



Jace (Wolf Rider MC Daddies #2)

Author: *Zack Wish*

Category: Romance

Description: He's the wildest Wolf Rider MC Daddy, all tattoos and reckless charm. So why can't he tear his hungry eyes off the shy, studious new high school teacher?

Caleb could've been a high-flying lawyer or doctor after graduation. Instead, he chose Willow Creek High to teach English, armed with a warm heart, quiet wit, and a surprising spark of humor.

Jace, the rugged Wolf Rider, never cared for school—or rules. Living life on the edge, this tattooed bad boy thrives on danger and desire, consequences be damned.

When Jace spots Caleb in a smoky bar, it's lust at first sight. No hesitations, no limits. He'll do whatever it takes to claim the boy, no matter how different their worlds are.

But when deadly Wolf Rider business threatens to tear them apart, Jace faces a choice that could cost them everything—including their lives.

Total Pages (Source): 12

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Jace

“Another tough night,” I say, my voice low but my spirits surprisingly high. “Hell, I wouldn’t change it for the world though...”

The Rusty Spur smells like stale beer, leather, and regret, but it’s home.

The jukebox in the corner belts out some old hair metal rock tune, half-drowned by the rumble of laughter and clinking glasses.

My boots stick to the floor as I lean against the bar, a glass of Jack in my hand, the burn of it still lingering on my tongue.

Tonight’s been a shitshow—another gun run for the Wolf Rider MC, another deal that went sideways. It’s not all bad, but it’s another situation where people got hurt and it’s debatable whether we came away with the win.

Shit. Maybe I’ve been doing this too long.

And same old same old on our rivals too... The Iron Vipers are sniffing around our territory, and the club’s on edge.

I should be out there, cracking skulls or at least planning our next move, but instead, I’m here, trying to drown the adrenaline still buzzing in my veins.

I scan the room, taking in the usual chaos.

My brothers—Tank, Razor, and a few up and comers—are sprawled across a booth, tossing back shots and eyeing the local boys like wolves circling prey.

The air's thick with smoke, curling from cigarettes and the occasional pipe. It's the kind of place where deals are made in whispers and fights break out over a wrong glance.

My kind of place.

Always has been.

School, rules, suits—never my thing.

Out here, I make the rules. Or break them.

Then I see him.

He's tucked into a corner booth. A book—Jesus, an actual book—sits open in front of him, his fingers tracing the pages like they're some sacred relic.

The dim light catches his hair, soft brown curtains, and his glasses perch low on his nose, giving him this schoolteacher vibe that's doing things to me I didn't expect.

He's dressed simple—jeans, a cream sweater—but the way those jeans hug his waist and legs makes my blood run hot. He doesn't belong here, not in this den of outlaws and drunks, and that makes him all the more interesting.

“Well I'll be...” I mutter, unable to take my eyes off the boy.

I take a slow sip of my whiskey, letting my eyes linger. He's not just pretty—he's got this quiet fire, like he's holding back a spark nobody's seen yet. My kind of

challenge.

I've never been one for hesitation. Life's too short, and I've got too many scars to prove it.

So when the boy glances up, catching my stare, I don't look away. His eyes, big and hazel, widen for a split second before he drops them back to his book.

Oh, young man, you're not getting off that easy...

I push off the bar, weaving through the crowd. A few of the regulars nod my way. They know who I am, that's for sure... Jace, the Wolf Rider's wild card, the guy who'd rather throw a punch than talk it out.

My leather jacket creaks as I move, the club's wolf skull patch heavy on my back. The weight of it reminds me who I am, what I'm built for.

But right now, all I'm thinking about is him.

The unsuspecting young man doesn't look up as I slide into the booth across from him, but then I catch the slight tense of his shoulders.

I take my jacket off. It's hot as hell in here—and could be about to get hotter too...

Up close, he's even better—soft skin, a faint flush on his cheeks, and a scent like vanilla and something floral that cuts through the bar's grit.

I lean forward, resting my tattooed forearms on the table, the ink of wolves and flames curling across my skin...

"Gotta say, boy'," I drawl, voice low, "You're the last thing I expected to find in a

place like this.”

His eyes flick up, and there’s that spark I knew was hiding. He pushes his glasses up his nose, all prim and proper, but the way his lips twitch tells me he’s not as shy as he seems.

“And you’re exactly what I expected,” he shoots back, his voice soft but sharp, like a blade wrapped in velvet. “Leather, tattoos, and a corny line ready to go.”

I laugh, a low rumble in my chest.

Fuck, I like him already.

“You got me there,” I chuckle. “But a guy’s gotta try when he sees a boy like you. What’s your name, bookworm?”

He hesitates, like he’s weighing whether I’m worth the trouble.

Then, with a small smile that’s equal parts sweet and defiant, he says, “Caleb.”

“Caleb,” I repeat, letting it roll off my tongue like it’s mine to keep. “I’m Jace. And I’m guessing you’re not here for the ambiance or peace and quiet. Unless of course you were looking for the library and got lost...”

He glances around, his nose wrinkling at the haze of smoke and the biker sprawled asleep at the next table.

“Not exactly,” Caleb answer. “Meeting a friend. He’s late.” His eyes meet mine again, bolder now. “And you? Just here to... intimidate the furniture?”

I grin, leaning closer, letting my voice drop to that rough, commanding tone that

always gets a reaction.

“Oh, I’ve got better things to intimidate, Caleb,” I say, my voice low but my eyes lighting up. “Like boys who read books in bars and think they can handle a place like this.”

His cheeks flush deeper, but he doesn’t back down. “Maybe I can handle more than you think.”

Well, damn.

That’s a gauntlet if I ever heard one.

My pulse kicks up, and I’m half-tempted to drag him out of here right now, throw him on the back of my bike, and see just how much he can handle.

But there’s something about Caleb—something that makes me want to savor this, not just conquer it. He’s not some club boy chasing a thrill. He’s... different .

And I want to know why...

“Careful, boy,” I say, my gaze locked on his, letting a hint of my Daddy Dom edge slip through. “You keep talking like that, and I might take it as an invitation to warm that ass of yours up with a firm hand on it.”

He bites his lip, and fuck, it’s like a match to gasoline.

I’m imagining that lip between my teeth, him pressed against me, all that quiet fire unraveling under my hands.

But before I can push further, my phone buzzes in my pocket. I ignore it, but it

buzzes again—insistent, like the club’s got a leash on me even here.

Caleb notices, his brow furrowing...

“Someone important?” he asks, a teasing lilt in his voice, but there’s curiosity there too.

“Someone who thinks they are,” I mutter, glancing at the screen.

It’s Tank, probably bitching about the Vipers or some other crisis. I shove the phone back in my pocket. Club business can wait. For once, I’m not itching to dive into the chaos. Not when I’ve got him in front of me.

“So, Caleb,” I say, steering us back on course, “What’s a boy like you reading in a shithole like this? Shakespeare? Some sappy romance?”

He laughs, a soft, genuine sound that cuts through the bar’s noise.

“Jane Austen. Persuasion,” Caleb says. “Ever heard of it?”

“Nope,” I admit, smirking. “But I’m guessing it’s not about bikes or bar fights. Now that’s a book I’d read.”

“ Hmmm . Not quite.” Caleb tilts his head, studying me like I’m a puzzle he’s not sure he wants to solve. “It’s about second chances. People finding their way back to each other, even when the world’s against them.”

Something in his voice—quiet, earnest—hits me harder than it should. I’m not the kind of guy who gets sentimental, but for a second, I wonder what it’d be like to be the guy in his story, not just the outlaw with blood on his knuckles.

I shake it off, leaning back, letting my grin slide back into place.

“Sounds heavy,” I say. “You always this deep, or is it just the whiskey talking?”

He rolls his eyes, but there’s a smile tugging at his lips. “Maybe it’s the company.”

I’m about to fire back when my phone goes off again, this time a call.

Fuck.

Why now?

Don’t you assholes know what...

I curse under my breath, checking it—Razor, and he doesn’t call unless it’s bad. The Vipers must’ve pulled something, and the club’s probably gearing up for war.

I want to ignore it, but the weight of the patch on my back pulls me back to reality. This life doesn’t let you walk away, not even for a boy like Caleb.

“Gotta take this,” I say, standing, but I don’t move yet. I lean down, close enough that I can see the pulse jump in his throat. “Don’t go anywhere, young man. We’re not done.”

His eyes flicker with something—nerves, excitement, maybe both. “I’ll think about it,” Caleb says, that spark flaring again and he smiles a mixtures of sweetness and sass.

I chuckle, low and rough, and head for the door, the phone already at my ear. Razor’s voice crackles through, talking about a Viper sighting near our warehouse, but I’m barely listening. My mind’s still on him—Caleb, with his books and his wit and that

fire I want to claim.

I step into the cool night air, the neon sign buzzing above me, and I know one thing for sure...

I'm coming back for him. And when I do, he's mine .

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Caleb

I should've known better than to agree to meet Justin at The Rusty Spur...

The place reeks of cigarette smoke and cheap whiskey, and the floor feels like it's coated in a decade's worth of spilled beer.

I shift in the corner booth, my copy of *Persuasion* open in front of me, but I haven't turned a page in ten minutes.

The jukebox wails some rock song, and the laughter from a group of leather-clad bikers at the bar drowns out any hope of focus.

This is not my scene—not by a long shot.

I'm a high school English teacher, for crap's sake. My evenings are supposed to involve grading essays and chamomile tea, not dodging leering glances in a dive bar in Willow Creek.

Justin, my colleague and self-proclaimed “fun coach,” swore this place had character. “It's authentic!” he'd said, like that was a selling point.

Now Justin's twenty minutes late, and I'm stuck here, feeling like a fish in a shark tank.

I adjust my glasses, run my hand through my hair, and try to sink deeper into Jane Austen's world. Anne Elliot's quiet strength usually calms me, but tonight, my nerves

are buzzing, and it's not just the bar's chaos.

It's him .

I felt his eyes on me the second I looked up from my book. He's across the room, leaning against the bar like he owns the place, a glass of amber liquid in his hand.

Tall, broad-shouldered, with tattoos snaking down his arms and a leather vest that screams trouble.

His dark hair is mussed, like he just rolled out of a fight or a bed, and his jaw is sharp enough to cut glass.

But it's his eyes—piercing, predatory—that make my stomach flip. And those eyes are staring at me, unapologetic, like I'm the only thing in this smoky hellhole worth looking at.

I drop my gaze back to my book, my cheeks burning.

I'm not used to this kind of attention—not from guys like him.

In college, I dated safe boys, the kind who wore khakis and talked about law school. Kind of similar to me in fact.

This guy though?

He's the opposite of safe. He's the kind of man who'd burn the world down and grin while doing it. I sneak another glance, and he's still watching, a slow smirk curling his lips.

My heart stumbles.

God, he's trouble. And the kind of trouble I should run from...

So why can't I look away?

I force myself to read, but the words blur. My mind's spinning, caught between curiosity and caution.

I came to Willow Creek to teach, to make a difference, not to get tangled up with some bad boy who probably has a rap sheet longer than my syllabus.

But there's something about him—something raw, magnetic—that makes my skin hum. I'm not naive. I know what men like him want: a quick thrill, a conquest. I'm not that boy...

At least, I don't think I am.

The air shifts, and I know he's coming before I see him. His presence is like a storm rolling in, heavy and inevitable and potentially even dangerous unless I stay alert.

