would sweat, and I'd have second thoughts at least. I mean, I don't even know what half these pills are, yet I don't care.

It's like my body has just finally given up like I've made peace with how this needs to end, the only other feeling consuming me is my skin crawling to get rid of his touch.

Three weeks at a dingy hostel, two hours outside of Rose Meadow, and I can feel myself needing to end everything.

Does it make me weak that I can't seem to continue to live?

Does it make me pathetic?

Maybe, but when you've gone through something like I have during my life, tried to fight the pain and horrors day in and day out, to finally find love when it was supposed to be something fun only to lose it, you'd want to give up too.

If anything, I think I'm strong for lasting as long as I did.

I swallow hard and pick up half of the pills that the guy that sleeps outside of the hostel gave me, believing I just wanted to get high or more like loved the handful of



cash I gave him and grab my bottle of water and without thinking twice about it, I shove the pills into my mouth before taking a large drink of water.

I cough and choke as I try to swallow them and I quickly put my hand over my mouth, refusing to allow any of them to come back out, forcing them down my own throat.

As soon as they are gone, I grab the rest of the pills and quickly shove them into my mouth as well and take a big drink, swallowing instantly before following with more water, ensuring none of them come back up.

I wanted to kill Brock before doing this, but it isn't in my cards. I believe in karma, and what comes around goes around.

He'll get his comeuppance, and I'll laugh at him from wherever I end up.

Nausea hits first, my mouth suddenly watering, my body wanting to expel whatever I've just swallowed, but I ignore it and swallow again and again, needing to keep this down, needing to end it once and for all.

The dirt, the filth, the pain, the nightmares, the love I've just lost, I need to end everything. I need to be at peace for once, and this is the only way...

"Miss, are you okay?" someone asks, but they sound so far away, and everything around me spins, and my vision blurs. I blink as vomit rises, but I swallow it and slowly lie down on the stained bed.

"Miss?" the voice says again as black dots swim in my blurry vision before clammy hands grip my cheeks, and I groan because they feel too hot, like they are burning my skin off. They gasp, "Oh god!" before everything goes black and I smile, welcoming the end.

Beep, beep, beep.

Beep, beep.

I groan at the incessant beeping and squeeze my eyes tight, the sounds making it louder than they probably are by how much my head is throbbing.

I move my legs only to flinch at the pain, my stomach feeling like it's on fire. Damn, I feel like I've gone ten rounds with a professional boxer.

Wait, why would...confusion hits. I should be dead. I shouldn't be in pain.

What, why?

I open my eyes and look around ignoring the bright lights wanting to blind me and my eyes tear up, seeing I'm in a hospital bed.

I failed...

"Welcome back," someone says from beside me and I slowly turn my head and lock eyes with a concerned-looking doctor sitting at my bedside.

"Why..." I croak, and her light gray eyes soften, knowing what I mean.

"Because your life is worth living," she whispers, and my tears fall as I reply, "A life where I was raped nearly every day for seven years?"

The woman swallows hard but nods and confirms, "Even then..." Not denying my words.

I look away from her and sniffle, and she sighs, "The woman at the hostel managed to

get you help just in time. You were unresponsive when you were brought in three days ago and needed CPR, and we had to pump your stomach.”

“She should have left me,” I choke, hating that someone decided to try and save me, not realizing the hell they were forcing me to continue to live with.

“If she had, it wouldn’t be just you dying,” the doctor says, and I look at her in confusion, my head pounding at the movement, and I blink and try to breathe through the urge to throw up, the taste in my mouth already making it hard not to vomit. She continues, “You are three weeks pregnant.”

Breathing becomes difficult.

Three weeks ago, I slept with Leo, and the next day, Brock raped me...

“Now, there is no guarantee the baby will survive after we pumped your stomach, but—”

I cut her off, “Can you determine exactly when it was conceived?”

I look at her, and her brows furrow. She looks down at her notes and then states, “Conception was around the 5th. It could have been the day before or the day after.”

I look away from her, my tears falling hard.

It could be Leo’s baby, but it could also be Brock’s.

My body shakes, chills running through me, knowing what I need to do, hating that I’ve been put in this position because I’m now going to be placed on watch for however long, meaning I can’t just try and kill myself again like I want.

My heart breaks. I was supposed to go to the clinic and get the pill, but Leo's mama hit me, and he walked away, and I just, god, I was so hurt, so heartbroken that I forgot.

Oh god, no...

"I want a termination," I demand, and the woman's mouth opens in shock.

"Now, I have to implore that you think this through. You've just gone through something traumatic—" I cut her off and state, "I tried to kill myself because I couldn't go on living with the fact my brother's best friend raped me daily since I was thirteen.

What makes you think I can live with having a child that could be his and not my ex-boyfriends? "

Wait, could I class Leo as an ex-boyfriend?

Maybe ex-screw buddy?

Crap.

The doctor looks down, knowing there is nothing she can say in this situation where she could change my mind. I'm only three weeks, so the baby won't have a heartbeat yet, and now would be the best time to go through with it.

I can't risk it being his baby, I can't risk hating it, I just can't because then I'd hate myself even more, and I'm already struggling as it is.

I failed by not completing my task. I won't fail this baby by being born with the chance of having his genes.

“You’ll have to speak with our in-house trauma therapist,” the doctor says, and I try not to start laughing like a maniac at the irony of the situation.

“That is non-negotiable,” she continues, and I just nod.

She sighs and stands and says, “We’ll also have to admit you to our psych ward for three weeks because you have made it clear this was not accidental.

And with your traumatic past that you have, I believe this is something you are going to try again and again until you succeed so some time here would be best for you, and after the three weeks we can discuss your options again regarding the termination. ”

I don’t argue with her. Instead, I turn my head and slowly close my eyes for a moment, trying my hardest not to burst into tears.

“I also have to inform you,” she begins again, and I turn and look at her.

Sympathy and pain shine as she admits, “We ran several tests over the three days you were unconscious, and you have severe scarring to your tissue and vaginal walls along with extensive scarring to your womb. If you were to keep the baby, it isn’t just the trauma of pumping your stomach that is risking your pregnancy but also the trauma that your body has been put through over the years. ”

“And if I decide to terminate?” I question, already seeing where she’s going with this.

“If you decide to terminate the pregnancy, there is no guarantee that you’ll be able to conceive again, let alone carry to term. This may be your only chance if you try and see it through, which I can understand the difficulty with that decision.”

I nod, trying not to scream at her because she doesn’t understand, no one does. Instead, though, I allow my tears to fall. The news just cements my need to end it all.

Brock didn't just ruin my childhood. He also destroyed my life and a chance for a family.

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade

I grunt as I lift the exhaust of the Rover up while Fury does the bolts up. Sweat drips down my brow, and my tank sticks to my back, but I ignore it, concentrating on not dropping this fucking thing.

I could have used something to hold it in place like wire or shit, but honestly, this way, I can focus on the task at hand instead of obsessing where in the fuck Luna is and how different I should have handled the fucking situation when she showed up here, clearly needing my help.

The more I think about it, the more I see the little details I missed because of betrayal and anger.

More makeup than normal, sweats, sadness in her eyes, the defeat. I fucked up, and now I can't find her, and I feel like I can't fucking breathe because I had no idea how much she burrowed into my heart. As the days go by without her in my arms, I feel like I'm fucking losing myself.

Where the fuck is she?! Three weeks and fucking nothing!

I'm going insane not being able to find her, and then there's the shit with her brother and his club.

He keeps trying to call, demanding his sister while attacking the club's businesses and my employees, to the point some have quit.

I'm ready to explode, and the brothers are tense, waiting for it.

"Done," Fury grunts, and I drop my arms, sighing with the weight off my shoulders before I move from underneath the car on the lift and go over to the buttons to lower it and check to ensure we fit it correctly.

"Hey Blade," Fury begins as the lift stops, and I grunt back, "If it's about Luna, then no."

Every fucking day brothers ask if I've found her.

If Venom had managed to locate her, all wanting to know the woman who has snatched their president, a man who swore he'd never get an old lady or fall in love.

Yet here I am, and now the girl I unwillingly gave my heart to is gone, acting like I did something wrong when really, she never told me who she really was and if she had, then maybe things would be different now.

Perhaps I wouldn't be questioning our times again.

Don't get me wrong. I could have handled the situation differently, but she could have as well. I didn't run away, she did.

"Okay, I won't ask about the situation regarding Luna or how you look really fucking rough right now.

Which makes me want to say I told you so when you denied falling for a woman who you went from only fucking for a month to four months then not able to let her go," Fury says casually as he grabs his bottled water.

I glare his way and snap, "Not fucking helping, Fury!"



Four fucking months with her, and she gripped onto my heart without me realizing it.

Fuck, I miss her.

“Sorry, brother,” he says, not looking sorry, and then steers, “How about I mention seeing your sister last week instead?”

I sigh and look at him to see the defeated look he has going on.

“Wouldn’t speak to you, huh?” I confirm, and he snorts.

“Fucking worse,” he mutters, then admits, “She gave all her attention to Tate and acted like I didn’t exist.”

I wince. I swear, between me, Psycho, and him, our love lives are fucking shit and lets not mention Mama and dad.

I can’t find Luna, meaning I can’t have shit out with her and see if we have a future – something I never fucking thought I’d want. Psycho hasn’t heard from Ivy in weeks, the same Ivy who now apparently has a boyfriend. Yeah that shit did not go down fucking well.

Then there is Fury.

Four years ago, my dad stupidly asked him to become friends with Skylar.

He was to take his cut off so she didn’t know who he was and basically fool her just so he could know all about her life—something, shocker, Mama, who still hasn't spoken to Dad or me, even with us both trying, didn't agree with and may have been right about.

Dad got more than he bargained for because the fucker fell for my little sister.

What started as friends turned into romance within a month, three months after, right before he told me he was planning on telling my sister exactly who he was because he wanted to propose.

Which shocked the shit outta me while my dad was held back by Bear from killing Fury, Lacey said she was pregnant with Tate, completely turning his life upside down.

He knew he couldn't put a baby on an eighteen-year-old just starting college. He knew he'd have a fight because of who he was, and he also knew it would hurt her knowing he knocked Lacey up five days after meeting her even though they were just friends.

He felt a connection with my sister, and it scared him, so he got drunk and screwed the whore. It is something he can't regret because he did get that adorable little girl out of it. Tate will never be a mistake in his or any of our eyes.

Without speaking to me or my dad, he met with Skylar and told her everything, including the fact that a then hang around and now clubwhore was pregnant. Let's just say she didn't take it very well.

She felt like he used her and ended up hitting him before walking away, and he came home looking like a broken man with a split lip, refusing to speak to my dad.

Even to this day, he struggles with Dad, partially blaming him for putting him in that kind of position to begin with, but he also knows they wouldn't have become an item if he wasn't put in that position.

It's a catch twenty-two.

“If it helps, brother, I don’t think it’s because of Tate and the fact you knocked someone up why she won’t have anything to do with you,” I try to reassure him, but he just snorts.

“No, it doesn’t help,” he states, then sighs, “I lied to her, and I’m still a part of the club, and even worse for her, I’m an officer.

Unless I’m willing to hand in my cut, she won’t look at me twice to try and win her back and I-I fuck,” he runs his hand through his short brown hair with frustration and admits, “the club is my fucking family. I love her, Leo, I swear to fuck I do love her. It’s why I haven’t touched another woman but her since Tate was conceived, but the club... ”

He shakes his head, frustration etching off him, and I wince again.

“Just keep trying to fight Nyx. That is all I can suggest. When you finally win her back around, or Tate manages to win her over for you, convince her I actually want to get to know my little sister,” I say, and he chuckles lightly.

“Don’t count your blessings, brother her mother has fucking brainwashed her about the club,” he mumbles, and I nod because, yeah, she still wants nothing to do with me, and it fucking sucks because right about now would be perfect to have my sister for advice on Luna or even a call from Mama would be good.

I sigh, and he opens his mouth, but before he speaks, his eyes go to the garage’s doors, and his brows furrow as he mutters, “What the fuck?”

I look to see what has gotten his attention and furrow my brows. “Is that a white fucking flag?” I ask before a head pops around the wall, and I scowl, locking eyes with Axe.

“How in the fuck did you get past the prospect on the gate?!” Fury demands, and Axe shrugs.

“I told him we have a meeting, and he didn’t hesitate to let me in,” he admits, and I sigh.

“Fury, who is on gate duty?” I ask. He quickly raises the camera on his phone and winces, admitting, “Tony.”

I groan, “Great, Clara is going to kick my ass,” I look at Fury, “Call Venom and let him know he has to fire his cousin. He knew he’d be responsible for him, and allowing the president of our enemy onto club grounds is just fucking stupid.”

“Hey, I ain’t an enemy. You are the one attacking my goods and prospects, then sending body parts to my front door where kids fucking play,” Axe cuts in, and we both look at him with raised brows.

He looks at us confused and demands, “What, you have been, and yet here I am, putting all that behind me so I can find my fucking sister who has been missing for nearly four weeks!”

I frown, and the words from the prospect we killed months ago come back to me.

“I don’t think Axe knows....”

“You haven’t sent your prospects to attack my club’s businesses, have you?” I confirm, and his head rears back in shock as he asks, “Why the fuck would I do that?”

I nod, then demand, “Fury,” and he moves next to me while getting the footage up on his phone before turning the screen, showing the latest hits on Dark Angel’s Girls,

mainly the part where they are raping the girls.

I watch closely as confusion shows over Axe's face, who is allowing me to see everything before shock then pure anger takes over as he growls, "What the fuck?!"

"Looks like you've got a traitor that wants to start a war, Axe. Which nearly fucking worked if we hadn't got sidetracked the past few weeks. An officer's grandfather was killed four months ago by your prospects," Fury states, and by sidetracked, he means trying to find Luna.

Axe's jaw ticks. "You don't have my sister, do you?" he confirms, and I shake my head and admit, "No, I don't, but I have been trying to find her."

He scoffs, "Why? You want to use her against me as revenge for the shit someone in my club had caused behind my back, using my distracted state because the relationship with my sister had broken down worse than it had years ago when she accused my best friend of raping her, lying for attention."

I try not to show my emotions like he has, keeping the shock of his words off my face.

Luna didn't seem like the type to lie about something so serious, yet she lied to me, so what do I know, right?

Something niggles in the pit of my stomach, and I clear my throat and decide to put a pin on his accusation regarding his sister. Something that most likely is what caused her not to speak to him to begin with, and decide to tell him the truth.

"No," I finally say, and we lock our eyes. "I fell in love with her," I admit, and his eyes widen in shock, "I fell hard for her when it was just supposed to be sex, then my mother decided to throw a curveball and tell me she was your sister."

“Fuck, you thought I sent her to you?” he confirms, and I nod once, now suddenly seeing that was clearly not the case.

She just didn’t want to tell me who her family was, that was her only crime. But for me, it is something fucking major, especially when she knows more about me than some fucking brothers do.

“She ran after I told her I’d slice her throat if she didn’t leave my property before digging the knife in and claimed that I was going to get my dick sucked to hurt her the way she hurt me,” I admit, and he glares at me, but I just shrug and ask, “How would you react if you found out the woman you were falling in love with omitted the truth to who she was related to and not only that but the person was a president of an MC trying to ruin your club?”

He winces but nods, seeing where I’m coming from. I sigh, looking around the garage before locking eyes with Fury. He nods, encouraging me to tell him, and I groan, “I haven’t been able to find her. Every time we believe we have a lead, it becomes a loose end.”

Axe curses and turns away, linking his fingers behind his head, breathing hard, before he turns to me and promises, “I’ll find the traitor in my club. I’ll fucking sort that shit out if you help me find my sister.”

“He’s already been trying to find her, Axe.

That isn’t something that is going to change,” Fury butts in, and I add, “Maybe you need to look closer to your right-hand man,” and Axe furrows his brows at me.

I shrug and admit, “The prospects we tortured expressed Brock was the person who gave the orders. He’s also the same person I saw glaring at Luna one morning at Big Macenzie’s Grub, and I’m going to go out on a whim here and guess he was the

person she's accused of raping her. ”

Axe sniffs hard and states, “Brock would never fucking hurt her, never. He sees her as a little sister.”

“And yet your VP may be trying to start a war between our clubs,” Fury adds, and I tilt my head at Axe.

I swear if his VP has hurt Luna, heads will fucking roll. Lie or not, she's my fucking girl, and it has taken me a lot to admit it, but she is. I'm in love with her, and despite her omitted lies, I'll fucking kill for her, even the VP of a rival club.

Axe looks at me and demands, “If you find anything, call me, and I'll do the same with you,” then turns and storms away as Fury mutters, “Guess he has a lot of thinking to do and maybe even some observations on someone I'm guessing he sees as family more than his own blood sister.”

I nod as Fury walks away towards the Rover and I watch Axe walk to the gate where his bike is parked. I swallow hard as the burnt B on Luna's right hip comes to mind, and my heart stops.

Fuck, was she abused by Brock?

## Page 24

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Luna – Five Months Later

“Okay, class, that is it for today. I need you to complete five chapters on mental health by the next class because there will be a quiz that will go towards your grade,” Professor Andy says loudly and everyone groans, but I just close my book and put it away, feeling numb, always so numb.

I’ve started my bachelor's, something I didn’t realize I could qualify for until I saw the guidance counselor and she explained I was more than qualified and I complete the work with ease.

I’m trying to live my life like my therapist encouraged me before I stopped seeing her, only going to the allotted time I was forced to do. I’m trying to move forward, but it’s hard. Every day is a fight.

Five weeks overall that I had to spend in the psych ward, having my every move watched.

The first three were to ensure my mental health was where it needed to be, where they could confirm I wasn’t going to try and kill myself again. I won’t lie, I have thought about it every day.

I see a passing car, and I wonder if I jump in front of it, would it kill me instantly and that is always after a memory of Brock touching me sends me into a spiral.

Living with the memories without Leo there to help take them away is slowly making me insane. I’m not sleeping properly and barely eating, but I’m pushing through.



There were a lot of people on the psych ward that probably had it worse than me, maybe, and they were fighting, they were pushing through, so I'm trying. I am trying, but I can feel myself slipping.

"Hey, Lottie, do you have work tonight?" Drew, a classmate and fellow bartender, whispers. I hum in confirmation, and he grins, "Awesome," as he looks me up and down and then walks down the stairs. I watch him leave the light brown room and shake my head.

He has a crush, and yeah, I'll admit I made out with him after a shift a few months ago. It was just to see if he'll take away the pain like Leo did, but all I felt was dirty like I was cheating. I guess that isn't the first time that I've felt that way.

The same thing happened after Brock raped me.

Sighing, I grab my bag and walk down the steps, trying to ignore the feeling of wanting to trip myself so I can fall down the stairs.

Geez, if Dr. Lash could hear my thoughts, he'd have me committed.

After three weeks in the psych ward, I was finally given the okay to have an abortion.

It's something even now I don't know if I can live through.

The doctor let slip the baby had a heartbeat and despite knowing the baby could have been Brock's, the guilt burns inside me and my thoughts get away from me every day making it hard to breathe.

What if the baby was Leo's?

What if it would have looked like him?

But what if the baby was Brocks...

