



Crash & Burn (Steel Riders MC #2)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: Crash and Burn have never followed the rules—not as tiger shifters, not as patched members of the Steel Riders, and definitely not when it comes to women.

Booze, bikes, and no-strings fun? That's always been the deal. Until a mission to take down a rival MC turns explosive... and puts their fated mate in the middle of the mess.

She's human. She's off-limits. And she's everything they didn't know they were missing.

Now it's not just club business—it's personal.

And these twin tigers don't share well... unless it's with each other.

Two alpha shifters. One woman who brings them to their knees. And a whole lot of trouble standing in the way.

WARNING: This book is intended for readers 18+ due to adult situations and bad language. There's no cliffhanger, a guaranteed HEA, and no cheating. Crash Burn is an insta-love fated mates story, which was originally released in 2014 and again in 2020 as part of the Steel Riders MC collection.

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Chapter One

The Steel Riders slunk through the darkness and shadows, creeping up on the Double Deuces' clubhouse.

The sounds of revelry inside sickened Crash.

They acted like nothing had happened, even though Celia had broken down and confessed everything.

Granted, it was her word against theirs, but what reason did she have for lying?

Either way, she faced banishment from the Steel Riders' clubhouse, and that was if she was lucky.

Blitz was still contemplating her fate. She'd not only tried to steal their cash, she'd tried to confiscate their drugs to give to the Double Deuces.

And she'd listened for intel, selling them all the Steel Riders' secrets she could gather.

If it were up to Crash, she'd be turned over to the authorities.

He was certain they could come up with some charges that would stick.

Every one of his brothers would back him if he said she was trying to sell herself on clubhouse property.

Solicitation might not be a huge charge, but it would get her out of their hair, and hopefully, teach her a lesson, but no one wanted to hear his opinion on the matter.

Blitz slid a two by four through the handles of the front door and sent Flash around the back to do the same.

Crash and Burn watched the front windows while their other brothers fanned out around the building, making sure no one escaped.

The Double Deuces had fucked them over before, but this would be the last damn time.

Besides, there had been rumors they were involved in human trafficking, and the Steel Riders weren't down with that shit.

On a count of three, the building was doused in accelerant and matches were tossed onto the fluid.

The building went up like a torch and the shouts of the men inside could be heard over the roar of the flames.

Crash turned to Burn and was about to make a snide remark about the assholes inside when he heard something. It was faint but...

“Help!”

He snarled and began tearing his clothes from his body.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Burn, his twin, asked.

“There's a woman trapped inside. I'm going to shift and go get her.

The flames aren't quite so bad by this window just yet, but you know some of those assholes inside are going to try to escape this way.

You're going to have to be prepared to take them on, or let them go and we'll chase them down later.

Either way, I can't leave her in there."

Burn nodded and gathered Crash's fallen clothes and boots, setting them away from the burning building.

Crash called to his beast. Fur sprouted along his body, a tail began to form behind him, and he dropped to all fours as his beast took over. Where Crash had once stood in human form, now was a Siberian tiger.

"Go get her," Burn said.

Crash crouched then launched himself through the window, glass shattering and clinging to his fur.

He snarled at any men who came near him as he picked his way through the inferno.

His paws felt like they were on fire, but he carried on, knowing she had to be somewhere in the smoke-filled room.

He heard her faintly call for help again before a round of coughing shook her body.

In the corner, he saw a petite blonde, but when he saw the rope attached to the O-ring on the wall, he couldn't hold back his snarl.

They'd tied her up and left her to die! Assholes.

Worse. He just couldn't think of anything worse to call them just then.

He approached cautiously, not wanting to frighten her more.

When her gaze settled on him, her eyes widened and a scream seemed to be trapped in her throat.

Crash approached as slowly as he could, nuzzled her before licking her cheek; then he went to work on chewing through the rope.

When he had her free, he tried to think of a way to get her onto his back so he could carry her out.

He crouched low and purred at her, looking from her to his back, then back to her again.

It took her a moment but she seemed to understand.

"You want me to ride you?" she asked, her voice scratching from the smoke.

Crash nodded.

Her eyes widened again, but she climbed onto his back, leaning down and wrapping her arms around his neck.

She was nearly choking him, but Crash began moving through the building.

When he reached the window, he hoped like hell she wouldn't be cut by the broken glass, but the front door remained barred.

He leapt and landed on the other side, his paws on fire from walking across the hot

floor.

The woman slipped from his back and his brother, Burn, caught her.

Needing the magick of his shift to heal the slight burns he'd received inside, he slowly shifted back to human.

At her gasp, he looked her way. If he'd thought her eyes were wide before, it was nothing compared to now.

Apparently, no one warned her shifters were real.

He jerked on his jeans, then held out his hand to her.

"I'm Crash. Are you all right?"

She placed her hand in his and a tingle shot up his arm.

Hmm. Interesting. Smoke still filled his nose so he couldn't have begun to guess what she smelled like, but she was definitely something special.

Their mate, perhaps? He'd always known he would share one with Burn, but he wasn't sure what his brother thought of their rescue.

"I'm Willow."

"No last name?"

She shook her head. "I'm sure I had one at one point, but I don't remember it. I've just been called Willow for the last fifteen years."

Crash frowned, his brow furrowed. Something was wrong, but he couldn't figure out what it was.

And with the fire still burning a little too close for comfort, he figured it was a riddle best solved at the clubhouse.

He finished dressing then took Willow's other hand and then Crash and Burn led her to where the bikes were stashed around the corner.

"You can ride with me," Crash said, "or my brother, Burn. Either way, you're going to our clubhouse, where we'll figure out the next move."

She nibbled her lower lip and looked between the two brothers before walking over to Crash's bike. He supposed she felt safer with him since he'd been the one to retrieve her from the building. He swung a leg over his bike, then helped her on behind him, pulling her hands around his waist.

"You'll have to hold on tight," he warned.

"I've ridden on motorcycles before," she said softly. "I've spent my life riding behind someone."

He figured he'd puzzle that one out later.

Since she'd been tied up, there was no way she was related to someone in the club, but the alternative left a sick feeling in his stomach.

He'd heard of M.C.s that trafficked in children, but he hoped like hell she hadn't been one of them.

The thought of her living through those atrocities was enough to make his blood boil.

Crash set off at an easy pace, then caught up to the rest of his crew, taking his place beside Burn.

They zipped through the streets until they reached the Steel Riders' clubhouse, a much nicer structure than the one they'd just come from.

Crash parked his bike in the covered parking area, since they predicted rain in the morning, and then helped Willow off his bike.

She tucked her hand through his arm and he led her to the clubhouse, up the steps, and through the front doors.

He paused, letting her look around, before he walked over to the bar and motioned for her to have a seat.

He took the stool to her left and Burn claimed the one on her right.

If she felt caged in, she didn't let on.

She actually seemed fairly relaxed for a woman who had no idea what the future would bring, but then he supposed, depending on what she'd already been through, she might figure this would be a walk in the park.

"You can either tell your story to us first, or we can call a meeting with the Pres and you can just give the story one time." Crash reached out and swept a strand of hair behind her ear. "Either way, we're going to have to know why you were with the Double Deuces, and why I found you tied up."

Burn's eyebrows shot up. "She was tied up?"

Crash nodded. "I chewed through the ropes."

“I never thanked you for saving me,” Willow said. “You could have left me there to die.”

“No. Our goal was to wipe out the Double Deuces, not to harm innocent women.”

Burn cleared his throat. “Yeah, speaking of that... two managed to get through the window before I could stop them. They were fairly well burnt and not looking their best, so we may not hear anything from them. They may be happy to scurry off and start their lives over somewhere.”

Willow paled. “Depends on which two. If it was Mule and Jax, then they’ll come after me. They won’t like the idea of my getting a happy ending.” She looked up at Crash. “Assuming you’re going to give me one.”

Oh ho! He’d like to give her a happy ending all right. Smack dab in between Burn and him, but he figured now wasn’t the time to mention that. Although, she’d need a place to sleep tonight and there weren’t any vacant rooms, unless Blaze went home to his mate.

“No one here is going to hurt you,” Crash said. It was the best he could give her for now.

“I’d rather just tell the story once, if that’s all right.”

Crash nodded. “Burn, why don’t you set up something with the Pres and we’ll convene in the boardroom. I don’t think we need to call Church for this, but she might be more comfortable telling her story away from everyone.”

“On it.” Burn got off his stool and went in search of Blitz.

“You want something to drink?” Crash asked Willow. “Your throat has to be sore

from all that smoke.”

“Maybe some water?”

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Crash flagged down the Prospect manning the bar. “Get the lady a cold bottle of water. If there isn’t any at the bar, go to the kitchen and pull one from the fridge.”

The Prospect eyed Willow in curiosity, but left to do as he’d been told.

