



Clay (Wolf Rider MC Daddies #1)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: He claimed the boys heart once. Now this Wolf Rider MC Daddy is back to take it all—and he won't let him go again.

Dylan fled the city's chaos for a quiet life writing novels in Willow Creek. Formerly a journalist, Dylans ready to write his own story—until Clay Damon, the dangerously hot biker who owned him at nineteen, rides back into his life.

With his leather jacket stretched tight over a hardened frame and green eyes that burn with possession, Clays a storm that Dylan can't outrun. One electric kiss shatters his defenses, proving some loves never fade.

Clay never stopped wanting Dylan—the boy is his, always has been, even when prison bars and a ruthless MC life tore them apart. Now free and fiercer than ever, he's done keeping his distance.

As a Wolf Rider, Clay lives fast and fights dirty, but Dylans the one prize he'll protect at any cost.

A high-stakes heist promises enough cash to ease the danger, giving him a shot at the forever Clay craves with Dylan. But when you ride with outlaws, every move's a gamble—and this could be one heist too far for them both

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Dylan

The diner's neon sign buzzes faintly outside, casting a pinkish glow through the window where I sit, picking at the last crumbs of my bagel.

I can't help but smile just a little bit. The bagel is good. Like seriously good.

I've got a real sweet tooth, but there are times when only savoury will do, and this is most definitely one of them.

It's late —way later than I usually stay out these days—but there's something about being back in Willow Creek that makes me want to stretch time, to soak in the quiet hum of a town that never changes.

The city was all sharp edges and noise, a relentless machine that chewed me up and spat me out.

I spent four years in the big bad city, chasing stories as a news reporter, running from one deadline to the next, my byline stamped on articles I barely cared about.

And that's even before getting into the fact that I felt like I was always overlooked for promotions due to a boss who was pretty much the pits—and made no secret of his favorites either. Sadly, I was very much not one of those favorites.

I hated every second of city life—the concrete canyons, the way people moved too fast to notice you, the constant pressure to be someone I wasn't.

And the so called Daddies I met... pfft .

It's not like my entire life revolves around finding a Daddy, but I had hoped that in a city of millions there would at least be a handful of Daddies to choose from who would fit my needs.

Sadly, that wasn't the case. Far from it...

All I met was money and status obsessed jerks who cared more about what they looked like with me on their arm then anything that actually mattered.

And they'd all act so tough, like being a Daddy was automatically some kind of free pass to being rude and aloof.

Yeah, it sucked .

Coming home was like taking a deep breath after holding it too long, a return to roots I didn't realize I'd missed until I felt them under my feet again.

And here I am...

Chris sits across from me, his blonde hair shimmering as he sips his coffee, black as the night outside. Chris has been my anchor since I got back three months ago, the one person who didn't bat an eye when I said I was ditching the city to write a novel.

I still can't believe I pulled it off—landing a publishing contract before I even packed my bags. Don't get too excited. I'm not about to become a millionaire author overnight. It's a small press who pay small advances. Sure, nothing flashy, but it's mine...

My first novel.

As I say, the advance isn't huge, just enough to cover rent and groceries while I figure out how to turn my jumbled ideas into a story worth reading.

But the words are slow with a capital S.

I've got a notebook full of half-formed sentences and a deadline looming six months from now, and most days, the blank page stares back at me like it's daring me to fail.

"Earth to Dylan," Chris says, snapping his fingers in front of my face. "You're zoning out again. What's up? Writer's block or man trouble?"

I laugh, a little too loud, and it bounces off the diner's chipped tables.

"Man trouble? Please. I'd need a man for that. This town's got nothing but the same old faces—Tommy Grayson still lurking at the gas station, probably, thinking he's God's gift. I'm not desperate enough to date him again. He still thinks Axe body spray is a personality trait."

Chris snorts, nearly choking on his coffee.

"Oh God, remember when he asked you for a date with that boombox outside your window?" Chris laughs. "Like he thought he was John Cusack or something. I swear, I can still hear In Your Eyes echoing down Maple Street."

"Worst night of my life," I say, grinning despite myself. "No, I'm just... I don't know. Settling back in, I guess. It's good to be home—the quiet, the trees, the way you can hear yourself think. But it's weird too. Like I'm waiting for something to happen, some spark to shake me out of this rut."

He tilts his head, studying me with those sharp blue eyes that miss nothing. "You've got that look. Like you're about to stumble into some big story again. Or maybe a big

guy. Dare I say... a Daddy? You've been back what, three months? And nothing? Not even a fling?"

"Yeah, right," I mutter, brushing sesame seeds off my fingers onto the napkin crumpled beside my plate.

"Don't even mention the D-word. The only action I'm getting is between the pages of my notebook, and even that's stalled out.

I thought coming home would fix everything—give me space to breathe, to write.

But the men here? Same old, same old. I'm not holding my breath for Prince Charming to roll into Willow Creek on a white horse. "

"Maybe a black motorcycle instead," Chris teases, wagging his eyebrows. "You need some inspiration, Dylan. A muse . Someone to get those creative juices flowing."

I roll my eyes, but before I can shoot back a retort, the bell above the diner door jingles, cutting through our laughter.

I don't look up at first—just another late-night straggler, probably old man Jenkins grabbing his usual pie to-go, grumbling about the weather.

But then Chris's eyes widen, and he lets out a low whistle under his breath...

"Holy hell, Dylan," Chris gasps. "Don't look now, but your 'something to happen' just walked in."

I scoff, figuring he's exaggerating, but curiosity gets the better of me. I glance over my shoulder, casual as I can manage, and then my heart stops dead in my chest, like someone hit pause on the whole damn world.

He's tall, broader than I remember, with shoulders that fill out the leather jacket hugging his frame.

Dark hair, a little messy, falls into his eyes as he scans the room, and there's a shadow of stubble along his jaw that makes him look rougher, harder than he used to.

This is the kind of guy who looks like he could break something—or someone—without blinking. He's got that biker vibe down pat: black boots scuffed from the road, jeans worn in all the right places, and a presence that sucks the air out of the diner like he owns it. But it's not just that.

It's him.

Clay Damon.

My Clay.

Or he was, once. Seven years ago, when I was nineteen and he was twenty-one, we were everything .

A whole year of stolen kisses behind the old mill, late-night rides on his bike with my arms wrapped tight around his waist, promises whispered under the stars while the crickets sang.

Clay was my first love, the kind that burns so bright you think it'll never go out. Until it did. Until he got hauled off in cuffs, and I was left with a broken heart and a town full of whispers.

Prison...

Three years, they said, for something I never fully understood—something about a

fight, a guy who didn't walk away. I didn't stick around to find out the details.

I couldn't.

It hurt too much.

I packed up my dreams and ran to the city, thinking distance would erase him. It didn't.

"Dylan," Chris hisses, kicking me under the table. "You're staring. Close your mouth."

I snap my jaw shut, but I can't tear my eyes away.

He's moving toward the counter now, his stride easy but deliberate, like he's got nowhere to be but knows exactly where he's going. The waitress—Jenny, a real sweetheart—blushes as she takes his order, fumbling with the coffee pot, and I don't blame her.

Clay has always had that effect.

Even back then, he could make you feel like you were the only person in the room with just a look. It's still there, that magnetism, but it's sharper now, edged with something dark I can't place.

And then it happens. His head turns, just a fraction, and his eyes lock on mine.

Green, sharp, piercing—like they could cut right through me.

For a second, I think I imagined it, that he'll look away and keep moving.

But he doesn't. He holds my gaze, and the diner fades—the hum of the jukebox playing some old country tune, Chris's whispered "oh shit," the clatter of dishes in the back.

It's just him and me, and seven years collapse into nothing.

My pulse slams in my throat. I don't know what to do with my hands, my face, my whole damn body.

Run? Hide? Pretend I don't see him?

But I can't move. I'm pinned there, caught in the weight of his stare, and all the old feelings come rushing back—love, anger, hurt, longing—tangled up in a knot I've spent years trying to unravel.

I thought I was over him. I told myself I was. But one look, and I'm nineteen again, standing in the rain outside his trailer, begging him to explain why he'd thrown it all away.

"Dylan?" Chris's voice is softer now, worried. "You okay? Who is that guy?"

I swallow hard, forcing the words out past the lump in my throat. "Clay. Clay Damon."

His eyes go wide again, because of course he knows the name. Chris was there when it all fell apart, when I cried myself sick for weeks after he was gone, when I swore I'd never let anyone in like that again. "Wait. The Clay? Holy crap, Dylan, he's?—"

"Back," I finish for him, my voice barely above a whisper. "He's back."

He's still looking at me, and now he's turning—away from the counter, toward our

booth. My stomach flips, and I grip the edge of the table like it's the only thing keeping me upright.

Is he coming over here?

What the hell am I supposed to say? "Hey, long time no see, sorry you broke my heart and disappeared"? Or maybe, "Nice jacket, still got that bad boy thing going, huh?"

My brain's a mess, scrambling for something, anything, that doesn't sound pathetic or desperate or like I've been waiting for this moment since the day he left.

But then Jenny calls out his order—coffee, black, to-go—and he breaks eye contact, turning back to her. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding, relief and disappointment crashing together in a wave that leaves me dizzy.

He's not coming over.

Not yet .

Clay grabs the cup, tosses a few bills on the counter with a nod, and heads for the door. One last glance my way—quick, almost like he didn't mean to—and then he's gone, the bell jingling behind him as the night swallows him up.

"Dylan," Chris says, leaning across the table, his voice low and urgent. "What the hell was that? You looked like you were about to pass out. Or throw up. Or both."

"I don't know," I admit, my hands shaking as I reach for my coffee. It's cold now, bitter on my tongue, but I sip it anyway, just to have something to do. "I didn't expect... I mean, I didn't think he'd be here. Not after everything. I thought he'd stay gone."

“Is he out for good?” Chris asks, his brows knitting together. “Like, out-out? No parole, no strings?”

“I guess so.” I stare at the spot where he stood, the ghost of him still lingering in the air. “I didn’t keep up with it. Didn’t want to. After he went away, I just... I had to move on. Or try to.”

Chris nods, chewing his lip like he’s piecing it together. “Well, he’s hot as hell, I’ll give him that. Prison didn’t hurt him in that regard. If anything, he looks better—rougher, you know? Like he’s been through some shit and came out the other side.”

“Chris,” I groan, burying my face in my hands.

But he’s not wrong. He’s different—harder, maybe, with lines on his face that weren’t there before—but still Clay.

Still the guy who used to make my heart race with a single smile, who’d pull me close on his bike and tell me we’d ride out of this town together someday.

If Clay was a Daddy before, then he’s giving even more Daddy vibes now - way more, in fact.