I keep my eyes on my book, but my pulse races as his boots thud closer. The booth creaks as he slides in across from me, uninvited, his leather scent—oil, smoke, and something distinctly male—cutting through the bar's haze.

I glance up, and those eyes hit me like a punch, dark and intense, with a glint of amusement.

"Gotta say, boy'," He says, his voice a low, gravelly drawl that sends a shiver down my spine, "You're the last thing I expected to find in a place like this."

I push my glasses up, trying to steady myself. He's even more overwhelming up close—tattoos curling across his forearms, a faint scar on his knuckles, and that smirk

that says he's used to getting what he wants.

But I'm not some bimbo boy who'll melt under a hot guy's gaze.

I tilt my chin, meeting his eyes. "And you're exactly what I expected," I say, keeping my voice cool despite the heat creeping up my neck. "Leather, tattoos, and a corny line ready to go."

He laughs, a deep, rumbling sound that feels like it could shake the walls. "You got me there. But a guy's gotta try when he sees a boy like you. What's your name, bookworm?"

I hesitate. Giving him my name feels like stepping onto a tightrope, but there's a challenge in his gaze I can't resist. "Caleb," I say, letting a small smile slip through, just enough to keep him guessing.

I know this is terrible and I know for sure that this man is serious trouble, but I can feel my cock hardening inside my pants. It's almost like the more I see how wrong this guy is, the harder I get.

Shit.

Stay cool you idiot.

And stay alert, he's bad news...

"Caleb," he repeats, like he's tasting it, claiming it. "I'm Jace. And I'm guessing you're not here for the ambiance."

I glance around, wrinkling my nose at the haze of smoke and the biker snoring at the next table. "Not exactly. Meeting a friend. He's late." I meet his eyes again, bolder

now. “And you? Just here to... intimidate the furniture?”

His grin widens, and he leans closer, his voice dropping to a rough, intimate tone that makes my breath catch. “Oh, I’ve got better things to intimidate, Caleb. Like boys who read books in bars and think they can handle a place like this.”

My cheeks flame, but I hold his gaze, refusing to let him rattle me. “Maybe I can handle more than you think,” I say, the words slipping out before I can stop them. It’s not like me to flirt like this, but there’s something about him—his confidence, his edge—that pulls it out of me.

By this point, my dick is throbbing inside my chinos. I can’t control myself, it’s like every word that Jace is saying is doing something extra special to me. I don’t want to be reacting like this, I really don’t. But...

His eyes darken, and for a second, I swear the air between us crackles. “Careful, boy’,” he says, his voice laced with something deeper, something commanding. “You keep talking like that, and I might take it as an invitation to warm that ass of yours up with a firm hand on it.”

I bite my lip, and his gaze drops to my mouth, hungry and unyielding.

My pulse is a drumbeat now, and I’m hyper-aware of everything—his broad shoulders, the way his fingers curl around his glass, the heat radiating off him.

I should shut this down, tell him to leave, but part of me—a reckless, buried part—wants to see how far this can go.

His phone buzzes, breaking the spell. He glances at it, his jaw tightening, but he doesn’t answer. “Someone important?” I ask, teasing, but I’m curious too.

Who's texting a guy like him in a place like this? Is it a partner? Or another boy he's got on the side? But there's something about Jace that tells me he's no cheater. But that doesn't mean he's not trouble.

In fact, I'm pretty certain that Jace is the most trouble I've ever met. And it's not even close.

"Someone who thinks they are," he replies, his tone clipped as he shoves the phone back in his pocket. The shift in his mood is subtle, but I catch it—a flicker of something heavier, like he's carrying a weight I can't see.

I lean back, trying to regain my footing. "So, Jace," I say, keeping my voice light, "What's a guy like you doing in a shithole like this? Besides hitting on boys with books."

He chuckles, the tension easing. "Just blowing off steam. Long day." He doesn't elaborate, but the way he says it, like it's more than just a bad day at the office, makes me wonder what his world is really like.

Dangerous, probably.

Definitely not my world. The most dangerous I get is when I hand out a detention, and even then that's a last resort that I'd really, truly, much rather do anything else than resort to.

I'm about to ask more when I overhear a snippet of conversation from the bar—two bikers, their voices low but urgent. "Vipers hit the warehouse last week," one says. "Clay wants blood."

My stomach twists. I don't know what it means, but it sounds like trouble, the kind that follows men like Jace.

He notices my shift, his eyes narrowing. “You okay, Caleb?”

“Yeah,” I lie, forcing a smile. “Just... not used to places like this.”

He studies me, like he’s trying to read my thoughts. “You don’t have to be,” he says, softer now, but there’s an edge to it, like he’s offering me an out—or a challenge. “But something tells me you’re not running.”

Before I can respond, his phone buzzes again, this time a call. He curses under his breath, checking it, and I catch a flash of annoyance.

“Gotta take this,” Jace says, standing, but he leans down, so close I can feel the heat of him. “Don’t go anywhere, boy. We’re not done.”

His words send a thrill through me, half-warning, half-promise.

“I’ll think about it,” I say, matching his intensity with a spark of my own.

He chuckles, a low, dangerous sound, and heads for the door, his stride all confidence and power.

I watch him go, my heart pounding, my book forgotten. The bar feels louder now, the bikers’ voices sharper, and I’m left with a mix of exhilaration and dread.

Jace is trouble—everything about him screams it.

But as I touch my lips, still tingling from the way he looked at me, I know one thing: I’m not running.

Not yet ...

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Jace

I'm not a patient man.

Never have been. And I don't suppose I'm going to start now either...

Life in the Wolf Rider MC doesn't leave room for waiting around, not when you're dodging bullets or brokering deals that could end in blood.

But for three days, Caleb's been stuck in my head, a goddamn siren I can't shake. Those hazel eyes, that sharp wit, the way he bit his lip like he was daring me to make a move—it's got me twisted up in a way no boy ever has.

But there's the thing, I don't do feelings.

I do desire, control, the rush of claiming what I want.

And I want him. Want him bad .

The Rusty Spur was a chance encounter, but I'm not leaving it to fate to see the boy again.

I've got his name—Caleb—and a hunch about where a bookworm like him might spend his days. Willow Creek High.

A quick ask around town confirmed it: new English teacher, young, glasses, too sweet for a place like this. Sounds like my boy.

So here I am, parked across the street from the school, my Harley's engine still warm under me, the late afternoon sun glinting off the chrome.

The bell rang ten minutes ago, and the last of the kids are spilling out, laughing and shoving each other.

I feel totally out of place, like I definitely shouldn't be here.

But I'm not here to hurt the boy. I just need to see him again, to know if that spark was real or just whiskey-fueled back and forth bullshit.

The school's a squat brick building, all faded paint and cracked sidewalks, nothing like the chaos of my world.

The truth is the building could do with a lick of paint, maybe some extra funding.

Hell, that ain't my problem though. Far from it.

I never liked school, so I'll be damned if I'm gonna step up to the plate now.

I light a cigarette, leaning against my bike, the leather of my jacket creaking. My tattoos itch under my sleeves, a reminder of the life I've chosen—wolves, skulls, the club's motto inked into my skin.

Caleb's the opposite of that life, all soft edges and quiet strength, but that's what pulls me in. The boy's a puzzle, and I'm itching to solve him.

I spot him through the classroom window on the first floor, his silhouette moving as he stacks papers. My pulse kicks up. He's wearing a pale blue shirt tucked into some fawn chinos.

So cute.

So God damned cute.

I toss the cigarette, grinding it under my boot, and cross the street. The school's quiet now, the parking lot nearly empty. Perfect.

I slip through the front door, the halls smelling like chalk dust and teenage angst, and find his room easy enough. The door's half-open, and I lean against the frame, watching him for a second before he notices me.

He's humming softly, oblivious, his glasses slipping down his nose as he sorts through a pile of essays.

The room's all books and posters about Shakespeare and shit, a world so far from mine it's laughable. But seeing Caleb here, in his element, does something to me.

He's not just hot—he's real, grounded, like he's got a purpose I've never bothered to find. It might be too late for me to find that so-called purpose, but I can't deny how good it must be to have one, certainly if what I'm picking up from this charming scene is any way accurate.

I knock lightly on the doorframe, and his head snaps up, eyes wide.

"Jace?" Caleb's voice is a mix of shock and something else—curiosity, maybe. He pushes his glasses up, stepping around his desk. "What are you doing here?"

I grin, stepping inside, letting the door swing shut behind me.

"Couldn't stop thinking about you," I say. "Figured I'd see what the good boy's life looks like."

His cheeks flush, but he crosses his arms, holding his ground. “This is my workplace, Jace. You can’t just... show up.”

“Oh, I can,” I say, closing the distance between us, slow and deliberate. His classroom smells like him—vanilla, flowers, and something warm that makes my blood hum. “And I think you’re glad I did.”

He rolls his eyes, but there’s a spark in them, that same fire from the bar.

“You’re awfully sure of yourself,” Caleb says, doing his best to hide a smile. “You know that, right?”

“Comes with the territory.” I lean against his desk, close enough to catch the quick rise and fall of his chest. “So, this is you, huh? Grading papers, molding young minds? Bet you’re the kind of teacher kids crush on.”

He laughs, a soft sound that hits me low in the gut.

“Flattery won’t get you far, Jace,” Caleb demurs. “And you didn’t answer my question. Why are you here?”

I tilt my head, letting my gaze roam over him, slow and unapologetic. “Told you. Couldn’t stop thinking about you. That mouth of yours, the way you didn’t back down at the Spur. I like a challenge, Caleb.”

His breath hitches, and I see it—the way his body responds, even if his mind’s screaming caution. I’m pushing, testing his boundaries, letting my Daddy Dom edge slip through.

I want to see how far he’ll let me go, how much of that fire he’s willing to show.

“You’re trouble,” Caleb says, but his voice is softer now, less certain.

“Damn right I am,” I say, my voice low, commanding. “But you’re not running, are you?”

He holds my gaze, defiant, but there’s a tremor in his hands as he tucks a strand of hair behind his ear.

“Maybe I’m just curious,” the boy replies, and fuck, that’s all I need to hear. Curious is an open door, and I’m the kind of man to walk right on through it.

“Curious, huh?” I step closer, close enough that he has to tilt his head to meet my eyes. “Then let me show you something real. Come for a ride with me.”

His eyes widen. “A ride? On your motorcycle?”

“Harley,” I correct, rolling my eyes in mock disgust. “Not just any damn hog. Always a Harley. Best way to feel alive. Unless... you’re scared.”

“I’m not scared,” he snaps, but his blush betrays him. “I just... I don’t even know you.”

“You know enough,” I say, leaning in, my voice dropping to that rough, intimate tone that always gets a reaction. “You know I’m not like those safe little guys you’re used to. You know I’m trouble, and you’re still standing here. Take a chance, boy. One ride.”

He bites his lip, and it’s like a match to gasoline.

I’m imagining him pressed against me, his arms around my waist, the wind tearing through us, his hard cock pressed up against my back as his entire body reacts to the

engine's roar.

But it's more than that—I want him to see my world, to feel the rush I live for. Maybe it's selfish, dragging him into my chaos, but I can't help it. He's under my skin, and I'm not letting him slip away.

"I have papers to grade," Caleb says, but it's weak, like he's grasping for excuses.