It didn’t take long before he returned with a bottle of water that was icy to the touch.

Crash twisted off the lid and handed it to Willow, watching as she gulped it down.

He wasn’t sure how much of her thirst was from the fire and how much was from being held prisoner.

Had they fed her, given her something to drink?

Burn appeared at his shoulder and nodded toward the boardroom.

“Come on, sweetheart,” Crash said. “It’s time to tell your story.”

She curled her hand around his bicep and let him lead her through the clubhouse.

When they reached the boardroom, she seemed to tremble by his side.

He wanted to reassure her that everything would okay, but truthfully, he wasn’t sure it would be.

Just because he wanted to claim her as his mate, didn’t mean Blitz would let him.

The Pres sat at the head of the table, looking impressive with his full-sleeve tattoos on display and wearing his cut proudly.

He motioned for them to enter and take a seat closer to him than their usual places.

Crash took the seat next to Blitz, then sat Willow beside him, with Burn on her other side.

He wanted her protected, and it seemed his twin felt the same.

“So I hear you’re the reason some of the Double Deuces escaped,” Blitz said, staring her down.

Crash felt her tremble again and placed a hand on her knee. “It’s all right, Willow. Just tell him how you came to be with them.”

She licked her lips and looked at the President with a deer-in-the-headlights expression. Crash gave her leg a squeeze, hoping it would prompt her to start talking. He wasn’t sure what kind of mood Blitz was in, but he didn’t want to take a chance on the Pres kicking her out of the clubhouse.

“I was sold to the Double Deuces a few months ago. To sweeten a narcotics deal between the Black Daggers and them.”

The blood in Crash’s veins turned to ice. The Black Daggers were bad news, especially for women. If she’d been with them, then he was almost certain she’d been abused, and the thought sickened him.

“So the Black Daggers owned you?” Blitz asked. “For how long?”

“Their V.P., Slash, snatched me off the streets when I was about five. He kept me as a

sort of pet until I turned eighteen. Then he told me that everything I'd learned would pay off.

He had planned to either use me as a prostitute to earn extra cash inside the club, or he was going to sell me to the highest bidder.

I managed to escape that fate for almost two years, then the Double Deuces came along and their Sergeant-at-Arms took a liking to me.

But he didn't want me just one time, he wanted to own me. ”

Crash fought back the bile rising in his throat.

“You set fire to their clubhouse before he ever got around to doing much more than humiliating me. He'd make me crawl on all fours like a dog, kept me chained near his table and bed, and fed me from a bowl on the floor.

But he never touched me intimately. I don't know if he was just working up to it, or if he had other plans for me.

In all that time, I never once saw him with a woman, so maybe he didn't swing that way. ”

Burn stared at her with a hunger that startled Crash. “Are you telling us you're still a virgin?”

Her face flushed, but she nodded.

“I don't know how the hell you remained untouched after living with both the Black Daggers and the Double Deuces, but you are one damn lucky young lady,” Blitz said.

“I’m still pissed that some of them escaped because you had to be saved, but I suppose that isn’t entirely your fault.

It isn’t like you were there of your own free will. ”

“No, sir.”

Blitz smiled at the “sir” comment, then turned his gaze to Crash and Burn.

“So, boys. The question remains what are you going to do with her? She’s a liability, so I can’t have her running around out there, with knowledge of who set that fire.

But she isn’t going to fit in around here as a party girl either. ”

Burn growled.

“I agree with my brother. She definitely isn’t going to be a party girl.”

Blitz’s eyebrows shot up. “Then what will she be?”

“Our mate,” Burn said.

“Mate?” Willow asked. “What’s that?”

Blitz laughed, a full belly laugh. “Honey, they want you to be their wife.”

“Their?” she squeaked. “As in both of them?”

Blitz nodded. “Crash and Burn are tiger twins, who share absolutely everything. They’ve been mouthing off for years about how, when they found their mate, they were going to share the same woman.

Now, I'm not going to force you to mate with them, but you have my blessing if that's a road you wish to travel.

You know the M.C. lifestyle, and you're obviously tough as nails to have survived what you did.

And you will live with the Steel Riders.

As what remains to be determined. If I were you, I'd take them up on their offer. "

Willow looked a little shocked as she glanced back and forth between Crash and Burn. "You don't know me. Why would you want to claim me as your wife?"

Crash leaned in close and sniffed her, now that the smell of smoke was gone. She still smelled a little smoky, but there was underlying floral scent that teased his nose. A purr rumbled out of him and he kissed her softly on the cheek.

"Are you familiar with shifters?" Crash asked.

She shook her head. "Until you turned from tiger to man, I didn't know they existed."

"Shifter lore states that every shifter has a destined mate out in the world somewhere. We're told we'll recognize this mate by touch or scent, or maybe both.

I recognized you by touch because my nose was fucked up from the smoke, but now that I can smell again, you smell like you're mine," Crash said.

Burn leaned in to sniff along her neck before pulling back.

"I have to agree with Crash. I felt the pull when I helped you at the Double Deuces' clubhouse, but now you smell right too.

I would imagine after a bath, you'd smell even more like ours.

There's still a hint of smoke clinging to your skin right now. ”

“And this mating is a forever kind of thing?” she asked. “You aren't going to claim me today then pass me off to someone else next month?”

Crash growled. “We'll kill any male who touches you.”

She nodded. “May I have a little time to get used to the idea?”

“Fine,” Blitz said. “But you sleep with them. What you do in that bed is entirely up to you, but I have nowhere else to put you right now. I'm considering this matter closed, but if you decide not to mate with them, I'll need to know so we can figure out something else.

I can't have you wandering around and getting into things.

Besides, if Crash and Burn don't claim you, the other club members are going to think you're free for entertainment purposes. ”

She blanched again, but nodded. “Is a shower and change of clothes possible?”

Crash scratched his jaw. “A shower is doable, and you can wear something of ours for now, but we'll have to work on getting you some clothes that fit.

If you'll give us your sizes from the skin out, shoes too, then we'll see you have a few things to get you by until you can shop for your own things. ”

Willow stood. “Then by all means, show me to the shower. The Double Deuces hadn't let me shower for the last two days so I would imagine I stink under the smoke

smell. The smoke is definitely an improvement.”

Crash didn’t agree with that assessment, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

With a nod to Blitz, he led Willow to their room, with Burn following close behind.

Their room wasn’t much to look at, just a large California King bed, dresser, and a small desk and chair.

There was a TV on the dresser, but as Crash looked around the place, he realized that with them claiming a mate, they were going to need more space.

Time to go house hunting! Well, if they could convince Willow to be theirs.

Burn grabbed some paper and a pen while Crash dug through the dresser for shorts and a tee. Burn motioned for Willow to sit on the bed, but she shook her head.

“I’ll make the bedding smell like smoke. It’s best if I stand until I’ve had a shower.”

“Tell me your sizes, or…” Burn held out the paper and pen. “You can write them down. Your handwriting is probably more legible than mine anyway.”

Willow wrote everything down for them and then handed the paper back to Burn who pocketed it. Crash handed her a tee and some shorts with a drawstring waist. He knew they would swallow her, but maybe she’d be comfortable until Burn returned with some clothing for her own.

“You shower,” Burn said. “And I’ll go get some things for you. Doubt I’ll be back before you’re done though. Our clothes are going to swallow you, but they’ll have to do for about an hour. I should be back by then.”

“Uh, Burn...maybe you should ask Blaze if his mate can go with you? I have a feeling what we like on a woman, and what a woman likes to wear, are probably two different things.” Crash smiled. “Might as well make sure she’s comfortable.”

“Right.” Burn looked at Willow. “Would that make you feel better? If I had a female’s help? Blaze is newly mated, but Luna is sweet. She’s the town librarian.”

“Librarian? I have a feeling she dresses different from what I’m used to. You have to remember, I was raised by bikers. Just get me some jeans, tanks, and boots. I can pick out the rest later. You did say I could go shopping?”

Burn nodded. “We’ll both take you either tomorrow or day after, depending on what’s going on around here.”

“Then yeah, two tanks, the kind with a built in bra, and some jeans. Also, I’ll just need undies and I can wait on bras until I can try them on.”

Burn nodded, gave Crash a salute, and headed out, closing the door behind him. Crash walked over to the bathroom, flipped on the light and pulled a towel off the shelf on the wall. He realized belatedly that their soaps would be too harsh for her.

“Wait just one minute and I’ll be right back.”

Crash ran into the hall, hoping he could catch Blaze before the grizzly went home to his mate. He caught the bear just as he was walking out the door.

“Blaze, I need a favor.”

“What is it? I want to get home to Luna.”

“Did Luna leave any bath products in your shower? Maybe some shampoo and

shower gel?”