“What are you gonna do?” Chris presses, his voice cutting through my haze. “If he’s back, you’re gonna run into him again. Willow Creek’s too small to avoid it. You can’t hide in your house forever.”

“I don’t know,” I say again, and it’s the truth. I don’t know if I want to run toward him or away from him. I don’t know if I can handle the past crashing into my present like this, stirring up all the dust I’ve tried to sweep under the rug.

All I know is that seeing Clay again woke something up inside me—something raw and restless I thought I'd buried deep.

The diner's quiet now, just the soft hum of the fridge and the tick of the clock on the wall.

I glance at it—almost midnight.

It's nearly time to go home. I might still get some work done on my novel, do some edits, tidy my place up a bit... who am I kidding?

With Clay on my mind, there's only one thing I'll be doing when I do leave and go home...

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Clay

“Let’s fucking do this,” I roar, my body and mind alive to the darkness around me.
“Wolves! Wolves! Wolves Forever!”

The night air bites at my face as I gun my Harley down the winding backroads, the engine’s growl a steady pulse beneath me.

The Wolf Riders MC ride tight in formation behind me, a pack of shadows tearing through the dark, our headlights slicing the black like knives.

We’re rolling back from the city, fresh off a brawl with the Iron Vipers—a rival gang stupid enough to think they could muscle in on our territory.

It was a brutal fight, the kind that leaves your knuckles raw and your blood singing. Fists cracked against jaws, boots slammed into ribs, and the alley behind that shitty bar turned into a war zone.

Rusty took a nasty hit to the face—his lip’s split, and one eye’s swelling shut. Jace is worse off, clutching his side where a Viper steel-toed boot caught him, probably cracking a rib.

But we walked away, and they didn’t.

That’s what matters.

The Wolf Riders don’t lose.

No man, no gang, nothing crosses us and expects to get away clean. It's a code we live by, one I've etched into my bones over years of loyalty and blood.

I'm out front, leading the pack, no helmet—just the wind tearing through my chestnut brown hair, streaked with blond from too many days riding under the sun.

It's reckless, and I know it.

One wrong move, one patch of gravel, and I'd be done. But out here, with the road unspooling ahead of me like a promise, I don't give a damn.

The cool April night air stings my skin, whips my eyes into a squint, and I lean into it, letting it strip away the city's grime.

This is freedom—real freedom, the kind I swore I'd never lose again.

Prison took three years of my life, locked me in a cage of concrete and steel, where every breath tasted like rust and regret. I got out two years ago, and every second since has been about this: the open road, the hum of my bike, the wild rush that reminds me I'm alive.

I'll never go back.

I might skirt the law, running with the Riders, dealing in the gray edges of right and wrong, but I know how to play the game.

Keep your nose clean when the badges are watching, your brothers close when they're not, and your wits sharp always. That's how you stay free...

The pack's loud tonight, engines roaring as we hit the outskirts of Willow Creek.

The pines loom tall on either side, their shadows dancing in our lights, and the air smells of sap and damp earth. We're a sight—ten bikes strong, leather and chrome gleaming, a rolling thunder that makes the town folk peek out their curtains and lock their doors.

The Wolf Riders MC isn't just a club; it's a legend around here, one we've built on grit, fists, and sometimes guns too.

Tonight's victory only sharpens that edge. But as we near the split, the group starts to fracture.

Half peel off toward the clubhouse—a low, brick bunker tucked against the woods where the beer's cold, the jukebox blares, and the party's already starting.

I hear Rusty whoop as he veers right, probably eager to drown his pain in whiskey.

The others—Jace included—turn left toward home, ready to crash and lick their wounds.

I don't signal, don't wave. I just keep riding, the road pulling me forward like it's got a mind of its own.

I'm not ready to stop. Not for the chaos of the clubhouse, where the boys will rehash the fight over bottles and smokes, or the silence of my trailer, where the walls close in too tight.

I need this—the solitude of the ride, the way it clears my head. I've always been like that, even back when I was a kid tearing around on a beat-up dirt bike.

The Wolf Riders are my family, my blood, but I crave my own space too.

Out here, it's just me and the machine, the wind howling past, the world reduced to a blur of asphalt and stars.

It's the only time the noise in my head quiets down—the memories of cell blocks, the clang of bars, the weight of choices I can't unmake.

I push the bike harder, the speedometer creeping up, the vibration rattling through my chest. My hands grip the bars, knuckles still tender from the Vipers' faces, a dull ache I ignore.

The road curves sharp, and I lean into it, tires hugging the pavement, my pulse syncing with the engine's growl. This is my church, my sanctuary. Every mile I put between me and that prison cell is a prayer I'll never have to say again.

I've done things—bad things, necessary things—to keep the Riders strong, to keep myself out of cuffs. I don't regret them. Regret is for suckers who don't know how to live with their scars.

The diner's neon sign flickers into view, a pink-and-blue glow cutting through the dark.

It's my spot, always has been.

Back when I was sixteen, I'd sneak out with a pocketful of change, sit at the counter with a Coke and fries, and dream of a life bigger than this town. Now it's where I go when the world gets too loud, when I need to breathe.

I pull into the lot, gravel crunching under my tires, and kill the engine.

The silence hits hard, a sudden void after the roar, but it's welcome.

I swing my leg over the bike, boots kicking up dust, and stretch my arms high, working out the stiffness from the ride.

My jacket creaks, leather worn soft from years of wear, and I roll my shoulders, feeling the pull of bruises I'll find tomorrow.

Coffee. That's all I want—black, hot, and strong enough to chase off the night.

I push through the door, the bell jingling overhead, and step into the diner's warm glow. The place is quiet, just the hum of the fridge and the faint twang of a jukebox playing some old Fleetwood Mac tune.

Jenny's behind the counter, wiping it down, and she perks up when she sees me. "Hey, Clay," she says, voice all nerves, cheeks going pink. "Usual?"

"Yeah," I grunt, but my eyes sweep the room out of habit—and then they stop dead.

Dylan...

It can't be.

Except it definitely is...

He's there, in a booth by the window, his dark hair catching the light like it's got a life of its own.

"What the..."

For a second, I think I'm seeing things, a trick of the late hour and too much adrenaline. But then he turns his head, just enough for me to catch those hazel eyes, and my gut twists hard.

It's him. There's no mistaking him. Not now, and not ever.

He's gorgeous—sexier than I remember, and I remember plenty. The years have sharpened his edges, filled out his frame in ways that make my mouth go dry.

The boy's got a confidence now, a quiet strength that hits me like a punch. But it's more than that.

It's Dylan . My Dylan. The boy who owned me, body and soul, seven years ago when I was twenty-one and reckless, and he was nineteen and fearless.

Dylan was the first to call me Daddy.

We worked through it together. We got each other in a way that's so hard to find. Fuck, I haven't come close to finding it since before prison.

We had a year together—a wild, perfect year of late-night rides, his arms tight around my waist, his laughter in my ear as we tore through the backroads.

Kisses under the stars, promises I meant to keep. he was the love of my life, the one good thing I had before it all went to shit. Before I got locked up, and I cut him off cold.

No letters, no calls, nothing.

I couldn't let him waste his days on a guy doing time for damn near killing someone in a bar fight gone wrong.

When I got out, he was gone—off to the city, they said—and I took it as a sign. He'd moved on. I had to try and do that too.

But now he's here, back in Willow Creek, sitting ten feet away like the universe is laughing at me.

Jenny's fumbling with the coffee pot, muttering something, but I don't hear her. Dylan's staring back now, his lips parted, eyes wide with the same shock I feel.

His friend leans in, whispering, but I don't catch it. The diner shrinks, the walls falling away until it's just us, the air thick with seven years of silence.

I don't think. I move. My boots thud against the linoleum, each step heavier, my heart slamming against my ribs.

Dylan doesn't look away, doesn't flinch, just watches me close the distance.

Up close, he's even more beautiful—those hazel eyes searching mine, a flush creeping up his neck, his hair longer now, longer than it used to be anyway.

I want to touch it, see if it's still as soft as it was when I'd tangle my fingers in it, pulling him close.

The boy's friend clears his throat, loud and awkward. "Uh, I'm just gonna... bathroom. Yeah." he slides out of the booth, shooting Dylan a look—worry, maybe?—and bolts toward the back. Smart move.

I don't ask—just drop into the seat across from Dylan, the vinyl creaking under me.

Dylan's still staring, and I'm staring back, and it feels like forever stretches out between us.

His coffee's cold, untouched, his fingers gripping the mug like it's a lifeline. I get it. I feel it too, like the ground's shifted under me.

“Dylan,” I say, my voice rough, scraped raw from the road and the years. It’s the first time I’ve said his name out loud since I got out, and it burns going down, a shot of something strong and bitter.

“Clay,” he answers, soft but steady. His eyes flick over me—my jacket, my hair, the faint bruise on my jaw—and I wonder what he sees. The kid he loved? Or the man I’ve turned into?

I lean forward, elbows on the table, and the words spill out, heavy and sure. “We’ve got some talking to do. Some serious talking.”

Dylan doesn’t reply right away, just holds my gaze, and I see it—the storm behind his eyes, questions and hurt and maybe something else, something that still pulls at me.

I don’t deserve to ask for anything, not after I walked away, left him to deal with the wreckage.

But he’s here, real and close, and I can’t walk away again.

Not this time...

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Dylan

The diner's fluorescent lights hum overhead, casting a harsh glow across the table where Clay sits, his broad frame filling the booth like he owns it.

I can't stop staring at him—those green eyes, sharp and unreadable, the faint bruise blooming along his jaw, the way his leather jacket stretches over his shoulders.

He's different, harder-edged, but still Clay.

Still the guy who stole my heart at nineteen and then shattered it. The air between us crackles with tension, thick and heavy, like a storm about to break.

I used to call him Daddy... and it's all coming back to me. Every touch. Every lick. Every rough fuck, every caring cuddle, and all those nights under the stars together.

Shit . I can't do this. Can I?

My coffee's gone cold, the bagel crumbs scattered on my plate forgotten, and Chris's absence leaves me alone with Clay, no buffer to soften the weight of this moment.

Clay just said we've got serious talking to do, and the words hang there, daring me to respond.

I want to— God , I want to—but my throat's tight, clogged with years of questions and hurt.

I force myself to breathe, to meet his gaze, but the longer I look, the more the old anger bubbles up, hot and sharp. It's been simmering all this time, buried under city noise and new beginnings, but seeing him here, now, rips the lid off.

"Why?" The word slips out before I can stop it, raw and jagged.

His brow furrows, but I don't give him a chance to ask what I mean.

"Why did you cut me off, Clay? When you went to prison, you just... vanished. No letters, no calls, nothing. I waited for you, you know that? I sat by the phone for weeks, thinking you'd reach out, explain, something.