"Papers can wait. Life can't." I hold out my hand, a challenge and a promise. "Come on, Caleb. Live a little."

He stares at my hand, then at me, his eyes searching mine. I see the battle there—good boy versus the part of him that's itching to break free.

Come on.

Let yourself go, boy.

Live a little...

Finally, Caleb exhales, a shaky sound, and grabs his bag. "One ride," he says, pointing a finger at me. "And if you get me killed, I'm haunting you."

I laugh, a deep rumble. "Deal. Let's go."

We head out, his steps quick to match my stride, and the air outside is cool, the sky streaked with orange as the sun dips low.

My Harley's waiting, all black steel and raw power, and I catch him eyeing it, a mix of nerves and excitement. I swing a leg over, settling in, and pat the seat behind me. "Hop on, young man. And try not to get too excited..."

Caleb blushed, hesitates, then climbs on, his movements careful, like he's afraid to touch me.

But when his thighs press against mine, his arms looping around my waist, I feel it—a jolt, like the first spark of a fire. His body's warm, soft, and I have to grit my teeth to focus.

“Hold on tight,” I say, glancing back at him.

“I'm trying,” he mutters, his voice muffled against my shoulder, and I chuckle.

Before I kick the engine to life, my phone buzzes in my pocket.

I pull it out, expecting Tank or Razor, and sure enough, it's a text from Razor:

RAZOR: Vipers hit our lookout. Church tonight. Be there.

My jaw tightens. The club's war with the Iron Vipers is heating up, and I'm supposed to be on the front lines, not chasing a boy.

But right now, with Caleb's arms around me, I don't give a damn about club business. I shove the phone back, ignoring the guilt gnawing at me.

“Everything okay?” Caleb asks, his voice soft, and I catch a flicker of worry in his eyes.

“Yeah,” I lie, turning to flash him a grin. “Just you and me now. Just you and me...”

I rev the engine, the roar drowning out everything else, and peel out of the lot.

Caleb's grip tightens, his body pressed flush against my back, and I feel it—the rush,

the freedom, and something new, something dangerous.

Caleb's not just a challenge. He's a risk, one that could burn me worse than any bullet.

But as the road opens up, the wind howling around us, I know I'm already too far gone to care...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Caleb

“Let’s goooo !” I holler, surprising myself at how loud I shout.

But maybe that’s to be expected...

The world is a blur of wind and thunder. My arms are locked around Jace’s waist, my cheek pressed against the leather of his vest, and the Harley’s roar vibrates through my bones.

I’ve never felt anything like this—wild, reckless, alive in a way that terrifies and thrills me all at once.

The road stretches out ahead, a ribbon of asphalt cutting through Willow Creek’s outskirts, and the fading sun paints the sky in hues of orange and pink.

I should be back at school, grading essays, safe in my quiet life...

Instead, I’m here, clinging to a tattooed biker who’s everything I’ve always avoided. And God help me, I don’t want to let go.

And just like that evening at the bar, I’m already embarrassingly hard. My cock is straining and pulsing, loving every second of this ride. Maybe it’s the engine’s vibrations, or maybe it’s who I’m holding onto...

Jace’s body is solid under my hands, all muscle and heat, and I’m hyper-aware of every shift he makes—leaning into curves, throttling the engine, commanding the

bike like it's an extension of him.

Jace's scent—leather, smoke, and something raw and masculine—cuts through the rush of air, and it's doing things to my head I'm not ready to admit.

When he showed up at my classroom, all cocky charm and danger, I should've said no. One ride, I told myself, just to prove I'm not as predictable as he thinks.

But now, with my thighs pressed against his and my heart pounding like a drum, I'm not sure who I'm proving anything to...

The bike slows, and Jace veers off the main road onto a dirt path, the tires crunching over gravel. My stomach flips—not just from the change in terrain, but from the realization that we're alone now, far from the school, the bar, the world I know.

Jace pulls into a clearing, a secluded lookout overlooking Willow Creek's rolling hills, the town's lights twinkling faintly below. The engine cuts off, and the sudden silence is deafening, broken only by the chirp of crickets and my own ragged breathing.

Jace swings off the bike, offering me a hand.

"You good, boy?" His voice is low, rough, with that commanding edge that makes my knees weak.

I nod, but my legs are shaky as I dismount, my fingers brushing his. His hand is warm, calloused, and the brief contact sends a jolt through me.

"That was... intense," I manage, pushing my glasses up my nose, trying to regain some semblance of control, and all the while trying to adjust my trousers so that my all-too-obvious boner is at least partially hidden.

Jace chuckles, a deep sound that feels like it could unravel me.

“Told you. Nothing like it.” He steps closer, his eyes locked on mine, and I feel the weight of his gaze, like he’s seeing every thought I’m trying to hide. “You held on tight, though. Not bad for a first-timer.”

I roll my eyes, but a smile tugs at my lips.

“Don’t get cocky,” I shoot back. “I’m still deciding if this was a terrible idea.”

“Oh, it’s a terrible idea,” Jace says, his grin wicked. “But you’re here, aren’t you?”

Damn, he’s good.

Maybe too good.

But I can’t argue with that. I turn away, walking to the edge of the lookout to steady myself, the cool evening air a relief against my flushed skin.

The view is beautiful, all soft hills and distant lights, but it’s Jace who’s got my attention.

He’s leaning against the bike, lighting a cigarette, the flame casting shadows across his sharp jaw.

His tattoos peek out from under his sleeves, and the wolf skull patch on his vest reminds me who he is—a Wolf Rider, a man whose world is built on danger and defiance.

I should be running, but I know that I’m going nowhere.

“Why teaching?” Jace asks, surprising me. He takes a drag, the smoke curling around him like a ghost. “You’re smart, Caleb. Could’ve been a lawyer, a doctor, some big shot. You could be earning those big bucks. Driving a Porsche. All that fancy shit. So why teaching, and why here?”

I blink, caught off guard by the question.

Nobody’s asked me that, not really. I wrap my arms around myself, the breeze chilling my skin.

“I wanted to make a difference,” I say, the words feeling small but true. “Not in some courtroom or hospital, but with kids who need someone to believe in them. I don’t need money. Not really. But it’s not like it’s an easy life. Willow Creek’s not exactly a fairy tale, you know.”

He nods, his eyes softening just a fraction. “Yeah. I know.”

There’s a weight to his words, like he’s seen the town’s underbelly in ways I never will.

I want to ask—about his life, his scars, the club—but the intensity in his gaze stops me.

Jace flicks the cigarette away, closing the distance between us, and my breath catches as his hand brushes my thigh, a fleeting touch that feels deliberate.

“You’re different, Caleb,” Jace says, his voice low, intimate. “Most people around here, they’re just surviving. You’re... living for something . I...”

My heart stumbles. He’s so close now, his heat cutting through the cool air, and I’m torn between stepping back and leaning in.

“And you?” I ask, my voice barely above a whisper. “What are you living for?”

He smirks, but there’s a flicker of something deeper in his eyes—conflict, maybe.

“The ride. The danger. The...” Jace says. “Who the hell knows.”

“Come on, you can do better,” I say, a hint of sass in my voice. “I want to give you a B+ but right now you’re scraping a C-.”

He steps even closer, his hand resting on my hip now, firm and possessive.

“Fine, I’ll answer Mr. Teacher,” Jace says, his voice low. “Right now? Right now, I’m living for you, boy.”

My cheeks burn, and I’m glad for the dim light hiding my blush.

Jace’s touch is bold, commanding, and it sends a shiver through me that has nothing to do with the breeze. I should pull away, but my body betrays me, leaning into his warmth.

“Jace,” I start, but his name comes out softer than I mean it to, like a plea.

“Hush,” Jace murmurs, his thumb brushing my hip, slow and deliberate. “Don’t think so hard. Just feel .”

And then he kisses me. His lips are firm, demanding, tasting of smoke and whiskey, and it’s like the world falls away.

My hands find his chest, gripping his leather vest, and I kiss him back, tentative at first, then hungrier, matching his intensity.

Jace's hand slides up my back, pulling me closer, and I feel the hard muscular tone of his body, the strength that could break or protect. It's overwhelming, intoxicating, and I'm drowning in him—his scent, his heat, the way he takes control like it's his right.

This is something else. It's something I've dreamed of but never dared to admit to myself...

But just as I'm losing myself, Jace's phone buzzes, loud and insistent.

Jace freezes, cursing under his breath, and pulls back, leaving me breathless and reeling. My lips tingle, my body humming with need, but the moment's gone.

He checks his phone, his jaw tightening, and I see it—the shift from Jace, the man who just kissed me senseless, to Jace, the Wolf Rider.

"Trouble?" I ask, my voice shaky, trying to ground myself.

"Yeah," he says, his tone clipped. "Club shit. Gotta go."

The disappointment stings, but so does the sense of fear washing over me. The way he says "club shit," like it's more than a bar fight or a bad deal... it makes my stomach twist.

I've heard whispers about the Wolf Riders—drugs, guns, blood. The whole package. The kind of things that I don't ever need to be associated to or come into contact with.

And yet. I want to ask, to know what I'm getting into, but his expression is closed off now, all business.

But I can't let it go. I have to know more...

"Wait, you can't just leave and not say why," I say, hands on hips.

"I told you... club shit," Caleb says, evidently unimpressed with my continued questioning.

"And I told you , I want to know more!" I snap, rolling my eyes.

"Last chance, boy," Jace answers, his patience wearing thin. "Ask me again, and I'll have you over the side of the Harley with your pants around your ankles and that ass glowing redder than a tomato."

" Pffft . Right, okay, sure," I say, my cheeks flushing red and my voice wavering despite my show of bravado. "I don't think so. Tell me. Tell me now. What is this business?"

Before I know it, Jace has taken me by the hand and marched me over toward the motorcycle. This can't be happening, can it?

"Safeword," Jace says. "I need a safeword, boy."

"Falafel," I blurt out, not knowing why I'm consenting to this madness other than it just... kind of feels natural.

Jace grunts and nods, but before I can say anything else, he yanks my trousers down and leaves them at my ankles.

"Jace, please!" I beg. "What... what if someone sees?"

"Well they'll see a boy getting his ass spanked for disobeying a Daddy," Jace says, a

hint of menace in his voice.

This is scary. It's wild. But I'm into it... I think.

I gasp as Jace pulls my briefs down and wastes no time in landing the first spank, my left buttock jiggling as Jace cracks his hand, hard and flat.

“ Yowwww !” I call out, my voice disappearing into the night as Jace lands the second spank, this time on my right cheek. “That hurts!”

“You've got your safeword if you need it,” Jace says, pausing for a moment to allow me to use it. “I thought so. Time to get things moving. I don't have all night.”

I look down as Jace lands a swift double spank and see that my dick is fully erect and rubbing up against the leather of the motorcycle seat.

There's something about being in such an exposed, vulnerable position that's making me all kinds of horny, and that's not even factoring the reality that I'm being spanked by a devilishly handsome, dangerous biker.

“And that... is just about... that!” Jace roars, landing the final two spanks and making me yelp in pain, grateful for a cool breeze as it passes through and takes a tiny bit of the heat off my glowing butt cheeks.

“Jace... I...” I say. “Thank you. That feels... different. But good. I don't know. I've never been spanked before.”

“Well you know what to do if you want more,” Jace says, a knowing smile on his face. “In the meantime, we need to ride. And ride fast. But before you pull those briefs back up, allow me to get some cream on those cheeks to cool them down a little.”