Blaze frowned. “I think there’s a little left in there. What do you need with it?”

“Willow. I was about to let her take a shower and realized we only had manly smelling things in the shower. I thought, if you didn’t think Luna would mind, that maybe we could have what was in your bathroom and we’d replace it tomorrow when we take Willow shopping.”

Blaze nodded. “All right. Let’s get it so I can go home. And you don’t have to replace it. I’m sure Luna would love an excuse to shop.”

Blaze opened his room, got the shampoo, conditioner, and shower gel out of the bathroom and handed it all off to Crash.

The tiger thanked him once more before running back to his room with his meager offering to Willow.

When she saw what he held, a smile blossomed across her face. She eagerly reached for the items.

“I haven’t had feminine things... Well, ever.”

“There’s not much left in them, but we’ll let you buy some bath products, and whatever else you need, when we take you shopping tomorrow.”

“Thank you, Crash.” Her eyes teared, but before he could say anything, she snatched the clothes off the bed and locked herself in the bathroom.

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Chapter Two

B urn had managed to get the things Willow had asked for, but when it came to women's shoes, he was at a loss.

Most of the boots had sky high heels and he wasn't sure she would want those, not if she was going to ride on the back of his bike—or Crash's.

He kept looking, but nothing seemed right.

Finally, he gave up and checked out with the clothing items. He'd just have to go to an actual shoe store for what he wanted, or rather, what he thought Willow needed.

Once he had the bags stashed on the floorboard of the truck he'd borrowed, he drove to the only shoe store he knew of in town.

What he really needed was the Harley-Davidson shop two towns over, but it was so late there was no way they'd be open when he got there.

But now that he knew what size Willow wore, he could surprise her with a pair at any time. Maybe even a Harley tee.

At the shoe store, he told the sales associate what he was looking for and the woman was happy to help.

Perhaps a little too happy, with her light touches and flirtatious smile.

He finally had to mention a girlfriend to get her to back off.

He bought the boots, then hauled ass back to the clubhouse, anxious to check on Willow.

Not that he thought anything would happen to her while Crash was watching over her.

He trusted his twin completely to keep their woman safe.

Burn parked the truck, gathered the sacks, and then entered the clubhouse, tossing the truck keys to the Prospect behind the bar.

The door to their room was shut and he cautiously opened it, not wanting his M.C.

brothers to get an eyeful of their woman.

He only saw Crash, sitting on the end of the bed watching TV, until he moved further into the room.

As he shut the door, he turned and got an eyeful of Willow sleeping in the middle of the bed.

She'd either never pulled up the covers or had kicked them off and her long, bare legs were something to behold.

"She been out long?" Burn asked.

"About twenty minutes. I was going to feed her before she went to sleep, but I guess she was too exhausted. I can't even imagine what she's been through today. The fire had to drag her down. Hell, we probably should have called doc to listen to her lungs

and make sure she was okay.”

“If she’s coughing tomorrow, we’ll give him a call.

Something tells me she won’t want someone poking and prodding at her right now.

Not after everything she’s been through.

Hell, just thinking about what those assholes did to her makes me want to hunt down the ones who escaped and torture the shit out of them. ”

“At least they didn’t molest her.”

Burn snorted. “That she’s admitted. For all we know, they were all hands with her. I believe her though when she says she wasn’t raped. I just don’t believe for one minute that they never copped a feel.”

Crash turned to watch her. “Well, all that’s over now.

She’s ours, even if she doesn’t realize it yet.

I know she may need some time to sort things out in her mind, but really, what other choice does she have?

You heard Blitz. She can’t roam free, and if she’s in the club, and she doesn’t belong to anyone, that makes her fair game for everyone. I don’t see her choosing that option.”

“Me neither. Let’s just show her that she can trust us, that we’re going to put her first, and see where things go. I know we haven’t been actively seeking a mate, but I think she’s definitely the one.”

“You felt the spark too?”

Burn nodded.

“I guess we’ll just have to be very persuasive.” Crash grinned. “Just imagine... she’s never been kissed, never been held. Hell, I have a feeling she’s never had an orgasm, because I doubt she was left alone where she could pleasure herself.”

“Well,” Burn looked at her, “we could start with the holding part. Why don’t you switch off the TV and we’ll climb into bed. If we cuddle her between us; do you think she’ll scream when she wakes up?”

“I think she trusts us enough not to, unless she doesn’t remember where she is when she wakes, which is a possibility.”

Burn tucked the shopping bags under the desk and began stripping. When he’d gotten down to his underwear, he paused. “Maybe we should wear those pajama pants Ma sent for Christmas. Think she saw this coming and knew we might need them?”

“With Ma, anything is possible. But yeah, I think those pants would be a good idea. I don’t want to move too fast with Willow, but I don’t want to move at a snail’s pace either.

We need to find a way to gain more of her trust and get her to understand that her best shot at survival, and a happy life, is to choose us. ”

“We’ll work on that tomorrow.” Burn pulled out the two pairs of pajama pants and tossed one to Crash. “I don’t know about you, but I’m kind of psyched that this is our first night with our mate.”

Crash smiled. “She’s perfect, isn’t she?”

They both looked at Willow. Her hair fanned across Burn's pillow and her hands were tucked under her chin as she curled onto her side, facing Crash's side of the bed.

She looked so damn sweet and innocent lying there, and despite the fact she'd lived her life around M.C.

's, she really was sweet and innocent. She'd never had a childhood to speak of and hadn't been allowed to fully change into an adult. She was stuck somewhere in between.

Burn finished changing first and slid into bed, lying on his side and pulling Willow back against his chest. Crash turned off the TV and shut off the light, then claimed the other side of the bed.

Crash smoothed her hair back from her face and lightly kissed her cheek before lying on the pillow next to her.

Crash placed his hand on her hip and Burn wrapped an arm around her waist. With their mate secure between them, Burn felt the tension ease from his shoulders, his muscles relax along his spine, and for the first time in his life, he was truly content.

Hell, he knew things could blow up in their faces, and she could opt not to be their mate, but deep down he knew she belonged to them.

It wasn't just her touch, but her scent.

Even under the smoky smell, he'd been enthralled with her scent, had wanted to bury his face against her neck and just inhale.

He remembered watching their father do that to their mother, and figured it was just a tiger shifter thing.

“Hey, Burn?”

“Yeah, Crash?”

“Think she’ll let us keep her?”

Burn smiled. “I’m sure as hell hoping so. She feels pretty damn perfect lying here between us, doesn’t she?”

“Yeah. You get the feeling that everything is right in our world?”

“You mean that relaxed, contented feeling? Yeah, I’m feeling it. Hell. If she turns us away, I don’t know what we’ll do. I can tell by your tone that you’re already getting attached, and so am I. I think I may have bonded to her the moment I smelled her.”

“It felt pretty incredible to have her on the back of my bike tonight. I know she was scared, and she probably still is, but I don’t think I can let her go.”

“Then we won’t. When it comes time for her to make a decision, we won’t take no for an answer. Hell, we’re shifters and bikers, since when do we wait and see what someone else wants? We don’t! We take what we want and to hell with everyone else.”

Crash chuckled.

“Get some sleep, bro. I have a feeling tomorrow will be intense. Blitz is going to want to go after those creeps that escaped tonight. And I’m with him. I don’t want them coming after Willow.”

“Me neither. Maybe one of us should volunteer to ride with him and the other stay to guard Willow.”

Burn snorted. “Do you honestly think Blitz is going to let us do that? No. He’s going to want both our asses on the hunt.

He’ll probably assign Prospects to watch over her, which I’m not too thrilled about.

Maybe we can at least get him to leave someone behind.

Hell, if Blaze will bring Luna here for safe keeping, then I know Blitz will assign someone to guard duty. ”

“We’ll discuss it with him tomorrow. Night, Burn.”

“Night, Crash.”

Burn buried his nose in Willow’s hair and sniffed.

Damn, but she smelt good! Whatever she’d washed with only seemed to enhance that delicious scent that rolled off her.

Her scent reminded him of Christmas: sugar cookies, peppermint, and pine.

It figured his mate would remind him of his favorite holiday.

He wondered if Crash smelled the same thing, or if she reminded him of something else.

Closing his eyes, he forced his mind to slow so that he could get some rest. Even as he relaxed more, he was hyper-aware of Willow lying in his arms. He hoped like hell they got to fall asleep like this every night for the rest of their lives.

He’d never wanted a mate so much before, but Willow was worth the life sentence to

one woman.

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Chapter Three

Willow stretched and frowned when she felt pinned down.

She was used to being tied to a chair at night, but for some reason, she was in a bed.

Her eyes slowly opened and stared hard at the man lying next to her.

His hand was on her waist and one of his thighs was wedged between her legs.

As she took in the strong lines of his face and his dark hair, bits and pieces of the previous day came back to her.