I sigh as I walk out of the room with a group of students, keeping my head down. I was forced to stay on the ward for a further two weeks because I didn't show any signs of emotion except pain when I felt like I was having a bad menstrual cycle after I took the pills to kill the baby.

For two weeks, I kept my head held high and stored my emotions away.

As soon as I was signed out, I had a list in my mind.

A list I was adamant to carry out before I could let my emotions out.

I went to the hostel, picked up my car, which thankfully didn't have any tickets on it or had been broken into, drove to a quiet parking lot, and then broke down.

I didn't need to give them any other reason to keep me in that place, and as soon as I was released, I had the breakdown I needed for a while.

Twenty-four hours before I went out to find a small apartment to rent using the money I had saved from working at the diner.

I enrolled myself in part-time school, before finding my job at Kitty's Girl's.

It isn't the best job, but it pays well. I just have to ignore all the grabby hands.

I dodge around chatty students, ignoring everyone who smiles and laughs, envying them because I know for a fact that I will never be them.

God, I'm such a Debbie downer today.

I shake my head, pick up my speed, and head to my car. I have a shift tonight and three classes tomorrow, so if I want to eat, then now is the time.

“Two shots of sambuca and one for yourself, sweet cheeks,” the slimy man says before me. But instead of cringing like my body wants, I smirk and take his money, putting it in the till before I grab three shot glasses and the sambuca.

I fill all three, passing two to him, then without flinching, I down my shot before spinning the glass and dropping it upside down on the bar and say, “Thanks,” making him grin as he looks over my body with lust before he grabs his shots and walks off.

I’ve been here for two hours, the place is buzzing, the strippers are doing their thing, and I’ve had at least three shots already.

“Fuck how do you handle all those shots?” Drew asks, and I look his way as he runs his hand through his light blonde hair, eyeing my breasts in my tight top.

I just shrug and grin, letting the alcohol soothe me in ways Leo did before going to the next customer. I don’t bother to explain that drinking has become my saving grace.

What better way to forget everything than pouring free liquor down my throat then passing out in my car in the parking lot before waking two hours later and driving home, most likely still drunk?

I may have also been a little drunk when I made out with Drew, but drinking the next night helped take away the guilt. That and knowing Leo is most likely screwing every club girl to his heart's content dampened my guilt, but to be honest, that thought just sent me spiraling even more.

“I’m shocked you haven’t gotten alcohol poisoning yet,” Drew laughs as he passes

me, not so subtly touching my ass in the short shorts on his way past. But again, I just shrug because he can feel me all he wants, saying no didn't stop Brock.

I pause a second, his words sinking in. Huh, drinking myself to death...Haven't thought of that one before.

"I'll take a beer when you are ready," a gruff voice says, and I look up but freeze, recognizing the man instantly and not because of his cut but because he stood next to Leo as his Sargeant in arms as he threatened to kill me if I didn't leave for lying to him.

I swallow hard, hoping and praying he doesn't recognize me as Drew passes, but this time the idiot tries his luck and smacks my ass. The Dark Angels brother glares at him, making him pale, which I admit is funny, especially as he trips to the other end of the bar.

Giving the brother a nod, I turn and quickly hand him the beer. He passes me some cash and I press a few buttons on the till and collect his change, giving it to him, and his hazel eyes take me in.

The man is full of muscle, his blonde hair messy like he's run his fingers through it, and he looks scary as fuck. I need to get out of his orbit before he realizes who I am and kills me.

Wait that isn't a bad idea...

Blinking out of my stupid thoughts, I give him a polite smile and go to the next customer, who whistles me over. The guy's jaw ticks, but I ignore it and walk over to Todd, our regular, who has made it perfectly clear he wants in my pants or, in this case, shorts.

“What can I get you, Todd?” I ask with a little flirt, and he grins as he looks me up and down before licking his lips in a creepy way.

“Beer and a shot for you, sexy,” he growls, and I give him a polite smile, trying not to shudder under his beady eyes as he scratches his beer gut, knowing I’m getting another free shot. I grab his beer, putting it in front of him and he passes me ten bucks.

I quickly ring up his order and pass him his change before filling up a shot glass and downing it in seconds. He grins wide.

I need his attention off me and need him to forget I’m here, especially when he has the same vibes as Brock so I nod to the stage and inform him, “Chills is back tonight, Todd.”

His eyes widen with excitement as he grabs his beer and rushes over to her regular stage without looking back, knowing once she sees him, she’ll take him to the back and allow him to screw her for money and I’ll be out of his head. Which is good because I can’t try and defend myself when I’m drunk.

Though if the past has taught me anything, defending yourself hurts you more.

Shaking my head, I reached the next customer before my eyes found their way to the seat the Dark Angel brother was at. I sigh in relief, seeing he’s gone, and go back to my shift while trying to ignore the disappointment that fills me.

He didn’t recognize me, but it’s not like Leo is looking for me, or Axe, for that matter.

Brock, well, he’ll hate that I’ve given him the slip, but it’s best for everyone involved that I’m out of the way.

I'm sure Leo's club has figured out Brock's plans by now, and nothing has been mentioned in the news about MC clubs at war, so all is good.

Loneliness fills me, but I push it back as I take the next customer's order and then the next and the next, hoping to keep getting free drinks to drown out my life.

God, I miss Leo...

Blade

“Fucking nothing,” Axe snaps as he bangs his hand on our church table with frustration, smacking it, the brothers around wincing, knowing I’m already on edge and him falling apart will not fucking help me at all.

He’s giving up. I can see it, and so can my brothers, and it’s fucking infuriating.

He’s giving up on finding his sister, believing she’ll never be found while giving up finding the traitor in his club who tried selling his gear overpriced and tried to start wars, and somehow, we have to keep him going.

His guilt over not speaking to his sister for three months is eating him alive despite having the chef, Conner, keep an eye out for her, which is how he knew I was still seeing her.

“Whoever the traitor is will fuck up again, Axe. It’ll just take time,” Fury says, sticking with the safest option for all, not bringing Luna up and my brothers all nod in agreement while Axe scowls, not believing him and not bothering to stick with the safest option.

Axe reminds him, “It’s been five months since my sister vanished,” not allowing anyone to hide what is really pissing him off, “And five fucking months since the shit against your club halted, so tell me how in the fuck we’ll find the traitor in my club and my little sister who wasn’t stable as it was,” he shakes his head, “She was still sticking to the shit she made up years ago and if she did that with the wrong person...”

His words trail off, and I tense yet again.

This is the millionth time he's brought this shit up, adamant that Luna lied about his VP.

Every time he brings that shit up, all I can think about is the burn marks he clearly doesn't know about and the fact she froze seeing the fucker show up at her work, something I have told him about but he laughed it off.

Venom couldn't find anything on Brock. Every security footage, every fucking credit report, he was squeaky clean.

If anything, he likes the strippers too much for a manager of the club, but there is nothing on footage of him hurting Luna, and nothing of him calling secret meetings with the club's prospects.

We're at a standstill because we were all certain he was the problem, but now, not so much.

"And right now Viper is following a lead," Psycho also reminds him, and Axe scowls harder, pissed that Viper wouldn't allow some of his members who are standing by the wall behind their Pres to go with him, whose seat Axe currently occupies.

Whenever we get a lead that Luna has been spotted, one of my brothers volunteers to check it out. Last week, it was me. Two weeks before that, it was Venom, and last month, it was Psycho.

They can see I'm at my breaking point and are trying to help me as much as possible so I don't explode and go on a killing spree, but the longer I go without knowing her whereabouts, the more my blade burns in my boot.



“It won’t be her. It’s never fucking her!” Axe snaps, losing his cool, and I sigh and reply, “Viper trusts the source that contacted him, and he wouldn’t check out his own lead if he didn’t believe it meant something.”

Axe scoffs, “My sister isn’t stupid enough to run away and settle down only two hours from here.”

I shake my head at his negativity and snap, “Or maybe she’s really fucking smart because she knew we wouldn’t search that close to home?”

He pauses for a moment, then sucks in a breath, and I scoff at the idiot. I swear, the longer his sister is missing, the more idiotic he’s becoming.

“How sure are we she wasn’t the one pulling the strings?” my dad questions out of the blue, causing everyone to look at him, and I glare at him, but he puts his hands up and says, “She disappeared, and the shit stopped. It looks really fucking suspicious, and you know it, son.”

“My sister is not the fucking traitor. She never even fucking came to the club!” Axe snaps at my dad, and I sigh as Dad growls back, “Yet she lied to my son about who she really is and then fucking disappeared!”

“Fuck’s sake, here we go again,” I mutter as I lean back in my chair while my brothers argue with the five of Axe’s that he trusts.

It’s like this every fucking time we meet, which is at least once a week.

Last week it was Bear who brought up that maybe Luna was the traitor.

The week before that, fucking Venom. It’s too much of a coincidence in their eyes that everything stopped as she left, but I think a certain brother wants everyone to

believe she was the problem, a brother that wants to take over.

Dad, however, has always believed she was innocent, and the fucker is itching for an argument, and it doesn't matter who with as long as they will argue back.

Between Skylar refusing to speak to him and my mother causing shit which I'm now beginning to believe is because she wants to leave him, he's a ticking time bomb.

I did get my anger from him.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, and I sigh and get it out, expecting it to be Mama.

She's back on club property, but not by choice.

Dad wasn't happy with the silent treatment from her, something I originally thought was some kind of game, but she's done nothing but call me since she got back and push herself into problems with the clubwhores and prospects.

It's like she's trying to get kicked out again, knowing Dad needs her and I'm beginning to see things through a different lens. Everything she's done is coming back bit by bit, the guilt she'll sometimes hold when she takes it too far, and the relief when I punish her and ban her from the club.

It's like Mama wants Dad to leave her.

I freeze seeing Viper's name and my heart stops because there is no way he's calling me this early on in his lead if he's found her.

Fuck it's another dead end...

"It's Viper," I announce to shut everyone up, and it works as they all look at me.

Axe looks ready to break coming to the realization as me while my brothers look at me with sadness.

I shake my head and answer my phone, only having it here because I know Viper would call at some point—normally, we leave them outside of church.

“Brother,” I answer with sorrow but freeze as he states, “I think I’ve found her.”

Holy fuck, holy fucking fuck!

My eyes widen, and I look at Axe in shock. He furrows his brows, and I quickly put my phone on the loudspeaker.

“What do you mean you think?” I demand, and Viper clears his throat, music blaring around him.

“I mean, she looks like the girl at the gate that day, but she’s lost a lot of weight,” he admits, and I furrow my brows as Venom asks, “Where the fuck are you, brother?” as cheering can be heard.

Viper’s quiet momentarily before admitting, “At Kitty’s Girls in Colt Town.”

“You’re fucking strippers instead of grabbing my sister?” Axe accuses while I stay quiet because it definitely isn’t like Viper to fuck around while on the job, meaning...

“No, I’m not,” Viper admits, and I tense further already coming to the realization and he confirms, “My lead had led me to the strip club where a woman that looks exactly like Luna but skinnier is working behind the bar while men working with her grope her and smacks her ass and she fucking takes it.”

My jaw ticks as I grind my back teeth, and anger hits me hard, and suddenly, I’m

fucking hoping and praying it isn't her, praying she wouldn't put herself in danger like this.

Viper sighs and admits, "She's also drinking like a fucking sailor.

Every time someone buys a drink, they buy her a shot, and instead of pretending to swallow it and then spit it into a beer bottle like most bartenders, she takes the shot.

I've been here for an hour, and she's had at least two shots, but I'm not sure how many she's had before that. Her shift started three hours ago."

Men cheer in the background again, and my breathing picks up as someone snaps, "Hey, no fucking phones in the club," before rustling can be heard, then the same voice stutters, "I-I uh, I'm sorry I didn't realize you were a Dark Angel."

"Fucking pansy security..." Viper mutters, then states, "Pres, she gets off in two and a half hours."

"We'll be there in an hour and a half," I reply, "Fucking watch her like a hawk, Viper!"

"On it, Blade," he replies, then hangs up, and I look over the men.

"Venom, go load the trailer on the club's truck for Vipers bike.

You can drive it. Fury, go help. You'll also be coming along, but stop by the medical room and grab the sedative," I order, and both brothers stand and do as they are told.

I look at Axe and nod to his men, confirming, "These are the men you trust the most?" he nods as his brothers stand taller, and I state, "Go saddle up, we leave in five."

He doesn't argue. Instead, he and his men walk out. Once out of sight, I look at my dad and command lowly, "I need you and Psycho to find Brock. Something isn't sitting right with me, it hasn't for months."

He nods and says, "I've got it. Go get your girl and get some answers."

I knock on the table twice and round it, leaving church, not having to be asked twice.

Ready or not, princess, here I fucking come.

"Where is she?" I ask Viper as I dismount my bike an hour and thirty-five minutes later, the brothers following my lead just as the club's truck pulls up beside us.

I broke all the fucking speed limit laws to get here as fast I could, my body telling me this is where she is.

Six months without her tight heat and only wanting her. Not that I would even look at another woman after having Luna for four months, my body finally fucking woke driving into town.

Viper winces then nods to the dingy-looking strip club, and confirms, "She's in there," then, he looks at the trailer and asks, "Do you want me to load my bike up?" already seeing my plan.

I nod once and confirm, "Yeah, brother."

Viper eyes the brothers, walking over before he locks on Axe's form and asks, "Yo, Axe, does the name Lottie mean anything to you?"

I frown in confusion, and Axe tilts his head and admits, "Yeah, it's Luna's middle name, though she hates it with a passion. Dad wanted the name Charlotte, but Mama

wouldn't budge, and it didn't go with Luna, so he compromised on Lottie."

Viper winces and states, "Well, good news, I've definitely found Luna. The bad news, she's currently drinking and allowing men to leer at her."

Axe shakes his head in denial, but I ignore him and look around the parking lot.

"Uh, Pres, what uh are you doing?" Fury asks, but I ignore him as my eyes lock on my girl's car, and I growl full of anger that she's not only been this fucking close to ours but also that she's putting herself in fucking danger.

"Mother fucker!" I snap, and Axe curses, seeing my line of sight and recognizing his sister's car, and I turn, storming over to the club. The security guard sees me coming and steps forward but soon moves, seeing my patch, and allows me entrance, opening the door for me.

Pansy ass!

I step inside the dingy club, flashing lights blinding me while half-naked woman showing what their mama gave them for money come to view. I only have one girl on my mind, and I lock on her form within seconds, seeing her taking a shot while some fucking lanky man leers at her with a slimy grin.

Son of...

Wearing too much fucking makeup, making her look older than she is, losing that innocent look she used to hold. A top showing way too much cleavage, and short shorts that show her ass cheeks, my girl is oblivious to the dangers surrounding her, or she just doesn't care.

"Fuck me. What happened to my little sister?" Axe gasps, and I fist my hands, seeing

how much fucking weight she's lost, to the point you can see her hip bones through her top.

I growl seeing the fucker behind the bar with light blonde hair grope her ass while his other hand caresses her breast as he walks by her, and she doesn't even flinch.

Has she fucked him?

"Fucking hell, you really have fallen for my sister, haven't you?" Axe groans, seeing my death stare at the fucker, and I glare at him and snap, "Shut up!" making him smirk.

Ignoring him, I storm over to the bar, shoving people in my wake, making them grunt and gasp. As if she can feel my presence, Luna looks up, and we lock eyes. It takes everything in me to continue my path with how dead her chocolate eyes look.

What the fuck happened to my girl?

She blinks once, twice, and three times, as if unable to understand that I'm here before her mouth parts in shock, and she gasps, "Leo?"

I can't even relish in the fact she's used my legal name, my anger hazing over everything, and without saying a word, I lean over the bar and grip her upper arms, electricity shooting through me from our touch, and I lift her over the bar.

"Hey!" the guy who groped her shouts and tries to grab her hips, but Viper intercepts him and shoves him back and whispers something in his ear, and whatever he says has the guy stepping back with fear and locking eyes with me.

I curl my lip at the fucker, causing the crotch of his jeans to become wet, making the brothers behind me laugh, but I ignore them, and I bend slightly and throw Luna over

my shoulder, then carry her out of this dump.

I'm going to fucking spank her ass for this and then, I'm either going to shout at her for lying to me then leaving or I'm going to kiss her senseless because of how much I've fucking missed her.

One night, it was supposed to be one fucking night, that was it, but she had me fucking hooked...



Luna

I try to swallow the bile that's rising from the four, or was it five shots?

Crap.

Leo drops me to my feet, and I sway a little, dizziness taking me before I blink as I look around me, then blink again in shock, thinking maybe I'm more drunk than I thought as I see several brothers surrounding the strip club parking lot all looking at me with a glare like I brought them all out here – what the?

My brother's club looks ready for murder while Leo looks at me with curled lips.

I didn't even do anything! I'm just trying to get by, earn a living, and get through college. I didn't ask them to hunt me down and pull me out of my job.

Dammit, I knew the Dark Angel recognized me, but in my buzzed state, I didn't want to believe it. Maybe they're all here to finally kill me, though I hate to break it to them, but they'd be doing me a favor.

Someone moves, getting my attention, and I glare at my brother, who has suddenly come into my vision, looking at me like he doesn't recognize me. The urge to hit him hard vibrates through me, but he just glares harder, taking in my short shorts.

He should be grateful his best friend ruined my body, and this is the top I was forced to wear instead of nipple pasties.

I slowly look back at Leo, who has a cold face and dark eyes filled with anger, as he takes in my attire.

Well, this ass can also go screw himself, not after he—

“I didn’t fuck a clubwhore or allow her to suck my dick. I only said that to hurt you,” Leo says quietly as his eyes race between mine when I don’t say anything, reading my thoughts while my brother, parts of his club and parts of Leo’s watches on.

Well, never mind then, so he didn’t screw a clubwhore. He’s still a dick, though.

I nod and mumble, “Good for you,” not caring anymore.

I’m past it, have been since I killed an innocent life all because I couldn’t deal with the fact the baby could have been Brock’s, and now, I’ll most likely never be a mother, but hey, that isn’t really a bad thing now, is it?

I’m broken. I’d just ruin a child anyhow.

“Luna...” Leo rasps when I don’t drop my coldness, and my anger takes hold.

He allowed his mother to hit me, he allowed lies to get to him all because he was clearly scared and to show up here like he had a right to follow me...

Flaring my nostrils as he takes a step forward, I use the opportunity and bend slightly, grabbing his blade.

Twisting it, I place the sharp edge at his throat, and several men step forward.

The sounds of safety clicks echo, and Leo quickly puts his hands up to stop his brothers from shooting me, though again, they would be doing me a favor.

“This is what you threatened to do to me, right? When you accused me of shit that I didn’t even do...” I state to Leo, reminding him of that day that he tore us apart before we could even discuss everything.

His eyes race between mine, full of concern, and he whispers, “I knew my strong fiery princess was somewhere in there.”

I tilt my head at him and say coldly, “I’m not your girl, I was your regular fuck, and that was all I could have ever been because I was always his.

” His body tenses and anger flashes through his dark blue eyes, making them darker, but before he can open his mouth, I say numbly, “Did you know I was pregnant, Leo?” and he freezes.

