



Pirate's Plunder (Saint's Outlaws MC New York Chapter #1)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: You know, the thing about being a legacy is that everyone expects you to do better. I've always just wanted to be me until my whole identity was stolen during one failed run.

Now, my need to be the best is driven by revenge.

Unfortunately for her, her old man died before I could get to him. She'll need to settle his debt to me now and it's a hefty one. Little Miss Socialite has no idea what her Daddy was really all about.

It'll be my pleasure to teach her.

Kiss your penthouse lifestyle goodbye, sweetheart. You'll be enjoying the city heat in El Barrio from now on.

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New York City

April, 1987

“ I told you to cut through the park!” Delia screams at me.

“It’s closed, Mami, just hang on a little longer.” I follow close behind Rabbit, my Vice President, who’s clearing the way on his motorcycle so I can get my very pregnant wife to the hospital.

“If I have our son in the back of this car because you needed him born in Manhattan instead of the Bronx, I’m going to make sure it’s the last time you get anyone pregnant.” I try not to laugh at her, but she catches my smirk between contractions and hurls a shoe, hitting me in the eye.

“Por favor, mujer! I’m trying to drive, or do you want me to crash this cage?” I fucking hate cars.

I had to borrow this one from the garage so I didn’t have to flag a taxi down. Cause could my wife had said she was in labor all day? No. She was too busy cleaning and cooking to make time to inform me that our first baby was on the way.

If her water hadn’t broken in front of me, I’d probably be delivering him myself right now.

“WATCH OUT!” A kid on a bike darts out in front of the car, and I slam on the brakes.

“Get the fuck outta the street!” I yell out the window as I drive off, and all I hear is grunting from the backseat.

“Some father you’re going to be. I can’t do this! How did you talk me into getting pregnant?” She lets out another god awful yell as I round the corner of a hundred and second off Park Avenue.

“Arrg, I need to push!” Oh shit.

“No, mami, wait! We’re here!” I slam the brakes, throw the thing into park, and jump out, waving inside the hospital like a lunatic!

“Help, my wife’s having a baby!” A few nurses look at me like I’m nuts, but rush out anyway.

“Congratulations, sir. That happens every day,” I shake my head at the young woman and open the back door so they can see Delia.

“Oh, you mean now!” The older of the two nurses rushes past me and then yells for a wheelchair.

Rabbit slaps my shoulder as I watch them get Delia out and rush her into the hospital. We follow close behind, and when she’s finally in the room, I relax, but not by much.

“I’m going to be a father,” I say as I look through the glass of Delia’s door.

“You’re gonna miss it if you don’t get in there.” Rabbit pushes me, but I stop to look at him.

“Thanks for seeing us here. Take these and leave me your bike.” I dangle the keys in his face, and he frowns.

“Let the guys know the brakes are good and bleed.” Rabbit snatches the keys and laughs at me.

“I’ll take care of it as long as you take care of my baby.” I snort because, like any other biker, his motorcycle is his first love.

“I will as long as you take care of mine.” He frowns and shakes his head, not understanding what I mean.

“I want you to be my son’s godfather.” His eyes widen in shock, and he swallows hard, but then he smiles proudly at me.

“I’d be fucking honored.” I hug him quickly because a nurse is sticking her head out the door, calling for me.

“Whichever one of you is the father, better get in here. She says if you aren’t holding her hand when his head comes out, she wants a divorce.” I laugh and raise my hand.

“I doubt she said that so nicely.” The nurse grins.

“Your wife has a colorful vocabulary.” Don’t I know it.

“ZAC!” I push into the room and kiss Delia’s temple.

“I’m scared.” She whimpers and searches my eyes.

“Aren’t all parents?”

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Chapter One

Pirate

Present Day

“I appreciate the extra cover but when the fuck is sanitation going to end this strike? It smells worse than Cyclone’s ass out here.” I roll my eyes at Knight, my vice president, and crouch lower when the back door to the building we’re watching opens.

“Shh,” I hush him and push his head down into one of the bags of trash we’re hiding behind.

“Fuck, it’s her.” I pull Knight away with me when I back up to the alley wall.

“I fucking hate you. Ugh,” I shake him and then move around the corner quickly, make my way back to where we left our Harleys.

I turn to my left so I can see him, and my hackles raise.

After all these years, the fact that my eye was taken for a crime my father didn’t commit makes me burn with rage. And that little princess I just watched walk out onto the street is my ticket for revenge.

A father for a father. I’ll let her keep her eye on it; after all, the father’s crimes should never fall on the children.

“Let’s get out of here. Call Church. I want everyone there when we arrive.” Knight nods and pulls out his cellphone to send a group text, all the brothers in my club will get in moments.

Technology is a fantastic fucking thing.

“Gross, I need to shower and a bleach soak.” How did I end up with such a melodramatic man as my vice president?

Probably the same way I found my Sergeant at Arms, Spector, in the ghettos of Harlem, where we all are just trying to survive, and all we had were the clothes on our backs.

I was luckier than others.

Pops left me everything, and once my godfather retired and returned to Texas, I stepped up and took my spot as the prodigal son of Brass, the fallen President of the Saints’ Outlaws MC at the ripe old age of twenty-five.

It took me twelve years to find out the name of the man responsible for my parents’ murder, but only six months to figure out he had a secret daughter being raised by his employer. I’m sure he hoped that would keep a target off her back, but I’m going to prove how wrong he was.

I’m not only going to take her from him, but I’m going to tie us together in a way that he’ll never be able to break. I’m going to marry the only known heir to New York’s Cosa Nostra, the head of the Italian mafia.

I think over my plan for the hundredth time as we sneak our way through the city heat back to the clubhouse. Pops’ old garage, a warehouse he transformed into a chop shop in the early seventies, which I’ve converted into a legitimate repair and

customization shop, sits on the edge of Spanish Harlem by the Third Avenue Bridge.

It's got easy access to the Bronx, the Harlem River, and, if needed, LaGuardia airport.

The only way into our compound is by a gated fence off Lexington, and to the naked eye, we're just a long-forgotten building on the river. We have no Google footprint, and all our customers are vetted. No one enters my property without my knowledge.

Spector and his little side business ensure that.

Having a retired cyber specialist who ran the SEAL teams for the Navy is really handy. The fact that he's family and volunteered for the job when he retired was a godsend. He runs his special ops off our dock, and I don't ever question a thing.

We roll up to the gate, and my guys open the way for us to enter.

"Everyone's ready," Knight calls out to me as I park my Harley.

"Go grab one of the Tools and put them on the girl. I want to know everything by tomorrow. If they need to sit next to her while she gets her fucking toes done make sure to report back what color directly to me." He raises an eyebrow in question.

"You want to use someone from the Box for that?" I laugh at his skepticism.

"We all started somewhere. If they can't handle a simple surveillance job what the fuck good are they?" He nods and jogs off to address the prospects that we lovingly call Tools, and the building where they stay, is the Box.

They all start off working in the garage and are given generic road names until they've earned their permanent ones. We currently have five, but after this little job,

I'll cut two.

"Hey Prez," Ares greets me when I walk in, and I glance around to see all but two members assembled just like I asked.

Knight is following my order and will be back any minute but where the fuck is Flip?

"Spector, where's my treasurer?" I adjust my eyepatch that hides and broadcasts the fact that I'm missing the orb.

"It's the sabbath, Prez. He'll be here after sundown." I curse in Spanish, making the room chuckle.

"You hired him." My cousin smirks at me, knowing I won't call him out for his disrespect, frankly, cause it's true.

I chased Samuel Benowitz all over Manhattan and Atlantic City until he finally agreed to join the club, but on his terms. He's got to be one of the strangest Orthodox Jews you'll ever meet. He has no problems tormenting a man as long as it doesn't interfere with his religion.

He kept a prospect that was caught stealing hanging upside down over a tank of his piranhas for all seven days of Hanukkah a few years ago.

"What time is sunset?" I ask on a sigh.

"Thirty minutes," Cyclone answers as he fusses with his watch.

I grit my teeth but nod, because what else can I do but wait? I move through the room and take my seat at the head of the table, where my father's ashtray, gavel, and signature brass knuckles, where he got his road name from, sit exactly where he left

them. I had them welded into the table with a plaque in memory of my parents.

I kiss my fingers and touch the smooth metal before knocking my knuckles on the table three times.

“Any other business we can take care of before Flip arrives?” Slowly, the table fills with my brothers, with only three empty seats.

Knight returns with two of the Tools, Sprocket and Flathead. He tossed them into the corner and pointed at them with a menacing look.

“Don’t fucking move. Stay quiet and listen. You may learn something to keep your sorry asses alive. At the end, one of you is getting a job to do.” He walks away from the men who look like toddlers in time out, only with beards and tattoos.

Knight sits to my right, covering my blind spot. He’s more than my Vice President, he’s my fucking best friend. I would be dead along with my parents if it weren’t for him. He still feels guilty that my eye couldn’t have been saved but teases the shit out of me that he’s the reason my dick still works.

He’s not wrong.

If he hadn’t stopped the bleeding from my groin I’d have lost my penis and leg. The eye doesn’t feel like such a sacrifice when you know that fact, until you look in a mirror and always see what that asshole meant for me always to understand.

That my parents had been set up.

The daily reminder that the monster who did this will never see justice, the same way I will never see the world the same again. But that ends now.

I found his secret and soon I'll have her under lock and key with the smug satisfaction that there's not a fucking thing he can do to stop me.

An eye for an eye isn't possible, but his daughter will do.

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Chapter Two

Genesis

“ I said I’d marry someone you approved, but that didn’t mean now! I’m still in college. I’d like to at least work in my field before you saddle me with an arranged loveless marriage so that I can start popping out babies.” I cross my arms and stare at my feet.

I know better than to talk back to my father, but if I don’t stand up for myself now, I’ll end up with some sixty-year-old man who doesn’t speak English.

“Your father needs a male heir.” My bio dad says through his teeth.

“Alfonso Torelli is not my father, you are!” His hand flies out too quickly for me to brace for the hit.

My head smacks into the wall, stunning me badly enough that my knees wobble in my heels, and I stumble to the ground.

“Have you any clue how hard it’s been for me to watch you grow up under that man’s care? I did it for you! Be grateful and do as you’re told.” Marco storms off, leaving me staring at his back while I cup my stinging cheek.

“Chikita, I’ve told you not to upset him. He has never had the temperament to nurture. Come, let us put some ice on that before it bruises more than necessary.” Alfonso offers me his wrinkled old hand to help me stand.

“Is being my daughter really such a chore? You live in luxury and want for nothing. All I ask is for some bambinos.” He spreads his hands as I imagine he wants me to spread my legs to give him just that.

“I love you like a real father Alfie, but it would be nice if he gave a shit about me. Just once, I want him to choose me first.” My old man chuckles at me.

“You want a bear to learn new tricks? That is not how our lives work. He either follows orders or he dies. Let us talk of happier things. You know I detest business at the table.” He pulls out my chair at the dining room table, and I sit like I was taught.

“You’re right, as always.” I smile at him as he puts some ice from the wine bucket into a napkin before bringing it up to my cheek.

“He made you bleed.” He sucks his teeth and it’s like he let the ice on my face slither down my spine.

“Please, don’t.” I whimper, knowing better men have died for much less.

“Your heart is too big, Chikita. It will not do you well in the Cosa Nostra. However, it is your birthday, so I will give you this boon.” I relax and take hold of the ice myself.

“Thank you, Papa.” He kisses my temple like a real father would.

I’ve never once doubted that this cruel old man loves me like the daughter I’m supposed to be and enough, though I know he would never hurt me himself, I know he’s capable of ordering someone else to if he thought for one moment I was no longer valuable to him.

In the Cosa Nostra, if you are a woman, the only value you have is your womb, and if

I don't start using mine soon with whoever he chooses, I may end up in the fancy ovens our meals are cooked in.

"How is school?" Such a normal topic with a mafia boss that looks like and smells like Santa Claus, but will gut you faster than any grim reaper.

"Very well. I'm maintaining my GPA, and I've earned an internship at a local law firm that I believe was on your approved list. The Benowitz group?" I nod at the maid who brings in our salads.

"That's wonderful! Yes, that firm is acceptable. They've been helping our family for decades." Great, just what any law student wants to hear.

"So graduation is set?" He takes a forkful of the leafy greens in his mouth and chews as he watches me fumble with my words.

I've never been able to lie to him.

"Yes, I'm on track to graduate this spring." All the warmth in his eyes couldn't hide the sinister grin that spread across his face.

"Wonderful, a spring wedding." I swallow the bile that fills my mouth and nod.

It's not like I ever had a choice in the matter anyway.

"Just run away," I stare at my ceiling lying in bed with my phone pinned to my ear.

"Really? How? I can't outrun the dogs, and last I checked, bullets hurt. And, yes, I do believe all those cute guards would shoot me in the ass if I run." Val chuckles at my pain.

“I can distract Johnnie, but Bruno scares me.” I sigh and flip myself over, reaching for my nail polish.

“I’ll be back at the sorority house tomorrow. I wasn’t allowed to call a taxi tonight, and no drivers were available.” I roll my eyes, but my best friend gets super quiet.

“What?” I sit up and stop painting my nails.

“Just wondering what the top headlines will be tomorrow.” Oh fuck.

“Change the subject, please.” She clears her throat, and for once, my life has rendered her speechless.

Valentina Torelli is the closest thing to a normal relationship I have.

My cousin legally, but we’ve both known the truth since I was twelve. Leukemia almost killed me until my father’s assassin walked in with a life-saving bone marrow transplant. Papa told me the truth when I recovered.

Marco never forgave him, and they barely talk now unless it’s about business, which is never about me.

“What are you wearing to the Halloween party?” Christ, I’d rather talk about my daddy issues.