I turn my head and let out a gasp as Jace takes a pot of cooling gel out of the small compartment at the rear of the Harley.

“I think that’ll help,” I smile, letting out a giggle as Jace applies the cream to my butt, one cheek at a time.

“Yup, it’ll do it,” Jace says, busily ensuring that my entire ass is covered with the gel. “But now’s not the time to talk. We need to move.”

And with that, Jace pulls up my briefs and trousers and we’re back on the bike again.

This is all so new to me, but I’ve got a feeling that this won’t be the last time Jace takes his hand to my ass, and I’m not complaining either...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Jace

The Wolf Rider clubhouse is alive with chaos, the kind that makes my blood sing. I might be getting old, but I'll never be too old for this...

The air's thick with weed, whiskey, and the thump of heavy metal blasting from the speakers. My brothers are scattered across the sprawling warehouse-turned-fortress—some playing pool, others tangled up with club boys on sagging couches, all of them riding the high of a rare night off.

The place smells like sweat, leather, and trouble, with neon signs buzzing on the walls and the club's wolf skull emblem painted above the bar.

It's my world, raw and unapologetic, and tonight, I've brought Caleb into it. Part of me wonders if that's a mistake, but the bigger part—the one that's been obsessed with him since that kiss at the lookout—doesn't give a damn.

He's beside me, his hand tucked in mine, and I can feel his nerves radiating like heat.

The boy's out of place in his jeans and soft blue sweater, his glasses slipping down his nose, but fuck, he's beautiful. I wouldn't change him for any amount of money in the whole world.

That quiet fire in his eyes, the way he's holding his chin high despite the chaos—it's got me hooked.

I wanted him to see this, to know who I am, not just the guy who sweet-talked him

onto my bike.

But now, watching him take in the clubhouse with wide, cautious eyes, I'm second-guessing myself. This ain't his world...

And maybe it never will be.

"Stay close," I murmur, squeezing his hand, my voice low and firm. My Daddy Dom side is on edge, protective, possessive, ready to shield him from the roughness around us. "This place can get wild."

He nods, his lips pressing into a tight line, but there's a spark in his gaze, like he's determined to prove he can handle it.

"I'm not fragile, Jace," Caleb says, his voice soft but steady. "I can keep up."

I grin, a low chuckle rumbling in my chest. "We'll see, boy."

I lead him through the crowd, my hand on the small of his back, a silent claim to anyone watching.

My brothers notice—Arch raises a brow from the bar, Razor smirks like he knows something I don't—and I feel their eyes on him, sizing him up.

He's not like the boys who hang around here, chasing patches and thrills. Caleb's real, smart, with a life outside this shit. That makes him a curiosity, and in a place like this, curiosity can be dangerous.

We grab drinks—whiskey for me, a beer for him—and I steer him to a quieter corner near the pool tables.

“Follow me,” I say, sensing the wildness in the air.

Caleb sips his beer, his eyes darting around, taking in the tattoos, the leather, the couple making out against the wall.

“So this is your world,” Caleb says, his tone half-curious, half-wary. “Loud, messy, and... intense.”

“Pretty much,” I say, leaning against the wall, close enough that my arm brushes his. “You regretting coming?”

Caleb tilts his head, studying me, and that spark flares again. “Not yet,” he says, a teasing edge to his voice. “But the night’s young.”

I laugh, and it feels good, like he’s cutting through the weight I’ve been carrying.

The club’s been on edge since the Iron Vipers hit our lookout, and Clay is pushing for retaliation.

I should be focused on that—planning, fighting, keeping my brothers alive. But right now, with Caleb’s scent—that damned vanilla and flowers combination—filling my head, all I care about is him.

Caleb surprises me by stepping closer, his fingers brushing my arm, tracing the edge of a tattoo.

“What’s this one mean?” he asks, his touch light but electric, pointing to the wolf inked across my forearm.

I catch his wrist, gentle but firm, holding his gaze.

“Strength,” I say, my voice rougher now. “Loyalty. The pack. A bond that can’t be broken. Not even in death.”

His skin’s soft under my fingers, and I’m fighting the urge to pull him against me, to show him exactly what he’s doing to me.

Caleb’s eyes flicker with something—nerves, desire—and he doesn’t pull away.

“And this one?” The boy asks, nodding to the flames curling around my bicep.

“Burning through the bullshit,” I say, smirking. “You want the full tour, boy... it’s gonna take a while.”

Caleb laughs, soft and bright, and it’s like a light in this dark, grimy place.

“Maybe I do,” he says, bolder now, and fuck... I’m all done holding back.

Before I can make a move, a shadow falls over us.

It’s Snake, one of the newer guys, all swagger and no brains. He’s drunk, his eyes raking over Caleb like he’s on the menu.

“Who’s this, Jace?” Snake slurs, stepping too close. “Didn’t know you were into sissy librarians .”

My jaw tightens, and I step in front of Caleb, my body a wall between him and this asshole.

“Back off, Snake,” I say, my voice low, deadly. “He’s with me. And you’ll show some fucking respect if you value those teeth of yours.”

Snake laughs, but there's a nervous edge to it. "Just makin' conversation, man. He don't look like he belongs here is all."

Caleb surprises me, stepping out from behind me, his chin lifted.

"I can speak for myself," Caleb says, his voice sharp. "And I'm exactly where I want to be... Snake."

I almost laugh—my boy's got fire, alright—but Snake's not smart enough to back down. "Feisty," Snake says, leering. "I like that."

That's it. One step too far. Time for Daddy to put a stop this right here and now.

I grab Snake's collar, yanking him close, my fist itching to connect with his face.

"You don't look at him, you don't talk to him, you don't fucking think about him," I growl. "Walk away, or I'll make you crawl."

The room quiets, heads turning, and I feel Caleb's hand on my arm, light but grounding.

"Jace," he murmurs, and it's enough to pull me back from the edge. Snake stumbles back, muttering something, and slinks off into the crowd.

"Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!" Arch calls out, a knowing smile on his face over in the corner with a beer in hand. "Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!"

The tension breaks, and the party roars back to life, but my blood's still humming.

I turn to Caleb, expecting him to be shaken, but he's looking at me with those big hazel eyes, a mix of worry and something hotter.

“You okay?” I ask, my voice softer now, but my hand’s on his waist, possessive.

“Yeah,” Caleb says, his voice a little breathless. “That was... quite something.”

“You held your own,” I say, proud as hell. “I told you you’re tougher than you look. And now that idiot Snake knows too.”

Caleb smiles, but it’s shaky, and I know this place is getting to him. I don’t blame the boy, it’s the kind of place that takes more than a little getting used to.

I need to get him out of here, away from the noise and the eyes.

“Come on,” I say, taking his hand. “Let’s find somewhere quieter.”

I lead Caleb through a side door to the clubhouse’s back lot, where the air’s cooler, the stars bright above the silhouettes of parked bikes.

It’s just us now, the thump of music muffled, and I pull him close, backing him against the wall, my hands on either side of him.

“You’re mine tonight, Caleb,” I say, my voice low, commanding, letting my Daddy side take over. “No one else gets to look at you like that. Understand?”

His breath hitches, but he nods, his eyes locked on mine.

“Yours,” Caleb whispers, and it’s like a match to gasoline.

I kiss him, hard and hungry, claiming his mouth like I’ve wanted to since the lookout. He melts into me, his hands gripping me, and I deepen the kiss, my tongue teasing his, my body pressing against his slender body.

Caleb's all fire and sweetness, and I'm guiding him, setting the pace, showing him how good it can be when he lets go. My hand slides to his neck, my thumb brushing his pulse, and he moans softly, a sound that drives me wild.

I pull back, just enough to look at him—flushed, lips swollen, eyes dark with want.

“Fuck, boy,” I murmur, my voice rough. “You’re gonna ruin me.”

Caleb laughs, breathless, but before he can respond, my phone buzzes again.

I curse, checking it—Razor, with a text about the Vipers planning something big. The club's pulling me back, and I hate it.

Caleb sees the shift in me, his brow furrowing...

“Lent me guess... club stuff?” he asks, a knowing look in his eyes.

“Yeah,” I say, shoving the phone away. “But I’m not going anywhere yet.”

Caleb looks longingly at me, and I see it—the fear, the questions he's not asking. I want to tell him it's fine, that I'll keep him safe, but the truth is, my world's a minefield, and he's standing too close to the blast.

“Jace,” Caleb says, his voice soft, “What happens if this... if we get too deep? You know... if... I'm close to the danger. Or a Viper sees us together?”

I cup his face, my thumb brushing his cheek.

“Then we figure it out,” I say, meaning it. “But I’m not letting you go, Caleb. Not now.”

He leans into my touch, and for a moment, it's just us, the club and the Vipers fading away.

But I know it won't last.

My life doesn't allow me to forget.

And as I kiss Caleb again, softer this time, I can't shake the feeling that I'm pulling him into a storm I might not be able to stop...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Caleb

“Get a grip, Caleb,” I say, doing my best to steady my breathing and center myself just a little bit. “You’ve got this.”

The truth though is that I can’t stop shaking.

It’s not the cold, though my apartment’s drafty windows let in the late-night chill.

It’s the memory of the Wolf Rider clubhouse—the pounding music, the leering bikers, Jace’s fist clenched like he was ready to break Snake’s face.

And that kiss, out in the dark, his hands claiming me, his voice rough and commanding, calling me his .

My lips still tingle, my body still hums with the heat of it, but my mind’s a mess. I’m falling for Jace, hard and fast, and... it scares me to death.

Jace is a storm, wild and unstoppable, and I’m not sure I can survive the wreckage. It might sound dramatic, but this is unlike anything I’ve known.

I’m curled on my couch, a mug of chamomile tea gone cold in my hands, staring at the stack of ungraded essays on the coffee table.

I should be working, losing myself in my students’ messy handwriting, but all I can think about is him .

The way he stood up for me, his body a shield, his eyes blazing with something fierce and protective. The way he kissed me, like he was staking a claim, guiding me into a world I don't understand but can't resist.

I touch my lips, my pulse quickening, and I wonder what I'm doing...

I'm a teacher, not some biker's boy.

But when I'm with Jace, I feel alive in a way I never have, like I'm more than the quiet, studious Caleb everyone expects. Growing up I was told that this was my path, that I was a hard worker who got good grades, and I played along, thinking it was my only option.

Now though, now I've seen another way of life.

But I'm brought out of my thoughts when my phone buzzes, and I flinch, half-expecting it to be Justin, ready to lecture me about ditching him at the Spur last week. But it's a text from Jace:

JACE: You up?

My heart stumbles. It's past midnight, and the clubhouse party was hours ago.

I should ignore it, set boundaries, protect myself from whatever this is. But my fingers move before my brain catches up, typing back:

ME: Yeah. Can't sleep.

Three dots appear, then:

JACE: Open your door.

My stomach flips. He's here ?

I scramble off the couch, smoothing my oversized sweater and pajama bottoms, suddenly hyper-aware of my messy hair and the fact that I've got nothing underneath my bottoms.

I glance around my tiny apartment—bookshelves stuffed with novels, a cozy throw blanket, a potted plant I keep forgetting to water.

It's so... me, so different from his world of leather and chaos.

But what's he doing here? And why ?

