



# Outlaw Redemption (Berzerkers MC #4)

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**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** Ajax is a dangerous, over-the-top alpha outlaw and a Berzerkers MC Maryland chapter member. His ego is damaged when his VP patch is taken from him, but he rides to the Virginia chapter as a Nomad. Ajax meets Lou and saves her from a brutal attack. He knows Lou wants more from him, but women are for one-night stands. His path in life is riding and fighting. Ajax doesn't do complications, but his world is turned upside down when Mick shows up in town.

Will redemption be the new path for Ajax, and can he find his place with the Berzerkers MC Virginia chapter?

**Total Pages (Source):** 19

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

I like to fight, and I like to fuck.

I'm a BERZERKER, that's what I do.

I've had my fair share of pussy since I was an ugly, scrawny teenage deadbeat.

I'm an outlaw without a cause.

I've killed for my club, and I would die for my club.

But I never thought I would almost die at the hands of a Berzerker brother.

When I lost the votes as VP that night in the newly built Berzerker clubhouse, all I wanted to do was break Rubik's neck. He was my club brother, so it was a hard punch to the gut when he stole the VP patch from me.

Rubik went Nomad, gave up the VP patch. He came back, but he didn't deserve to wear the VP patch again. I did.

Rage and hate filled me when I took off my rags and placed them on the bar. I pulled the buck knife from my back pocket and cut the threads around the VP patch. After I handed it to my President, Stryker, I grabbed my rags and stormed out of the clubhouse.

A few nights later at Durango's, I picked a fight with Rubik, hitting on his woman, Marie. Stryker let us tear into each other outside in the parking lot. Rubik is wider in the shoulders and can pack a powerful punch, but I'm leaner and faster. We went a

few rounds, landing blows to each other's faces until our knuckles were busted and bleeding. I even threw some quick jabs into Rubik's ribs, hoping I fractured a few.

But Rubik got me down on the asphalt and knocked me out cold. When I came to, I was lying on a couch in the bar's back room while Grunt tended to a cut above my left eye.

I slept there that night and the following day.

Stryker told me, "the bond of brotherhood is stronger than any family each Berzerker was born into. And brothers don't fight to kill each other. Instead, we kill our enemies for vengeance."

He stripped me of my Baltimore bottom rocker and handed me a Nomad patch.

No vote, no choice.

This was Stryker's decision, and since he was the National Chapter's President, what he said was final.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

The storm poured rain in buckets as the wind howled, whipping up the low-hanging branches of the huge oak tree in front of the big window outside the Red Cardinal Diner. It was on that stormy night when the menacing outlaw parked his motorcycle in front of the diner and walked into my life.

The bell hanging from the handle on the glass door jingled, and I groaned realizing I'd forgotten to flip the sign to closed. The tall, dark-haired man entered and stood there, surveying the diner like a predatory beast getting accustomed to his new environment.

His shoulder-length hair was soaking wet and I'm sure the chiseled jaw that hid beneath his dark shaggy beard gave off this vibe of male arrogance. Water droplets puddled on the floor where he stood.

Craning my neck, I leaned over the counter, curious to see his back patch when his dark eyes met mine. The world spun for a second or two, before I noticed a dark bruise around his left eye, then looked down to see his scraped-up knuckles.

I swallowed a lump in my throat. "I was just getting ready to close," I said, continuing to wipe down the countertop.

"Anybody in the back, or are you here alone?" he asked, his voice deep, sending a tingle down my crooked spine.

"Just me," I said, feeling a sudden sense of panic.

“I’ll head out once this storm passes.” He walked to the end of the diner and sat in a booth beside the window, giving me a good look at the patch on the back of his vest.

The top patch said, Berzerkers MC.

In the middle was a skull wearing a Viking helmet with a pair of wings around it.

Under it said, Nomad .

He watched me as I came around the bar and limped to his table. There was no way to hide it, and for the first time in years, I felt self-conscious about it. I placed a menu on the table, then offered him a dry dish towel.

He stared at the towel, combing his hands through his wet hair, and his brows furrowed like it was the strangest thing he’d ever seen. Then he took it and wiped his face dry and shook the towel on his head, drying his dark hair.

“The cook already left, but I can cook something for you,” I said, pulling out the little notepad from my apron pocket. “And I still have some coffee, but it’s not freshly brewed.”

“I’ll take a beer,” he said and placed the towel on the table. He reached into his vest and pulled out a Zippo lighter, along with a wet pack of cigarettes. “A dry cigarette would be good right about now, too.”

I pulled a pack of cigarettes from my apron and placed them on the table. “Mine are dry.”

“Thanks, Lou.”

How? Oh – name tag.

I read his patch.

“You’re welcome, Ajax.”

“A pretty chick with a man’s name,” he said, as his lips clamped on a cigarette while he flipped open his Zippo to light it.

I bet he calls every woman he’s met pretty.

“It’s Louise. Lou for short.”

I left and brought Ajax a glass mug of cold beer, then went back to wiping down the tables and bar.

It was quiet, the only sound was the wind and rain outside. Neither one of us spoke. Ajax drank his beer and smoked as he looked out the window, watching the lightning in the dark sky dancing to the loud clap of thunder.

By the time he finished his beer and smoked two of my cigarettes, the rain had stopped. I counted the till in the cash register, then walked over to his table. He stood, pulling out a black leather wallet attached to a long chain clasped to the belt loop of his jeans, and unsnapped it, pulling out a twenty-dollar bill, before handing it to me.

“I’ll bring back the change.”

“No, keep it.” He shrugged. “For the beer, smokes, and the dry towel.”

“Thank you, Ajax,” I said, smiling inside.

He walked out of the diner and climbed on his bike, and it roared to life when he started it. I didn’t look away until he pulled out of the parking lot and rode away.

My mind wandered, imagining myself on the back, feeling the wind on my face, the warmth of his body...

Headlights blinded me as Erwin's car pulled up, parking in the spot Ajax had just left.

Dread and anxiety set in. I finally had the guts to kick Erwin Harding out of my house for the third and last time a few weeks ago, after he'd hit me one last time, cracking a tooth and leaving a bruise.

Reaching up, I touched my cheek. The bruise healed weeks ago. I hurried to lock the front door, but Erwin was quicker, yanking it open. And I stepped back as fear set in.

My knees buckled.

"Hear me out, Lou, please," Erwin said, holding his hands up. "You owe me at least that, okay?"

"Owe you? I don't owe you another moment of my time," I scoffed. "That stripper was giving you a blow job on my couch! And she looked barely legal, you piece of shit!" I reached for a napkin dispenser and threw it at him.

He ducked, the dispenser flying past him as he chuckled. "I gave the girl a few lines of coke, and she didn't have any money to pay me," he said moving toward me. "So I settled for the blow job."

I stepped back until my back bumped into the counter.

"Don't you dare touch me!"

"I won't let you throw away the two good years we've had Lou!" He lunged, grabbing a handful of my hair, and I screamed and swung at him. My fist landed on

his jaw, and his eyes went wide with shock, letting me go.

He touched his jaw, then glared at me. “You wanna fight, huh?”

I turned to run, but my left leg was weak, and I fell hard to the floor as the bells on the door jingled.

Ajax grabbed Erwin’s shoulder and spun him around.

“Who the fuck are you?” Erwin asked, the tone of his voice a pitch too high.

Ajax brought his fists together, then cracked his scraped-up knuckles. “You get to throw the first punch. Then it’s my turn, dipshit.”

Erwin swung, but Ajax leaned away quickly, then grinned.

“My turn,” Ajax said and swung his fist towards Erwin's nose.

The impact was brutal, as blood splatted all over his face. Erwin stumbled backward, clutching his broken nose in disbelief.

He ran past Ajax and out the front door.

I sat on the floor sobbing as the tires of Erwin’s car screeched as he drove away.

Ajax lifted me off the floor, and my hands grabbed onto his vest, a dizzy spell coming on.

He cupped my jaw, his dark eyes locked so intensely on mine. “It’s good that fuckhead didn’t leave a shiner on that pretty face.”



Tears still fell down my cheeks, but I laughed. “Not this time anyway, thanks to you.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

AJAX

“I take it that was your old man?” I asked Lou as she stood close, her hands gripping the front of my rags. The chick smelled so much better than I did.

She stood back and wiped away her tears. “No, an ex now. His name is Erwin Flannagan,” she said, wiping away more tears. “Would you mind following me back to my house? He knows where I live, and I don’t feel safe.”

“But you feel safe with a man like me?” I asked and chuckled.

“If you wanted to rape, rob, or kill me, Ajax, you would have already done it. And you just saved my life, so of course, I feel safe with you.”

I smelled like a wet mop from the rainstorm, and I still needed to show up at the Berzerkers clubhouse to meet with the Richmond Chapter’s President, Diezel. But I had felt this primal instinct to protect this female. Plus she had a nice ass.

“Okay then. I’ll follow you back to your place.”

We headed out to a neighborhood just outside of the city, not far from the diner. I pulled my bike up behind her car as she parked in front of her house. She climbed out and approached me.

“Do you need to be somewhere anytime soon?” she asked.

She needed a man. No. She needed a bad man like me.

I turned the bike's ignition switch off, kicked the stand down, then climbed off. "I guess I could come inside and dry off if that's an invitation."

Lou smiled as I took off my lid, pulled the wet duffle bag full of my clothes strapped to the sissy bar, and followed her inside.

She walked over to the small kitchen and opened the refrigerator. "Would you like a beer?"

"Sure," I said, not wanting to sit on her couch since my clothes were wet but itching to get out of them.

Lou must've read my mind as she walked over to me in her small living room and handed me a can of beer. "You can throw your clothes in the dryer."

I opened the beer can and guzzled it down fast. Then crushed the can and stepped forward, and she stepped back.

She looked lonely and sad.

I grinned and arched my brow. "You want to get me naked, don't you?"

She took a long drink from her beer and set it on a table.

"Yes."

That was all I needed to hear.

I snatched her around the waist, pulling her against me. She moaned as I smashed my mouth over hers, her hands tangling in my hair.

Gripping her ass, I slid my tongue into her mouth, tasting her. My dick was hard, straining through the wet jeans.

Fuck. We needed to be naked...

Lifting her into my arms, I walked down the narrow hallway to the bedroom at the end. I laid her on top of her bed and pulled off my rags, placing them on a chair by the window.

“I want to see you, feel you,” Lou whispered as she took off her clothes.

“Oh, you’re gonna feel me alright, darlin,” I said, kicking off my boots.

Finally naked, I was on her, running my hands through her pretty brown hair. Her big tits were fine as fuck, making my dick so hard all it wanted was to be inside her pussy. But I wanted to take it slow, enjoy it. I licked and sucked along her neck, and she moaned, wrapping her arms around my shoulders. I went lower, pulled her hard nipple into my mouth, and sucked. She cried out, her breathing fast and heavy.

Reaching down between us, I slid a finger in her pussy. “You’re wet and so tight, Lou. I’m gonna fuck you so good you’ll never forget my name,” I said, sliding two fingers in, making her pussy slicker.

I rubbed her clit up and down, then round and round with the tip of my forefinger. Finally, she cried out her orgasm, but I wanted her to have another, so I kept playing with her sweet pussy until she came again.

I let Lou catch her breath for a moment.

Then I positioned the tip of my dick along her wet hole, and she dug her nails into my back. I kissed her, wrapping her thighs over my biceps, slowly sliding inside. She felt

so fucking good, her hips moving to match my rhythm. I gripped the headboard, the mattress springs squeaking as I slammed into her hard and fast.

She gasped, leaning her head back into the pillows, screaming my name.

“Oh fuck!” Pulling out, I rose on my knees and looked down at her when I jerked my hard dick. A thick load of cum shot all over her pretty tits and stomach.

With a lazy smile, Lou heaved a sigh, raised her arms above her head, and yawned.

Yeah, I fucked her silly.

I climbed off the bed, went into her bathroom, and brought back a wet rag to clean her.

“Please don’t go,” she begged. “Not yet. Let me fall asleep first.”

She looked sexy as hell, laying there naked, with her sad eyes.

“Sure. I’ll let my clothes dry for a bit and wait until you’re asleep before I leave.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

I woke up to the thundering sound of motorcycle pipes. The sun hadn't come up yet, but Ajax was gone. The time on my alarm clock was four-thirty am. I stretched, yawned, and smiled, remembering the sexually satisfying night.

Ajax was not the type of man I usually found attractive. He was the exact opposite. I knew he was a criminal and did terrible things, but I didn't care. The moment he walked into the diner, he drew me in.