“Why are you forcing this on me?” Her laughter is by far my favorite sound in the world.

“Because you, princess, need to get laid before you’re sold off to the highest bidder.” I cap the nail polish and give up trying to be normal.

“Thanks for the reminder.” I can hear her rummaging in her closet.

“Nurse or Catwoman?” Ugh no.

“Neither. Nothing so fucking cliché.” I blow on my nails as she rattles off a few more suggestions.

“I got it! Just bring your cowboy boots.” I roll my eyes but can handle a cowgirl look more than a slutty schoolgirl.

“Fine, but I will not play any of the games, drink, smoke or participate in any orgies.” She goes quiet again, but this time I wait her out.

“On second thought, I’ll dress you like a nun.”

Bitch.

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Chapter Three

Pirate

F lip walks in, pulling his kippah off his bald head and taking his seat, then flipping open his ledgers.

It's how he earned his road name, constantly flipping through books to find their hidden meanings. No one can work numbers like this man can.

"Sorry, traffic was killer. I need to find a closer temple." He waves at me to start, and I frown.

"Catch your breath," I mutter as he pats the pockets of the suit he wears under his cut.

He's a walking, talking contradiction. Sunday to Friday, he looks like a bald-headed tattooed biker, but come the Sabbath? He's the good Jewish boy that his Mama raised him to be.

"I found her," I announce to my club executives.

All the highest-ranked members are in attendance to witness this moment. None of them thought it was possible, but I finally got to avenge my parents.

The room remains in stunned silence until Knight clears his throat.

"So we're going to off the girl for what her father did?" Padre, my cousin, and the

club's chaplain ask as if I need to justify the killing.

"I get you need to bring up the moral implication but it's not fucking necessary. She'll lead me to him." Padre raises an eyebrow at me while a few of the members slump back into their chairs with heavy sighs.

"Not this shit again." Spector covers his eyes before dragging his hand down his face.

"Pirate, he's fucking dead. You gotta stop chasing ghosts." I shake my head.

"They never found a body. He's still out there killing for that maniac, and I'm going to fucking prove it. I'm snatching her this weekend." The room grows quiet for all of two seconds before it erupts into protests and shouts.

One after another, my brothers try and fail to talk some reason into me. I get that they're worried, but my patience is done. No one believes me that Marco escaped the night of my parents' murder. They all question what I saw.

He may have only left me with one eye, but I can see just fine with it. That man walked through those flames like he was fireproof.

Knight pins his bottom lip between his teeth and lets out a loud whistle, ending the arguing I had tuned out.

"I don't agree with this plan." Padre tries in vain to change my mind.

"I'll make you all a deal since you all seem to think I'm fucking crazy. We pick her up and I keep her locked up here for one week. If Marco is alive, he'll come for her. If he doesn't, I turn her loose." A few members look at each other, but it's Spector and Cyclone I watch closely.

“What ya gonna do with her for one whole week?” Wizard asks from his seat.

The fucker has his feet kicked up on the desk and is picking his nails with one of his blades like he could care less about this whole conversation. I bet he’s counting down the minutes before he can sneak outside to smoke the joint he’s got tucked behind his ear.

If his farm didn’t bring in so much cash, I’d shut him down in a heartbeat.

“What Pirates do best,” I smirk as a few of them laugh at me.

“Pirates are known to plunder, pillage, and rape.” Padre frowns as he speaks the words and I wonder how many Hail Mary’s he’s going to give himself for being a fucking hypocrite.

“It ain’t rape if she begs me for it.” I knock my knuckles on the table, ending Church to the crew, chuckling at my words.

Padre stares at me, unconvinced.

“Max, you know me, I won’t hurt her.” At that, he laughs at me.

“You think I’m worried about her? Primo, it’s your soul I’m trying to save.” He shakes his head, finally leaving the room to me and Knight.

“You really believe he’s alive.” I grind my molars.

I’ve been keeping tabs on Marco’s activities for years. Everyone thought I was nuts, but every killer has a tell. A signature that, if you look close enough, is signed on every single kill.

“Marco is an assassin. He’s been doing this since before we were both born. I’m positive he’s alive. I’d bet my life on it.” Knight stands slowly and walks over to me, grabbing my shoulder with a little shake.

“I’ll let Padre pray on it. Hopefully it doesn’t come to that.” One quick pat on the back and I’m alone with the Tools he selected for my little recon job.

“Sprocket, Flathead, did Knight give you any instructions?” Both men stare at their feet as I approach them.

“Asked you a question Tools. I expect a fucking response.” I crouch down to their level and stare them down one at a time.

“No, Prez.” I nod at Sprocket for having a pair of balls.

It’s never easy speaking first and I can appreciate how scared these fuckers are of me. I’m not known for having a great temper.

“You are to find a woman by the name of Genesis. Her last name is debatable. She has a rose tattoo on her neck behind her ear. Blonde hair, green eyes and killer tits. You follow, you observe, and if anyone comes sniffing around her, you call Knight. I want to know her daily schedule and who she hangs out with.” I stand and motion for them to follow.

“I want a report every three hours. She isn’t to leave your sight until I say so.” Sprocket nods, but Flathead scratches his chin and frowns.

“You got something to say?” I cross my arms and wait.

He earned his nickname for asking stupid questions. Wizard asked him if his mama dropped him on his head and the shit stuck.

“What if I gotta piss?” I swore under my breath, already knowing he’d be one of the prospects I cut this round, but did the kid have to make it so fucking easy?

“Take a bottle or wear a fucking diaper. If you lose her, I won’t be happy.” Flathead swallows hard, and I wave them off.

Once the room is empty, I sit back down and remove my eye patch. The strap digs in and causes me headaches, so I have to remove it every few hours to relieve the pressure.

I’m rubbing my temples when Spector rushes in without knocking.

“Prez, I - shit. My bad.” I grunt and put the patch back on before looking up at him.

“What you got for me?” I watch him study the laptop, and some days I truly believe it’s attached to his left hand.

“Video of Alfonso’s house. I’m trying to clean it up but man you were fucking right.” He places the computer in front of me and hits a few buttons.

As I watch the black-and-white image that fills the screen, it clears up enough to show Marco Santos’ mean mug staring right at the screen.

“We owe you an apology, Prez. All these years you never fucking doubted he was alive.” I nod but keep my thoughts to myself.

I’m used to being doubted.

First, it was my disability, then it was my age. When my sexuality was questioned I shut that shit down. I was too fucking busy tracking this motherfucker even to want to settle down and have a family. Honestly, I was scared to show any weakness that

could later bite me in the ass.

But now that I had proof, I felt vindicated. I wouldn't gloat, though. I never blamed my men for doubting. They couldn't possibly have my faith and hope because they didn't live through what I did.

“No apology needed. Just help me end the son of a bitch.”

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Chapter Four

Genesis

I walk a little faster and fumble with my key card for the security door three times before I manage to get it to scan, and the glass finally parts for me to enter. I'm in such a rush that I knock into someone else coming out, and the books I'm carrying go flying from my arms.

"Woo, watch it!" I groan as I watch my papers scatter all over the foyer.

"Sorry," I say as I go about picking up the work I slaved over the last few hours at the library.

"Gen?" I glance up at Valentina from the floor.

"Are you okay?" She bends down to help me pick my life up off the floor.

The irony isn't fucking lost on me.

"No, I don't know. I've been feeling like I'm being watched. I know I'm followed by Dad's guys, but this is different. I feel eyes on me all the time." A shiver runs down my spine even now, and I glance around my surroundings, finding no one looking at us at all.

"You need to take a break. You're paranoid on a new fucking level." I sigh and nod.

“You’re right.” We finish gathering my things and head up to our room.

“Bet that party is sounding even better now, huh?” she laughs at her teasing while I try to hide the dread it causes me.

“I don’t think being in a room full of strangers in costumes is the fix for my anxiety, Val.” I just want a show and my bed, but she’s going to drag me to the damn thing because she always gets her way.

“You always come up with an excuse, Genesis, but you end up thanking me after.” I groan and flop onto my bed.

She’s right, and I hate it.

“Why are you stressing me out about a party that’s tomorrow?” I rub my eyes and yawn.

“Tomorrow? Gen, what day is it?” I sit up slowly and glance at her face.

It’s full of concern, and I can see that her nursing brain has engaged.

“Friday,” I answer with confidence.

“Sweetie, it’s Saturday. The party starts in a few hours.” I shake my head.

“No, that can’t be right.” How did I lose a whole day!

“You need this more than I thought. UP!” She grabs my hand and drags me to our bathroom.

“Get in there, wash and shave everything. You need to get drunk and laid. The order

I'll leave up to you." I frown as she turns on the water for me like I'm six.

"Wow, how gracious of you. Thanks. Can I pick the boy too?" She shrugs.

"Boy, girl, doesn't matter." Ugh, I pull my shirt off and drop it in the laundry.

"I wish I could be so sexually liberated. But remember who my father is. I'm expected to be a virgin for the mafia boss he marries me off to." She rolls her eyes.

"That ship has sailed. I've seen the size of your vibrators." I slap her ass and then push her out of the bathroom.

"RUDE!" I slam the door in her laughing face.

Ten minutes later, I'm out and wrapped in towels.

"Did you shave?" Val's eyebrow raises in question and doubt.

"I waxed a few days ago." That seems to satisfy her enough to move out of my way.

When I go to sit on my bed, I find a whole outfit laid out for me.

"Seriously?" I glare at the tiniest jean skirt known to exist, a sheer white crop top, and a belt with so many rhinestones on it that I'll be visible from the moon.

"Your boots and hat are by the couch." My head whips around to where she said, and I curse.

"Did you get a mechanical bull for me, too?" I walk over to my dresser for underwear, which she conveniently left out of my omnibus.

“Oh! Wear the bridal set I got you.” I open my mouth to protest and quickly shut it.

The white lace set will work well and the thong might not cover much of my ass but considering my cheeks are going to be on display I might as well flaunt what I got.

I let the fabric caress my fingertips and think about how I narrowly escaped from that unwanted marriage and how my luck is probably up. Next time Alfonso calls me to church, I know it’ll stick. He made it perfectly clear, and I am not brave enough to say no twice.

When I turn around with the set in my hand to get dressed, my cousin lets out a loud howl, making me cover my ears. I glare at her while she waves my hat over her head.

“Thatta girl! Yeehaw!” Fuck my life.

I nurse my drink as I sit in a corner, trying to blend in and disappear into the drapes. The sorority house is packed with grinding bodies, drugs, and enough alcohol to drown a small village. The music is way too loud, the body heat has me sweating like a pig and the fucking white shirt with lace bra is hiding nothing.

I’ve had to pee for over an hour, but refuse to move from my spot, knowing I’ll lose it, plus then people will notice me. I pull my cowboy hat lower and curl into myself as best I can. I still have that feeling of being watched that I can’t shake, but as I glance around, no one is paying me an ounce of attention.

I mean to keep it that way.

“Mind if I sit?” Behind my curtain of hair, I catch sight of blonde hair, and I ignore the question, hoping this guy will take a hint, but instead he crouches to my eye level. His hands on my knees snap my eyes open.

“There you are. Feeling ok? I thought you’d passed out. You’ve barely moved all night.” The guy’s dressed as a pirate, and his smile tells me two things.

He’s dangerous and knows precisely what to do with the tongue he’s slowly licking his bottom lip with.

“You do speak English, right?” I frown and clear my throat to inform him I speak three languages, but his uncovered eye drops to take in my body.

“Porque estas sola, Preciosa?” His voice is like smooth, melted chocolate in English, but in Spanish, it’s downright addictive.

“I’m not alone. This place is full.” I point out the fault in his logic, but all it does is make him smirk.

“And yet you aren’t dancing or socializing. Let me get you another drink.” He reaches for my cup, but I pull it into my chest, splashing the now warm beer over our hands.

“Shit,” I look around for anything to clean up the mess, but the pirate produces a frilly-looking handkerchief with a flourish before gently wiping my thighs dry.

His hands move straight up to my core without hesitation, and he makes sure I feel his knuckles brush my thong before pulling his hand away and tucking the fabric back into the front pocket of his costume.

“There, all dry.” His eyes move off me as I adjust my skirt, but it’s no use, it’s not going to cover me any better now than it did when I walked down here earlier.

“I wasn’t all that wet to begin with,” I mumble to myself, and somehow, even over the music, he still hears it.

“What a shame. I could change that.” What the fuck did he just say to me?

“Is that what you call flirting?” He leans in and taps his ear.

Like a fool, I move in to repeat my question, but he turns, landing a kiss on my mouth. I gasp in shock, and he takes it like an invitation to lay the most devastatingly hot kisses of my life on me. It’s too short and fast, causing me to grow damp just like he promised.

“How about now?” he says once he’s drawn back enough to speak.

“I should slap you.” I bite off, not wanting to admit my current state of arousal.

“Kinky, but I only give the spankings, not take them. But for you, I may make an exception.” He stands, taking my hands with him, forcing me to my feet as well.

“Dance with me. You can’t sit here all night in this outfit, hiding. It would be a fucking crime. I promise to be a perfect gentleman while on the dance floor.” I narrow my eyes at him.

“You kissed me without permission or even telling me your name so you’ll forgive me when I call bullshit.” He grins with a little shy nod.

“Fair enough. My name’s Zek.” He tucks his head waiting for me to return the politeness.

“Genesis,” I say on a sigh.

What harm could giving him my first name cause?

“Pleasure to kiss you.” I grin at his cheeky answer.

“Dance?” He pulls me closer to him so a drunk frat boy doesn’t trip over me getting by.

“One,” I say, needing to move around to help dispel the feeling of claustrophobia.

“We’ll see,” he whispers in my ear before moving us into the other room where the party is really in full swing.