And you didn't. You left me with nothing but rumors and a hole where you used to be."

My voice cracks, and I hate it—hate how vulnerable I sound, how the hurt still feels fresh after all this time.

I clench my fists under the table, nails digging into my palms, trying to hold myself together.

Clay leans back slightly, his jaw tightening, and for a second, I think he's going to brush it off, play it cool like he always did. But then he sighs, a low, rough sound, and runs a hand through his messy hair.

"Dylan," he starts, his voice quieter now, laced with something I can't quite name. "I'll explain. I owe you that much. But not here, not now. Not with half the town's ears perked up and Jenny pretending she's not listening."

I glance over Clay's shoulder—sure enough, Jenny's wiping the counter a little too slowly, her head tilted our way. Nosy as ever. I truly love Jenny, but she's never quite

learned how to keep her beak out of people's business.

Anyway .

I turn back to Clay, ready to push harder, but before I can, he reaches across the table.

His hand covers mine, warm and calloused, and it's like a jolt of electricity shoots straight through me.

My breath catches, my whole body waking up—skin tingling, heart pounding, a heat spreading low in my belly. His touch is firm but gentle, his thumb brushing lightly over my knuckles, and I can't move, can't think. It's like every nerve in me remembers him, craves him, despite everything.

His eyes lock on mine, dark and intense, and I see it—the spark, the pull that's always been there between us. I don't know who moves first, but suddenly I'm leaning in, and he's meeting me halfway.

Our lips crash together, and it's magical—hot and urgent, like seven years apart never happened. His mouth is familiar but new, tasting faintly of coffee and the road, and I melt into it, my hands sliding up to grip his jacket.

Clay kisses me back with a hunger that matches mine, a low growl rumbling in his chest, and for a moment, the diner, the past, the anger—it all fades.

It's just us, tangled up in something I thought I'd lost forever.

I can feel my body react as thighs tense and my cock hardens inside my briefs and comes alive in the kind of way that only certain men can provoke.

In different circumstances it would barely take a touch of Clay's hands on my flesh to

make me climax - and he knows it too.

But we're at the diner. And fully clothed...

The bell jingles faintly, and then Chris's voice cuts through the haze.

"Oh. Uh... wow. Okay," Chris says, clearly picking up on the tension and energy that the kiss has created.

I pull back, breathless, my lips tingling, and Clay straightens, his hand slipping from mine.

Chris's standing there, wide-eyed, his backpack slung over his shoulder like he's not sure whether to stay or bolt.

The spell breaks, reality crashing back in, and I feel my face flush hot. Clay clears his throat, standing up, his height towering over the booth.

"I'll be in touch," Clay says, voice low, a promise wrapped in gravel. He lingers for a second, eyes flicking to my lips like he's tempted to dive back in, then turns and heads for the door. The bell chimes again as he disappears into the night, leaving me reeling.

Chris slides back into the booth, smirking.

"Well, damn, Dylan. That was... intense. You okay?"

I nod, but I'm not sure I am. My heart's still racing, my skin buzzing where he touched me, my dick throbbing. "Yeah. I just... I need to get home."

Chris doesn't push, just grabs his keys, and we settle the bill—Jenny's grinning like

she's got the scoop of the year. And for a small town like this, she probably does too.

The drive back to my place is quiet, the town blurring past in a haze of streetlights and shadows. When Chris drops me off at my cozy little cottage on the edge of Willow Creek, I mumble a thanks and head inside, locking the door behind me.

The house is small but mine—wood floors creaking underfoot, a sagging couch piled with blankets, a tiny kitchen that smells faintly of lavender from the candle I lit earlier.

I kick off my boots, peel out of my jeans and sweater, and slip into my favorite pajamas: an oversized T-shirt and soft shorts. It's late—past midnight now—but I'm too wired to sleep. I grab my laptop from the coffee table and settle onto the couch, pulling a throw blanket over my lap.

My novel's open on the screen, the cursor blinking at the start of a new chapter. I've been stuck for days, the words refusing to come, but maybe tonight's different.

Maybe that kiss shook something loose...

I type a few lines—something about a man running from his past, a man on a motorcycle chasing him down—but my focus drifts.

Clay.

He's all I can think about.

The way he looked in that diner, rough and rugged, the leather clinging to his frame like a second skin. His hair, messy and windblown, begging for my fingers to run through it. Those eyes, green and piercing, stripping me bare with a glance.

He's hotter than I remember—prison hardened him, filled him out, turned the young rebel I loved into a man who takes up too much space in my head.

That kiss... God, that kiss.

It was fire and memory and everything I've tried to forget, and now it's replaying on a loop, stoking a heat I can't ignore.

I set the laptop aside, the blanket slipping to the floor as I lean back, closing my eyes.

The cottage is quiet, just the tick of the clock and the distant chirp of crickets outside, but inside me, it's a storm. All the old feelings rush back—love, longing, the ache of wanting him so bad it hurt.

I picture him again, the way he'd pull me close on his bike, his hands strong and sure, his voice rough in my ear.

My breath hitches, and my hand slides down, tracing the edge of my shirt, then lower. I shouldn't, but I can't stop. The memory of his lips on mine, the heat of his touch—it's too much.

I slip my fingers beneath the waistband of my shorts, a soft gasp escaping as I find the spot that's already aching for him.

My mind spins, painting him over me, his weight pressing me down, his breath hot against my neck.

I grab my hard, horny dick and begin to pull on it. Pumping it up and down, all I can picture is Clay...

Clay... all leather and danger, his hands roaming where mine are now, his voice

whispering my name like a prayer.

I know how much Clay loved to please me, tease me, and work my cock until I couldn't take any more. And I want that now. I want it more than anything in the whole damn world.

The tension builds fast, my body remembering every stolen moment we had, every time he made me feel like I was the only thing that mattered.

My hips shift, chasing the rhythm, and I bite my lip to stifle a moan as the heat coils tighter, sharper. It's quick, intense, a release that crashes over me like a wave.

"Fuck..." I gasp, my legs stiffening and my crotch bucking until I'm done as I shot a heavy load of hot cum all over my shorts and onto my stomach too. "Jeez. Fuck. That was... hot."

I slump back, chest heaving, the aftershocks tingling through me as I lazily wank my still hard cock to ensure that every last moment of pleasure is mine.

The room comes back into focus—the glow of my laptop, the soft shadows on the walls—and I feel a mix of satisfaction and guilt, like I've let him in too far already.

Clay is back in my life for five minutes, and I'm already falling apart.

What the hell am I doing?

I stand up, my dick still bouncing, my desire satisfied for now. It's time for a shower, and then bed. Hopefully at least I'll be able to sleep now.

Clay said he'd be in touch, and I know he meant it.

Whatever happens next, whatever he's got to say, it's going to change everything.

Again .

And I'm not sure I'm ready for it...

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Clay

“Yeah!” I holler, casting my eyes around, feeling the blood course over my body.
“Wolves! Wolves! Wolves!”

The clubhouse is alive tonight, a chaotic swirl of laughter, clinking bottles, and the sharp crack of pool balls slamming into each other.

The Wolf Riders MC are in high spirits, still riding the adrenaline from last night’s dust-up with the Iron Vipers. The air’s thick with cigarette smoke and the tang of spilled whiskey, the jukebox pumping out some gritty AC/DC track that rattles the walls.

I lean against the edge of the pool table, a beer in one hand, my cue in the other, watching Rusty line up a shot...

He’s half-drunk already, his busted lip twisting into a grin as he sinks the eight ball and crows like he’s just won the damn lottery.

“Pay up, Jace!” Rusty hollers, slapping the table.

Jace, still feeling his cracked rib, groans and digs into his pocket, tossing a crumpled twenty Rusty’s way. The room erupts in cheers and jeers, a wild edge to it all that’s pure Wolf Riders—raw, loud, and unapologetic.

I take a swig of my beer, the cold bite of it cutting through the heat of the room.

This is my world—has been since I patched in at nineteen, before everything went sideways.

The clubhouse is a squat brick bunker on the edge of Willow Creek, patched up with duct tape and grit, but it's home.

The bar's stocked with cheap liquor, the pool table's scratched to hell, and the couches sag under the weight of too many nights like this.

My brothers are scattered around—some arm-wrestling in the corner, others sprawled out with beers, a couple of the prospects flirting with the boys who always show up when the party's rolling. It's fun, messy, the kind of night that makes you forget the bruises and the blood.

Kreese sidles up beside me, his shaved head gleaming under the flickering lights, a whiskey neat in his hand.

Without doubt my best buddy, my right hand, Kreese is the guy who's had my back since we were kids boosting candy from the corner store.

He's got a scar running down his cheek from a bar fight years back, and tonight his grin's wide, eyes glinting with mischief.

“Good haul last night, huh?” he says, clapping me on the shoulder. “Vipers won't be sniffing around again anytime soon.”

“Yeah,” I grunt, chalking my cue. “They'll lick their wounds and come crawling back eventually. Always do.”

Kreese laughs, a rough bark, and leans in closer, voice dropping. “Got something else for us. Word is, there's a truck rolling through town tomorrow night—unmarked,

coming up from the city. Loaded with electronics, high-end shit. Easy pickings if we hit it right.”

I raise an eyebrow, setting my beer down on the table’s edge. “You sure?”

“Damn sure,” Kreese says, swirling his whiskey. “Driver’s a rookie, no escort. We jack it, strip it, sell it off before anyone knows it’s gone. Clean profit. We’re talking real fucking money here.”

I nod, running it through my head.

It’s risky—always is—but the Riders thrive on that edge.

A score like this could keep us flush for months, pay for repairs, maybe even get Jace that new bike he’s been bitching about.

“Set it up,” I tell Kreese. “Get the boys ready. We hit it fast, quiet. No fuck-ups.”

Kreese grins wider, saluting me with his glass. “On it, boss.”

My right hand man saunters off to round up the crew, and I take my shot, sinking a striped ball into the corner pocket. The game keeps going, the night stretching on with more drinks, more noise, but my head’s starting to drift.

I lean back against the wall, beer dangling from my fingers, watching the chaos unfold. Rusty’s dancing with some redhead now, spilling beer down his shirt, and Jace is arguing with a prospect over who gets the next shot.

It’s good—wild and free, the way we like it—but there’s a pull in my chest I can’t shake...

Dylan .

That boy's been in my head since the diner, since that kiss that lit me up like a damn firework. I can still feel his lips on mine, soft and fierce, the way he grabbed my jacket like he didn't want to let go.

Seven years, and he's still got me twisted up...

I cut him off back then to protect him—didn't want him tied to a convict, wasting his life on visits and letters. But seeing him last night, all grown up and gorgeous, flipped a switch I didn't know was still there.