She was no longer with the Double Deuces.

There had been a fire, and she remembered a tiger coming to her rescue...

no, not a tiger. The man lying next to her.

A shapeshifter. She studied him while he slept, then remembered there were two of them.

A glance behind her, showed the bed was empty except for the two of them.

If Burn had slept with them last night, then he was already gone for the day.

It was nice, being this close to him. Comforting.

He didn't terrify her like the others had.

While he was part of an M.C., he seemed...

gentle. At least, he was with her. He'd been very polite and had seemed genuinely concerned about her last night.

When he'd noticed her swaying on her feet, he'd tucked her into bed and asked if she needed anything else.

While her stomach had rumbled from lack of food, she had been too damn tired to eat, so she'd closed her eyes and within minutes she'd been out.

Now that it was morning, her stomach was reminding her that it had been almost twenty-four hours since she'd had a bite.

Feeding her hadn't been high on the Double Deuces' list. She didn't want to wake Crash, but she had a feeling the President of the Steel Riders didn't want her poking around without an escort either, at least until she made a decision.

Hell. Crash and Burn wanted to mate her.

Marriage to two shifters. All right, marriage to two sexy-as-hell shifters who made her tingle in all the right places, despite the awkward circumstances.

She'd never reacted to a man before last night.

Even though she'd been exhausted and emotionally worn out, she couldn't deny the pull she'd felt toward them.

After not having the opportunity to pursue a relationship with anyone, she wasn't

certain she was equipped to take on two tigers at once.

One would be daunting enough with her lack of experience, but they seemed determined to share her.

And she had to admit, secretly, that gave her a thrill.

Before the Double Deuces, she'd been allowed to read and had devoured romances.

In some of them, there had been two men with the heroine, and Willow had always been curious about how it worked.

Didn't one man ever get jealous over the other?

The door opened and she tensed, watching and waiting to see who was coming. Would they take her away? Had they lulled her into a sense of security only to turn the tables and enslave her the way the other M.C.s had done?

Burn came through the door carrying two trays, then kicked the door shut. When he saw her watching him, he smiled broadly.

"Morning, sunshine. I hope you're hungry because this breakfast is going to get cold if you don't eat it soon."

Her stomach rumbled.

Burn laughed. "Good. You are hungry."

He set the trays down then kicked the side of the bed. "Hey, butt face. Wake up."

Willow snorted a laugh, but stifled it quickly, not certain if laughter would be

allowed. She'd learned early on to keep her amusement and other feelings to herself. Saying or doing anything without permission never ended well for her.

"It's all right, you know," Burn said softly. "You can laugh. Hell, I laugh at Crash all the time."

She smiled, the first genuine smile she'd had in a long while.

Crash groaned, pulled her tighter against him, and then rolled onto his back. "What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock," Burn said. "Brought breakfast. Figured the three of us could eat together, then we could figure out a shower schedule and get ready to face the day and see what Blitz has planned. You know that ornery cuss has been up all night plotting revenge."

Crash sighed and pushed himself up, leaning against the headboard. He glanced her way and smiled, wrapping his hand around hers. "Morning, sweetheart. Did you sleep okay?"

Willow nodded.

"Good. All right, Burn. Feed me."

"You're not a man eating plant," Burn said, biting into a piece of bacon as he handed a plate to Willow, then another to Crash.

Man eating plant? She didn't understand, but then, there was a lot she didn't understand.

She could only watch TV when her captors did, and they favored mostly toward

motorcycle shows and gory horror flicks.

She could watch as someone's brains were dug out of their skulls and their intestines were spilled while she ate a plate of spaghetti, but she couldn't tell you what was fashionable at the moment.

Whoever had made breakfast had added cheese to the eggs and they melted in her mouth.

The bacon was nice and crisp, and someone had even put jelly on her toast. It had been a long time since she'd been allowed to have something like jelly.

She usually ate plain, cold oatmeal for breakfast, a peanut butter sandwich for lunch—no jelly—and dinner consisted of the scraps after everyone else had their fill.

It seemed her fortune had changed when the twins had claimed her as their own.

Burn nudged some sacks under the desk. "I brought you some boots and the other things on your list. I wasn't sure what hair stuff you needed, but I did get you a brush and some of those ponytail things.

I figured you'd want to pick your own shampoo, make-up and crap, not that I think you need any make-up. "

"I've never worn it," she admitted. "I wouldn't even know how to apply it. I'd probably end up looking like a clown if I tried. Does that bother you?"

"It infuriates me, but only because it reminds of what was done to you," Burn said. "And I know my brother feels the same."

"Whatever your life was like before last night," Crash said, "you can put it behind

you. Things are going to be different now. As soon as we know what Blitz has planned, we'll make arrangements to take you shopping for the rest of the things you'll need, and we'll see if Blaze is okay with you meeting his mate, Luna.

I'd imagine you'd like to have another female around. ”

“One who isn't a whore,” Burn muttered.

Crash kicked him. “Shut it.”

“Do I stay in this room while you have your meeting with the Pres?” she asked between bites. “If you're going to tie me up, could it be to the bed?”

Crash dropped his fork onto his plate with a clatter. “What the fuck? Hell no, we aren't tying you up!”

Burn looked furious. “Willow, you're free to move about the room as you please, and if you want to go out into the clubhouse, maybe sit at the bar, you just let one of us know.

Until Blitz makes up his mind about you, you can't have complete free reign, but no one is going to tie you up. Not now, not ever again.”

She felt her cheeks warm with embarrassment. “I didn't mean to offend you. I just...don't know what to expect. My life has always been one particular way, then suddenly I was the property of the Double Deuces and treated more like a dog. And now...I'm owned by yet another M.C.”

“No, honey,” Crash said, setting his plate aside. He cupped her cheek with his hand. “You aren't owned anymore. Blitz may not let you leave the club, but you are no one's property.”

“Not yet,” Burn muttered then cleared his throat. “You know about old ladies, right?”

“I was kept away from the few the clubs had. I was considered beneath them.”

“If you agree to be our old lady, our mate, then you’ll receive a cut or jacket with a property patch on the back.

It will say Property of Crash and Burn .

In a sense, I guess we’ll own you, but not like what you’re used to.

It means we’ll be responsible for you, and your actions will reflect on us.

If you screw up, the Pres is going to have our asses, not yours. Understand?”

“I think so.”

“Sweetheart, do you understand what it means to be our mate?” Crash asked.

“It’s like a wife, right?”

“It’s more than that. When a shifter takes a mate, he never wants another woman.

Ever. We’ll be faithful to you, and you’ll become our entire world.

You’ll never want for anything, and you’ll have more freedom than ever before.

We’ll even buy a house so we don’t have to live in this room.

You can help pick it out.” Crash tugged on a lock of her hair.

“Just say the word and we’ll give you the world, angel.

We’re dying to make you ours, but we also want to give you whatever space you need. ”

“Within reason,” Burn said. “Blitz won’t wait forever. And neither will we.”

“I understand,” she said. “And I appreciate that you’re willing to give me some time to process everything; I promise not to take too long. I’m honored that you want me as your mate, but it’s a little...frightening. All of this is almost too much at once after having nothing for so long.”

“We want to spoil you, if you’ll let us,” Burn said.

“While you’re in your meeting, may I watch TV?”

Burn’s eyebrows rose. “Of course. Watch whatever you want. We even get a few movie channels.”

“Thank you,” she said softly. Willow handed her empty plate to Crash, then settled back against the headboard again.

Everything was so surreal. Willow was almost afraid to believe this was her new life and terrified that it would be snatched away when she least expected it.

They were offering her everything she’d always wanted, and she did want it, she was just afraid to reach for it.

The guys finished their breakfast and took their showers.

Once they were dressed, they each kissed her on the cheek and left, closing the door

behind them.

Curiosity got the better of her and she rummaged through the sacks, checking out her new things, and then dressed quickly.

It took her a moment to figure out how to work the TV, but when she mastered it, she selected a movie and stretched out across the bed with her head propped on her hand.

Freedom was a strange concept to Willow.

Oh, it wasn't complete freedom, but it was far more than she'd ever experienced before.

The brothers trusted her, and she would never betray their trust. But while they had explained the mate thing to her, she still wasn't entirely certain what they wanted from her.

Obviously, sex would be part of the deal, and that made her stomach flip and flop.

She'd never so much as kissed anyone before, much less done that .

Yes, she'd read romances and had seen her fair share of men screwing women up against a wall, but something told her the experience with the twins would be different from her books or what she'd observed.

"I want them," she admitted to herself. But admitting it, while in a room by herself was one thing, admitting in front of them was another matter.

The question was, what was she willing to do to make them hers?

Being mated for life scared her. Not because she thought they would treat her badly,

but because she worried she would be a bad mate.

