



Property of Fire (Kings of Anarchy: Virginia #1)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Firel have two rules in life. Don't mess with my brothers. And don't mess with my family. You cross them and you'll find yourself buried six feet deep. There's nothing I wouldn't do for my club. I've proven myself loyal to them ten times over. The only struggle is staying away from the only girl I want. She's off limits. She's my Prez's little sister. No one can touch her, and she doesn't make it easy for me. And make matters worse, it's me she comes to when with trouble on her heels. I can't turn her away. Not when she needs me most. I'll have no choice but to bear the consequences of my actions, 'cause she's gonna be mine.

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ONE

EVELIN

“Heat, if you don’t leave me alone, I’m going to shoot you with your own gun.”

Glaring at my big brother, all I want to do is kick him. No. Mostly, I want to shoot him. He’s infuriating and drives me absolutely bonkers. I should not have to deal with him as much as I do, but he’s overprotective when he shouldn’t be.

I mean seriously.

It’s not like I can’t handle myself. Our mom made sure I knew how to kick ass as much as the next person.

Heat doesn’t care that I can defend myself. To him, I’m his little sister, and he’s going to deal with anything he sees as a threat to me himself.

“I keep tellin’ you, Eve, I’m not leaving you alone. I hired you to manage the bar for the club because you needed a job, and we needed a manager. That doesn’t mean I’m going to stop asking you questions about why you dropped out of school in your last year of college. Nor am I going to let you ruin your life by becoming some hora .”

I barely manage to keep from flinching from the verbal slap he just delivered. Sometimes Heat could be a complete and total jerk, but even I know he’s doing it to get his point across. He’d never actually call me a hora or anything close to it.

“You really think I’m ruining my life? Because I won’t tell you why I dropped out of school?” I didn’t want to have to tell Heat the reason for this or anything else in my life. I’m twenty-two now. I’m an adult. It’s not his business. “You think I’m out sleeping with every man out there in your bar?”

When Heat hired me to manage the bar, at first, I thought sure, this would be great, I’ll finally lose my virginity. However, I knew better than to do something so foolish. I learned over the years being around my big brother, even my mother, you don’t shit where you work. It’s the only reason I’ve not actually done as I’ve wanted.

Okay, that’s a total lie. I know exactly who I’d give it up to in a heartbeat. Well, I would if he’d give me the time of day, but to him, I’m just Heat’s little sister.

Heat sighs and shakes his head, leaning back in the chair across from my desk. “I just don’t like you keeping shit from me. We’re tighter than that, Eve, we don’t hide shit.”

“We don’t?” That’s a lie, and he knows that. There are more than just a few things he’s kept from me over the years, like the fact that I was adopted. Our mother adopted me when I was only a few weeks old. My biological mother was a junkie who abandoned me at the hospital after giving birth to me. My mom just so happened to hear about me. She worked it so she could adopt me, and she did so.

She was able to do this because of who she is, and it’s not like she’s a powerful player in politics or something. No, my mom’s cooler than that. She’s a Valkyrie. Like a legit Valkyrie that you read about in Norse and Viking Legends. She lives upon humans now because it’s what she wants to do, but she’s told me the stories about being a Valkyrie. Growing up, I didn’t have typical bedtime stories where she talked about Prince Charming coming to save the princess. No, my stories were about the Norse Gods and battles she’s seen in her time. I loved it and still do when she gets in the mood to tell me one of them.

My favorites were always about Freyja. Granted, I also loved listening to her talk about Odin. She'd tell me stories about others like Tyr and Hel. But Freyja was always my favorite to listen about.

Finding all of this out and the fact that I was adopted is something I didn't handle very well, I acted out massively. Then, I finally got my act together. I did this after something happened to me, something no one else knows about. Not Heat. Not my mother. I learned at a young age the evil that's out there. I learned that life will be a complete and total bitch if she wants to be.

"Eve, little sis, don't even go down that road," Heat remarks sternly, his jaw getting that tick like it always does when he's getting pissed, well, more so than he already is. "You know when it comes to club business, it's not something you get to know about."

Club business. Yeah, don't I know it. Heat doesn't talk about anything to do with his club with anyone other than his brothers. If you're not a member of the Kings of Anarchy MC, then you don't get to know jack shit about it. That's just the way it is with him. Him and his brothers.

Even with working at the bar for his club, I don't know anything that goes on. I just manage the place. Well, the front part of it, that is.

The bar wasn't in a typical building. It was a part of a remodeled warehouse. All the work was done by the guys in the club. The bar was at the front of it while the back portion, a portion walled off and the only entrance is through another door at the back, contains another business that is managed by Flash and Inferno, two of Heat's brothers. The only thing I knew about the business was that it was a brothel.

One that wasn't exactly supposed to be there, but it was established and booming. Another thing I wasn't exactly supposed to know about it is that it is a

business suited to all clientele, from what I've concluded. Not just your typical, but there was a variety from older to younger women and men, different variety of . . . well . . . species would be a good way of putting it. I don't know what exactly other than those species are supernatural. You have to know what you're getting into going through those doors.

However, stepping into the bar side of things, you go in knowing you get to drink, listen to kick-ass music, and, if you feel up to it, get on the dance floor. The club designed it to have two massive bars where there are typically two bartenders working each shift on both. Sometimes, a third will have to come in on the weekends. It's funny how busy we can be, considering where the bar is located.

Windsor isn't that big of a town. I'm surprised it's even on a map. There's literally one main road that goes through the heart of it, though there's another one that crosses that one. It's cool, though, because there's no major interstate. The town has one grocery store, two Chinese restaurants, a Mexican one, several little shops, four gas stations (two on either side of the main stretch), and a pawn shop. Right outside of town, though, there's a gun range/gun shop that's owned by the club. There's also another gas station owned by the club that has a garage attached to it.

Other than that, the town has a post office, and a small police station that consists of a handful of cops. There's also a fire station. Some other small mom-and-pop places scatter the town. Mostly the rest of the town is filled with ranches and farms. All mixed in with the neighborhoods intertwining with it all.

What makes it even more interesting is there are a lot of supernaturals that live among the living, and no one seems to be worried about them. Guess that saying is small towns equals everyone knowing everyone's business.

Thankfully, that doesn't mean everyone knows my business because I keep it that way. The last thing I need is for my brother to find out any of my secrets.

Shoving my thoughts away, I roll my eyes and put my mind on work. “Look, big brother of mine, I love you, but I don’t need you up in my business. I’ve got work to do to keep your business running as smoothly as it does.”

“You’re a pain in my ass, you know that?” Heat growls, lip curling.

“Kinda hard to forget since you remind me all the time,” I state snarkily. “You know you’re more than just a small amount of a pain in the ass for me?”

Heat’s mouth goes from the lip curl to him outright grinning. “I’ll keep being a pain in your ass until you finally tell me what the fuck is going on with you. Even then, I’m your big brother, it’s my right to do what I please.”

“Whatever.” I roll my eyes while reaching for a stack of applications I need him to get Boot to look over. “These are the applicants for the waitressing positions I need filled. I’m two down. Also, I need a new bartender soon. Lively is moving at the end of the month, which means I’ve got to have her replacement hired and make sure they know what they’re doing before she goes.”

“I’ll get Boot to run these for you and get them back,” Heat says, taking them.

“Thank you,” I say just as someone knocks on the door.

Heat calls out, and it opens to show Fire and Pyro standing there.

Seeing Fire, as it always does, makes me go wobbly at the knees. He has to be the most gorgeous man I’ve ever laid eyes on. I’ve crushed on him pretty much since I was a little girl. Fire has been one of my brother’s best friends for as long as I can remember. He’s also Heat’s Sergeant at Arms for the club. I don’t know exactly what he does, but my brother doesn’t go anywhere without him at his back—him or Pyro. The two of them are usually with him, or Brimstone, Heat’s VP. Brimstone is one of

Heat's other best friends. They're close like brothers. All of them are if you want the truth.

"What's up?" Heat asks, getting to his feet, blocking my view of Fire.

This would be a good thing if it weren't for the fact I could still hear his voice. What the sound of his voice does to me is something just as good as the sight of him. That deep baritone is soothing, and I could listen to it all day long.

As a kid, I'd listen to him while he lectured me about listening to my brother and stop doing stupid shit. I might have listened to him, but I didn't pay attention to what he was saying exactly. It was all about that voice of his. I was enchanted by it.

"We're headin' back to the clubhouse. You ready to go, or you stickin' around here awhile longer?" Fire voice sends a shiver all the way up and down my spine.

"I'm headin' back to the clubhouse, gotta get these applications to Boot," Heat answers and looks back at me. "This conversation isn't over with."

"It never is, Heat, but I'll repeat, it's none of your business."

Heat glares at me one last time and shakes his head. Thankfully, what he doesn't do is argue with me further. He moves toward his brothers, and before they step back to let him pass, I make brief eye contact with Fire.

It's brief, but still, it was enough to cause my insides to start fluttering and heating. I want nothing more than to have him make that heat he causes inside my body to burn bright.

Only that will never happen. He won't touch me because I'm who I am. To him, I'll never be more than just Heat's little sister.

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TWO

FIRE

“You ever gonna let up on Evelin?” Pyro asks, stepping outside the bar into the heat of the day. It’s barely noon, and the day is already set to be hot as hell.

The heat doesn’t bother me as it does some people, but I’m sure to hear some of my brothers bitch about it.

“Nope,” Heat answers, moving directly to his bike and storing the papers Evelin gave him, eyes coming to me. “She’s hiding something, and I’m sick of her thinking she can keep shit from me.”

“Want me to talk to her?” Not that she’d actually tell me anything. I’ve tried that already. When she was a kid, I could get her to tell me shit when she refused to tell anyone else, but since coming back from college, a college she dropped out of, she’s been tight-lipped.

I don’t know what’s with her, but whatever it is, it’s pissing Heat off to the point he’s doing shit like going to the bar to get in her face about it rather than wait for her to come to him. Can’t say my Prez has always been levelheaded. Honestly, he can be pretty hot-headed when he wants to. Hence his road name.

“No,” Heat grunts and straddles his bike. “She’s become more stubborn now than she’s ever been. Evelin isn’t going to do anything she doesn’t want to do. Even Herja has tried getting her to talk and she’s just not doing it.”

Interesting. She's not talking to her mom, who can get anyone to talk if she wants to, so whatever it is, it's big. It's also something that will stay in the back of Heat's mind until he knows whatever the hell is going on with his little sister. If there's one thing to know about the other man, it's that he's one protective SOB.

Then again, when it comes to Evelin, those within the club are all protective of her. Seeing Heat get worked up about her stirs the rest of us.

For me, though, I try not to let it get to me. Because I know she's the one woman in this world that I can't have. She's off-limits and will always be off-limits to me. It's why I keep my distance for the most part. It's not easy. She's beautiful. Far more than any I've ever seen. Doesn't matter if she's got makeup on or not. Evelin walks into a room, and there's no way I can't not look at her.

I just have to remember she's not a woman I can go there with. The club's got a strict rule about going for someone like her. If a member, prospect, or even a hang-around touches a club princess in any way that isn't approved of by the girl's father, or in Evelin's case, her brother, then that said member is in for a world of hurting. He could end up wishing for death, depending on the punishment. No one wants to go through that shit.

Not when I know Heat has a preference for a whip that has spikes on the ends. That whip had been a gift to him by his mother. Herja doesn't play around when it comes to any type of weaponry. Being that she was once a Valkyrie, she makes it her business to keep up with the latest and best weaponry you can get.

If she could, she'd help design and create alongside the club when it comes to what we do. Heat, however, won't let her. He claims she'll take over everything, and that's something he's not about.

When it comes to what the club does, it's not her place or any woman's to jump into

what we're doing. Especially considering the designs and creations of the weapons we make ourselves are done strictly through me, I don't want her or anyone in my business. I handle making the designs for the guns we now print to be able to be undetected from others sensing them. I'd even done the same with ammo.

Even the stuff we make out of steel is mine and Pyro's designs. Together he and I make some wicked ass shit. Some of it we sell at the gun range. Other things that you can't acquire legally, we make those too. It all depends on what you're looking for. We handle everything from your typical knife to specialty made ones. Including those that are coated in deadly poisons. Same with our ammo. Our guns, however, they can be custom designed, but we do a lot of 3D printing of them nowadays. Granted, it doesn't stop us from forging them as well.

All of this we manage to do without anyone being the wiser, mostly because of where our clubhouse is. That and the fact we handle all this work at the backside of the property in an old barn. On the outside, it looks run down, but you step in, and it's a totally different environment. We don't play around with making sure all is running accordingly. The club is constantly getting orders from all over. Some from other KOAMC clubs. Others from all over the world. Humans. Demons. Vampires. Shifters. Werewolves. Doesn't matter if they got a pulse or not, or even supernatural or not, they put the order in, and they get it delivered.

The only stipulation we have is that they know they turn those weapons on us, they'll have an enemy unlike any they've encountered. We don't fuck around. You fuck with one of us, you fuck us all, and none of us are down with that.

I shove my thoughts away and nod to Heat. "She'll come around, Prez. Don't worry. Just give her time," I tell him, straddling my own.

"You know how your sister is," Pyro adds with a grunt.

“Don’t I fuckin’ know it.” Heat shakes his head. “Let’s get back to the clubhouse. I’m feeling the need to work some tension off with one of the horas , maybe two of them.”

Smirking at Heat, I shake my head. Sex with one of the horas is definitely his way of handling shit when he’s pissed. Those girls at the clubhouse, they love it. Mostly because it’s their chance to be fucked by the President of the club.

“Think I’ll head to my place then,” I tell him, not wanting to have to hear those bitches’ screams through the damn clubhouse, which usually I don’t mind. For the most part, it’s hilarious. I’ll even sometimes join in on the act. Heat isn’t one to give a shit so long as he gets what he wants from the horas .

I wasn’t feelin’ it. I had some things at the house I needed to take care of, and if he didn’t need me at the clubhouse, then I was gonna take care of that.

“Working on the floors still?” Pyro asks.

“Yeah,” I call out after starting my bike. “Finished ripping up the other shit all throughout the place. Gotta lay the new down so I can finally finish the damn place.”

I’d been working on my house for the past year. I could’ve had it done by now, but other things have taken precedence.

“Want some help?” Heat asks, surprising me.

“You want to work on floors rather than fuckin’ horas ?” I ask cocking a brow.

Heat shrugs, and Pyro lets out a booming laugh.

“Both take work, and who’s to say I can’t help for a while then go find a hora to help

finish the job? Just gotta swing by the clubhouse first and drop the applications off for Evelin.”

Instead of responding with words, I give him a curt nod. He wants to help, then he can help. The house is damn big, and I don’t mind the help. Out of the whole damn house, there’s only one room that’s been mostly completed, and that’s my room. I finished the floors in there first, so I had somewhere to sleep when I wasn’t at the clubhouse. I got the walls painted some light gray color that Evelin had picked out for me. Why I let her do it, I’ve no clue, but she’d been home from school at the time and was in town. I told her to pick me up three gallons of the stuff. Didn’t care what color as long as it wasn’t some girly-ass color that was going to burn my eyes upon seeing it.

“I’ll help too,” Pyro shouts.

This would be good. This meant I might get it done even faster. That is unless Pyro ended up losing his mind laying boards. If that happened, I’d end up with more work on my hands, considering when he loses his mind, he turns into a fucking dragon. Thankfully, for the most part, he knows to control his temper, but still, it was a crap shoot even those times that he didn’t end up flipping his shit.

Regardless, work will get done, and I can move on to working on another part of the reno.

Together, the three of us pull out of the parking lot of the bar and onto the road. Thankfully, the traffic hasn’t gotten out of hand for the day. Most days, unless it’s late at night, there were constantly cars flowing down this road. The bar’s location was great for customers but sucked getting in and out of it at times. It’s rare we’ve got space like we have now to get out without fighting through traffic.

The ride to the clubhouse is easy enough, riding down 460 until we hit our turn,

taking us to Fire Tower Road. The roads are curvy, and in some places damn narrow, you can barely fit two vehicles down. Plus, you got people out who don't know how to navigate a back road worth shit. One of our brothers, Torrid, had been clipped while on his bike. If not for his quick reflexes, then his ass would have been killed that day.

Getting to the lane for our clubhouse, we take the turn. Halfway down the lane, the gates open, letting us pass. I give the prospect manning the gates a chin lift and follow Heat the rest of the way down to the lane, going through a tree line that opens up to where the clubhouse is located. Off behind it, there was nothing but fields.

Secluded.

No way for anyone to see what the club was doing from the road. No one could even get a drone near the clubhouse without it being spotted. Even if it were missed, there were protective runes placed scarcely throughout the woods protecting the land from any intrusions such as drones or whatnot. If you don't have the invite onto the land, you won't get on it without a fight on hand.

Off to the far left of the fields, you can see the barn where I spend most of my time working on the guns along with my brothers.

I park my bike next to Heat's. I don't bother turning her off or putting the kickstand down. I'll just wait for him, just as Pyro's doing. It won't take him long to drop the papers off with Boot. Then we'll head five minutes down the road to my place and get to work.

While waiting, though, my mind drifts off to thoughts of Evelin, and again, I find myself thinking about what the fuck is up with her. Someone needs to get her to talk.

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THREE

EVELIN

“I don’t get it,” my best friend of all time, Kinley, mutters through the phone. “Why is it you don’t want to tell Heat about what happened?”

“You know why,” I tell her with an exasperated sigh.

“I know what happened, and I get I’m sworn to secrecy. You know I won’t tell your secrets to anyone, but come on, babe, we both know this isn’t something you can keep from anyone. Most definitely not if what you think is true and your trouble is catching up with you. I think you should tell Heat. Or at least Fire or Brimstone. You know they’ll listen to you.”

“Yeah, they’ll listen and then take me right to my brother, who will then hide me away from the world until I’m old and gray. I do that, you might as well put me in a convent and declare me a nun. I’ll never lose my virginity at that point.”

“Eve, I think that’s a bit dramatic, don’t you?” Kinley laughs. What she finds funny I don’t know, but I’m dead serious about this. Heat will never leave me alone if he knows. I’ve kept it to myself this long. I’ll keep doing so. He doesn’t need to know what caused me to leave school when I did. Nor does he need to know why I dropped out and won’t go back. Kinley knows only because she’s my bestest of best friends and has always kept my secrets.

“I don’t think I’m being dramatic at all. It’s the truth, and we both know it. I mean,

think about all the times in high school when he or one of the other members of his club would scare off the boys I tried to date. I didn't even have a date to the prom because he threatened to rip Eric Marker's dick off if he so much as hugged me."

Kinley bursts into a fit of giggles that I find highly annoying. If I didn't know her as I do, I'd hang up on her and not speak to her again for weeks . . . no . . . months . . . maybe a full entire year, but alas, I do know her, and she's my Kinley which means she laughs at the world. Nothing phases her as it does me.

Where my best friend is strong, I'm totally not. I might be able to throw attitude toward my brother and those at the club, but around others . . . nope, I find I struggle to open up and allow myself to do such a thing. Kinley's told me more than once to screw the world and be who I am. But it's hard when I don't even know the answer to that.

What everyone sees is that I'm Heat's little sister. Untouchable. At least around here. At school, I was the girl who had her nose stuck in the books. I didn't party. At least not often. I made a couple friends at school and was known to be their friend. The one time someone took the time to get to know me, it was the biggest mistake of my life. I had gotten noticed by some seriously bad dudes, and because of this, I ran home without looking back. That wasn't enough, though. A part of me knows that they're not done with me. They just haven't found me yet.

"So, what are you going to do now?" Kinley asks, drawing me out of my head after she finishes giggling her head off.

"I don't know. For now, though, I'm going to finish work and get ready to head home. Once I get there, I'll probably fall into bed and repeat the day all over again. Including the argument with my brother," I tell her, sighing. My eyes go to the computer to see it is well after one in the morning, nearly two. I need to get out of here, but I wanted to talk to Kinley before heading out. Mostly because she was a

night person, and that's when she was out and about.

"I think you need to talk to him. Tell him what's going on. Or at least talk to Fire," she urges. "Maybe even Brimstone."

Groaning, I close my eyes and pinch the bridge of my nose. "I tell them, they'll go straight to my brother and tell on me."

"You never know."

Oh, I know. I don't have to tell her that, though. She's just doing her duty as my best friend.

"How about your next day off, we'll come up with a game plan for you telling him?" she suggests.

"Ugh, fine." I give in, but that doesn't mean I'm actually going to tell my brother anything. Straightening in my chair, I let out a heavy breath. "Call me later, and we'll make plans. I need to get off here, finish this paperwork, and head home."

"Okay, I'll call you tomorrow," Kinley remarks, and we hang up.

Tossing my phone on the top of the desk, I ignore the clatter of it and get back to finishing up the nightly work. You'd think my job was easy, but it never is. Once I finish, I gather my things together and get to my feet. I know I'm supposed to text Flash or Inferno before leaving so they could escort me to my car, but I don't. I haven't in months. They know this, and typically, I see one or the other outside in the back, watching from the doors when they're on. When they're not, one of the bouncers who rotates between the two sections can be seen watching.

I take the time to shut everything down and head for the doors. Being that it was

Sunday, we closed earlier than we do other nights. It's the only day we close at one rather than three. We're not your average bar that closes down every night at one. Mainly because of the fact we have supernatural patrons that come in here. This gives a little more time to hang around, drink, and do what they please to have some fun. However, we do have rules that all patrons, no matter whether they are supernatural or not, all have to abide by.

Making my way out to my car, I keep my keys tight in my hands and watch my surroundings. Not seeing anything wrong, I unlock my car and get in. Still not seeing anything out of the ordinary, including Flash standing in the shadows of the doors. I decide I'm getting myself worked up for nothing. Mainly because of the earlier argument with Heat. He has a way of getting under my skin, and it's bugging me.

Finally, I start my car, put it in gear, and make my way out of the parking lot onto the road. The feeling that something's up doesn't go away. I turn off the main road onto the one that leads home. A house that I rent from a local farmer. It's cute. It's homie. It's also just down the road from Fire's house, which he's been remodeling, which is also down the road a ways from the clubhouse.