Dylan's back in Willow Creek, back in my orbit, and I can't stop thinking about him. The way his eyes flashed with anger, the spark when I touched his hand—it's eating at me.

I need to see him again, sooner rather than later.

Not tomorrow, not next week...

Now.

The thought gnaws at me through the rest of the night, even as the party winds down and the boys stumble out or crash on the couches. I head to my trailer eventually, crash hard, but he's there in my dreams—his laugh, his touch, the way he used to look at me like I was his whole world.

Morning comes fast, the sun slicing through the blinds too damn early. I'm up, though, adrenaline buzzing under my skin. I throw on my jeans, a black tee, my leather jacket, and I'm out the door, the Harley rumbling to life beneath me.

The ride into town is quick, the cool air waking me up, the road stretching out like an old friend. I don't know what I'm doing, not really—just following the pull.

The diner's my first stop, same as always, and I pull into the lot just as a beat-up blue Toyota rolls in from the other side.

Dylan steps out, and my heart kicks hard. The boy is in jeans and a faded green t-shirt, his dark hair loose and catching the light, and he looks like he belongs here—soft against the hard edges of this town.

He freezes when he sees me, those hazel eyes locking on mine, and I swing off the bike, boots hitting the gravel with a crunch.

“Hey,” I say, walking toward him, hands shoved in my pockets to keep from reaching out. “You, uh, grabbing breakfast?”

Dylan blinks, then nods, a small smile tugging at his lips.

“Yeah. Just a coffee, maybe a muffin. You?”

“Same.” I hesitate, then take the plunge. “Wanna eat together?”

His smile grows, just a little, but it's enough to make my chest tighten. “Sure.”

We head inside, the bell jingling behind us, and grab a booth near the back. Jenny's there, smirking like she's got a front-row seat to a soap opera, but she takes our order—coffee and a blueberry muffin for him, coffee and eggs for me—and leaves us be.

Dylan's across from me, stirring sugar into his cup, and I can't stop watching him. The way his fingers move, the curve of his neck, the way he glances up at me through

his lashes.

The spark's still there, electric and undeniable, humming between us like it never left.

"So," Dylan says, breaking the silence, his voice soft but steady. "You're back in town for good?"

"Yeah," I reply, leaning back, trying to play it cool even though my pulse is racing. "Been out two years now. The Wolf Riders keep me here. You?"

"Three months," he says, sipping his coffee. "Left the city. Needed a change."

I nod, and we fall into an easy rhythm—small talk about the town, the weather, nothing heavy. But under it, there's more. Every look, every brush of his hand against the table, sets me off. He's beautiful—more than that, he's Dylan, the boy I'd kill to protect, the one I let slip away.

I know one thing to be true. Our kiss wasn't a fluke.

It was a fuse lighting up something I've buried too long...

I want him. Bad. Not just his body—though Christ, the thought of him under me, all that heat and softness, is enough to drive me crazy—but him. All of him.

The laugh he used to let out when we'd ride too fast, the way he'd call me out when I was being an ass, the quiet moments when it was just us against the world.

I fucked it up once, cutting him off, thinking it was noble. But he's here now, close enough to touch, and I'm not letting him go again without a fight.

Our food comes, and we eat, the conversation flowing, but my mind's racing ahead. I

need to tell him—about prison, about why I did what I did, about how he’s still the only thing that’s ever made sense.

Not here, though.

Not with Jenny eavesdropping and the morning crowd trickling in.

Soon though.

Dylan finishes his muffin, wipes his hands, and looks at me, that spark flaring in his eyes. “This was nice,” he says, and I hear the unspoken question—what now?

“Yeah,” I say, voice low. “It was.”

I want him. And I’m damn sure he feels it too.

But one of us is going to need to make the next move. And make it soon...

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Dylan

I lick my lips and smile. It feels good. In fact, it feels great .

The diner hums with a cheerful buzz as Clay and I finish our breakfast, the clatter of plates and the murmur of voices filling the air.

Sunlight streams through the big windows, painting the checkered floor in warm gold, and the smell of coffee and bacon lingers, mingling with the faint sweetness of syrup.

It's busy this morning—families crammed into booths with kids scribbling on placemats, old-timers at the counter swapping gossip over their third refills, a couple of truckers hunched over hashbrowns in the corner.

Jenny weaves through it all, her tray loaded with steaming mugs and plates of pancakes, flashing smiles like she's the unofficial mayor of Willow Creek.

There's a good vibe here, a small-town rhythm that's easy and familiar, the kind of morning where everyone's just happy to be awake and fed.

I sip the last of my coffee, the mug warm against my palms, and glance across the table at Clay. He's scraping the last bite of eggs off his plate, his broad shoulders relaxed, a faint smirk tugging at his lips as he catches me watching.

It's been... nice. Really nice.

We've talked about nothing and everything—how the hardware store's still got that same rusty sign out front, how the river's running high this spring, how Mrs. Carter still yells at kids cutting through her yard.

It's light, easy, like slipping back into an old pair of jeans that still fit just right.

For a little while, it feels like the good old days—back when we were nineteen and twenty-one, stealing moments between his shifts at the garage and my summer job at the library, when the world was ours and nothing could touch us.

“More coffee?” Clay asks, nodding at my empty mug, his voice low and rough in that way that sends a shiver down my spine.

I shake my head, smiling. “Nah, I'm good. Three's my limit, or I'll be bouncing off the walls.”

Clay chuckles, a sound that's warm and deep, and leans back in the booth, stretching his arms along the top of the seat. His leather jacket creaks, and I can't help but notice how it hugs his frame, how the years have filled him out in all the right ways.

He's still Clay—messy hair, sharp green eyes, that cocky edge—but there's a weight to him now, a hardness I didn't see back then. It's not just prison, though that's part of it. It's the life he's chosen, the Wolf Riders MC, the kind of world I only glimpsed before he went away.

And that's where my mind snags.

As good as this feels—sitting here, laughing over dumb stories—this isn't just a cute breakfast date.

Clay isn't some guy with a nine-to-five and a picket fence in his future. He's a biker,

a member of a club that lives on the edge, where fights and shady deals are as normal as breathing.

I saw the bruise on his jaw, the way his knuckles are scuffed, and I know it's not from some barroom scuffle over a spilled drink. He's in deep, and I don't know if that's something I can handle.

I left the city to get away from chaos, to find peace and write my novel, not to dive into a life that's all adrenaline and risk.

Could I ever get on board with that? Be the boy waiting at home while he's out doing God-knows-what with the Riders?

It's a dilemma, a knot I can't untangle, and it sits heavy in my chest even as I smile at him across the table.

Jenny swings by with the check, and we split it—Clay tries to pay, but I shove a ten at him, insisting. "I'm not broke yet," I say, and he responds with a grin that reminds me of how it used to be between us back in the day.

Clay was my Daddy then, and always knew when to let his boy have his way.

We slide out of the booth, weaving through the crowd, and step outside into the crisp morning air.

The parking lot's alive with the crunch of gravel and the rumble of engines as people come and go, and then I see it—his Harley, parked near the edge, all black and chrome, gleaming in the sunlight like it's daring me to look away.

A surge of adrenaline hits me, sharp and sudden, stealing my breath.

That bike—it's not just a machine.

It's a memory, a thousand nights of tearing through the backroads with my arms around his waist, the wind screaming past us, the world a blur of freedom and danger.

I loved it back then, the thrill of it, the way it made me feel alive in a way nothing else ever did. And standing here now, staring at it, I want it again. I want that rush, that reckless edge, even if just for a moment.

Clay catches my gaze, and his eyes darken, reading me like he always could.

"You miss it," Clay says, stepping closer, his voice a low rumble that vibrates through me. It's not a question.

"Yeah," I admit, my pulse kicking up. "I do."

He tilts his head, a slow smile spreading across his face. "Come on, then. I'll take you for a ride—to the forest and back, just like we used to. I'm older, but this Daddy is still more than capable of handling the speed. But what about you, boy? Are you game?"

I hesitate, weighing it in my mind. Clay saying the D-word is one thing, and him calling me boy out loud is the icing on the cake. It still feels so natural, like we fit together perfectly.

But...

The sensible part of me—the one that's been burned before, the one trying to build a quiet life—screams to say no, to walk away, to keep my distance from him and his world. The other part, the part that remembers how it felt to fly with him, to trust him completely, is louder.

What harm can it do?

One ride, a taste of the past, a chance to feel that spark again. I can handle that, right?

“Okay, Daddy,” I say, and his smile widens, a flash of teeth that’s all triumph and promise.

Clay grabs his helmet from the bike—offers it to me, but I shake my head, grinning. “No way. I want the full deal.”

Clay laughs, tossing it back, and swings a leg over the Harley, the engine roaring to life as he kicks it into gear.

I climb on behind him, my thighs bracketing his hips, my hands sliding around his waist. His body’s warm and solid under my touch, all muscle and leather, and I feel that spark flare brighter, a current running straight through me.

I can feel my cock hardening as it pressed up against the bottom of Clay’s back and I’m pretty sure that it’s going to bring back a whole ton of memories for Clay when he realizes what’s pressing on him.

“Hold on tight,” Clay says over his shoulder, and then we’re off, peeling out of the lot with a growl that turns heads. “And try not to get too excited...”

I blush, but there’s no time to wallow in my embarrassment.

The wind hits me hard, whipping my hair back, stinging my cheeks, and I laugh—a wild, free sound I haven’t heard from myself in years.

The town blurs past—houses, trees, the river glinting in the distance—and then we’re on the backroads, the forest rising up ahead, all green and gold in the morning light.

He takes the curves fast, leaning into them, and I move with him, our bodies in sync like no time's passed at all.

My hands tighten on his waist, fingers brushing the hard plane of his stomach through his shirt, and the heat of him seeps into me, waking up every nerve.

The trees close in, the air turning cool and sharp with pine, and he slows, pulling off onto a dirt path that winds deeper into the woods.

The engine cuts out, and it's just us, the quiet hum of nature settling around us.

I slide off the bike, my legs shaky from the ride, my blood singing with adrenaline. He's off too, turning to face me, and the look in his eyes—dark, hungry, alive—mirrors what's burning in me.

We're alone here, hidden by the trees, and the air between us thickens, charged with everything we've been dancing around.

"Dylan," he says, stepping closer, his voice rough and low, and that's all it takes. "You're a naughty boy. You need that butt of yours warmed up, don't you?"

I swallow hard. I nod my head. I know what's coming next.

"Drop your trousers, briefs too," Clay growls, his eyes piercing through me and seeing inside my soul. He knows what I want. Of course he does, he's my Daddy...

I nervously unbuckle and then drop my trousers, taking my briefs down too. Just like the old days, I turn and present my ass for inspection.

