



# Property of Madman (Kings of Anarchy MC: Central, Texas #1)

**Author:** *Sapphire Knight*

**Category:** Romance

**Description:** I'm in love with her, but I can't have her. As president of my club, it's up to me to set the standard.

We don't date our clients.

We don't bed them outside of scheduled sessions.

And we definitely don't fall in love with them.

I'm lying to myself, believing I can keep my feelings quiet. My brothers deserve better, a leader who doesn't break our own rules. However, when a body shows up next door, along with more mysterious women, keeping Audrey close on the ranch is all I can think of.

Throw in her toxic ex-husband, and my possessive side rears its ugly head. I'm done waiting. Audrey is mine.

From bestselling Author Sapphire Knight is an entirely new motorcycle club and characters set in the gripping Kings of Anarchy MC world. The Central Texas chapter is being written by Sapphire Knight, featuring the first release of the mc president, Madman. He lives up to his name, as none of these bikers play nice, but rather by their own set of rules. The mc is life to them, living by a short code the OG chapter set into law before their time.

\*Complete standalone, suspense, romance, hea, + more

**Total Pages (Source):** 24

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

“ Welcome to King’s Breeders,” I offer the customary greeting with the non-threatening smirk I’ve nearly perfected to the point it no longer looks as if I’m sucking on a sour lemon.

Don’t get me wrong, I love my club, fucking love it.

I also love our business, as the men around here like to say, “You can’t go wrong with pussy.

” And in this case, our livelihood depends on it.

“Charming,” The woman before me smiles devilishly, and offers me her hand.

She wants me to kiss it, the intent stamped clearly across her face, and I will.

For now. I need her to sign a contract and put a deposit down, so I’ll shmooze and play nice until then.

After all, this is part of my job, and I’m basically a motherfucking champ at it.

I gently take her hand, pressing a kiss to the top. It feels like all the rest, silky-smooth, well moisturized, and fucking rich .

“And you’re a gentleman, too,” she murmurs, a bit breathless from my touch and presence. I’m not a cocky S.O.B., but I’m well aware I have a strong effect on

women. I always have.

Our clients here are all the same. They're used to being spoiled because of their fat wallets, but still weak in the pussy for a man with muscles and a pair of sparkling baby blues.

I've been told I have lashes women pay for, whatever the fuck that means, but I'll take it.

They help me when I need to bust out the big guns of persuasion and get a deal done, to get the club paid and another on the books.

"I hope your trip here wasn't too stressful on you, ma'am. "

She shakes her head, "Call me Felicia, and no, darling, it wasn't too taxing on me. I couldn't help admiring your land as we drove in, such a peaceful place. Full of livestock, how many horses are on the property?"

"I believe we're currently at seventy-five."

"Wow, and you have staff, I'm assuming?"

These wealthy people always have the same questions. It's become second nature to have all the answers to their questions before they ever have the chance to ask them.

"No, ma'am. Our MC runs the ranch. It's our full-time job along with King's Breeders."

"Busy boys." She leans in, squeezing my bicep, "No wonder you're all so well endowed." Her gaze rakes over me, taking in every inch while not so subtly licking her bottom lip.

I'm a tattooed piece of man meat at the end of the day, we all are.

I've made peace with it because it pays damn good and allows us to lead the lives we do.

You can't put a price on the freedom of living off the grid, of being able to climb on our bikes and feel the wind on our flesh, so I'd be willing to do just about anything to keep it.

Probably why we're one-percenters and make our own rules. Nobody fucks with the Kings.

Opening my office door, I step to the side so she can enter ahead of me. The NDA is on top of my desk, along with a pen, waiting for her signature. She has to sign before I go into any full details with her.

"I don't typically sign anything without my lawyer present or at least reviewing the documents prior. I was disappointed you wouldn't allow him to tour as well and review all of the literature provided."

"We take our privacy very seriously here." Hence, the expansive plot of land our ranch sits on, the mountains to the north, and the natural landscaping we've left in place thickly past our fences.

We want to keep people out of our business at all times when possible.

The less they know about us and what we're doing up here, the better.

Hell, you go to the east side of our ranch, and it's like a goddamn forest. There are probably some bears, mountain cats, and a gator or two out that way, unknowingly helping us out with nosy fuckers or rival clubs.

As long as they stay away from my livestock, they're welcome to call this place home right alongside us.

"I see that, but aren't you worried about losing my business, or others? I have a hefty friend circle I could give great referrals to if I were to book your services and be pleased with the outcome."

If she only had a clue how large our client list is, she would be keeping her comments to herself. Rather than elaborate, I play the ignorant biker, which is exactly what she sees me for and expects. "We manage to stay busy around here, ma'am."

And if anyone is stupid enough to dig too deeply and cross us, well, we have a private backend of the ranch full of dangerous mountains for a reason. We handle our scuffles around here; either they get settled, or a body ends up buried.

"Do you-do you always wear the cowboy hats?" She nearly stutters, glancing at mine, and I swallow down a smirk, handing her the pen.

"If you need us to, it can be arranged."

"And when do I get to see the breeders? Are they kept on the ranch too?"

"You sign that little paper, right there, sweetheart, and we'll talk specifics."

She hastily scribbles her signature, not paying it a second glance, and then I take her hand in mine. With that out of the way, I lead her down a private hall, blocked off with a thick, secure door. I key in the code, my birth date, obviously, and tug her along for the tour.

I begin my spiel the same way I always do with any potential new customers. "Here's our viewing room. These clients have given us special consent for us to look in on

them while we're doing tours of the facilities."

"I see, and how do you match which stud to use with each client?"

"That's entirely up to you. We have a lookbook you can view and choose your favorite based on whatever qualities you'd prefer.

We also have other options." Sweat dots her brow as she watches through the window, taking everything in.

It's getting real now that it's in front of her and not only being talked about.

I continue, "Breeding is an extremely personal decision. You will have preferences and specifics in mind, I'm sure. We can't make them happen if you aren't able to do the choosing for yourself."

"And what if I don't? What happens if I can't make up my mind?"

Twisting around, I shift her in the process until her back is pressed up against the wall.

One of my arms is propped above her head as I lean in and quietly murmur, "Then we have another option. We do a group breed. One after the other. Each month's studs are different, ending in three in a row, then a break, and another two.

As long as the ovulation is taking place, there is a variety insemination scheduled every few hours.

Achieving pregnancy here at King's Breeders is always the ultimate goal. "

She's panting as I drop my arm and move away, putting a touch of distance between

us and continuing with the tour. I don't miss the way she quietly fans herself behind me. She'll become a client; I have no doubt.

"And these are the only rooms you use? What if I had another area in mind?"

"We have a specific way of doing things, so yes, it would have to be here. It's in our customary contract for you to have access to studs, it must be on this property where we can adequately monitor the situation."

"Monitor?"

"We have an in-house nurse who performs regular checks before, on a break if needed, and after the breeding process is complete."

"Let's say things don't work out so easily for me and the pregnancy doesn't happen in the first breeding round, then what?"

"We would be inclined to revisit each month during ovulation times until we achieve the desired outcome."

"Every. Single. Month. My upfront bill is the total, no matter how many sessions we have to schedule?"

"Correct. You can put a deposit down at the time of signing, and then the remainder at the insemination appointment."

"This is done organically, nothing artificial, correct?"

"Yes, we can move to more drastic approaches when requested, but we wholly believe in an organic experience. It seems to work the best."

“Absolutely. Can I pay right now?”

“Sure, we can take care of your deposit,” I easily agree, switching directions to head back to my office. I was going to show her all the rooms, including the break and snack area, but she’s in a rush, which works for me.

“Oh no, I don’t need all that extra fuss, I’ll pay the total upfront.”

Somehow, I highly doubt she doesn’t require any additional attention. I’m confident she’s the type who’ll want any extra treatment she can squeeze out of us.

I open the door once more, holding my hand out to gesture for her to enter ahead of me.

Rounding my desk, I file away her NDA and pull out a copy of our standard full contract, which I’ve already had drawn up.

Cocky? No. We rarely have a woman not agree to our terms and at least put a deposit down, so it’s second nature for me to prepare that ahead of time now as well.

I grab the paper with our printed bank transfer information for her, and she makes a quick call.

Within moments, I get the alert on my phone informing me thirty thousand dollars, her full bill, has been transferred into our King’s Breeders business account.

Once she signs in each designated spot on our contract, I place the file in my safe and then sign the release of responsibility form, notarizing each form at the bottom.

“This is our official release of responsibility form, should you not want to share any of the child’s information with us. ”



She accepts the folders I offer with a quiet thank you, placing them in her oversized leather bag. With the legal steps now taken care of, I set the black binder in front of her and flip the top open to the first page.

“It’s you,” she points out immediately, glancing back up at me.

I nod. “This is our client lookbook. It has each King’s member listed, our height, weight, BMI, medical notes, as well as any distinguishing marks and characteristics a client may find interesting.”

“And I get to choose... out of all of you.”

I nod again. Even though I’m unofficially no longer a stud, I don’t mention it unless I happen to be chosen.

“Or you can choose the group option. Three studs will be picked at random, and then you will be inseminated by all three on your ovulation day for the first round. If round one is not successful, the following month, you would take an additional three inseminations, then have a break, and be expected to take another two. It would increase each month until the pregnancy is achieved, as mentioned in the tour. Though that option can be exhausting for some women.”

Her mouth pops open. “You were serious about that? I-if I’m not pregnant the first month, I can take five cocks the second month, in a twenty-four-hour timeframe?”

“Yes, ma’am. Like our reviews say, we aim to satisfy and uphold our end of the agreement.”

“I thought your price was a little high, but now I’m seeing you’re worth every penny.”

Overly fertile alpha cocks usually are. However, I keep that comment to myself and smile instead. “Thanks, Felicia. Now, pick the breeder you want to give you a baby, and let’s get started on the next steps to get you pregnant.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

“How’d that new client tour go?” Silver, our club’s treasurer, asks once Felicia has left.

“How do you think it went?”

He grins, knowing damn well an appointment that long meant we got the money. “Like taking candy from a baby.”

I huff, shaking my head. “Rich women like her have to know we have the best sperm around. They’re willing to pay a premium price for some premium dick.”

He snorts, following it up with an amused chuckle. “Saw the alert come through in the club’s email account. Looks like her payment has cleared, and we’re thirty-k deeper.”

I nod. “She wanted to pay all of it upfront once she realized she’d be taking five cocks in one go if she decided to.”

“Did she? Decide on the group option?”

“We signed an NDA. Of course, she chose the five cocks.” I mutter, making him laugh some more.

None of our brothers will be complaining, that’s for sure.

We don't have the typical sweetbutts around the clubhouse like other MCs do.

We have two women we keep on staff for the occasional blowjob if we have a longer spell, or if we're having company from another chapter, but we rarely use them.