A soft knock pulls me to the door, and when I open it, there he is, leaning against the frame, all tattoos and danger.

Jace's leather jacket is gone, leaving him in a black t-shirt that clings to his muscled chest, his dark hair mussed like he's been running his hands through it. His eyes, those intense dark eyes, lock onto mine, and the air between us crackles.

"Jace," I breathe, my voice shaky. "W-W-W-What are you doing here?"

"Couldn't stay away," Jace says, his voice low, rough, like he's been fighting some internal war. He steps inside, closing the door behind him, and the small space feels smaller with him in it, his presence overwhelming. "You okay? After tonight?"

I nod, but it's a lie, and he sees right through it.

He steps closer, his hand lifting to brush a stray strand of hair from my face, his touch gentle but deliberate.

“You don’t have to be tough with me, boy,” Jace says, his voice dropping to that commanding tone that makes my knees weak. “You can be honest with me. Tell me what’s going on in that pretty head.”

I swallow, my throat tight.

“It’s just... a lot,” I admit, my voice barely above a whisper. “The clubhouse, Snake, you. It’s not my world, Jace. I don’t know how to do this.”

His thumb grazes my cheek, and I lean into it, helpless.

“You don’t have to know,” Jace says, his eyes intense, holding mine. “You just have to trust me. Can you do that?”

I want to.

God, I want to more than anything .

But the fear’s there, sharp and real, whispering about the club, the danger, the blood I know follows men like him.

“What if I can’t?” I ask, my voice breaking. “What if your world... what if it breaks me?”

Jace cups my face, his hands warm and steady, and pulls me closer, his forehead resting against mine.

“I won’t let it,” he says, fierce and certain. “You’re mine, Caleb. That means I protect you, no matter what. You hear me?”

His words hit me like a wave, washing away some of the fear. Mine . The way he

says it, like it's a vow, makes my heart ache.

I nod, my hands finding his chest, gripping his shirt.

"Okay," I whisper. "I'm trying."

"That's my boy," Jace murmurs, and then he kisses me, slow and deep, like he's savoring every second.

It's different from the clubhouse, softer but no less intense, and I melt into him, my body pressing against his.

His hands slide down my back, one settling on my hip, the other gliding over my hair, guiding me, controlling the pace. It's intoxicating, the way he takes charge, and I feel that spark inside me flare, wanting more, wanting everything.

He pulls back just enough to look at me, his eyes dark with hunger.

"You're gonna drive me crazy, you know that?" Jace growls, his voice rough. "All sweet and shy, but you've got this fire I can't get enough of."

I blush, but his words light something in me, bold and reckless.

"Show me," I say, surprising myself, my voice low and daring. "Show me what you want."

Jace's grin is pure wolf-like sin, and he backs me against the couch, his body caging mine.

"Careful what you ask for, boy," he says, his hand sliding under my sweater, his fingers grazing the bare skin of my waist. "I'm not a gentle man. I'm the kind of

Daddy who lives up to the Dom side of the deal too...”

“Yes... Daddy,” I whisper, and it’s like I’ve unleashed something.

Jace’s kiss turns hungry, demanding, his tongue teasing mine as his hand roams higher, brushing the curve of my ribs.

I arch into him, my hands clutching his shoulders, and he groans, a low, primal sound that makes me clench my ass and thrust my crotch upward.

He’s guiding me, his touch firm, his voice a soft growl as he murmurs, “Good boy, just like that.”

I’m lost in him, in the way he makes me feel—wanted, powerful, alive.

But then Jace shifts, his hand sliding to my thigh, and he pauses, his breath ragged.

“Tell me to stop, Caleb,” Jace says, his voice strained, like he’s fighting himself. “If you’re not ready, tell me now. That’s cool, but I need to know right now.”

I shake my head, my fingers tightening on his shirt. “I don’t want you to stop,” I say, and it’s the truth, even if it scares me. I want this—him, us, whatever this is. “I want you... Daddy.”

I can’t believe I’m calling Jace Daddy. I don’t know where it came from, but it feels so right. And right now, I’m letting myself do what feels right to me, no matter what anyone else might think.

He searches my eyes, then nods, his control snapping back into place.

“Then you’re mine,” Jace says, and kisses me again, slower this time, but no less

intense. His hand stays on my thigh, teasing but not pushing further, and I feel it—the promise of more, the way he’s holding back, giving me space but still claiming me.

We’re tangled together, the room fading away, when a loud crash shatters the moment...

It’s outside, sharp and jarring, like glass breaking or metal hitting pavement. I freeze, my heart lurching, and Jace pulls back, his body tensing, his mindset all business.

“Stay here,” Jace says, his voice hard, as he moves to the window, peering through the blinds.

“What was it?” I ask, my voice trembling. My apartment’s on the ground floor, and the street outside is quiet, too quiet.

“Dunno,” Jace says, but his jaw’s tight, his hand already reaching for the knife I didn’t notice tucked in his belt. “Could be nothing. Could be trouble.”

Trouble .

The word lands like a stone, and I think of the clubhouse, the whispers about the Iron Vipers, the way Jace’s phone keeps pulling him away.

“Is it... the club?” I ask, fear creeping in. “Are they watching us?”

He turns to me, his eyes softening despite the tension in his frame.

“If they are, they’ll regret it,” Jace says, fierce and protective. “I’m not letting anything touch you, Caleb. You’re safe with me.”

I want to believe him, but the crash echoes in my head, a reminder of how far I’ve

stepped into his world.

Jace pulls me close, his arms strong around me, and I bury my face in his chest, breathing in his scent.

“I’m scared, Jace,” I admit, my voice muffled. “I want this, but I’m scared.”

“I know,” he says, his hand stroking my hair, his voice steady. “But I’ve got you. I promise.”

I nod, clinging to him, but the fear lingers, sharp and cold.

I’m falling too fast, too deep, and the crash outside feels like a warning.

Jace’s world is closing in, and I’m not sure I’m strong enough to face it. I’ve never wanted a man like I want Jace. I called him Daddy for a reason. But the truth is I just don’t know if I can handle everything else that comes with it...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Jace

The Wolf Rider clubhouse smells like gun oil and rage.

The air's thick with it, the kind of tension that comes before blood gets spilled. We're packed into the bunker room, the long table scarred from years of fists and knives, the wolf skull emblem glaring down from the wall.

Clay sits at the head, his face hard as stone, while my brothers—Arch, Razor, and the rest—lean forward, eyes sharp, ready for war.

The Iron Vipers hit one of our shipments last night, jacked a crate of guns and left one of our prospects bleeding out. It's a declaration, a middle finger, and Clay wants payback.

I should be all in, my blood pumping for the fight, but my head's somewhere else. It's with him. Caleb.

I'm slouched in my chair, my mind replaying that night in his apartment—his soft skin, his moans, the way he trusted me even with that crash outside shaking him up.

I've never felt like this, like someone's reached into my chest and rearranged everything.

The boy is under my skin, in my blood, and it's fucking with me.

I'm an enforcer, loyal to the club, built for violence and chaos. But every time I think

of him—those hazel eyes, that quiet fire—I want something else. Something I don’t even know how to name.

And when Caleb called me Daddy... it kind of sealed the deal.

“Jace,” Clay barks, snapping me out of it. “You with us, or you somewhere else?”

I straighten, meeting his glare.

“I’m here,” I say, my voice steady, but Razor’s smirking like he knows where my head’s at. The fucker’s too perceptive for his own good.

Clay lays out the plan—a retaliatory strike on a Viper stash house, quick and brutal.

“We hit ‘em hard,” Clay says, his voice like gravel. “Show those bastards they don’t fuck with us.”

Nods and grunts ripple around the table, but my gut twists. This isn’t just a hit. It’s escalation, the kind that ends with bodies in the ground.

And the deeper I get into this war, the more I’m dragging Caleb into danger. That crash outside his place wasn’t random. I feel it in my bones—the Vipers are watching, and he’s on their radar because of me.

That shit ain’t right.

I can’t allow it.

Not for Caleb, he’s an innocent...

The meeting wraps, and I’m out the door before anyone can pull me into bullshit

banter.

I need air, need to clear my head, but more than that, I need him.

My bike's a blur through Willow Creek's streets, the night air biting my face, and before I know it, I'm at his apartment again.

It's late, past one, but his light's on, and I know he's up. He's been like that since the clubhouse, restless, like he's as tangled up in this as I am.

I knock, softer than I mean to, and he opens the door, his eyes wide behind his glasses...

"Jace," he says, his voice a mix of relief and worry. "What's wrong?"

I step inside, shutting the door, and pull him into my arms without a word. He fits against me, warm and perfect, and for a second, I just breathe him in.

"I needed to see you," I say, my voice rough, raw. "Shit's going down with the club, and I... I needed you."

He pulls back, searching my face, his hands on my chest. "What kind of shit?" he asks, and there's fear in his eyes, but also that fire, like he's ready to face it with me.

I hesitate, my instinct to protect him warring with the truth.

But the boy deserves to know, at least enough to understand what he's in for.

"The Vipers," I say, my jaw tight. "They're hitting us, and it's gonna get ugly. That crash the other night? Might've been them. Watching us. Watching you."

His breath catches, and I hate the fear I see flicker across his face.

“Me?” he whispers. “W-w-w-w-why me?”

“Because you’re with me,” I say, cupping his face, my thumbs brushing his cheeks. “And I’m not letting them touch you, Caleb. I swear it. But I need you to know... I’m in deep with you. Deeper than I’ve ever been. And it’s scaring the shit out of me.”

His eyes soften, and he leans into my touch, his hands gripping my wrists.

“I’m scared too,” he admits, his voice trembling but honest. “But I’m in this too, Jace. I don’t know how to stop.”

That’s all I need.

I kiss him, hard and desperate, pouring everything into it—my fear, my need, my fucking heart. He kisses me back, his hands sliding under my shirt, his nails grazing my skin, and it’s like a match to gasoline.

I lift him, his legs wrapping around my waist, and carry him to the bedroom, kicking the door shut. The room’s small, all soft blankets and books, a world so different from mine, but right now, it’s ours.

“You’re mine, boy,” I say, my voice low, commanding, letting my Daddy Dom side take over. “Every inch of you. Say it.”

“I’m yours Daddy,” he breathes, his eyes dark with want, and it’s like a vow.

I kiss him again, slower, guiding him, my hand sliding under his shirt, finding the softness around his waist. He arches into me, his breath hitching as I trail kisses down his neck, my teeth grazing his pulse.

“Good boy,” I murmur, and he moans, a soft, needy sound that drives me wild.

I’m careful, though, keeping my touch firm but not pushing too far. He’s giving himself to me, trusting me, and I’m not gonna fuck that up by going too hard too fast.

My hand slides to his thigh, teasing the edge of his shorts, and I feel him tremble, his hands clutching my shoulders.

“Jace,” he whispers, his voice a plea, and I pull back, searching his eyes. “I know I said I wanted this before. But...”

“Go on,” I say, ready to back off.

“I want it even more now,” Caleb says, a nervous giggle at the end of his sentence.

I smile and nod. The boy knows what he wants. And he’s going to get it too...

In a flurry of movement and limbs, the pair of us strip naked, our hard cocks clashing up against one another as we intertwine our bodies, making them one.

Caleb might be smaller than me, but I can tell by the way that his hands are grabbing at my ass and back that this is a boy who isn’t afraid of some rough and tumble in the heat of the moment.