The cool breeze on my exposed cheeks makes me shiver. But I know that feeling won't last long...

“Over the motorcycle,” Clay instructs, watching as I waddle toward the motorcycle and obediently bend over the seat, my ass an easy target now, fixed in place and ready to take what’s coming. “Same safeword?”

“Same safeword,” I reply, closing my eyes and not having to wait longer than ten seconds before the first spank lands on my naked, fleshy cheeks. “Owwwww !”

“Six of the best,” Clay says, delivering another five quick and hard spanks to my cheeks, each one as accurate and sharp as the previous. “And remember to say thank you, Daddy.”

“T-t-t-thank you, Daddy,” I say, the last of the spanks making my left buttock wobble for what feels like an eternity. “Damn. Damn. Damn. I... missed that feeling.”

“Stand up, come to Daddy,” Clay says, his voice full of lust as he watches me follow his instructions, my red butt like a shiny apple amongst the greenery around us.

I close the distance, and soon enough we’re right in one another’s space.

Our lips crash together, hot and desperate, and it’s like the diner kiss but more—wilder, deeper. He pushes his tongue into my mouth, his hands sliding to my hips, yanking me against him. I can feel every inch of him—hard, insistent, wanting—and it lights me up, a fire spreading fast.

I’m hard. And I feel it on Clay too, his big, thick cock pressing up against me. I want him. I want... it .

My back hits the bike, the heat from the metal making me gasp, his mouth trailing down my neck, teeth grazing just enough to make me gasp. My fingers dig into his shoulders, tugging at his shirt, needing more, and he obliges, hands slipping under my sweater, rough palms skimming my bare skin.

It's fast, messy, all heat and need, and I'm lost in it—lost in him, in the way he makes me feel like nothing else matters.

“Let me please you,” I say, my submissive streak kicking in as I feel Clay's thick, hard cock pressed up against my leg. “I want to get on my knees for you, Daddy. Just like I used to.”

Clay grunts and steps back from me. It's like we're back in the groove once more as I fall to my knees and watch him unzip his trousers and pull them down over his powerful thighs.

Moments later, Clay's hard, long, and thick cock is bobbing freely in the air, and my wet mouth is locking onto it. The tip at first, then the width of the head, and then all the way down to the base.

I know what Clay likes, and it's what I like to.

Soon enough, Clay is gripping my hair and working his cock in time with my sucks and slurps, and I can reach underneath to feel his heavy balls as they tighten ahead of his climax.

“Fuck. Jesus, Dylan,” Reece groans in pure carnal pleasure as my tongue flicks and swirls and pushes him beyond the point of no return. “Make yourself cum too. Fucking do it.”

I don't need telling twice and grip my cock with my spare hand and bring myself off hard and fast, my rock-hard manhood needing little stimulation to cum in synchronicity with Clay as we both shoot our loads.

As I feel Clay's hot seed blast inside my mouth, wave after wave of it, I feel every inch the submissive biker boy to my possessive motorcycle club Daddy - and I like it

so much that I know I'm going to need it more and more, no matter what danger that might bring...

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Clay

The Harley's engine growls low as I ease to a stop outside Dylan's cottage, the gravel crunching under my tires and the feeling of handling such a powerful steed never growing old.

The forest ride still burns through me—Dylan's hands gripping my waist, his lips hot against mine, the way he surrendered to the heat between us like no time had passed.

I kill the engine, the sudden quiet ringing in my ears, and he slides off the bike, his legs wobbling just a touch as he steadies himself. His dark hair's tangled from the wind, his cheeks pink with that post-ride glow, and those hazel eyes catch mine with a spark that hits me square in the chest.

Dylan's gorgeous—always has been—but right now, he's something more, something raw and untamed that I can't tear my eyes from.

The boy steps closer, his fingers brushing my arm, and I lean down, drawn in like a moth to a flame.

Our lips meet, soft and slow, a kiss that's less about fire and more about feeling—a quiet ache that lingers as he pulls back.

Dylan's smile is small, almost shy, and it twists me up inside.

He turns toward his house, hips swaying just enough to make my throat tighten, and I watch him go, the screen door creaking as he steps inside.

I grip the handlebars hard, fighting the urge to chase him, to kick that door open and lose myself in him again.

But I don't.

Not yet...

Dylan. Christ, I want him more than ever.

More than I did at twenty-one, when I was young and dumb and thought I could give him everything.

Prison stole three years from me—locked me in a box, cut me off from the sun, from him—but he's still the same boy I loved.

The one who'd tease me over burnt toast in my shitty trailer kitchen, who'd climb on my bike with a grin and no questions, who'd curl up against me under the stars like I was his safe place.

I'd never try and say that time didn't change people. It does its thing to us all.

Dylan's different now, sure—settled, law-abiding, chasing a quieter life with his writing—but the magic's still there, alive and electric, crackling between us like a live wire. I felt it in the forest, in that kiss just now, in every damn second he's near me...

He might not fit my world on paper, but he fits me, and that's what's got me hooked.

The door shuts behind him, snapping me out of my thoughts, and I rev the engine hard, the roar shattering the stillness. I peel out, the wind slamming into me as I tear down the road, needing the rush to clear my head.

The town fades fast—little houses with peeling paint, the gas station where Tommy Grayson still pumps fuel like a creep, the river glinting silver under the midday sun.

I take the long way, veering onto the backroads where the pines crowd in tight, their shadows flickering over me. The bike's a beast under my hands, all power and growl, and I push it harder, the speed bleeding off the edge of my want.

My knuckles ache from the ride, still tender from the Vipers fight, but I don't care.

Out here, it's just me and the road, the one place I can breathe, where the weight of everything—prison, the club, Dylan—doesn't crush me.

By the time I roll up to the clubhouse, my head's clearer, but Dylan's still there, a ghost in the back of my mind.

The lot's packed with bikes, chrome gleaming in the sun, and the faint thump of music seeps through the brick walls. I swing off the Harley, boots kicking up dust, and head inside, the door banging shut behind me.

The place is a madhouse—Wolf Riders in full swing, the air thick with cigarette smoke, whiskey fumes, and the sharp crack of pool balls. Rusty's at the table, half-drunk, his busted lip twisted in a grin as he sinks a shot and crows like a rooster.

Jace, still nursing his cracked rib, tosses a crumpled twenty his way, cursing loud enough to draw laughs from the bar.

Kreese spots me as I step in, his shaved head catching the dim light, a beer in one hand and that scarred grin splitting his face. "There he is!" he calls, clapping me on the shoulder hard enough to jostle me. "Thought you'd gone soft, disappearing all morning. Where you been, man?"

“Out,” I say, shrugging off my jacket and tossing it over a chair. “Needed a ride.”

He snorts, not pressing, and jerks his head toward the back room. “Come on, got something for you.”

I follow, weaving through the chaos—Rusty’s arm-wrestling a prospect now, biceps bulging, while Jace flirts with a brunette in a tight t-shirt and even tighter shorts, his laugh cutting through the noise.

The bar’s a mess of empty bottles and ash trays, the jukebox blasting some old Metallica track that shakes the floor.

It’s wild, alive, the kind of night that makes you forget the bruises and the blood.

The back room’s a stark contrast—quiet, just a scarred table, a few chairs, and walls covered in faded ride maps and a couple of bullet holes we never bothered to fix.

“So, talk...” I say, expectantly.

Kreese shuts the door, leaning against it as he pulls a crumpled paper from his pocket.

“Truck’s set,” he says, spreading it out—a rough sketch of the highway, marked with times and routes in his messy scrawl.

“We’re good for 2 a.m., rolls past the old mill road.

Unmarked, like I said—electronics, high-end shit.

TVs, laptops, maybe some phones. Driver’s a rookie, no escort.

We hit it here—” he taps a sharp bend where the trees choke the road—“block it with

the van, take it clean. In and out, twenty minutes.”

I lean over the table, studying it. It’s a good plan—Kreese has a nose for this shit. The mill road’s a ghost town at night, no cameras, no lights, just shadows to swallow us up. “How much we looking at?” I ask, crossing my arms.

“Hundred grand, easy,” he says, eyes glinting. “Maybe more if we’re lucky. Split ten ways, that’s ten each, minimum. Could be a game changer, Clay. Fix this dump up, get new bikes, bankroll some bigger plays. We pull this off, we’re golden.”

One hundred grand. My mind races with it—money like that could shift everything for the Riders.

Patch the roof that leaks every spring, replace Rusty’s piece-of-shit ride, build a stash for when the cops get nosy.

It’s a big score, the kind that doesn’t come around often, and the thought of it fires me up, a grin tugging at my mouth.

“Risks?” I ask, because there’s always a downside.

“Driver might freak, call it in if we’re slow,” Kreese says, sipping his beer. “Cops could get a tip after, sniff around. But we’ve pulled worse and walked. You in?”

“Yeah,” I say, firm. “I’m in . Brief the boys, keep it tight. No mistakes.”

He nods, folding the map back up. “Done. Tomorrow night, we ride.”

We head back out, the clubhouse swallowing us whole—shouts, laughter, the clack of pool balls.

I grab a whiskey from the bar, the burn hitting my throat hard, and settle into a chair by the table, watching the game. Rusty's losing now, swearing up a storm as the prospect sinks a shot, and Jace is egging him on, grinning through his pain.

It's my crew, my life, rough and rowdy and mine.

But as the whiskey settles, warm in my chest, my thoughts drift back to Dylan.

What if it goes south?

The hijack's clean on paper, but shit happens—a jittery driver, a random patrol, one of us slipping up. If it blows up, if I get nabbed, it's back to prison. Back to gray walls, stale air, the slow bleed of days into years.

Three years nearly broke me last time—longer, and I'd come out a shell. I could take it, maybe. I've got the scars to prove I can.

But Dylan? What would it do to him?

I see him in my head—standing in his doorway, that soft smile, the way he kissed me like I'm still his...

He's back in my life, close enough to touch, and if I go down again, it's not just my ass on the line. He'd be left hanging, hurting, picking up pieces I'd scatter all over again.

I cut Dylan off once to save him from that, and it gutted me.

Doing it again—watching him fade because I fucked up—would be worse than any sentence. He's not made for this life, not the way I am, but he's here, pulling me in, and I'm too damn selfish to let him go.

We need a real talk—honest, no bullshit. Lay out the past, the club, what this could mean. I owe him that before I drag him deeper into my chaos.

I'm an asshole, but I won't be an asshole to Dylan.

The boy needs to know what he's walking into, if he's walking in at all. But not tonight. Tonight's for the Riders, for the plan, for the high of what's ahead. I'll find him tomorrow, after the truck's ours, and we'll sort it out.

Kreese calls for a toast, holding his beer high. "To the Wolf Riders! To the haul of a lifetime!"