“What the fuck, Luna?” I hear my brother snaps, but I don’t look at him, not breaking eye contact with Leo.

“I didn’t know who the father was, so I aborted it, killed it,” I admit, and Leo’s jaw ticks.

“So, everything my mother accused you of was true then, huh?” he confirms, but I gloss over his words, my horror taking over, and I ask, “Did you know when I was thirteen, I told my mama and brother that his best friend raped me?” I lock eyes with him again, and he furrows his brows.

I see it. I see the realization hit him before his eyes widen.

“Luna, why are you dragging up the past right now? You can’t get out of the hurt you’ve just caused and the possibility that you’ve been trying to start a fucking war,” my brother snaps, but again, I ignore him and only speak to Leo, who hasn’t taken his eyes off me.

“It was my dad’s funeral. I was confused because a boy I grew up with did things no thirteen-year-old should experience,” I admit, and someone whispers, “Fuck me, she’s been raped continuously all these years, hasn’t she,” shocking me silent while my brother instantly denies, “No, no...”

“Tell me, princess,” Leo demands gently when I go quiet.

I'm unable to comprehend what I've just admitted for the first time in years, shocked that someone actually believed my words—something no one has ever done before.

Leo takes another step forward, so his body just touching mine.

He gently cups my cheek, making me flinch, but he doesn't deter, and we lock eyes.

“Talk to me,” he whispers, and my tears fall.

“They called me a liar,” I croak, and his jaw ticks again.

I continue, “I went to my mama, but she was more concerned that one of Daddy’s mistresses showed up crying, and she slapped me for ruining everything, and Taylor, he-he didn’t speak to me for a whole year.

And that year, every night Brock climbed in my bedroom window and used my body how he saw fit, shoving gags in my mouth so I couldn’t cry out or get anyone’s attention. ”

“Holy fuck,” I hear Trinket croak, Brocks and my brother’s other best friend, the club’s enforcer who actually said he’d hope someone would come along and do what I accused his best friend of.

Well, he got his wish because his best friend never stopped.

I carry on like I'm telling a story, not able to stop, "For years, he raped me, for years he told me I was his, that no one cared about me, that I was to wear his cut. I ended up moving out because I was on the brink of ending it all," my eyes race between Leo's, his showing nothing. I admit, "I just wanted to die..."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck ." My brother sobs.

"I knew he couldn't get into my apartment, and I thought I was finally safe, that maybe I could heal," I continue, concentrating on Leo, "But I forgot about the diner, I forgot about the side of my apartment building..." More tears fall, and he quickly but gently wipes them away with his thumb, "I didn't think I was going to be able to survive, and then you walked into my life and became my light to my darkness.

You saved me, took away the filth and the nightmares. You made me whole again."

I sniffle, "But not all good things last, do they, huh?" he flinches and tightens his grip on my cheek as I admit, "Despite him physically assaulting me, you wiped it all away, including in the places where he took me against my will."

"The diner staff room and near the garbage bins," he croaks, and I nod once.

"He'd also wait for me in the alleyway near campus, which is what he did that day I came to see you, the day you allowed your mother to hit my already cut-up face from where he bashed my head into the concrete wall four times, giving me a concussion," I admit, and his jaw yet again twitches with anger, "He'd raped me and had gone bare.

Normally I go to the clinic to get a full workup done and the morning-after pill, but this time, I needed to see you because he threatened to burn your home down after admitting to messing with the club's businesses, and I couldn't let him hurt you. "

“Only for me to hurt you instead,” he chokes, and I flinch.

I hear sobbing and cursing behind me and I black out as I admit, “I tried to kill myself five months ago. Some guy that slept outside the hostel I found gave me a bunch of different pills and I swallowed them without a second thought just wanting peace for once. I wanted the bad memories to disappear but some woman found me and called 911. When I woke up three days later, the doctor told me that I, that I-I was pregnant and I-I... the timing was too close to him and you and I-I couldn’t, I couldn’t...”

My body shakes with silent sobs, and I cry, “I-I killed a baby, and it most likely had a heartbeat because they committed me, refusing to terminate until they knew I was sound of mind.” And Leo quickly cups the back of my head and brings me tight against his chest.

I drop his blade and grip his shirt and sob my heart out as my brother chokes, “Fuck what did I do?”

Sobs wreck my body as my legs give out, and Leo quickly wraps his arms around me and holds me up, whispering, “I’ve got you, princess, I’ve got you, I’m so sorry....” But nothing registers as my mind wars with the reality that I killed a child that could have been his yet could have been my rapists...

Blade

Pain like no other fills me at her truth, at her trauma, and I glare at her brother over her head as I try my fucking hardest not to sob like a baby.

He's bent, hands on his knees like he's struggling to breathe, and I can fucking promise him now, if his sister wasn't falling apart in my arms, I'd kill the fucker.

For seven years, she was abused and raped by his best fucking friend, and not once did he see what she was going through. Instead, tried making himself believe she was a liar at thirteen, fucking thirteen...

Luna gets my attention as she pushes away from me then shakes her head, and panic hits me hard.

I can't lose her, I just fucking can't.

"Princess—" I start, but she cuts me off and screams, "No!" as she grips her hair, tears soaking her cheeks.

I flinch as turmoil etches off her, turmoil I don't think she has allowed herself to feel before she turns to Axe and shouts, "I'm just a liar, right, big brother? !" He flinches as his tears fall.

"Luna," he croaks, but she screams, "No! I'll prove it to you, shall I?"

I'll show you," and she removes her top.

I grit my teeth that all these men get to see her in her black bra.

Still, it's not because of her generous tits that the men are gasping.

No, it's the burn marks marring her body as she holds her arms out, and my eyes go to her left hip, burn marks making another B that was not there beforehand and I swallow my growl.

Mother fucker wanted to ensure everyone knew who she belonged to.

"This is what you allowed your best friend to do to my body, to my life!" she shouts, and Axe quickly turns and heaves and vomits, but his legs soon give out when she sobs, "I can't even have kids now because of him, because of you," and my heart breaks.

"I-I, oh god, I killed the only chance of becoming a mama because I didn't want to raise my rapist's child..."

My eyes tear up as my brothers look away out of respect, their emotions showing clearly as day on each of their faces, while Axe looks down in shame.

"Oh, oh god," Luna chokes, and we all look at her to see her covering her mouth, the realization that she's just exploded, her truth now hitting her, and her legs giving out.

Several brothers move, but I catch her first, not allowing another one of those fuckers to touch her as I bring my body down to the ground with her.

Her whole body shakes as she struggles to breathe, and without a second thought and knowing she needs peace, I keep hold around her midriff with my right arm and hold my left out before Venom hands me the syringe, and I whisper, "I've got you, princess, I promise, I love you..."



” but she doesn’t hear me, her thoughts going too fast in her mind.

I push the needle into her stomach and insert the sedative.

I brought it because I thought she’d fight coming home, never thought I’d have to use it because I’m terrified that she’s going to try and kill herself again.

Luna’s body softens against me as she passes out and I give the needle back to my brother and place my face into Luna’s neck, squeezing my eyes tight.

So much fucking pain came out of her, so much trauma.

“Fuck, I honestly thought she was lying...,” Axe chokes, and I tense as Fury snaps, “Why in the fuck would a thirteen-year-old lie about being fucking raped, you idiot!”

“I-I,” he stutters, and I look at him and glare as one of his brothers passes me a blanket which I cover my girl instantly, and yeah, she’s my fucking girl, trauma and all, and I snap at her brother, “Over the years did she once go near that fucker or stay in your clubhouse?” he winces and I know his answer and I question, “Did you once ask her about it as she grew up?”

Looking at his unconscious sister, he clears his throat and admits, "After I found out about you two, I asked her to apologize to Brock and stop holding grudges, to tell the truth. She kicked me out, and that is why we hadn't spoken for three months before she went missing."

I growl, “You’re a fucking idiot, and you should thank your lucky stars I have hold of her right now!

” he looks down in shame, and I snap, “Your fucking VP has been trying to not only take your club and start a war with mine but he’s been assaulting your sister for

fucking years hoping to use her to gain control of your club! ”

His jaw ticks, and he admits, “And he’ll fucking pay for it,” just as Viper walks over.

He looks over my girl with concern before locking eyes with me.

He admits, “Your dad found Brock just outside our clubhouse behind the brother’s houses.

He was having a meeting with three of our new prospects, hoping to use them to gain access to our clubhouse.

All four are in the basement as we speak, Cannon is on watch. ”

I look at Axe and say, “Yeah, he will pay Axe but not in your clubhouse.” He curls his lip at me but soon parts his mouth when I admit, “I’m claiming your sister.”

“Even though she may never be able to have kids?” one of his men asks, and Viper growls before storming over to him and punching him in the face.

His body slumps to the floor, the hit knocking him out.

His brothers shake their heads at him while Knuckles mutters, “Sorry, Blade. Loose Lips was never very smart with his words.”

“His name kind of fucking gives it away,” Fury mutters, and his brothers wince while mine scowl at the unconscious fucker.

“Forgive me,” Luna mumbles and we all look at her and my heart shatters at the tears falling from the corner of her eyes and I gently press my lips against her forehead.

I messed up allowing her to walk away, but I know I'd take a bullet for this girl.

I love her.

Gently turning her in my arms, I put an arm under her legs and another behind her back and lift her as I stand, Venom keeping close in case I need him before I hold her close and rasp, "Venom, take my bike home, I'll drive her car back with her in the back, Viper take the clubs truck, everyone else fucking surround us. "

All brothers nod, and I look at Axe and growl, "You are welcome to come to my club, but you do not have that fucker, he's mine."

He nods once, not disputing that I've claimed his sister, meaning the kill is mine besides I'd soon get in his way if he tries. He goes to his bike while I carry my girl to her car, Viper following, holding her bag.

Two fucking hours, that's how long it has taken us to get back to town, and Luna has woken but hasn't said anything, just stared outside of the window, watching the world go by, and every few seconds, I end up checking the rearview mirror to make sure she's okay.

I'm scared, really fucking scared.

She will end it all without a second thought if she gets the chance. The pain I saw in her eyes the day we met has magnified by a fucking hundred, and I'm close to losing her. I just know it.

The prospect on the gate opens the gate as Venom rides up. His eyes widen as he looks at all the bikes following along with me and Viper in vehicles. I ignore him and pull up next to the door, where Psycho is waiting.

I turn the engine off, turn to look at my girl, and whisper, “Just wait there for a second, princess,” but she doesn’t acknowledge me, making me swallow hard. I climb out and shut the door, taking a deep breath.

“Here’s the shirt you wanted,” Psycho says quietly, handing me one of my shirts. I nod in thanks, and he mutters, “The traitors are strung up though a certain fucker is adamant Luna is his old lady and that we’re making a mistake.”

I curl my lip but nod again and say, “Good,” and look at him. His eyes soften, seeing my terror, already caught up through Venom, and he says, “She’s a fighter, Leo. You won’t lose her.”

I swallow hard and admit, “She’s already tried to commit suicide, brother. It’s how she found out about the baby to begin with...”

He looks around me at my girl with sadness and mumbles, “Well, she’ll just have to be placed on watch, then, won’t she?”

” I half smile, pat his back, and reply, “That she will be. Do me a favor and send three prospects to the dingy apartment she rented that Viper found and collect her belongings, especially the photo of her father, it’s her only one. ”

He nods solemnly, and I round her car and open the door, but she doesn’t move. I swallow hard at how vacant she looks.

I can’t fucking lose her. These past six months, trying to find her was hell. I’ve needed her like I needed air to breathe.

Taking a deep breath to try and quieten my fears, I gently unclick her and slowly put my shirt over her head, making her look my way, and I smile a little as she puts her arms in the sleeves, and as soon as I’m happy enough that her body is covered and no

not because of her scars but because her body is fucking mine, I gently pick her up and carry her over to Psycho who is holding the door open.

I give him a nod in thanks as everyone follows us inside. The brothers inside create a line from the door to my room to stop the old ladies, mainly my mother, from coming through, which, of course, she tries.

“Move out of the way!” I hear her demand and sigh, walking down the hallway, unable to deal with her right now.

Knowing my fucking luck, she’ll try to cause shit with Luna to get banned from the club again because yeah, I’ve figured her shit out.

She wants out, most likely has since finding out dad fathered another child and it isn’t happening...

Dad stands near my door, his eyes softening as he sees Luna in my arms, her head in my neck. I quickly walk inside my room with her.

Placing her on the bed, I gently grab her arms from around me and unlink them.

Carefully I put the duvet over her and I rasp, “I need to go do something,” and fear spreads across her face.

I soften as I gently cup her face and whisper, “I promise I won’t be long, but please, don’t leave this room,” I place my forehead against hers as I grip her hand and beg, “And please, I am begging you don’t try anything stupid because princess,” my eyes race between hers, “my life without you isn’t worth living, so remember that before trying to leave me in any shape or form. ”

Tears fall from her gorgeous eyes, and I press a gentle kiss against her mouth.

Despite being hurt by me and knowing she wants to hate me, she allows me to kiss her.

“I’ll be back soon, princess, okay?” I murmur, and she nods once. I smile lightly and whisper, “I love you...” and her eyes widen in shock.

Ignoring her reaction, I press a gentle kiss on her lips and straighten before I remove my cut, not wanting to get blood on it, and I gently lay it on her body, shocking her even more before I turn and head out of the room, meeting my dad just outside of the doorway.

“How is she?” he asks in a low voice, and I shake my head.

“She’s fucking strong, but she’s breaking,” I admit as we lock eyes, “Years of abuse is a lot to get over, but I’m adamant not to lose her Dad.”

He nods and replies, “And I’ll be by your side the whole way.”

Emotions fill me, and I say, “Thanks, Dad,” before I look her way to see her gently tracing my cut—the leather, to be precise, not the patch—making me smile. I look at Dad and ask, “Can you watch over her and not allow Mama in here? She punched her, so I don’t want her near her at the moment.”

He nods and confirms, “Of course, go make that fucker pay,” then slaps my back as he turns to my girl, watching her like a hawk.

Sighing in relief, I turn towards the common room and ignore everyone in there, including my mother, watching me go without my cut on, and, fuck me, did her eyes just soften?

Every brother stands straight with respect, knowing I’ve left my patch with my girl

proving what she is to the club, that she's their first lady, while my mother has a small smile lacing her features which, fuck...

What is going on with her?

Shaking my head, I ignore them all and go to the door that leads to the basement.

Kill first, sort shit out with Mama later.

"I fucking knew her face was busted that day!" I hear Fury snap as I walk into the now crowded basement, both Furies and Dark Angels inside.

Cannon stands behind Brock, who looks a little bruised, and the three prospects' heads are dangling, blood pouring beneath them. I smirk as I grab my blade from my boot.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" I ask as I walk over to Brock while Axe stands before him with bloodied knuckles and breathes heavily.

Brock's eyes come my way, and his busted lip curls as he looks me up and down, then sneers, "You're the fucker who's been fucking my old lady and convinced my best friend that I'm some kind of fucking rapist!"

Axe growls, tightening his fists while the brothers around all tense at his words, clearly shocked that he'd continue his lie, but I, on the other hand, chuckle.

The delusional fucker.

"You mean my old lady?" I ask, and his face reddens while I smirk because this is going to be fun.

It's time to play.



*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Luna

I watch as people go past Leo's room, all looking inside with curiosity while a man who looks just like Leo watches me like a hawk, and I get it. They think I'm going to run or worse, try to kill myself, my admissions most likely scaring him but I'm not going to.

I think my emotion overload has numbed me.

Years I've kept everything deep inside of me, years I've dealt with my pain, and now that it's all out, I kind of feel, maybe peace, I guess.

I mean, it shocked me at first. I felt sick that I told everyone the horrors that my brother allowed to happen, but peace or acceptance, I guess, surrounded me once it was all out.

There was one person still kicking and breathing, one person I knew I needed to confront for that peace and acceptance to take hold before I drown again.

Brock.

I just don't know how to get past my guard dog, though I really shouldn't call him that, considering he's not only Leo's dad but a former president who has earned respect. Well, apart from being a dog and cheating on his woman but respect none the less within the community and his clan.

I eye the leather cut over my body and my heart skips.

“I love you...”

His words swim in my head, and I just, I can’t believe them.

I told him I was dirty, used, that I couldn’t have kids, or well, screamed it, so how can he love me?

How can he claim me?

That is what this is, his cut on my body; it is him claiming me before his club because no president would leave his patch with a woman, heck no brother would.

“Let me through, prospect!” a woman snaps, and Leo’s dad sighs, shaking his head and muttering, “Fucking woman.”

I wince, recognizing the voice – Leo’s mama.

I watch as Leo’s dad’s jaw ticks while Leo’s mama continues to demand to be let through. I sigh, not wanting to witness an argument that is bound to happen if she continues trying to demand entrance.

“Did you know I met your daughter?” I rasp, clutching Leo’s cut, and his dad looks my way, our eyes meeting.

It’s striking how much he and his son look alike, right down to the dark blue eyes, just like Skylar’s.

“You did?” he asks quietly, and I swallow hard.

I admit, “She stopped Brock one evening,” and he stands up straight, his eyes wide.

I murmur, “I lied to Leo about how I knew her, told him I saw her around school,” I swallow hard, “She heard me screaming and didn’t think about her safety.

She hit Brock over the head with a brick and he threatened her,” he growls, “She decided to do one better and held a gun to his head, scaring him off,” I feel myself go vacant, “She just didn’t realize that he was going to make me pay ten times worse that evening which he did by breaking a rib. ”

“Son of a...,” he curses, then looks at me and promises, “You’re safe now, Luna.”

My eyes tear, and I admit, “I’m not, though, am I?” He furrows his brows in confusion and replies, “Blade is about to get rid of your nightmares, sweetheart. You are safe.”

“But he’s still in my head,” I say, and his body deflates with realization, and I whisper, “His marks are still on my body,” Leo’s dad shakes his head, and I finish, “He’ll still be haunting my dreams, and I’ll still be looking over my shoulder every day.”

“He’s not Blade’s kill, is he?” he confirms, and I gently shake my head and he summarizes, “He’s yours.”

“My plan was to kill him then me,” I admit, and he flinches, but I don’t stop, and I explain, “I spent years fearing the dark because he always showed. Whether it was on club property or if it was at the diner or at school, he was there lurking in the shadows, waiting to pounce, and every day, I envisioned stabbing my knife into his throat. I didn’t survive this long, years of abuse, years of being called a liar, a suicide attempt, and an abortion to watch a man I have fallen madly in love with, something I didn’t even think I was capable of feeling, to have that rapist’s blood on his hands. It should be on mine.”

“My son would kill a thousand men for you, sweetheart,” he rasps, and my tears fall as I croak, “But it isn’t his fight, and I can’t have any more guilt clouding me.”

The man looks down, struggling to decide his next move, but he tenses when Anna’s voice rings out. She says, “Cole, you need to listen to her.”

“What have I told you about calling me my legal name, woman?” the man snaps, but Anna isn’t deterred.

She reminds him, “I no longer have my cut, meaning I am not club, so why would I call you Brick?” She comes into view, “Heck, I don’t even think I’m your wife anymore, haven’t been since you fathered someone else’s child.”