However if Caleb thinks that he can be in charge of things, he’s got another thing coming...

“Open for Daddy,” I growl, moving myself so that my legs are either side of Caleb’s shoulders as he lies flat on his back. “Suck Daddy’s cock. And that’s an order.”

Caleb’s eyes widen as I hinge my body forward and present my rock-hard cock for

his wet, wide open mouth. And Caleb doesn't hesitate to take each and every inch, even as he coughs and splutters toward the base.

"Now hold still, I'm going to use your mouth," I say, my voice low and full of serious intent. "And you better do a good job or you'll be over my lap for another spanking, boy."

I lean forward and take my own body weight under my arms and begin to thrust my cock in and out of Caleb's wet mouth, his tongue working overtime as I thrust.

The look in Caleb's eyes tells me everything I need to know too. The boy is a natural submissive, eager to please his Daddy Dom. But as tempting as it would be to finish inside his hungry mouth, I know that I need to hold off and give Caleb everything tonight.

"Enough," I grunt, pulling my long, thick, wet cock out of Caleb's mouth and gripping the boy by his hips and flipping him onto his front. "Daddy wants teacher's ass now."

"Fuck. Yes. Do it," Caleb replies, his cheeks red and his eyes wide with a mixture of arousal and anticipation as he arches his head back toward me. "Make me yours. All the way. I need you inside me. There's some stuff, just over there."

Caleb nods at a nearby drawer and I bound over and pull a pot of translucent lube out of it and make my way back to the boy with no delay.

"Spread them," I bark, watching with delight as Caleb plants his face in a pillow and reaches back to spread his juicy ass cheeks for me. "Good boy. Daddy's going to get you nice and ready, don't you worry about that."

As I gradually work my lubed fingers inside Caleb's tight but willing ass, I can see

and hear how much he's into this. He might be used to giving out the orders and instructions in class, but Caleb is a natural submissive when it comes to sex.

The deeper and wider I work my fingers, the more Caleb begins to bounce back on them, evidently more than ready for something altogether bigger and thicker in his thoroughly well prepared ass.

But whether Caleb can take my slab of Daddy manhood is another question altogether...

Caleb lets out a low, guttural moan as I begin to push my throbbing dick head up against his hole, and slowly but surely I feel him accommodate me.

"All good, boy?" I ask, easing myself in deeper.

"All good, hell yeah," Caleb says, his back muscles looking impressive for a smaller guy as I work my way all the way inside him. "Don't hold back, Daddy. I can handle it."

I grip Caleb tighter and begin to thrust. Back and forth, his cheeks clapping in time with me, I'm going to give him everything he wants, and more.

"Daddy! Daddy!" Caleb hollers, now bouncing back in time with my thrusts, the two of us working together and pushing one another to go harder, faster, deeper. "Daddy! I'm going to..."

I almost laugh as I see the expression of pure animalistic lust on Caleb's face as he turns his head and groans in ecstasy as he cums.

And seeing Caleb so thoroughly and unselfconsciously into what I'm doing to him is enough to bring on my climax too.

“Fuck, fuck, that’s it, just one... more... fuck,” I roar, bringing myself off and pumping my hot, thick seed deep inside Caleb.

I continue to thrust until every last drop is out, and I can tell from Caleb’s soft, blissful groans that he’s appreciating it too.

As I pull out of Caleb and collapse next to him, we lock hands.

Now isn’t the time for talking. We both know what just happened, how connected we were in the moment. All we need to do now is lie together, soak it up, and feel the post orgasmic bliss ride over us for as long as we can...

I’m dozing, but suddenly I’m brought back into the real world.

“Fuck,” I grumble. “That damn phone.”

I curse again, pick up my cell phone and read the message:

RAZOR: Vipers moving. Get to the clubhouse. Now.

“Fuck,” I mutter, shoving the phone in my pocket. Caleb sits up, his eyes wide, and I hate the worry I see in his beautiful face. “I gotta go,” I say, my voice tight. “Club emergency.”

“Is it bad?” The boy asks, still a little dreamy after sex, but I know he’ll soon be thinking of the Vipers, the crash, the danger I’m pulling him into.

“Bad enough,” I say, honest but gentle. I cup his face, kissing him softly. “I’ll be back, boy. Stay here, lock the door, and don’t open it for anyone but me. Okay?”

He nods, but his hands cling to me, like he’s afraid to let go.

“Be careful, Daddy,” he whispers, and it’s like a knife in my chest.

“I will,” I say, meaning it, but the truth is, I don’t know if I can promise that.

The club’s my life, my family, but Caleb’s becoming something bigger, something I can’t lose.

I kiss him one more time, then grab my shirt and head for the door, the weight of my jacket heavy on my shoulders.

As I step into the night, the roar of my bike waiting, I feel it—the pull of two worlds tearing me apart.

The club’s calling for blood, but Caleb’s calling for my heart. And for the first time, I’m not sure which one I’ll choose...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Caleb

“Argh,” I say. “I hate this. Hate, hate, stupid hate .”

I can’t sit still.

I’m all fidgety and on edge.

My apartment feels like a cage, the walls closing in as I pace the living room, my bare feet cold against the hardwood.

Jace’s scent—leather, smoke, and him—still lingers on my skin, but so does the memory of his face when he left, all hard edges and urgency.

“Club emergency,” he said, and the way his voice tightened told me it was bad.

Worse than the crash outside my window.

Worse than the tension at the clubhouse party.

The Iron Vipers are out there, and Jace is walking right into their crosshairs... for me, for his club, for a life I’m only starting to understand. And I’m terrified I’ll lose him before I can figure out what Jace and me could be together.

It’s been hours since he left, the clock ticking past three a.m., and my phone’s silent...

No texts, no calls, just the echo of his last words: Stay here, lock the door.

I've tried to distract myself—grading papers, brewing tea, even rereading *Persuasion*—but nothing works.

My mind's a whirlwind of fear and need, replaying our night together, the way his hands claimed me, his voice calling me his boy.

I'm in love with him. There's no avoiding that any longer.

I know it now, the truth settling heavy in my chest. It's reckless, irrational, but it's real. And if my Daddy is in danger, I can't just sit here, waiting for a call that might never come...

I grab my keys, my heart pounding. I'm going to the clubhouse. It's crazy—stupid, even—but I need to see him, to know he's okay.

I pull on jeans, a sweater, and my sneakers, my hands shaking as I lock the door behind me.

The night air is sharp, the streets of Willow Creek quiet except for the distant hum of a car or two in the distance.

My old Civic sputters to life, and I drive, the clubhouse's address burned into my memory from the party. It's a risk, walking into the Wolf Rider's den uninvited, but fear for Jace outweighs the fear of what I'll find...

"Here goes," I say, wary but knowing that I've come too far to turn back now. "Just pretend it's that terrible class from two years ago..."

The clubhouse looms at the edge of town, a hulking warehouse surrounded by a

chain-link fence, bikes lined up like sentinels.

The neon sign flickers, casting an eerie glow, and the thump of music is gone, replaced by shouted voices and the rev of engines.

My stomach twists as I park, spotting a group of bikers near the entrance, their faces grim under the floodlights.

This isn't a party anymore—it's a war zone.

I take a deep breath, channeling the courage that got me through Jace's world before, and step out, my sneakers crunching on gravel.

A burly biker—Arch, I think—spots me, his brow furrowing.

“What the hell you doing here?” Arch growls, but there's no malice, just confusion. “This ain't a good time, boy.”

“I need to see Jace,” I say, my voice way steadier than I feel. “Please . Is he here?”

Arch hesitates, glancing at the clubhouse, then back at me.

“He's inside, but shit's going down,” Arch growls. “You sure you wanna walk into this?”

“I'm sure,” I lie, my heart hammering. I'm not sure of anything, but I can't turn back now.

Arch sighs, jerking his head toward the door.

“Your funeral, kid,” Arch grumbles. “Stay close.”

I follow him inside, the clubhouse a stark contrast to the party's chaos.

The air's thick with cigarette smoke and tension, the tables cluttered with maps, guns, and empty beer bottles.

Bikers are everywhere, some barking orders, others loading weapons, their faces set hard and brooding.

My eyes scan the room, desperate for Jace, and I find him near the bar, talking to Razor, his posture rigid, his hand gripping a knife.

He looks like a warrior, all muscle and menace, but when his eyes meet mine, they widen, shock cutting through the steel.

"Caleb?" Jace's voice carries over the noise, and he's across the room in seconds, his hands on my shoulders, searching my face. "What the fuck are you doing here? I told you to stay put. And it wasn't a polite request either, boy."

"I couldn't," I say, my voice breaking as I grip his jacket, the leather rough under my fingers. "You left, and I was so scared, Jace. I needed to know you're okay."

His jaw tightens, but his eyes soften, and he pulls me into his arms, crushing me against his chest.

"You're crazy, boy," Jace murmurs, his voice rough with something that sounds like awe. "Fucking crazy as hell. What were you thinking coming here?"

I cling to him, breathing in his scent, the solid warmth of him grounding me.

"I love you, Daddy," I whisper, the words slipping out before I can stop them, raw and desperate. "I couldn't stay away."

Jace freezes, then pulls back, cupping my face, his eyes searching mine.

“Say that again,” Jace says, his voice low, commanding, that Daddy Dom edge making my pulse race. “Word for word.”

“I love you, Daddy,” I repeat, louder this time, my fear giving way to certainty. “I’m terrified. I don’t know what the hell is going on. But I know I love you, Jace.”

He kisses me, hard and fierce, like he’s claiming my words, my heart, everything. I feel my knees buckling and I fall into him, my hands fisting his shirt, the chaos of the clubhouse fading to nothing.

Jace’s lips are demanding, his hands possessive, one sliding to my waist, the other tangling in my hair, guiding me like he always does.

It’s desperate, emotional, a promise that we’re in this together, no matter what. I feel his strength, his need, and I give it back, letting him lead, trusting him completely.

Jace pulls back, his forehead against mine, his breath ragged.

“I love you too, Caleb,” Jace says, and it’s like the world shifts, the weight of his words anchoring me. “Fuck, I didn’t want this to happen, but I do. You’re mine, and I’m not letting you go. And I don’t give a damn who knows it.”

I nod, tears pricking my eyes, but before I can speak, Razor’s voice cuts through.

“Jace, this is all charming and all, but we’ve got a problem,” Razor says. He’s holding a crumpled note, his face grim, and the air shifts, heavy with dread.

Jace takes it, his expression darkening as he reads. He hands it to me, and my blood runs cold. Scrawled in jagged letters:

Keep your teacher close, Wolf. Or he's next.

No signature, but it doesn't need one. The Iron Vipers. My hands tremble, and Jace's arm tightens around me, protective, fierce.

"They know about me," I whisper, fear clawing at my chest. "They're coming for me."

"Not happening," Jace growls, his voice deadly. "They come near you, they're dead. I swear it."

"And me too," Arch adds, soon joined by the other men too. "No one fucks with us like this, especially not when there's a boy involved."

I want to believe Jace and Arch, but the note's a cold reminder of how deep I'm in...

This isn't just love—it's danger, blood, a world I barely understand.

"What do we do?" I ask, my voice small, but I force myself to stand taller, to be the young man who walked into this clubhouse.

"We handle it," Jace says, his eyes burning with resolve. "You stay with me, Caleb. No running, no hiding. We face this together."