I never had luck with men; some were abusive and turned downright mean. So when Ajax punched Erwin in the nose, it excited me. For once, a man came to my rescue. I knew I'd never see him again, and last night was just what it was, a one-night stand.

But Ajax was right – there was no way I would ever forget his name. My body was sore in all the right places, and I liked it. He made me feel desired and sexy, the way a woman like me needed to feel.

Ajax pulled into the diner parking lot and walked in. We only had a few customers for lunch, but everyone stared at him wide-eyed, like he would pull out a gun and rob the place. But he just walked over and sat down in the same booth he had done three nights before as Chelsea, the new waitress, came running in, disheveled.

Chelsea was a few years younger than me, had only been working for two weeks. It was rocky at first because she had a hard time spelling when taking orders, but she was a kind person.

"I'm sorry I'm late!" she said with an apologetic look.

"It's okay, Chelsea. We just opened, and there's only the three tables I'm working," I said, sliding the new ticket across the counter to the kitchen.

Ned picked up the ticket. "One shit on a shingle, one hotcake, and a side of bacon coming up!"

Chelsea stuffed her purse underneath the diner bar and tied her apron on. "Lance had a gig last night at the Black Cat Nightclub. So I didn't get any sleep." Her eyes scanned the diner, stopping on Ajax. "Do you know him, Lou?"

Butterflies fluttered in my stomach when Ajax looked at me and smirked. I had to catch my breath, and Chelsea saw the blush creeping up my cheeks.

"Yes. He came in the other night during the rainstorm," I said, smoothing out the front of my apron, hoping my hair wasn't a frizzy mess.

Ajax's eyes roamed down my body as I walked toward his table. I was still self-conscious about my limp, but the way Ajax looked at me had me smiling and standing straighter, bringing me back to the night he sexually dominated my body and gave me those mind-blowing orgasms.

"Surprise to see you here," I said when I reached his table.

He leaned back, anchoring his muscular tattooed arms on the back of the booth. "Wanted to check up on you. That douche-bag Erwin hasn't come back around, has he?"

He looked so damn cocky, and it was turning me on.

"No. You scared the shit out of him. Is that the only reason you came by?" I asked, hoping he'd want to make my bed squeak again.

He gestured with his finger to come closer.

I leaned down and planted my elbows on the table. "Yeah?"

"I wanna fuck you again."

My cheeks burned, and my stomach somersaulted. I looked around, hoping no one in the diner heard. "First, you have to take me for a ride on your motorcycle."

"Deal. What time do you get off work?"

"Today?"

He chuckled. "Yeah."

"Five."

When Ajax stood, he was so close I could feel the summer heat and smell the outdoors on his skin. "Good. It gives me a few hours to get some business done. We'll meet at your place."

I'm sure the business he had to do was with the motorcycle club he rode with, but I didn't dare ask.

I watched the clock as it moved slowly all afternoon, and I was both nervous and excited.

Finally we served our last customer for lunch and took a smoke break.



"He's in a bike gang, Lou," Chelsea said, the worried look she had all afternoon now serious. "I've seen those Berzerkers at some of the nightclubs Lance's band plays in. They are totally warped and dangerous. I'm worried he's going to hurt you. Or worse!"

I took a drag off my cigarette and exhaled. "Erwin came in three nights ago and tried to attack me."

"No way!" Chelsea gasped.

"Way."

"What happened?"

"Ajax saved me — that's what happened. If he didn't show up, Erwin could have hurt me badly or worse."

"That's so gnarly!" Chelsea said, her eyes round as saucers.

I punched my card out at five pm sharp and sped home to change into a pair of jeans and sneakers. I did a quick makeover in front of the mirror and giggled, hoping Ajax would like the leopard print tank top that showed a bit too much of my cleavage. It would be the first time I was going to ride on a motorcycle!

By five-thirty, I began pacing my small living room, waiting for the sound of his motorcycle pipes. Ajax must have changed his mind.

Why would a man like him bother with a dull and frumpy-looking hag with a limp.

I felt stupid and desperate.

But then I heard the low rumble of motorcycle coming my way.

I inhaled a deep breath, let it out, slung the strap of my purse over my shoulder, then stepped outside onto the front patio. My nipples hardened at the sound as Ajax pulled up behind my car.

He looked like Satan himself, tempting me with wicked and depraved thoughts. When he turned the engine off, he climbed off the bike, took off his helmet, and walked up the steps to the front porch. He slid his shades down the bridge of his nose so his eyes could roam down my body.

He whistled slowly. "Damn woman, those nice tits are about to bust out of that tank."

I looked down, realizing he was right. "Do you want me to change?"

"No. You look really good, Lou. We're having a little party tonight at the clubhouse—"

"That's okay." I crossed my arms over my chest.

At least he was nice enough to come by and tell me.

"I understand —"

"Don't cut me off, woman." He pulled his shades off, then cupped my chin with his big hand. "I want you to come to the clubhouse party with me."

Ajax was standing so close, and I was so happy, I planted my lips on his. The kiss sent flutters to my belly as I wrapped my arms around his broad shoulders. His hands came to my waist, pulling me closer to his body.

Ajax would have boinked me on the front porch, so I ended the toe-curling kiss and

pulled away.

"After the ride, then you can fuck me," I said in my best sultry voice.

He smirked and rubbed his palm down the bulge in the front of his jeans.

I locked the front door and followed Ajax to his bike. He unstrapped the bungee cord around the extra helmet on the back seat and handed it to me. I put it on my head along with a pair of shades I pulled from my purse.

Ajax stepped closer and snapped the helmet strap under my chin in place.

"Have you ridden on a bike before?"

"Never."

"You'll get the hang of it. When I get on, you step on that back footpeg, swing your leg over the back seat, and sit. It's that easy."

Ajax put his helmet back on, then climbed on his bike. Nervous because of my limp, I just stood there as he started it.

"What's wrong? Are you bailing on me?" He grabbed my hand, steadying me. "I promise I won't ride like a bat outta hell with you on the back."

"No, it's not that. I've got this damn limp."

"The worst thing is that you'll fall off. And that won't happen since you'll be holding onto me."

Taking a deep breath, I did as Ajax instructed and climbed on the bike. When I

wrapped my arms around him, I felt I could do anything my heart desired.

I held on to Ajax and leaned with him as the bike took turns around curvy backroads. The world was a fast-moving blur, and the air pushing against us smelled like the grass and asphalt of a newly paved road.

We pulled into a parking lot full of motorcycles next to a big brick building in an industrial area beside the James River. Men were standing near the bikes, a few wearing vests with patches on them, some the same Berzerkers MC patch as Ajax. They stared at us when we climbed off his bike, and it was intimidating.

Ajax took our helmets, hanging them on each end of his handlebars, then reached out suddenly and snatched a handful of my hair at the nape of my neck, pulling gently. I gasped as he slammed his mouth over mine, shoving his tongue between my lips, devouring me like a primitive caveman.

When he ended the savage kiss, I inhaled quickly, grabbing the front of his vest. Suddenly dizzy, my knees buckled, but Ajax held onto me.

"I need to show my brothers that you're mine. I want you glued to my hip when we go in the clubhouse. If you wander off, another Berzerker can claim you, and I won't be able to do anything about it if they want to fuck you on one of the pool tables. Do you understand?"

"Mmhm," I replied, my tongue darting out, licking the taste of him off my lips.

He arched a brow. "You're in a whole lot of trouble when I get you back to your place, babe."

"That's what I've been hoping for since you showed up at the diner today."

Ajax chuckled and wrapped his arms around my shoulders as we walked into the clubhouse.

Loud heavy metal music was blaring from speakers and the inside was dimly lit, a few overhead bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Plumes of cigarette smoke and the sweet scent of weed hung in the air. Men with long hair, long beards, and arms covered in tattoos stood around. Some women wore patches on the back of their vests with the words Property Of on top and the name of a motorcycle club member on the bottom.

Property? Like a new shiny car?

We walked up to the bar, and Ajax asked a woman wearing a string bikini behind it for two cans of beer.

"My brother from another chapter!" roared a man, who walked up and gave Ajax a big bear hug and slapped his back. He was handsome with sand-colored hair and blue eyes. His long beard separated into three individual braids.

His arms were covered in tattoos and if he wasn't wearing a vest or had a full beard, he could've been on the cover of a GQ Magazine.

The patch on the front of his vest said, President , with another beneath it, Diezel .

"Who is this fine-ass fox you brought here, Ajax? Is she fair game?" Diezel asked.

"This is Lou, and she's with me tonight," Ajax said. "Lou, this is Diezel, President of the Richmond Chapter."

I offered my hand to Diezel, but his eyes steered right to my cleavage.

He chuckled. "Handshakes are for dick-wads, darlin," he said, then snatched me around the waist, pulling me in for a hug.

That night I was introduced to a whole new world. This was a man's world; they were alphas, calling the shots in a motorcycle club. Some women were considered what Ajax called 'clubwhores' who were there strictly there for sex. The women with the Property Of patches on their vests were the Ole Ladies. They were highly respected and belonged to a specific club member, and no other member could have sex with her. An Ole Lady was protected by every member and was always safe when they were anywhere outside the clubhouse.

Ajax sat on an old, dusty couch, planting me on his lap. Other people sat with us talking about someone crashing their bike or someone's Ole Lady kicking a brother out of the house for finding him getting a blow job from a clubwhore. A joint was passed around, and I smoked it with Ajax, feeling a nice buzz that made me giggle, which I never did when I was straight. Ajax was feeling good, too, with his lazy half-smile as he watched me. Then my inhibitions went out the window as we made out on the couch in front of everyone.

He pulled down the front of my tank top and bra. And I gasped and giggled when Ajax lowered his head, sucking on my nipple. I closed my eyes and swayed my hips back and forth, feeling him get hard against my ass.

His lips released my nipple with a smack, and he growled. "I'm taking you back to your place and fucking your brains out."

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

AJAX

That night I rode Lou back to her house and fucked her senseless again. I liked the woman, and that said a lot, since I didn't want to be around females. But Lou wasn't like clubwhores, all jacked up on coke or sloppy drunk on booze. She felt so good the first time I fucked her, so I returned for more.

It was late the following morning when I climbed out of Lou's bed and found her in the kitchen, wearing a pink robe. She stood by the counter, arms folded, waiting on the coffeemaker. Grabbing my rags from the back of a kitchen chair, I shrugged them on. Lou looked uneasy as the silence between us lingered. I knew she hoped I'd stay for a while and chat, but talking to a female after fucking her was not my thing.

I had things to do she didn't need to be part of, and I planned to ride back to talk privately with Diezel.

Before she could say anything, I snatched her around the waist, pulling her in for a kiss.

I left her house, climbed on my bike, twisted the throttle, and rode toward the Moonlight Motel. I checked into the shitty motel when I got to Richmond. It was a dump, but it was cheap. Just a place to stay until I figured out my next move. I took a quick shower and dressed in clean clothes. Before I put on my rags, I rubbed my thumb over the bare spot where the VP patch had been.

The patch Stryker made me tear off.

Flipping the rags, I looked at the Nomad patch. I thought the Maryland chapter was where I belonged, but in hindsight, I never had a family, a tribe. A place I could call home. The Nomad patch was a better fit. Taking up Diezel's offer to ride to Richmond and prove myself to his chapter was a fresh start.

The Berzerkers clubhouse parking lot still had a few of the brothers' bikes from the hell-raising party of booze and drugs last night. Inside, Mongoose sat at the bar, slumped over with his forehead planted on his folded arms. The tall, lanky dude with beady eyes snickered a lot, and it was no wonder the club gave him the name.

Mongoose groaned when I sat on a barstool beside him, snatching the pack of cigarettes and lighter off the bar.

He raised his head and looked at me with bloodshot eyes. "I feel like shit."

"Tell me something I don't know," I said lighting a cigarette, before looking around to see who else was still here.

Diezel appeared from the hallway, his eyes just as bloodshot as Mongoose, with a clubwhore attached to his hip. A petite brunette with her arms wrapped around his waist wearing only a pair of black lace panties. "Pinky, go put some clothes on and help the other girls clean this place up."

He stretched and yawned as I asked how everything went last night after I left early with Lou.

"Well, nobody got killed," Diezel said, meaning it went well.

The club party was for the newly patched-over Petersburg Chapter, which used to be Hellion MC. When members in a smaller club patch over to a more prominent club like the Berzerkers MC tensions and hostilities can rise. So Diezel hosted parties



every few months to ease tensions and keep the peace.

"Follow me, Ajax, let's talk," Diezel said, leading me down the hall to the room where he held church.

It was a small room, barely fitting the large oak table and chairs for club members.