The room roars, glasses clinking, and I drink deep, the whiskey chasing off the doubts. Kreese tosses me a cue stick, grinning. "Your shot, man. Don't choke."

I stand, chalking the cue, the weight grounding me. "Never do," I say, lining up my cue. The ball cracks, scattering the rest, and the game's on.

The clubhouse pulses—loud, wild, home—and I let it pull me under, one eye on the table, the other on tomorrow.

Dylan's out there, and so's the truck.

Two risks, two roads, and I'm riding both harder than ever...

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Dylan

“ Hmmm ...” I muse.

I sit at my desk, the soft glow of my laptop screen washing over my little study room, a sanctuary I’ve carved out in this cottage.

It’s my favorite space—small but perfect, tucked off the living room with just enough room for a desk, a bookshelf, and a faded armchair I scored at a flea market last month.

The walls are a pale lavender, a color I picked to soothe my nerves, and I spent a whole weekend painting tiny daisies across them, each petal a little lopsided but charming in its own way.

The curtain at the window is flowery too—white with pink roses, fluttering gently in the breeze that sneaks through the cracked pane.

A chipped ceramic vase sits on my desk, stuffed with wildflowers I gathered from the overgrown patch behind the house, their sweet, earthy scent blending with the lavender candle flickering on the shelf.

A string of fairy lights drapes over the bookshelf, casting a warm twinkle across the spines of my favorite novels—Anne Tyler, Stephen King, a dog-eared copy of Jane Eyre .

It’s calm here, quiet, a flowery cocoon designed to coax my imagination to life, to

make the words flow for this novel I'm supposed to be writing.

But today, it's failing me...

"Pffft," I groan, inspiration nowhere to be found.

The cursor blinks on the screen, mocking me from the middle of a half-finished sentence in Chapter Five.

I've been parked here for over an hour, my coffee long gone cold in its chipped mug, my fingers hovering uselessly over the keys.

The story's there in my head—a man fleeing his past, a man on a motorcycle who could be his savior or his downfall—but it's stuck, the words knotted up somewhere I can't reach.

I've tried everything—re-reading my outline, sipping water, pacing the room—but they won't come.

They're trapped, elusive, and every time I type a line, it feels flat, lifeless.

I lean back in my chair, the old wood groaning under me, and press my fingers to my temples, a headache throbbing faintly behind my eyes.

My publisher's deadline is six months out, but at this pace, I'll never hit it.

The advance they paid me—modest but real—sits in my account, a lifeline that's starting to feel like a noose...

What if I can't do this?

What if I've got my shot, my dream on a platter, and I'm choking because I can't string a sentence together?

I close my eyes, letting my mind wander back to simpler days.

When I was a kid, this was all I wanted—to be an author, to weave stories that'd live on shelves and in hearts.

I'd sprawl across the living room rug, my knees stained with grass, filling spiral notebooks with wild tales.

Pirates battling storms, princesses outsmarting dragons, detectives cracking cases in sleepy towns like this one.

I'd stay up past bedtime, a flashlight tucked under the covers, scribbling until my hand cramped, dreaming of the day I'd see my name in bold print.

My mom would find me in the morning, pages scattered around me like fallen leaves, and she'd laugh, her warm hands ruffling my hair.

"You're gonna write a bestseller someday, Dylan," she'd say, her voice full of that quiet faith I clung to.

I believed her—through the awkward years of middle school, the late nights in high school crafting short stories for the literary magazine, even the grind of college and the city, where I chased deadlines instead of dreams.

And now here I am, twenty-six, with a contract from a small press, a cute study in a cottage I can call mine—and might even own one day— and I'm terrified I'm blowing it. All those years of wanting, and I might let it slip through my fingers because the words won't cooperate.

The panic creeps in slow, a cold tightness spreading across my chest. I picture the call to my editor—his polite disappointment as I admit I’ve got nothing, the advance wired back, the contract shredded.

This cozy life I’ve built—the cottage, the wildflowers, the quiet—unraveling because I can’t deliver. I open my eyes, staring at the screen again, willing the story to move.

Maybe if I just push harder, force it out, something will click. But the cursor keeps blinking, relentless, and the worry kicks into overdrive...

What if I’m not good enough?

What if I’ve fooled everyone—my mom, my editor, myself—into thinking I could do this?

What if?—

A low rumble cuts through the spiral, vibrating up through the floorboards and rattling the vase on my desk. I freeze, my breath catching as my hands drop from my face. I know that sound—deep, throaty, a growl that’s as familiar as my own heartbeat.

A motorcycle. And not just any motorcycle. Clay .

Excitement surges through me, hot and electric, washing away the panic like a summer storm clears the air. I’m out of my chair in a flash, bare feet slapping the wood as I dart to the window.

I nudge the curtain aside, my heart pounding, and there he is—pulling up outside my house, the Harley gleaming black and chrome in the afternoon sun.

He swings off the bike, all leather and muscle, his chestnut hair a mess from the wind, and even from here, I can see the look in his eyes—green, piercing, brimming with a lust that sends a shiver racing down my spine.

My skin prickles, my pulse leaping as if I’ve just downed a triple espresso.

The study, the novel, the deadline—it all fades, drowned out by the wild, reckless pull of him...

I’m at the front door before he’s halfway up the walk, my fingers fumbling with the knob in my rush.

I fling it open just as he hits the porch, his boots thudding on the steps, and up close, he’s overwhelming—broad shoulders filling out his jacket, stubble darkening his jaw, that look in his eyes burning hotter now.

He’s close enough that I can smell him—leather, road dust, a hint of sweat—and it’s like a match to dry tinder, igniting something deep in my belly.

My breath becomes fast, shallow, and I can’t look away, can’t think past the way he’s staring at me like I’m the only thing in the world that matters.

“Dylan,” Clay says, his voice rough and low, gravelly in a way that makes my knees weak. “We need to talk.”

I should agree—nod, invite him in for coffee, sit him down on the couch and hash out whatever’s simmering between us.

We’ve got history, baggage, a mess of feelings that need sorting.

But right now, with him standing there, all heat and want, talking feels like a waste of

time.

My body's buzzing, alive with the memory of the forest—the press of his hands, the taste of his mouth—and words can't touch that. I step closer, close enough that I can feel the warmth radiating off him, and shake my head.

“Later,” I say, my voice steady despite the storm inside. “We can talk later. Right now, it's time for something else.”

His eyes flash—surprise, then hunger—and that's all it takes.

I close the gap, my hands fisting in his jacket as I yank him down, and our lips crash together.

It's passionate, fierce, a collision of need that steals my breath and sets my blood on fire.

Clay groans into my mouth, a low, primal sound that vibrates through me, and his hands slide to my hips, pulling me hard against him. I can feel him—every hard line, every insistent press—and it lights me up, a blaze spreading fast from my core.

We stumble backward, my shoulder bumping the doorframe as he presses into me, his lips moving with a hunger that matches mine.

My fingers dig into Clay's shoulders, tugging at the leather, and he kicks the door wider, guiding us inside. It's a clumsy dance—my bare feet slipping on the floor, his boots thudding heavy—and we're through the threshold, the cottage swallowing us whole.

I break the kiss just long enough to shove the door shut, my hand fumbling with the latch until it clicks, locking the world out.

It's just us now, the quiet hum of the house drowned by the sound of our breathing, the heat of our bodies filling the space.

He's on me again before I can blink, backing me against the wall, his mouth dropping to my neck. His teeth graze my skin, just enough to make me gasp, and my hands slide under his jacket, finding the warm cotton of his shirt, the solid muscle beneath.

I pull him closer, needing him flush against me, and he growls low, his hands slipping under my sweater, rough palms skimming my bare sides.

The sensation's electric, sparking through me, and I tip my head back, giving him more, letting him take it.

"Dylan," he mutters against my collarbone, voice thick with want, and it's like gasoline on the fire already roaring inside. I don't answer—just grab his face, dragging him back to my mouth, kissing him deeper, harder, pouring everything into it.

The past, the hurt, the years apart—it's all here, tangled in the way we fit, the way we always have.

We're a mess of motion, stumbling through the living room, my hip catching the couch, his elbow knocking a lamp askew.

Neither of us cares. It's just him, me, and this—this thing we can't stop, won't stop, not now.

The front door's shut, the lock engaged, and the world's gone.

It's Dylan and Clay, and whatever comes next is about to be hotter than the sun...

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Clay

Inside Dylan's cottage, the door clicking shut behind us, the air shifts—warm, soft, scented faintly with lavender and wildflowers.

It's his space, all cozy and calm, a stark contrast to the rumble of my Harley still echoing in my ears and the chaos of my life outside these walls.

My boots thud heavy on the wood floor, out of place in this little haven he's built, and I catch a glimpse of his study through the open doorway—flowery walls, a desk piled with books, a glow that's all him.

I've got a thousand things I need to say, words piling up in my chest about the heist tomorrow night, about the Wolf Riders, about whether he can stomach the outlaw shit I drag around like a shadow.

I came here to talk, to lay it out—Kreese's plan, the truck, the money, the risk of cuffs snapping back on my wrists if it goes south. I need to know if he can handle me, all of me, not just the kid he loved seven years ago but the man I am now, patched and rough and living on the edge.

But Dylan is on me, and I'm on him too. All the plans and discussions in the world wouldn't make a difference now that we're in this moment of pure heat with one another.

The words I'd rehearsed scatter like ash, burned up by the heat of his mouth, the way he presses himself against me. He's not here for talking—not now—and fuck if I can

think straight with the boy kissing me like this, like he's starving for it.

My hands slide to his hips, gripping tight, and I grind into Dylan, hard and firm.

I'm turned on—Christ, I'm more than turned on, my blood's roaring, every nerve lit up by his touch.

The heist, the club, the talk—it can wait.

Right now, it's him, us, and the pull I can't fight.

I want him, bad, and Dylan is making it damn clear he wants me too. It's time to take this further...

Before either one of us know what's happening, we're tearing our clothes off in a flurry of wild, animalistic lust. The time for dancing around is over.

"Here," Dylan says, breathless as he tosses his briefs onto the floor and scurries over toward the kitchen table and bends himself over the edge of the oak table. "From behind. Hard. Fast. Make me yours again, Daddy."

I growl and waste no time in taking Dylan by the hips and kicking his legs out wider.

There's no doubting it. Dylan still has the same wild side to him that he did back in the day. And his body is even hotter now that he's a few years older - he's still petit but there's a fuller, juicier side to him now too, and I'm all there for it.

I'm one lucky sonofabitch to be in this position, there's no doubting that. A Daddy and his horny boy, it doesn't get much better than that - except perhaps when there's the kind of shared history that me and Dylan have together.