It's probably the only reason Heat didn't flip his shit as much as he did when I told him about moving out and finding my own place. He knew the farmer, if he'd wanted, he could have made it harder for me. But he left it alone, thankfully.

I make it home and instantly know that feeling that I felt, meant whatever was going on, it was going on in my house. I start to put my car in reverse and pull out when I see them.

"Don't even think about it," Holstein, the ringleader smirks. "Get out of the car, Evelin." His thick accent sends shivers down my spine.

Slowly, I reach into the door of my car and grab the bottles I need. I don't know if

they'll actually work, but I paid a mint to have them on hand. Several vials filled with an elixir filled with the essence of juniper, ash, roses, and weirdly enough, wolfbane. I didn't ask questions about the mixture and what it's supposed to do. I just knew that I was to toss it at them if they came at me.

I keep the vials tight in my hand while opening the door and get out slowly, not taking my eyes off Holstein. I saw his friends, Zaff and Gale, shifting from around my car to stand at Holstein's back.

"What are you doing here, Holstein?" I manage to ask without so much as a hint of fear in my voice. I just hoped he couldn't sense the fear rushing through my veins while my heart felt like it might just come out of my chest.

"I've come for you, baby. Why else would I be here?" he answers, smirking that sadistic grin of his.

At school, when I first met Holstein, I didn't know who or what he was. He didn't tell me. We hadn't known much about each other, but we were getting to know one another. Or that's what I thought. One night, though, I saw him for who he really is. A monster. I saw him rip apart a woman while shoving himself inside her. I could still hear her screams. They haunt me.

"You wasted your time coming here," I tell him, rounding the hood of my car. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I needed to make sure I got away from these three.

My house was situated right next to a tree line, and I knew from going through the woods before they were thick, and I could potentially get away from them. I don't know why I didn't just stay in my car, though. I could've run them over and then got the hell out of there. Then again, who knows what they could've done to my car if I tried that route.

“You know that’s not true, Evelin,” Holstein remarks while his buds chuckle. “We have unfinished business between the two of us.”

“Ugh, no, we don’t,” I say. Taking my chances, I throw the vials at them and take off running for the woods without looking back.

I hear them, but I keep going. I know these woods. I also knew after doing my own research into what was in those vials there were a couple of juniper trees scattered among the pine and oak trees.

“You can’t run from me.” Holstein cackles from not too far away.

I pick up speed and run as fast as my legs will let me go. I have to find a way to get away from them. I don’t know what it is Holstein wants, but before I left school, he was adamant that I was to be his. No one else will take me from him.

By the time I get to break through the tree line and rush for Fire’s porch, my lungs are burning. I stumble up Fire’s porch and bang my hand on the door, praying that he is home. If he isn’t I am completely screwed.

I keep banging my fist, my head turned toward the tree line seeing Holstein, Gale, and Zaff slowly making their approach, grins in place.

Thankfully, the door opens, and I stumble forward, barely keeping myself from doing a face-plant into his hardwood floors.

“What the fuck, Eve?” Fire growls, holding the door open.

Instead of answering him, I rip the door out of his hand, breathing heavily and slamming it shut, pressing my back to it. Only then do I stare up at him with wide eyes and know without a doubt he sees the fear in them as I whisper, “I’m in trouble.”

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FOUR

FIRE

“I’m in trouble.”

Evelin’s words ring in my head while I walk the perimeter of my property. I don’t know exactly what is going on, but I’ve never in all the years I’ve known Evelin, meaning her whole damn life, have I ever seen her face that pale.

I didn’t like it. The thought of her being scared out of her mind that she gets that look, it has me ready to lose my shit.

Whatever it was that had her spooked, though, it’s long gone, but that doesn’t mean I didn’t get a sense of it the moment I stepped foot out of the house.

Whoever it was, when I find them will learn you don’t mess with me or those within my club. The club is my family, the only one I’ve ever known. The woman who gave birth to me, she wasn’t a mom at all. It’s a good thing she’d given me to her brother when she did. I was raised by my uncle, who happened to be a member of the Kings of Anarchy MC. I grew up knowing where I belonged, and I didn’t mind in the least.

Being raised by my uncle wasn’t a hardship. If anything, it was a blessing. He kept me focused, taught me everything I know, and made sure that I grew up with those who I see as my best friends and brothers.

Herja took on the role of mother figure for me to help my uncle out. Whenever he

was out doing something for the club, I stayed with her. I knew who she was and what she was. My uncle didn't keep it a secret that the Kings of Anarchy weren't a typical MC. This means I grew up knowing what other kids didn't or thought was only ghost stories.

Moving back toward my door, my mind shifts to what I'm going to do with Evelin. She's in there. I should call Heat and tell him she was here. He only just left maybe an hour ago, or a little more than that before she banged on my door. He and Pyro had been a big help, and the three of us ended up knocking out all the flooring. This means he's probably deep in pussy right now and not gonna answer. He would, but he wouldn't be happy about it.

I need to go in there, find out what the hell is going on with her, and fill him in on all of this after some shut-eye.

The moment I step over the threshold, I could sense her. Hell, I could smell that perfume she uses. I follow it to where I left her in what would be my living room. She was sitting right where I left her, only now she's got her knees to her chest, arms wrapped around them.

"You gonna tell me what you mean you're in trouble?" I ask, hands on my hips as I stare down at her.

Evelin slowly brings her gaze up to me. "They were gone?"

"Nothing outside that I saw," I tell her.

"They're still out there," she whispers, her gaze drifting to the window. "I know they're still out there. He's not going to give up."

"Who the fuck are you talking about?" I don't remember a time when I've seen her in

this kind of state. Not even when she found out she was adopted.

Evelin shakes her head, bites her bottom lip, and gets that look I know all too well. She's not about to tell me, but she is gonna tell me. I'm done with the bullshit blowoffs.

"You've had plenty of time to come clean with what's goin' on with you, Evelin. Now is the time to start talking. You don't, I put in a call to Heat and Herja, they come here, and you not only have to answer to them, but you also get the third degree in a way you don't fuckin' want."

"You'd seriously go to my mother?" Evelin snaps, the fear taking a backburner to her anger. I'd definitely take her anger over fear any day. "You'd actually tell on me like a little child?"

"Baby, it was you that came to me," I tell her, stepping into her space. "You, until just now, had a freaked look in your eyes, pale face, and fear coming off you while telling me you were in trouble. Now, you need to start talking right about now."

"You . . . I . . ." I watch as Evelin's brows draw together. She whispers, "Baby?"

I hadn't even realized I'd called her that.

Fuck me.

"Evelin," I growl, staring down at her. "Start talking."

Evelin looks me dead in the eye, lets out a heavy breath, and turns away, hands going up to sink into those thick, long, curly locks of hers. For a split second, I thought I was going to have to follow through with my threat of calling her mom and brother. Thank fuck, though, she doesn't make me do this.

Evelin takes a deep breath and slowly turns back to face me. Her eyes are wide with fear, but there's also a steely determination in them now.

"His name is Holstein," she says quietly. "I met him at college. At first, he seemed nice, charming even. But then . . ." She shudders. "I saw what he really was. The things he did . . . they were monstrous, Fire. Totally and completely hideous. He's . . . well . . . Holstein and his friends, they're, um, vampires, and the things he did to her . . ." Evelin clenches her eyes closed and shakes her head, her body starting to visibly shake.

My jaw clenches. "What kind of things?"

"He . . . he killed a woman. Ripped her apart while he . . ." Evelin trails off, unable to finish, the fear in her eyes back. I didn't like it. It did something inside me that I didn't understand.

What I do understand is the rage that courses through me at the thought of what this bastard did and that Evelin was a witness to it. This Holstein person, whoever, whatever he is, has Evelin terrified, and I want nothing more than to hunt him down and tear him limb from limb. It doesn't matter to me if he's a vampire or not. He won't be able to stop me from tearing him apart when I get my hands on him.

"Why didn't you tell anyone?" I demand, needing to know the rest of it. "Why keep this to yourself?" We've all tried to get her to open up since she moved back home after dropping out of school.

Evelin shakes her head, wraps her arms around herself, and starts pacing the length of the room. "I was scared. I didn't know what to do. Holstein . . . I didn't know at first what he was. He told me one evening. He was a student and taking classes at the same school as me. The fact he was a vampire didn't really phase me. I didn't mind because I knew a few already, and they weren't so bad. But . . . Holstein, he . . . he

wasn't like the others. He's something else. Something powerful and dangerous. After what I saw . . . what I . . . I thought if I just ran away, came back home, it would be over. That he wouldn't bother coming after me." She pauses and lets out a scuff.

I wait for her to continue. There was more she needed to get out.

"I was stupid to think that. I knew this when he kept calling me after I left school. He knew what I saw. Said he'd find me." She takes a shaky breath, turns back to me, wraps her arms tight around her middle, and meets my eyes. "And he found me. Him and his friends. They were at my house tonight when I got home. That's why I ran here."

My fists clench at my sides as I process all of what Evelin's shared so far. She didn't want to share any of this with us when she should have. The club would have protected her. Saw to her safety. I would have kept her out of harm's way.

"You're staying here tonight," I tell her, not giving a damn if she liked it or not. I wasn't taking chances with her safety. It's probably the worst idea, but right now, it's what's happening. Tomorrow is another story altogether. "Tomorrow, we'll go to the clubhouse after you get some rest and fill your brother in on all of this shit."

"No," Evelin exclaims, panic flashing in her eyes. "Fire, please. Don't! I don't want him or anyone else to know. This is my problem. Not a club problem."

"It's not just your problem, Evelin, and you know that. You're Heat's little sister. A part of this club. None of us are going to let something like this slide." I pound a fist against my chest and growl, "I'm not gonna let this shit slide."

"You can't make me go to Heat and tell him any of this. It's my problem, and I'll deal with it."

“Yeah?” I cock a brow at her and cross my arms. I ask, “How you gonna deal with it? You didn’t tonight. You ran. Ran right to my fuckin’ door.”

“Because you were the closest to me.”

I knew I was the closest person to her. The house she’s renting, it’s not owned by the farmer she thinks it’s owned by. It’s owned by me. I bought all the land this side of the clubhouse when it went up for auction. The farmer who farms the land, I told him he could stay in the house he’s lived in all his life. It was only because of the economy he hadn’t been able to pay his taxes. I told him he could rent out the little house next to my place, but it had to be someone I’d approve of. Gotta admit, I hadn’t expected it to be Evelin who rented it, but it worked out. His place was well down the road, far enough away that he had the fields he tended between us and him. He also had a whole tree line that butted against the back of the land, which also butted the club’s land.

“Doesn’t matter I was closest or not. You came to me. Now that I know what the hell is going on with you, I’m not letting you out of my sight. You aren’t without protection. You understand me?” While I say this, I drop my arms, stalk toward her, and yank her to me without even thinking. All I could think about was the fact she was in danger. Has been and didn’t tell anyone. Didn’t tell me. I wasn’t going to let it slide anymore.

Before she can answer me, I let her go, take her hand, and move her toward the back of the house to my room. I grab a tee out of the draw and shove it at her. “Get changed. Get in bed. I’m making a couple calls, then we’re both going to bed.”

I didn’t know how I was going to be able to manage sleep with her so close, but until I knew exactly what was going on with this Holstein character, I wasn’t letting her far from me. Meaning, her ass was in my bed right next to me.

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FIVE

EVELIN

Oh my God. This is not happening.

It's not the first time since changing into Fire's tee and getting ready for bed that I say this to myself. Fire left his bedroom long enough for me to slip out of my clothes, climb into bed, and slide under his covers. The bed was massive and comfy. I pretty much passed out within minutes of getting into it. This was after he came into the room, stripped down to his boxers, and climbed in next to me. He kept distance between us. This wasn't hard to do with how big his bed was, but still, I could feel him close to me.

Now, in the light of day, my fears were overridden by the fact I was indeed in Fire's bed. He was in it with me and where there was a good amount of space between us, now . . . he was curled around me. His body was flush against mine. The feeling of him this close—so much better than what I could've and have dreamed up. His heat alone makes it so a person wouldn't even need a blanket whatsoever.

I laid in his arms for as long as I could before nature called, and I had no choice but to see to them. I barely shift away from Fire when he tightens his arm around me, all but crushing me to him.

“Where you goin’?” he asks, his voice alert like he was awake, but it still held a sleep-husky tone that went straight between my thighs.

“Ugh, to the bathroom,” I tell him, not wanting to admit to needing the facilities. “Can you let me go so I can do just that?”

Slowly, Fire lifts his arm and rolls to his back. “Come right back.”

I look over my shoulder at him like he’s lost his ever-loving mind. Was he serious? No way was I getting back in that bed with Fire. If I did that, I would totally be doing something I know I shouldn’t. Which would, in turn, mean I embarrass myself in a way I will not be able to ever in my life meet his gaze. Mostly because I’d most definitely throw myself at him and beg him to do other things to my body than just holding me.

Having slept in his arms, his body pressed against mine, it’s . . . well, it’s totally got my body feeling things in places I haven’t felt before.

Shooting a glare at him, I scamper off to the bathroom, do my thing, and stare at myself in the mirror while thinking about how I was going to get out of this situation that I’ve allowed myself to get into.

I was doing this for so long, that when Fire knocks on the door, I nearly jump out of my skin.

“You good in there, Eve?” he calls through the thin door that separates the two of us.

“Yeah,” I answer, taking a deep breath. “Do you have an extra toothbrush? I need to brush my teeth.” I was totally stalling.

“Medicine cabinet,” he responds immediately. “Use whatever you need in there.”

I glance around the bathroom, stare at the massively large shower and say screw it. I need a shower. I didn’t get to take one as I would normally do after getting off work.

Stripping out of my clothes, I step into the large walk-in shower, twist the knob, turning the hot water on. The shower almost immediately steams up, and the warmth of the spray hits my body, sending shivers along my spine.

I take my time showering, in no rush to go in search of Fire. Well, okay, maybe I wouldn't mind seeing him again, but I didn't look forward to him telling me things I didn't want to hear like going and talking to Heat.

Using body wash, I try not to think about how good it smelled. Or the fact I'm using his stuff.

Once I finish and rinse off, I dry off using one of his handful of towels. My mind immediately going over the fact that he seriously needs some new linens. Some bigger, fluffier towels, for sure. His are thin and worn. To say he needs a new set is an understatement.

Finally, with nothing to do to prolong my stay in the bathroom, I suck in a deep breath, open the door, and step out. Thankfully, Fire isn't anywhere to be seen, and I move to where I'd set my jeans, bra, and shirt.

I knew I was gonna have to go commando, which was fine. The scrap of lace I'd had on wasn't much of anything anyway, so it's not a big deal. I barely have my jeans and bra on when Fire steps into the room.

I don't bother shielding myself from him. I watch him take all of me in, and I want him to see exactly what he's missing out on. Fire definitely takes his time soaking in the sight of me.

Rather than putting on the shirt I'd worn the day before, I walk across to the dresser. I remember Fire pulling out the shirt I slept in, open the draw, and grab another one. "Hope you don't mind. I'm not feeling like putting the shirt I wore yesterday back

on.” It’s bad enough I’m wearing the jeans. Not that I don’t mind wearing jeans without washing more than once, but I prefer fresh clothes.

“Help yourself out,” Fire grunts. Out of the corner of my eye, I see him still standing there, arms crossed, focused on me. “Since you’re showered and all, we’ll head over to the clubhouse. Heat’s waiting.”

“You called Heat already?” The question comes out as I whip around to face the man.

“Called to tell him I was bringing you to the clubhouse and that we needed to have a talk.”

“Great, just fucking great,” I mutter more to myself rather than to Fire. “You didn’t have to call him. I’m fine. He doesn’t need to know?—”

“If you say that he doesn’t need to know what’s going with you and this bullshit you share, I’ll put you over my knee here and now. I’m done listening to you say this shit isn’t none of my business.”

“It isn’t,” I snap, hands planting themselves on my waist to face off with the man in front of me. He’s insufferable, yet he’s still hot, and I’d totally jump him if I could.

“Evelin,” Fire snarls, nostrils flare with my name on his lips. “Get your ass ready to go, woman, before you find yourself in a position you don’t want to be in.”

“What position would that be?” I wasn’t going to back down to him.

“You know exactly what position that would be, baby,” Fire answers, coming even closer to me. “It’s a position you think you want, but you don’t because I’d take that sweet body of yours and fuck you until you no longer could scream, but your body wouldn’t be able to move without me moving it for you.”

Well, that would be interesting.

I knew from the talk I'd heard about his stamina that he was good, but could he actually fuck me until I couldn't move? I almost wouldn't mind testing that theory. If I knew it wasn't all a game to him, I might have.

Instead of saying something I really want to, I step back from Fire, clear my throat, and give him my best glare. "Let's get this the hell over with."

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SIX

FIRE

“You wanna explain to me why the fuck my sister is wearing one of your shirts, and her hair’s wet?” Heat snarls, not waiting for the door to his office to close behind Evelin and myself.

In one of the chairs in front of Heat’s desk, Evelin plops her sweet ass right in it. Brimstone was taking up the wall off to the side, his eyes coming to me, brow cocked.

“Heat, the reasons why to both those things shouldn’t be any of your concern,” Evelin remarks, lighting a match to a fuse that’s already ready to go off at a moment’s notice.

“Shouldn’t be any of my concern?” Heat plants his hands on the table, eyes coming to me after searing into his sister. “You want to tell me the same thing?”

“You know I won’t disrespect you or the club by going there.” Not that I didn’t think about it. For fuck’s sake, it was hard as hell not to give into going for what I wanted. She’d been in my bed, sleeping or not, she’d been there. She used my shower, and I struggled not to join her there. To keep myself from doing this, I left my room and made the call to Heat, telling him I needed to talk to him. “I told you she’d been at my place.”

“Yeah, you did, brother, and now, someone needs to spill as to why.”

When it comes to Heat's sister, he's more than just a protective big brother. He's an overprotective brother who doesn't see that his sister is now a woman. For that matter, I might have noticed, but I hadn't fully taken it all in until she'd been in my bed, wearing my tee, and her sweet body had been tucked into mine.

"And I said you don't need to know," Evelin snaps.

"Eve, you're gonna tell him, or I will," I threaten. She needs to get over thinking she is in control right now. She's not and hasn't been since she showed up at my place in the early hours of the morning.

"Someone better start talking." Brimstone grunts, looking between Evelin and me.

Evelin huffs out a breath but doesn't say a word.

"Fine, darlin', you don't want to talk, I will," I tell her and look to my Prez and VP. Right now, that's not who they are to me. They're my best friends. My family. "Evelin showed up at my door, banging on it after being chased through the woods from her place to mine by a group of vampires."

"The fuck?" Heat snarls.

"That's what I thought myself." I grunt, shrugging my shoulders. "She told me that one of them was someone she was seeing while at school and saw him kill a woman. That's why she left school, and now, the vamps found her, and she's showing up at my place freaked the fuck out."

"Why didn't you call me when she got there?" Heat demands.

"Heat, you'd only left shortly before, and remember I know you. You aren't one for being bothered when you're in the middle of fuckin' some hora ," I tell him and look

between the two men in the room. “I checked the perimeter after she first got there. Whoever they were, they were gone.”

“They weren’t gone,” Evelin mutters quietly. “Holstein isn’t one for just running away and giving up.”

“Holstein?” Brimstone grunts the name. “What do you know about the guy other than the fact he’s a vamp?” he asks, eyes on Evelin.

Evelin gets to her feet, hands on her hips, and is prepared to take all of us on if she has to. “That’s all I know about him. Everything he told me, I figure, is a lie so you can back the hell off because I’m not telling you another thing.”

“You haven’t told us shit.” Heat growls and slams a fist on the top of his desk. “You either start talkin’, or I make things so you’ll wish you talked to me rather than what I do next.”

Oh shit. Heat’s not one to go off on his sister like this with a threat. What he’ll do, I don’t know, but regardless, she won’t like it.

I’m pretty sure whatever he’s going to do will have something to do with their mom. That or . . .

“And what would that be?” Evelin snaps snidely, her body leaning forward slightly. “You’re not going to do a thing to me. Clue in, Heat. I’m twenty-two, not two. You don’t get a say in what I do with my life and what I share with you.”

Well, that would be the wrong thing to say not just to her brother, but to any of us.

“You think that?” Heat growls, coming around his desk slowly. “You think I can’t do what I want? You’re a part of this club, Evelin. You’re my goddamn sister. And I’ll

do what I have to when it comes to you.” His gaze comes to me. “She’s with you.”

“What the hell does that mean?” I demand, cocking a brow.

“Yeah, what are you talking about?” Evelin asks, her voice full of surprise.

“We’re heading to Anarchy, California, tomorrow for the rally. She’s with you. You make sure she doesn’t get into any trouble. Don’t let her out of your sight. That’s your punishment for waiting to bring this to me instead of calling right away.” Heat twists to his sister. “Your ass is on lockdown. You don’t go anywhere without a guard on you. When we get back from the rally, you can answer to Mom.”

There it is, her real punishment. She’s going to have to explain all of this to her mother. The very woman who can not only kill without blinking, but she could also do it with a smile on her face.

“You’re joking,” Evelin scoffs and looks pale. “You’re putting a guard on me? Taking me to some rally like it’s some type of prison, then going to tell on me to Mom? Seriously?”

Heat gets that knowing grin on his face, “Oh, most definitely, little sister. You see, Fire is your guard, and he’s one mean SOB when he wants to be. Fuck with him, no matter how nice he’s been to you over the years, and you’re gonna wish you hadn’t.”

Once again, there it is. He knows I don’t fucking play around. I’ve looked out for her since she was a kid, but she’s never seen just how menacing I can truly be.

“And what about the bar?” Evelin snaps, cocking her hip slightly.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll have it covered.”

Heat looks at me once again. “She gets out of line, you know what to do.”