Brick scowls at her, and she raises a brow and comments, “You believe I’m sort of patch caser that sleeps around behind your back, so I have no idea why you even want me here anymore,” she swallows and even from here I can see her pain, “If you still believe I got with you for your cut then do us both a favor and divorce me so I can move on with my life because I refuse to live in limbo any longer.”

Brick tenses and anger radiates from him that even I can feel, and I flinch.

Well, I can understand why most clubs were scared of him.

I heard the rumors about the fierce Brick, that just one look could make you fear for your life, and I’m seeing it now at the thought of losing his wife.

Though Anna doesn’t pay attention, instead she looks my way.

Her eyes look me over with concern before they soften, seeing her son’s cut laid over me.

She nods, like this was something she needed to witness.

I don't know why, though, because I won't be staying. Leo will see how much hard work it will be to be with me, how broken I am, and he won't want me. Meaning I won't stick around for him to realize it.

I'm killing Brock, and then I'm leaving for good. Whether that means living a full life without looking over my shoulder every day, well, that is to be determined, I guess.

“We'll be discussing your fucking words later, Kitten!

” Brick growls then look at me and states, “I can't let you have that on your conscience.

I get you've been through hell. I get that it will be hard to come to terms with everything, but maybe I can see if Blade will allow you to see that bastard's body to give you closure.”

Anna sighs, “Cole—” but I cut her off and state, “Leo would rather wrap me up in cotton wool, believing he knows what is best for me, but I know what is best for me, and he is mine to kill.”

“You called him Leo,” Anna whispers in awe, and I twitch my nose and ask, “I did?”

Brick smiles and admits, “You did, sweetheart.”

“Huh,” I mumble, “I thought I was just calling him it was in my head. I didn't realize I was saying it out loud.”

Anna grins wide while Brick snorts, shakes his head, and confirms, “Usually, that is

when your mind gives up trying to hide how you truly feel. You love my son. I can see it every time you look at him, and I know he loves you, so why not let him do this?"

"Because she'll resent him," Anna says, looking at me with understanding before I mention it.

"But her taking a life may ensure he loses the love of his life, Anna. Do you really want that for our son, even now, seeing what she means to him?" Brick snaps and Anna sighs, looking at him with fondness and a hell of a lot of love but also pain.

"He'll lose her anyway if she can't slay her demons herself, Cole," she tells him and I watch as they lock eyes and to be honest I kind of feel like I'm intruding but I can't seem to look away.

"Let her slay her demons, and both of us will ensure our son doesn't lose his chance at happiness," she demands gently, and Brick sighs, dropping his forehead against hers as she grips his cut. Then he mumbles, "Alright Kitten..." and my tears fall.

She fought for me. She hated me the moment she met me, yet she fought for me. At least, I think she hated me...

Anna looks my way, and her eyes soften, seeing my tears. She says, "We'll talk in a few days once everything has gone through you with what is happening. I can understand how difficult it is to believe someone may love you, that people will stand by you and believe you, but we will talk."

I nod slightly, and she holds her hand out to me.

Gingerly, I move my legs off the side of the bed as I sit up, moving the duvet out of the way but pausing as I gently pick up Leo's cut.

I sniffle and gently rub my thumb over the leather, hoping some of the smell will bury into my skin, and go to place it on the bed but pause as Anna demands, “Put it on,” and I look at her with wide eyes along with Brick.

“Put the cut on Luna and be the first lady my son knows you can be and slay your demons before fighting to live. I can see it in you, the fight, the love you hold, so put that leather on,” she states, and I blink several times, my eyes blurring with my unshed tears.

Listening to her, I stand and gently pick up the cut and put it on over the t-shirt Leo put on me before walking over to his parents. Anna instantly wraps her arm around me and guides me out of the room while Brick moves behind me.

We enter the common room, which looks kind of like the Furies but more light I guess, and everyone looks my way, making me feel self-conscious. But Anna ignores them all and gently guides me to another hallway and opens a door. Not one brother stops her, but I guess Brick has ensured that.

Slowly, we descend the stairs, and it isn’t until we walk a few feet towards another door that the smell of blood hits us, and voices echo.

“She belongs to me, not you fucker!” I hear Brock scream, and I flinch, causing Anna to pause while keeping her grip on me so I can’t move forward.

“Should we—” she begins, but Leo’s words pause her as he sneers, “See, that is where you went wrong fucker. You see that amazing woman as a possession. I see her as my fucking life. She doesn’t belong to me. I fucking belong to her.”

I hear Brock scream again, but this time, I don’t flinch. Instead, I straighten my shoulders, allowing Leo’s words to wash over me. His truth fills me, and with all the strength he gives me, I walk towards the open door with his parents holding me up,

being my armor.

It's time to slay my demon!



*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

Blade

I grin as I watch Brock shake in the chair, sweat dripping down his face while I slowly pull the blade back out of his ribs, his breathing deepening.

“Not so fucking hard now, are you fucker?” I sneer with glee, and he flares his nostrils at me, but I just grin and quickly stab the blade between his next rib, inches from his lung this time, and he screams, knowing his torture is going to last fucking hours because my reputation proceeds me.

When your preferred torture is a blade, you learn all the vital information, like where the heart is located, the lungs, kidneys, and arteries.

Can't have the fuckers dying too soon now, can we?

I can feel Axe behind me, wanting to kill him, but I also know my enforcer and sergeant in arms are standing beside him, so he can't. They know this can't be a quick kill.

I want this fucker to suffer, and Axe is allowing his emotions to take over right now.

Twice he's run past me to punch him, and the third time, he tried to shoot him, and I get it, Luna is his sister, but she's my girl – not that she knows it yet – and she deserves her revenge, she deserves to know Brock suffered for his actions.

Sweat continues to build on his bruised, bloodied face, and this time, I yank the blade out of his side.

He gasps, bending forward slightly or as forward as the chains will allow over his chest, not expecting the movement, and I grin before shoving the it into his shoulder, and he cries out, flinging his body back.

“Such a real fucking man, aren’t you, huh?” he goads with a grunt, coughing, “Can only hurt me this way if I’m tied down.”

I grin sarcastically and mock, “Such a big man getting prospects to do his dirty work knowing the loyalty the brothers have for their pres,” he scowls, and I lean down and sneer, “Such a fucking big man holding a woman down while raping her!”

He narrows his eyes or tries considering one is swollen, and lies, “I haven’t fucking raped anyone! Luna and I have been seeing each other for years. I’ve said this so many fucking times!”

“Really, we’ve been together for years? That’s news to me.” The voice of an angel washes over me, and I tense.

Fucking Dad!

I turn, ready to glare at my father and demand he take her back to my room, but instead, I freeze, seeing what my woman is wearing.

Fuck me, she put it on.

Okay, so now is not the right time to get a boner.

“What the fuck are you wearing, treasure?!” Brock demands, fury and danger lacing his tone.

Luna tilts her head as she considers Brock’s condition—blood covering

him—scrunches her nose and asks, “Who had the unfortunate job of undressing him?”

“Me, unfortunately,” I hear Cannon mutter, but I don’t smirk or snort like the others, instead I stare at my girl wearing my fucking cut, and I want nothing more than to throw her over my shoulder and take her back to my room and fuck her wearing just that.

Maybe we could finish this thing tomorrow?

The soon-to-be-dead fucker growls behind me and demands, “Take that fucking thing off right now!”

Luna smirks, her strength shining through as she says, “What, you mean this,” as she gently runs her fingers over my cut.

Fuck me, my dick is hard as a rock.

Focus, Blade, fucking focus!

I shake my head and walk over to Luna, causing her eyes to come to me, and I see it. I know the pain shining in those gorgeous chocolate eyes, the sadness she’s trying to hide, and my stomach drops as why she is here hits me like a ton of fucking bricks.

She’s not here to show off wearing my cut, to rub it in his face.

No, no, no, fuck no.

I shake my head at her, and she quickly rushes over to me and cups my cheeks, her soft skin soothing me.

“Get your fucking hands off him!” Brock shouts as clinking chains echo in the room.

I hear him grunt before muffling can be heard, and I know Cannon has gagged him, but I don’t take my eyes off Luna as she gives me her whole attention.

“I can’t let you do this,” I choke as she gently rubs her thumb along my jaw, and I grip her hip with the hand, not holding the blade.

“I know,” she whispers, “but you will because you have never taken away my independence, my choices.”

My jaw ticks, and I know she feels it in her touch because her eyes soften.

“Please, princess,” I beg as I place my forehead against hers, “Don’t do this, don’t paint blood on your hands, don’t make me watch you slowly kill yourself.”

“Leo,” she murmurs, and Brock’s chains clink louder. “If I don’t do this, then I won’t survive anyhow. I need to slay my monster once and for all, and this is the only way I know how. The only way I have envisioned since I was thirteen.”

I shake my head in denial. I can’t let her do this. I just fucking can’t. Taking a life kills a part of you that you’ll never get back, fuck, I’ve seen some of the hardest brothers growing up go insane because they swear the ghosts of their kills were haunting them.

Luna sighs before going to her tiptoes and gently presses her lips against mine, and I fucking melt. Everything around me disappears, and all I can focus on is her as I wrap my arm around her waist, holding her close to me while keeping my hand with the bloodied blade down at my side.

Fuck, months without her lips on mine, and I can feel it.

I deepen the kiss as I push my tongue through her lips and tangle it with hers, her taste taking over me.

I've missed her, I've missed her so fucking much, and I was an idiot to think we could have been just friends with benefits.

She's my world.

Luna breaks the kiss first, much to my disappointment, but instead of moving away, she gently takes my blade from my grip, and I let her.

He's not my kill, he's not Axe's. He's hers, and I may lose her.

"I need to do this," she whispers, and my eyes tear up as I realize how much her words mean.

"I'll be right here, princess," I promise. Her eyes race between mine, and I admit, "I'm never leaving you."

Doubt shines back at me, and I get it. She admitted a lot today, more than she ever has, and I know she's still confused because I threatened her and sent her away after Mama hit her, but I'll prove it to her.

I made a mistake, but so did she, by not telling me who she really was, not giving me a chance to prove to her that who her family was didn't matter, that I'd trust her completely if she'd just told me the truth.

We can get over that.

Luna walks around me slowly, and I drop my chin to my chest, breathing hard.

“Luna, you can’t be fucking serious right now, get back upstairs!” Axe demands, and I turn to see him standing between her and her rapist.

Luna tilts her head at her brother and asks, “Are you sticking up for your best friend again, big brother?” I cross my arms over my chest.

One wrong word, my fist is going into his face.

Axe swallows, his throat bobbing, and he admits, “No, I’m trying to protect your innocence.”

Mama mumbles, “What a fucking idiot,” because everyone in this room, including the fucker in the chair, knows Luna’s innocence was shattered years ago right under his nose, and she tells him just as so.

Luna states, “Taylor, my innocence was torn out of me in the club’s kitchen at thirteen years old when I was sneaking your chocolate out of the pantry three days before daddy died,” Axe flinches, and my jaw ticks.

She continues, “My innocence was torn from me when I was shoved into the box freezers, bent over...” Luna stands tall and finishes, “My innocence was torn out of me day in and day out when that,” she points the blade at a now red-faced Brock whose attention is on me, clearly pissed that I kissed a woman he sees as his, “snuck into my room and did things no adult, let alone a child, should endure so for the first time in eight years, put me first for once and move out of my fucking way!”

Fury, Venom, and Cannon grin at my girl's fight while Psycho, Viper, and the rest of Axe’s club nod in agreement, and I tilt my head.

If he doesn’t move, I’ll fucking do it for him.

Am I happy that she wants to do this? Fuck no, but will I stop her, take away more choices in her life? Definitely fucking not.

Axe must see reason, understanding that her years of pain are slowly drowning her because slowly, he moves out of Luna's way and fuck, even I take a step back at the coldness she shows Brock.

Okay, my girl is a little scary.

His nostrils flare as he eyes my cut on her and I can't help but smirk.

Luna walks over to him and grabs the gag, yanking it out of his mouth making him cough. She murmurs, "They aren't very nice now, are they, Brocky? Maybe we should try the open-mouth gag as well..."

Brock's nostrils flare, and he croaks, "If you don't take that fucking leather off, I'll change my punishments from burns to fucking slashes!"

Luna snorts and asks, "And what makes you think you're getting out of this?"

He looks at her, full of cockiness, and states, "Because I fucking own you. I made sure for years that I was in your head, that your body was only for me, and not only will you not allow them to kill me, but you also won't either."

"Fucking hell, the idiot is more delusional than I thought," Fury mumbles, "Even I can see the hunger she's giving off to kill him. It's scary as fuck."

"He thinks he's brainwashed her enough to have her rely on having him around," my mother whispers, and I furrow my brows as I side-eye her.

She shrugs, "It's narcissistic one oh one, son. Ruin her, scare her, and then ensure

she's always looking out for you. He hoped she would begin to depend on him and need his touch. What he didn't see coming was the hate she'd have for him and the way he destroyed her life.

I mean, his best option was to get her to fall for him than the route he chose," Mama curls her lips at Brock and mutters, "He also didn't take in the fact she'd fall in love with an MC president which is his own fault really considering he tried starting a war, bringing you to that diner that day. "



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Dad nods in agreement, and I look back at Luna as she snorts, “You think I wouldn’t kill you?”

” he grins wide, but his grin soon fades when she bends and admits, “I killed an innocent baby because I didn’t know if it was yours or Leo’s,” Brocks face reddens, “And I did that even knowing that baby was my only chance of having children because you have ruined my body.”

Brock struggles against his chains and screams, “No, I fucking ensured to get you pregnant in that alleyway. You were supposed to come back to me and help me take the club!”

“And he’s cracked,” Psycho chuckles darkly while Axe growls and steps forward, but one of his brothers grips his arm to stop him, knowing Luna needs this.

He may want revenge for what Brock did within his club, but his sister lived through hell right underneath his nose. The fucker can stay back.

“Ah, and now you can’t use me to breed and win over the club that would have never accepted you as their president unless the club’s princess was tied to you,” Luna sighed, mocking him.

“I mean, I ‘lied’ about you raping me, right? So why would a man agree to be with a woman who tried to ruin his life?” she bends forward so their noses are nearly touching, and this time I step forward, but instead of Dad grabbing me, Mama does.

I growl, and she just chuckles lightly and mutters, “You don't scare me, son. I brought

you into this world, and I'll take you out of it if you get in between that bad ass woman and her abuser.”

I blink and look at Mama in shock, but her eyes are not on me, they're on Luna, a form of protectiveness radiating from her.

Fuck, she really did just cause shit to get kicked out of the club - she wanted to leave my father but knew he wouldn't push her away.

That has to be it, it fucking has to be.

“Sucks to be you right now, Brocky, because you didn’t think your plan through very well,” Luna says, getting my attention, and Brock growls, “Just you fucking wait, treasure, you are going to pay for this!”

Luna stands straight before putting the tip of my blade to her pointer finger and says, “Huh, only this?” and I raise a brow but soon smirk as she asks, “So you’re not going to punish me for showing my body to hundreds of men a night while I worked at Kitty’s Girl’s, accepting shot after shot from the patrons?”

” Brock's movements pause, trying to escape to the back of his mind with her words, and Luna grins, “So you’re not going to punish me for making out with my coworker while drunk?”

This time I pause, and a growl so fucking loud escapes me full of fury that Luna looks my way with a little guilt, and I swallow hard as Mama mumbles, “She thought you were screwing around,” and I know she’s right.

Doesn’t stop the hurt running through me though that she allowed another man to touch her.

Did she fuck him?

Clearing my throat, I nod back to Brock, and her eyes race over my features, but I keep them neutral so she can't see my pain. She frowns, not liking that she can't read me but turns back to the soon-to-be dead fucker.

"Looks like I've got to add one more kill to my list after all," I mutter, and Mama snorts but coughs to cover it making me smirk.

Luna continues, "So tell me, Brock, are you not going to punish me for allowing the president of the Dark Angels MC to touch my body?" She leans toward him again and admits, "I got wet for him, something you never got to have or experience."

"Fuck's sake, a brother doesn't need to know this shit," Axe mumbles causing a few brothers to try and hold their chuckles while Luna, my strong woman, ignores him and digs, "I spread my legs for him willingly and felt every inch of him when he thrust inside me, enjoying every inch," Brock's body becomes tense, pure murder radiating from him.

"I allowed him to go bare, and he and only he has ever made me come, to feel absolute pleasure," she whispers, and Brock finally loses it.

"You fucking bitch, I knew I should have fucking killed you after you started dating that fucker in high school instead of branding you mine, you little slut!" he shouts, and Luna stands straight, letting him run his mouth.

He sneers, "Your brother was going to ban you from the fucking club, he was going to put me first, but I convinced him otherwise. You should be fucking kneeling at my feet, not whoring yourself out!"

The brothers growl while Axe drops his head in shame, and I can see several that

want to attack Brock, but I watch as a cloud shadows my girl. I swallow hard, and Mama grips my arm, seeing what I just did.

You don't call your victim a whore, especially when said victim is wielding a blade that could kill you with one slice in the artery.

One moment the room is tense, Brock's head wanted by everyone and the next he's screaming out in pain and the brother's wince, eyeing my blade stabbed in Brock's dick.

Brock thrashes against the chains crying, "My dick, you-you stabbed my dick!"

Luna snorts, "Who knew you were such a big baby," as she pulls the blade out then, with ease, she flips the blade and slices across his dick which falls and slaps on the floor and every brother looks at her, mouths gaped open all while Brock screams louder but Luna doesn't let him off with just that, instead, she moves to his side then digs the blade into his skin on his hip and twists before removing it then repeats the action just above it and my heart pounds, my stomach tightening.

"Fuck, she's giving him exactly what he's done to her." My dad mutters, and we all watch as she marks a B on his right hip, then walks across his stomach and ends on the left side, repeating her action.

Brock groans, looking pale and losing blood fast, but Luna doesn't notice. Instead, she stands up straight, eyeing her work before looking at the floor, and she tilts her head, her eyes on his dick.

Oh fuck.

"She wouldn't," Axe mutters with disgust, but of course she fucking would. I mean, why wouldn't she. He raped her, and she already mentioned an open-mouthed gag,

meaning he forced himself down her throat, so why wouldn't she?

As revenge, Luna bends and picks the dick up.

The brothers gag but soon groan as she moves in front of Brock, whose head is lulled back, his mouth already open, moaning and shocking everyone in the fucking room. Luna shoves the dick into Brock's mouth, causing his head to shoot up in shock as he gags and chokes on his own dick.

Fuck me, that is disgusting...

Luna quickly places her hands over his mouth, not giving a shit that she's covered in blood. His eyes widen with fear, and something passes over my girl's face. She's finally seeing him as someone other than her abuser. She's seeing him as a person, an evil one but a person no less.

"How does it feel to have something shoved down your throat and not be able to move it," Luna sneers coldly, and every brother takes a step back while my fear builds.

I'm losing her.

Luna doesn't remove her hand as she watches Brock choke on his own dick, and even when his body stops fighting when his chest stops moving, she doesn't remove her hand or her eyes from Brock, and everyone in the room is silent. The only sound is her heavy breathing.