Our clients keep us busy enough, plus we're being paid to be full of cum, so it's not good business practice to be shooting it off all the time where it won't count.

Not only do we get pussy on the regular from our paying clients, but it also helps keep us healthier. We are tested before every appointment, as are the women. If anything comes back abnormal, we don't fuck, we reschedule until both parties get a clean test back.

Reign strolls in and I immediately tell him, "Hey techy, send an alert to the brothers. We need Church in a few. Got a new client to discuss."

"No problem, Prez. I saw her on the cams; she'll make some pretty babies."

"One for right now, we'll see if she decides to be a repeat customer."

"They always do," Death grumbles, tossing the rest of his drink back before standing and folding his arms across his chest. The motherfucker is massive, just one of the reasons why he's our club's enforcer. "Be there in a few, putting my phone up."

We don't allow cells or any sort of recording devices in Church, so the brothers leave them in their rooms ahead of time.

"Same," Silver comments, sliding from his barstool to saunter off behind Death. The brother jingles in his wake, his chains clinking with each step. Along with his chunky rings on each finger, you'd think he has a damn jewelry addiction.

Moments later, several brothers file inside, wiping their brows and bitching about the early Texas heat this year.

“Madman,” Our VP nods at me as he passes, heading for the closest bottled water he can find.

“Brass. Those mares get settled?”

“Yeah, they’re all good. Shadow had some fun with a handful of goats that managed to find their way around the east side of the property.” He responds and removes his hat, using it to fan himself.

A few of us chuckle in response before they all head for their rooms to put their phones away. Most will swap shirts, too, since the fuckers are already a sweaty mess from working the ranch this morning. They know I don’t want to smell that shit while stuffed around a table for Church.

Grabbing the client profile, I snatch a cold twelve-pack of long necks for the brothers not working the afternoon shift, and some more bottled waters for the rest of us before heading in for Church.

I place the drinks in the center of the table, with me taking a bottle of water for myself before sitting at the head of the table.

My brothers file in shortly after, some slower than the others, brows going up at the drinks.

We do what we want for the most part, but we typically only party on the weekends if we’re not too worn out from ranch tasks that week.

Too much alcohol can fuck with sperm count and, in this business, that’s our main

money maker.

Brass whistles, “Damn, Prez. You in a good mood? Can’t remember the last time you bought my ass a beer. Must be looking prettier to you today or some shit.”

With a huff, I mutter, “Fuck off, brass ass.” We’ve called our VP brass ass off and on over the years to screw with him.

He chuckles and gestures to the beer. I nod, and he grabs one, passing a few out to those who ask.

“Alright, now that you assholes have gotten your divo asses settled.” I begin, but am interrupted by War. He’s too busy shoveling fruit salad into his gullet to realize I’ve stopped speaking. Havoc, our other Hellraiser, kicks him under the table.

War glances up from his bowl, his cheeks going red, even though he’s a nasty motherfucker when someone challenges him. “Sorry, Prez. Shits good and I missed chow this morning.”

With an exhale, I nod and continue, knowing he’s been out mending the fences around the west side of the ranch. “Landed another contract today.” My claim is immediately followed up with pleased slaps on the tabletop and smirks, going out around the brothers.

“Hot damn, sugar tits!” Slasher, our SAA, says happily, rubbing his hands together eagerly. He’s chosen a lot by our clients, probably because of his tan complexion, black hair, and deep brown eyes. I don’t know what it is about some women being obsessed with men and dark hair.

“Fuck off with that sugar tits bullshit, bitch face,” I mutter, making everyone laugh louder.

“I’ll let Doc know we have a new client to onboard,” Spade, our Chaplain, immediately interjects.

He’s the opposite of Slasher, with short, light sandy colored hair, clean-shaven, and hazel eyes.

He’s average height and build with some sick spades tattooed on the tops of his hands, his demeanor patient and calm.

Always, to the point it drives me crazy at times.

He pulls the small notepad from his plain black shirt pocket, the silver cross and chain ever present lying against his chest. He scoots forward, borrowing a pen from the middle of the table, ready to write down any health concerns and specifics we typically discuss during our client rundowns.

He carries a torch for the female doctor we work with, but he won’t admit it.

Claims it’s all in the name of business and remaining ethical.

Yeah, sure.

“We’ll need to discuss the studs for her.

Here’s her file.” I hand it off to Brass first, who will check it out and then continue to pass it down the line.

Even if a brother wasn’t chosen, everyone still reads over the information because circumstances can change at any time.

“For her first ovulation round, she’s chosen Kilo, Smoke, and Tinman. ”

“Picking the three who look the least dangerous,” King, our secretary, comments.

I grin because I immediately thought the same thing.

Felicia had no idea we’re a club full of one-percenters, so it doesn’t matter who she chose.

We’ve all done our fair share of shit. Spade’s the holiest fucker out of all of us, but even his hands aren’t completely clean.

Kilo rolls his eyes, arguing, “Least dangerous my ass, I handle more sketchy situations than all you fuckers.”

I snort. “Right, you talking to hormonal women all the time, trying to promise them you can give them the baby they’ve dreamed of? When you handle that on the regular, then you come talk to me.”

The brothers chuckle, giving Kilo more shit about how a pissed off, emotional woman is far more dangerous than any criminal he’s dealt with in our supply business.

Shadow takes the file next, glancing over the location. “I’ll arrange travel for our nurse once I can confirm her schedule.”

Smoke quietly mutters, “I can take her.”

A grin immediately curls my lips, but I cover it, rubbing over my mouth until it drops. He thinks she’s pretty. Brother stares at her like she’s hung the motherfucking moon, but he’s too wrapped up in his head over it to say two words to the chick.

Shadow huffs, shaking his head. “Brother, the client is in Chicago, ain’t no way our



little traveling nurse is riding your fuckin' motorcycle all the way up there to collect specimens or whatever the fuck sort of magic it is she does."

Smoke glowers, "I meant I can fly up there with her, dipshit."

"Does she need an escort now that I'm unaware of? Last I checked, she was a capable female." He fires back.

"Alright," I interject, before they go to blows like they have in the past. Not that I wouldn't enjoy seeing them bloody their knuckles a bit, I have too much shit going on today to deal with them too. "Smoke?" I ask, needing more context.

"Chicago's a shit box. She's a little woman. Just figured she might feel safer with a brother next to her during the trip, is all. Unless our goal is for her to be shot, mugged, or raped. Sold off into prostitution?"

Brass's brows screw up as he glances between us in confusion. "Wait, isn't our nurse Sher? The tall, curvy chick always posting pictures of her lifting weights?"

I quietly hum to myself, understanding where he's going with this. She's gorgeous but also looks like if you fuck with her, she won't hesitate to break you in a few places. Rather than outright agree, my gaze pins back on Smoke, "You're one of the studs, brother. Sit this trip out."

He frowns, but immediately nods. I don't offer to send anyone else with her, or it'll piss him off more than her going alone.

"Shadow, arrange for a car to pick her up at the airport and put her in a nice hotel in a safer part of the city near our client."

Smoke drops the previous frown, relaxing into his chair at my words.

At least I can appease him easily enough, and at the same time, hopefully make our traveling nurse feel more comfortable.

Most people believe being the president of an MC means I give orders and everyone jumps to do them, but it's not the case.

It's more like being the manager at a business full of teenagers you have to keep in check, but at the same time, half the fuckers are your best friends, and at the end of the day, you'd be willing to die for any one of them.

It's what a true MC brotherhood is, or what it should be, in my opinion.

Lucky for these guys, I'm in the position to make their lives here hopefully better than some other asshole wearing a Prez patch would.

A loud knock on the chapel door has all of our heads shooting to the thick, oversized monstrosity. We made it that way on purpose so anyone having to approach it realizes they're dealing with an entire fucking club behind it.

Death stands, moving to answer, always first to charge into any shit. It's the reason we all voted him in as our Enforcer. We can depend on him to have our backs, always. Not that anyone fucks with the kings, they'd have a death wish if they did.

There's a moment of murmured voices, then Death turns to me. "Prez. A client is in your office."

I nod, knowing exactly who it is. She said she needed me, and I was willing to offer up a place.

We'll see if it was a smart idea or a dumb one.

“Look over the file so you’re all familiar with her.

We’ll pick back up later in the week.” My order is met with nods, so I slam the gavel down, eager to see my visitor.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

Her back is to me as I enter my office, and the excitement curling in my gut shouldn't be present, yet it is. I've known her for eighteen years now, and every time she's in my office, I find myself anticipating her visit and at the same time, dreading her departure.

"Audrey," I murmur, my cock already growing hard from having her presence here alone.

She stands, turning to me with a warm smile.

"Thank you for letting us come, Gavin." Her eyes light up when she sees me, and I know mine are doing the same.

If I were friends with women, she's one I'd almost consider a friend.

She's been a client and in my life for so long, I've let my guard down with her.

It's not common for me to easily grow comfortable with outsiders, but Audrey has this way about her.

A powerful allure that somehow draws you to her. At least for me, she does.

"Anytime. I told you, this is a safe spot for them if you ever need it."

She nods, her smile turning a bit shaky. "I don't know why River's like this.

Everything with his father doesn't help, I'm sure."

He's rebelled since he turned twelve, pushing boundaries.

I'll never forget the first time she called me, crying.

She didn't know what to do; he was starting fights, talking about getting a tattoo, and said he wanted a motorcycle.

To me, he sounded like a regular pre-teen boy.

To their uppity, privileged lifestyle, River had been raised in, he sounded like a black sheep.

As if he didn't belong. A troubled youth.

"Is the divorce final?" I can't help but ask. Every time I think of her, I find myself wondering if the asshole is finally out of her life for good.

"It's supposed to be this week."

She told her ex she wanted a divorce years ago, and they've been fighting back and forth over assets and everything under the sun.

I only found out back then because she's high profile enough to warrant a news story on their split.

One thing I've learned is that when a powerful, wealthy woman asks for a divorce, the men in their life will do what they can to throw a fit over it.

They're weak, can't take the split like a man, and nurse their broken hearts over a

country tune and a bottle of Jack, but rather, they try to ruin whoever they can on their way out the door. Fucking idiots.

One of the ways her ex-husband decided to rebel was to tell Audrey's children that he was not their true father, that she used a surrogate to get pregnant.

His actions led to the first time I met our son, River, in person.

Along with Piper, our now fourteen-year-old daughter.

Lincoln, our seven-year-old son, and Hazel, our three-year-old little girl.

It's been nearly three years ago, when she called, frantic, unsure of what to do, and I'd told her she could bring the kids for a visit.

To meet the man who helped father them since their curiosity was off the charts, and she needed someone other than herself willing to put in the work with them.

Audrey has always been good about sending me pictures of the kids over the years, along with general updates on them.