Oh, I understand him all right, but that doesn’t mean he’ll actually want me to dish out punishment to Evelin if she gets out of line with me. A part of me almost wants her to so I can get my hands on that sweet ass of hers. I shouldn’t, but she came to me for protection. She’ll get my protection and a hell of a lot more if I have it my way. Hell, it would be worth taking the punishment of what I know is to come. But it’s only a matter of when it’s gonna happen.

It shouldn’t be a matter of when it’ll happen. It should never happen, but while lying in my bed with her, I knew in my gut the truth of it. She came to me, and in that moment, she became mine. She doesn’t know it yet. I might as well deal with whatever Heat plans to dish out to me later. Then again, I’d much prefer to do the crime first.

Looking at Evelin, I see her staring at me with a glint of what I’ll put down as a challenge. “Guess you’re on the back of my bike. Means it’s time for you to pack a bag. We’ll go by your place, get your shit, and take it to my place for the time being.”

Let her read into that what she will. Turning my attention to Heat and Brimstone, I ask, “What time we headin’ out? I need to get with Trigger and Pyro about the route we’re taking.”

“I’ve got it handled,” Brimstone grunts and jerks his chin toward Evelin. “You just deal with her.”

“We’re heading out at first light,” Heat answers and looks at his sister. “It’s a forty-hour trip and we’ll be stopping to sleep only for the night halfway.” He lifts his gaze to me. “I figure you can handle those arrangements.”

“Yeah, I can handle it.”

I won't change anything from what we're already set up for. We're staying on the grounds where the rally is being held. I rented an RV that was gonna be there already for me. I didn't mind sleeping outside in a tent, but I decided to go with something more comfortable. Heat and Brimstone had also gone the same route. A few of my other brothers decided to do the same, whereas others were gonna stay in tents.

"I'm not riding on the back of a bike for two days straight," Evelin balks.

"You are," I tell her. "Now, get your ass out to my bike so we can get your shit sorted."

"No, I will not get my ass out to your bike, Fire. I'm not going to this rally. I'm not going anywhere with any of you. You can all go to hell for all I care." She stomps her foot and crosses her arms, pushing her tits up. Even in my tee she's wearing, as big as it is on her, I can see the mounds where the shirt tightens from her movements. I don't even need to see them in this position. The sight of her earlier standing in a bra and jeans was seared into my brain.

I lift my gaze to Heat's. "You said she's mine to deal with, remember that," I tell him and stalk toward Evelin, snatching her wrists up to move her out of my way. I bend, plant her stomach to my hip, and throw her over my shoulder. The entire time, Evelin screeches.

I don't miss the look in Heat's eyes, the calculating look he gets when he's thinking. He knows I'm about to deal with his sister and put her in her place. He just doesn't know what I'm gonna do. For that matter, I don't know, but whatever it is, it's not something he needs to be witness to. Mostly because it's gonna mean having her ass bare to my hands.

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SEVEN

EVELIN

The audacity of this man. How dare Fire carry me out of there over his shoulder. Who does he think he is?

Who the hell am I kidding? As infuriating as it is, it's still hotter than I could ever dream up.

It's the fact that he's going off my brother's orders to be my guard dog that pisses me off. Why else would he be getting all pissed-off because I'm refusing to listen to him or my brother. I won't let them dictate what I do and how I do it. No way.

They can get over being all he-man with me. I'm not a child.

"Put me down, Fire. I don't need you carting me around like some caveman."

Fire doesn't respond to my demands, and he doesn't put me down either. I don't know where he's taking me, but I swear the moment he sets me on my feet, I'm going to kick him right between his legs. I'd hate to do it to him, however, he deserves it for the way he's acting.

When Fire finally puts me down, I know we're in his room.

I pivot back slightly, catching my footing. Before I can get my knee up to hit him where it hurts, I again find myself moving. This time, going over his lap. One arm

holds me in place while his other reaches around my waist, unsnaps my jeans, and draws the zipper down.

“What are you doing?” I screech, bucking in his hold.

“Teaching you a lesson,” Fire growls in answer. With his free hand, he jerks the back of my jeans downward to expose my bottom.

“Fire.” I buck again, though it’s pointless. His arm holding me in place is enough to keep me from moving.

Doesn’t help that him doing this is totally hot.

“You need to learn to listen when someone who damn well cares about you is talking.” His firm hand comes down on my bottom with a sharpness that still causes moisture to gather between my thighs.

Fire smooths the sting of his slap to my bottom as he speaks again. “You’re going to start listening, Eve. I’m not going to put up with the bullshit you’ve been handing all of us for the past fuck knows how long since you got back from school.” His hand goes away from my bottom only to come back down just as sharply as the first time.

He repeats this action five more times before speaking again. “Your ass looks hot, all nice and red, bright from my hand, baby.” I swear I could hear a gruffness to his voice, like he was restraining himself from going further. “Are you going to listen when I tell you to do something?” he asks, smoothing out the sting he’s caused.

“Why should I? Are you going to keep spanking me if I don’t agree to give in to you?” I demand, though my bottom voluntarily tips up, more than ready for him to keep going. If that weren’t bad enough, between my legs was throbbing, slick, and ready for him to touch me there.

“No, baby, I wouldn’t keep spanking you. I’d do something else altogether,” he growls and surprises me further by sliding his fingers between my legs, where he swats them against my slick entrance. “You’re wet and ready for the taking, Evelin. I could easily slide my cock inside you, but that’s what you’d want me to do. And that wouldn’t be a punishment at all. No, I wouldn’t touch your pussy. Instead, I’d insert a plug in your ass and make you keep it there throughout the entire ride to Cali.”

Oh my.

He wouldn’t.

Would he?

“Just think, having your ass filled, thinking of being fucked. The vibrations of my bike alone would be more than just a margin of torture, they’ll drive you insane with that plug in your ass. And what a sweet ass you’ve got, baby,” Fire remarks, sliding his fingers through my slick heat backward. He brings his fingers away only to slap my bottom all over again, this time causing a shudder I’d never felt before.

“Fire,” I whimper unable to not do so. He’s got me hotter than I’ve ever been in my entire life.

“You gonna listen to me, baby?” Running his fingers back along the crevice of my bottom, he moves to my entrance again, finding my clit with ease. “So slick and wet. Your ass perked up, red from my hand. I can see just how wet you are, how turned on you are just from what I’ve done to you.”

“Shut up,” I gasp, not wanting to listen. Only because it was making me that much more turned on.

“You gonna listen?” he asks, circling my clit, adding just a margin of pressure.

“Yes,” I cry, unsure of why I even cry. Other than wanting him to ease the ache he’s building inside me. “I’ll listen, all right?”

“Good,” Fire whispers and flicks my clit, slides his fingers backward, and slides one inside me, causing me to come instantly. “Fuck, your pussy is tight, taking just the one finger.”

“Asshole,” I breathe, looking over my shoulder up at him while also pushing against his finger more.

His touch is the first time I’ve ever had a guy touch me there, and this is how it’s happening. I don’t know if I should be mortified or begging him to just fuck me now.

“Oh, yeah, baby, I’m an asshole, and you keep fuckin’ with me, I’ll show you just how much of an asshole I can be.” Fire pulls his finger from my entrance, and I watch him lift it to his mouth and suck the glistening juices coating it.

Totally hot.

More than hot.

Hot doesn’t describe seeing him taste me the way he is. Or the way his eyes flash with heated desire in them.

Between one breath and the next, I find myself back on my feet. Fire’s hands pulling my jeans back over my bottom and fastening them in place.

“We’ll go to your place so you can pack a bag. If it’s not gonna fit in my saddlebags, it ain’t goin’.”

“What about a backpack?” I find myself asking. I like to have things with me.

“If it doesn’t fit in the saddlebags, it ain’t goin’,” he repeats. “You aren’t wearing a backpack for hours on end while we ride for two days straight. We might be stopping, but that’s for gas, food, and one night of sleep. The rest of the trip is riding out. We won’t be stopping until we get to the rally.”

“Where am I staying while there?” I know it’s stupid to ask, but I ask it anyway.

“Thought that was already pointed out, your mine to keep an eye on, means you’ll be in the RV I’ve rented. Your brother and Brimstone also have their own RVs, same with a few other brothers. The rest decided to pitch tents and shit.”

Ugh, okay.

So many questions run through my head at the very moment. Why not just put me in my brother’s RV? Why would he touch me the way he did? The spanking? Talking to me the way he talked? The look in his eyes? None of it makes sense to me right now.

Instead of asking him about any of it, mostly because I still need to think and gather my thoughts, I let him pull me out of his room, through the clubhouse, out to his bike.

Without a word, I climb on the back, following him, wrapping my arms around his waist, and hold tight as he hits the throttle, kicking up rocks as he goes.

Still, when we get to my place, I don’t speak. I just pack like I’m supposed to all while trying to come to terms with everything he’s said and done. To make matters worse, my body still feels like I’m going to go insane at a moment’s notice if he doesn’t touch me soon.

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EIGHT

FIRE

I'm a dead man fucking walking.

Heat is going to end up killing me. After touching her, tasting the nectar of her pussy, there's no way I'm gonna be able to keep my hands to myself. I could've spanked her other ways, but I pulled her jeans down and spanked her bare ass. Seeing the moisture between her thighs thicken as I gave her, her punishment, only solidified what I already knew.

I was fucked.

After leaving the clubhouse, I've done my best to keep my hands to myself. It wasn't easy. More than once, I found myself wanting to do it all again, only this time with her legs around my head while I tasted her with my mouth and fucked her with my tongue. This I didn't do. I didn't because of one major reason.

She's a virgin.

I knew it without feeling the damn barrier. It was in how tight her pussy gripped just one single finger. The fact that Evelin hasn't ever had a man touch her the way I did should have me running for the damn hills. Instead, I'm fighting the urge to take and show her what it would mean to be fucked by me.

I want to ask her how the fuck she's been able to keep herself intact. Then again, I

should know the answer already. Throughout her time dating in high school, Heat didn't make it easy for her. In college, she had more chances, but Heat had prospects going and checking on her regularly. They'd report for weekends to make sure she wasn't doing anything she shouldn't.

The fact that she's held on to it this long and that I gave her her first orgasm, damn, it was all I could do not to fuck her then and there. Didn't matter to me that it was fucked-up.

However, I wasn't doing that shit to her. Evelin didn't deserve me doing that to her in my room. It'll be a miracle I can stand getting through the rally without touching her again, mostly because having her on the back of my bike, arms around me, and knowing exactly how sweet her pussy tastes is going to drive me up the wall.

It's not easy, but I've managed to put it out of my mind for the most part. That is, until I had to wake her ass up to get ready to ride out this morning. One thing about Evelin first thing in the morning, she wants to, she can be a bitch. Heat had said this over the years. Said she hates for anyone to wake her up. The alarm was the only thing she tolerated, otherwise, she wanted to be left alone until she woke up.

Evelin's gonna have to learn she's not gonna be a bitch to me when I've got to wake her ass up so we can get a move on.

Once I got her ass out of the house and on the back of my bike, she settled in, only for my torture to continue. We rode to the clubhouse to find all my brothers were getting on the backs of their own bikes. Within another ten minutes, we were all on the road, the sun not even up yet.

We ride for three hours and stop at a big truck stop. All of us need to take the time to refuel and check over our bikes. You don't go on trips like this without making sure your ride stays good. All it takes is for one ride to fuck it all up. The last thing any of

us need is for one of the bikes to overheat or some shit like. It doesn't matter we all treat our bikes like babies at any time of the year, but on trips like this, we gotta do it to make sure we make it there and back.

I park at one of the fuel pumps. Evelin immediately jumps off the back of my bike.

“God, my ass is hurting already,” she complains, rubbing her palms against the denim covering that said ass.

“You’ll be all right,” I tell her, swinging a leg over to climb off.

“All right? You’re joking, aren’t you? There’s no way I’m going to be okay when my ass is hurting like this the entire trip there.” She huffs and continues to rub her hands on her ass.

“You’ll get used to it.” I grunt and look at her. “Give me a minute to fill up the tank and do a once over, then we’ll go inside and get you something to eat.”

“I can go inside while you do all that,” she states. “My brother is right there.” Pointing toward Heat as she continues. “Plus, other members of the club are going to be inside.”

“I don’t give a shit.” I could easily say fine, but she needs to get it in her head that she’s mine to protect, and I take my job seriously. “You can wait for me to take you inside. You try it, and I’ll hold true to my threat of what I said I’d do yesterday in my room.”

Evelin’s eyes widen, and her mouth opens and closes like she wants to say something smart, but for her sake, she doesn’t. Instead, she narrows those eyes to little slits, crosses her arms under her tits, that does nothing but push them up in the tank top she’s wearing, and huffs in frustration.

Yeah, baby, I'd be frustrated too, if I were you. Instead, I was dealing with my own form of frustration. The fact that I want to sink myself inside her so deep she can feel me in her throat. This trip and back is going to be one hell of a torture to get through. She can deal with having to put up with my rules for the next week, or however long it takes to deal with her problems.

Evelin stays silent while I take care of filling my bike and talking with few of my brothers. Once I finish everything I need to do at the pump, I take her into the gas station, where she quickly rushes for the restrooms.

"You good, brother?" Heat asks, eyes glued in the same direction as mine.

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be?" I glance at him briefly while answering him.

"Cause I know what a pain in the ass my sister can be." Chuckling, Heat slaps a hand on my back. "Look, I'll watch for her. Finish what you gotta do so we can get back on the road."

Nodding, I take him up on the offer and do what I've gotta do. No way was I letting her get coffee or anything like that shit. She'll get water to stay hydrated, and that's it, at least until we get to the rally. Stopping every three hours is going to be long enough, we've got to make it there with the least amount of stops as possible.

By the time I finish, Evelin is standing next to Heat, looking annoyed. I toss her a water bottle. "Drink up, it's time to get back on the road."

"You're an asshole," she snaps but does as I tell her to.

Heat barks out a laugh and slaps me on the back while moving out of the gas station toward his bike.

Placing a hand on the bottom of her back just above her ass, I guide Evelin to my bike. I place the extra water in the saddlebags and climb on. Evelin rejoins me, wrapping her arms around my waist. Within minutes, my brothers and us are back on the road, and my torture continues. This trip is surely to be a trial by fire type of situation.

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NINE

EVELIN

My body hurts in places I never thought possible. All I want to do is soak in a nice hot bath. Unfortunately, that won't be happening mostly because I'm stuck in an RV with Fire and not some hotel room.

The ride out was long. Longest still due to my being on the back of Fire's bike. Riding with him was like heaven and hell all in one. My body wanted more of what he did to me in his room.

Am I crazy for wanting him to spank me again? To touch me roughly? To see him tasting me again on his fingers?

Never in my life have I had anyone touch me and without really a protest.

Last night, we stopped late at a motel. It wasn't one of those seedy ones, but it wasn't the best, either. It simply was a place to crash for a night. I took a quick shower, fell into the bed, and passed out instantly without thinking of only putting my panties on. Fire woke me after what felt like minutes rather than several hours. He woke me by dragging me out of the bed, which wasn't pleasant in any way.

We spent the day riding the rest of the way to our destination. Only stopping when we had to.

Exhausted and wanting to fall right into the bed, I would've, but I wanted a shower

first.

Fire wasn't in the RV when I climbed in the shower. However, the minute I stepped out in nothing more than a towel, he was there. I felt his eyes on me while I dug through my bag, finding another pair of panties. Thankfully, I remembered to grab a shirt, but that was all I did.

Climbing into the bed, I didn't bother waiting or even speaking to him before closing my eyes and letting myself pass out for the second night in a row.

* * *

The feel of Fire's hard body pressing into my back, his hands surrounding me. One of them was cupping one of my breasts. The other, well, he has it between my legs, and his fingers were circling my . . . oh my, his touch feels amazing against my . . .

My body starts moving of its own accord, wanting what he's giving me. I don't know if he's asleep or awake. Other than that first time in his bed, Fire had been away before me. I didn't know if he'd been in the bed with me while we'd been in that motel, though considering that room had only one bed, he probably did sleep in the same bed as me.

I'm sure I should be jerking away from his touch now, mostly because I think he's still asleep. It's better for me to believe that. There's no way if Fire were awake, he'd touch me like this.

Then why would he spank me as he did? Or touch me the way he did after?

Fire's fingers between my legs stall for the slightest second before he moves them again, shifting them lower, sliding them through my sex in a way I knew what I wanted them to be doing.

“Keep wiggling against me the way you are, baby, and you’re gonna find yourself getting a helluva a lot more than you’re ready for.” Fire’s gruff voice sends a shiver along my spine.

“Who says I want you doing anything?” I totally wanted him to be doing this and so much more.

“You want me doing this,” Fire remarks, lines a finger with my entrance, inserting it inside. “You want me doing just what I’m doing and more.”

“More?” I wiggle against his thickness and realize even through the thin barrier of my panties, I could feel just how hard he is. “What more are we talking about?” My voice doesn’t even sound like it should.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about, Evelin,” he says, adding a second finger. “You like what I’m doing to you, admit it.”

“It’s nothing I haven’t done myself.” That’s a total lie. This is nothing like anything I’ve done for myself. Sure, I’ve touched myself, made myself come, but it was never this hot.

“Bet having my fingers fuckin’ inside your tight little pussy is better. Way your tightening around me makes me think you want me to keep my fingers inside you,” he says, adding another finger stretching me.

The pressure is heaven and hell all in one. I want him to keep going, but afraid he’ll stop. I’m not sure if the pressure will end up causing pain, and I usually don’t do well with pain. Then again, if Fire’s dishing it out, it might be completely different ‘cause I highly doubt he’d make it actually hurt.

“Fire,” I whisper his name, opening my legs a bit more, giving him even more access.

Instead of answering, Fire shifts, his fingers still inside me. I roll to my back, him coming over me. “Tell me to stop now, and I will, Evelin. You don’t. I’m taking what I want and there won’t be any going back on it.”

Whoa.

Wow.

Umm.

I totally want it.

No way will I be telling him to stop. I’ll think about the consequences later. I want to live in the here and now.

“Don’t stop,” I murmur, holding his gaze, seeing how the fire flares just before his mouth comes down on mine, and everything shifts inside me. A part of me I didn’t know I was missing makes itself known.

Fire controls the kiss, the same as my body. The way his tongue spears into my mouth, dominating my tongue with his, it’s way hotter than any kiss I’ve ever shared with a guy. Everything about what Fire does to me is sinfully delightful. I want to experience more. Way more than what he’s giving me right now.

The kiss and his fingers aren’t enough for me. I’ve got to have more than what he’s giving me.

Fire reads this in me somehow, breaks the kiss, removes his fingers from my sex, jerks my panties down my thighs, the shirt goes next, and in seconds, he’s between my thighs, mouth finding its destination.

“Fire,” I pant, thrashing my head around, unsure of if I should be feeling what I’m feeling. His mouth works me, tongue flicking at my entrance, delving inside. When he adds his fingers again, I swear I’m going to go insane. He works them right alongside his tongue, driving me to orgasm.

When it hits me, my back bows off the bed, fingers curling into the hair at the back of his head, meeting skin and hair. I’ve always thought the fact he keeps the sides of his head shaved with tattoos on either side was just sexy as hell.

Before my release finishes, Fire is up on his knees, my legs are widened for him to fit, and he’s pressing into me.

Inch by inch, he fills me with his cock, taking me. Back and forth, he moves, not pushing in more than I can take at one time. The way he stretches me, it’s a mixture of pleasure and pain all in one. But it’s so amazing, I want more.

“More, please, Fire, give me more,” I plead, looking him in the eyes.

Fire visibly clenches his teeth together and thrusts forward, penetrating the barrier of my virginity. He stills briefly and gives me a chance to adjust to his size. I haven’t even seen his cock, but I feel it inside, and I already want to feel more of it. To have him use it. To have my mouth wrapped around it.

With a wiggle of my hips, I give Fire all the indication he needs to move, and when he does, he takes my breath away. I love every bit of it. Fire thrusts and fills me deep with each stroke. Without so much as a warning, I’m coming again, and this time, there’s no way for me to hide the cry that leaves my lips. Not that I’d want to.

The whole experience is beautiful, and I wouldn’t have it any other way. Especially when I hear Fire snarling my name, his release pulsing inside me.

Staring up at him, my fingers digging into his shoulders, I know my world has changed in more ways than one.

What I didn't know was what would happen next.

TEN

FIRE

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I did what I shouldn't have done—especially the way I did it. I intended to only take things so far with Evelin. Let her get used to what I intended to do with her. I hadn't planned to take her virginity in a fucking RV.

There's no doubt that anyone within hearing distance would have heard her sweet cries of pleasure. It means it's only a matter of time before Heat's banging on the door, and I'm going to have to face him. He might have been okay with some things, but fucking Evelin is something he wouldn't have been down for. Let alone what I want to keep doing to her.

I'll have to face whatever he's gonna do before anything else happens, though.

However, before I do anything else, the first thing that needs to happen is me taking care of Evelin. Get her cleaned up and see how she's feeling. I not only took her virginity, I took it roughly. I might have given her time to adjust, but I'd still done it. It doesn't fucking matter that she seemed into it either.

Fucked up part is she's the first woman I've ever fucked that was a virgin. I was always told, same as Heat and Brimstone by Herja, that if we get with a woman that still held their virtue, we were to take care of that woman and treat her with the dignity that she deserves.

Evelin deserves more than that. She deserves way more.

Taking her in a damn RV after being on the road is fucked-up.

Regardless, now that I've had her once, I intend to do it again. Hell, I might not be able to go without having more than a taste.

Without a word, I lean in, press a kiss to Evelin's lips, and climb out of bed. I grab a cloth from the shower, wet it, and take it back to the bed. I hold Evelin's gaze while I clean between her thighs. I don't bother telling her what I didn't do before sliding inside her. But I was gonna have to ask her about something else.

"You on birth control?" I ask, tossing the cloth to the floor. I watch as Evelin's eyes take me in, assessing me as I've seen her do a lot of times, though not always while looking at me.