"Luna..." Axe whispers, but she doesn't move, and I swallow hard.

She's shutting down.

“He’s dead, princess,” I state loud enough to get through to her, which thankfully works, and she drops her hand and takes a step back, her breathing getting heavier.

“She’s about to drop,” my dad says, and she does, but I’m on her before she can touch the floor, my arms underneath her pits, and in a quick maneuver, I pick her up bridal style and her head goes straight into my neck and Mama rasps, “Go take care of your girl son,” and I nod.

“I did it. I slayed my demon,” Luna mumbles, and the brothers look at her with sympathy, but most look down when she utters, “It doesn’t change the past, though, does it? It doesn’t mean I can be a mama...” Before her body softens and her breathing deepens and my heart fucking breaks.

Blade

I swallow hard as I watch the woman that I have fallen in love with, who has buried herself so deep inside me, sleep soundly despite what has happened this evening, and my heart is in my fucking throat, worry shooting through me.

Two hours, two long fucking hours, is how long she has been passed out, her body trying to protect her mind from what she had done, with how far she took her revenge.

Instead of just killing him like we all believed she would do, like I fucking thought she would do, she tortured him, giving him the same treatment he gave her, but instead of him having it over the years, she had to give it to him within minutes and what better way to kill your rapist by forcing him to swallow his own cock.

I sigh as I run a hand through my hair and lean forward, placing my elbows on my knees, dropping my head, frustration building through me.

I feel helpless, so fucking helpless, something I have never felt in my life before.

While everyone was watching Luna with pride and a little bit of fear, I watched, feeling sick to my stomach, not because of what she was doing but because I saw every emotion filter through her face.

Pain, fear, sorrow, defeat...

I swallow hard, look up, and watch her chest for a few seconds, making sure it's

moving.

I cleaned her up after bringing her to my room, and by cleaning her up, I meant removing my cut and shirt along with her short shorts and standing underneath the shower with her, and all she did was fucking groan, not waking up scaring the living shit outta me.

I called Doc, and he said she was alright, that her body had just shut down from all the shit she's been through, and that having her abuser gone helped.

I cleaned up the blood, then carried her to my bed before dressing her in another one of my shirts, and ever since I have been sitting on this fucking chair waiting for her to wake up while praying for her to sleep just a little while longer.

I'm scared of how she'll be when she wakes. I'm scared I won't like what she has to say, her truths.

I drop my head again and grip my hair.

“So, you're not going to punish me for making out with my coworker while drunk?”

I really should not be fucking focusing on those words right now, but I can't help it. I mean, I get it. She thought I was fucking other women, but damn...

I didn't even think of touching another woman in the months she was gone, or fuck, even when we were fucking.

I just wanted her, and I still only want her.

I know it was supposed to be a month thing turned four months, I know we weren't supposed to fall and maybe become friends, but I did fucking fall, and for a man like



me, that isn't good because now I'm obsessed and now, she is all I want but I could lose her, and I'm fucking hurt that she sought out someone else.

"You look stressed..." a sweet voice whispers, and I sniff hard, trying to control my emotions.

There is a lot I need to say right now. So fucking much to talk about.

Us, Brock, her past, her trauma, her mother, her brother, her fucking lying to me for months about who she really was, her fucking running and trying to kill herself, the baby but of course, I only have one fucking thing on my mind.

"Did you fuck him?" I ask quietly, and slowly, I look up and lock eyes with the ones I fell hard and fast for. Luna frowns in confusion, so I add, "That fucker coworker, did you fuck him?"

Her mouth parts slightly shocked, and she whispers, "You're jealous?"

I scoff, "No, princess, I'm not jealous. I'm fucking infuriated," her brows rise, "I didn't want this, Luna. I didn't want a relationship or an old lady. I loved my life how it fucking was with the club and any woman I could have."

I stand and turn my back to her, trying to keep my cool.

"I had everything figured out. I knew how my life would go. I didn't want to be like my dad, so I swore a woman wasn't in the cards for me," I rasp, then turn and look at her and admit, "The moment I saw you in that diner, my whole fucking world changed in a blink of an eye. It didn't matter that I kept telling myself it was just sex, that I'd be done after a few months.

You were mine, and I was yours," her eyes tear up, "Hence, no, Luna, I'm not

jealous, I'm infuriated because the thought of another man touching you not only has turned me murderous, but it has also broken my fucking heart because maybe, just maybe, I was the only one who fell. ”

Silence falls between us, and I turn my back to her again.

I'm supposed to be making sure she's alright mentally, but instead, all I can fucking focus on is my hurt.

And the award for the most selfish prick goes to...

I hear rustling, but I don't move, keeping my head bowed, my back to her before I feel her hands touch my hips before they slowly glide around my waist, and she presses her front to my back as she lays her head between my shoulder blades and fuck me, contentment fills.

I've missed her so fucking much.

Within two days after she left, I realized how much she had buried deep inside me and the thought of losing her again... Fuck.

“It was one kiss that I regret,” she whispers, “I felt like I was cheating on you, and I shoved him away even in my drunken state,” my heart pounds before she confesses, “The pain and trauma, I couldn't escape it, not once and then you came into my life and suddenly, the filth, the dirt, it was gone.

Every touch, every kiss, you made it leave me, and it stayed gone until he managed to corner me again, and you threw me away.

Drinking did the same you did, but only for a few hours, so I became dependent on it.  
”

I turn, and she loosens her grip until we're facing each other. Then she tightens it again, and we lock eyes, hers shining with unshed tears.

"I haven't been with anyone else, Leo, and even though he believed I had in high school and college, I didn't. As far as I'm concerned, in my mind, you are my only," she croaks, and I nod, seeing her truth.

Her brother mentioned that dating was banned for her growing up because she needed to put her schooling first, and I'm guessing that only further angered Brock because that meant his plans were put on hold.

"I haven't been with anyone else since laying eyes on you in that diner," I reply, and she sniffles.

"Even though you said you had a date?" she questions, and I huff, "I wanted to hurt you, Luna.

I felt fucking blindsided after my mother, who had been a pain in my ass, trying to get herself kicked out of the club, something I've just realized over the past few weeks, showed me a family picture of you with a club. At the time, we thought they were trying to start a war. Women were getting raped, innocent people being hurt and killed."

"You thought my brother sent me to ruin you," she sighs.

I nod once and admit, "And I can tell you this now, Luna, having that feeling, it nearly destroyed me because it was then I realized we weren't fuck buddies or friends with benefits," my eyes race between hers, "I realized that I fell in love with you."

Her tears fall, and she asks, "Even now, knowing I may never be able to have kids?"

“Even now,” I reply.

She snuffles, “After finding out that I’m broken, dirty...”

I shake my head and deny, “You are not broken or dirty, princess. You are fucking strong.”

“I tried to commit suicide, Leo, and I aborted a baby because I couldn’t bear the thought of it maybe being his, meaning I could have aborted our baby,” she reminds me, and I cup her face, gripping it hard enough to get my point across but not hard enough to leave a mark.

“Like I said, princess, you are fucking strong,” I state firmly, and she nods, keeping our eyes locked.

Her throat bobs, and she whispers, “Even though I feel no guilt over what I did to him , that I feel at peace?”

I didn’t expect that. I honestly thought she was going to fall apart, fuck, she choked him with his dick!

She chews her bottom lip and then admits, “I feel free, Leo, and I thought I would be falling apart, maybe seeing him or wanting to leave, but I-I, I’m free.

I can do whatever I want. There’s no looking over my shoulder.

If I want to talk to people, I can and won’t get punished for it.

I want to travel, then off I go. I’m free, and while yes, my trauma is still there, what he did won’t disappear overnight, but for the first time in years, I truly believe I can do whatever I want without fear.

If that makes me a bad person, then honestly, I don't care anymore.

After nearly eight years I have finally destroyed my abuser, and I can move on with my life. ”

My chest tightens with her words, and I nod, trying not to panic and mutter, “Even now.”

She physically relaxes into me as she gently lays her head over my heart, and I quickly wrap my arms around her waist, holding her tight to me.

Does this mean she wants to be free of me, too?

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Luna – Three Days Later

I bite my bottom lip as I stare at myself in the mirror, feeling conflicted. I seem to always have this feeling at the moment. Honestly, it's better than the feeling of no longer wanting to be alive.

Right?

I tilt my head and eye my facial features.

For years, I boycotted looking in the mirror.

I used to hate what I saw, always wanting to smash the thing but then I met a man who wanted a little bit of fun, giving me the confidence to find myself again.

He helped me understand that I can love, that I am capable of it and now as I look in the mirror, I see no bags underneath my eyes.

They no longer look traumatized and I'm not skin and bones. I actually have curves coming along.

I can already see my cheeks filling out. I'm starting to look healthy and it has only been a few days.

I'm still conflicted, though. Shouldn't I be in a corner screaming and crying at the ghost of the man I killed?

I should be feeling sick. I should be having nightmares and struggling to eat. I thought after what I did, I'd feel, I don't know, suicidal? I guess, but I don't. I don't feel guilty. I just feel at peace for the first time in years, and I don't know how to cope with that.

I mean, I wasn't exactly quick with killing him, was I?

I was brutal, and yet I don't seem to care.

I'm safe. I made myself safe by killing the evil that destroyed my childhood, that destroyed my teenage years, and the love that I had for my family before they took his side and before my admissions in that basement, my future looked to be on the rise.

My future that I didn't think I would have.

Leo wanted to see that my adulthood was going to be everything that I ever wanted and now, for the first time in years, I want to live and that is a scary thought.

I sigh and look down at my jeans and a check flannel shirt. Am I too casual for this?

I'm supposed to be going to my brother's club today to discuss everything, something Leo encouraged after he brought it to my attention that Axe wants to have everything out along with his mama, who has been watching me at a little distance since I resurfaced from Leo's room after killing Brock.

Is it weird that I still don't feel anything other than peace after killing him so brutally?

Am I broken?

Is Leo going to leave me?

Wait, are we even together?

I shake my head, turn away from Leo's bathroom mirror, and walk into his bedroom, my eyes going to the photo of me at the diner, grinning at him on his light gray bedside table that makes my heart race.

His words make me feel like we're together, and some of his actions as well before my admission regarding Drew and my trauma.

But after I killed him , I don't feel like it as much, and my heart cracks at the thought that he's pulling away.

I mean, he hasn't let me out of his sight, meaning I've been staying at his home on club property while he has been staying on the couch, though I'm pretty sure his arm has been wrapped around me during the night, then when I wake in the mornings, I'm on my own, and the side I thought he was on was still made immaculately.

Maybe subconsciously, I want him there. I just don't know how to ask him. He's been distant the past few days, only speaking to me in passing and spending most of his time at the clubhouse, and I have to admit, it hurts more than I thought it would, and it's making me think we aren't together.

I knew he wasn't happy about the whole Drew situation, and I knew I had some groveling to do. I know he's pulling away from me, but we're not a couple—or at least I don't think we are or were, even though for the first time ever, I want to be.

He accused me of being a patch chaser, of being a whore. Dammit, he threatened to kill me, though at the time I would have welcomed it, but it is not the point.



He shouldn't be mad at me about Drew, and yeah, okay, he never touched the clubwhore. He was just saying it to hurt me because I never told him who I actually was, but it's not like I slept with the guy, is it?

I was doing what I had to do to survive, so I didn't end up committed again because that crap was hard in itself.

I twitch my nose, hoping the stinging in my eyes stopped. I don't want to cry. I'm done crying, and I also don't want to worry Leo because despite him pulling away, he still shows concern.

Maybe I should call him Blade again to see his reaction?

I shake my head, walk over to the bedside table, and grab my phone.

His mama has also been watching me, so I'm sure she's been informing her son about what I'm getting up to.

We haven't spoken about her punch or her accusations.

She's more interested in bringing me food and then leaving after making sure I don't need anything else.

We need to speak, and hopefully, soon, we will. Well, that is if Leo doesn't kick me out beforehand, which is the only way I'll leave because I have a feeling there is more to her reaction to me than she's letting on.

He's become my safe place, my home, and the only way I'll walk away is if he physically tells me to go, and even then, it'll be a fight.

I've never been in love before, but I know what I feel for him is something I want to

hold on to.

“You look beautiful,” the man who has buried himself deep inside my heart says, and I turn, my stomach tightening, to see him leaning against the door frame, his arms crossed. Wow...

His black t-shirt stretches across his muscular chest, and I have to admit my mouth waters.

Nearly seven months without feeling him, and I am struggling, a feeling I never thought I would have, but yet here it is, just for him.

Would it be bad if I climb him like a mountain and beg him to take me or is that too forward?

“Thank you,” I whisper, not knowing what else to say without making my thoughts known.

Leo got some of his brothers to collect my things.

The brother who went, retrieved the photo of my father, it sits nicely on the fireplace in Leo’s living area.

His mama also bought me a wardrobe full of clothes, trashing what I had because, in her words, “They are old and warn it’s time for a change,” meaning they were the clothes I wore whenever he attacked me.

They’re being nice, and I’m grateful. I just don’t want to get used to it in case this man before me decides I’m not worth the hassle, though like I said, it’ll be a fight if he thinks I’d leave easily.

“You don’t need to thank me for telling you how it is, princess,” he says as he pushes himself off the wall and walks my way he reminds me, “I love you.”

Damn, even now, hearing the words... They do something to me. my heart skips, and my stomach flutters, making me think maybe everything is in my head, but his actions contradict his words.

He’s barely spoken to me since my admission, since I killed him .

“How can you go from wanting to screw me for a month to get me out of your system to loving me?” I ask, perplexed still, and he chuckles, gently gripping my hips as his eyes take in my features.

I haven’t said it back, mainly because I’m scared out of my mind that he’ll leave me, that he’ll come to his senses. He’s already acting off, so what if I tell him how I feel, and he laughs and says, “Sike?”

I lied to him about who my family was or omitted the truth anyway while a war was brewing.

What if this is his revenge? Make me feel comfortable, loved even, and then kicks me out.

Leo chuckles lightly and mumbles, “Because you’re fucking addicting,” and I raise a brow at his cop-out.

He smiles and admits, “Because, princess, you buried yourself deep inside me,” his eyes race between mine, “You captivated me instantly, and I kept telling myself we weren’t going to go any further, I was adamant a woman in my future was never going to happen but you, fuck, as soon as we locked eyes I knew you were mine,” his eyes race between mine, “You were sweet, kind and despite the hell you went

through, despite the pain I could see every day on your face you still held a smile. You entranced me, princess.”

I swallow hard and step into him, wrapping my arms around his waist. I place my head against his chest, hearing his heart, the beat soothing me. He wraps his arms around me tight, giving me a sense of safety and warmth.

I want to believe his words. I really do, but he hasn’t been near me in three days, and I’m eighty-five percent sure I’m imagining him holding me at night, the fifteen wanting to believe otherwise.

How can he love me when I’m broken?

“Are you ready?” Leo mumbles as he touches my forehead with his lips, his words pulling me from my crazy thoughts.

I think therapy is the way to go for me again.

“If I say I’m not?” I ask with a whisper, and he sighs, pulling back. Instantly, I miss his warmth, but he cups my cheek, and his eyes race between mine.

“I won’t force you to do something you don’t want, princess.

As far as I’m concerned, I never want you to step on their property again.

I’d rather you get ready for school again and stay here where you are safe from the memories,” my eyes tear up, “But baby, if you don’t do this, then what you did to Brock will be for nothing,” he gently rubs his thumb along my jaw and whispers, “You need closure, princess.”

“Hey Luna,” Trinket says as he meets Leo and me by the clubhouse wooden door,

and I swallow hard.

“Hi,” I say quietly, already regretting being here.

For the thirty-five-minute drive here, I wanted Leo to turn the truck around and take me back, but I knew this was something I needed to do.

These people called me a liar, accused me of trying to ruin a good man’s life, and said I was jealous of the attention he was giving others. Heck, some of the brothers, including the one standing before me looking guilty, believed I had a crush on Brock.

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Trinket clears his throat, and we lock eyes, his hazel ones full of guilt as he admits, “Only the five of us who were there know what happened.”

“What the fuck?!” Leo snaps while I shake my head, not surprised one bit, and Trinket winces and admits, “Axe thought his sister deserved the chance to tell everyone the truth, Blade. If I had it my way, I wouldn’t put her through this because she’s been through enough, but Axe is the Pres and believes this is the right way.

As far as the brothers know, Brock is involved in club business. ”

“He’s punishing me,” I confirm, and Trinket shakes his head in denial, but I state, “I chose to stay with Leo instead of allowing him to bring me here, a place he thinks is my home, but it isn’t.

I ran from here because his closest friend, his VP, his right-hand man was abusing me right underneath his nose,” I sigh, “He wants to punish me, and what better way than to get me to tell everyone what has happened.”

Trinket looks away, knowing I’m right, while Leo curses, but I just shake my head and mumble, “Let’s get this over with, shall we?”

“Princess, I don’t think this is a good idea,” Leo says, and I look at him. His eyes soften as he whispers, “You tried to end everything. I don’t want them in there to put you back.”

I give him a half smile as my heart skips seeing the worry he has for me, but instead of answering him, I grip his hand and pull him towards the door because, as he says, I

need closure, and whether I have a family after this will determine how my family handles my truth, the truth they have ignored for years.

“Axe,” Trinket shouts as we walk through the door and everyone looks our way, quickly quietening when they see me and then who’s holding my hand.

“Luna Lottie, where on earth have you been?!” I hear my mother snap, and I roll my eyes and look toward her usual table to find her standing with her hands on her hips glaring at me, her top way too low cut for a woman in her late forties.

Damn, even the club girls are dressed more appropriately than her.

She’s sitting with Screwball and Cleo, and I must swallow my scoff. What kind of bitch forces her ‘lover’ to sit next to her with his old lady, Mama obviously.

“Answer me, young lady!” she demands like I’m some kind of child, “What the hell are you doing with a Dark Angels brother? They have caused a lot of problems for this club Luna Lottie, and the fact you are whoring yourself out to them is not fucking acceptable.”

Leo growls and steps forward, but I squeeze his hand, keeping him with me. I look at my mother, locking eyes, and nothing but hate fills me.

“Pretty brave of you to accuse the Dark Angels of stuff in front of their presidents mama,” I say, and she freezes, looking at Leo again before her throat bobs as she eyes his patch.

I continue, ignoring everyone, only focusing on my mother, and state, “Have you not noticed a certain brother missing, mama?”

She frowns and looks around the room, and everyone else does too.

“Your VP was trying to start a war with the Dark Angels,” I announce, and Mama laughs like I just told the funniest joke while the brothers frown, looking towards their Pres, who hasn’t denied me instantly like Mama is.

“Let me guess, he also attacked you again?” she mocks, and I squeeze Leo’s hand tighter, hoping his strength will get me through this as he tenses.

“Is that the road you were about to go down, Luna?” Mama asks as she shakes her head and sighs, “I am so disappointed in you, girl. For years, you’ve had a thing for that man, but because he didn’t pay you any attention, you decided to try and ruin his life like the little whore you are. ”

Ouch. I turn my head and look towards the bar, looking for a certain person, and within seconds, Axe and I lock eyes.

“Have I been punished enough for your liking now, big brother?” I ask, and he frowns and opens his mouth, but I don’t let him speak.