Four songs later, his hands haven’t moved lower than my waist or higher than my bra, and I’m burning up from the sweaty dance floor and desire.

“Need the restroom,” I yell into his ear and point to the door.

He nods and helps me over to the door. I knock, and blessedly, the restroom is empty. I hurry in and go into the stall. The door opens as I’m peeing, but I’m so lost in the sensation of relief that I don’t pay much attention to who came inside.

I finish, flush, and stand at the sink washing my hands when I feel a sharp sting in my arm.

“OUCH! What the fuck?” my voice trails off into a slur.

“Easy, Preciosa.” My knees grow weak, and Zek catches me in his arms.

Alarm bells are going off in my head. I’m in the bathroom alone with a virtual stranger who has drugged me, and my eyes start to water. As tears run down my face, I manage to use my remaining strength to growl at him.

“Yoouu proommisseed,” I barely get the words out before my eyes grow heavy.

“I promised to be a gentleman on the dance floor. In here, I’m just Pirate.” The drug

takes me out into the darkness, but not before I hear him muttering to himself.

“Gonna enjoy tearing this fucking outfit off you.”

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Chapter Five

Pirate

I support her weight against my side and struggle to open the window that leads to the side of the house. Even knowing that Knight is outside waiting to help me sneak this woman out isn't enough to stop me from the jump scare he gives me when his head pops up like a fucking whack-a-mole.

“?Maldita sea!” I curse as the glass plane finally moves, with us both lifting.

“Problem, Prez?” I glare at him and pull Genesis up into my arms bridal style and feed her feet first out the window so that Knight can carry her to the van we have waiting.

The moment he has her securely in his arms, I climb up and jump down to stand next to him.

“None, fucking putty in my hands.” My best friend rolls his eyes at me.

“It’s the fucking patch. It’s a pussy magnet.” I chuckle, but not with the humor I usually find in his comments.

He’s looking at Genesis’ body, and the territorial feeling I find myself having is making me angry, then the thought I know Knight is currently having. Her fucking ass is practically hanging out for the world to see.

“Troy, you’re eye fucking my future wife,” I warn him the best I can without hitting him or worse.

“Sorry, but dammit look at her.” Nope, I can’t deal with him and these very complicated emotions right now.

“Hand her over, you drive.” He slowly transfers her to me.

“I’ve never seen you so smitten.” I bite the inside of my cheek to keep my comment to myself.

“Go before someone fucking finds us standing her holding the Cosa Nostra’s unconscious daughter!” I hiss, and we start moving to the van.

Sprocket opens the side door and reaches for Genesis, but I slap his hand away. He flinches and looks at Knight with a look of worry.

“Ain’t you boy, he’s prickly tonight. Shut the door and take the passenger seat. Keep your eyes off the girl, and you might live tonight.” I sit down, dragging her as close to my chest as I can on the dirty van floor.

“Here, Prez,” Sprocket hands me a blanket, and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Figured we may need to cover her up.” He shrugs at me like it’s no big deal, to which Knight snorts.

“Good job, Sprocket. Sleep well. He’ll most likely kill you in the morning.” Knight butchers the lines from one of my favorite movies.

“Your British accent is shit,” I say as he chuckles and then slams the brakes while blowing his horn.

“FUCKING LEARN HOW TO DRIVE ASSHOLE!” So much for not drawing attention to ourselves.

“Knight, can you not get the cops to call on us?” He honks again and curses while slapping the steering wheel.

“Prez, it’s New York. If I don’t act up, then we’ll really look suspicious.

Okay, fair point. I busy myself covering Genesis with the blanket Sprocket gave me. I look at the pattern of flowers, and that’s when the strong scent of Maja perfume wafts up to my nose.

“Fuck Tool, where the hell did you take this from? It smells like my abuela’s bedroom.” Sprocket turns red and ducks his head.

Then I really look at the blanket, and my brain flips out.

“HOW THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW MY FAMILY!” It’s my fucking grandmother’s blanket and this fucker has no right to have it or know where she lives.

“She told me you’d freak out if I told you who I was.” He’s wearing a baseball cap and facing the window, so I can’t see him closely, but I start to notice the strong line of his jaw, and that’s when I see the scar.

It’s hidden pretty well in his short beard, but still noticeable.

“Who the fuck is in Europe taking your classes that I’m still paying for Raf?” I narrow my eye on my little brother.

“Raf? RAFAEL!” Knight takes his eyes off the road to glare at the man who’s been trying to prospect for a club where he’s a legacy.

“Watch out, Troy. Don’t kill us.” He drops his act and grabs the door as the van swerves.

“Don’t you Troy me! You fucking little liar. How did I not see it before?” My best friend isn’t the most observant man unless you have a nice ass but even he should have seen the resemblance.

Spector, on the other hand, I need to have a talk with. Either his background checks have gone to shit or he’s been helping my brother hide his true identity from me.

“Look, I know you’re mad, but hear me out.” Oh, this should be good.

“Abuela is sick.” Nope, I can’t fucking do this.

“Stop the van,” I growl out the order.

Genesis stirs in my arms, and I curse. I don’t have time to deal with my brother or my grandmother right now. I need to get this woman under lock and key before the entire Italian mob finds out who took her.

“Step on it. She’s already waking up. Raf, we ain’t done. Not even close.” He curses and takes off the Yankee hat he always wears.

“We’re fucking idiots,” Knight says as my younger brother tears at his hair just like I do.

Just like our father did.

The only difference between us is twelve years, and he’s got both eyes. Our mother’s clear blue ones that he’s been hiding really well with shit brown contacts.

“What gave me away?” He looks back at me now and I want to hug him more than punch him.

“The dog bite scar and Abuela’s fucking afghan that smells like our broken ass childhood.” He grins at me.

“I missed you.” I sigh ‘cause fucking same kid.

“I kept you away for a reason. You were supposed to be the best of us. I paid all that money for you to go to medical school. You’re going to be a doctor, not a killer. Dammit!” I kick the van door as Knight pulls up to the clubhouse.

“I am a doctor. Graduated early. Surprise?” I shake my head at him.

“I’m going to kick your ass. Take those fucking contacts out.” I move to my knees with Genesis starting to wake up.

“OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!” I call out and wrap my arms around the struggling woman.

She’s moaning and fighting like she’s having a nightmare. Knight pulls the van door open, and I rush out and into the open front door. I take the steps two at a time to my room and get her into my bed without too much fuss.

I turn back to close my door and find half my guys watching us.

“We aren’t a circus act. Fucking get lost.” I slam the door and lock it, tucking the key, which I keep on a chain around my neck, back into my shirt.

“Ugh.” I hear movement behind me.

“Where am I?” Genesis’s voice still sounds groggy and confused.

“Home, Preciosa.”

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Chapter Six

Genesis

That voice sounds vaguely familiar, but I can't place where I heard it before. Am I back at Alfie's house? Is it one of his men? I try to sit up, but my head spins. I grab my temples, trying to stop my brain from leaking out of my skull.

What the fuck did I drink?

I try to blink my eyes open, but they feel like sandpaper. Gritty, dry, and itchy as hell. I swallow hard, finding my throat isn't in any better condition.

"Water?" I ask the room, hoping someone who answered me before was still here, wherever they were.

"I ain't your maid. Bathroom's through there." Wait.

None of my father's men would ever dare speak to me like that. I force my eyes to lift and look around. I don't know where the fuck I am but it's not anywhere I would ever call home.

The room is dark, masculine and smells like leather, oil and patchouli. The bed I'm on is firm, covered in black satin sheets of high quality. The frame is metal, and I yelp when I see a pair of handcuffs hanging from one of the bars.

"Not into being tied down? You seemed to like the spanking idea earlier." That

comment sparks a memory.

The Halloween party!

“Zek?” I still sound just as confused as I am.

“Pirate,” he corrects me, but I shake my head.

“That was your costume.” Why are my thoughts so jumbled?

“No, that’s what you call me from now on. It’s my road name.” Okay, I’m tired of this game.

“Listen, I don’t know who you are or what you want, but my father is not going to be happy when I don’t get home, so I suggest you call me a cab and let me get going.” Silence is all that meets my ears, and I freeze, wondering if he left.

“Hello?” I try my eyes again and find it easier to open them farther now.

I glance around the room slowly and find him sitting in an armchair facing the bed. He’s mostly hidden in shadow, and all I can make out is the half of his face from eyepatch to his nose, one arm, and his leg that he’s got stretched out like he doesn’t have a care in the world.

“I don’t give a fuck about your father. You can thank him for this whole encounter.” I turn to face him, and the blanket that was around my shoulders falls to my waist.

I shiver at the way he leans into the light so I can see the way his eye tracks the movement of my body. It brings a blush to my cheeks that even though logically I’m aware that something is very fucking wrong here, on a baser level, if he ordered me to my knees I would beg for whatever he wanted to give me.

Never have I had this type of attraction to a man and it's scaring the shit out of me.

"Why?" I whimper the word, and that seems to give him a measure of satisfaction.

He licks his lips and tilts his head into the sliver of light coming from the street lights outside the windows.

"Your father isn't who he says he is." No shit asshole.

I know that better than most, but how does he? My brain is moving a little faster, and as the fog clears, I recall the evening more vividly, how we met, the kiss. The dancing and how he took me to the bathroom. The needle in my arm.

"You fucking drugged me." I look away from him to check my arm.

"Just a little sedative. Should be completely out of your system in an hour or so." He sounds so nonchalant about it.

Like he drugs and kidnaps girls at the time. I try to stand, but my legs don't seem to be working yet.

"I'd be careful. Wouldn't want you to bruise that soft, supple skin. It'll ruin the pictures I'll be taking later." I move too fast to look back towards him, and I lose consciousness.

The sound of ripping fabric brings me back to the present, and I gasp when I find Zek straddling me with a knife to my chest.

"Hold still, Preciosa, I don't want to nick you." I hold my breath as he slowly cuts my top off, leaving me in just my lace bra.

My hips buck trying to knock him off, and when I go to slap his arrogant face, my arm doesn't move.

"What the fuck?" I pull and pull, but all I feel is metal digging into my wrist, the harder I try.

"You seemed to really admire them, so consider them a wedding gift. You'll look fucking edible wearing nothing but silver on my sheets." No, no, no.

His words penetrate my mind, and a hollow pit of despair opens up in my chest.

"Alfonso wants me to marry you? Why? How are you involved with my father?" I struggle more, not believing for a second that he'd ever do this to me.

I may not be his legitimate heir, but as far as the world is concerned, I'm all he has.

"We both know that old man is not your real father." My heart stops beating.

He must see the terror in my eyes.

"Marco Santos and I have a score we need to settle. He took something from me, and now I'm taking you. Call it an eye for an eye. My family for his." The smile he shows me now is crueler than anything I've ever seen in my life.

"I barely know that man. He's no fucking father to me." I pleaded with my eyes for this madman to see reason.

"Doesn't change a thing, Preciosa. I'm still going to enjoy plundering everything he thinks is his." He punctuates his words by running the knife from my neck down to the center of my chest, where he slips the blade under my lace bra and yanks up harshly.

The fabric tears from my body, leaving my chest exposed to his greedy eye.

“Please don’t do this. I’ll do anything you want.” That seems to make him hesitate for a second, but then he grins as he drops the knife and takes the button on my jean skirt into his hand.

His arms flex, popping the veins as he pulls both hands apart, ripping the denim in half. He dangles it for a second before flinging it away without a care in the world.

And that’s when I realize it’s my life he doesn’t give one shit about. I’m a means to an end for some vendetta he has against a man who only revealed his true identity when he was ordered to. Marco never planned on me knowing he was my biological father, and as far as I know, not many people know the truth.

But this stranger knows the truth, which makes him even more dangerous than the man he wants revenge on.

“Yes, you will.”

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Chapter Seven

Pirate

The look of fear in her eyes almost makes me rethink my whole plan, but her body is begging for what I want to give her. I lean in and run my nose along her jaw to the crook of her neck, where I place a soft kiss above her collarbone.

My ears pick up the slight intake of breath she tries to hide, and I smile before I open my mouth and bite the skin hard enough to bruise. I want her to see my mark on her for the next few days so she doesn't forget who took her and why.

"Ahhh," the moan she lets slip is not from pain but pure pleasure making my cock harder than stone.

"You enjoy a little pain, don't you, Preciosa?" I whisper the words into her ear as I let my hand travel up her abdomen to grab hold of her nipple and pinch it.

She shakes her head in denial, and I cluck my tongue. I twist the nipple and pull down, making her arch her back. The move brings her core flush with my cock and I enjoy the way her heat feels against me.

"Let's agree not to lie to one another, Preciosa. You wouldn't like it if I lost my temper." She whimpers, and the sound does something to me on a primal level.

"Are you scared of me?" I move back slightly to look into her eyes.

The fear is still there, but it's slowly being swallowed by lust and fury. No, she's not scared. She's sexually frustrated and mad. I grin and lean in, kissing her lips roughly. She tries to avoid it but gives in to her body's needs with an angry whine that I eat up.

I pull up off her long enough to pull my t-shirt off one-handed.

She's sharp as hell and tries to buck me off but I'm quicker expecting her to challenge me and grab her by the throat with a little squeeze to emphasize who the fuck is in control here.

"Preciosa," the little nickname comes out in a low growl that can only be interpreted as the threat it is.

"Please don't." I surge forward, rubbing myself against her.

"I'm not going to do anything you don't beg me for. I'm going to take these cuffs off, and then you're going to be a good girl by undoing my jeans." I hold her by the neck with one hand and play with her nipple with another.

"No." Her mock bravery is sexy as hell, but it's the quivering of her bottom lip, even if she just does it out of stubbornness, that drives me to a breaking point.