"Yes, I'm on birth control," she answers. "Considering you didn't use a condom, I can only hope that you're clean and not carrying anything that you could give me."

"If I wasn't clean, baby, I wouldn't have touched you, let alone fucked you." I wasn't a total asshole.

"Right," she mutters, dragging the sheets over her naked body.

Climbing back into the bed, I pull the sheet away from her body. Last night, I'd gotten a look at her, same as the night before, but I was gonna enjoy the sight of her now while also holding her in my arms. "We gotta talk . . ." I barely get the words out before banging comes at the door. "Fuck."

"Get your ass out here, Fire," Heat snarls.

“Oh God,” Evelin whispers. “He sounds pissed.”

“You think?” I grunt, getting out of bed to find a pair of jeans in my bag I brought in last night. “Get dressed, baby. Your brother ain’t one for waiting to reap out repercussions.”

“What does that mean?” she demands, getting out of bed to find her clothes.

“You know Heat. You know this club. I just broke one rule that no one in the club is supposed to break. It goes right up there with don’t fuck over your brothers. And in a way, I did just that just now by fuckin’ you,” I explain.

“Wait a minute?—”

“Don’t have time to talk about this shit right now. He’s waiting, and I knew this was gonna happen.” I face her as I fasten my jeans. “I knew what I was doing getting into this with you, and I’m not gonna hide away and deny it. I knew it. I’ve got to face the punishment I know is coming my way.”

I don’t bother waiting for her to follow me. I grab my boots and step from the RV, right out into the face of my President. Right now, he’s not just my best friend and Evelin’s brother, he’s my President, and I went against him. I didn’t even talk to him about it before doing it.

“I know what’s coming, and though I deserve it, I’m not going to regret it,” I tell him, meeting his eyes.

“Twenty-two, brother, that’s how many you’re fuckin’ gettin’,” Heat snarls. “As for you, Evelin, your ass is in the hot seat as well. Since you brought this on him, you get to watch.”

I nod and look behind me to see Evelin standing in the doorway to the RV. Face pale. Eyes furious. Those eyes of hers trained directly on her brother.

“What are you talking about?” she demands, taking the final steps down out of the RV, and glances around to see we’ve got an audience. Every member of our chapter is standing around and surrounding us.

“You let this happen, Evelin,” Heat snarls, steps back, and brings his gaze to me. “Let’s get this over with.”

Nodding, I move toward the center of my brothers, feeling them all watching me closely. I face Heat for a minute. “I don’t regret it. You know me. You know the man I am. I fucked up. I own it, but I don’t regret it. Not for a second. And for the record, you should know I’m putting in my claim. You wanna add more to the twenty-two, you do that. But know, in the end, it doesn’t change the fact I’m claiming her as mine.”

Once done, I turn my back toward him, get to my knees, and brace for it. I know Heat. He’s not going to enjoy this any more than I am.

“You can’t be serious,” Evelin snaps.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Brimstone’s got an arm around her waist holding her back. Her eyes are darting back and forth between Heat and myself.

None of my brothers speak a word as Heat begins. They won’t hold it against me, what I did. Not because I did it, but because I owned up to it without a fight. The same goes with Heat in the end.

The first lash of the whip comes down on my back, tearing through my flesh and my body jerking slightly. I clench my teeth together to keep from making a sound. I

won't allow anyone to hear the pain of each lash I take. It's my pain to bear. No one else's.

With each lash to my back, I hold still the best I can. It doesn't help to hear Evelin's shouts and cries for Heat to stop. If he were to stop because of her or me, he'd have to do it all over again. Brimstone needs to get her to shut up so this can be done.

Heat must have her toned out because he doesn't stop until I've received all twenty-two lashes. My back feels like it's on fire.

"It's done," Heat states moments after the last lash is doled out. "Go clean up and know this. You hurt her, and I'll kill you, brother or not."

"You know me, Prez, I wouldn't do anything to hurt her. Never could. Never would," I grind out.

"Good," he growls and comes to my side. "Come on." Without a word he helps me to my feet. "You know I had to do it, Fire."

"I know." I grunt, nodding. "By not doing it would have put you in a position you wouldn't have wanted to be in." Not with any of our brothers. We're brothers for a reason, and I disrespected him by fucking his sister.

By the time Heat and I get to the door of the RV, Evelin is right there, getting in our faces. But it's not her that catches my attention. It's the fact that my back didn't feel like it was on fire anymore. The pain was gone.

"What the fuck?" I hear Brimstone say behind me.

"What?" I demand, looking back at him.

“Your back . . .” He jerks his chin in my direction. “It’s already starting to heal.”

“Fuck,” Heat grinds out, steps back to take a look for himself. “This wasn’t supposed to happen.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I stare at Heat in question.

Instead of answering me, he pulls his phone out. Finds who he wants to call and lifts the phone to his ear. “Herja, we got a situation. Fire’s back is healing after a lashing where he also claimed Evelin as his woman.”

He pauses for a minute and lets out a heavy breath, eyes on me. “Right. See you tonight.” Heat yanks the phone from his ear and shoves it back into his pocket.

“You gonna fill me in on what’s going on here?” I don’t know what the hell is going on now, and I don’t like it. Not in the least bit.

“There’s something it seems my dear mother has kept from you and until recently me,” Heat starts, taking a moment to shove his fingers through his hair. “Herja will be here this evening to fill in the blanks, but what I can tell you now is that you are Freyja’s son.”

What the fuck?

How is this fucking possible.

ELEVEN

EVELIN

My heart feels like it's going to pound right out of my chest. So much is happening at once, and I'm not sure how to handle it all.

Never before had I witnessed what just happened within the club. All because of what Fire and I did. If I'd known that would happen . . .

God knows seeing the pain Fire went through because of me clenches at my chest and makes me ache for what he endured. It's not fair that he had to submit to what I brought as he did. I heard what he said to Heat and everyone else. Those words still ring in my ears. The whole situation . . . it hasn't fully sunk in yet, but I heard him. He not only didn't regret it, but he put his claim in. From what I gather in what he said, it was a big deal. I just don't understand what all it meant.

I wanted to scream and throw a fit about the whole thing, but Brimstone had whispered in my ear that it was the way of the club. Heat had no choice but to follow through with it. If I didn't cool it, I'd only make things worse for Fire. I'd already done enough, I didn't need to cause him more.

On top of that, witnessing the way his back all but heals on its own is more than a little mind-blowing.

“What do you mean I'm Freyja's son? You talking about the Norse goddess Freyja?”
Fire demands, brows furrowed, eyes unreadable.

“There’s only one Freyja, brother,” Heat grunts. “I don’t know all the damn details, just that you’re one of her children. Herja let it slip one night, and I asked her about it.”

“If that’s true and all, which I’ve got to admit it’s bullshit, then where has Mommy Dearest fuckin’ been?” Fire demands, starting to pace around like what he just endured with the lashes he took from Heat didn’t happen.

I follow his movements, watching him closely. Something in him seems different, and I’m not talking about the fact he could heal like he did. I just can’t figure out what it is.

“Look, I get you’re pissed, and you’ve got a right to be, but can you chill out? Take a walk or something. Herja will explain everything when she gets here later,” Brimstone states. “We’ve got shit to do this morning as it is and?—”

“I know we’ve got shit to do this morning,” Fire mutters, lip curling in fury. I suck in a breath at the sight of his eyes when they turn their attention to me. Fire jerks his chin toward the RV while holding my gaze. “Get inside and get ready.”

“I’ve got Evelin for now, brother. You need to take a walk and calm down. You get back, and we’ll go meet up with Big Daddy and the rest of the California chapter,” Heat grunts, stepping into Fire’s line of vision.

Fire stays quiet, though he does nod. Finally, he grunts, “Fine.” His eyes come back to me. “You best listen and not argue with Heat. I get back, we’ll discuss things.”

He doesn’t wait around for me to tell him off for that little command of his. Fire moves past me and the others, and steps into the RV long enough to grab a shirt and his cut. With those on, he moves past me and his brothers. His body visibly tense.

“Pyro, Hotshot, Flame, go with him. Make sure he doesn’t do anything to get himself in trouble,” Heat orders. “You know his temper when he’s close to losing it.”

The three men nod as one and follow after their brother.

“What do you mean by him losing it?” I finally manage to croak out the question after they’re all out of my line of sight, and I can focus solely on my brother.

“In the RV, Eve,” Heat commands, grabs me by my upper arm, and guides me into the RV.

Brimstone’s already situated in one of the seats at the table.

Heat lets me go, and I turn in time to see him looking out the doorway as he says, “Get ready brothers. Fire gets back we’re getting to work.” Closing the door, he turns toward me. “What the fuck were you thinking?”

“What are you talking about?” What exactly did I do?

“You let one of my brothers, my best friend, fuck you. You did it in a place where I’d fuckin’ have to hear it. Means I’ve got no choice but to do what I had to do.”

“Prez, you were gonna have to do it anyway, and we both know it,” Brimstone remarks.

“Yeah, but I could’ve done without having to hear the shit and possibly waitin’ until we got back to Virginia. I sure as fuck didn’t think it was gonna happen first thing,” Heat gripes and paces slightly.

“You can’t be serious,” I snap, hands on hips and staring at my brother in frustration.

“Oh, I’m deadly serious.” My brother stops pacing and glares at me. “I’m not blind, and I know Fire just as I know you. You both had a thing for each other. Fire’s able to hide it better than you, still, he can’t hide that shit from me.”

“Again, you can’t be serious. If he was into me, it wouldn’t have been your business.” I cannot believe this whole ordeal right now. The nerve of Heat to think he can . . .

“When it comes to you, little sister, it is my business. Anything and everything to do with you is my business. Don’t think it’s not, Evelin. In this club, no one fucks with the Kings. No one fucks with those the Kings claim. Our chapter also has rules. Rules that we set in place out of respect. You don’t cross those rules, not without punishment. Because of you, Fire had to take that punishment.”

“He wouldn’t have if you didn’t force him into playing bodyguard.” This is totally not something that should be happening. This whole conversation shouldn’t be. What I do with my life shouldn’t be any of my brother’s business, and he needs to get it through his head he cannot dictate my life. Not now. Not ever.

“Fire was going to guard your ass whether Heat put him on you or not,” Brimstone remarks, jumping into the conversation. “Don’t think you don’t know how this club runs. You ain’t stupid, Eve. We all know you’re smart as hell. So, lose the fuckin’ attitude and listen for a change rather than arguing every little point.”

I open my mouth to snap at him, only to close it while glaring at him. How dare he.

“Evelin, what you gotta get, little sister,” Heat states, anger still filling his voice. “You gotta use your smarts to do things right.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“The fact that you and him fucked this morning.” It was Brimstone who answered the question. “You weren’t quiet about it and because Fire hadn’t claimed you. You weren’t his ol’ lady. We had to hear you two, that’s bad enough, but you, fuck,” he grimaces, shaking his head, “we all fuckin’ heard you, Evelin, don’t you get that.”

“Then you should have blocked out the sounds,” I state a bit snarkily. “Now, can we be done with this? It’s not a conversation I want to be having with you two.”

“You still don’t get it,” Heat snarls. “He claimed you in the process of getting his punishment. You’re his, Evelin. He said it in front of everyone. To top it off, Fire’s Freyja’s son. He hadn’t unlocked what’s deep inside him that’s unleashed.”

I open my mouth to demand what the hell he’s talking about when the door is thrown open, and Fire’s standing right there looking even more freaked than I’m feeling at the moment.

Behind him, Pyro speaks up, and when he does, it’s not something I expected to hear.

“Prez, you know Fire’s got a twin brother that looks exactly like him and can put out fires? A fire that Fire here started with just a touch of his finger.”

TWELVE

FIRE

How the fuck is any of this possible? Heat isn't one that would lie about something like this. I know it, but it still doesn't make it easy to swallow.

The fact that my back wasn't throbbing with the pain I'd been feeling while he dealt out each lash is fucking with my head. I expected to feel the pain for days on end. I've always been a quick healer, but it's never been anything like this. My back was completely healed within minutes.

It's fucking with my head more so because all my life, I thought the woman who birthed me was my mom. A fucking junkie who bailed on me. How fucked-up is that? I figured the best thing she could do for me was what she did in allowing my uncle to raise me. I don't even know who my birth father is and never questioned it until now. My uncle had been the only figure I needed. He wasn't coddling, but he taught me to be who I am.

"Brother, you gonna be okay?" Pyro asks, speaking up for the first time since he and our brothers followed me from the campsite.

Stopping off to the side near a pop-up canopy, grills already going, I look at him. "Does it look like I'm okay?"

"Nope," Hotshot answers, drawing out the lone word.

“Looks like you’re freaked the fuck out,” Flame grunts.

“Wouldn’t you be?” I demand, looking between the three of them. “You find out this shit about yourself. How do you think you’d take it?”

“Fire,” Pyro grins, “I’m a fuckin’ dragon, there’s not much I let get to me.”

“Brother, I get you.” Hotshot smirks. “Being a lowly human and all, I get you. But think about this shit. You don’t need me anymore to fix up your back when shit happens.”

“Fuck off, Hotshot.” I chuckle.

Hotshot is able to get me to chuckle, which is something he’s always been good at. He’s not just the medic for our club, and he ain’t just a lowly human as he claims. He might be human, but he’s got a gift for healing he learned from his ancestors.

“Well, he’s got a point,” Flame remarks, “You won’t need to be healed after fights and shit that go too damn far.”

They’ve both got a point.

Still, it doesn’t change the fact that I had to learn this shit now.

“Just think about this, your real mom wasn’t a junkie,” Pyro states, though it’s not something he needs to remind me about.

“Yeah, I know, instead, she’s just a Goddess that didn’t want me.” My anger is growing, for some reason, that thought pisses me off. Makes me question who the hell I really am and why this Goddess cast me away.

More importantly, makes me question what the hell I am.

“I don’t think that’s it,” Pyro grunts. “Wait until Herja gets here, she’ll hopefully give you the answers you deserve to have.”

Yeah. I’m not going to be able to do anything about any of this until she gets here. Herja could be here in a flash of a second if she wanted, so why the fuck can’t she show her ass until tonight?

“You gonna be able to cool it now? Get back to the RV and see to the other situation you’ve got going on?” Flame asks brow cocked. “Fucked up you with Evelin, but we all saw it coming.”

“Fuck,” I snarl. When I do, sparks fly from my fingers to the haystack next to us, starting a fire. “Oh shit.”

“Water. We need some fuckin’ water over here,” a member from another club shouts.

Before the guy can get water, someone else handles it, and how they do so is just how I started the damn fire. Though, instead, of sparks, it’s water. How the fuck . . .

I lift my gaze from the smoke coming up from the haystack to the guy who’d taken care of the fire, only to end up looking in the mirror. Holy fuck.

“What the fuck?” the other guy says, looking confused as I’m feeling.

“How in the hell do you two . . .”

I’ve got to talk to Herja now, instead of saying a word to my brothers or even the other me. I stalk back in the direction I came from, more than ready for answers.

I need to know what the hell is going on with me, and I need those answers now. Not later.

“Where the hell are you going?” I hear coming from behind me.

“To get answers,” I call out, not paying attention to who I’m talking to, just that I’m telling them while still going after what I want to know.

It doesn’t take long for my brothers and me to get back to our campsite. I go straight to the RV I’m staying in, knowing that’s exactly where I’ll find Heat and my woman.

Right now, more than ever, I feel the draw to her and need to set eyes on her. I need her just as much as I need the damn answers only her mother can give me.

I throw the door open, but before I can speak a word, Pyro beats me to it. “Prez, you know Fire’s got a twin brother that looks exactly like him and can put out fires. A fire that Fire here started with just a touch of his finger.”

“What are you talking about?” Heat demands.

“What he’s talking about is, sparks flew from my fingers and started a fire. That said fire was put out in the same manner by a dude that looks just like me. Swear to fuck lookin’ in the mirror, and the fucker is me.”

“Hey, asshole, I’m standing right here,” my twin says.

Heat moves quickly, his feet bringing him down the steps of the RV to look at the man who looks just like me and curses. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What the hell is going on here?”

“That’s what I’d like to know.”

“Yo, Dexter, you good over here?”

“Just finding out what the hell’s goin’ on,” Dexter, my twin, says, voice filled with annoyance.

“Think we’d all like to know what the hell’s going on,” Pyro mutters.

“What is . . .” Evelin starts but stops when she sees Dexter. “Oh my god.”

“Evelin,” I growl. Without a word, she moves to my side and allows me to curl an arm around her.

The two of us still have a lot to talk about, but right now, it’s all gotta be on the back burner until I get to know what is going on with me. Sounds selfish as fuck. It’s just how it’s gotta be right now. Once I know what the deal is, I’ll go from there. Figure out the rest. Still, while all this is going on, Evelin isn’t leaving my side. Not when she’s got danger waiting for a moment to snatch her up. I won’t let that happen. I just claimed her.

Fuck.

I claimed her, and she’s mine. I did it at a fuckin’ rally where since we got here, everything has been fucked-up. I should’ve waited. I don’t know what the hell I was thinking. I wasn’t. That’s the problem. I wasn’t thinking about what happened between us. Just that I wanted her. I didn’t want to wait.

“Herja, we need you here now, not tonight. Something else has happened, and answers are needed.” Heat’s voice pulls me out of my thoughts, and I tighten my arm around Evelin. “Yeah, Mom, it’s urgent.”

A moment later, Herja pops out of thin air, a phone still held to her ear. “What is so

urgent?” she demands, her face filled with annoyance. “I was in the middle of something very important . . .” Her voice trails off as she looks between Evelin and me then past me. “Oh no. No. No. No. Freyja is going to lose her mind.”

“Speaking of Freyja, you want to explain to me?—”

“Hold on,” Herja states, speaking over me while closing her eyes.

I want to bite her head off, however, I end up gritting my teeth instead. She’s my woman’s mother. The woman I saw as a mother figure for all these years. Still, the way she’s acting right now more than pisses me off.

“Look, I don’t know what the hell’s going on here?—”

“Shush,” Herja snaps, not opening her eyes. “Freyja,” she finally whispers.

For some reason, I feel compelled to laugh because all of this is bullshit. Like Freyja is going to be the one to come down here and answer the questions that I have. That I’m sure my look alike, Dexter, is wondering himself.

THIRTEEN

EVELIN

I watch my mother, and I can feel the shift in the air as she calls Freyja's name. I want to demand answers on Fire's behalf. I want to know what's going on and why this is all happening.

Long moments past, and the tension in the air doesn't abate. The man who looks so much like Fire is staring between my mother and Fire, taking them both in.

He looks so much like Fire, but I can see the slightest differences. Mainly, it's the way they wear their hair. Other than the different tattoos, they look almost identical. The only way you can tell them apart is that Fire has most of his hair shaved and tattoos on display. Whereas the other guy has a full head of hair.

Fire's arm tightens further around me, and I lift my gaze to look at him as he lowers his eyes to me. "We'll talk about what happened this morning when I get all this handled."

I nod, not worrying about verbalizing my response. He doesn't need words right now.

The air suddenly stagnates, rife with tension, the wind picks up, and a dust swirl forms in front of us. Just as soon as it starts to pick up, it dies down. Where the wind had picked up stands a beautiful golden-blond haired woman wearing a white business suit, with gold in all the right places. She's completely gorgeous.

Her gaze takes in all those around, only to settle on Fire and his twin. A beautiful smile spreads on her lips. “Brandr. Reidun.” Her voice is musical and sweet. This has to be Freyja.

“Goddess,” my mom calls.

Freyja waves a hand and looks between both men. “You were not supposed to ever run into each other. For the sake of the world, you were supposed to be separated. I had no other choice.”

“They’re no longer separated, as you see,” my mother states.

“Yes, and since this has happened. It means the fates have decided.” Her gaze comes to me, and she grants me her beautiful smile. “They’ve given your daughter to my son. The child she will carry will be strong.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Fire demands, showing no respect for the Goddess.

“Fire,” I whisper.

“Brandr,” Freyja whispers, looking at Fire. I knew this was his real name. He never allowed anyone to call him that. Not even Herja. To him, it was just a name he had to put on the legal documents.

“Don’t,” Fire states, voice filled with such hatred. “Just tell me what the hell you’re talking about and why I’m just now finding out my birth was a fuckin’ lie.”

“I had no other choice. I did what I did to protect you both, just as I did to protect your sisters.”

“Sisters?” both men say at the same time.

“You didn’t tell me any of this,” Heat growls, the words directed toward our mother.

Freyja gets this distant look in her eyes as chilling words come from her lips next.

“Upon the Goddess of Love and Beauty, of Fertility and War, of Seier, there will be four born. Twins each. Fire and Water. Earth and Wind. Together, they will be powerful. Together, they shall grow strong. Together, they will destroy one another. Fire will burn the Earth. Wind will carry the water. Only through them finding the other halves of what they are will they be able to save themselves from what they will become.

“These four will be unstoppable, but there will be more. Their future is unknown to those closest. No one will see it coming. Not even them. Water will know his gift, unlike the others. Fire only burns upon the other half of his soul. Earth will hide within herself. Wind will cry out to the seas.

“It’s up to the souls of these four to decide whether the time comes for the world to end.

“When I found I was to have you two, then your sisters, to protect you all, I did what I had to. Now that you two have found each other, it’s started.”

“What’s started?” Dexter demands.

Freyja takes a step closer. “The prophecy. You’ll each need to find your sisters. I know not where they are. They’ve been shielded from me since their birth. As you two were. They were placed separately. Fire and Water. Earth and Wind. You are the four that will determine the continuance. In order to do that, you’ll each find one of your sisters. You mustn’t be in the same place for longer than you must.”

“What does that mean?”

“Means,” my mom states, stepping in and looking at Fire, “you and your brother can’t be near each other for long. Same for your sisters. When you find them, Fire, you can only find Wind. While your brother finds Earth. I cannot help you do this, but I can share with you their names. Reidun will find Jordi. You, Fire, will find Kara.”