I ask, “Is hearing my own mother call me a liar in front of your club punishment enough for me to choose to stay with Leo instead of coming back to the place that holds too much trauma for me?”

“Luna –” he starts, but I cut him off, step forward, letting go of Leo’s hand, and snap, “No, I tried to kill myself, Taylor! I swallowed a bunch of pills begging for the darkness to take me and had to have my stomach pumped after they gave me CPR because I nearly succeeded.”

The brothers stand, some chairs falling over while they demand, “What the fuck?” “What is she talking about, Axe?” and shout in outrage when their pres doesn’t answer their questions, looking between us and Leo steps up behind me, his front heating my back and wraps his arm around my waist.



See again, he's showing I'm his, basically claiming me before my brother's club, yet his actions over the past few days have shown otherwise.

I look around the room, ignoring my thoughts, and look at the brothers, the anger and pain shining off them for me, before locking eyes with my mother.

I state, "Brock wanted to start a coup but knew none of the brothers would go against Axe, that he was well respected, so he got new prospects to do his dirty work to try and start a war."

"But a war wouldn't convince us to vote your brother out," Dirty says, and I look at him. He gives me a slightly crooked smile and says, "Not only is your brother one hell of a president, but it was your family that began the club, and only family will continue its legacy."

I tilt my head at him, showing him my sadness, and his mouth drops as he mutters, "Including if a brother made you theirs... Fuck."

I shrug and admit, "I wasn't lying when I was thirteen."

Everyone stills, and this time, instead of me speaking, my brother stands and moves to the middle of the room. All five brothers who witnessed everything stand behind him, gaining everyone's attention.

"Seems we were all fooled, brothers," he begins, "For years, we were made to believe my sister had an obsession with our VP, my sister who I should have taken more seriously," he looks around his brothers and admits, "Turns out, the obsession was his." Axe swallows hard and looks towards me before speaking to his family, "Over the years, while we were refusing to listen to her, to see her pain, my little sister was raped nearly every day by Brock."

“Taylor, she is lying!” my mother snaps, “How can you stand there and allow her lies to be heard against your own friend, your right-hand man?” Mama scoffs, “You’re lucky he’s away on club business instead of hearing this crap.”

“Fucking bitch,” Leo mutters and tightens his hold around my waist while I try my hardest not to burst into tears.

My own mother...

My brother glares at her as the brothers look between all three of us, not knowing who to believe while also being very aware of a certain man behind me.

Some are skeptical. I can see the denial in each of their eyes, while others look ready to kick off for my sake, which I must admit is kind of nice to know they believe me.

The club girls sneer my way, Brock being their favorite brother.

“Funny, considering I fucking heard the truth from the dick myself!” he snaps, and Mama’s mouth shuts instantly, and my body deflates because damn.

One word from her precious son, and she listens. Yet I pleaded with her, begged her to hear my words, and she didn’t. Instead, she degraded me in front of everyone and made the club think I was a liar.

Jokes on them, though, because I wasn’t.

Axe looks around the room, “Luna moved out, hoping it would save her from him because we never did, but it didn’t work. His attacks were less but still there, and the fucker even branded her!”

Leo gently kisses my head as he moves his arm from around my waist, but I grip

them, not ready for this moment.

“You’ve got this, princess. Let’s throw their stupidity back in their face and go home.

” he whispers in my ear, and I swallow hard as Axe points to me, causing everyone to look my way, and slowly Leo takes one step back and gently, he lifts my flannel, exposing my sides and stomach, exposing the scars, the branding and it’s like everyone just freezes in the moment, eyes wide while my mother sits down in shock and Leo brings my top back down before placing his arm around my waist again, pressing his front against my back and I lean against him, taking some of his strength.

“For the past six months, brothers, while we were trying to find my little sister, she was struggling with the trauma that fucker did to her for seven fucking years, only two hours away,” Axe admits, and even the club girl’s look down in shame.

“Speak your truth, princess,” Leo encourages, and I take a deep breath and state loudly, “Three days ago, I sliced Brocks's dick off and forced him to choke on it,” and everyone looks at me in shock.

“He’s dead. I killed him. He’s not away on club business, he’s currently somewhere in the air after being burnt to ashes.

I got my revenge, and I made myself safe without my so-called family,” I state bluntly, and the brothers flinch before I look at my brother and admit, “I can’t do this.

I don’t forgive this club, I don’t forgive you, and I don’t forgive Mama, and as far as I’m concerned, I have no family. ”

His eyes turn sad, and the brothers tense at my admission. I look towards Leo and whisper, “Do it.” He winces but does as I ask and gets his phone out.

The only way they'd understand my truth is to see their VP was deranged.

Leo presses a few times on the screen before suddenly every phone in this room beeps, and within seconds, everyone is watching my rape outside of my apartment building.

It turns out Venom is extremely good at what he does and managed to find the CCTV outside a little house next to the building that caught everything.

My pleas and screams echo in the room, and one by one, each brother looks my way with pain and guilt, but I ignore them all and look towards my mother.

Tears stain her cheeks, and I ask, "How does it feel to know your daughter was raped every single day, and you allowed it?"

"Luna, I...", she stutters, but I shake my head.

"You are selfish and never should have had children," I snap, and her eyes widen.

"I fell pregnant, Mama. I had found out after the hospital revived me that I had a baby growing inside me, a baby that may not even make it because of my trauma that Brock," I spit his name, "had put me through!" I curl my lips at her, "And even after hearing that I may never be able to have children, and after three weeks in the Psych ward, I had an abortion because I didn't know if he was the father or Leo, and I wasn't willing to breed more of his DNA. "

"Fuck she just used Blade's legal name..." one of the club girl's whispers but I ignore them and say to my Mama, "Who's the lying whore now, Mama?"

Me, who has been raped since I was thirteen by a brother you all put before me or you for forcing a brother to have an affair with you because you can't be bothered to

get off your ass and get a job like a normal person then force said brother to sit with you and his old lady? ”

Screwball’s eyes widen, and his old lady looks at him with shock, absolute pain, and as guilt crosses him while my mother’s face pales.

She is pathetic, and so are the brothers in this room and my brother. They all knew what Mama did, and they all allowed her to continue with her games.

She looks at Cleo but doesn’t say anything to me, her daughter, who has told her the truth. Her main concern is an old lady who slowly stands from her seat.

“Cleo, baby, I...” Screwball rasps, but she ignores him, shoves him out of the way, and pulls her arm back before punching Mama. We all watch as she falls, hitting her hip on the table, and she cries out, blood spilling from her nose, and Cleo looks my way.

“Thank you, Luna, for being the only person in this room willing to tell me the truth,” she says, and the brothers wince.

, But she just shakes her head and mutters, “Get away from this club, Luna. They’ll never have your back,” before she turns and shoves past some brothers as she takes her property cut off and throws it on the floor.

Some brothers try to stop and plead with her not to leave as her old man rushes, pleading, “Cleo baby, please. She drugged me and said she was going to claim we were having an affair. I didn’t want to lose you.”

She ignores him and storms out of the clubhouse, and he follows, and I just shake my head as Leo mumbles, “Right thing to do was explain the situation instead of fucking her for years. What a fucking idiot,” and I snort and eye everyone in the room.

No one looks my way. No one apologizes for not being there for me or believing me.

No one tries to make amends.

“Take me home, Leo,” I beg with a whisper, and his arm tightens around me, his tension obvious while Trinket looks at me with fear hearing me, and he rasps, “Luna, wait, please,” but I just shake my head.

Even my brother has gone after Cleo instead of being here for me. He’s clearing up Mama’s mess so he doesn’t lose a brother while I’m drowning in the realization that I have no family.

Gently, Leo pulls me back, and I allow him to guide me out of the clubhouse, a place I’ll never want to return to again, all while panic squeezes in my chest.

“Fucking hell, Axe, Luna is leaving!” I hear Trinket shout, and more cursing can be heard, but I ignore them all and climb into Leo’s club’s truck, still a little salty that he didn’t want to come on his bike.

I’m not his old lady.

If my own family can easily forget me and the trauma that they allowed to happen, what is stopping Leo from leaving me?

Am I destined to be alone?

## Page 34

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

### Blade – Four Days Later

I look toward the black leather couch in my office and eye Luna for the hundredth time since we walked in this morning, and I swallow hard.

I'm supposed to be doing work, going over the garage books before going to have a look at old man Trivers car yet again, this time something about the engine making a clanking noise, while the beauty before me does her coursework for her psychology class, but I can't stop looking at her.

Her hair is in a messy knot on the top of her head, and she's wearing a white summer dress that is tight across her tits, making my mouth water and my dick weep.

She's concentrating on what she's doing, not once looking my way, and that only pisses me off because I can't fucking concentrate, and yet she can.

Whereas she's my world, I don't know if I'm hers, and I'm scared. I feel like she's going to disappear if I don't have my eyes on her, and I'm fucking petrified of it. I'm trying to give her space, really, I am, but I'm struggling.

Since the shit show at her brother's club four days ago, she's been off. She's barely said two words to anyone except her therapist, who she asked for me to get in touch with a day after the shit with her family. The only thing she has fucking said to me.

In my heart, I think she's getting ready to leave, and I don't know how to stop her without taking away her choices.

In an ideal world, I'd tie her to the bed and refuse to let her go, but this isn't an ideal world. She has spent seven years with limited choices, including working at a crisis center for people in similar situations and being required to work at her brother's club's diner instead.

I won't act like her family. I fucking refuse, which is why despite everything in me telling me otherwise, I have given her the space she needs. I just somehow need to persuade my girl to stay with me while not crowding her.

Fuck, I sneak into bed with her once I know she's asleep, then sneak back out at four in the morning before she wakes just so I can get my fill of her because I fucking miss her. Even though she's this close, I really fucking miss her.

Luna furrows her brows as she taps her pen against her notepad, her eyes squinting at the laptop screen in concentration and I lean back in my chair and tilt my head, watching her, the garage's books well and truly out of sight.

Her mother has shown up at the club five times in the past four days causing shit demanding to see her daughter, and my mother has dragged her away each time.

Axe has called me several times and most of the brothers, all of who were trying to calm down one of their old ladies and ensure she didn't leave her old man instead of making amends with their club princess, have also tried to contact her, somehow managing to get my number and calling me because she's ignoring them all.

Psycho's who told them all to give her space before he hurts them.

Some, like idiots, have been calling at stupid times in the early morning or when he's busy at Dark Angel's Tats.

"You're staring," Luna mumbles without looking up, and I smile, elation filling me.



So she's not completely concentrating then, right?

"Does that bother you?" I ask, and she looks my way, our eyes connecting, and I suck in a breath at how clear they look.

In the months I've known this amazing girl, her eyes have always been clouded, beautiful but clouded, and right now, they're clear and so fucking bright they take my breath away.

She may have taken a life, but that life tried to ruin hers, and him being gone, she's free.

She hums and admits, "Not really, though it is distracting."

I nod, not bothering to apologize, as she looks back at the screen, and I swallow hard. My eyes always gravitate to her whenever we're in the same space. It doesn't matter the situation or who is talking to me. I can't help but gravitate toward this woman.

How the fuck did she go from a one-night stand to my whole fucking world?

"Promise me you won't leave me," I blurt out, not able to keep it in any longer and her head shoots my way, her mouth parting in shock.

"What?" she breathes, dropping her pen. I swallow again as my mouth goes dry.

"Please don't leave me," I say lowly. Luna frowns and slowly stands before approaching me, her dress swaying with her motion.

I clear my throat and stop checking her out and lock eyes with her confused ones and say, "I know I fucked up. I shouldn't have walked away like I did."

I definitely shouldn't have allowed my mother to hit you, something I ignored her for by the way for months," her eyes soften, "I just, for the past few days you've been off, not speaking much but I-I," I shake my head and pull my man bun out of the tie and run my fingers through my hair and mutter, "You didn't tell me who your family was, despite knowing the troubles between the clubs and you left me, I get I was an idiot, but you didn't fight, and now I feel like you don't want to fight yet again and I feel like I'm losing you..." "

I look down, unable to look at Luna, for her to witness my heartbreak and fear.

I don't want to fucking lose her, and I don't know how to get her to stay.

"Leo," she whispers, but I don't look up.

She rounds my desk before squeezing between my thighs and the desk.

When I still don't look up, suddenly Luna climbs on my lap, straddling me, and I quickly grab her by the hips and pull her forward so we're chest to chest and look up, locking eyes with her, and what I see fucking shocks me.

Love.

"Leo, I'm not trying to be distant on purpose. I just needed time to think, I guess, and speak to someone who isn't in the thick of my family drama," she says, and I wrap my arms around her and mumble, "It isn't family drama, princess, it's your past, your horrors."

She hums as her eyes race between mine and says, "A past I didn't want to drag you further into because I'm petrified it will scare you off."

I rear back in shock and utter, "Luna, I told you that I loved you. I haven't told

another woman that before that wasn't my mother or distant sister. Your past means nothing to me because all I want is you."

She nods, her eyes tearing up, seeing my truth, and she asks, "If you are so scared I'm going to leave, why did you distance yourself after I killed him?"

"Because I thought you'd need space, and as hard as it was, I kept my distance from you except at night," I admit. She half smiles as she leans forward and gently runs her fingers through my hair. I bite back a groan and keep my eyes locked with hers.

"Leo," she whispers, "you are an idiot," and I raise a brow at her. She sighs, "All I wanted was for you to hold me and not just while I was asleep. I didn't want space, I just wanted you, and I-I thought when I kissed Drew, I ruined what you felt for me. We never even discussed labels..."

Okay, she's right, I am an idiot.

"Damn," I huff and grip her jaw, gently rubbing my thumb along it, and I rasp, "Luna, while yeah, it hurt to know some guy's lips touched yours, a guy, by the way, who has a death warrant on his head," her eyes widen, "I wasn't going to lose you over that, I just didn't want to push you away that is all especially knowing that you are now free. "

Her eyes race between mine, and she admits, "You could never push me away, Leo, because I-I, I love you too."

Fuck me, she said it.

My stomach tightens, and everything inside me settles; finally hearing her admit how she truly feels, I lean forward and slam my lips against hers. She gasps, allowing me to shove my tongue into her mouth, tangling it with hers.

She moans and leans into me, the sound going straight to my cock, and I hold her tighter, enjoying the feel of her in my arms while she's actually awake, but as soon as I go to move my hand between us, needing to feel her heat, to see how wet she is for me before I thrust home for the first time in months, I groan as a dickhead gasps, "Ah for fuck's sake, a brother doesn't need to see this shit," cockblocking me and Luna breaks the kiss, her eyes meeting mine and I can see the hesitation in them.

"Fuck, let me know when you've finished eating my sister's face, fucker!" Axe demands, and I look around his sister to see his back to us. On the other hand, her mother looks at her daughter with a furrowed brow.

Great.

"Is it bad that I kind of enjoyed that?" she asks, and I look back at my girl and chuckle, "No, princess, it isn't," before pecking her nose and, slowly, she climbs off me, but she doesn't go far.

As soon as she turns to face her so-called family, I gently grip her hips and pull her down on my lap, not wanting her away from me, making her gasp and look my way with wide eyes, but I just shrug, not sorry at all.

Now that I've got my hands on her, I don't want to let her go.

"Alright, Axe, it's safe," I say, and the idiot sighs as he turns, eyeing his sister on my lap.

"Does she have to sit there for this?" he groans, and I smirk, enjoying his obvious discomfort while Luna snorts and crosses her arms over her chest, and asks, "Do you have any idea how many times I've accidentally seen your dick because you forced me to spend so much time in the common room after work before I could go home?"

I mean, it isn't every day a woman can say her boyfriend's dick is bigger than her brother's, now, is it? So be grateful this is all you see because I didn't get that over the years. ”

Axe's eyes widen, and his face pales, and I grin wide. I can't help it, and he narrows his eyes at me and points, “Not one fucking word.”

I hold my hands up in defense while Luna sighs and asks, “What are you doing here, Taylor?”

He looks back at his sister with sorrow and answers, “I'm here to try with my little sister,” and I sigh.

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:58 am*

The fucker hasn't given her time to adjust, and even I know she's not ready. She walked away, declaring she didn't have a family, for fuck's sake, and I can't blame her, so the fact he is delusional enough to believe she should have stayed, then he's more of an idiot than even I thought.

He looks back at his little sister and says, "You left. You haven't answered anyone's calls."

Yep, he's a bigger idiot than I thought.

"What did you expect me to do, Taylor? I finally got my truth revealed, and no one spoke up. No one apologized for treating me like an outsider, not even my own blood," Luna snaps, and I gently wrap my arm around her midriff, hoping to give her some of my strength.

I'm trying to allow her to handle this, but I'm on edge, and if I need to, I'll butt in. I just don't know if she'll appreciate it.

"You had just announced to everyone that I was blackmailing a brother to screw me!" her mother snaps, and even I fucking roll my eyes.

Luna snorts, "Everyone knew what you were doing, but because you're Taylor's mother, they kept silent, which was pathetic considering Cleo is the one who looks after the brothers when they are injured, and as far as I'm concerned, you are pathetic for blackmailing him to begin with."

"Luna," Axe sighs, "you've broken them up."

He has got to be fucking kidding. Seriously, he has to be....

Luna laughs and says, “I broke them up?” Axe winces realizing what he just accused her of, and Luna snaps, “Last I checked, I wasn’t the one whoring myself to a taken man. I was raped while mother dearest was spreading her legs because she wanted to be a kept woman!”

Axe looks away, not able to face his sister’s pain while their mother, the bitch herself sneers, “You can’t be too traumatized if you’re fucking the enemy!”

I tense while Luna tilts her head and asks, “So swallowing a bunch of pills that a stranger gave me isn’t being traumatized, Mother?”

” the woman freezes as Axe glares at her.

Luna says, “Do you know what it feels like to have someone in your life that can take away your pain with just one look, that they can take away your memories with one kiss because that is what Leo does to me and when I left the only way to silence the need to end everything was to drink. So don’t you fucking dare stand there all high and mighty in the enemies clubhouse because I’m not in a ball crying when you are the biggest whore in this clubhouse which says a lot considering there are several club girls here. ”

I gently squeeze Luna’s waist, but she isn’t done as she snaps, “I spent years planning how I’d kill Brock, how I’d make him experience the fear and the pain I went through every single day.

How to ensure he knew he was all alone just like I was over the years and then do you want to know what I planned mother dearest after I sliced his throat?

” her mother’s tears fall, the humiliation her daughter caused now far from her mind

and my girl admits, “I was then planning on the best way to kill myself.

Do I slice my own throat? Do I take my brother's gun? Or do I swallow a bunch of pills?”

“Luna,” the woman chokes but Axe doesn’t let her finish, instead he turns and snaps, “Get the fuck outta here now!” and the woman’s eyes widen in shock. He sneers, “I only brought you because I thought you were going to apologize, not fucking accuse her of basically enjoying being raped!”

He shoves her hard, and she stumbles and bangs into the wall, causing her to gasp in shock, but he ignores her and turns to his sister and says, “I’m sorry, little sister,” with so much emotion and Luna looks away, and I press my lips against her shoulder.