“Put it in me,” Dylan pleads, pushing his ass out and spreading his cheeks to reveal his tight, pink ass hole. “I need this, Clay. I need you . I need your big, hard, Daddy dick to make me holler.”

I spit in my hand and lube my rock-hard cock, pushing it up against his puckered hole. It only take a moment and I can feel him take me inside, Dylan’s loud moan of desire telling me that everything is as it should be.

“D-D-D-Daddy...” Dylan groans, turning his head and looking up at me with an expression of total animalistic arousal.

“How hard?” I ask, already knowing the answer.

“All the way hard,” Dylan says, his breathing heavy and his small but firm pecs up against the surface of the table. “Don’t hold back. Not even in the slightest. I’m a naughty boy and I need to be punished by my motorcycle Daddy.”

No more words need to be spoken.

I might be the leader of the Wolf Riders MC, but Dylan is the one giving the orders right now.

I waste no time as I duly give Dylan the hardest, gruffest fuck of his life as I make his cheeks clap in time with my thrusts.

I knew it would feel good. All these years, I never doubted that our connection would still be there. But honestly, I could never have predicted that it would feel quite like this.

I’m giving the boy everything I have and he’s taking it - just like a perfectly submissive boy should.

We cum together, our perfect timing clearly having not diminished over the years that we spent apart.

And as Dylan's legs wobble and almost give way beneath him, I hold Dylan in place and make sure that I give the young man every last drop of my cum.

"Enough?" I grunt, a laugh in my voice as Dylan slaps his hands down on the wooden surface, satisfied and satiated.

"Enough," Dylan giggles, turning his head to me and looking at me just like how he used to. "We've still go it, Daddy."

I laugh and playfully spank Dylan's peachy ass. Dylan's right. We certainly do still have it.

And if there's any justice in the world, this won't be the last time we get to show it either...

Later, we're tangled up in his bed, the sheets twisted around us, the room quiet except for the soft rasp of our breathing.

Dylan's bedroom is small, cozy like the rest of his place—pale blue walls, a quilt that looks handmade, a window cracked open letting in the cool night air.

The glow of a streetlamp sneaks through the blinds, painting stripes across his bare shoulder where it peeks out from under the blanket.

The boy is pressed against me, his head on my chest, his dark hair tickling over my arm, and I can feel the warmth of him, the steady beat of his heart against my ribs.

My body's still humming from what we just did, a low buzz of satisfaction, but my

mind's starting to churn again, the weight of reality creeping back in.

I shift, propping myself up on an elbow, and look down at him. Dylan's eyes are half-lidded, soft in the dim light, but I can't let this sit any longer.

"Dylan," I say, my voice low, rough from exertion. "We need to talk. For real this time."

Dylan blinks, shifting to sit up a little, the sheet slipping down to his waist.

"Okay," Dylan says, his tone cautious but steady. "What about?"

"My life," I start, running a hand through my hair, still damp with sweat.

"The club, the shit I do. It's not just bikes and leather, you know that.

There's a heist coming up—big score, big risk.

If it goes wrong, I could end up back in a cell.

I've been there once, cut you off to keep you out of it, and I don't wanna drag you through that again.

You've got this—" I gesture around the room, the cottage, his quiet world—"and I've got...

this. Me. The Riders. Can you handle what I bring to the table? "

I know this is a big moment. I don't want to rush Dylan. he deserves more than that. I need to wait until Dylan is ready to speak.

I can see that Dylan is thinking. He's quiet for a moment, his gaze dropping to the quilt, fingers tracing a faded stitch. I hold my breath, waiting, half-expecting him to pull back, to say it's too much.

But then he looks up, his hazel eyes locking on mine, and there's a fire there, a resolve I didn't expect.

"I think I can," he says, voice firm. "I've been thinking about it—since the diner, the forest, all of it.

Yeah, your life's messy, dangerous even, but I'm not the same boy I was at nineteen.

I've seen some shit, lived some shit. And I still want you, Clay.

I want us to have a second chance. As a couple. For real this time."

His words hit me hard, a punch to the gut I didn't see coming.

A second chance. For real.

It's what I've wanted since I saw him in that diner, what I've been too chickenshit to admit even to myself. I reach out, cupping his face, my thumb brushing his cheek.

"You sure?" I ask, needing to hear it again. "'Cause once we're in, I'm not half-assing it."

"I'm sure," he says, leaning into my touch. "I mean it."

I nod, a slow grin tugging at my mouth.

"Okay. Then we're doing this. After the heist tomorrow, the club's gonna have

cash—real cash. One hundred grand, maybe more. Enough that I can dial down the risk, pull back on the crazy shit. We can make this work, Dylan. I'll make it work."

He smiles, small but real, and leans in, kissing me soft and quick.

"Good. I'm holding you to that," Dylan says, his face glowing.

We settle back down, Dylan's head on my chest again, and I wrap my arm around him, pulling him close.

Dylan's skin is warm against mine, his breathing slowing as he relaxes, and for a minute, it feels perfect—like we've got a shot, like the past doesn't have to choke us.

But inside, my head's spinning, doubts gnawing at the edges.

I meant what I said—about the money, about easing off the gas. The heist's a big score, could set the Riders up nice, let me step back from the front lines. Maybe focus on the garage side of things, legit work to balance the scales.

But I know my brothers—Kreese especially.

One hundred grand's a hell of a haul, but it's also a taste, a tease of what's possible.

They won't stop there.

They'll want more—bigger jobs, higher stakes, pushing further into the dark.

This heist might not be the end; it could be the beginning, the spark that lights a fire we can't control.

And if it goes wrong?

If tomorrow night blows up, if the cops catch wind, I'm back in a cage—orange jumpsuit, concrete walls, three hots and a cot. I survived it once, barely, but doing it again would gut me. Worse, it would gut him .

Dylan is signing up for me, for us, but he doesn't know the half of it—the late nights, the blood on my hands, the constant hum of danger. I cut him off before to spare him that, and now I'm pulling him back in, promising I can keep it tame.

What if I can't?

What if the Riders drag me deeper, and he's left holding the pieces again? The thought twists my stomach, a cold knot I can't shake.

I don't say it out loud—I definitely don't want to ruin this, not when he's warm and soft in my arms, trusting me with that second chance.

For now, I'll hold onto the plan: hit the truck, cash out, dial it back. Make it work like I promised. But the worry's there, a shadow in the back of my mind, whispering that this life doesn't let go easy.

Dylan shifts, snuggling closer, his breath warm against my neck, and I tighten my grip, anchoring myself in him.

The bed creaks under us, the quilt bunching at our feet, and I stare at the ceiling, the streetlamp's glow cutting lines across it.

Tomorrow's coming fast—the heist, the risk, the future we're betting on. But right now, it's just us, tangled up in his sheets, his heartbeat steady against mine.

I press a kiss to his forehead, soft enough not to wake him if he's drifting, and let my eyes close. Whatever happens, I've got him in my arms tonight, and that's enough.

For now...

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Clay

“Business time,” I growl, my mind focused and my senses set to full alert.

The night’s black as pitch, the kind of dark that swallows you whole, and the Wolf Riders are shadows moving through it, silent and sharp.

I’m crouched low behind a cluster of pines off the old mill road, the Harley parked a quarter mile back, engine cold.

My breath fogs in the cool April air, my heart thumping steady but hard against my ribs.

The heist’s on—Kreese’s plan, my call—and the adrenaline’s got me wired, every sense dialed up.

The truck’s due any minute, a hulking beast loaded with electronics we’re about to claim, and we’ve got this locked down tight. No room for fuck-ups tonight.

Kreese is beside me, his shaved head glinting faintly under the sliver of moon, eyes narrowed as he scans the road. He’s twitchy, eager, a coiled spring ready to snap. “Two minutes,” he mutters, checking his watch. “Rusty’s got the van in place. Jace, are you good?”

“We’re good,” Jace replies.

I nod, peering through the trees.

The trap's set—Rusty's parked an old panel van across the bend, lights off, a fake breakdown to stall the driver. Jace is perched up the hill, binoculars trained on the highway, ready to signal.

The rest of the crew—six more Riders, patched and loyal—fan out along the tree line, armed with tire irons and grit. We're not here to kill, just to take, but it's still a razor's edge.

One wrong move, and this goes from clean to bloody fast .

Headlights flicker in the distance, a low rumble growing louder, and my pulse kicks up.

“Here we go,” I say, voice low. Kreese grins, a flash of teeth, and signals the boys with a sharp whistle. We move like wolves—silent, fast, closing in.

The truck rounds the bend, a boxy shadow grinding down the gears as it spots the van.

The driver—a kid, barely twenty by the look of him—leans out the window, cursing loud enough to carry.

“Fuckin’ piece of shit! Move it!” he yells, laying on the horn.

Rusty steps out, hands up like he's apologetic, stumbling a little for show. “Sorry, man, he's dead. Gimme a sec.”

That's our cue.

I burst from the trees, Kreese on my heels, and we're on the truck before the kid knows what's hit him. I yank the driver's door open, hauling him out by the

collar—he's all flailing arms and panicked shouts, but I've got a good six inches and fifty pounds on him.

"Shut it," I growl, slamming him against the cab, my forearm pinning his throat. He freezes, eyes wide, and I nod to Kreese, who's already climbing into the passenger side to kill the radio.

Rusty and Jace swarm the back, popping the lock with a crowbar, the metal screeching as the doors swing wide. Inside, it's a goldmine—boxes stacked high, TVs, laptops, phones, all shrink-wrapped and gleaming.

"Holy shit," Jace breathes, tossing a crate to the ground. The crew moves fast, a line forming to haul the goods to the pickup we've got stashed fifty yards off-road. Sweat beads on my neck, the clock ticking in my head—ten minutes in, ten to go.

The kid's still pinned, whimpering now.

"Please, man, I don't know nothin'—just let me go," the young man quivers, close to tears.

I lean in close, my voice a blade. "You didn't see us. You got jumped, truck broke down, whatever. Open your mouth, and we find you. Got it?"

He nods frantically, and I shove him toward the ditch, where he stumbles and stays down.

I look at Jace and we exchange a silent acknowledgement. His ribs might still be sore as hell, but there was no way he wasn't coming along with us for this.

"Clay!" Kreese calls, sharp. "Headlights—half a mile out."

Shit.

Another car, too soon. Way too soon in fact.

I sprint to the truck, helping Jace with the last box as Rusty slams the van's hood like he's fixed it. "Move!" I bark, and we scatter—the pickup peels out, tires spitting gravel, the crew melting back into the trees.

I'm last, diving for cover as the new headlights sweep the road, a sedan slowing to check the scene.

The driver's still in the ditch, playing dead or too scared to move, and the sedan rolls on after a beat.