"Have a seat," he said, shutting the door. He sat in his chair at the head of the table. "Stryker told me about what happened in Baltimore. Now I want to hear your side."

I dragged an ashtray over and crushed out my cigarette. "Rubik was the VP a few years back. When Kage, Stryker's brother and our Prez, and Rubik's sister, Sadie, were killed. Rubik couldn't deal with the guilt over his sister's death and went Nomad."

"Rubik spent some time here with the Richmond Chapter," Diezel said. "I remember a few times when the brothers had to convince Rubik not to put a gun to his head."

That's news to me.

"He must've been fighting some real bad demons."

I never thought it got so bad for Rubik that he'd try to off himself.

"So Stryker took over as Prez and gave me the VP patch." I slammed my fist on the table. "I've been a loyal Berzerker and deserved that VP patch! But when Rubik returned to Baltimore and hooked up with Stryker's Ole Lady's sister, Marie, he wanted the VP patch back. But I wouldn't give it back without a fight!"

"Bear told me all about that fight." Diezel folded his arms over his chest. "Brother fighting brother is not good for the club, Ajax. It tears a club apart. You know this."

True, but I wasn't thinking about the club then, only myself.

"I realized that the hard way after Rubik knocked me the fuck out," I chuckled. "Stryker held a club vote the next day, stripped the VP patch from me, and gave it back to Rubik. And now I'm the lowest-ranking member of the Maryland chapter." Which was a deep cut to my pride.

There was a long silence while Diezel rubbed his bearded chin and stared off. No doubt contemplating whether having me in Richmond was a good or bad idea and if I would stir up shit here too.

"I'm the Prez of this chapter," Diezel barked, slamming his fists on the table. "I'm the mother-fuckin Alpha! Every brother here knows his place and rank like a pack of savage wolves! I planned on killing Bear with my bare hands for pulling my sister into the club life! Even when Hellion patched in with us." He paused, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. Then he grinned like a fucking psychopath. "But that's settled and done. Bear took Holly with him to the Maryland chapter. So I agreed to take you in."

"I'm in your debt, Diezel." I looked at him square in the eyes. "I'll prove myself and earn the respect of the club, even if I have to prospect all over again."

"Good. That's what I wanted to hear," he said, grabbing my shoulder. "I leave it up to my officers on who gets to prospect or not, but I've told them you don't need to. Stryker did tell me some good things about you too." He smirked. "That you're a psycho killer in the fight pit. You'll be a good addition to the Virginia chapter. I want you to train my brothers to fight like you because there's lots of money in the fighting and gambling business."

I had to thank Stryker for saying a good word about me to Diezel.

We stood from our chairs, and after I thanked him, he pulled me in for a brotherly hug. Then he grabbed my shoulders. "All I expect from you is loyalty, as with every club member. The Berzerkers MC is a brotherhood, and we kill our enemies. But if a brother rats, he becomes our enemy, too."

I spent a few weeks at the clubhouse working out logistics for training the brothers Diezel chose to fight. The club used some cash earnings from their drug trade to purchase a small vacant warehouse only a few blocks from the clubhouse on the Port of Richmond along the bank of the James River. It was transformed into a training gym outfitted with weights, barbells, benches, and heavy-duty punching bags.

Diezel threw another party at the clubhouse one late afternoon, and the clubwhore wearing the black lace panties coming out of Diezel's room, found her way onto my lap as I sat on a worn-out leather couch.

I couldn't remember the girl's name, but she had a nice pair of perky tits that looked delicious in her neon pink bikini top. Her cut-off jean shorts were so tight they rode up the slit between her thighs with half her ass cheeks hanging out.

"We haven't had a chance to meet. My name is Pinky," she said, wrapping her arms around my neck while I took a swig off my warm beer bottle, whispering in my ear.

Pinky was pretty, but I only thought about Lou and how I missed looking at her.

Lou's smile was fucking gorgeous as it lit up with excitement when I took her for a ride on my bike. I wanted to see her again, but had been too busy the past few weeks and couldn't swing by the diner or her house.

I cared enough about Lou not to drag her into my dangerous world. She was better off and, more importantly, safe without a fucked-up-psycho-outlaw in her life.

"Diezel told me your name is Ajax," Pinky said, licking her lips and bringing me back to the present. "And that maybe we could have fun together."

I snaked my hand down her back and grabbed her ass cheek. "Well, Pinky, what kind of fun do you have in mind?"

"I can think of a few things," she said, working her seductive voice.

I crooked a finger at her. "Tell me, 'cause dirty talk from a little sexy slut like you gets my dick hard."

Just as Pinky whispered about how she wanted to choke on my dick, Mace hollered my name, standing by the clubhouse door.

I picked Pinky up by the waist, removed her from my lap, and stood. "Hold that thought."

I walked over to the Sgt. At Arms his back turned, making me curious about what caught his attention outside. He nodded toward who or whatever it was. "The girl asked for you, but she's too young to come inside."

A teenage girl with long, wavy, dark brown hair stood alone. She wore jeans torn at the knees and a Motley Crue t-shirt with scuffed Reebok sneakers. A backpack was slung on her shoulder, and she smoked a cigarette.

"Are you Ajax?" she asked me, then took a drag off the cigarette.

"Yeah, and who the fuck are you?"

"My name is Mick. I'm your daughter."

Fuck no.

"Good luck, brother," Mace said with a chuckle. Then shook his head and walked away.

"Who gave you that idea?" I couldn't help but notice how similar we looked, especially when I was her age. "How old are you?"

Mick dropped her cigarette butt on the asphalt and crushed it with her Reebok sneakers. "My mother told me. Her name is Trudy, and I'm sixteen."

She took a few steps toward me, pulled a photo from her back pocket, and handed it to me. "This is the only picture I could find of my mom and you," she said, handing me the photo. "Do you remember her?"

It was a Polaroid taken long ago before I joined the Berzerkers MC. I stood in front of my old shovelhead, my arm wrapped over Trudy's shoulders. She was pretty back then, with long blond hair and a curvy body.

"Yeah, I remember her," I said, putting the photo back in Mick's hand. "You think I'm your dad just because you found that photo?"

"My worthless-piece-of-shit mother told me a long time ago during her binge drinking, pill-popping, and whoring escapades that AJAX was my real father. Is that your real name?"

"No."

"Well, she didn't know your real name either. She's hated you as long as I've been alive and told me you were always sleeping with other women, getting into fights, and in trouble with the law. I went through the bitch's things and found that picture,"

Mick said matter-of-factly, with a tone of loathing or pity, I couldn't tell.

"We weren't together that long, maybe only a few months," I said.

"Yeah, she told me, and you used to hit her."

I arched a brow and chuckled. "Of course, she told you that, but I don't hit females. Though I recall Trudy liked to hit, bite, and scream just to get a rise out of me."

"I believe you."

There was a long, uncomfortable silence as we stared at each other.

"How did you find me?" I asked, letting things sink in.

"Me and my mom don't live too far from the Berzerkers clubhouse in Baltimore. I was able to get in and ask around."

"No way in hell Stryker or my Baltimore brothers would've let a teenager walk into the clubhouse!"

"Well, with a little make-up and trashy clothes, I didn't look like a teenager."

My hand shot out and grabbed her by the arm. "What do you want from me, Mick? 'Cause you don't belong here."

She tried to free her arm from my tight grip, wincing in pain. "Ouch! Let go!"

I released her, and she stumbled back. "My mom is dead. She ODeD on heroine a few days ago. I don't have any family or friends. You're all I got!"

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

Every day, I looked out the diner window when I heard the sound of motorcycle pipes, hoping it was Ajax pulling into the parking lot. But it was never him.

After a week and two days, I gave up hope, finally deciding to forget the dangerous, mysterious man.

Then he rode into my life again.

I looked out the diner window and saw a woman sitting on the passenger seat of Ajax's bike, about to lose it. But when she climbed off, I looked closer and realized she was just a teenager.

What the—?

Ajax climbed off his bike, and the girl followed him as they entered the diner.

I stood behind the diner bar, my stomach fluttering at the sight of how devilishly handsome he was and greeted him with a smile.

Ajax appeared uncomfortable with the teenage girl standing close behind him. “Go sit over there,” he said turning around and pointing to the same booth he sat in that stormy night.

The girl nodded, then smiled at me before she turned to walk toward the empty booth.

"Who is she?" I asked in a hushed voice so none of the customers could hear.

Ajax raked a hand through his dark, windblown hair, looking uneasy and confused.

"Can you take a quick break and talk outside?" he asked.

"Sure."

When we stepped outside and stood by my car, I folded my arms, prepared for anything. "What the hell is going on? Please don't tell me that girl is some new clubwhore you want me to feed."

"She's not a goddamned clubwhore. Her name is Mick, and she's only sixteen. She just stepped off a bus from Baltimore and came to the clubhouse to tell me I'm her father."

Ajax? A father?

"Say that again?" I said, thinking I didn't hear him correctly.

"You heard me damit!" Ajax growled, clenching his hands with a look of anger and confusion in his dark eyes.

He closed his eyes and took in a deep breath, then exhaled. "Didn't mean to bark at you. I came here to ask you a favor."

"What's that?"

"Can Mick stay with you until I figure things out? My shitty motel only has one bed, and she can't stay at the clubhouse."



"But what about Mick's mother? She must be worried about her."

"Her mother is dead. ODeD on heroine."

Oh...

I ran away from home like so many teenagers, riding a bus to leave everything I knew, hoping to escape the abuse I had endured for as long as I could remember.

Suddenly, everything blurred as tears flooded my eyes.

Ajax placed his warm hand on my cheek, then pulled me into his arms. "Why the tears, babe?"

Babe?

I smiled and inhaled his manly scent. "I ran away from home too – It brought back bad memories."

I looked up into his dark, brooding eyes.

He kissed me softly at first, but then it was pure heat as our tongues danced. I moaned when his hands moved down my back and gripped my ass as I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, wanting more.

Needing more.

It wasn't until Ajax broke the kiss and pulled back that I realized we were making out in broad daylight in the diner's parking lot.

I looked down, straightening my apron, and bit my lower lip. I was embarrassed and

felt my face flush.

Ajax smirked. "I like it when you blush. It's sexy."

I started giggling like some love-crazed teenager, then cleared my throat. "Okay, I have an extra bedroom for Mick."

"Thanks, Lou. Only for a few days, until I figure something out."

Ajax climbed back on his bike and left before I went back inside the diner to learn more about Mick, whom he apparently knew nothing about until today.

I approached the booth where Mick sat with a pair of Walkman headphones over her ears. She stared out the window, watching Ajax ride away. When I sat across from her, she pressed the stop button on her Walkman.

I smiled and reached out my hand. "We haven't been introduced. My name is Lou."

She took my hand and shook it. "Hi, Lou, I'm Mick."

"Would you like something to drink?"

"Do you have beer on draft?"

"I know damn well you're not old enough to drink alcohol, Mick," I said, trying to keep a straight face. "How about a root beer float instead?"

"Sure," she said with disappointment.

I shook my head, trying to hide the smirk as I walked away.

"Who is she?" Chelsea whispered when I walked behind the diner.

"Her name is Mick, and she claims she's Ajax's daughter."

"That's so gnarly!"

I shushed Chelsea up, then walked back to the booth with the root beer float and placed it in front of Mick. She smiled slightly and drank from the straw.

"So Ajax said you're his daughter, and that you came all the way here from Baltimore?"

"Yeah. How long have you known my dad? Are you his girlfriend?"

I was caught off guard by the question. It was so direct, as if she had no time to be polite.

"I wouldn't say I'm his girlfriend. We only met a few weeks ago."

"So you're just boinking him?"

My face flushed with embarrassment, thankful she didn't say the F word. "Uh. Yeah."

Mick looked down and swirled the straw in her root beer float. "This was a bad idea."

"What do you mean?"

Mick's eyes began to well, and she wiped the tears away before they spilled down her cheeks. "I know I've done some bad things, but I had to, or I'd be dead by now. I came to Richmond to find Ajax, hoping he would help me. But he doesn't want me here. That's why he just dumped me with you. I'll need some money and steal it if I

have to so I can buy another bus ticket out of Richmond. No way in hell I'm going back to Baltimore."

Flashbacks of my life as a teen brought on the nauseous feeling in the pit of my stomach. I saw myself in the girl, and I wanted to help.

And once the shock that he was Mick's father wore off, I knew Ajax would protect her.

I reached over and touched her hand. "Look, we just met, and you don't know anything about me. But Ajax didn't dump you. He wants you to stay with me at my place, where you'll be safe while he figures out the next steps."