“I know it isn’t enough,” he continues, “I know sorry doesn’t mean anything, but I swear I’m going to prove to you how sorry I am, and even if it kills me, I’ll get your trust back, the trust my thirteen-year-old little sister had before I allowed that monster into her life. ”

I feel Luna’s tears drop on my arm, and I tighten my hold on her as Axe looks at me and threatens, “You fucking look after her. Treat her like the queen she is. Otherwise, war will be inflicted. I don’t give a shit how many lives that will be lost, don’t fucking hurt my sister.”

I give him a nod, not needing to explain my feelings for this woman.

My actions have proven that, over the months that she was missing.

He turns, and he mumbles, “At least she’s safe with him,” can just be heard as he walks away with Trinket, who I didn’t see following, dragging Luna’s mama with him, who is smart enough to keep her mouth shut.



As soon as he's gone, Luna turns sideways on my lap, presses her face into my neck, and I wrap my arms around her, holding her tight.

"I don't know how to forgive," she whispers against my neck a few moments later, and I swallow hard. "They left me to rot, Leo," she sniffles, and I press my lips against her head.

"You'll learn to forgive, baby. It'll just take time," I whisper back.

"I don't want anything to do with my mama," she admits, and I nod, unsurprised.

Her mother is a fucking bitch.

"Then I'll support you," I reply, and she grips my cut and asks, "Can I watch you try to fix old man Trivers's car?"

I smile, "I was going to bring you with me anyhow, princess. I already have a desk in the garage for you to sit at."

Luna snorts and looks up at me and my heart skips. Despite being teary and despite the pain, she's looking at me full of love, and I can't help but lean down and press my lips against hers.

The woman is addicting, and I'll never be able to live without her again.

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:59 am*

Blade

“Ah, shit!” I curse as I quickly bring my hand back from the stove and shake it out of reflex, then suck on the side of it, instant pain running through me, but I ignore it and quickly bring the frying pan off the heat before the pancakes burn – again.

I’m supposed to be making Luna breakfast in bed, but I think I’m fucking failing as I eye the mess surrounding the counter around the two plates with cut-up fruit, burnt pancakes, and undercooked pancakes everywhere.

I’m beginning to realize I take after my father where cooking skills are concerned and Mama's instructions this morning mean shit unless she's here cooking for me.

Fuck’s sake.

So much for trying to do something nice for my girl.

I sigh, shake my head, and curse. After her brother interrupted our heart-to-heart, we haven’t spoken about what was said again since, and that was two days ago.

She said she loved me, and I told her she was my girl, but we need to make it official, and I thought breakfast would be a sweet moment for her instead of store-bought muffins like yesterday morning that were fucking stale.

I’m trying to be here as she asked, not giving her the space I thought she’d need after the shit she’d been through, but I feel like I’m fucking failing.

Between the club, her brother's continuous calls, and her schooling and therapy sessions, I have barely seen her, sleeping with her in my arms, not fucking counting, and I hate it.

I want more, no, I need more, I need her.

I turn my hand over and check the burn. I told the brothers they were to call Psycho today instead of me, and I told Fury he's to look after the garage. I want the day with my girl to make things official and preferably without any more injuries.

"Leo, what happened?" Luna asks as she quickly comes into the kitchen, and I groan.

See, already fucking failing, she heard me curse.

Shaking my head, I turn to look at her and hopefully encourage her to get her ass back in bed so we can get everything out on the table, and make things official, but I do a double take when I see what she's wearing.

Fuck me.

Wearing just my shirt, her hair tussled, and legs bare, I swallow my fucking tongue.

Nine days she's been back, over six months since my dick has felt her tight heat, and yeah, he hardens beneath my sweats.

I want to throw her over my shoulder and take her back to bed, but I can't.

After her admission, I won't be making the first move.

If we have sex, it'll be on her terms, and my dick will just have to be happy with my hand in the meantime.

Even if I want nothing more than to taste her for the first time, to ravish her body, and suck her clit into my mouth.

I feel it twitch. Fuck .

I clear my throat and admit, “Not being a good cook, that is for sure,” and I shake my hand again and look at the redness I’m now sporting.

Fuck I hope that doesn’t blister because working with wrenches will hurt like a bitch.

“Oh my god, are you hurt?” Luna gasps and rushes my way, grabbing my hand, and I soften towards her, seeing the panic shining in her beautiful eyes.

“Princess –” I begin, hoping to explain that it is fine, but my words cut off as she yanks my hand towards the sink, making me grunt in surprise, and my feet follow. She runs the cold water then places my hand underneath. She bends down and opens the cabinet, and fuck me ...

I blink to try and get the visual of her on her knees before me, sucking my cock.

Bunnies.

Cockroaches.

My cock hardens as I look to see her looking around underneath the sink, and I picture her pulling my hard cock out of my sweats, her doe eyes looking at me wide full of lust... Fuck, fuck, fuck.

My grandmother.

Psycho.

My mother.

My cock slowly deflates, and I swallow hard, keeping my family in my thoughts as my girl stands with the first aid kit, then turns off the water before grabbing a rag and gently placing it on my hand.

“It’s okay, princess,” I try to reassure her, but she shakes her head and mumbles, “I swear you are never allowed near the stove again. I can’t take it if you get hurt,” and I soften because how did I get so lucky to have this girl want me?

My phone rings, breaking my stare at my girl as she goes through the first aid kit looking for the burn cream. I grab the device from the side behind me, and without looking at the screen, I press the green, put the phone to my ear, and open my mouth, ready to chew out whoever called.

Everyone knows this time in the morning is for me and Luna, so I can try and win her over and basically beg her to wear my patch, something I know will most likely be a sore subject with the way that fucker wanted to force her to wear his.

“She’s getting married, she’s fucking getting married,” Psycho says, not giving me a chance to even say anything, and I frown.

“Who?” I ask in confusion as Luna gently applies the cream and then grabs a band-aid.

“Fucking Ivy!” he snaps, and even Luna looks up in shock, hearing his words, already knowing about Psycho and Ivy’s relationship history from what I told her months ago, her eyes wide, mouth open a little.

“No, she’s not,” I deny because surely Venom would have mentioned something or even Glock, especially when they both know how much this fucker loves Ivy and

regrets his actions.

Psycho chuckles darkly and admits, “She’s just shocked the shit outta Venom and by fucking text. She says the wedding will be small in four months’ time, and brothers are welcome if they behave.”

Oh, holy fucking shit!

Luna winces and quickly clears up the medical kit before unwrapping the bandage, which she then places over the cream as gently as she can.

“Psycho...” I begin, but he cuts me off and demands, “Do you have my back?”

Oh shit, he’s planning something.

I clear my throat and mutter, “Don’t do something fucking stupid, brother.”

He snaps, “Do you have my fucking back?!”

I lock eyes with Luna, and her eyes soften, seeing my conflict, knowing he’s about to do something big. I admit, “Always, brother, I always have your back,” and she smiles softly at me.

“Then that is all I need,” he mutters, then hangs up, and I sigh.

Fuck.

“He’s going to kidnap her, isn’t he?” Luna confirms, and I hum, looking at my phone.

Fury mentioned it on a whim the other week about kidnapping my little sister who still wants fuck all to do with me, and the club, had walked straight past him, talking

with some guy, not seeing an excited Tate wanting to have a cuddle.

Something she apparently, according to Tate rectified and went to the daycare Tate attends just to give her a cuddle after Fury messaged her and bitched her out and now it looks like Psycho is stealing his idea.

“He’s at a loss, princess, and honestly, if it was you,” I say and look at her, I admit, “I’d do it as well, even knowing your past, because I could not bear to see another man touch you.”

She swallows as her eyes race between mine, and I mutter, “I want you to be my old lady.” Her mouth parts in shock and I fully face her as I drop my phone on the counter, then cup her cheek and admit, “I want you to be my girl, my woman, my old lady. I want everything with you, Luna, and I know you’ve been through a lot.

I understand that you are most likely scared, but I fucking love you, and I am asking you to take a leap of faith in me to prove to you that I am fully yours, that I’ll always put you and your dreams first,” I gently lay my forehead against hers, “Let me prove to you how much I fucking love you every single day. Wear my cut, princess.”

Her eyes tear up as they race between mine, and I ensure she sees my sincerity and love.

“Please don’t kill Drew,” she whispers as an answer, and I scowl at her and remind her, “His lips touched yours!” she winces, and my anger builds that she’s trying to save the weasel's life instead of agreeing to be mine always. I continue, “He groped you and made you out as property. The fucker is lucky he’s still breathing.”

“And I’m asking you not to put any more blood on my hands,” she rasps, and I swallow hard. “I’m asking you to not let my stupid decisions that led him on to take his life.”

I groan and close my eyes, hearing her pleas, but mutter, “Fine,” already hating it.

“Yes, I’ll wear your cut,” she whispers, and I open my eyes and lock them with hers. I’m willing to try if you are, Leo,” she says, and everything in me settles. I press my lips against hers, and she melts into me, opening her mouth and giving me access.

I groan as our tongues tangle, and I grip her ass and lift her. She wraps her arms around my neck, her legs around my waist, and I sit her on the counter and break the kiss, breathing hard as I place my forehead against hers.

Luna grips my hair, and my cock twitches, and I mutter, “Looks like I need to order your cut, princess,” and she smiles, her eyes tearing up.

“Kiss me, Leo,” she demands, and I smile before doing as she wishes and press my lips hard against hers in a bruising kiss. Luna moans into my mouth and tightens her legs around my waist, and I grind my hips against her as I grip the bottom of the shirt she’s wearing.

I slowly lift it and break the kiss before taking the fabric off, then throw it on the floor before I take her in, completely bare on my kitchen counter, and I suck in a breath.

Fuck.

“Mine, all fucking mine,” I choke, and Luna’s cheeks heat. I smirk at her shyness as I bring a hand up and tug on her nipple, making her gasp before I lean down and take said nipple into my mouth, sucking it before gently chewing on it.

Luna writhes against me, her hands gripping my hair tightly as she moans, “Oh god, Leo...” And I bring my other hand up, gently rubbing my thumb over her other nipple, and my cock weeps, most likely leaving a wet spot in my boxers.



I need her, but not before I taste her.

Moving my mouth from her nipple, I slowly lick down her body, something I have dreamed of doing before I kneel before her and look up.

Her eyes are wide as she asks, “What are you doing?” in confusion, and I smirk and hook her legs over my shoulders, and I admit, “Finally tasting you,” before placing my mouth over her mound.

Luna gasps in shock before she moans and tightens her legs around my neck as I press my tongue on her clit and rub it in circles, her taste taking over me.

Fuck me, she tastes so sweet, so salty, and so fucking divine.

Groaning, I wrap my hands around her thighs and eat her like a man starved as I shove my tongue in her entrance, licking her out, trying to get as much of her juices in my mouth before going back to her clit and I suck it hard in pulses.

Luna screams as her clit pulses, and I suck harder until her juices fill my mouth and her orgasm washes over her, and I rut my hips, the need for friction fucking high.

I quickly stand while pushing my sweats down and slam my lips onto my girl's, not giving her a break, I release my rock-hard cock and place it at her entrance, and at the same time as I thrust inside her, I shove my tongue down her throat forcing her to taste herself.

Luna wraps her weak legs around my waist and threads her fingers into my hair, gripping it as our tongues tangle and I thrust my hips hard and fast.

I can't go slow. Her taste has made me fucking wild.

I can feel my spine tingle and my balls tighten with the need to come, but I try and hold it off and tilt my hips, ensuring to hit her magic spot, needing her to come one more time before I do.

Her walls begin to pulse, the need to come hitting her again, and I hold her close with one arm around her waist and tug and pull on her nipple with my free hand. She breaks the kiss, throwing her head back with pleasure.

I don't look away as her orgasm washes over her face, pure pleasure etching her features as she squirts on my pelvis and comes.

I move my hips faster as sweat builds at the base of my spine, and I rut into my girl, who moans as her walls flutter again, aftershocks of her orgasm hitting her, and I bottom out, coming deep inside her, not worrying about protection.

She's already said she may not be able to have kids, so I'm not going to make the odds against us worse.

I press my face against Luna's chest, gently taking a nipple into my mouth, and she holds my head to her as she shivers against my body and moans.

Letting go of her tit, I look up and press my lips against hers, this time gentler, slower, and she opens her mouth, her tongue searching for mine. I groan as I make love to her mouth and slowly move my hips, my dick twitching, beginning to harden again.

"We, baby, are going back to bed for the rest of the day," I rasp against her lips, refusing to move my cock from her tight heat, and she smiles then kisses me again as she wraps her arms around my neck.

I shuck my sweats off before picking her up.

Blindly, I walk towards the stairs, not taking my lips off hers, ready to be inside her all day to make up for lost time, and maybe, just maybe, fate will grace us with a chance to start a family because this woman, she owns me and I'd give her the world if she asked for it...

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*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:59 am*

Luna – Four Days Later

I take a deep breath as I look up at the night sky, the stars shining bright. I close my eyes as the breeze washes over me, and I can't help the small smile that takes over my features.

Peace, that is what I feel, and I know Leo has everything to do with that.

He settles me in ways I never thought I could be settled. I thought, even after killing him, that I'd still be looking over my shoulder, still be depressed and hating life, but I'm-I'm happy...

He's my safe place, my home, he makes me happy.

I smile a little again. Who knew a one-night stand to throw in his face would turn out to be my everything?

I look over the yard to where Dark Angel's Motors is and bite my lip.

Old man Trivers's car is in again, and he had requested Leo have a look at it, which he wasn't too happy about. We were supposed to spend the evening at his, well, our house, now I guess that he's all but moved me in. He wasn't happy when Fury called him about the Chevrolet.

He was mumbling about a date with me and the tub and something about burning the car so he'd never have to see it again. Must admit, I laughed.

I told him we could still go in the tub after he was finished and that I'd wait at the clubhouse for him mainly because he felt like shit leaving me alone after a therapy session, something he hadn't done since I started seeing someone every day.

Man, he'll be pissed if he finds out I'm outside on my own, being in my head.

Reliving my past and the pain I went through is hard, and I tend to revert to myself, the memories taking over.

It doesn't matter that he is dead, it doesn't matter that I'm not looking over my shoulder or the fact that I feel free for the first time in eight years, the past is still inside me, the scars are still on my body, scars Leo never touches or looks at.

At first, I thought maybe he was disgusted by them.

If he touched me skin on skin, he'd braze over it, but my therapist helped me understand that he doesn't want to make me feel uncomfortable and that I should speak to him about it which admittedly I haven't done yet, but I will.

Being open with him is healthier than keeping my feelings inside.

I sigh and look towards the yard, the swing set coming into view, and sadness takes hold.

I still can't have children, or most likely won't be able to have them.

I never thought I'd want children, not after what I went through, but then in comes Leo, and suddenly, it's want it all. The ring, the house with the picket fence, the cut... kids.

I want a family.

I look down and swallow hard. It's hard for me to be here.

I haven't said much to anyone yet, or made any friends, which I know is my fault. It's not like they haven't tried.

Leo mentioned they keep asking about me, wondering how I am and how they want to get to know me, but every time I think of coming here, I freeze up until today.

Dr. Dana said, subconsciously, I was trying to protect myself.

That the trauma of my brother's club is making me closed off with Leo's, which isn't fair to him.

She said it would take time. I just have to keep pushing forward, which is why I said I'd be here.

However, within minutes of having everyone look at me, I felt like the walls were closing in on me, and I came out here.

That was two hours ago, and a few brothers have come to check on me, some making conversation. I have to admit, I didn't feel like running, but I also didn't feel like going back inside.

I hear the back door open again, and I smile a little before a voice to my right says, "Hey," and I turn to see Leo's mama, Anna.

I try not to tense and swallow hard because, well, I didn't expect her to come out next. We haven't spoken one-on-one, and even though I want to, I just don't know if I'm ready, but she's not giving me an option as she takes a seat next to me.

"Hi," I whisper, and she smiles and asks, "What are you doing out here alone?"

I wrinkle my nose and debate telling her a pack of lies. I don't really trust her, but I guess the trust won't build unless we speak.

If I want to have relationships with Leo's family, I need to at least try, even if this woman hits me.

Why do I get the feeling that I'm an idiot?

"I feel out of place a little, and even though the brothers are coming out, I still don't feel ready to be alone with all of them at once," I admit, and she hums and confirms, "Because of your family and the trauma?"

I nod once and say, "My family was supposed to protect me. I mean, that is what brotherhood is all about, right? Being there for your family, standing by them and I'm not just a family member, I'm the president's little sister, and they didn't believe me.

They didn't stand by me and protect me, and I guess I'm a little apprehensive. "

"The Dark Angels would start a war for you, Luna," she says, and I look her way.

She smiles and admits, "When you disappeared, the whole brotherhood did everything to help find you. Every lead, a brother volunteered when Blade couldn't go.

Your brother's club may have failed you, and your mother may be an absolute idiot, but you are wanted here, and you are loved."

A lump forms in my throat, and she sighs, "My son, I love him so much," her eyes race between mine, "My husband had a child with someone else. He cheated on me, and this life, I was so scared it was going to turn my son into a man who doesn't put his heart first but puts the club first instead, and I panicked.

I didn't want to stay around it," she swallows, then whispers, "I'm sorry for what I said to you, what I accused you of doing, and more so, I am so goddamn sorry for hitting you."

I swallow the lump and whisper, "Leo said you cheated on Brick."

She nods as she looks off into the distance and admits, "I did, and I regretted it instantly." She sighs, "Women were throwing themselves at Cole, and no, it isn't an excuse.

I shouldn't have touched that prospect, but I was lonely, and I had just caught the man that owned me making out with some woman without a care in the world. "

I furrow my brows, look at Anna, and ask, "Does Leo know this?"

She smiles sadly and admits, "No, he doesn't, and he's not going to know. Everyone in this club has accused me of gloating and rubbing it in Cole's face, and when that woman showed up announcing she was pregnant, the brothers said I deserved it because I didn't keep my legs shut despite half of them knew Cole had started the chain events by being unfaithful first. Yet, if I had turned around and said I was having another man's baby, he would have kicked me out instantly," she shakes her head, "I love my husband I do, but I have spent years of people accusing me of sleeping with the prospects, I've had my own family accuse me of being a patch chaser all because I won't accept my husband's love child.

Not one of them actually speaking to me about it. "

"None of the rumors are true, are they?" I confirm, and she shakes her head, looking forward again.

"After finding out the woman had the baby, I knew I couldn't forgive Cole.



I knew I couldn't stay here and watch him play happy families expecting me to go along with it so I decided to cause as much trouble as I could so my son would kick me out, but unfortunately for me, he only banished me from the clubhouse,” she snuffles and looks up at the night sky, “Until I really messed up and a man I adored was killed because I ordered a prospect to stay with me to piss my son off. Everyone blamed me despite the fact that Macky could have gotten anyone to go with him and I think I died a little that night, and I lost my old lady cut, something everyone believes I want nothing more when I don't,” Anna clears her throat, “I decided to distance myself from my husband and son for a little while, and the lies that kept being spread about me which unfortunately caused more lies and my husband believed them all before suddenly, rumors started spilling that I didn't want my son to move on with his life, that I wanted to keep the first lady role,” she scoffs and looks at me, “If I had it my way I would have left the role years ago but Cole wouldn't let me and then you came along and I'm so sorry but you were collateral. I knew how sweet you were, I could see your sadness, but I needed an out, and everything else I tried failed.”