I nod, my fear battling the strength his words give me.

"Together," I say, and it's a vow, as much to myself as to him. I'm not the shy teacher anymore, not entirely. I'm his, and that means facing his world, no matter how terrifying.

Jace kisses me again, softer but no less intense, and I feel the clubhouse

watching—Arch, Razor, Clay, everyone—noticing the shift, the way Jace’s claiming me in front of them all.

It’s a statement, a line drawn, and I know it’s not just the Vipers we’re fighting. It’s the club, his loyalty, the life he’s always known.

“Get him somewhere safe,” Razor says, his voice gruff but not unkind. “We’re moving out soon.”

Jace nods, his hand on my back, guiding me toward a back room.

“You’re staying here tonight,” Jace says, his tone leaving no room for argument. “I’ve got shit to handle, but you’re not out of my sight.”

I want to protest, to say I can go home, but the note’s words burn in my mind. I nod, letting him lead me, his presence a shield against the fear.

As we move through the clubhouse, the noise and chaos swirling around us, I realize something...

I’m not just falling for Jace. I’m becoming part of his world, for better or worse.

And as he pulls me close, his voice a low growl promising to keep me safe, I know I’m ready to fight for us, no matter what the price might be...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Jace

I hate this place.

No surprise there.

Deep Viper territory...

Blood and smoke choke the air, the warehouse a fucking warzone.

The Iron Vipers' stash house is a fortress of crates and steel, but we're tearing it apart.

My brothers move like shadows—Tank with his sledgehammer fists, Razor with a pistol in each hand, me leading the charge, a Glock in one hand, a knife in the other.

The Vipers didn't see us coming, but they're fighting back now, bullets pinging off metal, screams cutting through the chaos.

My heart's a drum, my blood roaring with the thrill of the fight, but it's not the club driving me tonight. It's him. Caleb.

That note— Keep your teacher close, or he's next —lit a fire in me that won't go out. They threatened my boy, and I'm gonna make them bleed for it...

The plan was simple: hit their weapons cache, cripple their supply, send a message.

But nothing's simple in this life. And I mean nothing .

A Viper lunges from behind a crate, his blade glinting, and I dodge, slamming my fist into his jaw.

He drops, but another's on me, his gun raised. I tackle him, my knife finding his shoulder, and he screams, blood soaking his jacket.

I don't stop to think, don't feel the pain when a stray bullet grazes my arm, just keep moving, my rage a living thing.

Every hit, every bullet, is for Caleb—for the fear in his eyes when he read that note, for the way he's tied to me now, caught in my world's crossfire.

"Jace, left!" Arch shouts, and I spin, firing at a Viper aiming from a catwalk. He falls, crashing into a stack of crates, and I push forward, my boots slick with blood and oil.

We're winning, the Vipers scattering, but it's not enough.

I want their leader, Crow, the bastard who thought he could threaten what's mine. I spot him near the back, barking orders.

I'm on him before he sees me, slamming him against the wall, my forearm crushing his throat.

"You sent that note," I growl, my voice low, deadly. "You went after the boy. You had no fucking business doing that. There's a code."

Crow sneers, blood on his teeth.

"Your little schoolteacher's fair game, Wolf," Crow spits. "You brought him into

this.”

I see red, my knife pressing against his ribs.

“He’s off-limits,” I say, each word a promise. “You come near him again, I’ll gut you myself.”

Crow laughs, a wet, choking sound, but before I can finish it, Tank’s voice cuts through.

“Jace, it’s the feds! Move out!” Tank hollers.

Sirens wail in the distance—cops, probably tipped off by the gunfire, or maybe even a rat who’s turned over to them in exchange for money or a dropped charge. Now isn’t the time to wonder though. It’s very much the time to bounce.

I shove Crow away, spitting at his feet, and sprint for the exit, my brothers covering me.

A bullet clips my shoulder, pain searing through, but I keep running, the night air hitting me like a slap as we reach our bikes.

We ride hard, the roar of engines drowning out the sirens, Willow Creek’s streets a blur.

My arm’s bleeding, a shallow graze, but I’ve had worse. What hurts more is the weight in my chest, the truth I can’t shake: this life, this war, it’s gonna destroy him if I don’t change.

Caleb’s not just a fling, not just a challenge. He’s everything, and I’m done pretending I can keep him safe while I’m neck-deep in blood.

I need out—not all the way, not yet, but enough to give him a life that doesn't end in a body bag.

I don't know for sure how Clay will react.

Not many people leave under good terms. That's not how we roll.

But Clay's a good man, a Wolf of honor, one of the best men I've ever met.

I have a feeling he'll be on board—and hell, he knows a thing or two about finding a boy so good it makes you question everything.

I'm about to go to the clubhouse but I get a text from one of the Riders to say that Caleb has been escorted back to his apartment—apparently this is where he feels safest, and I'm not about to debate that either.

I don't waste a single second.

I head straight for Caleb, my bike tearing through the pre-dawn streets to his apartment.

The boy's there, waiting, because I texted him to stay put after I left the clubhouse. The door's barely open before he's in my arms, his hands frantic as he checks me over, his eyes wide with fear.

“Daddy, you're hurt,” Caleb gasps, his fingers brushing the blood on my arm, the tear in my shirt.

“I'm fine,” I say, pulling him close, my voice rough with everything I'm feeling.

Caleb's apartment's warm, soft, a haven from the chaos I just left. He's in a t-shirt

and shorts, and he's never looked more beautiful, even with worry etched into his face.

"It's over, boy. For now," I say, my heart thumping inside my chest, a shot of pain coursing over my aching body.

Caleb pulls back, searching my eyes.

"What happened? The Vipers... did you...?"

"We hit 'em," I say, keeping it vague. He doesn't need the details, the blood, the bodies. "They won't come near you again. I made sure of it."

Caleb's hands tremble, but he nods, trusting me, and it's like a knife to my gut.

He shouldn't have to trust me with this, shouldn't have to live with this fear. I cup his face, my thumbs brushing his cheeks, and the words spill out, raw and real.

"I'm done with the worst of it, Caleb," I say, my voice steady despite the storm inside me. "The club's my family, but you're my future. I'm stepping back. Whether Clay likes it or not. I've done my time. Less blood, less war. For you. For us."

Caleb's eyes widen, tears shimmering.

"Jace, you don't have to—" Caleb says, his voice wobbling.

"I do," I say, cutting him off, fierce but gentle. "I love you, and I'm not losing you to this life. You're mine, and that means I protect you, even from me."

Caleb surges forward, kissing me, his lips desperate and hungry, and I'm lost in him, the taste of him, the feel of his body against mine.

I lift him, carrying him to the couch, our kiss deepening, my hands roaming his back, his thighs, his juicy ass, claiming every inch.

Caleb's hands tug at my shirt, and I let him pull it off, ignoring the sting of my wounds.

"You're mine," I say, my hand sliding to his hip, possessive but careful, always checking his eyes for trust. "Always."

"Always," Caleb whispers, his voice a vow, and we're a tangle of need, his nails digging into my shoulders, my lips finding his again.

It's raw, passionate, our bodies pressed close, but I hold back, keeping it from going too far.

Caleb's giving me everything, and I'm not taking more than he's ready for, not tonight. It's been a lot for the boy to deal with. He might think he's tough, but he's not that tough.

We slow, breathless, his head resting against my chest, my arms around him.

"We can build a life together," I say, my cock as hard as the pain shooting through my shoulder. "But I'm definitely stepping back from the Riders."

"You mean it?" Caleb asks, his voice soft, vulnerable. "Really?"

"Yeah," I say, kissing his forehead. "I can't leave the club... they're my brothers. But I'm done with the frontline shit. I'll talk to Clay, work protection runs, logistics, something that keeps me alive for you."

"Will Clay let you?" Caleb asks, hope in his voice.

“He won’t have a choice,” I laugh. “Me and Clay have been through some shit together. He knows I’m good on my word. And he knows that I’ll always been an ally... as long as he respects me.”

Caleb nods, his fingers tracing the tattoos on my chest, and I feel it—the shift, the choice I’ve made. It’s not easy, not clean, but it’s right.

The club’s been my life, but Caleb’s my reason now. I hold him tighter, the quiet of his apartment a stark contrast to the warehouse’s violence, and I know this is where I belong.

But even as we lie there, his heartbeat steady against mine, I can’t shake the nagging truth: the Vipers aren’t done.

That note was personal, and Crow’s still out there, licking his wounds. I’ve bought us time, but this war’s far from over.

I want to do something for the boy. And I want him to do something for me too...

“Climb on top of me,” I say, whipping off my t-shirt, trousers, and boxers, taking care with my shoulder as I move. “Naked, obviously.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Caleb giggles, removing his clothes quicker than I’ve ever seen a boy strip.

“My cock, your mouth,” I command. “And seeing as you’re a good boy, you can put your hard little dick in my mouth too.”

I watch as Caleb blushes and gets in position. He’s horny, but I can tell that he’s still a bit on the shy side when it comes to things like this.

I don't mind, I think it's hot.

And judging by how hard Caleb's dick is before it's even entered my mouth, I can guess that he thinks it's pretty damn hot too.

I grunt my approval as Caleb quickly licks, tongues, and grips my dick before swallowing it down.

"Good boy," I growl, teasing Caleb's balls with my tongue before pulling him down closer and taking his smaller but hard cock in my mouth too.

Less than ten seconds later and the pair of us are working in perfect unison with one another.

Cal's sucking, slurping, and gagging on my slab of meat and I'm taking Cal whole in my mouth while also rubbing my wet fingers around his ass hole, plunging them inside and making him gargle and splutter his moans of pleasure.

And it's not too long before we both build to our climaxes, Caleb shooting his load first and filling my mouth with his hot, salty seed.

I swallow it all down and thrust my crotch deeper still into his mouth, my legs stiffening and my ass squeezing as I cum long and hard, draining myself and letting go of all my stress.

"OMG, that was... hot," Caleb says, finally rolling off me, traces of my cum on either side of his mouth. "OMG! Your shoulder!"

I look to my side and see that my wound is bleeding. It's not a lot, but it's enough that it needs seeing to again.

“Come on, I’ll sort you out, Daddy,” Caleb says.

The boy’s an angel. An angel who can suck cock like a devil.

And speaking as a down and dirty Wolf Rider, I’m all there for it...

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Caleb

Jace's blood is on my hands, and it's all I can focus on.

The metallic scent mixes with the antiseptic I'm dabbing on his grazed shoulder, the shallow wound raw and red under my trembling fingers.

He's sitting on my couch, shirtless, his tattoos stark against his bruised skin, and every wince he hides makes my chest ache.

He came straight from the warehouse fight, the Iron Vipers' blood still on his knuckles, and told me he'd stepped back from the club's worst violence for me...

But the truth is staring me in the face: his world is a battlefield, and I'm in it now, whether I'm ready or not. I love him, and that love is a fierce, terrifying thing, binding me to him even as fear claws at my heart.

"Easy, boy," Jace murmurs, his voice rough but steady, his hand catching mine as I press too hard with the gauze. His green eyes hold mine, soft despite the pain, and I see it—the guilt, the promise he's trying to keep. "I'm okay. It's just a scratch."

"It's not just a scratch," I say, my voice sharper than I mean it to be. "You could've died, Jace. The Vipers, the guns... what if next time it's worse?"