“Know this, my sons, you are my children. Immortal, and the mates you take once bonded shall be as well. I’ve loved you, my children, watched you as you’ve grown, been there in the shadows.” Freyja’s eyes shimmer. “You both have done me proud. Now, live as you should and know I’m here. With Fire’s power now released, you both shall be able to call upon me at any given time you like.”

Her eyes come to me. “You’ve questioned for years why Herja adopted you, why she became your mother. I wanted the woman who would be for my Brandr to grow strong at the hands of a woman who would not only cherish her as a child but teach her to be the woman you are now. You’re Brandr’s mate. When you two connected, you unlocked the parts of him that were locked away. Trust him, and he’ll do for you what no other could.”

Suddenly, just as she came, she vanished.

I find myself twisting in Fire’s arms and looking up at him. His eyes locked on me.

Everyone else around ceases to exist for the both of us.

Words aren’t needed right now. The two of us stare at each other while letting what we’ve just learned sink in. Neither of us knew what it meant with all that happened just now. What I knew, though, was that Freyja said that I was chosen for Fire. All my life, I’ve loved this man, crushed on him since I was a little girl. Now, I was his

and all of this was just so surreal.

“Brother,” Heat says, breaking the moment between Fire and myself.

“Heat, leave them be for now,” my mom states.

“We’ve got to talk about this.” Heat grunts.

“Yes, you do, but I believe Dexter and Fire both need time to let this all sink in. However, more importantly, one of them needs to leave. They can’t be this close right now. Not until the prophecy has been completed.”

“Evelin and me, we’ll head back to the clubhouse,” Fire speaks up, breaking eye contact with me.

“Brother, you can’t?—”

“This shit is a lot for me right now. I’ve got to get my mind wrapped around it. I’ll head back to the clubhouse.”

Heat stares, jaw ticking, but finally nods. “Fine, but Brimstone and Flame will go with you.”

“That’s not necessary,” Fire grunts, shifting me in his arms.

“Brother, you aren’t going without me,” Brimstone states sternly. “Don’t even try to fight us on it.”

“Whatever.” I hear Fire grumble under his breath and look toward Dexter. “Don’t know you but seems we’re brothers. Give me your number, and when I find Kara, I’ll let you know.”

Dexter nods and rattles off his number while Fire sets it in his phone and says, “I find Jordi, I’ll do the same.” Turning away, he walks without looking back. I’m sure what he’s found out just now was a lot to take in.

I feel for both Fire and Dexter. So much has just happened, and they still can’t be near each other to get to know one another as siblings should do.

It’s not right, and it’s not fair in the least.

Fire gives me a squeeze, and I lift my gaze back to him just as he asks, “Think you’ll be able to ride out in fifteen?”

Groaning, I nod.

“We’ll take our time going back,” he says reassuringly.

“Okay,” I mumble and step away from him. “I’ll go get my stuff ready. It’s not like I brought a lot of stuff with me. I just need to stuff it all back in the bag.”

“Sweetheart,” Mom says, getting my attention, “I’ll help you.”

“Thanks, Mom.” I smile in her direction.

“It’s not a problem, gives me a chance to lecture you on keeping things like you have from your brother and me,” she states with her matter-of-fact tone.

Groaning, I shoot my brother a glare, knowing he told on me, and head into the RV to gather my stuff up.

“Mom,” I drawl, moving to the bed.

How is it that just a little while ago, Fire and I had laid in this very bed, and he'd taken my virginity?

“You know that when it comes to your safety, your brother only wants what's best. You know how to take care of yourself, Eve, but sweetheart, things like this, you need him. And honestly, he needs to be needed. Growing up, you idolized him, made him be your hero so often, and he needed that. When you shut him out, that's when things get bad.”

“I don't need or want to be smothered, and that's what he'll do,” I tell my mom, letting out a heavy sigh. “I want to be able to live my life without all of that.”

“Well, sweetheart, brace because you're claimed by Fire, and that man will smother you more than your brother ever would.” Mom smiles brightly and glances around briefly before looking at me once again. “If you need me, I'm just a call away. I'll be there if and when that time comes. Until then, let Fire take care of you while you take care of him as well.”

FOURTEEN

FIRE

Days of being on the road, only to end up back on the road, it'd be a good thing, but honestly, it sucks. It's not that I don't mind being on the road. It's the fact Evelin isn't used to something like this.

Over the years, Evelin's rode with all of us, though it was never longer than an hour or so. Mostly, it would just be around town. The trip to the rally was a harsh one for her, and getting back on the road not even a day into the rally to head back doesn't sit well with me. I didn't want her to be uncomfortable.

It's why I spoke to both Brimstone and Flame about the ride back. We weren't staying in cheap motels on the way back. I figured we'd stop in New Mexico for the night, stay the day, rest, and get on the road at night. It might be a cooler ride for Evelin, but I'll make sure she's warm enough.

Brimstone and Flame agreed to this. I'm sure neither wanted to leave the rally right after getting there, but they did it for me. I'm still struggling with the whole ordeal.

Having a twin brother. Something inside me unlocking, all because I sunk my dick in Evelin's body. It's not that I don't believe in the paranormal aspect of the world. It's all around me. I know this. What I can't wrap my head around is the fact that everything I thought I knew about myself was a lie.

Even more, I'm struggling with the fact that my biological mom is a fucking goddess.

Not the bitch who abandoned me to my uncle. Not that that was a bad thing. It's all weird as shit. I'll have to question it all at a later time. But I'd heard the stories of mythology. It's said that a goddess could plant her child within the womb of another woman. However, I thought that a woman had to be pregnant for it to be possible. Maybe she had been, and Freyja replaced the child she was carrying with me.

The possibilities are all there.

I shove the thoughts to the furthest part of my mind with no intentions of thinking of it again anytime soon. Instead, I focus on other things I intend to do while guiding my bike off the interstate and toward the hotel I'd booked for the night. Brimstone and Flame will stay in the same hotel, but they weren't staying anywhere near my room. I've got plans for Evelin and me. Those plans were something they didn't need to hear.

I find a parking spot not too far from the entrance of the hotel, back my bike into it, and set the kickstand down.

I twist to look at Evelin and motion. "Hop off, baby. Time for us to chill for the rest of the night."

"How come we're staying here and not somewhere like we did heading this way?" she asks, climbing off the back of my bike.

"Because we're going to relax and not just crash," I tell her, following her off the bike.

"You two good here?" Brimstone asks from where he's parked next to me.

"Yeah," I answer, grabbing both mine and Evelin's bags out of the saddlebags.

“Flame and me are gonna go to the steakhouse we passed down the road,” Brimstone explains.

I nod. “Have fun.” Evelin and I’ll be getting room service. I don’t have to tell him that. I’m sure he can figure it out. Brimstone’s not one of my best friends for nothing.

“See you tomorrow,” Brimstone grunts, smirks, and starts up his bike again.

Turning my attention to Evelin, I take her hand in mine. “Come on.”

Guiding her into the hotel, I check us in without a problem. I don’t have to look at Evelin to know she’s surprised to find I reserved us a room here.

Just like I’ve got a room reserved in another two hotels. I told her I’d space out the trip back, and that’s what I’m doing. We might not have been able to stick around for the rally, but we’ll still make this trip back fun.

“You know we didn’t have to stay in a place like this. The motel was fine,” Evelin murmurs once we were in the elevator.

I press the button for the floor we’re on and look at her. “We’re not rushing back to Virginia. We rode hard to Cali to be able to spend time with the other chapters going to be there. Heat had things he wanted to discuss with others about club business. You and me going back, we’re taking our time.” I wrap an arm around her waist and tug her tight to my front. “And no way in hell do I plan to sleep rough the entire trip back.”

Evelin’s lips part as she reads my intent clearly. I’m not hiding from her what I plan to do once we get to the room. Well, after I feed her.

The elevator pings, and the doors open. Keeping my hand around her waist, I usher

her out into the hall and down to our room number. Using the key card, I grab the handle and push it down, open the door and let the both of us into our room.

I drop our bags in a chair, shrug off my cut, and lay it on the back of it. “You wanna eat first or shower?” I ask, pulling my shirt over my head.

“Shower,” Evelin answers, watching as I toss the shirt to the side. She clears her throat, shakes her head, and steps back. “I’ll, um, I’ll go shower.”

A smirk tugs at my lips in amusement as Evelin moves to the bathroom and closes the door quickly. She thinks she’s gonna be showering alone. Fucking hilarious. She’s got no idea what we’re about to do. I’ve never done anything like this, but this is Evelin, and she’s no hora . She deserves a hell of a lot more.

I take my boots off, drop my jeans, and follow after her. The shower is already running by the time I step into the brightly lit bathroom. To my surprise, the shower isn’t one of those ones with the curtains. Instead, it’s just a glass wall, and I can easily see Evelin’s beautiful body where she stands beneath the spray.

My cock stiffens at the sight of her. Beautiful doesn’t even describe her, and now, she’s all mine. I don’t want to think of what happened during the conversation with Freyja, but something she said hits me. I’m immortal, and now that I’ve claimed Evelin as mine, she’s also immortal. I don’t know how true this is, I’ll find out later. However, I like the idea of having her for forever.

Moving into the shower, directly behind Evelin, I wrap my arms tight around her, pulling her into my front. Her body tenses for all of a second before she relaxes.

“You got the hottest body I’ve ever seen, you know that?” I roam her body with my fingers, making sure to give attention to her tits in a way I didn’t earlier.

“Fire,” she gasps and wraps her fingers around my wrists, “what are you doing?”

“I’m showering with you.” Grinning, I move one hand down between her thighs. “Also about to fuck you here in this shower.” Even with the water spraying on us, I feel her juices coating her pussy.

I can’t wait to have my mouth on her again, but that’s going to wait. I’m gonna give us both what we need. Then, after I feed her, I’ll be doing a lot of things to her before I let her rest. I’ll be doing the same again to her all come morning too. Neither of us is leaving this room until it’s time for us to get back on my bike.

Sliding my fingers through her slickness, I slip two fingers inside her weeping entrance. Her juices flood my fingers welcomingly just as her walls clench around the digits.

Evelin moans, and her head falls back against my chest.

“Feel my fingers inside you, baby. Feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” she whimpers. “Feels so good.”

It feels better than good, but I know something that’ll feel even better. First, I just gotta make sure her pussy is ready for me. Even with how wet she is for me, I don’t want to hurt her.

Removing my fingers from her pussy, I move us over to the bench seat, sit, and pull her over me. “You’re gonna ride my dick, Evelin,” I tell her, making her straddle my lap. I line her up directly over my cock. “It’s all yours, baby, take what you want.”

“I . . . I don’t . . .”

“Just do what feels right,” I tell her, knowing she’s nervous. It’s in her voice. It’s in how stiff she’s gotten because I’m asking her to do something daring and out of her comfort zone right now.

My hands on her waist, I guide her down as she plants her hands on my shoulders and lowers herself. Evelin takes her time and lowers herself until she’s seated all the way down, her pussy full of all of me.

I grit my teeth to keep from moving her myself.

Finally, she does, and I hold her and help guide her movements. It’s good. Damn good the way she feels, the way her pussy grips me like the vice it is. It’s a struggle to keep from coming with how good she feels with me inside her.

Keeping one hand on her waist, I use the other to lift one of her tits to my mouth. Evelin gasps and digs her nails into my shoulders.

Her body starts to get in the rhythm, and the way she moans her breath becomes more labored. I let her nipple go and get to my feet. Evelin wraps herself around me, her pussy clenching me even tighter. Pressing her to the tile wall, I take over and fuck her how I want. The way she cries out my name spurs me to go faster, take her harder. Thrust into her slick heat until she’s crying out her release. With how tight she is, she tightens even more around me, and I’ve no way of stopping myself from following her.

Nothing has ever felt so damn good as being inside Evelin. It’s not just the way her pussy feels.

There’s no stopping my groan as I pull out. I don’t want to lose her just yet, but we’ve got a shower to take, then I’ll get food into her. Afterward, we’ll play a repeat of just now and this morning.

FIFTEEN

EVELIN

“Something’s different with you,” Kinley states the minute she sits down next to me at the bar, her back to it while eyes on me.

“What are you talking about?”

Fire and I got back to Virginia this morning. After spending the trip back stopping at hotels, he and I never leaving the room while there, me on the back of his bike, it was awesome. Didn’t matter to me if I’d wake up sore. Fire would make sure I wasn’t by the time we made our way to his bike.

I mean, I couldn’t believe Fire could be sweet. He’s gruff, a total jerk to others, but on the ride home, he’d been nothing but sweet to me. We didn’t talk about anything heavy the entire trip. It was all still a lot to take in, but we did talk. He made me laugh. I did the same for him.

Getting back home, I hadn’t wanted to, but I’d needed to check on things at the bar. He agreed to me doing this, granted he came with me. Said I wasn’t going to be out of his sight.

He was sitting with Brimstone, Flame, and two other members of the club who hadn’t gone with them to the rally. Flash and Torrid had also been with them until about thirty minutes ago.

I already checked on things in my office and finished talking to my assistant manager. It's why I was sitting at the bar when Kinley waltzed in. I was waiting for my bartender to finish making the drinks he was making so I could have a word with him. My assistant informed me that he'd been late three times while I was gone, and he'd acted like a dick toward her and all the waitresses.

I wasn't about to let him get away with it. I could probably ask Fire to deal with it, but I manage this place. If I can't handle him, then I shouldn't be the manager.

I don't need anyone to handle my problems for me.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about," Kinley states, shoving against my shoulder. "You hooked up with Fire, didn't you? You little slut."

"I didn't just hook up with him, and we're not discussing this." Okay, we probably were going to. I will Kinley everything. I just wasn't doing it here at the bar. "And don't call me a slut, slut," I tell her, shoving her right back.

Kinley laughs and shakes her head. "Well, it's about time."

"Kinley, shut up," I tell her, noticing that my bartender was now finished. "Hold on, I've got to deal with something, and then we'll go somewhere and talk. I'll fill you in on everything that's happened so far."

"Okay," Kinley says and hops off the stool. "I'm gonna go bug Fire and the others then. Maybe I'll convince Brimstone to kiss me."

"Brimstone isn't going to kiss you, and you know it." I knew Kinley had the hots for Brimstone, but she always had a crush on Heat, who refused to give her the time of day.

Well, that's not entirely true. She flirts with Brimstone because she hopes that it will at least annoy Heat. What she doesn't see is the looks Heat gives her when she's not looking. You'd think the two of them would have already just gotten together, but I think there's something else that no one knows.

I joked about it in front of my mom a few times and said they should stop the games. Mom said that things can't be what others want. Life is what is written already. Everyone's fates are decided for them before they even know it. I didn't understand what she meant by that. I still don't, to be honest, but I'm guessing the world has other plans for Heat and Kinley. In my opinion, I don't care so long as my brother and best friend end up happy with whoever they end up being with.

Shoving the thoughts away before I can think further on them, I hop off my stool and make my way around the bar.

"Luca," I call to the bartender.

"Yeah," he calls back, throwing one of his grins which has been known to get the women clientele riled and ready to throw themselves at him.

"I need to talk to you about something," I tell him.

"That so." His grin deepens. "You finally decide to open them legs for me?"

Um, what?

"Excuse me?" I demand, straightening.

"Come on, Evelin, you've flirted with me plenty of times," Luca states with a laugh. "Besides, I've seen the way you've looked at me. So, you finally gonna let something happen between us? We gonna go to your office so I can get a taste of you."

He did not just say that. Please tell me he didn't.

"Ugh, no, that's not going to happen. We need to talk about how you haven't been showing up to work on time and giving Francie a hard time." Francie, shortened for Francesca, was a good assistant. She worked her ass off. Even my brother had noticed how hard she worked. All the guys have commented on it.

"So, I was late a couple times." Luca shrugs, stepping more into my space. "What's the big deal? It's not like others don't do it."

"I'm not talking about what others do," I snap and shove him back a bit. "You need to step back before you find yourself out of a job."

"For what? Being late a couple times?" Luca barks out a laugh. "Seriously?"

"Oh, I'm deadly serious," I inform him, eyes narrowed. "Step back, take this as the only warning you get. If you don't get your act together, you'll be out of a job."

"Warning?" Luca narrows his gaze. "You gonna tattletale to your brother if I don't. Heat's the one who hired me in the first place."

"But it's me he put as manager, and I don't need to tattletale in order to fire you." I won't let him use my brother hiring him as a bargaining chip. "Get your act together or hit the door."

"I'd rather hit something else."

Luca barely gets the last of his sentence out when he's jerked away from me, and Fire's there with a hand around Luca's throat.

"You ever talk to my woman like that again, you'll be a dead man. Best thank your

lucky fuckin' stars I let you walk out of here tonight. Now, get your shit and get out. You're done here."

Fire tosses Luca to the floor. A gasp parts my lips at the sight of Luca's throat. It was burned.

I lift my gaze to Fire to see him looking at me, eyes flaring heatedly.

Oh boy.

With that look alone, I knew for certain I was in trouble.

For what reason, I wasn't sure exactly.

Regardless, that look does something to me, and all I want to do is jump his bones.

SIXTEEN

FIRE

“Office, now,” I order, barely keeping my shit together while looking at Evelin.

I heard the bullshit that Luca said to her, and it pissed me off. It made me want to rip him to shreds. I’ve never liked Luca, but he’d been somewhat of a friend to Heat back in school, more like an acquaintance of sorts. Mostly he was just a suck-up wanting an in with the club. Back then, our club was run by Heat’s uncle, Brimstone’s old man, and my uncle. They all stepped down and handed the club over to us when they found we were ready to take the reins.

If there weren’t a full bar of people in here, I’d kill Luca instead of doing what I did. I hadn’t intended to burn the bastard’s throat, but he damn well deserved it for his disrespect. It’ll leave a mark.

“I can’t leave the bar without a bartender,” Evelin murmurs, stepping into my space.

“Get your ass to the office now, Eve,” I tell her again. “Brimstone will handle the bar.”

“I got this,” Brimstone grunts, stepping around us to do just as I told Evelin he would.

I’m sure he wants in on the conversation I’m about to have with Evelin, but this discussion is between me and my woman. Right now, she’s not just Heat’s sister and the manager of this bar. She’s fucking mine, and she didn’t come to me to back her

on what she was doing. She also hadn't discussed what was going on.

If I hadn't had my eyes on her, watching her work, seeing the way Luca moved into her space, I'd have missed the way her body reacted. I say the way her back got straight. I didn't waste time in getting to them. Luca didn't see me coming in. It's probably why he thought he was good to ask if she was gonna let him in what belongs to me.

Fuck.

I should have just killed him. I still might.

Evelin lets out a frustrated breath, but she also does as I told her to do.

The two of us barely clear the door of her office before I have her in my arms, her back pressed to the damn thing, my mouth on hers. I wasn't about to wait around to get inside her. I had to work out some of the anger I felt, and the best way to do that was to get inside her as fast as I could.

Using my body to hold her in place, I jerk the belt clenching her waist undone, undo the buttons of her jeans, and tug them down just enough for me to get to what I want to get to. I spin her around to face the door.

"Hands flat against the door," I tell her, freeing myself. "This isn't going to be like the other times."

It's the only warning I give Evelin before thrusting inside her entrance. It's a damn good thing her pussy's dripping. Makes her taking me easier. But she's so damn tight. It's like fucking her the first time all over again. Each time I've been inside her, it's been like this, but those times weren't this rough.

Evelin screams out her pleasure and takes everything I give her. I clamp tighter on her hips to keep her in place, taking what I want, what I need. Thrusting inside her, pounding deep, filling her full of me. Her release soaks my dick, drenching me when she comes. It shouldn't surprise me that she comes so quickly, but it does. I've never known a woman to come as quick as she does. Every time. Every way I've taken her. She's always quick to come for me.

Granted, the way her pussy is always wet and ready for me, I should know she's always primed, ready for what I've got to give her. No matter if it's hot and heavy or rough and fast. She's just ready and waiting for what I'll give her.

Evelin's pussy sucks the release right out of me. Only when the last of my release fills her do I finally slow my thrusts.

Dipping my head down, I press a kiss to where her neck and shoulder meet. Before we came to the bar earlier, she dressed in jeans and a tank top and threw her hair up in a bun on top of her head. The way she looked, the only way to describe her, was hot, and I wanted to strip her out of her clothes then and there. But I held off, 'cause I knew if I did this, she wouldn't have been leaving the house earlier.

It might not have been a bad thing. Then again, I wouldn't have my dick inside her now after just fucking her in her office against the door.

"You good? I hurt you?" I ask her, slowly slipping from her pussy. I right my jeans and pull hers up. She's just gonna have to deal with me inside her right now. There's no private bathroom in her office for her to go clean up in. I might have to rectify this.

"No," she answers, her voice a bit off.

Turning her face me, I grip her chin and force her to look up. "You good? I hurt

you?” I repeat.

“You didn’t hurt me,” she answers, and I believe her, but something is still off.

“Then, what’s wrong?”

“As hot as what we just did was, you didn’t have the right to order me in here or take care of Luca the way you did,” Evelin says, getting right to what’s bugging her. “I didn’t need you to handle things for me. I was doing just fine.”

Stepping out of her space, I move across the room and lean against the edge of her desk. “Let’s get a few things out of the way.” Crooking a finger, I motion for her to join me. When she walks right between my legs, I grip her waist, holding her where I want her.

“When it comes to the bar, yeah, you’re the manager. You handle all the bullshit you gotta to run the place. This does not include being hassled by an employee. Someone hassles you in any way, you report it to us. You know this. It’s been the rule since day one. This rule doesn’t just go toward you, it’s for all the staff. We don’t put up with it. With you being my ol’ lady, no one, and I mean no one, fucks with you. You don’t put up with men talking shit like Luca did about wanting to get between your thighs.”

Evelin opens her mouth, but I’m not done yet.

“We put you in charge of the bar, Eve, because we know you. You can handle the job, get it done, and you’re smart enough not to let things get to you. We also know you’re able to come to us if you need help. This type of situation, you need to come to us and help you when shit goes down. Like tonight.”

“I had it handled.”