That's the thing with King's Breeders; it's up to both parties how much they want to share or know.

I have a few brothers who don't want any information, so photos or information we've received from their clients are in a file in my office, where they always have the choice to see if they're ever ready.

In the same respect, we sign our rights away in the initial contract so the women we impregnate do not have to tell us a single thing about the children they have, unless they choose to.

We have many who've gotten pregnant and have never heard from them again.

Luckily, Audrey isn't one of them and has sent me regular updates on the kids.

I've gotten to watch them grow up from afar and see them blossom into these amazing little humans that I was fortunate enough to help create.

Do I wish I could be their father? At times, sure, I think several of us long for that feeling, but in the MC life, it's not always the smartest move, putting such important people in our lives in direct danger.

Of course, some brothers aren't ready for the full responsibility of being a parent, so our contract works out for them as well.

It's not that none of us don't care where the kids end up, it's the opposite.

We provide this service because it's one way we can help women fulfill a need in their lives.

We give women who want to be mothers a chance at achieving one of their dreams, without the strings of fucking the wrong man and getting chained to problems with them for life.

Sure, there are sperm banks out there, but we prefer a more hands-on approach.

Many women find it much more fulfilling how involved in the breeding process we are.

"You're sure this is okay? Rivers is supposed to be moving into the dorm in a few months."

“He isn’t ready for college. River told me he wants to work the ranch. We already discussed this, Audrey. You said you’re okay with him moving here. I won’t let anything happen to him.”

“I know, and it’s the right thing for him. He needs you right now, his father...” She shakes her head. “Even growing up in the same house, they’re nothing alike.”

Because he’s my son, not his.

But I don’t say as much; this is all part of the deal we strike. We sign contracts. I have no say in these kids’ lives, even if they do carry my DNA, and the oldest looks like my mini-me.

I pull her into my arms, holding her tightly as I place a kiss on top of her head.

I’m not affectionate with any clients. I’m not close with any of the women I’ve impregnated.

Most were around the same time as Audrey.

The second time she came to me and told me she was pregnant, I knew something was different with her. I felt it.

The same day, she signed a contract to have two more of my children.

She told me she wants six babies with my blue eyes someday.

She left, and the next client showed up, and I couldn’t bring myself to agree to be her stud.

How could I, when I had a woman wanting six of my children who didn’t need me in



any way?

Suddenly, I wanted only her, but I wasn't allowed to have that option.

Or any, for that matter, where she's concerned.

So I did what I could, backed off on making as many client deposits, and concentrated more on everything else.

Every baby I put inside Audrey pushes me further away from the other women.

She's not mine, we have no committed relationship of any sort aside from breeding, and by business rules, we never will.

I'm her sperm donor, and she'd probably say we have a friendship.

It's not friendly from my side. I want to fuck her twenty-four-seven.

I want to see her grow big with my children again and again, and watch her wobble all over the place.

I want to care for her, and most of all, raise those children with her, but it's not our reality.

We're in two different worlds, and she's still fucking married .

The important thing is she has no idea how I feel. No one does.

"Kids are at the house?" There's an older ranch-style place on the property that's mine, but I don't use it. I prefer to stay at the clubhouse with my brothers.

Her hands move to my chest, my pecs flexing under the leather of my cut at her warmth. “Yes, except Hazel. John asked if he could keep her this week.”

She’s three. She should be with her mother, not that fuckstick trying to drain Audrey of whatever he can get. Of course, I say nothing, again, it’s not my place.

My hands move to her hips, fingers giving them a tender squeeze. “Are they happy to be here? What am I walking into this visit?”

Her face lights up, lips pulling into another beautiful smile.

I swear this bitch makes my heart skip a beat.

Fucking ironic, and I don’t have time to catch more feelings for her, so I drop my hands and take a step back.

“They’re excited to visit again. They had trouble falling asleep last night because they all had fun during the last trip. ”

I had them doing chores around the ranch, along with driving the four-wheelers and other ATVS.

Blew their minds, I was bossing them around and letting them get dirty to have some fun.

I also tossed them all into the pond and taught Lincoln how to swim.

Every little kid needs to know how to swim; it could save their lives someday.

My phone pings with our alert system at the same time a persistent knock lands on my office door. I spin around, still standing close. Opening the door, Slasher’s raised

brows greet me. “Slash?”

“You get the alert?”

I nod, “What’s going on?”

“Sheriff’s on his way to the clubhouse.”

“Damn it. How many does he have with him?”

“Only one cage.”

“He’s alone?”

Slasher nods, sending an uneasy glance toward Audrey, then pins it back on me. I get what he’s saying, this is club business, and not King’s Breeders’ business.

“I’ll be at the house as soon as I take care of this.

” I direct toward Audrey, then order Slasher, “Walk her to my place. I think there was a faucet leak on the side of the house, and I need you to take a look at it.” He knows what I’m silently telling him to do, to stick around and make sure nothing goes down around her and the kids until I know more and can give him an update.

“Okay, I’ll get out of your way for now. I’ll see you then,” Audrey offers, without skipping a beat, striding out of my office.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

I shoot Slasher a stern look and jerk my head for him to follow her. Audrey's a boss bitch, so I know police presence won't shake her up, but she'll probably be concerned I have my hand in some shit that could cause trouble, and it will be a red flag for her and the kids.

I meet the Sheriff outside, arms crossed as I watch him park his fancy new Bronco cruiser, and climb out, fixing his Stetson in the process. He approaches with a nod, "Afternoon, Madman. I see you've got the boys all here. Am I interrupting something?"

With a quick glance at the windows on either side of the door, I'm met with various brothers' faces. My lips nearly twist into an amused smirk at their nosy asses staring out the windows, but I manage to keep my expression bland. "No, just another discussion on ranch work needing to be done."

"Right, because y'all are just a bunch of men who work the land. Rancher and ranch hands. Excuse me if I don't quite buy it with all the motorcycles and the many visitors y'all seem to entertain regularly."

"Is having guests at our home against a law I don't know about? Last I checked, I own this land."

His brow raises, a chuckle leaving him. "Nah, no law broken. Yet. Sure is suspicious though."

With an annoyed huff, I ask, "There a point to this visit, Glen? Are you accusing me of anything?"

“Now, don’t go getting all huffy-puffy on me. I stopped by as a courtesy to the Wilsons. They had an incident on their property, and I was curious if you noticed anything off in the past few days around here as well.”

“What sort of incident?”

“They found a dead woman on the edge of their property.”

“Fuck.” Dead bodies next to our property are the last thing we need around here.

He nods.

“Everything has been business as usual around here. We had some goats get out; that’s the extent of our excitement. Was the woman a local?”

“Still trying to identify her.” He admits. He steps closer until he can speak lowly.

“Found another woman walking the street, saying she was one of your club girls.”

My brows scrunch up. “The King’s Road?”

He nods, shifting his toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other.

“We don’t have club women, as I’m sure you’re already aware of. Did you get an ID on that one?”

“Took her down to the station for indecent exposure. Name’s Maria Lopez.”

I’ve never heard of her before. Damn sure don’t know why she’d be claiming she’s affiliated with the club, and a clubslut no less. Not exactly a glowing position to be bragging about. “No club women here, too much drama with that sort of pussy around.”

He huffs out a chuckle. “Right, because you don’t seem to be short on it with the constant women coming in and out of town.”

Did I mention we live in the middle of nowhere, Texas?

There are small towns around us, but the closest bigger city is forty-five minutes away.

Of course, he’s noticed us using the privately owned airstrip multiple times a month, but rich women prefer convenience, and most opt to fly directly here instead of commercial with everyone else.

We should make our own damn landing strip at this point, ice even more folks out.

Rather than comment on any of it, I remind him how deep our pockets run. “How’s your new campaign coming along, Sheriff? The club is ready to be your biggest donor once again. You know we’re always willing to help with whatever you need around here.”

“Appreciate your support, Madman.” He holds his hand out and I shake it. “You and your brothers. Donations are set up on our website. You let me know if anything strange happens on your property so the department can handle it.”

“Will do.” I lie through my teeth. We take care of our shit privately.

He knows it, and so do I. As long as I keep him in his position, the club doesn’t have to worry about him much.

It’s a win-win for both of us; he does a decent job around here, so we want someone like him in his position of authority.

In the same respect, we keep our problems quiet and don't shit on the towns around us.

We help keep a lot of the local small businesses afloat with the brothers and our clients shopping with them.

As he drives away, a few brothers file outside, no longer hiding their nosiness.

I meet Reign's gaze, "Check the perimeter cameras. I want to know if any motherfucker was within twenty feet of the ranch. Someone left a woman on the Wilsons' property.

Dead. Sheriff is snooping around." I don't have to say this is bad for business; he already knows it.

"Christ," he mutters and follows it up with a nod. Without a second thought, he heads back inside, in pursuit of his laptop to get to work.

"Fucking shit." Brass grumbles, echoing my thoughts, rubbing his hand through his hair.

Next, I tell King, "Go to the station. They found a woman on King's street claiming to be a clubslut. One who works here. Find out what the fuck she wants, or knows, and why in the hell she'd claim to be one of ours."

"The fuck?" He questions, as confused as I was when the Sheriff told me about the female.

"Take War. If you find out anything useful, send War to take care of it."

"On it, Prez." He lets out a loud whistle, his arm shooting up to gesture for War to

meet him at the bikes.

“What do you need from me, Prez? What can I do?” Tinman asks.

“Head over next door to the Wilsons. You went to school with their daughter, right?”

“Yeah, we were cool back in the day. She got married right out of high school, but last I heard, she’s divorced and has moved home with her folks.”

“Good. Tell them you’re checking in. You’re concerned about the news and want to know if there’s anything you can do to help. See if they’ll tell you where the body was found and any other details we can use.”

“No problem. They’ll tell me, her father always liked me.”

I nod and we watch as he heads for one of the Mules, sliding into the ATV and driving off towards the Wilsons’ property.

“We have to get ahead of this before it turns into a giant shitshow. Brass, tell Kilo to keep his ear to the ground. I want to know of any rumblings that could have an impact on us. This is coming at the wrong fucking time.”

My kids are here.

Audrey is here.

And now a dead woman popping up?

The last thing I need.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

Yesterday's shit ended up being longer than I expected, so I sent food up to the house for Audrey, the kids, and Slasher.

The guilt hit me when I crawled into my bed at the clubhouse.

Part of me thinks I should have dropped everything to see them yesterday, but I must put the MC's needs first. Always.

It's partly why I never signed up to be a traditional family man, why I chose to be a breeder instead.

No child deserves a father who can only be around part-time, who can't offer them everything, including keeping them safe at all times.

I couldn't bring myself to do that, so I gave up the option.

Having Audrey and the kids around is reminding me of the hard decision I made long ago and what it means for my life now.