What did she know about relationships? Going from never having a boyfriend to having two husbands was a bit daunting, but she wasn't going to say it was completely out of the realm of possibility.

Maybe they'd take things slowly? A kiss would be a good place to start, wouldn't it? And then if something more happened, it would be because she desired them, and wanted something more to happen. Would they take her at the same time, like some of the books she'd read? Or would they take turns?

Her face flamed as she thought about them naked.

She felt like a school girl with a crush, and she supposed that wasn't far off the mark. They'd rescued her.

Crash had literally leapt through a window, into a burning inferno, and pulled her out to safety.

She owed him her life, and it was a debt she wasn't sure would ever be repaid.

But she didn't want to mate with them out of some misplaced need to repay their kindness.

She was genuinely curious about the twins and what it would be like to belong to them.

"Only one way to find out." She'd spend as much time with them as possible today, and if they went out somewhere, she'd treat it like a date. A smile blossomed across her face at the thought of going on a date. Most women her age had been on quite a few, but she'd been denied that pleasure.

If they were intent on giving her things she'd never had, then she would accept their kindness. And maybe they would give her the most important "first" on her list—a kiss.

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Chapter Four

Crash and Burn took their seats around the table.

They'd no sooner stepped out of their room than Blitz had called Church.

As everyone filed in, Crash took a moment to study their Pres.

The man looked a little pissed off and a whole lot stressed.

It didn't bode well for their day with Willow.

He had hoped the Pres would take a few days to figure out what to do about the Double Deuces who had escaped, but that didn't seem likely now.

Blitz banged his gavel. "Let this meeting come to order."

The room slowly quieted.

"You probably know why I called this meeting," Blitz said.

"We had a few escapees last night, thanks to an act of heroism." He nailed Crash with a glare.

"But we can't let them run loose. It will only be a matter of time before they replenish their numbers and come after us. And I won't let that happen."

“What about the girl?” Cinder asked. “Think she’s part of the Double Deuces and only cried out as a ploy?”

Crash growled. “She was tied to a fucking wall like a dog! You think she asked to be tied up? To be treated like garbage?”

“What I think is that she was there when no other females were. Now either she was their fuck toy, or she was an entrusted member of the club. It wouldn’t be the first time an M.C.

had allowed a female to patch in.” Cinder narrowed his eyes at Crash.

“Maybe if you weren’t thinking with your dick, you’d have thought of that. ”

Burn slammed his fist down on the table. “Crash jumped through a damn window, into a burning building, and saved that woman. And she has a name. Willow was tormented by the Double Deuces and didn’t shed a tear over their deaths.”

Blitz rubbed his jaw. “Cinder has a point. What do we really know about this girl? What if she was told to say those things when we rescued her? She could be a Trojan horse, just waiting for the moment to strike, or to let the Double Deuces through the back door while we sleep.”

“Un-fucking-believable.” Crash shook his head. “If you don’t believe her, then just ask the Black Daggers. She said they owned her before the Double Deuces, so reach out to them and ask about a girl they snatched fifteen years ago. She said she’s only been with the Double Deuces a few months.”

Blitz snorted. “Yeah, because I’m tight with the Pres of the worst, most lethal club in the U.S.”

“Then we’re at a stalemate because we believe Willow,” Crash said. “What’s it going to take for the club to trust her?”

“You should let me torture the information out of her,” Cinder said. “I’ll have her singing like a canary in no time.”

Burn shot to his feet. “You’re not torturing our mate!”

“Mate is it?” Blitz asked. “And she’s agreed to that? You think I’ll agree to that?”

Crash drummed his fingers on the table. “We want to claim her, and she knows it, but she’s asked for some time.

She’s never known freedom, not since she was five years old.

All of this is a lot to take in. You should have seen her eating breakfast this morning.

You’d think she’d never had scrambled eggs and bacon.

There was a look of pure joy on her face with every bite. ”

“So because she acted like she’d never had eggs and bacon, you think she’s telling the truth?” Timber asked. “Don’t you think that could have just been some really good acting?”

“If you’d watched her last night, if you’d heard her tell her story, then you would know she’s innocent.

” Crash glared at Blitz. “You were there when she told us what happened to her. You saw the tears in her eyes, heard the emotion in her voice, how can you possibly think she’s lying? No one is that good of an actress.”

“I’m giving you twenty-four hours to either mate her or turn her over for more questioning,” Blitz said. “But keep in mind that if she turns against us, if she sticks a dagger in our fucking backs, it is Burn and you who will hang for the offense.”

Crash and Burn nodded.

“Now, as to the Double Deuces who escaped...I made some calls and it sounds like they’re hiding out in a cabin on the outside of town. We’ll go after them tonight, under the cover of darkness. I don’t want them to see us coming, and I don’t think they’ll come after us before then.”

“We’d like to stay behind with our mate,” Burn said.

“No. I need all hands on deck for this,” Blitz said. “I’ll leave a handful of Prospects here to watch over her, and if Blaze wants to bring Luna to the clubhouse, she’ll be protected as well.”

“Hell, Luna is safer at home than around these horny Prospects. Besides, I don’t think any one of them could shoot fish in a barrel.

No way am I leaving my mate under their protection,” Blaze said.

“And if Crash and Burn mate Willow, then they deserve for their mate to have more protection than just the Prospects as well.”

Timber tapped on the table. “Any volunteers to stay behind with the Prospects to watch over the mates?”

“I will,” Spark said, lifting a hand. “My beast is a prehistoric throwback, which makes me even bigger than Blaze’s bear and twice as deadly in shifted form. Unless they knock my ass out, no one is getting through me to harm the mates.”

Crash had to admit he felt better with Spark's offer. He trusted the sabretooth cat to care for Willow as if she were something precious, and to Burn and him, she was. He watched and waited to see if Timber and Blitz would accept the offer and breathed a sigh of relief when they did.

"The day is your own," Blitz said. "But I want your asses on your bikes and ready to ride by seven o'clock sharp. What you do until then is your own damn business."

The gavel banged on the table again and everyone rose to leave.

"Crash. Burn. Remember what I said. Twenty-four hours, but if she isn't your mate by the time we ride tonight, then Luna's safety takes precedence and I'll make sure Spark knows Willow's expendable."

Crash fought back the growl that rose in his throat and nodded before walking briskly from the room.

If he didn't get away from Blitz right then, he might go for the Pres' throat.

To say he wasn't pleased with the turn of events was an understatement, but they had a little time to convince Willow to be theirs.

He didn't want to press her, but she needed to know about the change in timeline. He'd leave out the torture part though.

When they entered the bedroom, she made a pretty picture stretched across the bed, her attention rapt on the TV, almost as if she'd never watched one before.

Crash moved further into the room, curious as to what she was watching.

When he saw it was an older romance, he couldn't help but smile.

It just showed how soft their Willow was.

Even after everything she'd been through, she still believed in a happy ending.

He just had to convince her that she could have one too.

"Did the meeting go okay?" she asked, turning her gaze toward them.

Burn closed the door and leaned against it while Crash sat on the edge of the bed. How much should he tell her?

"It went...not as well as we'd expected. We had a discussion about you, and then about what to do with the remaining Double Deuces. We're going after them tonight at seven, but you have us to yourself until then."

"And the part about me?" she asked, looking one to the other.

"You have twenty-four hours to either mate us, or be subjected to more questioning and removed from our care," Burn said.

That wasn't exactly what Blitz had said, but Crash knew Burn was right.

If she didn't accept them as her mates within twenty-four hours, and Cinder had his wish to torture her for information, she would no longer be left in their care.

The thought of Cinder getting his hands on her soured Crash's stomach.

"What else aren't you telling me?" she asked.

"If you aren't mated to us by the time we ride tonight, then you'll be considered expendable if anything happens while we're gone."

Spark is going to remain behind to watch over Luna and you, but if shit happens, then Luna will come first.” Crash sighed.

“I don’t agree with it, but we can’t argue with the Pres.

I’m just glad he relented and allowed a patched member to stay behind.

He was going to leave you with just the Prospects, but I don’t know how much I trust them. They’re still proving themselves.”

She looked at the clock. “So I have roughly ten hours to decide?”

“Less,” Burn said. “We’ll have to mark you, and since you’re an innocent, that isn’t something we can rush through.”

“Mark me how?”

“We’ll each bite you during sex. You’ll have a mark on each shoulder, which will leave a scar, showing you belong to us. The Pres will ask to see the marks before he’ll agree that you’re mated to us, and therefore, worthy of protection tonight.”

Her cheeks bloomed with color. “And it has to be during sex?”

“It’s the best way for you to carry our scent.

Even if you shower, you’ll still faintly smell of us, more so than if we just hugged you.

” Burn pushed away from the door and stood beside the bed.