I let go of her throat and grab the delicate lace panties between my fingers and tear. It gives with minimal effort, and I slowly bring the fabric up to my nose for a long inhale.

"Suit yourself," I say, putting the fabric in my pocket and climbing off the bed.

I look over her body on full display to me before turning my back on her.

I walk over to the door and take the key off my neck to unlock it. I open it slightly

and find Knight standing guard. He arches an eyebrow at me, and I wink at him so he knows to follow along.

“She’s not following directions very well. Get the men ready to teach her a lesson.” Knight rolls his eyes at me but catches on quickly.

“Not sure I’ll need anyone to help. Let me have a go at her.” He pushes the door open wider as if he’s going to enter.

Knight’s huge frame fills the doorway, but he makes no move to look inside.

“NO!” Genesis screams from the bed, and I place my hand on Knight’s back, acting like I’m stopping him.

“That’s not a word I ever want to hear from you, Preciosa. Knight, here is the perfect man to break you in and teach you the rules.” I watch her closely as her eyes go from me to Knight, and she shrinks in on herself.

“Don’t, please. I’ll do it.” I shove my best friend and slam the door to relock it, but I don’t miss his laughter in the hall.

Asshole.

I kick off my boots and undo the button on my jeans as I walk back to the bed. Terror is coming off her in waves, making me feel like utter shit but I don’t let it show.

I wanted her to be scared of me. I just didn’t expect it to affect me like it is. I shake it off and climb up on the mattress, stopping with my face hovering right over her core.

“Open your legs.” Her body is shaking, and as I glance up at her face, I watch in horror as a tear falls down her cheek.

“Now, Preciosa, or I’ll let my men in.” She hesitates for a moment and then lets her one leg move to the side.

“I... can’t. Don’t hurt me.” The way she phrased that doesn’t sit well with me, but I’m here to play a part, so I grin at her as I lower my face.

“Of course I’m going to hurt you and you’re going to fucking thank me for it.” I lick her core, savoring her flavor on my tongue.

My eyes close as I struggle to keep my actions slow. I do not want to rush this. I push my nose into her clit as I tongue her opening in lazy circles. Her hips buck, and I move my hands to pin her hips to the bed.

I move my mouth up to her clit and suck it roughly, slowly opening my eyes to look up at Genesis. Her mascara is running and leaving tracks down her reddened cheeks. Her chest is heaving as she breathes through her open mouth. But it’s her eyes that tell me what’s really happening in her head.

They tell me a story of confusion, pleasure, betrayal, and hurt.

She’s enjoying what I’m doing to her, confused about why, and hurt that her body is betraying her in such a manner. I growl vibrating her core as I pinch her clit in between my teeth.

She whimpers and tries to pull her arms away from where they’re still locked to my headboard.

“Please,” she begs and groans at the way my body fills with satisfaction.

“Please what, Preciosa?” I lick her core a few more times before sitting back on my thighs to lower my zipper.

“Please stop. I’m a virgin.” No, no way.

I let the grin on my face spread as I take off my jeans and stroke my cock. Her eyes catch on my Prince Albert piercing and then widen when she sees the Jacob’s ladder.

All six bars.

“Oh, Preciosa, then this is gonna hurt.” I place the head of my cock to her soaked entrance and hold her hips firmly so she can’t move away and surge my hips forward, sheathing myself in one long firm stroke.

“Fuck,” I groan at her tightness and warmth.

I stare down at where we’re joined and pull my cock out slowly to see a streak of red blood on my shaft. That color fills my vision and takes over my mind.

I made her bleed. She’s mine now.

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Chapter Eight

Genesis

Zek moves, and the pain that first lanced through me starts to morph. I watch his face as his eyes close and his lips part on a groan.

“FUCK,” he curses as he leans into the movement of his hips.

My eyes fall to my pussy where I see the trail of blood on his dick. All that metal, at first, felt like it would tear me apart, but now it’s less cold and foreign, making my body want to move along with his.

My head shakes as I try to refuse the sensation that I know will cause an orgasm that will steal my common sense. I’m not supposed to be enjoying this. I shouldn’t be feeling any pleasure at all!

“Go ahead, Preciosa. Fight it all you want. The more you resist the harder you’ll cum and I very much want to see you fall apart on my cock.” He reaches over to the nightstand, grabs his phone, and starts taking pictures.

“NO!” I gasp when his earlier words come back to me.

“Oh yes. I don’t want my claim on you questioned.” I shift my hips, but that just deepens his angle, and he drops the phone so he can adjust my hips higher on his thighs, opening me up and finally letting him bottom out to the point of pain.

“That’s it. Little Miss Virgin isn’t on birth control, is she? ‘Cause I’m going to fill you up. You’ll be married and bred, making you completely and utterly mine.” My eyes widen at his words.

He licks his thumb and pushes it into my clit while pressing me down hard into the mattress where he grinds his hips touching parts of me that I didn’t know existed. He stares into my eyes while he works me over, not letting me escape his orbit.

It’s intimate on a level we shouldn’t be capable of.

“NO,” I hiss as I feel the orgasm he’s forcing on me.

His grin grows as my thighs start to shake. He widens his thighs dropping his angle to roughly jab into me in short swift bursts, making sure to hit the end of me with that damn ring on the head of his cock. The barbells on the shaft rub against my G-spot constantly, making it impossible to escape the orgasm that crashes through my body.

“YES!” he calls out triumphantly as I spasm around him.

Then he loosens his hold on me and lets his hips glide in a nice, smooth motion. Out to the tip and back in balls deep. Over and over until I lose control and cum again in a huge burst of liquid that mortifies and satisfies on such a deep level that I want to burn a hole into the mattress to hide from the look of pure pride on his face.

“Preciosa, you’re a squirter. Mmm, that is a delicious surprise. What else is your body hiding from me? Trust me, I’m going to find out all your secrets.” He slows down and lies on my body fully so that he can feel as much of my skin against his as possible.

He reaches down and grabs my thighs, pulling them up and over his hips. Gently holding my legs by the back of the knees, he places my legs on his shoulders. He

kisses my knees and then turns those lips on mine.

I resist at first until he bites my lower lip and growls.

“Give me your mouth.” I close my eyes and stop moving.

“No, look at me. I want you to see the moment I cum in you. I don’t want you to ever doubt my claim on this pussy.” My eyes fly open, and he lowers his lips to mine.

He kisses me slowly as he works our bodies into a frenzy again. He never changes his tempo this time. He keeps his rhythm perfect, and when I fall over the edge again, the only tell I have that he follows me is the slight twitch and wetness I feel escaping me.

His hips slow, and he drops my legs next to my ears, pinning them to the mattress. I struggle to breathe in this position but he seems more interested in my pussy.

“Look at that. Fucking sexy,” he pulls his cock out of me slowly and I watch in horror as our fluids drip to the bed.

“Don’t fucking move. We’re going to keep as much as possible inside this pretty little cunt.” He gathers as much as he can on his fingers and pushes it back into me.

“You’re going to cum one more time.” He licks his lips as he starts to rub my clit as he pushes his cum back in me.

“No, I can’t,” I say, feeling drained and sore, but my body didn’t seem to get the memo.

“Preciosa, you’re going to learn really quickly that I don’t give a fuck what you want. You’ll take what I give you, when I give it and soon you’ll learn to fucking love it. Now open up that womb and take my seed.” This man was insane.

“I have an IUD.” The words leave my lips out of spite.

“Is that so?” His fingers shift and deepen the feeling around my walls, and I gasp when his face lights up.

“Take a deep breath.” He moves his hand to my lower belly and pushes down as he pulls the strings I’m sure he has pinned in his fingers.

“AAHHH!” I scream in pain.

“Shhh, Preciosa. All done.” I glare at him.

I watch the small plastic T-shaped device now dangling from his fingers. He looks smug and I promise myself right there and then that at the first opportunity I get, I’d rip that metal ring on the end of his cock clean off as pay back.

“Does it hurt terribly?” He drops my IUD on the bed like it was never important.

“You’re fucking crazy! Of course, it hurts. Everything you’ve done to me does.” He purses his lips and lowers his head to my exposed pussy.

“Let me kiss it better.”

Chapter Nine

Pirate

“I ’m bleeding!” I smile at the sound of outrage in her voice.

“A little blood has never stopped me from getting what I want.” And right now that’s her womb filled with my cum.

“Get off me!” She bucks her hips and I push her legs down around her head and latch on to her clit.

“Forced orgasms are my favorite, Preciosa. You’re only feeding my kink. So please do keep fighting me. I’ve got all the time in the world today.” I lick, suck, bite and twist the bundle of nerves until she cums twice on my lips.

“We’ll explore that squirting ability later. I’ll let you rest for now. Oh, wait! One more thing.” I pick up my phone and snap a photo of her thoroughly used snatch, saving it to a private folder.

“Your father will want proof. You know how old school those Italians are. Smile,” I snap one more for myself of her shocked face, fully naked and rosy pink from all the orgasms I gave her.

“I hate you.” I nod as I grab my jeans and pull them up my legs.

“They say it’s a thin line between love and hate. I hope you have outstanding balance.

Wouldn't want you to fall on the wrong side." I lean in and kiss her forehead.

I pull the blanket down and cover her body.

"Now I'm going to let my VP in, so behave and keep yourself covered. Anyone sees you naked but me will die and you'll be chained to that bed with a fucking machine in your cunt for days as punishment. Do we understand each other?" I open the door and step into the hall, waiting a second before closing the door.

I hear a sob escape her, and I close the door.

"That sounded like it went to plan." I glance over at Knight, who's sitting on the floor smoking a joint.

"Good enough for you to need a smoke?" I raise my eyebrow, and he chuckles, adjusting his junk.

"Damn Zek, did you forget you weren't supposed to enjoy her?" I rub my hand over my hair.

"I just stole her virginity, Troy." He curses as he stands to look down at me.

"How? She's in college for Christ's sake." I nod and let out one long breath.

"Dammit Zek, that makes her your old lady now." I nod and look away from him.

"Good thing the plan was to marry her, huh?" I slap his shoulder and start to walk down to the spare room to shower.

"Yeah, marry her. Keeping her was never part of the plan." He follows behind me as I walk into the bathroom and start the shower.

“Here. I need you to uncuff her and then have some food brought up.” I hand him the key to my room, and he takes it carefully like I’m passing him a bomb.

“Why didn’t you do it? Afraid you might want to cuddle?” When I don’t meet his eyes, he curses and turns away from me.

“You’re fucked man. How did you manage to get pussy whipped in less than twenty-four hours?” He lets out a humorless laugh as he leaves me standing in the bathroom, wondering the same exact thing.

What is it they say about being careful what you wish for?

You might get it.

Knight

I knock as I unlock the door and avert my eyes, ‘cause of the mood Zek was in, she may be lying naked, and I really don’t want to die today.

“Hi, I’m Knight. Prez asked me to uncuff and feed you. Are you decent?” I walk in sideways, closing and locking the door, waiting for her to answer.

“What do you care? Weren’t you going to come in her and rape me too?” I cringe at her use of that word.

“Is that what happened?” I replayed the screaming I heard coming from under the door while I kept watch in the hallway.

“I’m handcuffed to a bed and naked, all thanks to a man who kidnapped me to get back at a man who doesn’t care if I exist. I’ve been lied to, used, threatened, and my virginity robbed! What else would you call this?” I nod at her point.

“All valid points except for one. You never called out for help or told him to stop. In fact, I heard you begging for more. He would have you know. Prez would never rape anyone.” She sniffs hard, and I chance a glance in her direction.

Thank God she’s covered by a sheet.

“Semantics. I’m not here of my own free will, and he didn’t seem like the word ‘no’ would be accepted.” I walk over and keep my eyes on her hands in case the sheet slips past her chest.

“Why do you keep calling him Prez? I thought his name was Pirate.” I unlock one cuff and have to stop to stare at her.

Is she serious?

“He didn’t tell you who he is?” That does not seem like something Zek would do.

“No he skipped to ripping open my hymen with all the metal on his dick.” I cough back a laugh and finish taking the cuffs off her wrists.

“There, what would you like to eat?” She grabs the sheet and moves to the other side of the bed as far from me as she can get.

“Not hungry and don’t avoid my question.” I sigh and pinch the bridge of my nose.

Fucking Zek.

“Pirate is the President of the Saint’s Outlaws Motorcycle Club. I’m his Vice President.” I turn so she can see my cut.

Two things happen in quick succession.

One, Genesis turns into a banshee, and two, I realize my mistake. I should never have turned my back on her. She comes at me with the lamp off the side table and whacks me over the head with all the strength she can muster.

The glass shatters on my skull and shards of glass rain down around my shoulders, but I don't even flinch. She falls back on the bed in shock. I catch a glimpse of her nipple and curse, covering my eyes with my hand.

"COVER UP, WOMAN!" I snap at her.

She moves and then hisses. Before I can ask her what's wrong, banging comes from the locked door.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO MY WOMAN!" Aw shit.

I go over to the door and unlock it before he gets any ideas.

"Prez, she attacked me with the lamp," I start to explain, but his eyes track movement behind me, and my blood runs cold.

"Knight, why is my old lady bleeding?" What?

I turn around and find Genesis on the bed pulling a piece of glass out of her leg.

I'm so dead.

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Chapter Ten

Genesis

I ignore the men standing in the doorway and pull another shard of glass from my skin and drop it on the floor. The sheets were black, thank God, otherwise I'm sure the bed would look like a crime scene.

"Get a broom and the food. I'll handle her." The way he hisses that word makes me look up at him.

"Her?" The door closes and locks from the outside, closing us in together.

"You're going to be more trouble than you're worth, aren't you?" I'm starting to see why Marco took his eye.