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

AJAX

There was no doubt Mick was my daughter. She looked just like me when I was her age. Hideous images of a Berzerker touching her or worse flashed through my mind when she said she walked into the Baltimore clubhouse dressed like a clubwhore, and I lost it. Then I felt like an asshole for grabbing her arm when I saw the look of fear and shock in her eyes.

The only person I could think of at that moment was Lou. After I dropped Mick at the diner with Lou, I rode back to my motel room, picked up the phone on the nightstand, and dialed the number to the Baltimore chapter's clubhouse.

Squatch answered.

"Did you see any new females come around the clubhouse recently?" I asked.

"None that I can think of, only the usual clubwhores." The Sgt. At Arms paused. "No, wait. I remember seeing this new chick, but she looked too young for my taste. Barely legal, come to think of it. Fresh, like she hadn't been ridden hard and put away wet like some clubwhores we got here."

"Fuck!"

"You know her?" Squatch asked.

"Her name is Michelle. Mick. She just stepped off a bus here in Richmond, showed up at the clubhouse, and told me she's my daughter."

"Holy shit!" Do you think she's telling the truth?"

"I'll need to dig around and get more info from her. I don't remember much about Mick's mother, only that we fought more than we fucked — The girl looks a lot like me," I confessed.

"That's a huge mind fuck, brother. I'll gather anything I can for you here."

"I'd appreciate that, Squatch. Tell those Baltimore Berzerkers Ajax is still fightin' and fuckin'."

"Have you found a nice piece of ass to keep your dick wet?"

I chuckled. "There's this one chick, but she's not a clubwhore."

"Well, she must be one fine female to catch your attention longer than a few minutes."

"Her name is Lou. She's doing me a favor and taking Mick to her place until I figure things out."

"Hmm. Sounds like you got your hands full down in Virginia, brother."

"Sure do. Gotta go. Later."

"Later, Ajax."

Once I hung up, I rode back to the clubhouse for a stiff drink and weed to knock the edge off. I had no time for a kid, especially a teenage girl.

Pinky was still sitting on the couch where I left her. She rushed behind the bar when I

approached and sat on a stool beside Mace.

"You look like you need a stiff drink like I need a stiff dick, Ajax," she said, grabbing a half-full bottle of Jim Beam from a liquor shelf crowded with other bottles.

"Just give me the whole bottle, darlin."

She handed it to me, and I unscrewed the cap and used my t-shirt to wipe around the opening, then tilted the bottle and swallowed a good long shot.

"Where did you take the girl? Back to the bus station?" Mace asked.

"Nah. Mick will stay with Lou at her place for a few days." I took another drink. "It wouldn't be right to put her back on a bus to Baltimore. There's nothing for her there. At least I know she's safe with Lou," I said, then took another swig from the bottle.

Mace must've read my mind when he pulled out a bag of weed and rolling papers. "I'll roll one for you, brother. Looks like you need it."

Pinky came around the bar and sat on the stool on my other side. "Who are they, this Mick and Lou?"

"None of your fuckin business Pinky!" Mace barked. "Go stick your nose up someone else's ass and go away."

Pinky huffed, rolled her eyes, and left.

I chuckled and shook my head. "That bitch is foaming at the mouth to suck me off."

"Yeah. Well, Diezel pawned Pinky off to you next. She's made her rounds with all the brothers, trying to latch on to one of us."

It wasn't too long ago that I would've banged Pinky in a heartbeat, then the other clubwhores the first week I smelled new pussy. But ever since Lou, fucking clubwhores was the furthest thing from my mind.

Mace handed me a thick joint and a Zippo lighter. "Here you go, brother. One hit of this shit and everything moves in slow-motion."

"Wake up, Ajax!"

I peeked open one eye, and everything was blurry. My head throbbed, and my mouth was dry.

"Ajax!"

I groaned at the female voice shouting and sat up. "What the fuck!"

I opened my eyes to find myself on one of the old dusty couches in the clubhouse. I rubbed my temples and saw Lou standing over me, her hands anchored at her hips.

"How did you get in here?" I asked, the pounding in my head getting worse.

"I asked Mace if I could come inside," she said, then reached down and pulled on my arms. "Get up, dammit! Mick is gone!"

"What?" I was on my feet, even as a jackhammer pounded inside my head.

Lou's eyes were wide with frenzy. "We chatted for a while at the diner, and I fed her some dinner and worked a few more hours," she said, pacing back and forth. "Then, when I punched out on the time clock, I took her home. I let her sleep in the spare bedroom, but she was gone when I woke up this morning!"



"Fuck!" I rubbed my hands up and down my face. "She's walking and couldn't have gone far."

Lou's eyes welled and tears fell down her cheeks. "She could be hitchhiking and picked up by God knows who! She's going to get hurt or worse!"

I pulled Lou to me and held her. "She's a tough girl. We will find her."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

Ajax didn't bother finding his shirt, just put his vest back on. Mace, Diezel, and Ajax climbed on their bikes, and I followed them toward the bus station, a few miles from my house. We hoped to catch Mick before she bought a ticket to God knew where.

We rounded the corner, just a block from the bus station, and I saw Mick running down the street. Two men were chasing her as she turned and ran into an alleyway. Ajax, Diezel, and Mace reacted quickly, speeding ahead and turning their bikes down the alleyway after the two men.

I pulled my car over to the curb, parked under the no-parking sign, and climbed out. I limped half-jogged toward the alley, and when I rounded the corner, the men had already kicked their bike stands down and climbed off. Diezel and Mace pulled the two men off Mick and began beating the shit out of them.

Mick sat on the asphalt in a puddle, crying. Her shirt ripped as she covered her chest. I couldn't reach Mick fast enough. Ajax kneeled, pulling Mick into his arms as she sobbed, then pulled her up up to stand while I hobbled as quickly as I could.

"Mick!" I cried out, colliding with her and Ajax, wrapping my arms around them.

There was a moment of silence, only the sounds of grunts, cries of pain, and fists hitting flesh lingered.

"It's Andrew," Ajax said.

"Wha...What?" Mick asked, cheeks stained with tears and dirt as she stared wide-eyed at Ajax.

"Andrew is my real name. Andrew Remar."

Mick smiled when Ajax placed his hands on her cheeks, then his brows furrowed when he saw her bottom lip was cut and bleeding.

"It's okay, baby girl. I'm going to kill them both," he seethed, venom in his voice.

Ajax stepped away from Mick, and I pulled her into my arms. I held her tight, trying to calm her down, and shield her from the violence.

My father cursing and whipping me with a leather belt and my brothers teasing me flashed through my mind.

They blamed me for my mother's death.

Ajax pulled a revolver from inside his vest and walked toward the men lying on the ground, moaning in pain, and Mick rushed to him.

"No, Dad! Don't kill them!"

"Step back, Mick," Ajax warned, and I wrapped her back in my arms.

He knelt in front of the man whose face was covered in blood as he held his arm swaying at a weird angle. Ajax raised the gun and shoved the barrel into the crying man's mouth. "That's my daughter you just tried to steal from, rape, and then kill. I should blow your fucking brains out the back of your stupid skull!"

"We just wanted her money, man! Please don't kill us!" the other begged, lying on the

ground, then whimpered, his left eye swollen shut.

"Let's go, Ajax," Diezel said, leaning over with his hands on his thighs, catching his breath. His knuckles were bloody. "You shoot that pistol, and someone will call the pigs."

Ajax pulled the gun out of the man's mouth, and I jumped when he bashed it against the side of his head, knocking him out.

Mick fetched her backpack from the puddle and followed me back to my car. Ajax and his club followed behind as I drove and wiped my tears. Mick stared out the window, sniffing, then wiped the blood off her lip with her forearm, which only smeared it across her cheek.

"Why, Mick?" I asked. So many questions were running through my mind.

"Why what?" she whispered, not even looking at me.

"Why did you steal the cash from my wallet and run away again? And why were those men after you?"

"Ajax... Or Andrew dumped me at the diner like I'm a nuisance or some helpless puppy dog!"

I jerked the steering wheel, and the car swerved as I pulled off onto the side of the road.

"What the fuck?" Mick shouted, her eyes wide.

Ajax and his men pulled up behind me.

I turned and pointed my finger at her. "Listen here, young lady, it's wrong to steal, especially from someone who wants to help you! Trust is broken with those who care about you, and it hurts! You're disrespectful and need to be taught some goddamn manners," I said, trying to keep my voice calm. "How do you think Ajax feels after learning just a few hours ago that you're his daughter? It's a complete shock to him. Even though I've only known your father for a few weeks, I know he cares about you! He asked me to take you in for a few days because he doesn't want you sleeping at the clubhouse. And would a man who doesn't care about you track you down and kill the men who were chasing you?" I made sure to lock with her. "You don't want to make a man like him angry."

"Why? Will he beat the shit out of me if I make him mad?"

"No! If someone hurts people he cares about, he's the kind of man who will kill to protect them. He almost killed those two men who attacked you, Mick! Don't you get it?"

She sat there silent for a moment, looking down at her lap.

"You're right, Lou. I'm sorry for stealing your money. I promise I won't do it again," she said sheepishly. Then she pulled fifty dollars from her jeans pocket and handed it to me.

I shoved the cash in my purse beside me when Ajax appeared by my side window with a look of concern in his eyes.

He leaned in when I rolled down the window. "What's wrong? Why did you stop?"

I smiled. "Everything is okay. We were just having some girl talk."

He looked at Mick, then back at me. "My brothers are heading to the clubhouse, and

I'll follow you back to your house."

When we returned to my house, Ajax sat at my kitchen table while Mick went to her room, removed her dirty, ripped shirt, and put on a clean one. Then we went into the bathroom together. I felt so bad for her as she winced in pain when I gently pressed a clean, wet cloth to her bleeding lip.

"It hurts like a son of bitch, getting hit in the mouth," she mumbled.

"Tell me about it."

Her brows lifted. "You've been hit before?"

"Yes. Many times. The pain goes away, and the scars fade, but only on the outside," I said, placing a hand on my chest.

Mick turned around and looked at her swollen lip and puffy eyes. She ran her hands through her dark hair. "So, I guess I better go out there and deal with my punishment."

We left the bathroom to find Ajax leaning back in his chair with his bare, muscular arms folded over his chest.

God, he looks so hot when he's angry.

He didn't say anything when we sat at the table across from him, and just stared at Mick.

Ajax's jaw clenched when I broke the long silence and spoke first. "Mick has apologized for stealing the money and promised never again."

He reached and lifted Mick's cheek with his thumb. "If a boy or a man ever puts a hand on you like that again, I'll kill them. Got that?"

Mick nodded, looking down at the kitchen table.

"No more bullshit."

"Yes, Dad. Is it okay if I call you that?"

"Well, there's no denying you're my daughter with that stunt you pulled. So, I guess you can call me Dad."

Mick's smile lit up her face, showing how beautiful she was.

"No more lying," Ajax continued. "Tell me the truth about your mother and why you left Baltimore?"

Mick squeezed her eyes shut to fight back tears. "My mother sold me."

"Sold you?"

"Mommy dearest got mixed up with different motorcycle clubs a few years ago and she was passed around. Treated like trash. She's also hooked on meth and owes money to the men she buys her drugs from. She stole from them too." Mick snapped her fingers. "And just like that, she sold me to them like a piece of fucking furniture. Who knows what would have happened to me. I'd probably be dead by now. I knew where she hides her secret stash of cash, it wasn't much, but I stole it and bought a bus ticket here."

"Well, you're safe here with us." Ajax sighed. "Why the hell did you try to leave town again? Where were you gonna go?"

A tear spilled down Mick's right cheek and she wiped it away with the palm of her hand. "I just appear out of nowhere and tell you I'm your daughter, then you hand me off to Lou. I was afraid you didn't want me around, that I was a nuisance, like my mom always told me."

Ajax reached over, placing his hand over hers. "I believed you when you told me. I'm a dangerous man Mick, I've done bad things. I'm not a good role model, and don't want you mixed up in bad shit. You should be doing what teens your age do, go to school, hang out with friends, and do something good in your life when you grow up. Don't be like me. I want you to have all the good things, not experience the shit life I had."

Mick reached out and wrapped her arms around Ajax. "Thanks Dad. I'm sorry for the shit I pulled today."

I swallowed a lump in my throat, fighting back tears as Ajax held her. "No need to say you're sorry. Me, Lou and my club will keep you safe."

"Ok," she replied, then excused herself and returned to the bathroom.

Ajax pressed the palms of his hands against his eyes and leaned his head back. "It hasn't even been twenty-four hours since I found out I have a daughter who is on the run and could've been raped or killed!"