“I know it’s a lot to take in, and we’re rushing you after we said we wouldn’t, but

Blitz has upped the timetable, and we'd be foolish not to heed him.

He's not playing around, Willow. Doubts were cast upon the story you told us last night, and now he's even less sure that he can trust you. "

"So I need to prove that I'm committed to the club, and in order to do that, I need to prove I'm committed to you.

" She nodded. "I'm not stupid. I know what questioning is like in an M.C.

I want to avoid that at any cost, and I really do trust the two of you.

You've been so nice to me and treated me better than anyone ever has before. "

"We could take you shopping, grab some lunch at a nice restaurant, and give you some more time to think things over." Crash took her hand. "I don't want you to feel like we're rushing you."

"You aren't rushing me," she said. "I thought about it while you were gone, and the idea of belonging to you both doesn't frighten me.

It's the way I feel about it that scares me.

I've never wanted anything before, except freedom, and I've never desired anyone.

And now I'm feeling all of these emotions and there are places on me that tingle that never have before, and it's all a little... overwhelming."

Burn smiled. "So we make you tingle, do we?"

Her cheeks burned brighter and she looked like she wanted to hide.

Crash thought her embarrassment was cute.

He'd been with practiced women, women who had been with more men than he could probably count, but he'd never been with an innocent before.

The thought of them being her first, and only, males made him feel even more possessive of her.

The idea that she was completely untouched sent lust surging through him, and he had to wrangle his tiger into submission.

The beast wanted to mark her and claim her as theirs right this very moment.

"May I ask a favor?" she asked.

"Anything," Crash said.

"If I let you claim me, no waiting necessary, could we at least go somewhere else? The thought of all your M.C. brothers hearing us is mortifying, and it somehow cheapens the entire thing. I've only lived in clubhouses since I was five, and I've stayed in a few cheap motels, the kind you can rent by the hour. "

Burn knelt beside the bed and toyed with a lock of her hair. "Sweetheart, we'll take you to the best hotel in town if that's what you want. But we have to be here and ready to ride by seven, regardless. And you'll need to be with us if you're going to be protected."

"Could we...after you're finished tonight, could we go back to the hotel?

Maybe stay a few nights just to have some time to ourselves?

” she asked softly. “Being in a clubhouse makes me feel...unsafe. I know you won’t let anything happen to me, but just being here is hard after everything I’ve been through.

I need a change of scenery for a while.”

Crash lifted her hand and kissed the back of it. “Honey, we’ll rent a hotel room for a week while we search for a house, but eventually we’ll need to come back here until our home is ready.”

“You don’t have to buy something. I’d be content with you renting a trailer. Anyplace but here.” She squeezed his hand. “I know it’s a lot to ask because this is your home, but...”

Burn shushed her. “You deserve to feel safe, and we’ll do whatever it takes to make that happen. We just have to get through tonight first, and before that, we have a mate to claim.”

She smiled. “Then I’m ready when you are.”

“Just give us a minute to pack a bag. You should put on your shoes and gather your things. I think we have an extra duffle you can use for your new things, and we’ll make sure luggage is on our list of things to buy for you.

” Crash kissed her cheek. “This mating might be rushed, but we’ll do our best to make it special for you. ”

“Thank you.” She blinked tears from her eyes, but Crash and Burn both noticed.

Crash hoped like hell they didn’t fuck this up.

They had one shot to impress her, and the fact it was her first time just added more pressure.

What exactly did she know about sex? Much less sex with two men...

He wasn't sure if they should have a talk with her beforehand, or just go really slow.

Too slow and it might kill him. He wanted her so badly he ached.

His cock had been hard since he'd woken with her in his arms, but if she'd noticed, she hadn't said anything.

He shared a look with Burn and knew they were in agreement. No matter that they had little time to claim her, today would be all about Willow and making sure her needs were met. Whatever it took, they would please their mate, and then they would claim her.

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Chapter Five

The hotel room was the nicest Willow had ever seen.

When she'd heard the room would cost over one-hundred a night, she'd almost told Crash and Burn to forget it.

She hadn't realized how expensive a hotel would be.

The ones she'd stayed at before had been cheap, and from what she'd gathered, this wasn't even the most expensive hotel in the area.

They'd promised her a nice place, and they'd delivered, but she couldn't begin to imagine how fancy the more expensive hotels must be.

They'd booked the room for a week and Willow felt guilty that it was costing them so much, but they hadn't batted an eye and had dropped cash on the counter to pay for the room, and then had given the hotel clerk a card to have on file for any extra fees.

She'd seen huge wads of cash hanging around the Black Daggers, but she'd never had it spent on her before.

Willow set her bag down on the dresser and moved around the room, really more of a suite.

The bedroom was separate from the living area and the bathroom was completely enclosed—no sink and counter in the main room.

There was a flat-panel TV on the wall and a small table with four chairs in the corner of the room.

The sofa didn't look big enough to hold all of them, but there was also an armchair available.

"Is this nice enough?" Burn asked.

"It's the nicest place I've ever been," Willow admitted.

"We don't have a tub at the clubhouse. Would you like to soak for a bit?" Crash asked. "It will give us some time to prepare the bedroom."

She wasn't sure what sort of preparation the bedroom needed, but she agreed to take a bath.

She'd never had the luxury of soaking in a tub before so she was going to enjoy it.

Willow thought she might even stay in long enough for her fingers to prune.

A vague memory haunted her of such a thing happening when she was little, before the Black Daggers had taken her.

Her past came to her in bits and pieces, but she couldn't remember her parents' faces, didn't even know if they were still alive, if they still waited for her to come home.

Willow soaked until the water turned cool, then she wrapped a towel around her and went in search of the brothers.

She felt exposed, wearing so little, but it was silly since she was about to be naked in front of them.

When she stepped into the bedroom, her jaw dropped.

They'd pulled the drapes closed and candles burned on the dresser and bedside tables.

A vase of roses sat on the dresser. The comforter and top sheet had been pulled down to the foot of the bed, and rose petals dusted the bottom sheet.

She'd never seen anything so romantic before and blinked back tears.

"You did all this for me?" she asked softly.

"We wanted to make this special for you," Crash said. "We know it's your first time, and while claiming a mate is always special, this time it's even more so."

"Do you like it?" Burn asked.

"I love it."

"Before we get started, we're going to leave it up to you if we use condoms. Our scent won't linger on you if we use them, and as shifters we don't carry any diseases, but there is a chance you could get pregnant. We haven't discussed children with you."

"I think I'd like to experience freedom a little longer before having children. I'm not sure I'd make a good mother. I don't even remember mine. What if I don't know what to do? What if I don't have the maternal instinct that women are supposed to be born with?"

Crash took her hand. "Honey, if you want to wait, we'll wait. But if you're agreeable to it, we'll go to the doctor with you and put you on the birth control shots. That way we don't have to use condoms and you'll scent like us, but you won't get pregnant."

She nodded. “I like that idea. I don’t want there to be barriers between us, but for now, I think it is best.”

Burn slid open the bedside table drawer and pulled out two condoms, laying them on top, before closing the drawer.

She loved that they had thought ahead, even though she wasn’t sure when they’d purchased the condoms, flowers, and candles.

She found herself softening toward them even more, and the hard, outer shell she’d erected began to crack.

Or perhaps it had started to break apart last night, when they’d taken such good care of her.

“Just how innocent are you?” Burn asked. “We don’t want to do anything that’s going to scare you.”

“I’ve seen the Black Daggers and Double Deuces having sex in the common room of the clubhouse, and I’ve read romances. But if you’re asking about personal experience, I’ve never even been kissed.” She twisted her hands in front of her. “Is that bad?”

Crash wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her against his hard body.

“No, honey. That isn’t bad. It just means we need to take things a little slower than we’d anticipated, but we’ll do whatever we need to for this to be a memorable time for you.

We want you to look back on our mating with fond memories, but I have to warn you, I’ve heard it can hurt a woman the first time.

To be honest, neither of us has ever been with a virgin before. ”

“Will one of you kiss me?” she asked.

Burn grinned. “How about we both kiss you? Since Crash already has his arms around you, he can go first.”

She looked up at Crash expectantly. He caressed her jaw, tilted her head a little, and then his lips brushed against hers.

Willow’s eyes slid shut and she leaned into him a little more.

She felt his tongue trace her bottom lip and she opened, letting him inside.

His tongue swept into her mouth and tangled with her tongue before retreating and then delving inside again.

Willow had no idea if she was kissing him back the right way, but he didn’t seem to mind her inexperience.

If the bulge pressing against her was anything to go by, he seemed rather excited to be kissing her.

Crash pulled back and smiled down at her tenderly before handing her off to Burn.

His embrace was just as delicious as Crash’s yet different.