I have the irrational thought of scratching the one he has left right out of his stupid fucking head.

"I never asked to be here. You took me. So if you failed to do your research and learn that I don't follow orders from any man nor do I give a shit about my sperm donor that's your fucking fault!" I stand and regret it, admittedly.

In my anger, I forgot about the glass, and my heels scream at me.

"¿Maldita sea mujer, cuidado!" Zek rushes over to me and lifts me into his arms before sitting in the chair I first saw him in when I woke up in this nightmare.

He curls me into his lap and takes one of my feet into his hands.

He examines it quietly, moving it so that his eye can inspect the damage. I stare at his face, trying to read him. He's holding me so gently and treating me with such tenderness that I want to forget how I got here. But I can't.

"Do you have multiple personalities?" The question leaves my lips before my brain can stop it.

"That's not one of the mental issues my shrink informed me of," he says the words so blandly that I snort.

"Might be worth a second opinion." His eye flips up to look at me instead of my foot.

He doesn't get to answer before the door reopens, and Knight walks in with two others holding a broom and clean sheets to remake the bed.

"Flathead, grab a pair of tweezers from the med kit." The shorter of the two places the sheets on a side table and runs out the room like his ass was on fire.

"If that's the kind of blind loyalty you want, you take the cake, woman." Knight whistles as he hands the key to the door back to Zek.

"Careful," he hisses at me before pinching my chin to force me to look at him.

"I like a little fight in my woman but too much will get you punished and I doubt you want my men seeing your ass spanked raw tonight. Especially since I can feel my cum dripping onto my thigh. I thought I told you to keep it in. I'll have to plug you next time." The man sweeping the floor chuckles, and Knight waits patiently for Zek to take the key from him.

“So you’ll spank me in front of your little gang of bikers, but you’ll also kill them if they see me naked? You’re a gentleman chauvinistic pig. Fuck you!” I spit the words in his face.

“Sprocket, you done laughing?” Zek calls out.

“Yeah, Prez.” Zek grunts and turns my head to look at the other men.

“She remind you of anyone?” The guy with the broom tilts his head and narrows his eyes.

“She sounds like abuela.” He shrugs his shoulders and finishes cleaning up the glass before exiting the room.

The short one returns out of breath, handing over the tweezers before starting to change the sheets. Zek takes the key and places the chain back around his neck.

“Food?” Knight says, what did he call him?

Flathead? He flees the room.

“Any allergies, Preciosa?” I roll my eyes and look away.

“No,” I snatch the tweezers away from him and start working on the glass shards that sting my foot.

“Get out.” I see Knight move, but ignore it.

Zek stands suddenly and dumps me on the bed. I huff and fling my hair out of my face to glare at his back. He locks the door and then turns to face me.

“If you’re going to act like a spoiled princess, then that’s how I’ll treat you. I’ll lock you up in a tower and not let you out. You can spend the rest of your days praying for a prince to come rescue you.” I look away and pull my foot up to continue taking the glass out.

“Or?” I don’t bother to look up when I sense him getting closer.

“No or. I rather like that idea. Locked up, naked, and ready to be used however I see fit.” I lunge, my temper getting the best of me.

I go for his good eye and have the sharp edge of the tweezers mere inches from the orb when he turns his face away and grabs my wrist.

“Now, now. Play nice, Preciosa. You’ll have people saying we aren’t the perfectly loving couple that just announced their engagement in the New York Times.” I shake my head at him.

“You’re insane.” He smiles and pulls the tweezers from my grip.

“I’m thorough. A woman of your status would never just elope. So, when we walk out of the courthouse tomorrow, married, no one will question our undying love for one another, since we just couldn’t bear to wait for the spring wedding our families had planned. You being pregnant and all.” My eyes bulge out.

“No one will believe that.” He snorts and sits on the edge of the bed, taking my feet into his lap, and I’m so lost in his craziness that I don’t even fight him.

“Everyone believes what they see online, and baby, we’re trending.” He shows me his phone and the popular social media headline under a picture of us in what looks like an intimate, loving embrace.

I recognize the couch from the party last night. All that I can dismiss, but the words in the caption are what seals my fucking fate to this asshole, and from the look on his smug face he knows it.

“New Badboy Beau for Genesis Torrelli after leaving Councilman De Luca at the altar.”

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Chapter Eleven

Pirate

“ Y ou’re trying to get me killed. Do you know what Nicolas De Luca’s people will do when they see this?” She shoves my phone out of her face, and I shrug, returning it to my back pocket.

“Start a war, hopefully. Otherwise, I didn’t do my job right.” I smile and sit back in my chair, wishing I had a good scotch and cigar to celebrate the victory I see in the plastered on her devastated face.

She’s trapped and she knows it.

“I took the liberty of buying our rings. I do hope you like them.” She frowns but can’t help the instinct to look around for the mentioned items.

“Side table drawer.” I point to my side of the bed, and she huffs as she pulls it open with more than enough force to rock the furniture slightly.

She grabs the velvet black bag instead of the box, and I grin.

This should be good.

“Why is it so heavy, AH!” She jumps back as the stainless steel butt plug with a jeweled end drops to the floor at her feet.

“Whoops, wrong one, Preciosa. That’s for the honeymoon. Try the box.” She bends over, picks up the sex toy, and hurls it at my head.

I don’t flinch, letting it sail right past my head and lodge itself into the wall. I purse my lips at the horrible dry wall job, but thank Christ that my soon-to-be wife’s aim is horrible.

“Well, you won’t be playing for the Yankees any time soon.” I turn back to see her holding the ring box open with a dumbfounded look on her face.

“Is this a cruel joke?” A tear falls from her cheek, and I’m on my feet in an instant.

“What’s wrong?” The words feel foreign on my tongue and my mind spins to why I even fucking care that she’s so upset.

But I do care, and that is something I need to sit and think on when I’m alone.

“Where did you get this set?” she screams in my face.

“Fuck if I know. Knight picked them out. What the hell is your fucking problem? Why do you care where they came from?” I narrow my eyes at her as she sniffles and snaps the lid on the box closed before shoving the jewelry box into my chest, making me take a step back from the force.

“Those are my mother’s rings, or at least a replica of them, and don’t act like you had no clue.” I shake my head, and the first words out of my mouth are the goddamn truth.

“I don’t even know who the fuck your mother is. You really aren’t that special. Just a means to an end. The sooner you figure that out, the better.” My door opens, and Knight walks in holding a tray full of food.

“Eat something. I’ll be back later.” I walk into the hall and wait for Knight to follow.

“You can’t just lock me in here!” she screams, and my headache from wearing my eyepatch intensifies.

“Watch me.” I slam the door and lock it while she wails behind the steel frame.

“Wow,” Knight says, and I nod, rubbing my temples.

“I think she might really hate you. Good job, Prez.” I groan and walk down to my office with him on my heels.

“That was all your fault, you know.” I don’t bother to check if he’s still there.

I can tell by the sound of his steps. They’re as unique as fingerprints to me. Everyone walks differently. You just need to listen to hear it.

“I think Spector got them from the bank robbery we did a few months ago. They were in the box Torreli had there.” Ah fuck, then she was right.

“Shit,” I sit down at my desk and take my patch off with a heavy sigh.

“Zek?” I don’t like the worried tone in his voice.

“Troy, I’m fine. Just don’t like being ambushed. Those are her mom’s rings. I wasn’t prepared for the emotional blow. I want to fuck with her head but even that was low. How did her mom die?” I may make it a point to only know the bare minimum.

I didn’t want to form any form of permanent attachment. Guess that ship sailed.

“I’ll get you Spector’s full report.” He pulls the newspaper from under his arm like a

butler.

“Thanks, Alfred.” He snorts at my wise-ass comment, but I smile when I find a bodega kaiser tucked in between the folded paper.

“Ah, you do love me. Bacon, egg, and cheese?” I look up at him, and he flips me off.

“Like I’d fuck that up after twenty years of buying them for you. No salt, you gotta enough things to bring your blood pressure up around here.” As if on cue, a loud bang sounds from upstairs.

“Are we under attack?” Cyclone yells from the main garage, and I groan.

“Never a moment’s peace around here.” I regret the words as soon as I say them.

“Wait until the baby is born. Then you’ll never sleep. Later!” Knight calls over his shoulder, leaving to make sure our little empire is moving towards our primary goal.

The complete and utter destruction of Marco Santos’ life.

Step one: Erase his family line and replace it with my own.

Step two: Turn his only child against him.

Step three: Don’t fall in love with her in the process.

It was that last part I was starting to have doubts about. Genesis wasn’t anything like I thought she’d be. She’s got a way of sneaking under my armor without even trying.

Another loud bang crashes above my head, actually causing some plaster dust to fall on it. As I’m shaking off my hair, the fire alarm goes off!

“THAT CRAZY BITCH SET THE SHOP ON FIRE.” Spector screams out as he passes my door, loading his gun.

“AH FUCK.”

Guess it’s time she meets her new family. I just hope she’s put on clothes before Spector bursts into my room. I’d hate to lose such a valued member of my club.

Plus, how would I explain that to my Tia on Sunday?

Chapter Twelve

Genesis

I rummaged through his drawers and put on a pair of boxers that I had to roll up to stay on my hips and a wife-beater that basically only covered my nipples. I used a rubber band to tie my hair up in a bun and grabbed all his hair products off the bathroom counter.

“Thank fuck he’s a metrosexual type of guy.” I grinned like the manic I was acting like as I pulled the microwave off the counter in the kitchenette and placed it on the chair by the door.

I plugged it in, opened the door, put the cans of hairspray and shaving cream inside, and set the timer for two minutes.

I had already flipped the bed, so I rushed behind it for cover, scrunched down in the furthest corner of the room, covered my ears, and waited.

The explosion was louder than I expected, and the mattress tilting back and falling on me was a shock. The heavy thing trapped me, causing difficulty breathing, and no matter how much I pushed, I can’t move it from my current position.

A fire alarm starts to ring, followed by shouting.

I coughed and wheezed, trying to breathe as I started to feel crushed under the heavy memory foam. I struggle harder as the voices grow closer. I did all this so I could

escape, not trap myself, but the more I move, the harder it gets to breathe.

“GENESIS!” I try to turn my head, but can’t manage it.

“Help,” I can barely hear my own plea, so I know whoever is calling out can’t.

“What the fuck happened in here?” A strange, deep, angry voice yells out, followed by a spraying noise.

“Grab that side, Knight.” That voice I do recognize, and it sounds worried.

The mattress is lifted off me, and I can finally get a lungful of air that I desperately need.

“What the fuck were you thinking!” Zek grabs me by the shoulders and shakes me.

“That death was better than being forced to marry you!” I choke the words out between coughs, and all the activity in the room seems to stop so that the men can all look at me.

“Pirate?” Knight checks in with his friend, who is staring at me like he’s going to have an aneurysm.

The vein above the eye patch is throbbing, and if he grinds his teeth any harder, they’ll all crack. His lip is curled like he wants to talk, but is biting back the words while his fingers dig into my skin painfully.

“PADRé!” The word flies out of his mouth so abruptly that everyone jumps.

“Yeah, Prez?” A young man walks up to us wearing a clerical collar, and I frown.

“You have a priest in your club?” Someone near me snorts while another hisses another his breath.

“He’s our Chaplain. Don’t we deserve to have our sins heard?” Knight slaps the poor boy so hard between his shoulders that he almost face plants.

“Did they kidnap you, too?” I reach out to help him stand up straight, but Zek pulls me back and into his arms with a growl.

“He volunteered.” I glance over my shoulder at his words.

I’m staring into his good eye, which is looking at his Chaplain harshly.

“The fuck I did!” Padre curses at Zek before turning to me with a boyish little grin that ain’t fooling anyone in this room.

“Yes, I was. Dragged out of my nice warm bed in the middle of the night before I could finish school and take my vows.” He crosses himself and kisses his fingers as the room erupts into various forms of laughter.

“That bed was in the nunnery, Padre.” Knight crosses his arms while he watches on from his lean on the wall.

“As I remember it, you were so drunk that you were trying to marry one of the poor sisters so the act you’d performed wouldn’t land you both in hell. Or so you were saying when I pulled you out of the window so the Archbishop wouldn’t see you, and I believe the term on your expulsion papers was ‘excommunicated.’” Zek says, causing Padre to shrug.

“I may have been drafted.” How did I end up in this mess?

“Marry us,” Zek says abruptly, causing another bout of silence.

“Um, Prez. That shit’s permanent.” Padre leans in to whisper.

“The Catholic church has recognized divorce for ages!” I protest as I try in vain to dislodge myself from Zek.

“Mujer, you almost blew yourself up trying to escape me. That shit stops now.” He turns me so I have nowhere to look but at his face.

We’re both breathing hard as Padre clears his voice.

“Actually, that’s a common misconception. The Catholic Church does not, in fact, recognize divorce. Well, not in the sense of dissolving a valid marriage. It teaches that the Sacrament of Marriage is a lifelong commitment, therefore making divorce a big fat fucking no. So again I say, are you sure ’cause this shit is soul deep permanent.” I see his head moving back and forth between us, but neither of us looks his way.

We’re both way too busy in this battle of wills to blink, let alone look away.

“Do it,” Zek grits out.

“Dearly beloved,” he starts, and someone slams something, making me jump, finally breaking off the stare.

“You might want to read this first.” A tall bald man slaps a folder on the counter I got the microwave off of.

That’s when I noticed the destruction I had caused in the room. I covered my mouth as I surveyed the room. Zek moved to see what had been brought in, but didn’t let go

of me for a moment.

The death grip he has on me is both comforting and annoying at the same time.

“This changes things,” the bald guy says.

“Nah, this makes it even sweeter.” Zek sounds excited, and that sends a chill down my spine.