"God works in mysterious ways."

"There is no God," he grumbled, then reached and grasped my arm. "Come over here."

I smiled and left my chair to sit on his lap. His arms wrapped around my waist, and I gasped when he nuzzled my earlobe.



“You smell good,” he said, his voice husky, giving me goosebumps, making my nipples hard.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and kissed him. It felt like fireworks when Ajax slid his tongue into my mouth, and soon the kiss turned heated.

I moaned, then pulled away, knowing if I didn't, Mick would walk in and see us having sex on the kitchen table.

But Ajax wasn't going to stop, so when we both stood, he scooped me up into his arms, carried me into my bedroom, and closed the door. We heard Mick turn on the shower when I started to strip out of my clothes. I knelt in front of Ajax and fumbled with the button and zipper on his jeans. He started to breathe heavily as I pulled down his boxers and jeans. His large, hard cock sprung free, and I grasped it with both hands.

“Fuck,” Ajax growled when I looked into his eyes and licked along his length.

He leaned his head back and gritted his teeth while my hands and mouth stroked, licked, and sucked on his engorged shaft. My head bobbed while my lips were wrapped around his cock and I moaned, needing him to fill me up.

I let go and stood, my heart pounding in my chest. Ajax grabbed my hand, and I followed him to the bed. When I sat down, he began to pull off his vest, but I stopped him.

“No, don't take it off. Leave it on while you fuck me.”

He arched a brow and smiled as he climbed on me.

With one swift stroke, Ajax was deep inside me, and I cried out. I closed my eyes,

savoring the moment of pure bliss as I dug my nails into his broad back. His hands came underneath to grab my ass while he moved his hips to meet mine. I moaned and called out his name when his thumb rubbed gently against my sensitive clit.

“We’re gonna come together, babe,” he whispered, his breath warm against my cheek.

He moved his thumb in rapid circles, and his hips moved faster, deeper, harder. I screamed when we orgasmed together, the walls of my pussy pulsating tightly around Ajax as he shot a load of cum inside me.

I was breathless as Ajax planted light kisses across my shoulder. Then, as he stood from the bed and began to pull up his jeans, I blurted, “You should move in.”

He zipped his jeans and ran his hands through his dark, wavy hair. “Nothing good can come out of shacking up at your place. I’ve heard plenty of nightmare stories from my Berzerker brothers and their Ole Ladies. Things are good in the beginning, but then it turns to shit or worse. I’m a bad man, Lou.”

“You’ve been good to me and Mick. Move in to keep us safe.”

He climbed back into bed and in between my thighs. We still had a sheen of sweat on our bodies and smelled of sex.

Ajax placed his calloused hands on my face, smoothing back my damp hair with a look of apprehension. “I’ve never met a woman like you. Most women I’ve known want something — drugs or money.”

I laughed. “Well, I don’t want drugs, but I do wish I had lots of money and could quit my job at the diner and live as a wealthy socialite someday.”

“That’s not what I mean,” he interrupted. “You’re a good person, Lou. Pure. A kind soul. If someone hurt you or hurt Mick, I’d go berserk and kill them.”

His thumb wiped away a tear from my right cheek when I asked, “So you’ll stay here with us?”

“Sure. I’ll check out of the motel and bring my things here tonight.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

It was early morning, a week after Ajax moved in and my day off. I sat at the kitchen table, writing checks to pay bills. The only good thing about Erwin living at my house was the extra money to help with the bills. Still, I would have rather been homeless than to see that scumbag's face ever again. Reimagining when Ajax punched Erwin in the face made me smile.

Mick stood at the stove cooking breakfast, flipping pancakes and frying sausage while her head bopped side to side, wearing headphones and listening to her Walkman. I smiled, happy she was doing something she liked.

Ajax walked into the kitchen, fresh and clean from the shower we had taken together earlier. His wavy hair was wet and combed back. He had a head full of natural curls that would make any woman jealous. I had to perm mine just to make it look half as good as his. I loved running my fingers through his hair every night and waking up in the morning to have sex like two crazy pent-up teenagers.

He walked over, leaned down to kiss me, then placed an envelope and a wad of rolled-up cash on the kitchen table. "In the envelope is the paperwork you need to enroll Mick in high school. Mace, my Sgt. at Arms, is good at what he does and made her birth certificate look legit, along with her school records from some bogus school."

"What's the money for?" I asked.

"That's a grand to help pay your bills."

I picked up the wad of cash, and my jaw dropped.

Ajax walked up behind Mick and tapped her on the shoulder. She spun around, holding a spatula in her right hand. Ajax pulled one of the Walkman earphones from her ear. "It smells good."

She smiled. "Thanks! How many pancakes do you want?"

"As many as you can make, " he said, then placed some cash in her left hand. "Here's some money to go buy clothes. Lou will get you enrolled in that high school you two have been talking about."

Mick looked down at the cash in her hand, and tears welled in her eyes. She wrapped her arms around Ajax's neck. "Thanks Dad!!"

I opened the envelope to find Mick's birth certificate and a Virginia driver's license. Michelle Leigh Remar was her birth name. My name, Louise Marie Gardner, was listed as the mother, and Ajax's real name, Andrew Michael Remar, was listed as the father.

A few nights before, we talked to Mick about getting her back into school so she could get her diploma. It was good to see her happy and excited. The new driver's license was a bonus, and Ajax planned on getting Mick a used car for her next birthday in August.

The three of us sat at the kitchen table together, eating Mick's delicious breakfast.

Ajax was at the clubhouse for the day, so I drove Mick to the local mall. We had fun, just us girls shopping for new clothes, something I'd never experienced growing up since I only had brothers who didn't care about their younger sister. We walked into a women's clothing store called Foxmoor, which Mick said was where all the designer

jeans like Jordache and Calvin Kleins were.

"Check this out!" Mick said holding up a neon pink leopard print tank top on a hanger.

I shook my head. "I don't think that's suitable to wear to school."

"Not for me, silly," she said and handed it to me. "You would look totally rad in this! Let's find you a pair of tight stone-washed jeans."

"Oh no, I can't wear this! It's too -- "

"Too what? Sexy? I'm telling you, Lou, when my dad sees you wearing this, his jaw will drop!"

I rolled my eyes. "Oh, all right."

We walked around the store and picked a few outfits to try in the dressing room. By the afternoon, we'd spent some of the money Ajax gave us on clothes, a few cassette tapes for Mick's Walkman, knick-knacks, and rock band posters to hang up in Mick's bedroom. I wanted her to decorate it like all teenage girls do. Afterward, we ate lunch in the food court, then drove to James River High School and enrolled her to attend in a few weeks.

It had only been two weeks since Mick started high school when I received a call from her principal, Mr. Watson, during my shift at the diner. Mick had been in a physical altercation with another student, and I needed to come to his office. Chelsea covered for me as I gripped my steering wheel and drove to the school, cursing out loud.

After I parked, I entered the school and followed the signs to the principal's office.

Mick sat on a bench beside a closed office door with a "Mr. Watson" nameplate. A girl with long, dark, wavy hair sat next to her, the side of her cheek swollen.

"Damit Mick!" I barked.

"It's not what you think," Mick said, looking up at me, her eyes puffy from crying.

The door opened and a man in a tan and outdated 1970s leisure suit appeared from the office. He seemed to be reaching his early fifties, balding, with a black mustache and black-rimmed glasses.

"Are you Miss Gardner?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, wiping my sweaty brow.

"I'm Mr. Watson. Please come in so we can talk."

I sat down in a chair across from Mr. Watson's desk, that was cluttered with stacks of folders, a penholder, a black telephone, and a giant glass ashtray full of cigarette butts. The small office felt dank with the smell of old books.

Mr. Watson sat in his office chair and cleared his throat. "Thank you for coming, Miss Gardner. I know Michelle is a new eleventh-grade student. I've spoken with her teachers, and Michelle pays attention in class and finishes her homework. So far, she's getting A's on her assignments. She's a bright girl, so I'm bewildered that she was in a fight today with Sheila Ruben."

"Is that Sheila?" I asked, gesturing to the girl sitting next to Mick.

"Yes. Both Michelle and Sheila were in a physical altercation with two other students, Heather and Dustin. Their parents came and took them home for the rest of

the day."

"Dustin? A boy?"

"I'm afraid so."

I suddenly feared for Dustin's safety, unsure how Ajax would react if a boy tried to hit his daughter.

A shrieked high-pitched cry came from outside Mr. Watson's office. "You're nothing but trouble, stupid girl!" the woman said. "Wait till Carl finds out about this!"

Mr. Watson jumped out of his chair to open the door as a woman with long, frizzy, dark hair entered. She wore a green tank top and tight stone-washed jeans. She glared at me first, then barked at Mr. Watson, "What did Sheila do now?"

"Calm down, Mrs. Ruben. There's no need to yell. Please sit next to Miss Gardner so we can discuss this like adults."

"Sheila is more trouble than she's worth and a bad influence," Mrs. Ruben said to me as she sat in the chair next to mine.

Mr. Watson told us that while kids were going to their 2nd period class, Mick confronted Heather concerning some bad rumors she had spread about her. Heather's boyfriend, Dustin stepped in and pushed Mick hard and she fell to the floor in the hallway. Sheila came to Mick's defense and punched Dustin in the face. we discussed what happened.

Afterwards, Mrs. Ruben left the office in a rush. Sheila and Mick were sent to their 3rd-period classes, but not before I spoke with Mick.



"Mr. Watson told me what happened. I'm glad you're okay," I said, rubbing her arm.

"If Sheila hadn't stepped in, it could have been worse," Mick said. Her shoulders sank, and she folded her arms.

"We can talk about it tonight with your dad because I know he will want to hear your side of what happened."

She wiped away a tear from her right cheek and smiled. "Thanks, Lou."

AJAX

It had been a few weeks since I moved into Lou's place, and I had to admit it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Of course, I slept in her bed, and we fucked every night and morning. We couldn't get enough of each other.

I updated Diezel, Jagger, and Mace on Mick's situation, why she tried to run away, and Sinister Creed MC.

"She's just a kid," Diezel said through gritted teeth. "She's your kid, for fucks sake! No way some bullshit club is going to touch her."

Every member of the Berzerkers MC felt the same as Diezel. They protected her, and the news spread from Richmond to Baltimore.

"We'll protect her. No one can touch her," Diezel said.

"Thanks Prez."

"Truck and Saber are at the gym. Why don't you head out there and make sure they are training the way you want."

"Sure thing Prez." I left and rode to the gym.

Truck, a six-foot, four-inch, two hundred and fifty-pound muscular man, had a thick neck and massive cranium. Saber, who was built like me, was lean, strong, and quick on his feet. He could become a killer in the fighting pit with some endurance training.

Truck and Saber were getting in shape, and I trained them hard. Truck could deliver a hard punch, and if his meaty fist landed on his opponent's temple with a hard left hook, it would be a guaranteed knockout. But Truck wasn't as quick on his feet and didn't have the endurance to go a few rounds like Saber.

I watched Saber at the speed bag while a brother spotted Truck as he did heavy barbell squats when the black phone on the wall rang. A prospect answered, then hollered to me. "Ajax, it's Jagger. Sounds urgent."

I walked over and took the phone. "Hey, Jagger."

"Hey brother, you need to get your ass to the clubhouse pronto. Diezel's about to blow a gasket. Your daughter is here with one of her friends," Jagger said, his voice low.

I heard female voices in the background. One voice was definitely Mick's.

"On my way," I said, then slammed the phone on the hook.

Pulling in, I saw a blue Chevette with a dent in the left corner panel parked beside the doorway. My fists clenched as I marched inside.

Mick isn't stupid, so why would she just walk into the clubhouse?

Diezel walked toward me, raking both hands through his hair, looking frustrated. "Get the girls out of here, Ajax."

Mongoose and Mace sat at the bar with Mick and another girl with long, curly, dark hair. The girls sat at the bar like they were invited, flirting with a prospect behind the bar who was about to hand Mick's friend a bottle of beer. I felt steam coming out of my ears as I stormed over and behind the bar.

The prospect's eyes bulged out of his skull, and I grabbed the front of his rags. He raised his hands in a show of submission and fear. "I didn't do anything, Ajax!"

I let go and shoved the prospect. All I saw was red, blood, and flames. I couldn't even speak. Shutting my eyes, I took a deep breath and exhaled, then opened my eyes to glare at the prospect. "Go find something to do."

Mace chuckled and shook his head. "Worse thing a prospect can do is look at a club brother's underage daughter.

I went back around the bar and pulled Mick off her stool and growled. "What in the actual fuck are you doing here?!"