He nibbled at the corner of her mouth, teased her lower lip, and finally took control of her mouth, kissing her with an intensity that nearly stole her breath.

Burn’s fingers tangled in her hair as he deepened the kiss and Willow couldn’t hold

back her whimper.

She wanted him, both of them. Her body felt like it was melting from the heat of their kisses and she wanted to experience more.

“I know you’re probably a little shy,” Burn said as he pulled back.

“But why don’t you drop the towel, baby?”

Then crawl onto your stomach on the bed and try to relax.

Crash is pretty good at giving massages, or so I’ve heard, and he’ll help you relax.

The more relaxed you are, the less it’s going to hurt when we take you.”

She nodded, her face flaming, as she pulled the towel loose and let it fall to the floor.

Embarrassment burned through her, but she tried to tell herself that these were her mates, her husbands, and that it was perfectly fine for them to see her naked.

She’d just never been naked in front of anyone before.

Not even other women. Bathroom visits were the only times the Black Daggers and Double Deuces had allowed her any privacy.

As she settled in the middle of the bed, she watched Crash pulled a bottle of oil off the bedside table.

She hadn’t even noticed it sitting there, but now she noticed other things too, like the bottle of KY warming gel.

It seemed that they'd thought of everything.

As Crash worked the oil into her back and shoulders, she found herself relaxing and becoming more comfortable with her nudity.

Even when he kneaded the globes of her ass, she didn't clench up.

Crash worked his way down her legs, dug his thumbs into the soles of her feet and then worked his way back up her body again.

When he asked her to roll over, she did so cautiously, knowing she would be completely on display.

She watched for their reactions and they couldn't hide the heat that entered their eyes at the sight of her body.

Crash cupped her breasts, kneading them softly and lightly playing with her nipples.

Moisture gathered between her thighs and she knew her body was preparing itself for their lovemaking.

As his hands danced across her skin, her body relaxed even more.

By the time he reached her thighs and gently parted her legs, her breathing was labored and she waited impatiently for the next step.

Her gaze was hungry as she watched him undress, then noticed Burn was doing the same. They were beautiful! Their bodies were hard and lean; their cocks were waving proudly. She'd seen more cocks than she'd ever wanted to, but theirs were beautiful, perfect. And completely hers.

Crash grabbed the warming lube off the table and squirted some on his fingers.

He teased her, sliding his fingers up and down the lips of her pussy, before parting her and teasing her clit.

No one had ever touched her there and she gasped at the contact.

Her nipples tightened in response and she tried to stay loose.

When he eased a finger inside of her, it burned a little, but he stroked her slowly until she adjusted to the intrusion.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked.

She shook her head, afraid if she told him it burned that he would stop, and she didn’t want him to.

She wanted this to happen, very much. He added a second finger and she stretched even more.

The books she’d read told her he was preparing her and she knew there was a huge size difference between two of his fingers and his cock.

It scared her a little that it might hurt badly, but she was prepared to face it.

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When he finally crawled up the bed and settled his hips over hers, her heart was racing out of control.

She hadn't even noticed him donning the condom, but she felt the rubbery latex sliding against her thighs.

He leaned down and captured her lips in a kiss that she felt all the way to her toes.

His cock brushed against her and she tried not to tense as she felt him slowly enter her.

Her body stretched to accommodate him, but it still hurt.

It didn't just burn, as he broke through her hymen, it hurt like hell.

She couldn't stifle her cry of pain and he stopped, frozen over her, a look in his eyes that told her that he was terrified of causing her more pain.

He didn't move for the longest time, but as her body adjusted to his size, she curled her hands over his shoulders.

"You can move again," she said.

"It's hurting you too much. Maybe we shouldn't do this."

"Do you want me?" she asked.

“More than anything.”

“Then take me. I may be sore afterward, but I know you need to claim me to make me your mate. And I know Burn will need to do the same thing. Time is not on our side right now.”

“I promise we’ll make this up to you.”

He took her slowly, his body tense. When he reached between their bodies and played with her clit, the pain lessened and she began to enjoy herself a bit more.

By the time he was sliding into her hard and fast, the pain was just a memory and her body was tightening, reaching for her first orgasm.

Crash nuzzled her neck and licked her shoulder.

As he pounded into her, she let herself go and cried out when her orgasm took her breath away.

She felt Crash bite into her shoulder and then he tensed over her and groaned.

It wasn’t quite what she’d pictured her first time would be like, but she didn’t have any complaints.

Crash had done his best to make things special for her and had taken more time than most men would have.

He eased out of her and got rid of the condom.

Burn sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her into his arms, just holding her. Her heart still raced out of control.

“Why don’t we take a break?” Burn suggested. “You should rest before we take things any further.”

Willow shook her head. “I want to belong to both of you. What if something happens? What if you get called away?”

“She has a point,” Crash said.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” Burn said. “Your body needs some time to heal before I take you. I don’t want you to feel pain when I’m inside you.”

She swallowed, knowing he was right about the pain. She was very tender and sore, but it had been worth it. “Can you do it quickly? Just this one time?”

“If that’s what you want. God knows I’m hard enough for you that if you touched me I’d probably come. I wanted to love you all night long, nice and slow, but like you said, time is not our friend right now.”

“Claim me, Burn. Make me yours.”

He nodded. “Get on your hands and knees.”

She blushed but did as he said. Willow felt him climb onto the bed behind her, his body brushing against hers.

There were no tender touches this time, even though his grasp was light.

He did place a kiss in the center of her back before he worked his cock inside of her.

He wasn’t quite as big as Crash so it didn’t hurt as much.

There was still a burn, but no sharp pain this time.

Burn took her, slowly at first and then faster.

Willow felt her body straining for release again.

As the burn faded, intense sensations rolled over her.

She moaned as he braced himself over her, felt his lips along her shoulder, the opposite side from Crash's bite.

His tongue stroked her skin, and as he came, he bit down, sending her rolling into her own orgasm.

Burn slid from her body and disposed of the condom before cuddling her close. "I'm sorry that was so fast. You deserved better than that."

"In case you missed it, I enjoyed that. I won't lie; it hurt at first, but then it felt really good."

Crash joined them on the bed, cuddling Willow between them. It felt right, lying in the middle of them like this, as if she'd finally come home. The bite marks on her shoulders hurt a little, but she smiled as she thought about what they meant.

"You're in a good mood," Crash said.

"I just realized we're officially mated. That makes you my husbands, right?"

"In a matter of speaking. We can't officially be your husbands though. Well, not both of us," Burn said. "Crash is older by two minutes, so if you want to legally marry one of us, it should be him."

“I’ll think about it,” she said. “I used to dream that Prince Charming would ride up on a white horse, or rather a white motorcycle, and steal me away from the Black Daggers, carrying me off to safety and making me his princess.”

“Settle for being our queen?” Burn asked.

She smiled and snuggled into both of them. “How much time until we have to go back?”

“We have a while. Why don’t you soak in the tub again? It will help with the soreness. While you do that, we’ll order some lunch to be delivered to the room. Do you have a preference?” Crash asked.

“Anything is fine. I was always given scraps, so whatever you want to order will be wonderful.”

She could tell her words infuriated the brothers, but she knew they were angry on her behalf and not angry with her. It would take some time to get used to being important to someone, as more than just a bargaining chip.

Burn slid out of bed and helped her to her feet. Crash ran a bath for her, then they both kissed her and went back to the bedroom to put on some clothes and order their lunch. Burn made sure he pulled the bathroom door shut when a knock sounded at the door signaling their food had arrived.

As Willow dried off, she realized that in a way, all of her dreams had come true. She had two princes instead of one, but they had rescued her in every way that mattered, and she hoped that she’d never disappoint them.

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Chapter Six

B urn swung his leg over his bike and stared out into the night.

Something didn't feel right about this mission, but he knew he couldn't talk Blitz out of it.

The Pres had seemed a little ticked when Willow had shown him her mating marks, but Blitz had held up his end of the bargain and Willow was now under protection.

Blaze had left Luna at home, which meant Willow was being guarded by three Prospects and Spark.

"I don't like this," Crash said, as he straddled his bike beside Burn.

"I don't either, but we have no choice. Blitz is determined to wipe out the Double Deuces."

King, their Road Captain, gave the signal to ride out.

Crash and Burn fell in line, riding side by side like they always did, and followed their club brothers into the hills.

As the darkness closed in around them, and they approached the road that would lead them to the cabin and the Double Deuces, a sense of foreboding settled in Burn's bones.

He whipped his bike onto the shoulder of the road, with Crash right beside him.

“What’s up?” Crash asked.

Burn watched their club brothers zoom past them, not even breaking stride. Either they didn’t care that Crash and Burn had broken off, or they were just going to ignore it. Either way, Burn knew he couldn’t continue. Something was wrong and he wouldn’t ignore the burning feeling in his gut.