Today's a fertilization day, so I have to start by making my rounds and checking on clients.

Our doc made an early stop this morning already to check in on the women and studs.

Brass met with her, letting me sleep later, and we've gotten the all clear to proceed

with today's schedule.

After a strong cup of coffee, I make my way to the breeding hall and key in the lock code.

With a brief knock announcing my presence, I open the first door.

"Natasha. You ready?" I ask, approaching her as she lies on the organic lavender cotton sheets.

She's in the customary breeding position we instruct all the women to start in unless they make special requests.

Stomach to the bed, completely naked, arms up by her head with her hands lying flat, tucked under her cheek as she looks off to the side.

Her legs are spread wide open, her pussy resting directly over the pleasure piece we had designed specifically for this occasion.

It's a washable foam strip that raises off the bed just enough to lie on but not be uncomfortable, and when the breeding process begins, the ridges on it will massage the woman's clit area.

They can apply more or less pressure with the tilt of their hips and have pleasure during the entire session if they choose to use it.

It's typical for our clients to come multiple times while being bred. We want the entire experience to be one they remember fondly.

"I'm okay, nervous." She admits, and I'm glad she's said something, so I can help.

“You are beautiful, Natasha. War will be eager to put a baby inside of you. Do I have your permission to touch you? To help you relax? How’s the room temperature?” She has a small remote beside her to adjust it as needed.

“Of course, thank you. And the room is perfect.”

I weave my fingers together, popping my knuckles before I reach for her bare shoulders.

During our intake process, I learned she loves massages.

I have it noted in her file so anyone in the room with her has a way to help her relax whenever needed.

My palms glide across her smooth flesh before I begin to lightly work her muscles.

I move south, rubbing across her back to the sides, close to her breasts, but without any groping.

I’m not a fucking creeper, no matter how many times these women beg me to be the one to fuck them first. It happens with nearly all of them.

They all want me because I wear the President patch, say they need their kid to come from the top.

They also mention I’m sexy as fuck, but they don’t hold my interest enough for me to bite.

She groans, “That feels amazing. Are you sure this isn’t your real business, the reason you won’t give me your cum? I could fund a wellness center for you; I’d love to back those hands with my portfolio.”

Chuckling, I move to her hips, thumbs going a touch deeper as she moans.

“I’ve learned a few things over the years, how to help a woman’s body feel good and let go of tension.

Especially before she becomes pregnant, it’s important.

I want your mind and body to be serene during this process.

” Glancing between her thighs, I find her drenched, pussy juice leaking like she’s got no other purpose in life but to fuck.

The massaging is working, and War will have no problems making his deposit.

He lightly knocks, then pokes his head in. “Brother.” I nod. He enters in nothing but dark boxer briefs, still managing to look huge and intimidating as fuck. “Natasha’s ready.”

He glances between her thighs, a smile curling his full lips at finding her soaked as he grows hard over the sight of eager, wet pussy.

His hands move to where mine are to take over the gentle, deep rubbing, and I step away.

“Natasha, you are a vision,” He mutters.

“This is an honor, I want you to know that. Your satisfaction means everything to me.”

I step out and wash my hands with antibacterial soap, following it up with some lightly scented organic shea butter for moisture since I typically need to touch women

and don't want my hands to feel like I just got done chopping a cord of fucking wood outside.

I move to the second door. My knuckles find the freshly painted surface, giving it a brief knock before entering. "Beverly, how are you today, doll?"

"Ready to get pregnant." She replies bluntly, making me chuckle.

"Ovulation pussy is a needy one," I mutter, and she agrees.

"Death is... Well, I warned you when you chose him, he's well-endowed.

Did you warm up, using bigger toys so you can take him easily?

" I ask, pushing her hair out of her face.

I continue to lightly run my fingers through it, along with gently caressing her face.

"I forgot." She lies. She wants it to hurt, for it to feel fresh, but she has no idea how truly big the brother's cock is. I warned her, but she didn't take me seriously, obviously.

"You should reach between your thighs and put your fingers inside. Warm up for him." Death will be careful with her, but we always try to provide maximum enjoyment, so unless she enjoys some pain...

"Will you do it?" She asks, and I move lower.

My palms caress her ass first, rubbing and squeezing as I pull her pussy apart so I can take in how big her hole is.

This is the sort of thing you learn after years of running a breeding business, and what I think is partly why we're as sought-after as we are.

"You enjoy fingers in your pussy?"

"Mmhm." She nods, mouth falling open as my digits toy with her opening, eventually pushing two inside.

She immediately gets into it, rubbing herself against the pleasure piece under her clit, shifting her hips back with each pump of my fingers.

In no time, I can put a third and then a fourth inside her.

She's moaning, thighs quaking, when Death raps on the door and slides inside. His brows go up at my hand entering and leaving her pussy, noticing it dripping with excitement. She's ready, but I've seen my brother's cock enough times to know it's still going to be a tight, painful fit for her.

"Death is here, sweetie. He's gonna take over. You've done real good so far, with that drenched pussy."

He steps forward, massive length hanging between his thighs, commando. He asks, "How do you feel about fisting, baby doll? Can I fuck you with my hand a bit so you can take my cock better? I need to get nice and deep to give you my cum." He's still murmuring to her as I leave the room.

I wash my hands again, scrubbing them twice in a row this time, including using a new nail brush, then move to the third room. I gently knock and enter the room.

"Augusta, how are you, beautiful?"

She's younger than the others. We typically get older women in here who aren't afraid to ask for what they want.

This one, however, wouldn't discuss much of anything.

I think she's a bit shy around alphas, and I understand, but it also makes my job harder to do.

I firmly believe all women deserve to have sexual pleasure in their lives and should be taught early on that it's perfectly okay.

"I'm good."

"Ready to have a baby put inside you?"

Her cheeks flush at my question. She breathily responds, "Absolutely."

I distinctly remember her listing dirty talk on her intake form as a turn-on so I immediately dive in. "Is that pussy nice and wet? Needing to be pounded and filled with lots of cum?"

Her eyes grow wide as she watches me round the bed to pause in front of her face.

Our breeding rooms have special bedframes we've built to raise the mattresses so they're higher than usual, the perfect height for us to stand at the edge of them and fuck, just like we enjoy.

It keeps weight off the women, along with sweat, and anything else they may find offensive.

Some prefer all of that... however they want it, we oblige.

“Hmm? Tell me you're soaked, waiting to be filled. Say it.”

She nods, stammering, “I-I am. Waiting to be filled. Needing it like my next breath. P-please?”

I bet she has a praise and daddy kink too, but we're not diving into any more details right now, that's what the last meeting was for.

I need to make a note just in case the first deposit doesn't take, and she requires a bit of motivation at her next ovulation visit.

“Your stud is going to take good care of you, stretching that little pussy out with his big cock. He'll be so proud of you, taking his cum. ”

She reaches for my hand, pulling it to her mouth where she immediately begins sucking on two of my fingers.

She forgot to note this in her paperwork as well.

If I'd known she has a sucking fixation, I would have had accommodations already set up.

“Sweetie, do you need to suck? Will it comfort you while being filled and impregnated?”



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She nods, keeping my fingers between her lips.

In my line of business, you learn all about different kinds of kinks people have, and we don't shame here, we embrace.

“Okay, I'll take care of it, don't worry.

I'll call your second-choice stud in, but after all the cock warming with your mouth, he'll need to come badly.

We don't waste cum around here, so he'll need to put it in your pussy after King finishes his first round.

Do you consent to taking two cocks and their cum today? ”

“Yes, please.”

“Good girl,” I quietly murmur, and I swear she stares at me with doe eyes full of hearts. Using my free hand, I pull my cell from my pocket and manage to text Silver to get his ass in here for a suck and fill situation.

King enters, brows raising when he notices Augusta gripping my wrist, my fingers between her lips, as her cheeks hollow.

I mention, “This good girl likes to suck while taking cum. Her mouth needs to be full when you put a baby inside her. She's a real good girl, fertile, and ready to take lots of cum inside her pussy.

” I use specific wording so he’ll pick up on what he’s supposed to do, while at the same time, she’ll get off on all the positive affirmations on her behavior.

He nods, understanding he needs to talk dirty, praise her, and let her suck his fingers and cock at some point in order for this to be a successful session outside of making his deposit.

It’s one way they get to have a second round with their client, by making sure she’s happy and satisfied.

If not, I automatically recommend the second-choice stud first for the client’s next round.

The more the brothers want to fuck, the better job they do. Win-win for all parties involved, and our business ends up making more money. We largely work based on personal referrals, and our referral rate is through the roof.

Silver wastes no time and quickly joins us. I tap Augusta’s chin lightly, saying, “Look, sweetheart, Silver is here to keep this mouth full and satisfied, okay? Now, make me proud and show me how wide you can open up.”

She immediately obeys, and I slip my fingers free.

Silver's there in the next beat, gently rubbing her lips, murmuring how pretty her mouth is before feeding her his cock. He gives me a nod that he’s got this from here, so I make my way out with a quick squeeze on each of my brothers’ shoulders.

This business is successful because of the way we can all work together as we do.

It takes skill to be adaptable in multiple situations, even when it comes to the art of breeding.

I exhale, moving to the sink to wash and disinfect my hands and forearms again.

We have rules about this hall, and strict cleanliness is one of the main requirements.

Each room is thoroughly cleaned after every session.

The studs are freshly showered and groomed.

This is a legit service we provide, not a backyard fuckfest. Although some of the group option couplings may end up feeling that way.

We've had a few women request trains be run on them, and we've had brothers happily comply.

There is nothing wrong with consensual kinks between consenting adults, and we aim to please around here. I like our Google and Yelp five-star spoiler-free review rating for King's Breeders a little too much.

Audrey's waiting for me in my office, unannounced, catching me off guard once I enter.

She greets me with, "I'm ready. I want another baby.

" At her claim, she stands, releasing the only two buttons she'd had clasped on her shirt.

The material falls open, offering me the delectable sight of her glorious breasts encased in a nude bra trimmed out in lace.

I groan to myself, unable to hold back. I'm already strung a bit tightly coming from my rounds.

Not because I want to fuck any of those other women, because I don't. However, looking at and touching wet pussies, with Audrey here on the property, has one thing on my mind front and center. Filling her up.

“I asked a few of the guys if there was an open room available, but they had me wait in your office instead. I know this isn't usual protocol, but I haven't been with anyone aside from you. I'll take a test right now.”

“Christ,” I mutter with a heavy exhale. My fingers move to her shirt.

One hand gripping it closed in the middle of her chest, as I use the material to tug her along.

She squeaks at my sudden burst of movement, but complies.

My free hand twists the doorknob, then I impatiently stride to my room with her right beside me.

“My room,” I manage to eventually grit the words out, even though the door we stop in front of literally has ‘Madman’ in the center.