Mick yanked her arm out of my grasp and nodded toward the girl sitting on the stool beside her. "This is my friend Sheila, who drove us here. That's her car parked outside."

I looked at Sheila more closely. There was a dark shadow of a bruise under her left eye. I had no doubt that someone at home was abusing her. Picturing my daughter being attacked and brutalized filled me with frenzied rage.

"Sheila is my friend, and she's stuck up for me against all the asshole kids at school. Now I want to help her."

"Who hit you?" I asked Sheila.

She looked frightened but didn't answer me.

"It's okay. Tell my dad who hits you?" Mick said to reassure her.

"My stepdad hits me. His name is Carl Murphy. He hits my mom, too. And I hate

him." Sheila looked down at the bar.

"Can you talk to Carl?" Mick asked. "Tell him to stop. Sheila is my only friend, and she's helped me survive my first few weeks at school. Some of those kids are lame assholes!"

The world was a fucked up, brutal place, it's hard to find people you could count on to be a friend. The only loyalty I could count on was with the Berzerkers MC. Sometimes, the brotherhood in the club was taken for granted, but since I'd been with the Richmond Chapter, I felt this was where I belonged.

"Describe to me what he looks like. Where does he work?" I asked Sheila.

"Carl has blond hair, but he's balding. About as tall as you are and has a beer gut. He opened a strip club called Paradise City, but this bike gang came in a few months ago. They call themselves the Death Angels."

A diamond club in Berzerker territory?

"How do you know what goes on there?" I asked. "You're just a fuckin kid!"

"I've been around enough men like the Death Angels, men like you, to know that I'm not going to end up being some clubwhore."

I looked back at Mick. "Have Sheila drive you home. A few of my brothers and I will talk to Carl."

"Thanks, Dad!" Mick said, then hugged me. "Can she stay over for the night?"

"Ask Lou, but I'm sure she'll be okay with it."

Later that night, I, Diezel, Jagger, Mace, and Mongoose rode into Richmond for Paradise City. As we pulled in the lot, a few bikes were parked together. Our headlights were aimed at the front entrance, and we twisted our throttles, revving the bikes so everyone inside could hear the loud, thunderous roar of our pipes.

A man came outside, shielding his eyes from the brightness of our headlights. Diezel and I shut off our bikes, climbed off, and approached the man.

"Is Carl Murphy here?" I asked.

The man winced at the loud roaring of pipes. "He's inside."

"Then let's go inside."

We walked into the scent of cigarettes, beer, weed, and perfume. It looked like any other strip club with fancy chairs and tables, four small stages with dancers wearing nothing but high heels. Diezel and I spotted the two men wearing colors with their backs to us, sitting near one of the stages. Their center patch was a grinning skull over two criss-crossed scythes, with Death Angels on the top rocker and Virginia on the bottom rocker. I sized them up, a basic instinct every Berzerker does before a fight. I planned to make these bullshit patch-wearing assholes walk out with a few missing teeth or a broken bone.

They turned around as we approached, and one of them, with an eye patch over his left eye, stepped up to Diezel and blocked him. "This is Death Angel turf."

Diezel was quick, throwing a quick jab into the man's right eye.

A girl screamed when eye-patch-asshole stumbled back and bumped into a table, knocking over beer bottles and ashtrays.

The other Death Angel pulled a switchblade from inside his rags and came at me, so I struck him with a quick right jab to the throat. He dropped the knife as his hands grabbed his throat and his eyes bulged out of his head, trying to get air into his lungs.

The man who led us inside ran toward the back of the club and down a dark hall, so we followed. He opened the door to a private office when Diezel pushed him out of the way. A man sat in a chair behind a desk, his head leaning back, eyes closed. He quickly opened his eyes and stood with his pants down while his hands covered his dick and balls.

"What the fuck?" he shouted.

A girl with long brown hair appeared from behind the desk. She was on her knees and looked too young to be in the club, and I instantly thought of Mick.

Diezel marched over to the man, grabbed his shirt, and yanked him over the desk. "Are you Carl Murphy?"

I focused on the girl and walked around the desk to offer her my hand. She took it and stood, rubbing red lipstick off her mouth with her forearm. She wore a red bikini and tried to balance on high heels.

"Go put some clothes on and get outta here," I said.

"But I have nowhere to go," the girl said, shivering as a tear fell down the side of her cheek. "I ran away from home, and Carl's men took me in and got me a job here." She clung to me. "I don't wanna be here!" she said, sobbing with her face smashed into my rags.

She was someone's daughter, like Mick was mine. I couldn't just abandon her. I wrapped an arm around her shoulders while Diezel yanked Carl across the desk and

slapping him across the face. "The Berzerkers MC are taking over Paradise City I don't want to see another Death Angel rag in Richmond after tonight. You're done! Now get put your dick back in your pants, get your shit, and get the fuck out!"



*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

### AJAX

Carl and the two Death Angels left Paradise City alive and with all their limbs. Jagger, Mace, and Mongoose walked inside to check out the place. Diezel closed it down and told the dancers, bartenders, and customers to go home. The club would re-open in a few days under new ownership.

The girl seemed to feel safe with me. Her name was Lindsey, and like other girls at the age of seventeen, ran away from home. A month ago, she got on a bus and left her hometown of Charlotte, North Carolina, to get away from whoever or whatever was putting her through hell.

I leaned against the bar beside Diezel, waiting for Lindsey to get her things from the dressing room. Diezel's adrenaline was pumping at full speed after roughing up those Death Angels and smacking Carl around. Mace called our club Treasurer, Stacks, to ride over and fill him in on the new business venture of owning and managing a strip club.

"We can't be taking in girls and saving them. We're not a goddamn homeless shelter for kids!" Diezel fumed. "What's her name again?"

"Lindsey. She didn't give me a last name, not yet anyway."

Lindsey was the first one out of the dressing room, followed by four strippers. She was dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, sneakers, and a neon green jacket, hugging a purse to her chest as she approached us.

"Where do you live? Ajax can give you a ride," Diezel said, sounding annoyed, as if she was too much of a bother.

"I was living with Grim. He's the one with the eye patch, but he left."

Diezel went from looking annoyed and bothered to full of rage. "You were shacking up with that Death Angel piece of shit? He's lucky he still has that other eye!"

He pulled out his wallet chained to his belt loop, opened it, and was about to hand Lindsey five hundred in cash, but she flinched and stepped back.

"I don't need your money!" she snapped.

"You little fucking brat!" Diezel snapped, and before I could stop him, he lunged at Lindsey and tossed her over his shoulder.

He turned to me. "I'm taking her back to the clubhouse. She can stay there until we figure out what to do with her."

I knelt and grabbed Lindsey's bag, handing it to Diezel. Then he marched out of the club while Lindsey screamed and pounded on his back.

Stacks entered, chuckling when he passed Diezel as he stormed out the front entrance with Lindsey over his shoulder. "Looks like Prez has his hands full!"

Jagger, Mace, and Mongoose were laughing on the stools beside me helping themselves with some of the beer on tap behind the bar.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

I stayed up late, waiting for Ajax to get home. Mick and her girlfriend were sleeping in Mick's room. I didn't have a problem with Sheila staying, but when she said Ajax and his club were paying a visit to Sheila's stepdad to kick his ass, I was concerned.

I sat in the chair by the window and waiting to hear the pipes on Ajax's bike. I didn't realize I was holding my breath until he came inside, and I hurried over and wrapped my arms around his shoulders, hugging him tightly. "Thank God you're okay!"

He chuckled and kissed me on the cheek. "Of course I am. Had some club business that needed dealt with tonight."

Ajax wasn't much of a talker, and when he did say something, it was to the point.

"Sheila is staying the night. They're both sleeping in Mick's room. They said you and your club were going to, and I quote Mick, 'Kick Sheila's step-father's ass.' To me, that means violence, and you, me, or Mick can get hurt." I walked to the chair and sat, lighting a cigarette.

"Mick needs to learn to keep her mouth shut sometimes," Ajax grumbled.

"So everything is okay with Mick? She's safe? Am I safe?"

"Of course she is," he barked. "Mick's my daughter, and she is protected by you, me, and the Berzerkers MC. She's untouchable. So are you!"

"Don't yell. You'll wake up the girls," I sushed, my heart pounding and feeling nauseous. I'd seen how violent Ajax could be when he punched Erwin, but I'd not really seen Ajax angry until this moment, and it was directed at me. My past relationships with men never ended well, and sometimes, even recently, I endured a smack on the face or was pushed around. My childhood was not any better with a father like mine and brothers who tormented me.

I crushed my cigarette, stood from the chair, and walked toward the bedroom. "I have the morning shift tomorrow, so I need some sleep. Good night."

I didn't feel like arguing.

He was quick, snatched me around the waist, and spun me around. His eyes burned with anger or lust, maybe both. "If you want this thing between us to work, Lou, then don't ask me questions about my club!"

I pushed against his chest, but he didn't budge.

"Let me go!"

He released me, running his hands through his hair. "I'd never hit you, Lou. You know that."

I marched to my bedroom and shut the door, then closed my eyes and sobbed.

Ajax and I didn't speak for two days and slept on opposite sides of my bed. He kept himself busy at the clubhouse, but on the third night I was determined to make things right. Mick was out at the movies with Sheila, so when Ajax came home and went to the bathroom to shower, I stripped out of my clothes and stepped into the tub to join him.

I took the soap bar and began lathering his chest and abs. I looked into his dark brown eyes, and he groaned when the soap in my hands moved to his cock, which was already hard, a drop of pre-cum seeping from the tip.

We didn't speak, both of us knowing that we cared for each other and that what happened the other night was our first argument and would not be the last. My desire for Ajax was stronger than my anger at him over nothing he had done.

Ajax twisted my wet hair into his fist, pulling my head back, his brown eyes full of hungered lust. "Is this making up?"

"Yes, and this is make-up sex, the best kind."

He wrapped his arms around me, and our mouths clashed. The kiss was frenzied as the warm water cascaded down our naked bodies. He lifted me, and I wrapped my thighs around his hips. Then he pressed my back against the tiled wall and eased his full length inside me, filling me up so nicely. I clung to him, panting while he withdrew, hammering into me over and over. I screamed out my orgasm when Ajax slid his hand between us and rubbed my sensitive spot.

"You're so damn sexy, Lou; I can't get enough of you." Ajax groaned, then spilled his warm cum deep inside my core.

By the time we dried off and went to bed, my limbs felt like Jello. Ajax held me in his arms that night, and we slept through the night—we didn't hear Mick come home.

October came, and the air was cool and crisp, and the leaves began to change. Mick wanted to earn her own money so she could buy tickets to rock concerts and needed a job. I talked to the diner's owner, Jerry, and was able to get Mick a few hours working part-time, bussing tables and washing dishes.

Things started off weird for the three of us. It was all new, living together, learning each other's habits, and getting accustomed to considering others like a family. I liked it, though, and the bond I had with Mick grew stronger, to the point where she trusted me. Trusted that I was not like her mother, who sold her own daughter away like a piece of property.

Mick seemed to have a good work ethic for a teenager and performed her duties at the diner without any complaints. Since Chelsea was only twenty, she got along well with Mick. Maybe because Chelsea had the maturity level of a sixteen-year-old. The diner's cook was a quiet older man we called Butch. He didn't say much and only spoke to Chelsea and me. Since Mick enjoyed cooking, and with her outgoing personality, she wasn't shy about asking him how he made his famous meatloaf, the most popular food on the menu. It was probably the first time anyone ever showed interest in what Butch did, so he opened up and talked to Mick about the way he prepared the meat.

One day, I was out back having a smoke break when Mick appeared at the back door, holding a plastic container full of dirty dishes. "Some guy sitting at Table 9 creeped me out, especially when he approached me and asked if you were here today. He said his name is Erwin, and he looks like a dweeb. I told him you were sick and not working today."

I tossed my cigarette butt in the coffee can on the window ledge, nauseous. Why would Erwin come to the diner asking for me? "I'll go see what he wants."

"Is he your ex?" Mick asked as I walked inside.

"Yeah. And the night I met your dad, he punched Erwin in the face."

Mick laughed. "That's totally badass!"

I walked toward the booth where Erwin was sitting, wanting to smack the smug look on his face as hard as he used to slap me.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Who's that pretty teenage girl working here now?"

"I'm her guardian, and it's none of your business, so stay away from her! Got that?" I seethed through gritted teeth.

Erwin raised his hands up. "Whoa, just trying to be friendly, that's all."

"You've got ten seconds to tell me what you want, or you leave the diner."