“That paperwork is about me, isn’t it?” His grin doesn’t budge when he turns back to me.

“Sure fucking does and it’ll only cost you two words to find out how.” I narrow my eyes at him.

“Fuck you?” He chuckles with a nod.

“Close, I do.” He nods at Padre, who starts the classic wedding speech all over again.

“Dearly beloved...”

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Chapter Thirteen

Pirate

“Do you, Ezekiel Maldonado, take...What’s your name, sweetheart?” I roll my eyes at my cousin.

“I do. Stop flirting with my wife.” I hiss at him.

“She ain’t shit until I sign off on it. So stop interrupting me.” If he weren’t family, I’d shoot him right now.

Sad part is I’d miss the asshole.

“I’m not giving you shit,” Genesis smiles smugly like that will stop this from happening.

“Genesis Rose Santos,” Spector supplies from where he’s glaring at the whole scene.

His disapproval of my plan is dripping off him in waves.

“A Spanish Rose in Harlem.” Flip smiles as he taps the paperwork he brought in a moment ago.

“Do you, Genesis Rose Santos, take Ezekiel as your wedded husband. To have and to hold, through sickness and health, for richer or poorer, as long as you both shall live?” I watch Genesis’s face closely.

“No,” she smiles sweetly at me.

I lean in and whisper in her ear so that my men can’t hear what I have to say.

“Alfonso put a hit out on you. I’m the only chance you’ve got, Preciosa. I’d rethink that answer.” I pull back and take her hands in mine.

I wait as everyone watches us. Her face turns red and then loses all color. She glances at the folder on the counter and then back at me. I nod so she knows I’m completely serious.

“I do.” I pull her into my arms and kiss her without prompting.

Victory has never tasted as sweet as my wife’s lips.

“You may kiss your bride. I’ll fill out the paperwork in the morning.” Padre sounds bored but I could give two shits.

“Should I get you another room since the honeymoon suite needs to be gutted?” Knight asks as he kicks the microwave she used to blow the door off the hinges out of his way.

I pull away from Genesis, leaving her breathless.

“I think I should go visit my father-in-law. We have a lot to talk about. How about we spend the night downtown? Book us into The Carlyle.” Those words seem to snap Genesis out of her stupor.

“You can’t afford that place!” I smirk as I turn to Flip.

“The Empire Suite?” Flip asks as he pulls out his phone and starts typing.

“Yes, let them know I want my usual.” I’m enjoying the look on her face entirely too much.

“Did you think because I’m a biker that I couldn’t afford to keep my wife in the lap of luxury that she’s accustomed to?” I cross my arms on my chest as she looks around and swallows hard.

“Well, yes! This place is nice, but it ain’t a corner penthouse on Central Park West. And it’s definitely not my father’s mansion in the Hamptons.” My eyebrow raises at that little tidbit.

I glance at Spector, who nods. He didn’t miss it either. Good.

“Preciosa, just because I didn’t forget my roots like some people don’t mean that I haven’t done well for myself. I just don’t feel the need to flaunt it like some do. Now, this is our honeymoon so I’ll splurge a little, but don’t get it fucked up. Starting tomorrow, you’re going to be working just as hard for your status in this club. You are my old lady now after all.” The room fills with whistles and cheering.

“But how?” She genuinely looks confused, so I turn to Flip.

“Care to explain our day-to-day business?” His face lights up.

Nothing makes this man happier than talking about money to anyone who will listen. It was one of the reasons I wanted him in my club so badly.

He loves money more than anything except maybe his mother, but that’s a very close call.

“The club’s stock portfolio is very lucrative. We got into some very high-yield funds that have made the club very profitable.” It still amazes me how he can say so much

with so little.

“I have no idea what you just said,” Genesis sounds bored and ready to go to sleep.

“Flip is our money man,” Knight says proudly.

“Let me guess, Flip, because of your ability to turn over a dollar?” I snort but keep my lips sealed.

“Ugh, no. Although I may steal that explanation.” Flip pulls out a bandana and wipes the sweat off his bald head.

“Well? Someone tell me.” She starts tapping her foot on the floor as everyone goes about cleaning up her fucking mess.

“He tried to rob me when we first met. So I flipped him upside down and left him like that for a few days. Until he admitted how he did it.” I smile at the memory.

“You begged me to stay!” Flip says as the room chuckles.

“I blackmailed you, and don’t act like I haven’t made you a small fortune.” He straightens his cut and grins.

“So he’s the money man. That’s your right-hand man, and he’s in charge of your souls?” She points from Flip to Knight and then finally to Padré.

“So who the fuck are you?” Her finger lands on Spector, who’s still looking at all of us with a disapproving frown.

“Spector and none of your business.” He turns and exits, leaving us all staring at the now-empty doorway.

“He’s warm and fuzzy.” I turn ready to get the fuck away from my club.

“Wait until you meet Ares,” I comment more to myself than anyone else, but we seem to be the source of all the humor in the clubhouse tonight, and I’m over it.

“Are we set, Flip?” He nods at me, and I walk over to the closet and sigh.

Everything is covered in foam from the fire extinguisher.

“We’ll need to go shopping. Get this place cleaned up while we’re gone and order a new mattress set. Let’s go.” I take Genesis’s hand, and she hesitates.

“If I have to repeat myself, the spanking you’ve earned will be ten times worse.” I hiss into her ear.

“Great, you’re going to start our marriage off by hitting me?” I’m over this shit.

I flip her over my shoulder and slap her ass hard.

“Yes, and you’re fucking going to love it.”

Chapter Fourteen

Genesis

I 'm fucking fuming as he dumps me back on my feet next to his Harley and carefully, hell, gently caresses my cheek while he places a helmet on my head.

It's the look of pride and joy on his face that makes me spit in it. He wipes it off and looks at it before returning that one alluring chocolate brown eye to me.

“Preciosa, I'll tolerate a certain level of disrespect from you because I know this isn't something you ever wanted. But if you ever spit on anything other than my cock again you won't be able to sit for a week. Are we clear?” What is it with this man and spanking?

“Is that going to be my punishment from now on? The little wife misbehaved so I'll spank her ass like she's a child?” I glare at him.

“Who said anything about spanking you? No, I'll fuck your ass raw with only spit for lube. Now let's roll. Hang on tight.” He drags me onto the back of his bike as if I were a human backpack and makes sure that my arms are secure around his waist.

“What does that mean?” I freak out as the machine starts to rumble under my ass.

“You've never ridden?” He looks over his shoulder at me in disbelief.

“NO! And I'm not exactly dressed for this.” I look at my legs and bare feet.

“Fuck.” He turns off the bike and helps me off the Harley, then thinks better of it and lifts me into his arms as he stomps his way over to a pickup truck.

“Get in.” He opens the door and plops me on the seat before closing the door to get into the driver’s seat.

I cross my arms over my chest to help hide my hard nipples. It’s not exactly warm outside now that the sun has set. He pulls out onto the street and then heads downtown. I don’t look at him and use the passing streets to calm my mind. It’s a familiar landscape that soothes me, and before I know it, we’re pulling into a private parking lot that he should not know about.

“They won’t let you in,” I warn as he stops at the guard booth.

“Why not? I have you here.” He says it matter-of-factly as he lowers the window to address the mercenaries my father uses as his personal security.

“You can’t... Ms. Torreli! Your father has been frantic.” He steps back and talks into the radio on his shoulder.

“Please let Mr. Torreli know Mrs. Maldonado and I have arrived to collect her things.” I stare at Zek as he says the words that would get any man killed.

Yet he seems calm, collected, without a care in the world for his own life. It’s fucking sexy and it shouldn’t be. This man is a lunatic, and if I play my cards right, I won’t have to find a way out of this unwanted marriage, ‘cause I’ll be a widow before dawn.

Why does that make my chest feel so heavy?

“Name?” The guard hisses, not taking his eyes off me.

One single tear, or even a hint that I'm in distress, and he'll shoot Zek between the eyes. Instead, I shake my head and sit back, keeping myself hidden as much as possible so they don't question my state of dress. Or lack thereof.

"Pirate." That one word makes the guards perk up and mutter.

I watch them in fascination. What on earth could Zek have done to warrant that reaction from a bunch of assassins for hire? I look him over a little more carefully and can't fathom what it is.

"Behave, Preciosa. It would be impolite for me to fuck you in front of all your father's men because you won't stop eye fucking me." I choke on air, and he reaches over and rubs my back while I cough.

"Do you need an escort, ma'am?" I shake my head as I clear my throat.

"She's good." Zek rolls the window up in his face and pulls into the garage.

"You have a death wish." I'm finally able to say that as he parks the car by my father's private elevator.

"Nah, not tonight. Ask me again in the morning." He gets out of the truck while I ponder that thought.

"Let's go, Preciosa. I can see how cold you are." He takes me back into his arms, and I don't feel the need to fight him on it.

Am I getting used to this? Dare I say, I like him?

"Only because I don't have shoes," I argue more with myself than with him, but he still answers with a sweet kiss to my temple.

“Mmhm.” We reach the elevator, and I reach out to push the button so he doesn’t have to struggle.

HOLY SHIT. I do like this. FUCK!

I don’t say a word the whole way up to the penthouse. Forty-seven floors of silence that I’m itching to fill. There is so much I want to ask, but I don’t because that would show interest, and I refuse. These confusing feelings are tearing me apart, and as soon as the doors open, I practically leap out of his arms and run into the main foyer.

“ALFIE!” I yell out, looking around for him, staff, anyone that might have a gun to point at my new husband, so I can get the hell away from him.

Zek must read right through me because he chuckles at my attempt like it’s fruitless.

“Preciosa, you can’t run from me.” I turn on him to yell for him to fuck off but the words die on my tongue.

He’s standing on my father’s imported Italian marble floors in his shitkickers, jeans, and gray T-shirt. The leather vest proudly displays who and what he is, with that damn eye patch that must be real since he never takes it off. I wanted to ask him to show me, but something deep down inside was telling me that would be my undoing.

That’s when this massive mistake in my life will become permanent. As long as I can resist it, I can come home and pick up my life right where I left it. Somehow, Zek can see right through me or, at the very least, can tell what I’m thinking because he just grins and shakes his head.

“Nah, not even then. Isn’t that right, Alfonso?” I spin and find the man I’ve always known as my father staring at us.

“Chikita,” I rush into his open arms, and tears immediately start to fall.

“So, it is true. You stole my daughter in the night like a bastard, then brought her home like this? You really are Zacarías’ son.” I’ve heard my father angry numerous times, but the rage coming off him now scares me more than when he’s cursing and killing.

“Watch your tone and never mention my father again. She will be cared for.” I close my eyes when I feel Alfie sigh.

“So that’s it?” I whispered just for him.

“I wish I could change this for you, but I can not. To the famiglia, marriage is soul deep. But if he dies, he dies.” I look over to Zek and see him standing without a care in the world after being threatened by the head of the Cosa Nostra.

“I’ll sleep just fine next to my wife, knowing that when I die, it won’t be on your orders. This was a curiosity. My vendetta was never with you, nor will it cause her any harm. Genesis, go get whatever you want to take. You won’t be returning here.” I turn my back on Zek to plead with Alfie, but as soon as I see the sorrow in his eyes, I don’t bother.

“Do as your husband says.” He kisses my forehead like he’s done countless times, but somehow, this one is different.

It’s the last, and my heart breaks knowing it.

Chapter Fifteen

Pirate

Genesis walks away with her head down and I can't stand the sound of her sniffing while I stare her adopted father down.

"You made my daughter cry." I tilt my head slightly in acknowledgement of my actions.

"Won't be the last time, I'm sure. I'm a fucking bastard after all." Alfonso snorts and faces the bar in his study, which I can see through the open door.

"Have a drink with me and convince me why I shouldn't kill you before she returns." I grin and nod.

"It would break her heart and gain you nothing but sure, I'll drink your expensive bourbon and pretend to be a part of your world as long as you don't ever question my ability to protect my wife ever again." I follow him into the room, which I know has surveillance since Spector hacked it weeks ago.

"You're bold, I'll give you that. But I have never questioned you until today. I understand and respect the need to avenge your parents." I snort and cross my arms.

"Then why did you put a hit out on your only heir?" He turns with two glasses and hesitates before handing me one.

“I wouldn’t. I was hoping you were smarter than that.” I snatch the glass, spilling some of the liquid on the rug.

“Oops, damn shame. It’s Persian, right?” I downed the alcohol and slammed the glass on his table, ignoring the coaster.

“Ezek-” I take two steps and get in his face before he can finish my name.

“Pirate. You haven’t earned the right.” We stare each other down, and I see the moment the old man knows he’s got no chance in hell to intimidate me.

“She is my whole world. The only good thing I’ve ever done. Why would I want her dead?” I step back like he slapped me.

He wouldn’t, and I knew that when I came here, but to see the open honesty in his graying eyes makes me feel like the bastard he accused me of being.

“Now you see.” He sips his drink while I pace his office.

“Marco,” I hiss the name, and if I were waiting for him to confirm my suspicion, I’d be dead and gone for as much as he gave me.

“Why?” I’m missing something, and I hate not being informed.

“What happens to me when I die?” What do I care?

He clicks his tongue and sets his drink down.

“Upon my passing, all my influence, power, and money transfer to my only living heir. Normally, a son, but I was never granted one. So, as is custom, it passes to my daughter. However, she is now married,” he stops talking, wanting me to fill in the

blank.

“Me?” No fucking way.

“You really had no idea, did you, son?” Nah, no fucking way in hell!

“She owns nothing permanently as a woman. Her only job was to bear children to continue my name. I tried to marry her to someone half decent, but she refused him rather publicly. Since then, all my efforts have been for nothing. No one would have the headstrong girl. I guess I should thank you for saving me the trouble. However, I think you just made your life a hell of a lot more complicated.” Alfonso chuckles as he brings the glass back up to his lips.