I did it on purpose, so if we're ever attacked and my enemies are looking for me, they can easily find me.

Hopefully, it keeps my brothers safer, if whoever's searching can find me quickly without storming each room down the hallway.

My brothers were pissed at my logic, but it is what it is, and I held firm on that decision.

If I'd have kept Audrey in my office, where I'd be gloriously fucking her across my

desk right now, we'd be interrupted too many times for my taste.

I'd have to carve anyone's eyes out who witnesses me filling her pussy up, and my insane jealousy may pose a problem.

At least in my room, we'll get privacy and the brothers will know not to open the fucking door unless the place is burning to the motherfucking ground.

"Darlin', you never need an appointment for my cum." I growl; cock harder than a goddamn rock in my jeans. She's ready for another baby? How about five? I want her so badly, my cum will be super sperm and probably give her multiple babies right now. Hope she's ready for another family.

"I mean, I may've prepaid, but I didn't want to assume," She confesses as I tug her into my room, locking the door behind us. Then I'm pulling her open shirt completely free from her shoulders, allowing the lush material to drop to the floor behind her.

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MADMAN

She didn't want to assume? Is she fuckin' nuts? Of course, I want to bury myself inside her.

Breed her.

Come in her tight pussy that I can't seem to get my fill of, even years later. The need only seems to get worse with time passing, something I don't understand.

My hands move to her hips, pushing and pulling at the flimsy material of her loose skirt. Ever since she began bringing the kids around and spending more than two days to take my seed, she's started wearing all these cute as fuck summer dresses and skirts that move when the wind blows.

I slide one hand underneath, finding her plain cotton panties.

Always sensible, this one. I know she's more than likely got a closet full of the sexy shit, but when she's here, it's always about the kids.

Either the children she's bringing with her, or the new babies I'm sending back home with her inside her womb.

"Assume I always want in this wet cunt. Trust me when I say I fantasize of this pussy stuffed full of my cum at all times. I want it filled twenty-four-seven, to the point it's running down your thighs for every mother fucker in your vicinity to know this pussy has been fucked hard and put away wet. By me."

“Ugh, you’re such a pig. So demanding and all caveman.” She shakes her head, lip curling. My fingers find her soaked slit, shoving the panties to the side, I thrust inside her opening. She whimpers, “Oh, yes, Gavin! I want it, all of it.”

“If I’m such a fucking caveman, darlin’, why are you inside my clubhouse, asking me to breed this delicious pussy again?

Your mind can’t deal with me being a real fucking man, one who can give it to you the right way, but your womb sure as hell loves it.

Knows I’m exactly what you need to get pregnant. ”

“Oh God,” She mewls, pelvis shifting, legs shaking, cunt spasming as I push her straight to orgasm. She’s so damn wet, dripping all over the place, and I absolutely can’t get enough. It’s an addiction, urging me to do more. Take more, to gorge myself.

“Say it. Let me hear you admit you enjoy being fucked and bred by a goddamn caveman.”

She’s nodding before I even get a chance to finish my demand, as I’m working my button free on my jeans. “Yes, yes, yes, I love every minute of it.”

Shuffling backward, I pull her with my fingers still buried deep inside her pussy to the edge of my bed, then sit.

My grip on her cunt tightens as I direct her to follow me, spread her thighs wider, and climb over my lap.

In the next beat, I’m using my free hand to shift my pants low enough my cock springs free.

“Show me how much. Climb on this dick and fuck my cum inside of you. Let me put a baby in your belly.”

I move my fingers from inside her cunt, pulling her panties to the side more, allowing her to take my dick and push it to her entrance.

I reward her by using my wet fingers to rub her clit, making her cry out and pitch forward.

Her hands grip my shoulders, holding on as my tip stays at her entrance, no more than an inch inside.

Precum leaks from me, the anticipation making my cock throb with need.

He won't slip fully inside without her putting pressure; it's too thick.

I can still remember the very first time she'd taken my cock inside her.

In our first session, she'd squirmed and whimpered at my size, even though she was drenched with her cum from me eating her cunt until she'd given in and let me taste her cum all over my lips.

She was wound so tightly, she thought she'd never orgasm, so naturally I had to prove her wrong. Nine times.

So fucking sweet. That juicy pussy is always wet and ready for me now, whether it's my dick or my tongue filling it and making it gush.

“That's it, Audrey, keep feeling me, beautiful. Now, sink lower and ride this cock, make yourself feel good while I put another baby inside you.



“I have a surprise for you,” she shares as she lowers herself, pussy swallowing my cock as far as she can, making her eyes roll heavenward. My balls tighten up at the feeling of her warmth taking every single inch.

“Give it to me,” I demand, obsessing over the fact that she’s thought of me at all.

Reaching behind her, she releases her nude bra, allowing it to fall forward.

She’s got these round pasty things over her nipples, and the sight makes me smirk.

Like I said, I bet she has lingerie for days.

Probably wears it under her uppity power suits she’s always photographed in, while she’s busy busting balls and taking names at work.

Her tits are fucking magnificent, full, round, and more than a handful. She pulls one of the stickers from her breast, the nipple immediately beginning to leak. I swear my cock grows at the sight, my mouth dropping open. It takes a lot to shock me, and this bitch just accomplished her mission.

“I know how much you’ve loved it in the past when my breasts were still producing, so I’ve kept pumping, even after my daughter stopped breastfeeding. I’ve been freezing my milk in case you want me to send it. I remember you telling me you always wanted it for your coffee.”

“Holy fuck.” I murmur, my hands reaching to cup her breasts in my palms. “Can I?” I nod towards the milk spilling down her breast, dripping down her stomach.

She’s ovulating, and being on this big cock is probably making her tits go crazy right now, knowing she’s going to have another baby inside her soon.

She's every bit of my fantasy come to life.

I was one smart bastard nineteen years ago when I told her I'd give her my sperm.

She was a ripe twenty-four years old back then, freshly married, and wanted a baby.

Her ex was too weak to knock her up, so I made it happen.

Since then, she's become a force to be reckoned with in the business world.

A boss bitch making me proud with every headline her companies claim.

"Absolutely. Taste them." She obliges, and my mouth latches over the exposed nipple, eagerly sucking.

Her hands rake through my hair, gripping tightly as she holds me to her breast, fulfilling another of my deep-seated kinks.

Breeding and lactation. Fuck, nothing better in this world when it comes to the miracle of a woman's body, and especially hers.

"Mm, that's it. Drink, Gavin." She demands.

"Taste my milk, and take what you need, it's time for your snack. "

One of my hands moves to the back of her neck to hold her in place so I can pound up into her while sucking at the same time. The moment her milk hits the back of my tongue, it takes every ounce of self-control inside me not to come inside her and fill her with my seed.

I need to be deeper.

Feel the head of my cock nudging her womb when I do finally spill.

I swallow my mouthful, then drink deeply once more, allowing it to spill out the sides of my mouth a bit before flipping us.

Her taste everywhere is addictive. It makes me obsessive in my mind over her, constantly wanting more, but never allowed to have it.

Once she's on her back, I shove my pants down a bit more so I can widen my legs and power into her, over and over. Like a man possessed, I watch her tit leak. The other is still covered, as I shove her legs up, resting them on my shoulders.

"I need to be deeper," I manage to gasp out, panting. Her breathing's labored as she holds on and takes everything I'm giving her. "That's it," I groan as I thrust forward and feel her cunt gripping me, beginning to spasm.

"I'm going to-" she moans.

"Yes, come all over my cock while I breed this pussy and put my baby inside. This womb will be filled, over and over, as many times as you'll allow it.

"I rest my hand over her abdomen, squeezing my eyes tight as I concentrate.

Silently, I demand my seed to do its job, to make her mine in this way again.

I'm so close, when I plant myself deep on the next thrust, holding myself inside her, as far as possible.

If I could climb inside this pussy, I would; that's how fucking good she feels right now.

“Fuck, your ovulating pussy is the best. Now take my seed and give me a baby,” I demand.

I’ve never said that last part to her. It’s not my baby we’re making, it’s hers...

But I can’t help but feel this time is somehow different.

My words set her off, and she screams my name, her needy pussy milking my cock for every drop of my come while she rides a heady orgasm.

“Oh, yes! Right there,” She moans, gripping me tightly. It’s over in minutes, the entire time she’s coming, I’m filling her, pump after pump of my thick, hot cum.

Lying beside her afterwards, head on my chest, I softly stroke her abdomen.

I know I did it, and my baby is inside this soft belly now.

It’s always been this easy between us. The cuddling wasn’t something we ever did with the previous kids; it’s not a service King’s Breeders provide.

However, when Audrey brought my kids to meet me, I had to fuck her, and then I had to hold her for giving me the honor of knowing them all.

Her phone chirps with an incoming text, drawing me from my thoughts. “It’s River,” she says, checking the message. “The kids want to go to the pond.”

“Have them swim in the pool right now. I don’t want them on that side of the ranch until I hear back from my brothers.”

Her brow scrunches, “Everything okay?”

I'm not telling her shit about what's going on, but I need to figure out something to keep them from that side of the ranch until I figure out what the fuck is going on about the recent development courtesy of the Sheriff.

“Found several baby rattlesnakes over that way. Need to make sure it's all clear before someone gets bit and ends up at the hospital. ”

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*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

Her eyes are wide as she listens, immediately taking me at my word. I hate lying to her when we're like this and I care for her, but I have no choice. "Are there snakes along the path to the house?"

I can't help but grin; this strong woman is scared of something after all. "Darlin', you'll be fine, just watch your step. I promise if a snake bites you, I'll barbecue the motherfucker and we can eat it."

Her nose scrunches. "There you go with the caveman thing again," she mutters, making me chuckle, and glances at her phone again. "River says Piper and Lincoln are asking if we'll be coming to the house anytime soon."

"You head back; I need to check on a few things. And speaking of barbecue, I'll grab some meat from the fridge here and bring it with me. We'll grill up some food and chill out back with the kids while they swim in the pool."

"That sounds perfect. What can I do to help?"

"Nothing, little momma, go be with the kids, and I'll be up in a few." I press a kiss to the top of her head and climb out of bed.

I tug my pants back up, button them, then help her stand and move to fix her clothes. She swats my hands away, shooting me a perturbed glance, and I can't help but laugh. This woman isn't scared to bust my balls, and I find it pretty fucking entertaining.

My eyes remain glued on Audrey as I watch her cover her glorious leaking tits, snap

her bra in place, and button her shirt up.

I can't wait to drink from them again later and bury myself deep in her willing pussy.

I could go for fucking her again, already, but duty calls, and I do want to see my kids today.

I still feel like an asshole for not making it over for dinner last night.

Hopefully, it gave them time to get settled in and relax in the space.