“That wasn’t a situation you needed to handle,” I tell her, tugging her even closer.

“I could have handled it myself, Fire. To manage this place, I have to prove I’m capable of dealing with people like Luca.”

I get where she’s coming from, but it ain’t her job to be capable of dealing with men like Luca.

“If it were a patron who got in your space, would you handle it or have one of the bouncers do it?” I ask.

“Depends on the situation of them being in my space and the size of the person,” she admits.

“Right, so, think on it this way, he’s a bigger dude than you, Eve. He was in your space, not backing off as you told him to, repeatedly, I might add. Since he didn’t listen to you, I did what I had to do. I backed him off you and delivered a message at the same time.”

“I think everyone took note of the message you delivered to Luca.” Without saying it, I know she’s talking about where I burned the guy’s throat.

I’d been pissed and wanted to kill him. I don’t know how I did it, but I’d been able to burn the flesh on his throat without thinking too much about it.

I’ve got a feeling I’m going to have to get a handle on what I can now do. I’m lucky I haven’t hurt Evelin with my newest gift, which I don’t know if I actually want. What I know for certain is that I have this gift, and I’ve got to learn to use it before I do something that I’ll end up regretting. This also means I might have to actually talk to my biological mother again. Find out the answers to questions that fill my head surrounding all of this.

“You know he’s going to hold that scar for the rest of his life, right?” Evelin’s question pulls me out of my thoughts.

“Yeah,” I answer, grinning. “He’ll know he can’t fuck with what’s mine. He’ll think twice before fucking with someone else’s woman too. Now, we done with this? I’m ready to get to the clubhouse.”

“We’re staying at the clubhouse?” she asks, brows drawn together.

“Yeah.” I nod and explain. “Was going to stay at the house, but Brimstone and I were talking, and with the threat against you, it’s best you’re at the clubhouse where it’s more than just me around to make sure you’re safe.”

I wasn’t going to take any chances with her life. It means whether she likes it or not, her ass wasn’t going anywhere without me or someone to keep her safe at all times. She’s just going to have to get used to it.

SEVENTEEN

EVELIN

I truly hope that Fire doesn't think this conversation is over. I get what he said. It all makes sense, but still, I have to show I can handle things myself.

Okay, so he was right again about what I should be handling and what I should be giving to them. Luca being one of them. I should have let things be where they were, gone and gotten Fire or one of the other members who were in attendance. I prefer to be stubborn and independent. To handle things on my own.

I love my job managing the bar. It's challenging in some ways and fun in others. Sure, there are times that it's just not that great, but those aren't that bad. And once I get a few more waitresses hired, we'll be even better. This means I need to call Boot and ask him if he finished going through the applications and running checks before he left.

I can't believe I forgot to ask him before we all left for the rally. My mind had been on other things, and since then, a lot of other really good things.

Maybe I can get Boot to give them a call tomorrow. That's something he can do for me.

Inwardly, I can't help smirking as I hop off the back of Fire's bike. Our earlier activity in my office still lingers in my panties. Even my jeans were damp from it. Usually, he cleans me up when we're done, this time, though, is different. He left me

with him inside me, and in truth, I find it hot. I like it.

I mean, I'm not a fan of my jeans and panties being wet, but it's almost like him proving his claim on me as his.

Fire's words from earlier filter through my mind when he'd called me his ol' lady and that's another thing I've got to admit I like. I also liked how he said it.

Okay, so maybe our conversation can change to a different type of one. I get what he was saying, and I like that he's protective.

Together, the two of us make our way into the clubhouse. I immediately wish we'd turn around and go to his place instead. I wish this because the second we step inside, Chellie, one of the horas, squeals Fire's name and starts skipping toward him.

"Fire, oh my god, you're back," she squeals and throws herself at him before he can stop her. Chellie continues to plant a kiss directly on his lips. "I've missed you around here."

I'm about to rip her fake-ass blonde hair out of her head if she doesn't back the hell off Fire.

"Chellie, back the fuck off," Fire grunts and places Chellie away from him with his free hand. "You know better than to kiss me, let alone touch me."

She does?

"Yeah, but I couldn't help it." Chellie pouts. "I've missed you."

"Don't give a fuck," is Fire's response as he tugs my hand and pulls me deeper into his side while moving past the skanky ho.

Chellie's eyes meet mine finally and narrow ever so slightly. I went to school with Chellie, and she was a total bitch then, just as she is now. Back in high school, she'd been a cheerleader and pretty much screwed her way through both the football and basketball teams.

Fire takes me directly to his room and seals us away before letting my hand go. He moves to his dresser and empties his pockets.

"Can you do me a favor, please?" I find myself asking without thinking.

"What's that?" he asks, tossing his wallet and looking at me.

"Please go wash your mouth and remove all evidence of that skanky bitch kissing you," I tell him and let out an exasperated breath. "If you don't, don't try and kiss me again. It's going to take some time to erase the sight from my brain."

"You think I wanted her to come up and kiss me?" Fire cocks a brow and watches me closely. "Chellie knows the rules of the clubhouse. She did it to fuck with your head."

"Oh, I know Chellie, and I'm sure she did, but doesn't change the fact she did it," I huff out and move past him. I wasn't about to listen to him defend that skanky ho-bag.

I barely get a couple steps away from him when I find myself hauled back against Fire, his arms around me, holding me to him.

"You're pissed with me," he notes.

"You think?" I scoff and try to pull away. "Let me go."

"Not gonna happen," he states. I could tell by his voice he was annoyed.

Well, he can get over it.

“I didn’t kiss her.”

“It doesn’t matter if you did or didn’t, her lips were on yours.”

“For all of a second,” he grunts.

“And I’m not kissing you until you’ve washed away her ho-ish germs. For all you know, she could have had her lips somewhere unthinkable before planting them on your mouth.”

“That’s not a vision I want to think about.”

“Me either,” I snap and try to pull away again. “Can you just let me go?”

“Nope,” Fire mutters and ushers me toward the bathroom. “You want me to do something, you’re also going to do something.”

“What’s that?” What the hell would he want me to do? I’m not the one who’s got ho on his lips.

“You’re gonna erase the memory of her lips on mine,” he informs me with such arrogance in his voice it makes me want to kick him.

“I’m not.” It’s a lie, and we both know it.

“You are,” he remarks and lets me go, closing the door behind us. “Strip and get in the shower, baby. I’ll join you in just a minute.”

The sound of water in the sink penetrates my mind briefly. My mind was trying to

wrap around him ordering me to strip and get in the shower.”

“I think I’ll be showering alone,” I inform him, but he doesn’t speak, mostly because when I glance at him, he’s got his toothbrush in his mouth. Still, he’s got his eyes locked on me as I say this.

Okay, so, maybe I wasn’t going to be showering alone.

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EIGHTEEN

EVELIN

Waking up in Fire's arms is the best feeling in the entire world. I could wake up this way for the rest of my life.

"Where you goin'?" Fire grumbles, voice husky and deep with sleep.

Last night, after our shower, Fire proceeded to erase both our minds of what had happened at the bar and when we got to the clubhouse. We moved from the shower, our bodies still wet, to the bed, where we kept at each other until we both passed out.

Well, I passed out. I don't know for certain if he did or not, but I knew I'd fallen asleep with him still inside me, my body wrapped over him like a blanket.

"I need to go to the bathroom," I manage to tell him.

"Come right back, it's too damn early."

I glance at the clock on his nightstand and shake my head. "It's nearly one in the afternoon."

"And?"

"It's hardly early."

“It is when we didn’t quit fuckin’ until five-thirty this morning,” he grunts, sounding annoyed.

“Oh, yeah,” I draw out. Our festivities flashed in my mind on replay. It’d been awesome. I wanted to do it all over again.

Moving from the bed, I ignore the sound of his phone ringing from somewhere in the room and head toward the bathroom. I do my business quickly and brush my teeth using his toothbrush. If I’d known we were going to come here rather than his place, I’d have brought mine. I wasn’t going to kiss him with morning breath—or afternoon breath, for better words.

I could hear Fire on the other side of the door talking into the phone. I couldn’t make out what he was saying, but from the tone, he wasn’t thrilled.

Finishing with my teeth, I open the door. Fire’s eyes come straight to me, his phone still at his ear.

“Yeah, I’ll see ya when you get here,” Fire mutters into the phone before pulling it away from his ear.

“Everything okay?” I ask.

“Will be. That was Heat. He and the others are heading back. They’ll be here in a few days.”

“Okay, so what’s wrong that you’re not okay?”

“I’ve got to meet with the Black Mark MC today for him. Scotch and two others from the club are on the way here.”

I find myself surprised by his answer. Typically, I deal with Scotch when it comes to ordering for the bar. The Black Mark MC runs a legit brewing company. Their alcohol isn't something you can just go to stores and buy. They are exclusive, and it's hard to get outside those they'll deal with. Plus, they also have moonshine and not the stuff you can get in stores now. No, it's the real stuff.

"Why is Scotch coming here?" I wonder if he tried to contact me first or if it has anything to do with the bar at all. I know the two clubs have an alliance.

"Club business, Eve," Fire mutters and walks past me into the bathroom and closes the door without so much as looking back at me. I guess this is his way of ending the discussion.

Fine. Whatever.

Getting dressed in my jeans from last night, I search through his drawers for a T-shirt. Finding one I pull it on over my head. The shirt swallows me whole, but I don't care. I need coffee, and I'm not waiting around for Fire to find it.

I don't bother with shoes. One of the rules that is followed to the letter about his clubhouse is that the floors have to be cleaned daily. Shoes are just horrible, and I hate putting them on. I'm pretty sure my brother put this rule in place when he did because of me. I'd come to the clubhouse without shoes and refuse to put them on.

Making my way toward the front of the clubhouse, I try not to think about Fire meeting with Scotch. It's not that there's anything to hide, but Scotch's made it known he wouldn't mind me joining him in his bed. He's a major flirt and has no trouble voicing his thoughts. There were a few times I'd been tempted. Mostly because I was tired of seeing Fire with other women, it hurt if I'm being honest. Regardless, I didn't take Scotch up on his offer because I knew he wasn't Fire.

Moving behind the bar, I find the coffee pot still on. Hopefully, the coffee was fresh, and I wouldn't have to wait to make some more. I didn't think I could do that.

I barely get the coffee into a mug and lift it to my lips before it happens.

"You know he's just playing with you, right? He's not going to settle down with a girl who can't appease a man like him," Chellie voices her opinion with a smirk playing on her lips. Behind her, Janie and Same were standing, listening, sizing me up. I never understood why anyone would be okay with being named something as ridiculous as Same. Why? It's the stupidest name there is. What is it? Her shit's the same as everyone else's, so it's not like she's anything special. I don't get it. I know it's not her real name.

"Whatever you think, Chellie, go right ahead and think it," I tell her and take a sip of my coffee. Thank you, it's fresh. Lowering the mug, I say, "Just do your thinking without putting your skanky lips on my man."

"But is he actually your man?" Same asks, eyebrow cocked. "Do you really think he's just yours? That man doesn't claim women. I mean, where is here now?"

I wasn't going to let them patronize me or goad me into doing something that would get my ass in trouble. Heat didn't mind violence, but he wasn't for anyone beating on the horas . I'm sure if I explained myself, he'd understand. Then again, he'd chastise me for allowing myself to be goaded into a fight in the first place.

"Go find someone else to bother," I mutter and lift my coffee to my lips.

"Maybe we will." Janie giggles. "We could always go join Kaley. I'm sure by now she's riding Fire's cock."

Chellie and Same both laugh right along with her, as if what she said was the most

hilarious thing in the world.

I don't let them see that they scored a mark. I do that, and they win. Anyway, I refuse to believe them anyway.

Doing my best to ignore the three fowl skank hoes, I move around the bar and take a seat on one of the stools. A few moments later, I struggle with believing them when Fire steps out of the mouth of the hall, Kaley not far behind him, a wicked smirk playing on her lips.

Fire moves straight to me, hand going in my hair, tilts my head back, and kisses me deeply. I hate myself for wondering if he'd just been with Kaley and had his mouth on her. My stomach churns, and I struggle to keep from demanding if he did something after I left his room. However, I ask him, it'll show I don't trust him, and I've always trusted him. Never has he lied to me. I can't stop believing in that now. If I do, it won't just hurt me. It'll break me in a way I would never be able to come back from.

NINETEEN

FIRE

Something's wrong with Evelin, I know it in my gut. Whatever is bugging her, she's not letting it show. She's never been one to shield her emotions from anyone. She's a tell you like it is type of person, and the fact she's not talking now makes me question what's going on with her.

Evelin was fine when we'd gotten up. I'm sure it annoyed her that I didn't tell her why the Black Mark MC was coming and what the talk with Scotch had to deal with. I figured she'd deal with it and get over it. She knows the score when it comes to 'club business' and what it means. I should've just taken the time to tell her instead of being an asshole about it. I didn't tell her cause I didn't want her to be there for the conversation 'cause I know about Scotch's flirting with her and didn't like it. Considering the discussion has to do with the bar, she'll have to be present.

I've got a feeling that whatever is bothering her has something to do with the horas . I don't know what yet, but I'll be finding out. Heat had Boot and Trigger wire certain rooms in the clubhouse for security purposes. I'll pull up the feed if I have to, however, I'd prefer Evelin to tell me.

I'll give her a bit of time to come to me about it, but I'm not waiting long. The bullshit that's going on with her doesn't need more piled on top. Now that we're back from the rally, I plan to fix the problems at hand.

If I didn't need to get with Brimstone and Flame now, I would ask Evelin to spit it

out. Better yet, I'd tell her ass how I didn't like the fact she left the bedroom without me. I like having her close in ways I don't get. I've always been fine with being alone. I hadn't wanted a woman staying in my room longer than it took to get off.

Evelin, though, she's different. Always has been.

"I need to get to the bar," Evelin announces, pulling me out of my thoughts. "I have to go over the stock take. See what needs to be ordered."

"Why didn't you do that last night?" She'd been in her office for a while.

"Do you realize everything that I do to manage the bar?" she asks, brows furrowing.

"Enlighten me." I knew what all she did, but she didn't need to know I knew.

"Considering I handle the payroll for everyone but myself. Do the hiring and firing. Make the schedule. Francie and me both handle the monthly inventory together and make sure the numbers aren't wrong in any way. I make sure the cleaner is coming daily because there are some serious flakes out there. I also have to deal with all the usual paperwork that goes along with ensuring that money isn't missing while paying bills?—"

"Baby, I know you handle a lot of shit at the bar." I stop her before she can continue listing even more, 'cause knowing her, she'll keep going and going.

"Well, then you know I have to go the bar." She huffs.

"I'll take you after meeting with Scotch," I tell her, pulling her in against me. "I've got to go find Brimstone and Flame. Once I finish that we'll be meeting with Scotch. We'll go to the bar afterward."

“Why do I have to wait until after you meet with Scotch?” she demands, her voice filled with irritation, alerting me to the fact she’s not just annoyed. Something is definitely bothering her. “I thought it was club business .”

“It is,” I confirm and give her the rest. “It also has to do with business, including the bar, so you have to be there for part of the meet.”

“Fire, you should come play with us,” Kaley calls from across the room loudly.

“Yeah, Fire, you haven’t played with us in so long.” Janie giggles.

Evelin’s body grows tenser, and I have a feeling I know exactly what’s wrong with my woman.

“Now that you and me are together, Evelin, I’m not gonna do anything that jeopardizes that. You know that, right?” I ask, watching Evelin’s expression closely.

“Why do you say that?” she finally asks, but it’s not in the question that concerns me. It’s in her voice.

Dropping my hands from around her, I pull her with me down a small hall off the main room that goes to the kitchen. There’s no waiting for this conversation. With the way she’s tense right now, I won’t let her stew on it.

Once I know we’re both alone, I let her go and face her.

“All right, Eve, tell me what’s going on in your head.”

“You mean besides needing to get to work?” The way she tries to play it off and act like what we’ve got to talk about isn’t a big deal.

“What happened after you left my room?” I ask her.

“I got coffee.” She shrugs.

“You know what I’m talking about, baby, what did those bitches say to you?” I’m losing patience, and I’m trying not to.

“It’s nothing I haven’t heard before.” Evelin again plays it down.

“That was when you weren’t an ol’ lady. Now, you are. You’re my ol’ lady, baby, and they’ll fuck with your head because you have what they want and it pisses them off.”

“So, it’s okay for them to fuck with an ol’ lady’s head, say things like how they want your cock? That I wouldn’t be able to give you what you like? That you’ll still go to them when you want something? Tell me, did Kaley come in the room after I walked out?”

“Why the fuck would she come in the room?” I find myself surprised by this.

“It’s a question, did she?”

“No.”

“According to Chellie, Janie, and Same, which, by the way, what kind of name is that? Do I even want to know how she got it? I mean, what is she?—”

“What did they say to you?” I grind out, getting her back on topic.

“That she was probably riding your cock,” she snaps, nostrils flaring, her finger coming up to point at my chest. “I’m telling you now, I won’t share you.”

“That’s good, ‘cause I’m not about to share you either.” Moving quickly, I jerk her against me. “You can’t let those bitches fuck with your head.”

“It’s not like I want to listen to them.” She huffs.

“You don’t, baby,” I tell her, my voice deepening even to my own ears with frustration. “You don’t take shit from any of them. I don’t give a fuck what they say because it’s all bullshit, but I do care if they fuck with your head. Next time they get in your face, don’t let them score any marks.”

“Next time?” She cocks a brow. “You think I’m going to put up with them more? No, Fire, I’m not. I’ll tell you now, they get in my face again, and I won’t be nice by brushing it off. I’ll beat the shit out of every last one of them.”

The vision pops in my head briefly, and I can’t help grinning at the woman. She’s hell on wheels when she’s riled, and seeing her going at it with those bitches would be worth selling tickets to watch. Considering who her mom is, Evelin could take all the horas on at once, and I know she’d come out on top. What doesn’t sit well with me is the idea of one of them leaving even a mark on her. If they were to do so, I’d kill them.

The thought of anyone hurting Evelin in any way doesn’t sit well with me. Makes my blood boil and . . .

“Fire,” Evelin calls my name, drawing my full attention back to her and the fact her brows are creased deeper.

“What?”

“Your hands,” she murmurs and looks down at them.

“What about them?” Fuck, did I do something? Since we left the rally, I hadn’t done anything else out of the ordinary, well, besides burning the hell out of Luca’s throat.

Evelin lifts her eyes back up and meets my gaze. “They were getting hot.”

Immediately, I drop my arms from around Evelin. No way was I going to hurt her. “Sorry.”

“Why?” she asks. “It felt good. Soothing.”

I didn’t believe her. Clearing my throat, I jerk my chin toward the door. “I need to find Brimstone and Flame. Scotch will be here soon. After the meet, I’ll take you to the bar so you can get to work.”

I don’t wait for her to follow me. I don’t stop to listen to her. I need to clear my head. Figure out what’s going on with me before I fuck up and end up hurting her as I swore I would never do.

TWENTY

EVELIN

“Beautiful, Eve,” Scotch calls, eyes on me. His shit-eating grin fully in place, arms wide as he makes his way toward me.

Well, he was walking toward the group of us, including Fire who was next to me, but not touching in the slightest.

“Hey, Scotch,” I greet him, but I don’t use the usual banter that we typically have between us. I don’t want to upset Fire more than he seems to be already.

Maybe upset isn’t the right word to describe him right now, but it’s the only one I can come up with while trying not to think too hard.

Scotch stops just short of pulling me in for a hug and looks at each of the men then back to me. “You didn’t text me back the other day. I was thinking you found a man finally.”

“I, well, I?—”

“She’s mine,” Fire snarls. He closes the distance between the two of us and tucks me into his side.

Scotch looks between the two of us, his grin still in place. “About damn time.”

“What do you mean about damn time?” I blurt out, watching him closely, feeling annoyance rising.

“Darlin’, I ain’t blind. You weren’t gonna go for just any man.” Scotch chuckles and looks toward Fire. “You hurt her, and I’ll slide in there and make everything better for her.”

“The hell you will,” Fire growls and steps in front of me. “You aren’t getting anywhere near her.”

“How about you lose the he-man attitude,” I snap, talking to Fire. He’s not about to act all protective now, not after the way he walked out of the kitchen just a bit ago.

Fire ignores my remark, it seems, but the others don’t, including Scotch.

“Are we going to discuss what I’m needed here for, or can I get to work?” I step around Fire as I demand this because I am totally done, and they’ve barely got into it other than a little bit of banter. That was enough for me. I was tired of it and didn’t want to hear more.

Scotch looks at me with a quirk of his brow. “You work too much, you know that?”

“And?”

“I guess, I figured if you got a man, he’d be fuckin’ you so you wouldn’t be workin’ all the damn time.” He shrugs. “But yeah, we can get down to it.”

“Let’s sit down,” Brimstone orders.

All of us move to the table. Rather than letting me sit in a chair, Fire pulls me onto his lap, his mouth coming to my ear and murmurs for only me to hear. “Your little

he-man remark bought you a spanking.”

Well, I guess he didn’t ignore it.

“What had you callin’ this meeting with us about the bar?” Brimstone asks.

“We’ve been having issues at one of our distilleries,” Scotch announces, raising a hand to stop anyone from speaking up. “It’s not y’all’s problem. Irish is there now looking into it, but we have another issue that is y’all’s problem.”

“And that is?” Brimstone grunts.

“There’s a rumor someone else is moving in with product that deals in certain specialties for different races, if you know what I mean. The rumor is that they’re starting in this area because the leader of the group has claimed a woman that fits Evelin’s description,” Scotch explains, leveling a look directed at me. “You know a Holstein Cisneros?”

Oh no. No. No. No.

Shooting off Fire’s lap, I wrap my arms around myself and start pacing.

“What the fuck do you know about this bastard?” Fire demands, but his voice sounds far away to me.

All I can see in my mind is Holstein’s evil smirk on his face when he found me. It mixes with what I saw him doing that made me leave school.

“Not much other than the fact I know he’s a vamp hybrid who has grown his crew. And that he claims to typically get what he wants.”