“Another?” I nod, picking up my glass and walking over to the bar to refill it myself.

I’m halfway through my third drink, lost in thought, when Genesis arrives. She’s showered, dressed, and pushing two suitcases while a large bag hangs off her shoulder. I reach for it and grunt.

“Careful, that one has my babies in it.” My eyebrow rises as the bag starts to move.

“What the fuck?” I lift the flap and find two dogs wagging their tails with big eyes looking at me.

“My Pomeranians, Linus and Lucy.” She bends over the flap and makes baby noises at the overgrown rats.

I turn to Alfonso, whose shoulders are shaking with suppressed laughter.

“You really need a better research team.” Either Spector is slipping, or my father-in-law is right, and neither is a good thing for me.

I hate not knowing what I'm getting myself into.

"Clearly," I groan trying to get comfortable with the idea that I didn't only steal a wife but inherited her fucking ankle biting monsters.

"Is this all, or should I have the Tools come get more stuff?" She shakes her head.

"Most of my personal stuff is at the sorority house. I only had extra clothes and items of sentimental value here." Christ, I may need to knock out a wall to make room for all her shit.

"Let's get going. We have a baby to make." I slap her ass and she yelps.

Alfonso lets out a snort of laughter so loud we both turned to make sure the old man wasn't having a coronary. He's bent over at the waist, slapping his leg and choking in his mirth.

"Alfie," Genesis has a look between embarrassment and concern as we stand and watch.

"Well, this was fun." I grab her arm and pull, but she stands firm.

"Go on, Chikita. I may have grandbabies before I die after all." He clears his throat and wipes his face of the tears he shed laughing.

We enter the elevator, and she waves awkwardly before the doors close us in for the ride back down to the parking garage.

"That did not go the way I thought." She doesn't comment, and I stare at her as she checks on the dogs in the bag I carry.

When the elevator arrives, I take a glance before I hold the doors so she can exit first with the suitcases. I placed the dogs in the passenger seat and then took the suitcases from her. I watch her ass now clad in tight jeans climb into the truck bed and close the door.

“Mr. Maldonado, Mr. Torreli would like us to follow you to your destination until your own security is in place. We wouldn’t want anything to happen to you on your honeymoon.” The same man who greeted us motions for me to climb into the truck.

“Doesn’t look like I have a choice.” I frown and place my hands on my hips to stare him down.

“No, sir. We work for him, and now you, through her.”

Well fuck.

I drive us to the hotel and check in while I go over everything I just learned. I need a moment to myself before I talk to her about the hit coming from Marco.

“I’m going to hop in the shower. Feel free to look around and get comfortable. I’ll be back soon.” I leave her in the suite, knowing that the guard outside the door won’t let her escape.

I stop short and turn back to the kitchen.

I unplug the toaster and take it with me. She watches me like I’m crazy, and I raise it over my head and shake it.

“Just in case you decide to throw it in the shower with me since there’s no movable microwave.” I’m just about in the bathroom before I hear her call out to me.

“There’s always the iron!”

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Chapter Sixteen

Genesis

I set up the water and food bowls for the dogs and sit on the lobby floor to play with them. I've missed them so much since I couldn't have them with me at the sorority house.

I'm bouncing a ball when music fills the suite.

"Shit," Zek curses and I go to the open door and see his phone is the cause of the music.

It's buzzing on top of his jeans, vibrating off his belt buckle, and flashing a light to the beat of an old salsa song. The thought of him dancing to the beat distracts me until it morphs into him dancing with another woman. I don't welcome the wave of jealousy that consumes me, so I shake it off and grab the buzzing device.

I glance at the screen, and confusion fills me.

SAA? Who the hell is...Wait.

Why did I answer his phone?

"It's SAA. I didn't know you were in Sex Addicts Anonymous." I open the glass door to hand him the phone and freeze.

Holy shit, no eye patch. My hand raises of its own accord. I cup his cheek and try to turn his face to mine, but he resists.

When he finally gives in, I suck in a breath but don't shy away. He answers the call and exchanges words with whoever is on the other line, but my eyes don't leave his face.

No scars, no hideous deformations. Just an empty socket where his eye used to be. It's clean. Surgically precise, and my stomach soars with the knowledge that whoever did this was careful enough not to damage him more than needed. It was done slowly, and I know only one man capable of that type of torture.

"Marco," I whisper the name like the curse it is.

"Spector. That's my SAA, and it means Sergeant at Arms." I nod but step into the shower to get closer to him.

"Don't," he says, trying to stop me from getting wet.

"I don't care about the water." I insist, but he pins me to the wall with my arms above my head so I can no longer touch him.

"And I don't care for your fucking pity." He licks my lips, drawing a gasp from me that he immediately takes advantage of.

His tongue moves over mine as he works his bare leg between my wet jeans.

"Did you really think that I'm a sex addict?" He moves his lips to my jaw, then my neck.

"You do seem to weaponize it to get what you want." He bites my neck and then

drags his tongue up to my chin.

“Maybe I’m just addicted to you. You can hardly blame a man for wanting his wife.”
The way he says the last part makes my core melt.

I grind down on his leg, looking for friction.

“Are you wet for me, Preciosa?” The smartass comment is out of my mouth before I can stop it.

“I am in the shower with you.” He lets go of my wrist and takes my throat in his firm grip.

“Take my phone and dry it off. Then strip naked and lie on the bed.” I open my mouth, but he tightens his grip.

“Genesis, shut the fuck up and do as you’re told. Naked, ass up, head down or you won’t like what happens.” He moves me out of the shower and closes the door, staring at me through the frosted glass as I grab a towel to do as he said.

I pull my shirt over my head and splat the wet material onto the carpet. The jeans, however, pose a problem. They’re stuck to my skin like Velcro, and I’m still struggling to get them down my thighs when Zek walks out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist and his eye patch firmly back in place.

“Time’s up,” I back up until my knees hit the bed, making me fall flat on my back.

“I was trying...” He places his hand on my mouth and grabs the jeans.

“Stop talking.” I nod as he moves back and pulls the jeans off my legs with one mighty tug.

He runs his hands up the side of my calves until he reaches my hips where he flips me and then pulls my ass up in the air exactly how he said he wanted me.

I don't expect the first slap, and I clench up in shock. He rubs the cheek he just smacked and then lets another loose on the opposite cheek. The rhythm stays the same making me hiss as my ass warms from the strikes.

Then he changes it up.

Left, right, right, left, center and I yelp out as the sting to my clit sends a jolt of electricity up my spine.

"Mmm, someone is enjoying her punishment. Listen to how wet you are." He slaps my pussy again and the noise that leaves my mouth is pornographic.

"Open," he taps the inside of my thigh, and I shift my legs, which forces my face closer to the mattress.

Something cold and metal touches the heated skin of my ass before a stream of cold liquid drizzles down my cleft.

"What are you doing?" I try to look but he shoves my face back into the bed.

"Quiet. Take a deep breath." I shake my head but he takes a fist full of my hair and turns my head to look at him.

"NOW," I inhale and feel pressure on my anus.

"Good girl. Now push where you feel the pressure." What the fuck!

"Zek, no." His eye narrows and he pushes harder.

“Genesis it’s the plug or my cock.” Fucking hell.

I don’t like either choice but the jeweled butt plug is much smaller so I bear down like he told me and moan through the burn as it lodges itself in place. I’m huffing in and out like I ran a marathon when I get flipped over on to my abused ass.

“FUCK!” The plug moves inside me and I groan.

Then his mouth is right there. Kissing, licking and sucking around the fucking plug before dragging that talented tongue up to my center.

An orgasm starts to build instantly.

“Someone is needy. You’d think you liked ass play. Let’s see how much you can take.” He pushes two fingers into my pussy and turns them to rub my g-spot while attaching his mouth to my clit and sucking so hard you’d think he was trying to tear my soul out of my body.

And maybe he is.

“OH GOD!” I scream out as I cum harder than I ever have.

“Thats right, Preciosa. Thank him for my cock.” He stroked himself through my folds and then pushed in until his hips are flush with mine.

“SO fucking tight,” he hisses as he struggles for control.

“I can’t breathe. I’m to full,” I push on his chest, feeling overfull and trying to ease the pressure.

“Not yet, you are. But soon you’ll be dripping with my cum.” He flips my knees over

his elbows and starts to move.

“Too deep!” I yell out as he hits the same spot over and over inside me, making me see stars.

“No such thing, Preciosa. I want in you so deep you taste me. So far inside you that you can’t tell who you are anymore, cause you’re now mine. SAY IT!” He drills into me mercilessly, and I lose control.

“I’M YOURS!” I scream over and over until I can’t talk anymore.

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Chapter Seventeen

Pirate

We passed out somewhere around one in the morning, entangled in one another. I can't seem to keep my fucking hands off her.

Maybe I am addicted.

Sleep has never been easy for me, but tonight I was able to get a few solid hours, and then I woke up ravenous. I want in her, but it seems a shame to wake her so I maneuver her body onto her stomach and pull her right thigh up to reveal her perfect pink cunt, open to my view.

She's still puffy and swollen from the attention I've already given her but I'm a man possessed and slowly push my cock inside her. I work my hips so that I don't move her body too much and smile when I see her waking up.

"Am I going to need a chastity belt?" she moans as I pick up speed now that I don't need to worry about waking her.

"Kinky, but I doubt you want me to cut one off you in our new bedroom." I pull her up onto her knees and use my hold on her hips to drag her on and off my cock.

I watch as my piercings shine with her essence and reach under her to play with her clit.

“Better catch up, wife. I’ve been stroking my cock and watching you sleep for an hour. I’m about to cum so fucking hard.” I bite my lips and pull her up so we’re both on our knees.

I turn her head to kiss her as I strum her bundle of nerves with one hand and pull her nipple with the other. She makes the most beautiful music when I play her like this.

“You love what that hoop on the tip of my cock is doing, don’t you?” I thrust up harder and pull her body down at the same time.

“Yes,” she hisses out as she finally cums.

I push up one last time and let her walls milk me dry. I lay her down gently and roll her onto her back.

“Legs up,” I take a pillow and place it under her ass.

“This is ridiculous.” But she crosses her arms over the back of her thighs and holds them where I put them.

“Good girl.” I kiss her nose, causing an adorable giggle.

“I like that sound.” She sticks her tongue out at me as a knock comes to the door.

“Who can that be? The sun isn’t even up?” I’m wondering the same thing, but I don’t answer her.

Instead, I put on a robe and grab my gun off the dresser.

“Security, we’ve had a noise complaint. We need to perform a wellness check. Please open the door, or the manager will let us in.” I aim at the door and glance at Genesis.

“Get dressed,” I whisper, and she nods frantically, grabbing her clothes that are still soaked.

“ROBE!” I hiss as another knock comes to the door.

This one is less polite than the first.

I grab my phone and text Spector’s team as Genesis comes to crouch next to me behind the sofa, facing the main door. She leans in to whisper in my ear.

“If they had a key, they would have used it by now.” I nod in agreement.

My phone buzzes, and I glance at the screen and read two words right before the door bursts open.

Not security.

I drop the phone and aim my gun at the man who just kicked the door in. His focus is on the bedroom area. He must have been under the assumption that we’d be in bed asleep, and since he hasn’t seen us yet, I’ll let him think just that.

I turn to Genesis and motion to be quiet, but she’s already halfway around the couch watching the asshole move towards the bedroom. When she glances at me, I point at the elevator, and she runs.

Good fucking girl.

I follow her and clear the doorway as I hear the man curse. Thank God, the elevator is still on our floor. I take a second to look for the guard who is supposed to be at our door.

Nothing.

The elevator dings, giving us away, but the guy isn't fast enough. He shoots at the doors as they close, and I grab Genesis, dragging her to the floor as the machine starts to move down.

"Are you hurt?" I move the hair out of her face and look her over.

She's shaking but manages to say no.

"Fuck, I left my phone and keys." I hold the gun and frown at what we're wearing.

We looked like armed hotel guests ready to rob the breakfast buffet.

"Here, I put it in my pocket when you dropped it. I can't help with the keys. Can't you hotwire it or something?" I raise my eyebrow at her.

"I could, but it would take too much time," I call Spector, expecting him to answer right away, but instead, the call goes to voicemail.

"Something is wrong." I grind my teeth as we reach the lobby.

"WOO! Hey Prez, Mrs. Prez. Are you trying to skinny dip in the pool?" Wizard, my club secretary, greets us with a wide smile.

"What the fuck you doing here, Wizard?" I grab him and move him towards the door.

"Spector said you needed me, and I was around the corner." I get us outside, and thank God he's not on his bike tonight.

"We gotta move." I open the door for Genesis to get in the back.

“Hang on I need to learn how to fly this son of a bitch.” Wizard says from the driver’s seat as I search the sidewalk for our uninvited guest.

“Fly? It’s a hybrid, not the fucking Space Shuttle.” I never understood why he bought this electric bullshit, but he wanted to help ease his carbon footprint.

“Yeah, but you haven’t been smoking weed all night.” Genesis is holding her nose like the stench is unbearable.

I guess since I’m used to him smelling like the crops, I hadn’t noticed. But as far as I was aware, he didn’t smoke.

“ARE YOU HIGH!?” I turn on him because if he’s skimming off the top, I need to handle it.

“I better be, or I just learned how to read Japanese.” Oh, for fucks sake.

“Wizard, you’re Korean, and everyone can read Toyota!” I glance behind us and curse.

“Really?” He sounds thoroughly confused about his heritage, and we are out of time.

“Can you drive this bitch or not? We gotta go!” He starts the car just as bullets ring out in the early morning.