“We have to get back home.” Burn turned his bike. “I can’t explain it, but something is wrong.”

“You feel it too?” Crash asked. “Let’s go make sure our mate is safe.”

Burn nodded and pulled out onto the road, heading back in the direction of the clubhouse.

They broke every speed limit along the way.

Pulling into the parking lot, the first thing they noticed was the open front door.

Burn couldn’t think of a single reason it would be open, unless trouble had come to visit.

Other than Spark’s bike, and the bikes belonging to the Prospects, the lot was empty.

But that didn’t mean someone hadn’t parked elsewhere and walked onto the property, just like they’d done with the Double Deuces.

Burn drew his weapon and waited for Crash to do the same, but his brother surprised him and began stripping, and then shifted into his tiger form.

Probably not a bad idea. They crept through the front door and looked around.

There wasn't so much as even a Prospect in sight, but as they ventured further into the room, Burn caught sight of a Prospect laid out behind the bar, a trickle of blood on his temple from where he'd been knocked out.

There wasn't time to see if he was still alive.

There were two more Prospects, Spark, and Willow unaccounted for.

As they checked room by room, they found more bodies.

Only Spark and Willow were still missing by the time they reached the boardroom.

Burn looked down at Crash, hoping his twin was prepared for anything.

He slammed the door open and jumped back just in time to miss the hail of bullets that would have hit him if he'd still been standing in the doorway.

Crash bounded into the room, letting out a roar as he knocked down a Double Deuce who was standing near the door.

Burn slipped inside the room and began returning fire, winging one of the Double Deuces and hitting a second with a headshot.

His heart hammered in his chest as he stared down the man who held Willow hostage.

Spark was tied to a chair and looked plenty pissed.

Crash made his way around the table and the asshole holding Willow didn't seem to know where to look.

He held his gun out, pointed straight at Burn's chest, his hand wobbling.

"Don't come in closer," the Double Deuce warned. "I'll fucking kill her. Dumb bitch deserves to die anyway."

"How do you figure that?" Burn asked. "If my brother hadn't gone in to rescue her, your ass would have fried with the rest of your brothers. There's no way in hell we'd have let any of you escape if we hadn't been focused on retrieving her."

The hand with the gun shook some more as Crash moved in closer.

The muzzle jerked down and pointed at the tiger, and Burn took that moment to communicate with Willow.

She slammed her head back into the asshole's head, stomped on his foot, and then shoved her elbow into his ribs.

Burn had no idea where she'd seen that move, but he was thankful for it.

She dropped to the floor when the hold around her loosened, and she crawled out of the way.

Now without a hostage, the Double Deuce in front of him began to sweat.

The tiger crept in closer and Burn began edging toward him as well.

The gun wavered back and forth between Crash and Burn, and when the dumbass wasn't expecting it, Crash lunged at him, not only knocking the gun to the ground, but taking the piss ant down too.

"Don't let him kill me!" the man wailed. Tears tracked his cheeks as Crash roared, and the scent of urine filled the air.

“Jesus, Crash. You made him piss himself,” Burn said.

Willow stood and scurried around behind Burn, placing her hands on his waist. He could let Crash have some fun with the ass, but he needed to get Willow to safety first. The last thing he wanted was for her to see more bloodshed.

She’d been around it enough all her life.

It was time for that to change. Besides, he doubted Crash would thank him for letting their mate see him tear a man apart, while in his beast form.

“Crash, when you’re done playing with the Double Deuce, why don’t you let Spark go. I’m taking Willow out front. I think she needs some fresh air.”

Burn grabbed Willow’s hand and led her out of the room.

They were only halfway down the hall when the Double Deuce began to scream.

Willow pressed closer to him and Burn stopped, swung her up into his arms, and carried her out the front door.

When they stepped out onto the porch, he sat on the steps with her in his lap.

“I’m so sorry we weren’t here to protect you,” he said, smoothing her hair back. “Can you ever forgive us?”

“It’s not your fault. You had to go. I’m just glad you returned when you did. He was whispering filthy things to me, telling me about the good time he was going to have before he killed me.”

“I hope Crash makes him suffer,” Burn muttered.

The roar of bikes filled the air and his club brothers pulled into the parking lot, each pausing before coming up the steps. Blitz pushed his way to the front and folded his arms over his chest.

“Something you want to share with us?” Blitz asked.

“I don’t know if the Prospects are alive or not. There are three dead Double Deuces inside the boardroom, assuming Crash has finished playing with the last one. They came after Willow.”

Blitz looked at Willow then back at Burn. “We failed to protect your mate, and I apologize for that. If you knew something was wrong, you should have let us know.”

Burn snorted. “You were hell-bent on revenge, no way in hell you’d have come back to the clubhouse just because of my gut feeling.

It’s why Crash and I pulled off to the side and the rest of you kept going.

Those behind us had to have figured out what was going on.

Even the Road Captain didn’t bat an eye.

No one stopped us, so we came home to protect our mate. ”

Blitz nodded. “And is this still your home?”

“We’re going to look for a house, and I’ve got a hotel room for us for a week. I think Willow needs a break from the M.C. And maybe Crash and I do too.”

“Fair enough. We’ll go inside and clean up. I’ll make sure Crash comes back. I take it those are his clothes?” Blitz asked pointing to a pile on the porch.

“Yeah. He went tiger for this one. And I’m damn glad he did.”

Blitz looked at Willow and held out his hand.

“I’m sorry I doubted you, that I didn’t believe your story.

If I hadn’t been so pigheaded, then none of this would have happened.

If I’d ever thought you were truly in danger, I wouldn’t have kept your mates from you.

I hope you accept my apology and are willing to come hang out with us sometime. ”

“I’d like that,” Willow said. “But Burn is right. I need a break, even if it’s just for a week.”

Burn cuddled Willow close as his club brothers trooped past them and into the clubhouse.

It wasn’t long before Crash joined them, quickly pulling on his clothes.

The lack of blood and damp hair told Burn that his twin had felt the need to shower before seeing their mate.

It made him wonder just how bloody things had gotten in the boardroom, but he wasn’t going to ask.

Crash took Willow’s hand and pulled her up into his arms. “Are you all right, sweetheart?”

“I’m fine now that the two of you are here. I was scared, and I knew the two of you had gone with everyone else.”

“We’ll always come for you,” Burn said, rising to his feet. “Now, what do you say we get out of there?”

Willow’s stomach rumbled. “I never got a chance to eat the burger you had asked the Prospect to make for me. Do you think we could pick something up on the way back to the hotel room? I’m not picky. Anything will be fine.”

Crash mumbled something under his breath and Burn elbowed him. “She’s been through a trauma, dickhead. Besides, you know as well as I do that she’s still sore from earlier. No more playing in the bedroom until she’s healed.”

“As long as I get to sleep with her cuddled between us, I’m fine with that,” Crash said. “I’m just feeling the effects of my shift.”

Willow frowned. “What effects?”

“It makes us horny,” Burn said with a grin. “But no worries, baby, we don’t expect anything from you for a few days. Right now, we just want to take care of you.”

Her cheeks flushed a becoming pink and Burn couldn’t resist the urge to kiss her.

He was every bit as anxious as Crash to claim her again, but he could be patient.

It was more important to feed her and get her settled for the night than to slake his lust. With one bite, she had become his entire world, and he knew Crash felt the same.

“There’s something I should tell you,” Willow said.

“When that man had me by the throat, when I thought I was going to die, all I could think was that I wanted to be back with the two of you. I’m going to do my best to be a good mate to you both, and I think a good start would be some self-defense lessons.

I don't want to ever put the two of you in danger again just because I don't know how to defend myself. ”

Crash kissed her cheek. “Honey, we'll get started on that first thing tomorrow if you want. But right now...” He shared a look with Burn.

“Right now, we're going to pick up some fried chicken and have a picnic in bed while we watch movies all night. Sound good?” Burn asked.

“It sounds perfect.”

Crash and Burn cuddled her between them.

“Every night with you is perfect,” Burn said. “You're everything to us, Willow. And we're going to spend the rest of our lives spoiling you and showing you just how much you mean to us.”

“I think I can get used to that,” she said softly, then went on tiptoe to kiss first him then Crash.

As they mounted their bikes, and Willow wrapped her arms around Burn's waist, he knew this was exactly where he belonged—with his brother by his side and their woman wrapped around him.

It all might have started with an act of revenge, and a bit of arson, but he was glad Crash had heard Willow's screams last night.

Because now they'd get to spend the rest of their lives with an incredible woman who would probably surprise them over and over again.

The “L” word was on the tip of his tongue, but it was too soon, and he didn't want to frighten her, or make her feel like she had to say it back.

They would have the rest of their lives together—plenty of time to say what needed to be said.