I walk her to the back door of the clubhouse, and she takes off, Nickle pretending to be heading the same way so she doesn't walk alone. Our ranch is probably the safest place in Texas for her, but I refuse to take a chance with shit suddenly popping up.

Reign comes to stand beside me. Dark circles under his eyes tell me he's been pulling some long hours locked away with his laptop. He's such a fucking nerd, but a good guy to have around and a huge asset to his club. "I finished going through all of the footage for the past week."

My brow rises as I meet his stare. No wonder he's exhausted. The brother probably didn't get a stitch of sleep. "Find anything?"

He nods. "There have been a few different women nosing around the property. None of them has been stupid enough to trespass, but something is up. I'm confident there's some sort of correlation with everything else in play; once we're able to find the link, it'll add up. I'm sure of it."

"Fuck."

"Yeah," he nods. "My thoughts, too. I'll keep my eyes on the cameras in case it keeps

happening. I set up more monitors and had the prospect install some more motion detectors out where the other women were snooping around.”

“Why would anyone send a woman to do their snooping work for them? Has to be some goddamn cowards.”

“Women don’t appear as hostile or dangerous to men like us. They obviously have come to the same conclusion. If someone is behind this, which I think they are. We need to figure out what it is they’re looking for exactly.”

I shoot King a text asking where the fuck he is. Instead of replying, he comes walking toward the clubhouse from one of the barns, noticing me and Reign standing out back, mid-serious discussion. I greet him with, “You speak to the chick who was picked up on our street?”

“Me and War couldn’t get in to see her yesterday, they closed visiting hours early, due to lack of staff. I was able to arrange a visit earlier today, before my King’s client. You were busy when I got done with my first breeding session.”

I was fucking Audrey, he means, but that detail is no one’s business but mine. I knew I made the right decision to move us to my room, or this fucker is one of them I’d have had to gouge his eyes out for popping his head in to interrupt me balls deep in my office.

“The female didn’t want to tell me shit. I gave her small bit of info to Reign so he can dig deeper, hopefully.”

Reign grunts, acknowledging the admission. Probably annoyed he’s suddenly busy with random shit when he’d rather be breeding clients and working with Kilo on other business ventures.



The small bit of an update I have isn't much either, but I share it regardless.

"Tinman spoke to the Wilsons. They claim not to know who the dead girl is or anything about her. I'm thinking she was meant for us, but was mistakenly put on their property instead.

Whoever fucked up did us a favor by not putting the body on our ranch...

but had they not fucked up, the cops wouldn't know shit about fuck right now.

Can't blame the Wilsons for losing it and calling the law, but it'd be nice to make this whole thing disappear quietly. Not gonna happen now, I suppose."

"The fuck is going on around here? Christ," King mutters.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out, brother. We need to have Church again. Come up with a plan and execute that shit, because somebody out there doesn't seem to realize that nobody fucks with the Kings.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

AUDREY

“W hen are you leaving?” River corners me as I’m leaving the kitchen with a pitcher of iced tea. I was bringing it outside with some cups, since everyone’s been swimming all day. I’m grateful there’s shade over the back porch and half of the pool, or we’d all be sunburnt at this point.

I dab at my brow, overheating at my age comes quick and, in a flash, it seems. I understand my oldest son wants his family out of his hair so he can bond with Gavin and the others, but it’s not going to work like that.

We’re here to visit, and I don’t plan to pack up right after we’ve just landed to leave him to whatever he plans to get up to.

I’m so burnt out from everything. The divorce, work, River causing trouble, the fights, and the strained silences with John.

I need this time as much as the kids do.

“Seriously, River? We just got here, and you already want me to leave you here? Are you sure this is what you truly want? It’s not too late, I can call the dean and get you on the next flight to the university.”

“I don’t belong there, I told you. I’m not like those uppity assholes.”

“And you belong here?”

“Yes!” He claims, loudly, making me glance out the window to check on the younger kids. “This is more a part of me than your world ever could be.”

With a huff, I shake my head. “How? My world is the same one you grew up in. You’ve spent your entire life being in that world.”

“No, Mom. I look in the mirror and I don’t see you or John. I see my father.”

Another thing that happened when John told the children about their true paternity is that River became determined to call him ‘John’ rather than ‘Dad’ and distanced himself immediately.

It blew up into this massive fight of the wills, and their relationship hasn’t been the same since.

I don’t think it ever will be, and I’m sorry our marital decisions have had such an enormous impact on my children’s lives.

It was not my intention to make things harder on them, but John chose to act like an errant child seeking attention.

Well, he got it, but I don’t think it was what he had in mind.

The situation has seriously confused Lincoln.

He doesn’t know what to call John at this point, and Piper likes to act like none of it is happening at all.

She’s my spoiled princess, but it’s okay; she’s been going through a lot the past few years with this ugly divorce.

If I as her age, I'd probably want to pretend like nothing was happening, too.

"Can we just enjoy ourselves for a little while? I'm staying for longer this visit. I have to fly up to get Hazel, but I do plan to return after that as well."

"What? Why would you do that?"

"Because I'm going to take some time off work, it's time. I also want to have another baby before Hazel gets any older."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me. You're old, and another kid? Because fucking four of us up wasn't enough for you already, you have to add a fifth?"

"Shut your fucking mouth, boy!" Is thundered through the house, following the slam of a door so harsh it has my spine straightening, wondering if it's broken. Gavin has heard too much of this conversation, and as my gaze flies to his, I find him absolutely furious.

He storms in our direction, suddenly seemingly bigger than before, intimidating, and every bit the President of a motorcycle club.

He doesn't frighten me, I know he would never hurt us, so I take his anger for what it truly is.

Disappointment. River, however, is not used to a dominant man like Gavin and is in for a wake-up call.

His so-called father and the man who helped create him are opposites.

Gavin practically growls, his deep voice laced with a threatening tone, "You think I'd allow you to stay here if you're going to disrespect women?"

Not just any woman, either, the most important one you have in your life right now.

You gonna speak to your future wife like that, too?

Cause let me tell you, son , I'll knock your fucking teeth out if you think I'll tolerate a goddamn heathen wearing my patch, claiming my blood, treating women like shit.

That doesn't happen here, ever. You hear me? ”

River swallows, his Adam's apple bobbing as he shrinks back.

He finally sees Gavin for the powerful man he is.

He's not like the other men he's used to being around, always quietly taking care of things with a bank account or throwing immature fits over assets.

Gavin is a man's man, one who will have my son's head spinning with the reality check he's going to receive by living here.

“Yes, sir. It won't happen again, I swear it. ”

“Apologize to your momma, and be grateful she loves you more than life itself. I'll only say this once, so listen well.

You have the best momma out there, kid. Never doubt her and the shit she does for you.

You have no fuckin' clue how lucky you truly are.

Some of us didn't have anyone nagging us growing up, some of us didn't have anyone who actually gave a shit, and some of us never got the love we all needed to

make us a bit softer.

It's a lonely life growing up without a mom, you have the envy of too many children and adults out there, don't fucking waste a precious gift by being stupid. "

"Mom," River sputters out, blinking faster and seemingly at a loss for words. He's been acting all big and bad since his recent birthday, where he turned eighteen, but suddenly he's seeming more like my lost little boy again. "You know I didn't mean it like that; it came out wrong."

"Say you're sorry, River," Gavin demands, his tone brokering no room for argument. "I will not repeat myself."

"I'm sorry, Mom, I love you. I'm sorry."

"Love you too, Riv." I go to him, wrapping my arms around his waist since he towers over me now, just like his father.

The biological bad boy biker, not his pretend father.

I've started calling him the pretend father because there was never any legal adoption, just my asshole ex's name on the birth certificate.

He was all in back then, before I became more successful than him, and his entire outlook towards me changed.

What is it with men being salty over a woman who makes more money than them?

Gavin nods his approval, lightly smacking River on the back and squeezing his shoulder. "Glad you're home, bud."

He then grabs the pitcher of tea from the counter. “I got this, little momma, we heading out back?” His other hand was already loaded with a stack of large Tupperware-type dishes.

“Thank you. What else did you bring?” I ask as I head for the sliding glass door, opening it for him.

“I threw together a quick pasta salad when I was grabbing the meat. Also brought the parfait I made for the cookout we’re having. I can make another, I have time.”

“You threw together...” I’m speechless at this man’s capability.

He seems to be able to do everything, and I learn more with each visit.

I suppose it’s why he’s the president of their motorcycle club and runs this ranch, making it all look easy.

I’ve met many men in the business world, and they can’t tell their employees apart, let alone mix up a pasta salad for dinner and get my son’s head on straight.

“Stick this in the fridge for right now,” He hands two of the dishes to River, while setting the other containers of meat next to the grill. “Hey, brats! Come give this old man a hug!” He yells at Piper and Lincoln, making them hurry out of the pool.

He fires up the grill and is quickly swarmed by dripping kids, squeezing him tightly.

I was worried about how his relationship would be with them at first, but it was all for nothing.

Watching them interact with each visit we make, it’s hard to imagine why Gavin would choose to be a sperm donor and not a family man.

He is wonderful with my children. Even knows how to handle my moody eighteen-year-old who never listens to anyone anymore.

Once my son and daughter release him from the group hug, he yanks my daughter to his chest. Squeezing her tightly and says, “Piper, you’re as pretty as your momma, and I’m so proud of you for winning that hacking competition.”

“It was a cybersecurity challenge they were issued in their computer course,” I mutter.

He sends her a wink as he releases her, bumping his fist with hers.

“Keep it up. You’ll be underestimated in life, and they’ll never see you coming with how smart you are.

” She’s beaming, positively glowing after his compliment, and it makes my heart sing to witness her get a touch of approval she silently craves from a father figure.

He grabs Lincoln next, spinning him around, making my little boy scream and giggle in delight. “You need to stop growing! And these guns, Jesus, you’ve been lifting weights since I saw you last?” He asks, and Lincoln immediately begins flexing his muscles once his feet are back on the ground.

“It’s the football. Mommy finally let me play, so I’m kind of buff now.”

Gavin roars with laughter, thoroughly amused. I smile widely, forgetting he’s not used to being around kids all the time and hearing the silly stuff they come up with. “It’s working for you, little dude. And the spelling test? Last one of the year, it was the important one, right?”

Lincoln nods, his tiny body going straight as a pin as he confidently says, “I came in



second place, won a blue ribbon. I held the door open for the judges, too.”

“So proud of you,” Gavin nods, rubbing his hand over the top of Lincoln’s head, messing up his hair affectionately.

“Smart as a whip, just like your big sister. I can’t wait to see what you’ll accomplish next year.

Now, I think it’s time for a cannonball !

” He yells the word and takes off in a run for the pool.

He yanks his shirt off and then jumps in, making a ridiculously large splash.

The kids copy him, yelling and jumping in.

This is what they’ve been missing the entire time I was married.

A man who isn’t scared to play with them.