I find myself drawn back into Fire's arms. I hadn't been paying attention and didn't see him get up from his seat.

"What's this have to do with you, though? Why bring it to us?" Flame demands.

"Because we're allies. We look out for each other, and if you want in on a little secret, we agreed to the alliance and to distribute our shit to you all because of her."

"You wanna explain that?" Brimstone demands tersely.

"How about you ask her mother?" Scotch suggests calmly. Far too calmly.

I jerk slightly and look at Scotch. "What does this have to do with my mom?"

Scotch lifts a hand, one finger pointed upward, pulls out his cell phone, and makes a call. He's quick and brief. A moment later, he pulls the phone away from his ear. Then another minute passes, and my mother's there.

"Mom," I call her name, not in greeting but in frustration.

"Eve, my sweet girl," Mom says, giving me a look that I don't quite understand before she looks to Scotch. "You know better than to bring this up. Especially when I hadn't even told my son."

"They both deserve to know," Scotch remarks.

"How about someone tell me something." I'm sick of secrets. It seems I'm surrounded by them.

My mom straightens and turns to face me fully. "You know you were adopted, Evelin. I've told you this. What you don't know is about your birth parents."

“What about them?” I’d never thought about them. Not really.

“Your mother was?—”

“She was a bitch on steroids that ended up becoming a junkie in the end,” Scotch finishes for her.

“How do you know that?” I twist to look at him.

“Because she’s Irish’s mother as well,” he announces. “Irish and you share the same dad as well, but at the time, he said it was best that Herja raise you with you knowing the truth.”

“He did say this,” my mom agrees. “He also said that at any time something was to threaten you, you have the protection of the Black Mark MC.”

My mind feels like it is going to explode with everything I’m hearing. All that they’ve told me. It’s too much. I can’t take anymore.

Shoving away from Fire, I run. It’s the only thing I can think of doing right now. I can’t face the truth of what I’ve just learned. How is it that I’m constantly hit with something new? Why couldn’t I just have a normal life?

Running out the doors of the clubhouse, I ignore the fact I don’t have shoes on. I didn’t care that the rocks were biting into my feet. In truth, the feel of them is at least something. I run out of the parking lot and down the road. I didn’t stop running, not even when I heard my name shouted. Not when I heard the bike roar to life. Or when I heard it behind me.

I know who it is.

Fire.

The one person who never, not once, let me down. He's always been there in some form or the other. Now, he's mine. Or I want to think that, but he's got his own issues right now.

I guess you can say we're both two peas in a pod. Weird that saying. How can it be said that it's just two peas? Aren't there usually more? And it's not like the pod can be the same for two peas that have different issues going on.

Slowing from running to walking, I don't look around at my surroundings. I know where I am, where I was going. The one place I've ever felt completely safe.

Fire's house.

I walk up the drive as Fire pulls past me and parks his bike next to my car. When he managed to get my car here, I don't know, but he hadn't told me about it.

Fire meets me when I make my way closer. Rather than speaking, he scoops me up in his arms. He carries me the rest of the way to the house, unlocking and opening it without letting me down, closes the door, and takes me directly to his room.

Only when he sets me on my feet again do I look up at him and make a request without thinking about it. "Fuck me, Fire."

"Baby, don't know if that's a good idea," he mutters. Though his hands come to my sides, fingers curling the T-shirt in his grip, bunching it up, bringing it upward.

"Please, Fire, I need you."

Fire holds my gaze briefly and finally nods. The shirt is pulled from me quickly. Fire

brings his hands to my hair, gripping it tightly but not enough to hurt me. He dips his head down, brushes his lips against my lips, and pulls back. “You want me to fuck you, but first, you’re gonna get on your knees. I’m gonna fuck your mouth until I come down your throat. After, you’re going to lay back on the bed and let me eat your pussy. How many times I’ll decide, but you’re gonna be begging for more by the time I finish. Only then will I fuck your pussy. By the end of the night, I’m also gonna be taking that sweet ass of yours as well.”

I don’t get the chance to really process his words. Using his hands in my hair, Fire urges me down to my knees. My hands go to the belt buckle, undo it, unfasten his jeans, and lower them. Fire’s cock springs free, bobs, the head already beading with pre-cum. Sticking my tongue out, I lick up the clear fluid wanting the taste of him in my mouth just as much as he wants me to suck him.

“Take my cock, Eve,” he commands, his voice gruff. “Wrap those pretty lips around me.”

I lift my gaze to hold his as I do just as he tells me.

Fire lets my hair go long enough to pull his cut and shirt off before bringing them right back.

“Fuck, your mouth feels damn good sucking me in. Ready for me to fuck your face, baby? It’s what I’m about to do.”

To answer his question, I moan around him.

Fire’s eyes flash, and he tightens his fingers on my hair. He then proceeds to do just what he said he was going to do. He fucks my mouth. I take everything he gives me, swallowing him down as I read about in books, learning to relax my throat. Fire growls, his hand holding me in place, and he thrusts quick, short strokes, sometimes

going all the way to my throat, sometimes going just barely inside. I don't know how long he takes my mouth, but when he comes down my throat, it doesn't matter. His release was all that I cared about. Sucking him deeper, I take everything he gives me, swallowing it down.

Fire barely finishes coming before he pulls his cock away, bends at the waist, lifts me off the floor, and throws me on the bed. He strips me of the rest of my clothes. I barely notice he removes his jeans and boots as well.

"My turn now," he growls and goes right for it, driving me insane with his mouth. He doesn't go slow about it. He works me like he was fucking me. But instead, it's his tongue.

Words don't describe how good it feels. He uses his mouth and fingers together, delivering such amazing sensations that I can't contain my reactions.

My body bucks and arches, wiggles and moves, grinding against his face, trying to get even more. He doesn't lie about my orgasms. I lose count after number four and hold on the best I can. I beg and plead for more, and the only thing he gives me is what he's already doing to me. It's heaven and hell all in one. Granted, I wouldn't have it any other way. It's bliss.

After bringing me to yet another orgasm, Fire jerks back midway through, and comes over me, his cock finding its mark without issue. He drives inside me, not giving me any time to adjust to the width of him. He thrusts, pounding inside me relentlessly. I grab hold of him the best I can and hold on. There's nothing else I can do.

Sweat drips down Fire's face. His body covers mine and mixes with my own, making everything about this moment that much hotter.

When my next release hits me, I hold tight to Fire and dig my nails into his back,

unable to stop the screams of utter pleasure whipping through my body. Fire snarls, curses, his cock pulsing inside me with his own release.

Other than the first time with him, nothing has ever felt so wonderful and that's saying something because every time with Fire is just that. But this time, it's different. It's like we both needed it in a way we didn't before, if that makes sense.

"Don't think I'm done with you yet," Fire growls in my ear. "We're nowhere near done. I told you I'm taking that ass tonight, and that's exactly what I'm gonna do."

TWENTY-ONE

FIRE

“You wanna talk about it?”

With all that happened, I knew Evelin was gonna need to talk about it, but I’d given her time.

After spending the entire night inside her, first fucking her, taking her hard, getting inside her ass, then taking her slow, neither of us spoke about what we learned at the clubhouse. We ignored the phone. I made it all about Evelin and what she needed.

We were still in my bed. The only time we left it was when I cleaned her up in my shower. She’d been exhausted and barely able to keep herself awake, let alone standing up.

Considering what went down at the clubhouse, not just between her and those horas , but with her mother, finding out all that she did, it’s got to be fucking with her. Hell, it’s fucking with me. No wonder Irish never came with Scotch to the clubhouse when they’d come here. The times we’d meet up at their clubhouse, he never looked at any of us directly, and thinking on it, I realize it’s because he shares a resemblance to Evelin.

Shit. I don’t know how Heat’s gonna react when he finds out the truth of this, but it’s not gonna be good.

“Talk about what?” Evelin grumbles, snuggling deeper into me.

“You know what I’m talking about.” I should drop it, let it be, but I need to know where her head’s at.

“What’s there to talk about?” Lifting her head off my chest, she braces an arm where her head had been, her fingers curling into a fist. “I shouldn’t be surprised to find out about my birth parents. I mean, I was adopted.”

“But you found out you have a brother.”

“I know I have a brother. Heat’s my brother.”

“I’m talking about Irish being your biological brother.”

“So.” She shrugs. “Doesn’t mean anything.”

“You sure about that?” I ask and roll us until she’s on her back, and I’m hovering over her. “You’re entitled to feel what you want about what you’ve learned.”

“Just like you?” she snaps. “You going to talk to me about what you’re feeling about what you learned?”

Fuck me. She’s got me there.

“You want to know what I’m feeling?”

“You tell me, I’ll tell you,” she states snarkily.

So, we’re gonna play this bullshit game. Fine ,whatever, if it gets her to talk. “Finding out about being Freyja’s son. One of two fucks with me, but it’s not as bad as the rest

of it. Finding out that I can draw fire with my hands freaks me the fuck out.”

“But your road name is Fire. How can drawing fire with your hands freak you out?”

“I got my road name because I love playing with fire. I’m drawn to it,” I admit. “As for it freaking me out, it’s not so much drawing it, but the fact that I could potentially hurt you or someone else. Look at what I did to Luca’s throat.” Not that I regret what I did to the bastard, he deserved it.

“I don’t think you’d ever hurt me. It felt good when your hands were on me,” she says softly and reaches up to curl her fingers along my jaw. “You’ll learn to control it.”

“Yeah,” I agree.

“What about you having a brother of your own?” Evelin asks. “Have you contacted him?”

“No, but I will. Probably after this shit with Holstein is taken care of. I need to be able to focus on one thing at a time.” I knew the way my mind worked. I have to be able to focus without distractions, and if I have to deal with both what’s going on with the threat against Evelin and Dexter at the same time, it’ll drive me nuts. That doesn’t even include what’s going on with the fact I have two sisters out there somewhere as well. That’s a whole other shitstorm I’m not looking forward to thinking about any time soon.

“I’m tired of being the last to know things,” Evelin confesses, releasing a heavy breath.

“I think in this case, baby, you aren’t the last to know.” I try joking.

“You know what I mean.” She gives me a look that lets me know she doesn’t think I’m funny.

“Yeah, I know.” Grumbling, I drop to my side and pull her against me. “We’re gonna have to get back to the clubhouse. Heat’s gonna wanna see you when he gets there.”

“I know,” she agrees. “Wonder what he’s going to think, knowing he’s not my only big brother.”

Heat’s going to lose his shit at having to learn, yet again, something else that was kept from him. He’ll probably get into it with his mom, and I don’t blame him. This was something that shouldn’t have been kept from us. Several scenarios pop into my mind of how bad things could have been especially if the Black Mark MC and our club didn’t have an alliance.

No one fucks with the Kings. It could’ve turned out to be a war between our clubs. The fact that their club is made of humans, where ours has a mixture of humans and supernatural beings, doesn’t mean anything.

“He’ll get over it. You’ve practically grown up with more than just him as your big brother,” I tell her, pushing other thoughts out of my head.

“True.” She nods, curling against me, tilting her head back to hold my gaze. “When do we need to go to the clubhouse?”

Reading between the lines, I grin down at her and slide my hand up in her hair. “We got time.”

Kissing Evelin, I wanted to take my time, but when it comes to my woman, it’s hard not to take her every way her body is screaming for me to have her. I intend to do just that before we leave this bed.

* * *

I pull up in front of the clubhouse and bite back my need to turn back around while getting the hell out of there. Not because I didn't want to see my brothers but because I knew Scotch was still here.

Plus, Heat was back. Who the fuck knows what's happening in there. The last thing I want is to deal with more bullshit drama, but it's inevitable when it comes to the situation.

I was supposed to already be here hours ago, but I got tied up in making sure my woman was taken care of in all the ways she could be.

Parking my bike next to Flame's, I lower the kickstand and wait for Evelin to climb off before following.

"You know, I'm thinking I should've just had you take me straight to the bar instead of joining you here."

Cocking a brow, I dip my gaze downward to her while tucking her close and moving us toward the door. "You say that like you had the choice of going to the bar. Which you didn't, just to remind you. You aren't going anywhere without me until the threat against you is taken care of."

"Whatever." Evelin sighs. "Let's get this over with. I'll text Francie and tell her to just deal with everything for me."

I gotta admit, I know Evelin loves working, and she does a damn good job at it, but Scotch is right, she works too damn much and needs time off.

I'm gonna have to make it a point to show her the benefits of taking time off.

Guiding Evelin into the clubhouse, I immediately want to take her right back out, considering we're walking right into one hell of an argument between Heat and Herja.

"You gotta stop this shit once and for all. I'm done with you keeping secrets and shit from me," Heat snarls.

"Heat, you need to understand that I can't tell you every blessed thing. You're just gonna have to get over it because I won't tell you. I'm sworn by my oath to keep them until the time is right for them to be revealed."

"Like this bullshit with Eve?"

"Yes," Herja snaps right back at him.

There are times when Herja shows her respect toward Heat and his position within the club, but then there are times like this when she doesn't.

"What's going on here?" Evelin demands, stepping away from me and making her way toward her mom and brother.

Heat's eyes shifted and locked on Evelin. Nostrils flaring. His eyes come to me, and he looks downright pissed. "You didn't answer your phone."

"Was busy," I tell him. It was all I needed to say at the time 'cause we're not having that discussion. "Did you need something?"

"Yeah, to know what the fuck was going on with my little sister," Heat growls.

"I'm fine, Heat. Now, will you calm the hell down before you give yourself an aneurysm?" Evelin remarks, moving toward her brother and, kid you not, hugging

him. “I don’t need my big brother getting all pissed-off on my behalf. I can do that all on my own.”

Heat wraps his arm tight around Evelin, dips his head down, and murmurs something for only her to hear. She nods and visibly presses herself that much tighter to him.

The two of them stick like that for a bit longer before pulling apart. I move in and reclaim Evelin at my side. Herja steps forward and looks between both her children.

“I’m sorry. Both of you. If I could share things with you, I would, but things have to be revealed as they’re supposed to, not before.” Herja looks at me with a sad smile. “I wish more than anything I could have told you about your real mother. She wanted to be there for you and your brother and sisters. However, the prophecy that was read the day you were conceived wouldn’t allow her to do so. She did what she had to, just as I do what I must for my own children.”

I nod, not about to have this conversation. I’ll deal with my issues at a later date. Turning my attention to Heat, I ask, “Were you filled in on Holstein?”

“Yeah.” He nods. “Part of the reason I was calling you last night. Wanted her ass back at the clubhouse on lockdown.”

“Think I can’t protect her on my own?” I demand, partly joking but mostly in all seriousness. If he doesn’t think I can protect Evelin on my own, then he’s got no trust in me to protect the club as I’ve done for years.

“Know you can,” Heat remarks, straightening. “Don’t think I don’t, brother, but this shit is serious. We can’t take the chances of you two being caught off guard.”

I can see his point of view on this. It’s nearly the exact thing I told Evelin the other night.

“What I was also calling to tell you was we’re having church. Now.”

Fucking hell.

TWENTY-TWO

EVELIN

“Don’t leave the clubhouse,” Fire commands before joining the rest of the members of the club behind closed doors.

Without everyone in the room, it feels just what it is . . . empty. Not that it’s exactly empty. My mom is still here, though she’s moved to the bar and at the moment was pouring herself a drink. Scotch was also sitting on one of the stools.

“What are you still doing here?” I ask, making my way toward him.

“Was waiting to make sure you were good before heading back,” Scotch remarks, holding a beer in his hand.

“You’re drinking a beer? Now?” Not that there’s anything wrong with it. Okay, so maybe there’s a little something wrong with it. I mean, it’s barely noon.

“Yeah, you know it’s five o’clock somewhere.” Scotch shrugs.

“Oh, give me a break,” Mom snaps and looks at me. “He’s not looking forward to getting back to the clubhouse and filling Irish in on the fact you now know the truth.”

“It’s not something he wanted out there,” Scotch admits and takes a sip of his beer, eyes on me. “You gotta understand, the woman who birthed you both started out as one type of woman, got what she wanted, and ended up being another type. No one

knew she was pregnant with you until Herja came and spoke with Irish's pops. The club was dealing with some serious shit at the time. Now, with Pops gone, Irish just wants the past to stay in the past."

"Great, so my biological brother wants to keep his past in the past, and that includes the fact I was born," I say a bit harshly. "I can't blame him though, I'm not?—"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence, Evelin," Mom snaps, her hand coming down on top of mine with a stinging swat. "You're wanted, and you're more special than you realize."

"On that note, I'm heading out," Scotch announces, sets his empty beer bottle on the bar top, and gets to his feet, eyes on me. "You be careful, darlin'. You need anything, you know my number. Same goes for Irish. He might be pissed the info is now out there, but he's loved you all your life."

Scotch leans in, kisses my cheek, and walks out of the clubhouse without so much as a glance backward.

I wait a long moment for the door to close behind him before looking at my mom. "What do you mean more special than I realize? I don't understand."

My mom takes a moment, like she's deciding her words, and leans down on her elbows. "You know, once Fire claimed you, you became his. Not just with this club, but in life in general. The moment you two connected, his life sealed itself to yours. More so than just that, the child you'll carry within your body will be about to weld the gifts of not just his father but Freyja herself. Twins, if I remember correctly. Each set of twins will have a set of their own." She waves a hand nonchalantly and continues. "Each twin will hold the gift of the father or mother and that of their grandmother, but not all of Freyja's. Each child will share one of each of hers."

“Okay, it’s freaky, you talking about one child, let alone twins, Mom, but that’s not happening right now. I’m on birth control, and we’re nowhere near ready for something as important as being parents. It also doesn’t say anything about why I’m so special, I might note.”

“Don’t you get it, sweetheart?” Mom doesn’t wait for me to answer. “What makes you special is that you were meant for Fire. To be by his side. To carry the children you will carry. But more importantly, that you are who you are. Just being you is what’s special. Fire has always seen you as special, just like your brother and each member of this club who has watched you grow into the woman you are. Just as I knew the moment I held you in my arms the first time.”

Tears swell in my eyes at her words. I know my mom loves me. She’s shown over the years that I was loved, but she’s never said anything like that to me before.

Mom moves from around the bar and comes to me, pulling me in her arms.

Our moment was broken by women snickering across the room, causing both of us to look in that direction. I inwardly groan at the sight of the skanky bitches.

My mom must read my vibes because she pulls away and cocks a brow at me. “What did they do?” she demands.

Sighing heavily, I tell her about the kiss Chellie planted on Fire after we got to the clubhouse. It still bugs me she did that, but what she and her little friends did yesterday morning gets to me most. I don’t understand why women have to be so ugly toward each other. They have to be conniving and backstabbing toward one another. Unlike men who just go fist-for-fist, they do sneak attacks.

I guess I have my mom to thank for not being like them. She raised me to face my problems and surely not to act like a skanky hoe.

“You need to teach those hora s they don’t fuck with you,” Mom announces, eyes narrowing.

“I told Fire that I would if they tried anything again.” In truth, I want to shred their eyes out and slam their heads against the tables, maybe even break some chairs while hitting them with them.

“Nope,” Mom snaps, shaking her head. “You need to deal with this now. Screw the consequences. I’ll deal with them for you if need be. But you have to prove to those horas that you’re not to be messed with. They need to know their place is not ahead of you. You’re an ol’ lady, and they’re no more than a pair of legs to spread at any given time. They’re definitely not ol’ lady material for any of the men here in this club.”

“What do you want me to do? Waltz over there and beat them up?”

“That’s exactly what I want you to do.” She nods, eyes gleaming with bloodlust. “Go over there and teach them you are not a woman to be messed with. You’re an ol’ lady, but more, you’re the daughter of a Valkyrie, and we don’t back down or give in. Now, do it.”

With a slight shove, I make my way across the room, eyeing each of the women sitting there. Chellie is the first to stand, the others following suit.

What happens next, I’m totally blaming them for. They had it coming and need to know I’m not going anywhere.

TWENTY-THREE

FIRE

“What fuck is the commotion out there?” Heat demands, sliding back his chair and getting to his feet.

I had a feeling I already knew what was going on out there, and I wasn’t waiting around for them to find out. Getting to my feet, I stalk to the door, throw it open, and make my way out to the main room of the clubhouse. The first thing I see is Herja sitting on a stool, watching what’s going on across the room.

Turning my attention in that direction, I immediately halt my steps at the sight of Evelin beating the hell out of all the horas at once.

“What the fuck is going on?” Heat again demands, stopping next to me. “Fuck, she’s going to kill those bitches. Get in there and stop her.”

“Give her another minute, let her finish,” I tell him and give him a quick glance. “Trust me, Eve’s actions are justified.”

Evelin flips Chellie over her back and slams her through a chair. Same jumps for Evelin, looking ready to claw her with those damn nails of hers, but ends up with Evelin slamming her fist in her face. One after another, Evelin takes them on until each one is down and doesn’t get back up.

“Satisfied?” I ask, getting Evelin’s attention.

“Much better,” she answers, a sly smile on her face.

“Wanna fill me in on what the fuck that was about?” Heat demands.

Shaking my head, I crook a finger and motion for her to join me. “Get over here before you get your ass into even more trouble than it’s already in.”

Evelin bites her bottom lip, making my cock thicken more than it already is. When it comes to her, I’m always ready to fuck her. It doesn’t take much.

“I’m going to start by saying Mom encouraged me,” Evelin starts when she makes it to my side and faces off with her brother. “Those bitches had it coming, especially after Chellie kissed Fire in front of me.”

“So, you beat the shit out of all of them?” Heat growls. A couple of our brothers make their way past us to see to the horas .

“Well, yeah.” She shrugs. “They thought it would be funny to play games with me, and you always told me, just like Mom did, to defend myself, so I defended myself. Showed them I wasn’t to be messed with.”

“Fuck me,” Pyro barks out with a laugh.

Heat stares for a moment longer, shakes his head, and lets out a heavy sigh while looking at me. “I don’t have time to deal with this shit. You handle it.” Turning on his heels, he stalks off.