“Oh shit, Prez! Is he shooting at you?” I want to slap him, but Wizard seems to come back to his senses when I scream yes.

“Fuck that.” He turns the car and clips the corner, almost rolling us, but we manage to stay on the street.

He has us across town and at the clubhouse faster than I thought possible.

“Pick up,” I growl at my phone as it goes to voicemail again.

“No one is at the guard house.” Wizard sounds stone cold sober and on alert now.

“Genesis. I want you to take this car and drive straight to your father’s. Do not stop for anything. Run every light and let the cops chase you if they want to.” She opens her mouth to argue.

“DO AS I SAY!” A tear falls down her cheek, and she nods.

Wizard throws the car into park, but leaves it running for her. She climbs into the front seat, and I take one precious second to look at her before I kiss her.

“Please be safe.” These aren’t the words I want to say, but they are the ones she needs to hear.

“You too.”

Chapter Eighteen

Genesis

S omehow, I make it to Alfie's building without causing an accident. I park the car and stay in the front seat, crying, until the security guard comes over to check on me.

"Ms. Torrelli? Are you alright? Do you need help?" I sniffle and shake my head.

"Mrs. Maldonado now," I correct, wondering why he doesn't already know that.

My father's team is efficient and methodical with their information, so I know it's been circulated. I look up and find a masked man holding a large gun on a military-style strap.

"Are you new?" I question as he opens the door, but my instincts are screaming for me to leave, so I restart the car and gun it in reverse.

He's able to grab the wheel and turn it, making me lose control and hit a concrete barrier. The impact throws me from the car, and I hit the driveway hard.

"Don't move!" someone shouts at me, but as I try to sit up, my arm burns.

"AHH!" I fall onto my back and hold my arm to my chest.

"Shit! The bitch broke her arm. The boss is going to kill you." Someone picks me up and carries me towards the elevator.

Every fiber of my being is screaming that if I get in that lift, I'll never leave alive. I kick out, making him drop me, and as I struggle to get up and run, something hits the back of my head, knocking me out cold.

SLAP!

"Wake up, Genesis." I blink open my eyes and search the dark for him.

"Dad?" I croak out, knowing I heard Marco's voice, but I can't find him.

SLAP!

"I'm not your fucking father. Just the unlucky bastard that knocked up your cunt of a mother. If Alfonoso hadn't needed a kid so bad, I'd have killed her with you still in her womb." His words hurt worse than his hits ever could.

"Then why am I here? Where's Alfie?" He grunts at my question, and I sense movement around me, but can barely see a thing.

Until a body is dropped into my lap.

No, wait, not a body, a head! I scream and try to push it away, but that's when I realize I can't move.

"I'm sorry, let me fix him." I finally see his evil face as he moves into my line of sight to turn Alfie's head over to me, and I can see in his eyes.

My stomach lurches, and I puke, managing to get some on Marco's arm. He growls and wipes his arm on my face before reaching back and slapping me again.

This time, the world spins on me, and I hit the floor hard.

I fight to stay awake, but when the head rolls into my limited field of vision again, my brain shuts off.

My ears are ringing, and someone is shouting.

I wish they'd shut up. I blink my eyes, and I'm met with bright lights everywhere. It hurts to look around, but I find the source of the noise.

"Zek," I try to call out to him, but all that comes out is a croak.

"Which one hit you?" His voice is like a balm to my soul.

He'll keep me safe. I open my mouth, but I can't answer him. I just want him to come hold me. I'm warm and I can't move my broken arm, and I'm feeling arms holding me.

I glance up and see Knight watching me.

"Line them up!" Zek calls out as he paces the room.

"I've got nine bullets in this gun. There are only six of you. You start talking, or I start shooting." He looks manic, and every time our eyes meet, they darken even more.

"WHO HIT MY WIFE?" he screams, sending spit flying everywhere.

He stops pacing in front of one man and crouches down to look him in the eye.

"Was it you? No?" He stands after a moment of silence and then places the gun on his forehead.

BANG!

“How about you?” Zek moves down the row one at a time.

BANG!

“WAIT! It was him.” One of the men finally breaks, pointing at the man after him in the row.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

“I thought...you’d stop.” The one who talked stutters, looking up at my husband, confused.

“When did I say that?” Zek tilts his head at the last man.

“But why?” He looks around, expecting an answer to who knows what, but he isn’t going to get one.

I may not know my husband very well, but that grin on his face can not be mistaken for anything else but vengeance.

“They all watched it happen and did nothing.” Zek shrugs and lifts the gun.

“I told you what you wanted!” He tries one more time, but all he gets is a manic little laugh from Zek.

“Nah, you snitched.”

BANG!

He drops the gun once the last man is dead and rushes to me. Knight carefully moves me into his arms as Zek barks orders to the other men with him. I was so busy watching him, I didn't even care what was happening around me.

“Marco,” I say, causing Zek to stop moving.

“He was here?” I nod and regret it immediately.

“He hit me. He did all this. He killed Alfie.” A sob leaves my chest for the old man.

“He dies.” Zek turns to Spector, nodding.

“FIND HIM.”

Chapter Nineteen

Pirate

“Search the building! I want anyone else found and brought to me.” I feel Genesis move in my arms and look down to see her mouth one word before she passes out.

“Marco,” she whispers, and I stop walking.

“He was here?” She nods and grits her teeth as if in pain.

“He hit me. He did all this. He killed Alfie.” She lets out a wail, and I hug her closer to my chest to hide her pain from the others.

I own that now and I’m going to make that motherfucker pay with his life. I turn to Spector, who’s watching me for my next order.

“He dies.” He nods once, understanding that I will be the one who ends him without me having to say the word.

“FIND HIM!” I call out as I move to the door.

Unfortunately, I don’t have to move far. I stop when I feel the cold bite of steel touch my forehead.

“Put her down. I wasn’t done catching up with my daughter.” My men advance behind me, and I know they all have their guns drawn.

“You’re never touching my wife again,” I hiss over my shoulder.

“I said but the bitch down.” He pushes the gun into my temple harder, causing me to tilt my neck.

“She’s unconscious!” I turn to look at him, putting the barrel of his weapon dead center of my forehead.

“I don’t give a fuck. Drop her. It might make her smarter.” I stare at him, and he smirks at my eye patch.

“You think you can take her?” He smiles and nods like he’s won.

“Go ahead. Try.” He moves the gun to her head, and I freeze.

“Yeah, I think I will. Just like I took your parents.” I start to lower her slowly to the floor, and I catch movement behind Marco.

Fucking Rafael.

Before I can signal him to stop he’s tackled Marco causing the gun to slide across the fucking Italian marble. I dive for it and it turns into a three man scuffle as we wrestle for the fucking thing.

Until it fucking goes off.

BANG!

“You stupid peice of shit! You could have gotten yourself killed!” I hiss as my baby brother wraps the wound on my arm.

“And where would you be now? Face it, you need a fucking doctor in your merry band of bikers,” Rafeal grins at me.

Genesis is sitting on my lap, staring at her father hanging from a meat hook in Alfonso’s living room. I wonder how many times she asked what the eye hook was used for while growing up here.

“You can’t hurt him. He’s my father,” she says out of the blue and then turns away from him to look at me.

“Oh, I know. Ask him how I lost my eye.” I nod at the asshole.

“Tell her. Tell your precious daughter what a piece of shit you really are. That you sold out my parents, to save your own life, and took my eye so...Wait, I want to get the words right.” I shift her off my lap and stand, leaving my brother cursing because he was still working on my arm.

“So you could look into my eye and remember the scared little boy who thought he could beat you.” I smile at his gagged face.

I turn, and Spector offers me a gun.

“Who’s scared now?”

BANG!

“You never fucking deserved her. But thank you ‘cause I’m going to treasure every single fucking day I have with her and show her what true love really is.” I watch the blood start to flow down his leg as the silent wail he had trapped in his chest finally breaks free.

“She’ll hate you forever after this.” I glance at Genesis and see the opposite of hate in her eyes.

She’s looking at me with love in her eyes. I know without a shadow of a doubt that if I leave him alive, we will never know a moment’s peace. I’m not raising a family looking over my shoulder for this motherfucker or risking any more of my brothers.

She sees the moment I make up my mind, and bless her soul, she nods in understanding.

“You give yourself too much credit. She’ll fucking get over it. By the way, congratulations, you’re going to be a grandfather, and no, we won’t be naming him after you. Say hi to the Devil for me. Tell him to keep my seat warm.”

BANG!

I stand and watch his body swing until someone taps my shoulder.

“It’s over now. I’d like to go home.” I couldn’t deny her anything, let alone this.

“Okay, Preciosa.”

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:59 pm

Ten months later

“ I told you to cut through the park!” Genesis moans from the back seat as I take another curve too sharply.

“It’s closed, Preciosa, just hang on a little longer.” I’m following Knight, who’s clearing the way on his motorcycle so I can get my very pregnant wife to the hospital.

“If I have our son in the back of this car because you needed him born in the Bronx instead of Manhattan, I’m going to make sure it’s the last time you get anyone pregnant.” I smile as I make it over the Third Ave bridge in record time.

“Por favor, mujer! I’m trying to drive, or do you want me to crash this cage?” A memory tickles my mind as I say the words.

Almost like deja vu, and I shake the thought off because I need to concentrate on the road.

“Contractions are three minutes apart. We’re cutting it close here, Zek.” My brother is in the back seat with her in case we don’t make it to the hospital, he can deliver my son.

“Just don’t fucking drop my kid,” I yell as I lay the horn down, trying to get people to move quicker, but it’s no fucking use.

The Yankees are playing the Red Sox, and traffic is jammed.

“I should have scheduled the home birth like I wanted!” she moans as another contraction overcomes her body.

“I’m sorry, Preciosa. I’ll make it up to you with the next one.” A shoe hits the side of my head.

“Ouch,” I say, looking over my shoulder at her.

“I hate you!” I chuckle and shake my head.

“No, you don’t. You said so all night long. It’s not my fault your water broke, and we didn’t notice.” Her face flames red, and my brother curses.

“Why do you want to piss her off now? Fuck, Zek!” He takes her blood pressure as a police car jumps a curb with its sirens blaring.

I take the opportunity and surge forward to follow it.

“Hang on!” I call out as we jump the curb and get a volunteer police escort all the way to the hospital.

I slam the brakes at the Emergency Department doors and hop out to open the back door.

“SIR!” The police officer approaches me, but when he sees Genesis, he backs off.

“I see, congrats! Drive safer on the way home.” I nod and wave as I help her inside.

“Oh mama, you look ready to pop. Can you walk or do we need a wheelchair?” A pretty young blonde nurse asks as we walk in.

“I need to push!” Genesis yells, and the nurse doesn’t even blink.

“Alright, we’ll skip the wheelchair then. Bay Two has an empty bed. Someone call OB! Move boys, we’re having a baby here!” The nurse starts shouting orders, and Knight throws an arm over my shoulder.

“Think she’s single?” I look up at my best friend, who hasn’t taken his eyes off the nurse checking my wife.

“How about now isn’t the fucking time.” I shove him and move closer to Genesis.

She grabs my shirt and pulls me down to her eye level.

“So help me God, if you ever get me pregnant again, I will cut off your balls. AAAHHH!” she screams out, and I cover my ears.

“Alright, if you’re not the father, get out. This isn’t a free show. What’s your name, sweetheart?” The nurse smiles as she puts on gloves and glances down to check between Genesis’s spread legs.

“GENESIS,” she growls as she lifts off the bed and pushes.

“That’s right, listen to your body. Can I get a doctor in here or am I doing all the fucking work today?” She puts on a gown next, followed by a face shield, and then sits down on a stool.

She looks like a catcher ready to play ball.

“Baby’s head is out, Genesis. One more push should do it. Make it a good one.” I look down, and the nurse snaps at me.

“You don’t want to see this, Dad. You’ll never look at a vagina the same again. Trust me. Stay up there with Mama.” I move back and take my wife’s hand in mine.

“Thank you,” I whisper into her ear and kiss her forehead.

“For what?” She groans and pushes again.

“For giving me back my family.” A tiny cry sounds out, and we turn to look as the nurse stands and places a pink little baby boy on my wife’s chest.

“Congratulations,” she smiles at us as an older man walks into the room, patting his pockets like he forgot something.

“Thank you for joining us, Doctor Johnson. Now maybe you can finish your job.” She stresses the last part as she snaps off her gloves and throws all her protective gear away.

“What are we going to call him?” Genesis plays with his little toes and fingers, and I secretly count them to make sure we made him right.

“Zachary, for my father.” She smiles and nods.

“I love that.” I kiss my son and then my wife.

“I love you.”

Knight

“Excuse me!” I chase after the nurse who just delivered Pirate’s baby as she stomps down the hall mumbling about asshole doctors and not being paid enough for this bullshit.

“YES?” she finally acknowledges me and stops short, causing me to crash into her.

“Ah fuck, my bad. Are you alright?” I offer her a hand to stand, but she doesn’t take

it.

She pops back up on her feet nimbly, and I immediately start thinking about how useful that flexibility and movement would be in my bed.

“Did you need something? I’m late for my lunch break.” I grin when she gives me the opportunity I was looking for.

“Let me treat you. You look like you’ve had a bad night, yet you delivered my godson with a smile and patience. It’s the least I can do.” I wait while she looks me over and thinks.

“Who am I to turn down free food even if it’s from the cafeteria?” I chuckle and motion for her to lead the way.

“We didn’t catch your name before. It was a little hectic. I’m Troy.” I try again to touch her, even if it’s just a handshake, but she doesn’t accept and slaps her head like she’s an idiot instead.

“Fuck! Sorry, I’m Jenna.” I smile at her frank response.

“Pleasure to meet you.”