Who will remember the things important to each of them and make them feel valued.

John was always good at looking at the report cards and handing out cash as a reward, but he never truly noticed or paid attention to the day-to-day assignments or the projects that interested my kids.

After tossing each kid in the deep end of the pool a few times, he’s back at the grill, checking the temperature. River jumps in the pool, having swim competitions with his siblings, allowing them to randomly win.

Maybe the ranch is good for him. However, I still worry he’s messing things up by

not going to college right away. I don't want him to look back and realize he's made a mistake by waiting.

"I told the kids about the snakes. Of course, the boys want to go see them, but they've promised me they won't go out there without you."

"Shit, didn't think about that," Gavin mutters.

More to himself than me, and I quietly laugh.

With us staying longer this trip, he's going to learn even more about what it's like to have curious kids around all the time.

I hope he's as ready as he claims. He's never given me a reason to doubt his word before, so I won't start now.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

I don't know what it is I'm expecting exactly when we all make it into Church, but it isn't a few of my brothers sporting black eyes.

"The fuck happened?" I grumble. The first two aren't saying shit, but I have a feeling it's over a nurse and someone not getting to escort her to Chicago.

One thing around here, no matter who you are, if you talk shit to another brother and they don't like it, you may take a fist to the face over it. And you?" I direct at War.

He sighs, "Found a chick down the street. When I asked her to come with me, she got spicy."

Havoc mutters beside him, "Crazy bitch threw hands damn near the minute we approached her."

My brow raises. "Yet you seem fine."

He shrugs, "I've dated crazy chicks before, I know to stay the fuck out of their swinging range."

The brothers around the table, including me, all chuckle. "War? Who the fuck was this woman?"

"Got her tied up in the barn on the northwestern corner."

“Jesus fucking Christ. Why am I just now hearing about it?”

Havoc interrupts, “She got loose the first time, so this fucker was building her a cage to sit in. Then you called Church, so we figured we’d bring it up with everyone around.”

My fingers move to massage my temples. This is the last shit I need going on right now, on top of everything else. “Audrey and her kids are here. We can’t have caged women on the property now, let alone at any time. Do you know how bad for business this is if anyone finds out?”

“Or if the Sheriff gets a random warrant?” Brass huffs, shaking his head.

I meet his gaze with a nod. Glad one of us here besides me gets the severity of this.

“Did you happen to get any information out of this newly acquired prisoner since you had plenty of time to build her a cage, rather than bringing her to the clubhouse for questioning like any sane person might do?”

War drinks deeply from his bottled water, and I notice it isn’t only his eye that’s been hit, but he’s got scratches on the side of his neck. The brother looks like he was attacked by a feral cat, not a female.

“Was the woman big or at least muscular?” I continue speaking, glancing between him and Havoc, since he was the obvious sidekick in this cluster fuck.

War mumbles, “Probably about four-eleven if I had to profile her.”

I can’t hold back, a burst of laughter flies free.

“Four-fucking-eleven? How in the hell did she reach so high to get your ass in the

face and neck?” The brothers are quietly rumbling with laughter while War and Havoc stare on, stoically.

They don’t find this situation funny, and frankly, neither do I, but it’s so goddamn ridiculous I have to laugh over it.

He coughs, which is fake as fuck, but he’s trying to cover what he’s saying. “She, uh, got me when I tried to lift her over my shoulder.”

Havoc supplies, “He took an elbow to the face, then she got him with her nails. Damn near took our brother to the ground. Thought I was gonna have to go in for a minute and tap him out so we could collect her to bring her in for information.”

Slasher slaps the top of the table, gravely commenting, “Fucking hellcats. You don’t know until you know. Those women are like trying to tame two full-size men.”

“Christ,” I mutter under my breath. These fuckers, I swear.

Big dumb asses some days, that’s who I’ve got watching my back.

This is exactly what I mean when I say it’s the same as being a manager, never knowing what you’re going to get.

Give them a full-grown man wielding a machete and they’ll take him down no problem, even snap a neck or two if needed.

Put a tiny sprite in front of them and you’d swear they were wearing oven mitts when they try to even touch her.

“Reign, head back with these two and see what info you can dig up once these fuckers manage to get some information out of her.”

“These hands are for love, Prez,” War tries, and the brothers chuckle. I just shake my head.

“Bullshit, War, I’ve seen you lay out a man for looking at you wrong.”

“I meant for chicks. I can’t force information out of that female.”

I glance at the ceiling before pinning my gaze on Spade. People open up to him about everything, and he has a calming presence. “Spade, get what you can out of her.”

“Consider it done. Reign and I will handle it.”

“War, Havoc, you two go with them for backup in case this woman escapes again, and for the love of God, let her out of the cage and off the property as soon as you get any information out of her. If Audrey or the kids see this shitshow, all hell will break loose.”

“You making her an ol’ lady? Sounding more and more like a wife at home, brother.”  
Silver questions.

My brow shoots up, “No, it sounds like club business about to touch our civilian business, which is a no-fucking-go. You feel me?”

He nods, with a grunt of agreement. He’s an idiot for questioning me. Having Audrey as an ol’ lady is a dream. One I’m not dumb enough to think could ever be true. I would love it, she’d hate it.

“The woman from the jail, Maria, we know she has a sister. Let’s find out if the woman in the barn has any relation and make sure she’s not a worried sister looking for her missing family before we automatically assume she’s conspiring against us.

We also have that dead woman they found on the Wilson's property.

Again, she could be related to or a friend of the dead girl. ”

Shadow suddenly interrupts, “Fuck, what if she’s a reporter? War, did you lock up a fucking journalist?”

“Fuuuck ,” Havoc draws the word out, his eyes bugging at Shadow’s question.

War shakes his head. “I’ve seen plenty of those types; she’s not one of ‘em.”

“How can you be so sure?” Brass asks.

“Because this little Latina was all tatted up, she’s fine as fuck, just wait until you see her.”

I comment, “So that’s why she got the drop on you, you were too busy being pussy-ma-tized to have your guard up.”

War bristles, but keeps his thoughts to himself. The brother knows I’m right, as I usually am. “Alright, we have no update on anything at this point. Kilo, have you heard why these women have shown up around here? Anyone purposefully sending them our way?”

He shakes his head, “Our relationships are still strong. We haven’t pissed anyone off that I know of. If another club or the mafia is stirring up shit, nobody’s saying shit about it.”

“Death? Smoke?” I question, my gaze landing on them, hoping they have something to give me.

Smoke shakes his head, “I followed the other woman I found, but she got into a car and drove off as fast as she could.”

“Did you get a license number?”

He shakes his head. I was too busy trying to find out what kind of car it was.

Something old, a copper color with no vehicle badges.

I’ve been online when I’m not doing other shit, trying to find the make and model.

Haven’t seen her since. It was obvious she’d parked her car down the road, though.

She was too far away from it to make it a coincidence. ”

Death cracks his knuckles before saying, “The dead chick’s name is Lindsey Brooker. She was twenty-four years old. No kids, but was married. Came from a good family, but it seems she may’ve been estranged from them.”

“Anything to tie her to the club?” She ended up at the funeral home, and Death’s cousin is the funeral home director. It’s good to have contacts in certain places when you’re in an MC.

He shakes his head. “I only found out that much about her because I know a guy from the same town as her.” The brother seems to know someone from everywhere.

He’s a true nomad in the sense that he’s been all over the place before settling here.

He continues, “I’ve been meaning to get with Reign, I’m sure he can dig up more. ”

“Brother,” Reign acknowledges, nodding in agreement.



“As far as Breeders' business, anyone have shit to add? How did this week go?”

“Pretty sure I knocked up Rachel Cunningham,” King supplies.

“Yeah, I’d say Leslie Johnson is good as well,” Tinman smirks.

I roll my eyes at both of their cocky asses. “Spade, did Doc think the same?”

He shrugs, “You know how it is, she always says to wait three weeks and she’ll let us know the bloodwork results, once our nurse collects them.”

“Alright, business as usual. Keep me updated, every one of you. I want answers. I don’t like having too much shit all up in the air, and right now, that’s exactly what it is.

We have problems coming at us from every direction, and it’s bad for business, not to mention the heat it brings on KOAMC.

” At my parting words, I slam the gavel down.

The echo in the room, signifying the end of Church.

AUDREY

“M om, I swear I heard screaming last night.”

“Piper, it’s not something you have to worry about here. We’re safer on this ranch out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by Gavin and his ranch hands, than we ever were in the city. I Googled it, and what you heard was a coyote.”

“We’re in Texas, Mom.”

“I know, and they are everywhere, even in the south. They’re not only in the West as you’d initially believe.

They howl at night; it’s this whole thing .

I’m telling you. Look it up and you’ll feel better.

” I don’t remember hearing coyotes from the last trip, but we all slept extremely well that visit, from being exhausted.

Gavin kept us busy and on our toes, so when our heads hit the pillows each night, we were all out like a light.

I managed to sleep late on more than one occasion, which is practically unheard of since having kids and working garners my attention first thing.

“I want to see the snakes today, can we?” Lincoln pipes up, and it takes everything in

me not to groan.

These snakes are going to be the death of me if he doesn't lose interest soon enough.

If my son has his way, he'll put them all in a Ziplock bag and take them home with us.

I shudder at the thought with an exhale, praying this doesn't become a bigger thing.

"Linc, I told you; those snakes are not friendly. They will bite and poison us if we get too close."

"I thought you said we were safe here," Piper inserts, brows raised.

Raising my hands, I placate, "Okay, we're safer if we avoid the snakes. Not only because of the poison, but for my sanity." "We could bring them some rats, then they'd eat the rats and not us." My son rationalizes, and my daughter squeals.

"No rats! My God, Mom, please handle your son!"

Turning to the side, I manage a private eye roll from them both before heading for the kitchen.

We typically have a full-time chef on duty, but coming here, we left all of our staff behind.

The kids must learn how to survive without the help of someone at their whim.

However, I sure could go for something decadent and full of chocolate.

Maybe I'm pregnant already? Unlikely. Gavin's sperm is potent, but I doubt I'd be

feeling cravings already.

Although they could happen faster since this will be the fifth time for us to have a baby.

“Has anyone seen River today? His door’s closed, but this is late in the day, even for him.”

Piper shrugs, turning back to FaceTime her best friend.

She immediately begins talking about how we have a pack of coyotes outside, and how it would be amazing if they had puppies.

My daughter doesn’t seem to realize that those wild animals would not let her near a single one.

It’s amazing how she went from being momentarily terrified for her safety to the possibility of puppies, but whatever.

She’s no longer freaking out, so I call that a win.

“River ate cereal with me when I got up. He helped me with the milk.”

He’s such a good kid, which only makes me question it more when he acts like the black sheep amongst his peers so much.

Don’t get me wrong, he had loads of friends and the girls practically glued themselves to his side, but he didn’t want any of it.