Tilting my head toward Evelin, I look at her. “You gonna do that shit again?”

“If they so much as touch you, yeah,” she answers, and it doesn’t surprise me. “They keep their hands to themselves and actually show me some respect, I won’t have to

do that again. I don't regret it, and I won't say I'm sorry."

"Not looking for you to apologize," I tell her and dip my head down. "What I am looking forward to doing is fuckin' you when I get you to my room."

"Break it up, you two," Pyro says, coming in close and slapping a hand on my back. "Your little party is gonna have to wait. We need to get to the barn and check on some orders that came in, or did you forget?"

Fuck me.

It's one of the things that we'd been discussing in church. An order came for a few specialty blades that Pyro and I have to make. The order he's talking about, though, is the one that we've already got available.

During church, Heat and the others filled Brimstone, Flame, and me in on what all happened at the rally. Several orders were put in. Brimstone and Flame filled me and the rest of us in on what Scotch had to say after I went after Evelin.

We've got a lot going on, and the last thing I want to do is leave Evelin alone to go to the barn, but this is shit we've got to get done.

"Don't leave the clubhouse," I order, curling her closer to me.

"I really need to go to the bar," she says quietly.

"Thought we talked about this, and Francie was gonna step up." Swear to fuck, Evelin is always trying to go to that damn bar.

"Well," she shrugs, biting my lip, "I love my job, and I don't like giving it to others to do. Please, Fire, can't one of the guys take me, and you can come get me after

you're done?"

Staring at her, I grind my back teeth together. I don't want to let her go, but it's still light out, nothing can get to her now. As long as she's with me before sunset, then it'll be good.

"Fine," I grumble and look around the room to see who is still around. Spotting Torrid and Flash, I jerk my chin at them. "Get Torrid and Flash to take you. I'm sure they gotta get to their part of it anyway. But first, you're gonna promise me that you won't leave, and you'll call me if you finish up before I get there."

"I promise," Evelin says, giving me one of those sweet smiles and batting her lashes as she does.

"Go," I tell her and look at Pyro. "Let's get this shit done and over with."

"You got it, lover boy." Pyro snorts out a laugh.

"Fucker," I grumble, not taking the bait.

Together, the two of us make our way toward the back of the clubhouse and out the back doors. It's where we keep all our ATVs under a carport out of the weather. I climbed on one of the four ATVs we have back here while Pyro shifted and shot up into the air. A roar of fire shoots out of his mouth up into the sky. I'm guessing Pyro needed to be in the air as much as we all need to be on our bikes.

Hopefully, it won't take us long to get what we need to do done. Then I can get back to Evelin.

With what Brimstone has filled in for us so far, I don't like the idea of Evelin being anywhere without me. Until the threat against her is taken care of, I'm not gonna rest

easy. It's going to distract me that she's away from me while I'm at the barn and not in the clubhouse, but I get it, she needs to do her thing. Still, I'll make sure she's safe before the sun sets.

What we know so far about this Holstein is that nothing happens before sunset. Always after. This means before that time, I'll have Evelin locked away either back at the clubhouse or at my place.

TWENTY-FOUR

EVELIN

The moment I hit the bar, I made my way to my office and sealed myself away. I told Francie to pretend I wasn't even there. I didn't want to be there, not really. I just wanted to be away from the clubhouse for a while.

Now, being away from there, I'm a little freaked, but I needed time to myself to process everything that I learned. I can't do that when I'm constantly surrounded by people. I needed space, and here at the bar, it was the only place I figured I could possibly get it.

I also wanted to be able to talk to Kinley about all that's happened. I need her input. More so now than ever. Plus, I'm kinda freaking out with what my mom said about me carrying Fire's children.

I don't think I'm ready for anything like that. I definitely wouldn't want to be pregnant now. Not when there's a psycho out there after me. I wouldn't be able to handle it if I were pregnant and something happened to cause me to lose a child.

My mind swirls and repeatedly plays different scenarios until I finally force them out and find my cell phone. I find Kinley's number right away. I have her programmed at the top of my contacts list along with Heat, Mom, and Fire. Funny how Fire has always been at the top of my contact list, and I never really needed to use his number much.

Now, I'm his. His woman. His ol' lady. As some would say, his mate or his other half. I like the sound of it all, even if it scares me just a bit. I want to be with him. I always have, but with everything that's going on, I'm more than a little leery that he'll want to become overprotective.

However, him agreeing with me coming to the bar without him, doesn't say he is overprotective. By him asking me to promise not to leave or anything before he was to get here is something I was able to promise because it was him giving me something I needed.

Pressing Kinley's number, I wait for her to answer. It goes to voicemail, which is unusual. Kinley is never far from her phone and rarely if ever puts her phone on vibrate, let alone silent. She keeps it so she can hear at all times even when it comes to notifications.

I try calling her again two more times. When she doesn't pick up either of those times, I make up my mind. I know I promised Fire I wouldn't leave the bar, that I would call him, but I need to make sure she's okay. The fact she's not answering isn't sitting well with me. What if something's happened to her?

It might not be anything, but it could be something.

I leave my office and go out into the bar. I find Francie and tell her to give me thirty minutes, and if I wasn't back by then to call Fire. If she couldn't get him on the phone to call Heat and tell them I'm at Kinley's. She agreed but looked at me with a funny expression, like why wasn't I going to call them? Or just call them now?

I make my way out of the bar and down the road. Kinley's house was only a fifteen-minute walk from the bar. She lives in one of the houses in a neighborhood on the other side of the railroad tracks and a few blocks back. You'd think her living so close to the railroad that it would be a pain in the ass, a complete nuisance to have to

hear trains go past at random times of the day. Kinley always joked that when Amtrak went past every morning, that was her alarm clock.

Crossing over the tracks in no time, I pick up my pace, not jogging but walking faster to get to my friend's place. I need to know she's okay.

A couple more minutes later, I walk up her small driveway, stop at her front door, and punch in the code. Rather than a key, she has a keyless entry. It works great for when the two of us would come in after a night of partying. Not that we had many times, but the times we did it was a good thing. We didn't have to worry about keys and losing them. We just had to make sure to remember the code.

"Kinley," I call out her name, stepping inside the house and closing the door behind me. "Kinley, you here? I saw your car in the driveway."

My heartbeat roars in my ears. I want to know she's okay. She has to be okay.

"Kinley," I call her name again, moving deeper into the little house.

"I'm afraid your little friend, Kinley, is a bit tied up at the moment."

I spin around to face the man whose voice causes panic to seep into my veins, and my heart to go still as I whisper, "What did you do, Holstein?"

Holstein shifts from leaning against the door frame and moves toward me. "Since you were becoming hard for me to get a hold of, the best way to get your attention is through your best friend, is it not?"

He knew what my best friend meant to me. I was stupid enough to tell him as such, granted that was before I knew what he was.

Damnit, all to hell. I'm such an idiot.

"What is it you want, Holstein? Why do you want me so much?" I manage to ask without my voice cracking.

"I thought it was obvious enough you'd know the answer to that." Holstein chuckles. "You're the key that will bring two MCs to their knees and give me what I want. I turn you, make you my mate, make you do what I tell you to do, they'll do everything I tell them."

"No, they won't. You turn me, and it'll start a war," I tell him. My breathing picking up as he steps closer to me, close enough for me to feel the chill of his body. How had I never noticed it before? It's unnatural.

"It's a war, then it shall be because I marked you as my bride the first time I saw you. I knew you would be special. Finding out your connection as I have, it makes things that much sweeter for me," Holstein says, fingers coming to rest on my sides. "Now, come, we have things to do before the sun sets."

"What happens when the sun sets?" Now, why did I have to ask that?

"We'll be leaving. Zaff has taken a liking to your friend Kinley, so I thought it appropriate that she also be turned. He's with her now. They'll be ready to go before it's time to leave. Just think you'll have your friend with you on your newest journey."

I think I'm going to be sick. I can feel the nausea coiling up in my stomach. Tears burn in my eyes, but I refuse to let the first tear slip down my cheek. Not now. I can't afford to show any signs of weakness. I'm too late to help Kinley. Zaff has taken care of that, but I can hope to help her overcome what's happened to her if we both make it out of this situation.

“You know they’ll kill you, don’t you? My brother, his club, they’ll come for you. Fire will come for you,” I find the courage to snap.

I really hope that Francie remembers to call Fire. He’ll come for me. Goddess, please let him come for me before it’s too late.

“Ahh, yes, the one you allowed to tarnish the beauty of your body,” Holstein says with a click of his tongue. “You allowed him to defile what I ended up taking as my own.”

“It wasn’t yours,” I tell him, jerking away from him, which is something he doesn’t let me do.

“There’s no trying to get away from me, Evelin. I won’t let you. You’re mine, and you always will be. Forever.”

Before I can stop him, he moves us to brace me against the wall, and his teeth sink into my neck. It’s all I can do to scream out for help, though I know it’s pointless. I should have listened to Fire and not left the bar as I promised I wouldn’t.

This is my own doing, and because of it, I’ll lose Fire forever.

TWENTY-FIVE

FIRE

I get my hands on Evelin, I'm going to tan her ass bright red, then chain her to my bed until I know for certain she's not going to go against orders again.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The call came while I was working on one of the blades. I just finished the first coating on the steel blade and was about to put it in the fire. The number was the one to the bar, so I figured my woman was calling me early, ready for me to pick her up. I didn't think anything of it until Francie gave me the message that Evelin walked to Kinley's and that she was to call if she hadn't been back or heard from my woman.

It's all I could do to keep my shit together. I told Pyro to get to the clubhouse, and have Heat and everyone else around ready to go. Shit was going down. By the time I got back to the clubhouse, parked the ATV, and ran around to the front, everyone was on their bikes, ready to roll out.

"Where to?" Heat shouts over the rumbling of bikes. His expression is tight, and he looks ready to commit murder at any second.

"Kinley's," I tell him, swinging a leg over my own bike. "Something's goin' down, and I've got a feeling it's got to do with Holstein."

Heat gives a curt nod and takes off. I'm right behind him.

I don't give a shit we're going to roll up to Kinley's house loud as shit, giving away the fact we're coming. If Holstein is there and he's got my woman, I want him to know I'm coming for him . . . coming for my woman.

Rage burns inside me, and I'm ready to tear them all apart.

I don't miss the flames licking at my fingers sparking. I should give a damn about it, but I don't. All I care right about now is getting to Evelin and making sure she's okay.

I never should have let her go to the bar without me. Why the fuck couldn't she just stick to one simple promise? All she had to do was fuckin' call me, and I'd have taken her to Kinley my damn self. Instead, she goes without calling ahead, telling her assistant manager to call me thirty minutes afterward.

Swear, she makes it out of this safely, she's gonna learn the error of not thinking to call me first.

* * *

Pulling up in front of Kinley's house, I barely get my kickstand down and the bike turned off before I hear Evelin's screams from inside the house.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Jumping off the back of my bike, I rush past my brothers, then right on my heels, and up the front steps, throwing myself through the door and busting it open.

My eyes immediately find Evelin and see red. The bastard has her shoved against a wall, his head in her neck. She's squirming and trying to get away from him, but he's got her locked in.

“Let her go,” I command, moving toward him.

Two other men come out from other rooms, prowling in our direction.

Holstein lifts his head from Evelin’s neck, blood dripping down the side of his lip. “I think I’ll keep her as I intended.”

“You’re a dead man,” Heat snarls, stepping toward me.

Holstein smirks and tugs Evelin tighter to him. Her eyes come to mine, and I see the regret in them. She knows she fucked up by not listening to me.

“I’m more than just a dead man,” Holstein remarks and strokes the side of Evelin’s face. “You see, she’s mine and has been since I first saw her.”

“She’s not yours, motherfucker. Evelin will never be yours ‘cause she’s been mine a whole lot longer than since the first time you saw her. Now, let her go before I kill you.” I was going to kill him anyway, but he could think what he wanted.

“I think I’ll keep her right where I have her, thank you very much. We have a deal to discuss,” Holstein states, shifting his gaze to Heat.

“I’m not doing any deals with you,” Heat informs him with a deadly tone.

“You will once you learn that it’s not just your sister that will be turned, but her sweet friend, Kinley, has already been so. Isn’t that right, Zaff?”

Fucking hell. I didn’t even think to look for Kinley.

“She’s in the middle of transition as we speak.” Zaff chortles.

“Fire,” Evelin whimpers and struggles against Holstein’s hold on her.

I hold her gaze, aware of Holstein watching me, but I communicate to her that everything will be okay for her. My hands burn at my sides. With one touch to just a piece of furniture, I knew the house would be going up in flames. If there’s one thing that vamps are scared of more than sunlight, it is fire.

Stepping forward, I allow the fire coursing through my veins to pour out of my hands while running my fingers along the edge of the chair. Evelin’s eyes sparkle as she glances at where fire leaks from my hands to the chair.

The two men with Holstein jump back while the man himself seems to be thinking and calculating his next move.

“I suggest you let my woman go before I send this whole place up in flames burning you alive, Holstein. You think yourself invincible, but we’ve got you outnumbered,” I tell him, touching another piece of furniture.

“You think a little fire is enough to scare me?” Holstein scoffs. “Fire doesn’t scare me.” His body language says something different.

“Boss, we gotta get out of here,” the one he called Zaff says.

Holstein snarls, curses, and tosses Evelin forward. I jump, catching her as she stumbles.

“This isn’t over with. I will have Evelin and what I want. Until then, I’ll take what I already have for the time being.” Holstein sneers and vanishes before our eyes. All three of them vanish into thin air.

“Fuck, did he just disappear into thin air?” Pyro demands.

“Kinley,” Evelin calls her friend’s name weakly.

“I’ll go get her,” Heat remarks, moving through the quickly burning house.

“Come on, baby, let’s get you out of here and see to that neck.” Scooping Evelin in my arms, I carry her out of the house.

Hotshot stops me on the sidewalk. “Let me take a look.”

Evelin cocks her head slightly, and to both of our surprise, her neck is already healing.

“How’s that possible?” Hotshot asks.

“Don’t know,” I tell him and kiss the top of Evelin’s head. “You feel okay?”

“I’m fine physically,” she remarks, her breathing ragged. “I’m worried about Kinley.”

Moments pass by before Heat and the rest of my brothers come out of the house.

“Where’s Kinley?” Evelin asks, wiggling to get out of my arms.

I set her on her feet but don’t let her go. The whole time I do this, my attention is on Heat. “Prez?”

“She was gone,” he growls, lip curling. “They had to have taken her with them.”

“No,” Evelin whispers, her knees buckling. She would have collapsed if I hadn’t caught her. “This is all my fault. All my fault.”

“They already had her before you got here, baby. This isn’t your fault.”

“It is,” she snaps, shaking her head vigorously. “If I’d just said something sooner. If I hadn’t kept it a secret. If I hadn’t been so damn stubborn?—”

“Eve, stop it,” Heat barks, his tone harsh, but his eyes speak something different. “We’ll find Kinley and get her back.”

Evelin slumps more against me and sobs.

“Let’s get back to the clubhouse, we’ll discuss everything there. We’re too exposed out here.” Heat rakes his hand across his face, and lets out a harsh breath.

With this shit, I can understand his frustration. He’s not been back from the rally more than a day, and he’s got to deal with this. More than that, we’ve all got to deal with the outcome of what’s happening. Holstein said he wasn’t done that he’d have what he wanted. This means he’ll be back, and when he shows his face again, we’ll be ready for him.

No one fucks with the Kings and gets away with it. No one fucks with those associated with our club or those who are family. Kinley was Evelin’s best friend, but she was more than that, she was family. Through Evelin, she was family. Them taking her bought them a war they were not ready for.

TWENTY-SIX

EVELIN

Kinley's gone.

I don't know where she is or how we're gonna get her back, but the club won't stop until they find her. I wish there were more I could do to find her myself. But what can I do?

The guys have been in a meeting since we got back to the clubhouse. Fire and Heat made sure that one of the prospects was watching me before leaving me alone. I can't even be mad at them for putting a guard on me. I screwed up.

I screwed up big time.

They both said what happened wasn't my fault, but it was. I don't care what they say otherwise. If I never met Holstein in the first place, Kinley would still be here.

"Everything happens for a reason."

I spin around on my seat at the bar, only to come face-to-face with Fire's mother, Freyja. She's more beautiful than the last time I saw her. In the stories my mother told me about her, I always knew she would be gorgeous, but the woman is a Goddess and downright succeeds just beautiful.

"Um . . ." I don't know how I should greet the other woman, and my mind goes blank

upon sight of her. I mean, how do you greet a Goddess? Your majesty? Goddess? Do you curtsy? Bow? Give a gift?

Freyja smiles and reaches out to stroke my cheek. “I’m just Freyja to you, my lovely.”

“Ugh, okay,” I stammer, still feeling uncertain.

“You should know this and not blame yourself for what happened,” Freyja says, dropping her hand away. “Everything in life happens for a reason. Free will and all that goes with it . . .” She waves her hand nonchalantly. “We cannot interfere with that, or well, we’re not supposed to. You should know I love my sons as I love my daughters. I’ve hated that I was not able to raise them myself. But still, I watched over them from afar. Made sure they would never go without the love that was meant for them.”

“What do you mean everything happens for a reason?” I find myself asking.

“You’ll have to find out. Soon enough, my child,” Freyja answers. “But ‘til then, don’t blame yourself. Guilt will do nothing to ease anything in life. The troubles you and Brandr will face are not over with. Not in the least. Soon, you’ll know what I mean. But you should know now love and beauty are what’s in store for you and Brandr. The babies you now carry will flourish and grow because of what’s between you and my son.”

“Babies?” I squeak out. “How do you know this?”

“My child.” Freyja laughs and raises her hands over her head methodically. “Have you forgotten so easily who I am? I’m more than just the Goddess of Love. I’m fertility, war, sex?—”

“Beauty, gold . . .” I go on for her, remembering the stories my mother would tell me. “Is it true that you would weep gold tears for a lost husband?” I blurt out my question.

Freyja gives me a small smile and steps away. “Loving one so deep can never be replaced. Remember that and love my son as I know you will.”

Before my eyes, she disappears, and I blink, unsure if she was even there in the first place. I glance around the room and shake my head. Everything else in the room was normal, and the prospect that was watching me was also behind the bar wiping it down.

Across the room, the horas were pouting and looking upset while glaring at me. But they didn’t speak one word toward me.

My hand goes to my flat stomach as Freyja’s words ring true in my ears. Of anyone, she’d know I was pregnant, and it seems I’ll have two babies. How in the world am I going to break it to Fire that we’re going to be parents when I know neither of us is gonna be ready for it?

After a while longer, all of the members of the club finally reappear from the back. My eyes level on Fire immediately, and I give him a small reassuring smile.

Fire breaks through his brothers and comes directly to me. I open my legs, allowing him the space to get as close as possible for him to step into. His fingers sink into my hair, and he holds tight.

“You okay?” he asks, tilting my head back.

“Not really,” I give him the truth and take a breath. “But I will be.”

“Yeah, you will,” he murmurs and dips his head in. “We’ve got unfinished business between the two of us.”

My thighs spasm at the mention of unfinished business, and I secretly look forward to it.

“We do, but I have to tell you something first,” I tell him quietly and slide my hands up his chest to wrap around his shoulders.

“What?” he asks, watching me closely.

“Your mom was just here,” I confide.

“What the fuck?” he grumbles. “What did she say to you?”

“Well, she told me that everything happens for a reason,” I retell him all of that part of what Freyja shared with me and get to the biggest part of it, stopping long enough to take a deep breath. “She also shared that we are pregnant. Twins.”

Fire blinks, blinks again, and his body looks visibly tight through my talk but seems to go still at the mention of me being pregnant.

I start to pull away when he doesn’t say anything and lower my hands to my lap, eyes to his chest. “I get it’s still new between us, and we’re not ready?—”

“Marry me, Evelin,” he blurts out, interrupting me.

“What?” Now, it’s my turn to be surprised.

“Marry me. Be more than just my woman and ol’ lady. Be my everything.” Fire growls, tightens his fingers in my hair, and dips his head even closer. “Known you all

your life, loved you from the moment you first made me laugh. We might not be ready, but we will be, and when they come, I want those kids to know that both their parents love them and are connected in every way possible.”

“Yes,” I whisper my answer, nodding, tears spilling down my cheeks. All I’ve ever wanted was to be his. His everything, and now I am.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:44 pm

The prophecy has begun.

Two have met. Only they will not be able to succeed without the others. If evil has its way, the end will come before it.

Freyja couldn't allow that to happen. Her children will be together. She'll make sure of it. It's why she's gone to the fates. Like in all legends, there are always three. However, some would say there's more within the Norse Mythology. The Norns. Some were created by Gods, others by elves, even by dwarves. Fate is supposed to be blind to allow free will to those.

Only in this instance, it could not be allowed. The answers must be heard. The end of time must be stopped before it's too late.

"They will find each other in time. Free will cannot be changed but with a little push this way and that, everything will come about."

"With the help of a dragon's flame, one will be shown the way. But not without the dragon's mate. Should he find her and allow himself to claim what is his."

"Once the heat of the night has cooled and the truth is revealed, will she be found? A sister for a sister. Nothing can change what is destined."

The three fates continue to speak, but it's those three things that stick out.

Only when all four are together again will it all be okay now that the first two have been face-to-face.

They won't be able to stop without finding the others. With them, they must find the other halves of their souls. Fire has found his. Water is next. They each must find Earth or Air. With the help of a dragon and his mate, one will find the other.

Until then, the only thing that can be done is to watch over and protect the children she's loved. Watching them and loving the ones who are meant to be theirs.

Evelin, I knew the moment she was born, she was special and meant for Fire. She would show him the way. Be there for him as he's there to protect her. The two of them were meant to be from the start.

Now, it's time to find the dragon's mate and place her where he shall find her. Free will just needs a little push in the right direction. The two can do the rest. So long as it shows the way in the end.

While free will does its thing, there's no harm in being there to watch it happen, give a little push here and there. Freyja is the goddess of love, after all.