“You wanted to leave the club?” I ask in a whisper, not really knowing if I have a right to ask, but she hums and answers, “Yes, and I did, but at the clubs apartment building, and Cole brought me back when I didn't answer his or Leo's calls. He accused me cheating,” she looks down for a moment before she looks at me and admits, “I bought a house with an inheritance my parents left me and plan to move out next week,” and my mouth parts.

“I wanted to make sure you were going to be okay before I left, and most importantly, I wanted to ensure we spoke first. I never should have hit you. I never should have used you as my scapegoat. I was wrong, and I am so sorry, but I need you to know you will be okay. The brothers will love you like their own and protect you, and I know deep inside me you will be the perfect first lady, and my son will never hurt you the way my husband has hurt me.”

I swallow hard as Anna gets up but leans down, presses a light kiss against my head,

and mumbles, “You are family, Luna, and you are protected. Remember that, and please give us a chance to prove it to you.”

That said, she walks away, and my eyes tear up.

I look up at the night sky again, focusing on my breathing so I don’t end up crying again as her words wash over me.

Only seconds later, after hearing the back door shut, I feel a warm body behind me, then legs going either side of my body.

The heat instantly warms me, and without a second thought, I lean back and tilt my head to the side and up into the crook of Leo’s neck, inhaling.

“How’s the car? Still in one piece?” I ask, closing my eyes.

His chest rumbles against my back as he replies, “It’s still in one piece. How did you know it was me behind you?”

I smile against his skin and mumble, “My body lights up when you’re around, just like it did that day at Big Macenzie’s Grub when you walked inside. You’re my home, Leo.”

“Fuck I love you,” he breathes, putting his nose to the top of my head and I smile wide and reply, “I love you too.”

“You should have told me you felt uncomfortable around the brothers alone, princess,” he says after a few minutes of silence, and I sigh.

“I’m sorry. I just didn’t want you to worry, and besides, this way was for the best. One by one, the brothers came out, and each time, I began to feel comfortable, and I

got to have a heart-to-heart with your mama,” I whispered.

He sighs and mutters, “I heard. I had my suspicions over the last few weeks, and a lot of shit has come to light lately, but Dad won’t let her leave.”

“She’s dying on the inside, Leo. The club turned against her when your father is the one who began the whole ordeal,” I utter, and he hums and rumbles, “I know, but if Mama got to know Skylar, she would love her like her own and forget the shit Dad caused.”

I wince and admit, “If it were me, I wouldn’t want to know your illegitimate child, and I also wouldn’t want to be around people who thought I was screwing around and claimed the child was punishment for making a mistake when she felt lonely.”

Leo growls, “I would never, and I mean never, do to you what Dad did to Mama. I’d rather you cut my dick off first,” and I melt into him and state, “I could never do that. I love your dick.”

Leo chuckles, holding me tightly, then sighs and says, “Mama is strong. She loves my dad, and I know she will be okay.”

I groan, “He’s going to lock her in his house, isn’t he? He knows about the house she’s bought?”

Leo chuckles but doesn’t reply, and I shake my head and mutter, “What is it with the men in this club threatening to kidnap their women?”

“Can’t kidnap, princess, they’re married, and besides, Psycho hasn’t kidnapped Ivy yet,” he says, and I utter, “Yeah, yet,” and he just chuckles, his chest rumbling against my back, and I smile, I can’t help it but my smile soon fades as he runs his hands over my stomach, missing my scars and I swallow hard, and ask, “Are you

ashamed of my scars?” before I lose my confidence.

I hold my breath, waiting for his answer before I feel his hand go to my chin and gently move my head so we can make eye contact.

Nothing but love shines back at me.

“Is this something you spoke about in therapy?” he asks, and I nod once. He sighs, bending slightly and gently pecking my lips, then murmurs, “No, baby, I’m not. I don’t touch them because I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

I nod. Dr. Dana was right, of course. I see nothing but truth shining back at me.

“I want to tattoo over them.” I admit, and he nods and states, “I’ll make it happen.”

I move my head and press my lips against his, and he melts into me, his touch on my chin gripping before I pull back a little and ask, “Take me home?” and he grins, “Thought you’d never ask.”

My heart flutters and my stomach tighten as he stands then helps me up before he throws me over his shoulder. I laugh as he smacks my ass, and nothing but happiness fills me.

I won’t lose this man, I’ll continue to fight for my mental health, and I’ll continue to fight for him because, damn, I’m one lucky woman, and he is worth living for.

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:59 am*

Luna

Buzzing surrounds us, and I squeeze my eyes tightly as Psycho gently goes over the B burn marks on my right hip, pain shooting through me.

Okay, so this definitely hurts more than I thought it would, like a lot more. Psycho offered numbing cream, but I declined, thinking it would be fine, and I was wrong.

I can feel sweat building on my forehead, and I try to breathe through the pain because once this is done, I'll no longer look at the burns and feel disgusted. I'll look at them and feel like a survivor, giving me the courage to continue to fight to live and that makes this pain worth it.

I've sat in this chair for the past hour as Psycho tattoos colorful flowers, from roses and daisies to sunflowers, along my lower stomach and the B on the right side. He's already done my left, which, thankfully, wasn't as bad as the right.

He went over the half shape of a B but continued making it a full letter and then, in beautiful script, added l.a.d.e.

Blade looked emotional when he saw what Psycho was doing.

“You're my strength.”

Those were the words I whispered before he ordered Psycho to give my body a break after doing my left hip, then demanded to tattoo my name on his neck, shocking me.

I eye the large script, and my heart skips a beat.

It's large, takes up the whole side of his neck, and if I hadn't believed he loved me before – which I did – I would have thought it now.

Leo scowls, and I blink, getting back into the room and out of my head.

“All I'm saying is come to the clubhouse family day, at least, then Luna will have extra people, and the brothers can start trying to make amends,” my brother says, and I snort.

The man won't give up.

Leo, whose hand I'm gripping tightly, replies, “I'm not making any plans. If my girl here wants to come to your club, I'll gladly attend with her, and I know without a doubt my mama will be holding her hand, but you can't force her Axe. It's taken a lot for her to let you see her.”

My brother sighs, “I'm not trying to force her. I just miss my sister, and the odd phone call here and there is not okay anymore. I get it's only been three weeks, but I need her to give me an inch.”

“She is Axe. You're here, aren't you?” Leo states, but my brother just shakes his head and mutters, “It's not enough.”

I wince as Psycho outlines a sensitive burn and I swallow my words that want to come out, the snap these two deserve for talking about me like I'm not even in the room building.

“Sorry, sweetheart,” Psycho mutters, and I nod, looking up at the ceiling.

Three weeks and every Fury brother has tried to contact me one way or another, including Screwball, despite my outing his crap with Mama.

From the voicemail he left me, he's grateful for what I did and is currently trying to win Cleo, who has moved out, back but years of an affair when he could have told her what had happened in the first place, well, I doubt she'll take him back, not even for their child.

Mama hasn't tried to contact me, and I don't expect her to. From one of the dozen text messages my brother sent, she's been banned from the club and had to move off the property after returning her old lady cut that Daddy gave her.

"You two do realize I'm sitting right here." I mutter, then gasp as Psycho touches another sensitive burn, one that he went over several times, burning me.

"Sorry, sweetheart," Psycho mumbles again, and I swallow, squeezing Leo's hand tighter as he growls, "Don't make me fucking kill you, brother."

Psycho snorts, "You'd never kill me, you'd miss me too much."

Leo rolls his eyes, and I take a deep breath and state firmly, "I'm not going to your clubhouse, Taylor." My brother drops his head, but it soon shoots up as I finish, "But you can come to Leo's if everyone is alright with it, including my boyfriend here."

"Old man, princess," Leo corrects me and I scrunch my nose at him, and he grins.

"I can go for that," Taylor says, then questions, "Mama?"

I shake my head and instantly deny, "No. I want nothing to do with her."

He swallows but nods, knowing not to try to persuade me. I gasp again, and I'm

pretty sure I'm breaking Leo's fingers, but he doesn't flinch. Instead, he tightens his grip on my hand.

All the others, along with my stomach and Blades' name, didn't hurt as much as this one does, but he focused on this side for a few years.

"That fucker is lucky he's dead," Psycho mumbles as he lifts his gun and dips it in more ink before continuing his work, and I take deep breaths.

"Distract me," I plead, looking at Leo and then my brother.

My brother winces and admits, "Cleo found out she was pregnant again," and my mouth parts in shock, "She says she's going to have it mainly because of your situation, but she won't take Screwball back."

I swallow hard and whisper, "Taylor, she can't keep a baby because of my situation, and you need to tell her so."

He smiles gently and reassures, "I have, and she also admitted she wouldn't be able to get rid of it anyhow because she does still love Screwball. She just isn't willing to forgive him."

I shake my head with a sigh, a little guilt filling me—guilt I know I shouldn't feel. No one in the club told her what was going on, no one put her first, but I did, just not for her, and I think that is why I feel guilty.

I did it to hurt my mama.

"They'll figure it out, sis, and stop looking guilty. You may not have mentioned it for her, but you still outed Mama's crap," my brother says, and I snort, "Can you read minds now?"



He grins, “No, you just wear your heart on your sleeve now,” and Leo agrees, “He’s right, you do. When we first met, I couldn’t get a read on you, but since you freed yourself, I see your emotions, and I love it.”

I smile, and my brother gags, “You two are sickening. ”

I grin wide because, yes, yes, we are.

Leo’s phone pings, breaking our connection, and he shakes his head, checking it before wincing at whatever he reads.

“Well, looks like Dad has officially locked mama in the house,” he mutters shaking his head and my mouth parts as he finishes, "He caught Mama loading up her car and flipped."

“That doesn’t surprise me,” Psycho mutters, “Finding out Anna did all that shit over the years just so you would kick her out was probably an eye-opener for him.

His woman wanted out of their marriage and knew he wouldn't end things unless it was something big.

Everyone has a limit, and Anna reached hers with the crap everyone said about her.

All because she didn't want to accept the fact her husband had a child with the woman he cheated on her with and while yeah, she fucked a prospect, she didn't get knocked up by him. She only did it because Brick was having fun with the clubwhores and she walked in on it but despite the shit that has happened Brick loves Anna more than life itself and he isn’t willing to choose between her and his daughter.”

“Said daughter still wants fuck all to do with him anyhow, or me and the club for that

matter but Mama won't stay here if Skylar comes, at least I don't think she will. Every time I try and bring her up, she changes the subject," Leo mumbles, "and dad needs to realize he can't force her," he looks at me, "Like my girl here said, it's not right forcing that on her."

I half smile but wince when Psycho goes over another burn, and Leo growls, causing my brother to chuckle.

Idiots.

"Your mother loves your father, they'll figure it out," Psycho says, hoping to distract my 'old man' from killing him, and I smirk his way.

"Maybe," Leo mumbles, then looks down at where Psycho is tattooing, and he grins wide. "Fucking perfect, princess," he says, and I look down for the first time as Psycho leans back, removing the needle, and my tears fall.

Beautiful, they are absolutely beautiful. Full of color and large, not one burn mark in sight.

"Luna?" Axe whispers, and I sniffle and admit, "I love it," I look at Psycho, "I can't thank you enough."

Psycho smiles and says, "It was a fucking pleasure, Luna. Not many people can sit here for as long as you have and deal with the pain you've just dealt with. You're strong, sweetheart."

I sniffle at his words and whisper, "Thank you," and he grins before gently grabbing some wipes, ready to clean my tattoo.

"So, Saturday, my club coming to yours?" Axe says as I stand ten minutes after

Psycho has finished wrapping my tattoos up. Leo looks at me and raises a brow, and I swallow hard.

They're not going to give up until I give in.

Be brave, that is what my dad said to me a week before he died when I was afraid of riding on the back of his motorcycle when he picked me up from school.

It's also what Leo said to me before we got here when again, he told me to climb behind him on his Harley, him claiming me in front of his entire club who was outside to witness it because I have yet to get a cut.

Be brave.

I nod once, and Leo's eyes soften before he looks at Axe and states, "Be there at four," and my brother visibly sags with relief, and my stomach tightens at his reaction.

He really does want this, and he wants his sister back.

Shaking my head, I grab my jacket, but Leo gently takes my hand, confusing me. I look his way, and my tears fall as I see the black leather hanging on his finger, the stitching, 'Princess' just visible.

Damn this man.

"Leo," I choke, and he grins, letting go of my hand before holding the cut out for me. I turn, allowing him to help me put it on.

"Damn, I never thought I'd see the day my little sister put a property patch on," Axe whispers, and I lock eyes with Leo as I turn and face him.

He nods, looking me over, and lust shines in his eyes. I swallow hard, trying my hardest not to rub my legs together.

“Ready to ride, princess?” Leo rasps, and yet again, tears fall.

He’s not asking if I’m ready to ride home. He’s asking if I’m always prepared to ride with him, and I am.

I nod, and he grins, gripping my hips. Pulling me forward, he presses a kiss against my lips, keeping it PG, knowing we’re not alone. Then, gently pulling back, he pulls me towards the door, my brother and Psycho both following. I grin, not able to wipe it from my face.

Having this man come into the diner that day was the best thing that ever happened to me. He lit the spark in me and made me want to live, and I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with him.

### Epilogue

#### Blade – Three Months Later

I gently run my lips against my girl's bare shoulder, enjoying the quietness surrounding us, the twinkling lights I put up shining over us. She shivers against me, and I smile, tightening my hold around her waist.

The past three months have been fucking amazing, and honestly, it's the happiest I've ever been.

The club is booming, my dad has somehow convinced Mama to do couples counseling, which they've been doing for two months now after refusing to allow her to leave the house for a month and locking her in.

My girl is here with me right where she belongs, becoming stronger every day while gaining friendships within the club, including with my mother.

Those two have been inseparable. While Mama was confined to the house, Luna was there every day.

I'm unsure how things will go if Fury convinces Skylar to come to the club.

I can't ban my own sister from the club just like I didn't ban Mama for long for everything she caused trying to get kicked out of the club. Her heartbreak too much to handle every time she looks at dad and remembers the fact he fathered a child with someone else but I know Dad won't let her leave him.

He's realized his errors and now he's rectifying them so hopefully Mama can fully forgive him and maybe have a relationship with Skylar and stop avoiding her.

Only time will tell if it's possible, but I'll help Mama any way I can because I also want to know my sister if she allows us, and I also don't want my mother to think she means less at the same time.

I press a gentle kiss on top of Luna's head, and she melts into me, making me smile. She's still in therapy but now only sees Dr. Dana twice a week. She's even managed to accept some of her brother's club, trying to forgive.

Once a month, his club comes for a family BBQ, and all have tried to make amends with my girl, and she's not pushing them away.

It'll take time for her to accept them again, but my girl is so fucking strong and very forgiving, something I don't think she thought she was capable of.

Though she has nothing to do with her mother and most likely never will but it's not like her mother has tried to contact her.

The woman is too busy finding a brother to want her, according to Axe, who has also had enough of her antics.

I sigh in contentment as I squeeze around my girl's waist. Her back is to my front as I gently sway the swing bench we're on in our yard with my left foot as we look out at the pitch-black yard.

I've had a long day at the garage, thankfully not with old man Trivers car, but a long day none the less.

My amazing woman here has not only been at school this morning but she's spent the afternoon at Rose Meadow Rehab Medical Centre, a rehab facility for people that

have experienced abuse and rape and are suicidal.

She's fucking amazing. I don't know many people who would experience the hell she did to come out of it as strong as she has, willing to help people, reliving the pain she went through every day for them.

I'm one lucky fucker.

"I think we should do this more often," Luna whispers, her voice washing over me and I smile and promise, "And we will, as long as Psycho behaves himself."

Luna snorts as she gently runs her nails along my forearms, sending goosebumps all over my body. "Psycho or Fury?" she asks, and I wince because, yeah, Fury is ready to explode... Okay, so he already exploded.

Some guy was flirting with my baby sister, and she didn't turn him away.

Instead, she flirted back, and Fury snapped, kicking the shit out of the guy, and the idiot got himself arrested.

Thankfully, we have really good fucking lawyers, but now Tate's egg donor is trying to use his legal battles against him to get full custody of Tate, who doesn't even like the bitch, something I'm not sure Skylar is aware of.

The bitch won't get it. She wants Fury's patch, we all know it, and so does he, but she's not going to get that either. And now, because of the legal shit, she's threatening him and now no brother will touch her, pissing her off further which is her own fucking fault really.

"Psycho at the moment," I utter, and she laughs softly and then asks, "Do you think he'll do something at the wedding tomorrow?"

I hum and admit, “Yeah, princess, I do, or just before it. I’m just not sure what.”

“And you’re not going to stop whatever he decides to do?” she confirms, her voice lacing with no judgment but only understanding.

“I told him I had his back, and I do. I don’t think Ivy loves this guy, baby,” I reply, and she nods, agreeing.

Ivy hasn’t been herself for months. She doesn’t come to the clubhouse anymore, barely stays in touch with her brother and father, and doesn’t answer my calls.

I’m worried about her.

“I love you,” I whisper in my girl’s ear, and she looks at me over her shoulder and replies, “I love you too.”

My eyes race between hers, and I admit, “You saved me, you know?” and she furrows her brows.

I smile and rub my nose against hers as I gently grab her left hand, playing with her fingers, and I whisper, “You think I saved you, but you saved me. I was barely living, and I didn’t even realize it.

I wasn’t happy, I thought I was, but I wasn’t.

I didn’t know what true happiness was until you walked into my life,” without her realizing, I move my right hand down beside me and grab the ring, then move it over to her left, and tears swim in her beautiful eyes as I slowly push the engagement ring on her finger.

She doesn’t look at it, though. She keeps her eyes connected with mine, and I rasp, “You’re already my old lady, you’re already living with me, and I want to make it a



full circle, princess. I want you to marry me.”

Her bottom lip wobbles and she chokes, “But I can’t have kids...”

Fuck.

Her tears fall, and not able to cope with them. In one smooth motion, I lift her up and spin her on my lap, making her straddle me before I gently cup her cheek while wrapping my left arm around her waist.

“I love you, Luna. That is all I care about,” I state firmly, “Would I like kids? Yeah, one day, but only with you. There are so many options out there for us, and you never know, you may fall pregnant. Either way, my life is you and only you, and whatever we add to it, we’ll decide together, do you hear me? ”

She sobs but nods, presses her lips against mine, and mumbles, “Yes, yes, I’ll marry you.”

I grin against her mouth and state, “You really think I was asking, princess? There is no way I was going to give you a chance to say no.”

She giggles and kisses me again, this time harder, and I groan, shoving my tongue into her mouth as she allows me entrance, and everything around me disappears.

This woman fucking consumes me, and despite her past, she’s pulled through and fought to be happy, and I have no doubt our life will be full of laughter and love with at least four kids that she will carry herself, running around because this girl, she is worth it.

Having a family together will become our new passion.

This girl is mine... and everything will be ours.