Close.

Too damn close.

We regroup at the bikes, engines roaring to life, and tear into the night, splitting off down backroads to shake any tail. The pickup's headed to a safehouse—a barn ten miles out—where we'll strip the haul later.

My Harley thunders beneath me, the wind tearing at my jacket, and I let the rush burn through me. We did it—clean, fast, thousands of dollars each richer. The Wolf Riders pulled it off, and I can't stop the grin splitting my face as I hit the highway toward the clubhouse...

The place is a madhouse when I roll in, the lot packed with bikes, the air thick with victory.

Inside, the drinks are flowing—whiskey shots slammed on the bar, beers foaming

over as the boys toast the haul.

Rusty's got a bottle in each hand, sloshing bourbon as he dances with some blonde, his busted lip forgotten.

Jace is sprawled on a couch, shirt off, showing off his bruised ribs like a badge, a boy giggling beside him.

The jukebox blasts Zeppelin, the bass shaking the walls, and Kreese is at the pool table, racking a new game, his laugh cutting through the noise.

"To the Wolf Riders!" Kreese yells, raising a glass, and the room roars back, a wall of sound that hits me like a wave.

I grab a whiskey from the bar, the burn sharp down my throat, and lean against the wall, watching it all. It's good—my crew, my brothers, high on the win.

One hundred grand is a game changer, enough to keep us flush, maybe ease off the gas like I told Dylan.

But as the chaos swirls, my head's not here.

I want to be one place, one damn place only—with him .

I catch Kreese's eye across the room, jerking my head toward the door. He weaves over, still grinning, a beer dangling from his fingers. "What's up, man? You look like you're half out already."

"You're in charge tonight," I say, setting my glass down. "I'm heading out."

His brows shoot up, but the grin doesn't fade.

“Dylan, huh? That boy’s got you,” Kreese laughs with a knowing look in his eyes.

“Yeah,” I admit, no point denying it. “Second chances don’t come around too often, Kreese. I’m not fucking this one up.”

He claps my shoulder, hard and sure. “Go for it, brother. We’ve got this. Get your ass to your boy.”

I don’t wait—time to move, push through the crowd, and I’m out the door, the night swallowing me again.

The Harley fires up with a growl, and I tear out of the lot, the wind biting my face as I cut through Willow Creek.

The town’s asleep, streets empty, houses dark, the river a black ribbon glinting under the moon.

My head’s a mess—Dylan, the heist, the promise I made him.

The money’s ours, the risk paid off, but I can’t shake the itch that this is just the start. Kreese will want more, the boys too—bigger scores, deeper shadows. I meant it when I said I’d dial it back, but this life’s got claws, and it doesn’t let go easy...

The ride’s fast, too fast, my pulse pounding with the engine as I turn onto his street.

Soon enough, Dylan’s cottage comes into view, a soft glow spilling from the study window, and I ease off the throttle, coasting to a stop.

The light’s on—he’s up, working, maybe—and my chest tightens.

I swing off the bike, gravel crunching under my boots, and stare at that window, hope

and fear tangling up inside me.

Did he mean it—about us, the second chance?

Or has he had time to think, to see the mess I am, the danger I carry?

I pray he hasn't changed his mind, hasn't decided I'm too much to handle after all.

I take a breath, the cool air steadying me, and head for Dylan's front door.

The heist's done, the night's ours, and whatever happens next, I'm here for it—for him.

I want to be his Daddy again. For real. And I want him to want that too.

"Here we go," I mutter. "It's now or fucking never..."

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:34 am

Dylan

“Keep typing, keep typing,” I say, almost breathless with excitement.

I’m hunched over my desk in the study, my fingers dancing across the laptop keys, the words spilling out faster than I can think them.

The room’s a soft cocoon tonight—the fairy lights strung over the bookshelf twinkle like stars, casting a warm glow across the lavender walls and the tiny daisies I painted last fall.

The flowery curtain sways gently at the cracked window, letting in a whisper of cool night air, and the wildflowers in their chipped vase droop a little, their petals curling but still sweetening the air with their earthy scent.

The lavender candle on my desk flickers, its vanilla undertone blending with the quiet, and my coffee mug sits empty, a faint ring of brown staining the inside.

It’s late—well past midnight, the world beyond my cottage hushed except for the occasional chirp of crickets and the rustle of leaves—but I’m wide awake, electric with inspiration.

The novel’s alive again, Chapter Seven unfurling on the screen, and it’s all because of Clay.

He’s my spark, my muse, the flame that’s reignited everything.

Clay was my Daddy before, and I want him to be my Daddy again.

Our second chance—the diner glances, the forest heat, last night tangled in my sheets—has cracked open a well I thought had run dry.

The man in my story isn't just running from his past anymore; he's chasing something, someone—a man on a motorcycle with piercing green eyes and a shadowed history that pulls him in.

The words flow fast, sharp and vivid, painting their tension, their longing, the way they collide like magnets too strong to resist.

It's us—me and Clay—woven into fiction, our rekindled fire bleeding onto the page. I can see him in every line—the leather jacket stretched over his broad shoulders, the messy chestnut hair I've always wanted to run my fingers through, the way he looks at me like I'm the only thing that matters.

It feels good, damn good, to watch it take shape, to feel the story breathe again.

The deadline's still months off, but at this pace, I might beat it, might actually pull off this dream I've carried since I was a kid.

The panic that's been clawing at me—the fear of failing my publisher, of wasting my advance—is quiet tonight, drowned by the steady clack of keys and the thrill of creation.

I pause, leaning back in my chair, the wood creaking under me as I stretch my arms overhead.

My eyes drift to the bookshelf, to the worn spines of books that shaped me—I was a voracious reader then, and it's an honor and privilege to be writing books now.

The old books are like old friends, reminders of why I'm here, why I left the city's grind to chase this.

I think back to those nights at nineteen, curled up on Clay's couch in his trailer, reading aloud to him while he tinkered with bike parts, his laugh breaking through my dramatic pauses.

He'd tease me—"You're gonna write us into one of those someday, huh?"

"—and I'd blush, not admitting I already had, in secret notebooks I never showed him.

Now it's real, and he's the heartbeat of it, the rogue who's giving my hero a reason to fight.

But even as the story sings, there's a knot in my stomach I can't untie—worry about the heist. Clay laid it out last night, his voice low and serious in the dark of my bedroom, promising he'd pull back after this one.

One hundred grand, he said, enough to shift things, to give us a shot at something steadier.

I trust him—I do—but his world isn't soft edges and happy endings. It's a heist tonight, a truck loaded with goods, and all I can see is him out there in the shadows, adrenaline pumping, one slip away from cuffs or worse.

I've been jumping at every creak outside, every gust of wind, my mind spinning with nightmares—sirens wailing, him hauled off again, me left alone like before.

I push it down, pour it into the story, but it's there, a quiet ache under the joy.

Then I hear it—a low, throaty rumble slicing through the night, vibrating up through

the floorboards and rattling the vase on my desk.

My heart leaps, my fingers freezing mid-word. I know that sound—Clay's Harley, deep and unmistakable. Relief floods me, warm and sudden, washing away the worry like a river breaking a dam.

It worked—he's here, safe, back to me. I just know he is.

I shove my chair back, the scrape loud in the stillness, and I'm out of the study in a heartbeat, bare feet slapping the cool wood as I race to the front door.

I fling open the door.

"Clay!" I holler, my eyes filling with tears of joy.

I don't wait—I run to him, the night air sharp against my skin, my oversized sweater flapping as I close the distance.

We collide halfway, his arms catching me as I crash into him, and he's solid, warm, smelling of road dust and leather and him.

I bury my face in his chest, feeling the steady thump of his heart under my cheek, and his hands slide to my back, pulling me tight like he'll never let go.

His lips find mine, a kiss that's deep and desperate, tasting of triumph and relief, and I kiss him back just as hard, my fingers curling into his jacket, anchoring myself to him.

"Dylan," Clay says when we break apart, his voice rough and low, his forehead pressed to mine, breath warm against my lips. "I want you— forever this time. No matter what happens, no more running, no more cutting you off. I'm in, all the way."

My breath hitches, tears stinging my eyes, but they're the good kind, born from hearing what I've ached for since he walked back into my life.

"I feel the same," I say, my voice steady despite the emotion clogging my throat. "I want you, Clay— forever . I know it won't always be easy, being with a motorcycle club man, but I'm here for it. All of it. I'm here for all of it... Daddy."

Clay pulls back just enough to look at me, his eyes searching mine, a flicker of doubt there, like he's still afraid I'll turn tail.

"You mean that?" he asks, voice raw, needing to hear it again.

"I mean it," I say, cupping his face, my thumbs brushing the stubble on his jaw. "I've loved you since I was nineteen, and I never stopped—not through prison, not through the city, not through anything. We've got this second chance, and I'm not letting it go."

His grin breaks wide, all teeth and relief, and he pulls me in again, kissing me slower this time, softer, but no less intense. It's a seal, a vow, and I melt into it, my hands sliding up to tangle in his hair.

The night wraps us in its cool embrace, but inside me, it's all heat and certainty.

I know what I'm choosing—the club, the risks, the nights I'll wonder where he is. It's not a fairy tale, not neat or simple, but it's us, and that's everything.

He pulls back, hands framing my face, a glint of mischief in his eyes.

"You can even use me for inspiration in your books," Clay teases, voice light. "The badass biker Daddy—bet that'll sell."

I laugh, bright and free, the sound cutting through the last of my tension.

“Oh, I already am,” I say, laughing. “Chapter Seven’s got a guy who looks a hell of a lot like you—leather jacket, green eyes, trouble all over him.”

He laughs too, deep and warm, vibrating through me.

“Good. Make me look hot,” Clay says. “And write a spanking scene too...”

“Hmmm . I’m thinking we try the spanking out in real life and then I write it, just to make it realistic,” I say, and then we’re kissing one last time, slow and deep, a kiss that says it all—love, trust, forever.

My lips linger on his, tasting the promise, and when we break apart, I rest my forehead against his chest, his arms wrapping me tight.

“I love you, Clay,” I whisper, soft but sure.

“I love you too, Dylan,” he says, rough with feeling, tilting my chin up to meet my eyes. “Always have, always will.”

We stand there, wrapped in each other, the Harley cooling beside us, the night stretching out endless and ours.

I take his hand, tugging him toward the door. “Come inside,” I say, smiling. “Coffee, whiskey, whatever you want. And a novel to finish—with you in it.”

He follows, his hand warm in mine, and we step into the cottage together, the door shutting behind us.

The study waits, my laptop glowing, the words ready to keep flowing, but right now, it’s just us—Dylan and Clay, Daddy and boy, two wild hearts beating as one, ready for whatever comes next.