He cups my face, his thumb brushing my cheek, and the warmth of his touch grounds me, even as my pulse races.

“Hey, did you forget already? There won’t be a next time like that,” Jace says, his tone firm, commanding, that Daddy Dom there for me to see. “I told you, I’m stepping back. I meant it.”

I want to believe him, but the note from the Vipers burns in my mind, a reminder that his world doesn’t let go so easily.

I nod, swallowing the fear, and finish bandaging his shoulder, my fingers lingering on his skin. He’s all strength and scars, a warrior who’s fought for his club, but now he’s fighting for me, and it’s humbling, overwhelming.

I lean in, kissing him softly, and he responds with a low groan, his hand sliding to my neck, guiding me closer.

“You’re too good for me,” Jace murmurs against my lips, his voice raw. “But I’m not letting you go.”

“Good,” I whisper, my hands resting on his chest, feeling his heartbeat. “Because I’m not going anywhere.”

We’re interrupted by a sharp knock at the door, and I stiffen, my heart lurching.

Jace’s hand tightens on me, protective, as he stands, pulling on his shirt with a grimace.

“Stay here,” he says, his voice hard, but I’m done hiding. I follow him, ignoring his frown, and he opens the door to reveal Tank, his massive frame filling the doorway, his face grim.

“Trouble,” Tank says, holding up a folded paper. “Found this taped to the clubhouse door.”

Jace takes it, his jaw clenching as he reads. He hands it to me, and my stomach drops.

Last chance, Wolf. Hand over your boy, or we burn it all down.

The Vipers' threat is clear, personal, and it's like ice in my veins. They're not just targeting Jace anymore—they're coming for me.

"Motherfuckers," Jace growls, crumpling the note. "They're desperate. That piece of shit Crow. I should have killed him there and then. We end this now."

Tank nods, glancing at me with a mix of respect and doubt.

"You sure he's worth this, brother?" Tank asks, his voice low, not cruel but blunt. "No offence, but he's not one of us. This war's getting hot, and he's a liability."

I feel the words like a slap, but they spark something in me—anger, defiance, the same fire that got me to the clubhouse last night.

Before Jace can respond, I step forward, my chin high.

"I'm not a liability," I say, my voice steady despite the fear. "I'm with Jace, and I'm not running."

Tank blinks, surprised, and Jace's hand settles on my back, warm and proud.

"He's my boy," Jace says, his tone leaving no room for argument. "And he's tougher than half the men in the clubhouse. You got a problem, you take it up with me."

Tank raises his hands, a grudging smile tugging at his lips.

"Fair enough," Tank says. "Just saying, he's in deep now." He looks at me, his eyes

softer. “You got balls, teach . Respect.”

Tank leaves, and Jace shuts the door, turning to me with a look that’s equal parts awe and heat.

“You’re something else, boy,” he says, pulling me close, his hands on my hips. “Standing up to Tank like that? That’s fucking fearless.”

I laugh, a little on the nervous side. My hands grip onto Jace’s body, being careful to avoid his shoulder.

“I’m not fearless,” I admit. “I’m terrified. But I’m done letting fear win. I love you, and I’m in this with you, Daddy. All the way.”

Jace’s eyes darken, and he kisses me, deep and possessive, his hands roaming my back, pulling me flush against him.

“My boy,” he growls, his voice a low rumble, and I feel it—the shift, the moment I fully give myself to him, to us.

Jace lifts me, carrying me to the bedroom, and I’m clinging to him, my heart racing with need and love.

We fall onto the bed, a tangle of limbs and heat, his kisses fierce, guiding me, his Daddy Dom control in every touch.

I giggle in delight as Jace hooks my legs up toward my shoulders and a squirt of lube later is guiding his dick deep inside me.

“Daddy... I... I’ve never done it... like this,” I gasp, my eyes rolling back in my head as Jace hits my G-spot and simply holds his position for a moment and looks me deep

in the eye.

“Tell me when you want me to fuck you hard,” Jace commands, rocking slightly, just enough to massage my special spot.

“ Mmmph , fuck me hard now,” I moan. “Don’t worry about me, just fuck me hard and fast and cum inside me. Use me. Own me. I need to feel you lose yourself inside me.”

And with that, Jace thrusts hard and fast, my legs still up by my shoulders and my entire body reaching to each and every pump as I feel Jace’s heavy balls bang up against me.

“Hold on, boy, hold on tight,” Jace growls, his final thrusts so hard that I’m worried the entire bed frame might collapse on itself.

I reach down and squeeze my cock, jerking it hard and fast and shooting my load all over myself as Jace drives his dick like a steam train all the way home until he climaxes too.

Jace pulls out and I shut my eyes and feel a kind of satisfaction that I’ve never thought possible before. This is what being taken by a Daddy feels like—and I’m lucky enough to have experienced it a second time with Jace.

But as we lie side by side, I know that we’re only a phone call away from the madness and mayhem of Wolf Rider life...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

Jace

If I thought that I was going to get a good night's sleep after taking the boy hard and deep, I should have known better. One phone call and it was back into the thick of it...

The night's a fucking inferno.

The Wolf Rider clubhouse is a fortress under siege, the air thick with gunpowder and the roar of bikes.

The Iron Vipers came for us, just like their note warned, hitting hard with a dozen men, their cuts marked by the coiled snake that's haunted my nightmares since this war started.

My brothers are fighting like hell—Tank's a bulldozer, smashing through a Viper with a crowbar. Razor's picking off targets from the roof, his rifle steady. I'm at the center, my Glock barking, my knife slick with blood, every move fueled by one thing... keeping Caleb safe.

The boy's inside, behind the bar, where I told him to stay. But knowing he's this close to the chaos twists my gut like a blade.

Worse, Crow is out there, his voice cutting through the gunfire, taunting.

"You can't save him, Jace!" Crow shouts, and I see red, my rage a living thing.

But I'm done letting these bastards threaten my sweet boy.

Tonight, this ends for good. No more second chances, I don't care if a hundred cops show up. Crow is going down.

I duck behind a stack of crates, reloading, my shoulder throbbing from the graze I took last fight.

Caleb patched me up, his hands steady despite his fear, and his voice— We do this together —is what's keeping me sharp.

He's not just my boy, he's my partner, my reason, and I'll burn the world down before I let the Vipers touch him.

I signal Tank, pointing toward the east fence where Crow's rallying his men.

"Flank 'em," I mouth, and he nods, moving with a group of brothers including Arch and Razor. "Fast. Go!"

As I move, I spot Caleb through the window, crouched low, his eyes wide but fierce, and I know he's holding it together for me.

I told him to stay put, but he's got that fire, the kind that made him stand up to Tank, walk into this hell to find me. I love him so fucking much it hurts, and it's that love driving me now, not just the club. This is something else entirely.

Crow's making a push, his men breaching the fence, and I'm on him, sprinting through the chaos, my boots pounding gravel.

A Viper swings at me, his knife flashing, but I dodge, slamming my fist into his throat. He drops, gasping, and I keep moving, my eyes locked on Crow...

Crow's tall, lean, with a scar across his cheek and a smirk that makes me want to blast him to hell. He raises his gun, but I'm faster, tackling him into the dirt, my knife at his throat.

"This is for him," I growl, pressing the blade until blood beads. "You don't touch what's mine."

Crow laughs, choking, his eyes wild.

"You think this ends with me?" Crow shrieks. "You're in too deep, Jace...."

I don't hesitate.

I drive the knife home, his body going limp, and the fight drains out of the Vipers around us.

Their leader's down, and my brothers close in, finishing the rest.

The gunfire slows, then stops, the night falling eerily quiet except for the crackle of a burning crate and the groan of wounded men.

We've won, but the cost is heavy—blood on the ground, brothers nursing wounds, the clubhouse scarred.

I stand, my chest heaving, and wipe my knife on my jeans, my eyes finding Caleb through the window. He's safe. That's all that matters.

I storm inside, ignoring the pain in my shoulder, and he's on me in seconds, his arms around my neck, his body trembling but strong.

"Daddy," Caleb cries, his voice breaking, and I hold him tight against me.

Caleb's glasses are askew, his sweater streaked with dust, but he's never been more beautiful, his fire burning through the fear.

"You're okay," I say, my voice rough, my hands cupping his face, checking him for any sign of hurt. "You stayed put. You did as Daddy told you to. Good boy."

Caleb laughs and then kisses me, fierce and desperate, like he's pouring all his fear and love into it.

I kiss him back, my hands possessive, guiding him, my Daddy Dom side grounding us both.

The clubhouse is still chaos—brothers shouting, tending wounds—but for this moment, it's just us, our love a shield against the wreckage.

"I was so scared," Caleb admits, pulling back, his eyes searching mine. "But I knew you'd come back. I knew you'd win. I knew you'd do it for us."

"Always," I say, meaning it, and I know it's time.

I've been dancing on the edge too long, balancing the club and now Caleb when deep down I already knew something had to change.

I turn to Clay, who's barking orders nearby, and pull him aside.

"I'm stepping back," I say, my voice firm. "Protection runs, logistics, fine. But no more blood. I've got something bigger now."

Clay studies me, then glances at Caleb, a rare smirk breaking his hard face.

"He's worth it," Clay says, clapping my shoulder. "I know how you feel. Don't

worry. We'll work it out."

I nod, relief hitting me like a wave, and turn back to Caleb, pulling him close.

"We're getting out," I say, my voice low, for him alone. "A place outside town, just us. You teach, I'll run a bike shop, something legit. You with me?"

Caleb's eyes shine, tears brimming but happy.

"All the way," Caleb says, and it's a vow, sealing us together. "I love you Daddy."

"And I love you too, my darling little teacher boy," I reply. "Now let's grab a damn drink. I've worked up quite the thirst..."

"We can toast to the future," Caleb giggles in delight.

And Caleb's right, we can definitely toast to our future together. Clay's approval means the world to me, and I know I can ride off into the sunset with my boy, still a Wolf Rider, but finally able to find some peace with the one I love...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:18 am

The sun's setting over Willow Creek, painting the sky gold as I lean against the porch of our new place, a small house on the edge of town.

Caleb's inside, grading papers at the kitchen table, his glasses slipping down his nose, a pencil tucked behind his ear.

The boy's still teaching, still lighting up those kids' lives, and I'm proud as hell. He's going for a promotion too, hopefully soon enough he'll be Vice Principal... and I think it's going to suit him down to the ground.

But if Caleb thinks that his new position of power means he can't get his butt spanked by his Daddy then he's got another thing coming of course.

Me?

I'm running my own bike shop in town, fixing Harleys and teaching a few kids how to wrench.

It's legit, steady, and I'm good at it. Plus, I don't get shot... well, not yet anyway!

But once a Wolf Rider, always a Wolf Rider...

The club's still family—protection runs keep me tied, but the blood's behind me, just like I promised.

Caleb steps out, his sweater soft against my hands as I pull him close, kissing him slow, deep, my Daddy energy humming as he melts into me.

“You’re distracting me,” Caleb teases, but his eyes are warm, his hands on my chest, tracing the tattoos he knows by heart.

“Good,” I growl. “You’re mine, boy. Papers can wait.”

Caleb laughs, bright and free, and we stand there, the world quiet around us.

The Vipers are gone, the war a memory, and we’re building something real—a life, a home, a love that’s fierce and unbreakable.

I hold Caleb tighter, my heart full, and know I’d fight it all again to end up here, with him, forever mine.