"I heard from a good source about what happened at the Paradise City strip club last week. That is Death Angels MC territory, but the Berzerkers came in and threw the owner out, then claimed it for themselves, including one of the young strippers who belongs to a Death Angels club member. They're declaring war on the Berzerkers and your biker boyfriend."

We are in danger!

Even though my palms became clammy and my knees felt weak, I hid my anxiety well and rolled my eyes. "Go away, Erwin."

As I walked away, Erwin stood, grabbed a hold of my wrist, and squeezed. "He's dangerous, Lou. He could hurt you or that pretty teenager—"

"Don't fucking touch me!" I yanked out my arm from his grip. "Ajax would never hurt Mick, or me!"

Erwin grinned.

He knew Mick was Ajax's daughter.

"If you don't get out of here now, my dad will come here and kick your lame ass!"  
Mick said, standing with her hands on her hips and a dishrag on her shoulder.

I grabbed her by the shoulders as her eyes glared at Erwin. "Mick, go in the back and finish what you were doing."

As Mick walked away, Jerry, approached. "You're not welcome in my diner, Erwin. Leave now and don't ever come back."



### AJAX

Stacks took a few days to get Paradise City back up and running, and did some background checks on the dancers to make sure they were at least twenty-one. Diezel wanted to put Lindsey back on a bus back home to Charlotte, but she fought tooth and nail against it. Swore she would run the opposite way the moment she had the chance. Diezel shook his head, but let her stay.

Some of the Ole Ladies and clubwhores gave her some clothes to wear, since she had nothing except the bikini we found her in. I guess they could see themselves in Lindsey. Even though she was only seventeen, Diezel let her help behind the bar, but warned every club member, prospect, and hang around that she was off limits.

A week later, he hosted another clubhouse party with the Petersburg Chapter. The clubhouse was packed with club members, Ole Ladies, clubwhores, and hang arounds. The place smelled of sweat, cheap perfume, and a combination of cigars, cigarettes, and weed.

But before we could let loose, we had to handle club business and gather the patched members of Petersburg and Richmond together. We were cramped sitting around the table in the small room where Diezel held church.

Diezel slammed the old wooden gavel on the table. "The Petersburg Chapter has voted, and Bullet is their new Sgt. At Arms. So let's celebrate tonight and all give Bullet some brotherly love! Get him drunk, stoned, and laid. In no particular order!"

We whooped, hollered, and roared, calling Bullet's name and giving him bro hugs.

Not only were we celebrating Bullet's rank to Sgt. at Arms, but a makeshift fighting ring was built in the parking lot beside the clubhouse. No mats, just chain-linked fencing and barbed wire twenty-by-twenty feet and a wooden platform.

Diezel allowed some of the local hang arounds in Richmond to cash in on the bets for the headliner fight: Saber from the Richmond Chapter versus the pretty boy, former high school football linebacker, from the Petersburg Chapter called Romeo.

Out at the cage Saber was getting ready. His fighting skills had improved over the past few weeks thanks to my training, and he was ready to prove himself to Diezel and our chapter. Romeo entered the cage first, shirtless, wearing a mouth guard and his fists were taped up. A few of the Petersburg clubwhores were topless, wearing only panties and heels, standing near the cage jumping up and down chanting Romeo's name.

Saber shrugged off his rags and handed them to Mace. I stood face to face with him, and grasped his shoulders. "You know what to do, brother. Romeo is big and moves around like fucking Frankenstein. Keep your hands up, dance around him and wear his ass out. He'll start to breath heavily. Then bust up his pretty face."

"I will Ajax." Saber nodded. "Thanks for the training. I'll make the Prez proud."

I looked toward the crowd of Berzerkers and found Diezel standing with both arms draped over two clubwhores, drinking a beer.

Pinky had her eyes on me, paying special attention to everything I did and asking me if I needed another beer, or walking by me, and brushing her hand across the front of my jeans. The clubwhore thought she was going to ride my dick before the night was over, but that wasn't going to happen, not tonight, not ever. Lou wasn't happy with me when I told her I didnt want her to be here tonight. She was too much of distraction and I needed to focus on Saber's fight.

It wasn't until Pinky squeezed her way into the conversation I was having with Mace and some of the Petersburg Chapter brothers that I almost lost it. She wrapped her arms around my neck and whispered in my ear, "So when are you going to fuck me?"

The Berzerkers chuckled when my hand slid up the back of her neck, and they laughed when I fisted a handful of her hair, yanking her head back.

She yelped in pain as I glared into her eyes. "Keep your fucking hands off me, bitch, or I'll break them."

When I let go, Pinky stumbled back, then stomped, steam coming out of her ears.

"Damn brother, you scared that fine piece of ass away," Jinx said. He was so high on coke, he kept clicking his tongue.

"She's all yours Jinx, if you can get your dick up." I laughed.

Jinx swiped his forearm across his powder covered nose, gave us a military salute, then ran after Pinky.

"What's her name? Did you fuck her?" A flash of bright color caught my eye, and I turned to see Lou standing beside me. She wore a neon pink tank top and tight jeans that showed off her curvy hips and ass. She looked fine as fuck, even with the pissed off look on her face.

"Didn't I tell you not to come by the clubhouse tonight?" I asked, as Mace walked away, giving me a moment alone with Lou.

"You didn't answer my question."

I suddenly became furious. "No, I never fucked Pinky! Damnit woman! When I tell

you to stay home, you're supposed to listen to me!"

"But I need to tell you some—"

Before Lou could say another word, I grabbed her around the thighs and lifted her up onto my shoulder, then gave a hard smack on her ass.

"Put me down Ajax!" Lou shouted as laughter and whooping sounded around us while I carried her to her car.

I set her ass down on the hood and moved between her legs, caging her in to scolded her like a damn kid. "I'm not fucking clubwhores! Sometimes there's shit that happens at the clubhouse that I don't want you to be a part of to keep you safe."

"Erwin came by the diner earlier today."

"Who the fuck is Erwin?"

"Erwin Harding, my ex-boyfriend, the guy you punched in the nose that first night I met you."

"Did he touch you?" I asked, stepping back, clenching my fists.

"No. Well, yes, but that's not important -"

"Oh yes it is God damit!"

"Erwin told me he heard some club called the Death Angels have declared war on the Berzerkers because of some territorial claim to that strip club, the one that belonged to Sheila's stepdad. I'm scared."

Lou began to cry, and I wrapped my arms around her. “There’s nothing to be afraid of, darlin. My club will handle it. You’re safe, so is Mick.”

Lou grabbed the front of my rags. “Erwin knows Mick is your daughter!”

LOU

Ajax was furious and followed me back to the house on his bike to talk to Mick. We entered the house and found Mick sitting on the couch in her pajamas with a schoolbook in her lap and watching music videos on TV.

Mick closed her book when Ajax sat down on the couch beside her.

"Oh boy. I'm in trouble, ain't I?" she asked.

I sat on the chair and kicked off my shoes, upset that the outfit I bought didn't entice Ajax when I showed up at the clubhouse earlier.

"You're not going to hang around Sheila anymore. I forbid it," Ajax said.

"Why? Just because her stepdad is pissed off that you and the Berzerkers kicked his ass?" she asked, her brows narrowed, looking just like him at that moment.

"There's more to it than that."

"Like what?"

"It's dangerous, Mick! I'm not bullshittin' around! I've been in club life since I was your age, and nothing good ever comes out of it, especially for females! You're my kid, and it's my job to keep you safe!" Sadness and anger filled his eyes, hoping Mick would understand.

She stood from the couch and grabbed her books. "It's hard to make friends in school, and Sheila is my only friend! She's my best friend!"

"Don't back talk me, goddammit!" Ajax shouted, standing and stepping into Mick's space.

But she didn't flinch. "You don't know what it was like back in Baltimore living with my mom! I've seen some bad things and done things to survive! Hiding in my bedroom and locking the door when she brought people over to binge on liquor or drugs. When I got older, I could sneak out of the house and be out on the streets or with homeless people. I've stolen money and robbed food from convenience stores, but I had to. My mother didn't give a shit about me! I'm surprised I even exist 'cause she probably tried to abort me but failed!"

Mick started to cry, stormed into her bedroom, and slammed the door shut.

Ajax swore all the existing curse words and made up a few more of his own as he paced back and forth in the small living room. I stood, walked over, and hugged him.

"All I ever had to do since I was a kid was take care of myself, to stay alive," he said. "Then, I found the Berzerkers MC, Kage, and his brother, Stryker, from Baltimore. I thought wearing the VP patch was about being at the top. I had the biggest fuckin chip on my shoulder and was better than any of the other brothers in the club. But Rubik beat the living hell out of me and kicked me off that high horse." He sighed. "Diezel accepted me into the Richmond Chapter, and I've realized that wearing the Berzerker patch has nothing to do with ego or pride. Rubik is a good man who protects those he loves: the club, his Ole Lady, Marie, and her kid. I was lost and found my way here." He squeezed me tighter. "I found you and Mick. You're my family. The club is my family, and I'll kill anything and anyone who wants to hurt those I love."

He stepped back. "Here I want you to take this and put it somewhere," he said, reaching into his rags, pulling out a revolver and placing it in my hands. "It's a snub nosed Smith and Wesson .38 revolver. There's no serial number on it so it's untraceable. It's got a kick, and it's loud when it's fired."

The gun felt warm and heavy as my palms became sweaty. I just kept staring at it, not knowing what to do. It felt so foreign to me.

"Have you ever shot a gun before, Lou?"

"No. I've always been afraid of them."

"Don't be afraid because it can save your life. I can't always be with you and Mick, so you're going to have to protect both of you. I hope it never has to happen, but it doesn't work that way in my world. Just hold the grip with both hands, aim the barrel at what you want to kill, and squeeze the trigger. I'll take you over to the clubhouse and let you practice."

I walked to the kitchen, placed the gun inside my purse, then walked back and placed my hands on Ajax's handsome face. "Let's go away, disappear, and start a new life somewhere else."

He leaned away. "The club is my life, Lou. I'd never leave my brothers. That would be death."

I broke down and cried as Ajax walked past me and out the door.



### AJAX

This rich asshole, well-known in Richmond by the name of Donald Turner, made his fortune in the steel industry. He was in his mid-fifties, balding, and as corrupt as us outlaws. He played dirty games with local politicians and rich business-fucks with bribes, extortion, and money laundering. Donald had an addiction to high-stakes gambling and had his puppet, Calvin Spade, reach out to Diezel for a meet.

It was a cloudy morning when Diezel, Jagger, Mace, and I parked our bikes and stood in a vacant parking lot on the docks of the James River not far from the clubhouse. A shiny white Cadillac approached, parking several yards away. A tall, skinny man with thinning black hair climbed out and walked toward us.

"Is that Donald?" I asked Mace beside me.

"No. He must be Donald's gopher guy."

Go for this, go for that. The man did Donald's dirty work.

The man offered Diezel a handshake.

But Diezel crossed his arms over his chest. "Donnie doesn't have the balls to meet me face to face to discuss business?"

The man lowered his hand. "For Mr. Turner to be seen talking to you would ruin his reputation. I'm Mr. Turner's attorney, Calvin Spade. Mr. Turner is my only client, and I handle all things regarding his business transactions and those that are, shall we say,

on the seedy side."

"Well, Calvin, what does Donnie want with my club?"

"The Death Angels MC does the dirty work regarding money, bringing in a good amount of wealth for Mr. Turner. He doesn't want that to go away."

Diezel went from annoyed to angry at the mention of the Death Angels. "Oh Yeah? Well, I don't give a flying fuck! We don't recognize those Death Angels. They're a bullshit club, and we'll take their rags and piss on them! Each and every one. Virginia and Maryland are Berzerker territory, so tell Donnie Turner that if he wants to do business, he talks to me."

"There's a vacant warehouse a few miles out of Richmond on Hudson Road. It's on property that belongs to Mr. Turner." Calvin sighed. "It's where bets are placed on underground illegal fighting on Sunday nights, and the Death Angels are the ones who recruit men who want to fight. There's lots of money in it for your club, but you'll have to take it from them. How about a fight to the death for seventy grand? One of your men versus one of Death Angel's men?"

There was a moment of silence, making Calvin feel confident that Diezel would even consider such a deal.

"Fuck off, shit for brains! I'd never sacrifice a Berzerker brother to die for fucking money!" Diezel barked and shoved Calvin, who staggered back. He was lucky Diezel didn't knock him the fuck out.

Calvin cleared his throat. "Mr. Turner will be disappointed with this news."

When Diezel backhanded Calvin across the cheek, he stumbled back, regained his footing, ran back to the Cadillac, climbed in, and shut the door.

Jagger, Mace, and I followed Diezel when he marched over to the Cadillac, his hands clenched in rage. He hiked his right leg and kicked the driver's side window with his booted heel, and it shattered.

"You sick piece of shit!" Diezel roared at the shattered glass.

The back tires of the Cadillac spun, burning rubber on the asphalt as Calvin sped off.

A plan was set to take out our new enemy, the Death Angels MC. We were going to obliterate them the Berzerker way, and as Diezel said. "We'll burn their clubhouse to the ground, take their rags, their women, their money, then kill them all!"

Mace gathered some intel on this sack-of-shits MC who did business with that rich and shady fucker, Donald Turner. They used teenage runaways to do some of their real dirty work. Lindsey was one of those teens considered property of the one with the eyepatch they called Uno. She gave us enough information about the other Death Angels, some of the members' names, including their President, who she called Warlock. And that their clubhouse is a few miles outside the city, near the vacant warehouse Calvin Spade mentioned, where they hold the underground fighting and gambling.

On Sunday night, while Diezel and Mace drove in an old, rusted-out van to the Death Angel's clubhouse to burn it down with Molotov cocktails, I headed to the warehouse alone to scope things out. Diezel didn't think it was wise to go alone, but I wasn't wearing my rags and I drove Lou's car. My hair was tied back, and I wore a dark blue sweat jacket and baseball cap. I looked like any other civilian, blending in with the crowd of a few hundred men who sat on benches or stood in a large circle surrounding an old abandoned boxing ring lit from above by one stage light.

Two men were fighting as shouts from the spectators filled the warehouse. The muscular, lean man was losing, his face covered in blood and his left eye swollen

shut. His opponent was a foot taller and broader in the shoulders, his face just as bloody. When he threw a hard left hook, roars and cheers echoed as the leaner man's teeth and blood spewed from his mouth. Four men wearing Death Angel rags stood on the opposite side of the ring from where I was.

Uno.

My eyes shifted to the right, and that's when I spotted Erwin staring at me. His brows narrowed, then turned to maneuver through the crowd of shouting men.

"Shit," I whispered and ran after him.

Erwin ran through the crowd, through the large warehouse, and outside. I was much quicker and caught up before he could reach where cars and trucks were parked. I shoved him hard from behind, and when he fell face down in the mud, a gun fell out from inside his jacket, landing a few feet away.

A fiery rage engulfed me watching Erwin crawl away, a blubbing piece of shit scrambling to get the gun. Standing over him, I stomped with my booted heel on his hand. He cried out in pain as I reached down, grabbed a handful of hair, then punched him in the temple. He yelped again when I turned him over, sat on his chest, and pounded my fists into his face.

Time seemed to stop as I slammed my right fist, then my left, into Erwin's bloody face until he went unconscious. I was going to kill him right there in the mud, but a searing pain shot through me as something hit me on the back of the head.

Then I blacked out.

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

I could hardly sleep, especially since Ajax was out. It was 2 AM when I looked at the digital clock on the bedside table and heard low voices coming from the living room.

My heart began to race, and I held my breath out of fear. I thought of the gun Ajax had given me two nights before and cursed under my breath. It was still in my purse on the kitchen table. I climbed out of bed, put on a robe, then crept to my bedroom door. Opening it, I walked down the hall into the living room to see Mick and Sheila standing in the kitchen.

Mick yelped in surprise as I marched over to Sheila when she started to rummage through my purse on the kitchen table and pulled out the gun.

"Oh no, you don't, you little troublemaker!" I shouted, snatching the gun from her. "What in the hell are you doing!"

Sheila's mouth dropped open in surprise, and she stepped back. "I was just trying to find your cigarettes."

I looked at Mick, who stood there like a doe caught in headlights. "You're never going to learn, are you?" I fumed.

"I told her not to go into your purse."

I turned to Sheila, shoving the gun back inside my purse. "Why the hell are you in my house this late at night?"

Mick sighed. "Her asshole stepdad is on a drinking binge and tried to attack Sheila tonight, so I told her to come over and stay the night in my room."

"Well, hello there," someone said.

The three of us turned around to see a tall man with long black hair and a beard standing in the doorway. Two other men stood behind him.

Danger!

"Mick, Sheila, go into your bedroom and lock the door," I said, sliding my hand into my purse.

The girls screamed as the men rushed toward us. I raised the gun, aimed it at the long-haired man, and pulled the trigger. There was a loud bang, and the man howled in pain as the bullet struck him in the shoulder. But it didn't stop him, just made him angry. He grabbed a hold of my wrists and twisted, then backhanded me across the face. I cried out in pain, dropping the gun and falling to the floor.

AJAX

I woke up and coughed as cold water hit my face. I heard someone cry. Then felt a throbbing pain in the back of my head, but I couldn't move when I tried to touch it. I was sitting, my wrists tied behind the back of a chair. The world around me was blurry for a moment, but my eyes adjusted to see the warehouse. The rows of bleachers and the boxing ring were empty. I could only guess it was just about dawn break.

Uno, a few feet away, dropped the empty bucket with a grin. "Wakey, Wakey asshole. Time to play."

I spit in his face and chuckled. I was a dead man, but I wasn't going to die without taking a few Death Angels to hell with me.

Uno swung, landing his fist on the left side of my jaw. I laughed again and spit blood next to his boot. "You hit like a girl."

He drew and swung again, as a girl screamed.

Mick!

My eyes turned away from the few Death Angels standing around to Mick, Lou, and Lindsey on my right. They were sitting in separate dog crates in nothing but their bras and underwear. The look of fear in my daughter's eyes and the woman I loved in tears had me roaring with so much rage and fear of losing them. I strained against the rope tied around my wrists.

Sheila, stood beside a tall man with long dark hair and a beard wearing Death Angels rags. The club president had his arm wrapped around her trembling shoulders. "You and your Berzerker assholes think you can just take what belongs to me and my club?"

"Just let them go, and we'll handle this the club way, you and Diezel," I said, hoping to convince Warlock.

He laughed, pulling a gun from inside his rags, putting the end of the barrel to Sheila's head. She went pale, her eyes glazing over with fear. "All of you Berzerkers will be picked off one by one until you're all dead."

The gunshot reverberated through the warehouse.

" Nooo! " I howled as blood and bits of Sheila's flesh and skull splattered all over Warlock.

Her lifeless body dropped to the dirt.

Mick, Lou, and Lindsey screamed in terror, then Warlock walked over to Lindsey's cage and pulled her out. He wrapped his arm around her neck and licked the side of her cheek. "Did you miss your Daddy Warlock, baby girl?"

Lindsey stood frozen, her eyes staring at me in shock.

I looked at Lou and saw the pain and fear in her eyes. My throat was dry, a pain throbbing in the center of my chest. I didn't fear death; I wouldn't die an old man. I'd crash my bike or lose a fight. But if Lou and Mick died, it would be unbearable to live.

"Don't be stupid, or those bitches are dead," Uno said, then went around behind me



and untied my wrists.

I stood from the chair, wincing at the pain in my wrists from where the rope rubbed them raw. A dark-haired man the size of a bear appeared, walked up the steps, and climbed into the fighting ring. He was about as tall as Rubik, six-foot four, and just as wide at the shoulders, with hair all over his chest and arms. Brass knuckles on his right fist.

"This is Bull. He's our best fighter," Warlock said his hands groping poor Lindsey. "You're getting in the ring and fighting him. Then, before he bashes your head until you die, I'm going to make you watch me and my club fuck your Ole Lady and your kid."

Gritting my teeth, I climbed into the ring, pulled off my sweat jacket and t-shirt, and tossed it over the ropes. I planned to dance around the ring as long as possible, hoping Diezel and my Berzerker brothers would arrive soon, save Lindsey and my girls, and kill the Death Angels.

I patted the empty back pocket of my jeans, and Bull grinned, holding a switchblade in his left hand.

My switchblade.

Lou and Mick cried out as Bull rushed toward, grunting when he swung with the brass knuckles. But I quickly moved out of his way, raising my fists. This big slab of meat was slow and clumsy as he turned around and lunged for me again.

Sidestepping at the last moment, I landed a powerful sidekick on his lower back, sending him into the ropes. I rushed and jumped onto Bull's back, then wrapped my arms around his neck in a chokehold, growling as my teeth chomped down on his earlobe. He roared in pain as I tore the flesh and spit it out over the ropes. I flexed my

arms, squeezing Bull's throat as hard as I could while he stumbled around, trying to throw me off. He did a half-flip, slamming himself backward on the floor, taking me down with him. I landed on my back; the air knocked out of me, and before I could catch my breath, Bull was on top of me, slamming the brass knuckles into the left side of my jaw. Everything around me blurred, and I tasted blood.

Agonizing pain seared my ribs and stomach as Bull stabbed me.

A loud gunshot rang out.

Blood sprayed. Flesh and bone splattered on my face as Bull's body fell limp on top of me.

Searing pain in my gut had my vision blurring, so I focused on what I could hear.

The thundering sound of motorcycle pipes.

Gunshots.

I was bleeding out. My vision fading.

Ajax!"

"Dad!"

My Berzerker brothers came to save my girls.

I could die now.

Darkness.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

LOU

After six hours of surgery Dr. Patel spoke with me, Mick, and Diezel. Ajax had lost a lot of blood due to the stab wound. If Diezel and Jagger hadn't driven him to the hospital and made it on time, he wouldn't have survived. They removed his spleen, and Dr. Patel was able to stop the bleeding.

"He'll pull through, and once recovered, Mr. Remar can live a normal life, but needs to be very careful not to catch any bad infections, which could cause serious illness or death."

Mick and I held each other tight and sobbed while Diezel wrapped his arms around both of us. "Ajax is a Berzerker, and he ain't ready to die yet."

I sat in a chair with a blanket beside Mick as Ajax slept in the hospital bed. My eyes were puffy and dry from crying all day. The sound of the beeping machines and tubes hooked to Ajax made him look so vulnerable.

I fell asleep and dreamed of riding with Ajax on his motorcycle again. The warm summer wind pushed against us while I wrapped my arms around him. The sunshine was blotted by the trees along both sides of the road, and Ajax wrapped his left hand underneath my thigh, turned his head toward me, and said, "I love you."

When I opened my eyes, Ajax was looking at me and smiling.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:30 am*

AJAX

Two Weeks Later

It was late afternoon, and the Berzerker clubhouse parking lot was packed with bikes. Inside were the club members from the Petersburg and Baltimore chapters. It was a party to celebrate my recovery from surgery and patch me in as an official Virginia chapter member.

But before the celebration began, I stood at Sheila's gravesite about fifty yards from the clubhouse, my arm wrapped around Lou. We watched Mick as she knelt and planted flowers around the grave.

"These flowers won't make it through the winter, but oh well. I'll plant more in the spring for her," she said as she stood and wiped dirt from her hands.

Her eyes welled with tears, and I pulled her to me and held her tight. "She'll always be your friend, Mick. Will always be in your heart and memories."

We stood there for a moment. All of us, no doubt, thinking about that night.

The night the girls were kidnapped by Warlock, Uno and a few of the Death Angels came to the Berzerker clubhouse to kidnap Lindsey after they shot Mongoose in the back. Everyone mourned the loss of a Berzerker brother, and had his body cremated and his ashes poured inside his bike's gas tank, then hung in the clubhouse as a memorial.

Diezel, Jagger, Mace, and all my Richmond brothers came to the warehouse after they found Mongoose's body.

Mace killed Bull, and a gunfight happened. Some Death Angels were dead, but Warlock and Uno got away. They burned the warehouse down until there was nothing but ashes and soot.

The remaining members of Death Angels MC were on the Berzerker's death list, and all three chapters' priority was to find each one of them, kill them, or bury them alive.

Diezel planned on meeting with Calvin Spade in the next few days to let him know the Berzerkers MC is the only club Donnie Turner would do business with from now on, or they both would end up dead at the bottom of the James River.

I kept my arms around Lou and Mick as we walked back inside the clubhouse to be greeted by my brothers from Baltimore, Stryker, his Ole' Lady, Lizzy, Squatch, Tug, and, of course, the chapter VP, Rubik. Rubik's Ole Lady, Marie, was there with their baby girl, Hope.

I hugged Rubik and pulled him aside to speak with him.

"I'm sorry for being such an asshole and fighting you for the VP patch. You deserve it, brother. I know now what it means to wear the VP patch, and it's not for ego or pride. It's about being the best we can be to the ones we love, even if we are lawbreakers, protecting our family and club with our lives."

Rubik grinned. "And we always will be Berzerkers 'till our last breath."

THE END