It’s probably the main reason why they all wanted to be him or date him.

“That was nice of him. Did he mention what he was doing today?”

He nods. “Working the ranch. He had loads of chores to do today. He wasn’t excited or anything, but he said it’s what a man does.”

I bite my lip to stop myself from smiling, keeping my expression serious. “Indeed. A man takes care of his chores. Speaking of, how about you get your boots on and we’ll see if we can take a ride on one of the ATVs to check on the horses and cows. I’m sure your help would be appreciated too.”

He immediately jumps up and down, pumping his arms, screaming, “Yeah! I want to drive!”

“We’ll see about that.”

“I did it last time.”

“I know, Linc. We’ll see what the guys say. If it’s okay with whoever is around, then you can drive again.”

“Oh yeah! This is my favorite!” He yells excitedly and takes off to the room he’s staying in.

He comes out moments later wearing shorts, a cowboy hat, and boots.

No shirt. Nothing like the cute polo and dock shoes wearing little boy I’m used to.

After our last visit, where Lincoln declared Gavin and the other men the coolest people ever, he was adamant about bringing a cowboy hat and boots with him this trip.

The swim shorts and no shirt while wearing them, however, is all Gavin's doing, as on the last trip, it was his signature attire when we were hanging out at the pond.

"Let me grab my beach hat since the sun is crazy down here." We're northerners, so this heat is something else.

I thought I knew hot, especially being at the Cape cottage with our sailboat, I've suffered more than one sunburn, but I was fooling myself.

I could cook dinner on a rock outside here; it's so dang hot right now.

I'm in my room, floppy, oversized beach hat in my hand, when my phone pings with an incoming call. "Just a second," I yell out to Lincoln. "Don't go anywhere until I'm ready!" I swipe accept, as John's name flashes against the background.

"You're at that ranch, again?" He says immediately, without bothering with a simple hello like civilized people.

"Excuse me? How about saying hello, or good afternoon? I won't tolerate rudeness. If this is how it will be, then you need to communicate with me through our lawyers."

He scoffs.

I hear Hazel in the background, and my heart clenches, having my baby so far away from me right now. I wish she were here already. "Will you put Hazel on FaceTime, please, so I can see her?" I ask.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

We're strolling around the ranch, checking out the horses, and the next time the need to breed her hits me.

The sensation is so overwhelming, it's like being hit by a brick.

I can't get enough of this woman, and it's alarming.

I can't afford to grow even more attached to her.

It's not the way we do things around here.

"It's time," I mutter, moving behind her as she holds on to the railing, staring out over the field.

"I can smell you...I shouldn't have taken this long to satisfy you.

" I manage before reaching around her with both hands.

The flowy dress she has on makes for easy access as one hand dives inside her underwear, my fingers finding her drenched opening and plunging inside.

My other hand rests directly over her clit, my palm applying pressure until she's grinding against me and crying out, pussy spasming.

It all happens so fast, thank fuck, because when I get like this, a certain frenzy

overtakes me and my brain doesn't seem to process anything other than telling my body it needs to get my cum inside her immediately.

With a soaked palm, I release her, crouching down behind her.

I flip the wavy material up to her waist and shove her panties to the side.

My mouth is on her in the next instant as I inhale deeply, breathing in the unique sweet scent of her needy pussy.

I eat her cunt like a man starved, licking, sucking, and nibbling as I shove my face against her sensitive folds as much as I can.

I wait until she's shaking, crying my name in surrender, and spoiling me with her taste on my tongue before I stop.

I've made her come twice, and it's not enough, even for a fast, hard, fuck out in the open to get her pregnant.

I want at least four before I spill myself inside her perfect, juicy cunt.

"Christ, you taste phenomenal," I manage to grit out while freeing my cock from the confines of my jeans.

My button pops, my zipper lowers then my heavy cock is flopping out, seeking her entrance.

Precum drips from me like a leaky faucet, looking to cause some trouble.

The only chaos I'll be dishing out is wrecking this needy cunt, fertilizing this pussy until there's no doubt she's got my baby in her belly.



“Please,” she whimpers as I tease the head at her entrance, rubbing the blunt tip at her opening, mixing our excitement until I’m nice and lubed up, wearing both of our essences.

“Take this cock,” I demand as I thrust deeply, following it up with a broken grunt and groan. “Mmm, you feel good, like a hot, wet cloud snuggling my cock.”

She quietly giggles to herself, and the resulting movement has me moaning, as her pussy contracts, tightening multiple times in quick succession.

Then it’s her turn to moan as the sensations catch up to her next.

“Yeah,” I grumble, “Not so funny now, hmm?”

Just this big dick filling you so full your tiny cunt is practically choking on my size.

“It’s so good,” She cries as I retreat my hips, then slam forward. She holds onto the fence for dear life as she takes each quick, brutal thrust, welcoming with overzealous squeezes. “I-I’m so full. I need you, my breasts,” she leaves off, but I quickly pick up on what she needs.

Pulling free, I move away two steps and spin her around.

With her back to the fence, I immediately shift into her space, my cock finding her hole and filling her as I take each of her thighs and lift her.

My thighs widen, helping brace her up, as my hips jolt forward and back, my cock plundering her perfect cunt.

My fingers move for the sundress top, shoving the material to each side so her breasts spill out of the top.

Wrenching her bra down, I free one breast, peeling away the nipple cover thingy she has on it, my lips immediately covering the rosy nipple as it's exposed.

Her milk leaks into my mouth, making my saliva pool at the same time, and I begin to suck.

Her cunt pulses around my length, the sensations erotic and mind-bending to the point my chest vibrates, my body humming in response to all of my baser needs being met.

I continue to suck, switching from one breast to the other, laving her nipples with my tongue, teasingly nibbling them and drawing deeply, until I have mouthfuls of her delicious, fulfilling milk to swallow.

I'm completely and utterly enraptured by her.

I'm a stupid man to think I could ever want to fuck another woman in my life when she gives me everything I could ever desire.

No other woman could ever compare, but I know I can never tell her or another soul.

Not so long as I'm expected to offer my cum and breed other females.

Fuck. I'm a broken man inside over her. Lost for what to do, but I can't go down this spiraling path right now, not while I have this amazing woman on my dick and her luscious breasts filling my mouth.

Her pussy spasms for a third time, making her moan and jerk in my arms. She's louder than before, and I know she'd hate to be caught in this compromising position because I'd be forced to stab out any man's eyes who witnessed her in the throes of passion.

No matter how calm and collected I attempt to act around her, I'm not stupid; I know I'd sink a knife in an eye socket in a heartbeat when it comes to Audrey.

Everything about this woman screams to my baser side that she's mine.

"Gonna fuck another baby inside this belly," I murmur, driving in so deep, I swear I must be all up in her uterus. I think I black out momentarily, the sensations zinging all over my dick are so intense, it makes my brain momentarily feral.

"Yes, yes, yes, please, Gavin. Give me a baby." She responds, stuffing her breast back in my mouth.

I'm too far gone, I start biting, nipping, and sucking, leaving little purple dots all over the smooth, silky, pale flesh.

I've never marked another woman like this.

She's the first, and I can't seem to stop.

Each whimper and mewl escaping her sweet mouth has me enraptured.

My hand covers her lips as I lean in next to her ear and growl, "If anyone hears you or sees you, I will fuck them up. You hear me? Your sounds and body are for me, for this cock."

Her wide eyes meet mine, a sweet sort of innocence swimming in them as if she's never had a man speak to her in such a primal way, and I'd bet she hasn't. But this isn't anyone else, it's me, and I mean what I say. "Answer me, goddamn it," I demand.

"N-no one will see me, I promise," She relents, and with her sweet submission, her

pussy clamps down.

My thrusts are slow, deep, demanding, and enough to send her spiraling over the edge of her fourth orgasm.

With it, I give in and let go, my cum filling every crevice it can find in her, promising to give her another baby.

The breath I'd unknowingly been holding releases, my chest deflating with the unexplainable relief of expelling myself.

I press a tender kiss to her forehead, and have to stop myself from nuzzling between her jaw and shoulder, where I know she's extra sensitive and I could have her mewling my name in a heartbeat.

Instead, I lean back, meeting her dazed stare, and ask, "You okay? I didn't hurt you being pressed up against the fence, did I? "

I love a rough, untamed fuck, but never at the expense of the other person. Her enjoyment means everything to me in moments like this.

She shakes her head. "No, I'm good. Better than good, to be honest." Her lip wobbles, at odds with her claim, and it has me taking her in a bit closer than before.

Her shoulders are tight when they should be lax, and there's a little angry wrinkle in place between her brow, almost as if she's been thinking far too hard, rather than mimicking the relief I'm currently experiencing.

I know she got off several times. I counted each time her pussy choked me, spasmed, and then flooded me with her wetness. I'm not an idiot, I know damn well what it feels like when she comes. It's pure heaven.

“Hey, what’s up?” I can’t stop the question before it escapes.

We communicate well; we always have, but her being tense after sex with me is something new I’ve never experienced before.

If I hurt her in some way, I swear I will do my damndest to make it up to her.

I got a bit lost in the feeling of her, and there’s no telling if I was being too rough.

I try to pay attention to everything as much as possible, but being with her isn’t like being with any other woman.

In the next instant, she’s throwing her arms back around me, eyes filling with tears as she bursts out a sob. “Shh,” I soothe, my arms gently rubbing her back. “It’s okay, tell me what’s happening right now and let me fix it.”

Her head hits my shoulder as I attempt to adjust us, fixing our clothes a bit since this is no time to be standing around with my cock hanging out. She needs me, and unfortunately, I don’t think my dick can fix what’s moving through her mind at the moment.

“Y-you can’t do anything to solve my problem.” She admits in a whisper. “I don’t think anyone can.”

“Bullshit, beautiful. Tell me.” I demand, my muscles locking up tight at the sorrow in her voice.

She pulls her head back, meeting my worried gaze. Tears swim in her eyes, making me want to raze the fucking planet down for her. “He’s threatening to keep her.” Audrey manages to get out before a sob bursts free, making her shake in my hold, and she begins to cry hard.

“Woah, woah, woah. Let’s rewind a notch, ‘kay? Fill me in on what that means exactly and who we’re talking about.”

“J-John.” The sound of his name on her tear-trembling lips is my undoing.

I swear to God, I will bury that motherfucker in the north ranch if he’s hurt her in some way, which judging by her tears, I’m saying has happened.

He’s gonna die. It may not be today, but the fucker will stop breathing once I catch up to him.

“John did what, honey?”

“He’s threatening to keep Hazel, to not give her back if I don’t sign everything over.”

A dark, menacing chuckle leaves me at her admission.

Her nose screws up as she stares at me with confusion.

Her eyes are already bloodshot from how wrecked she is over this entire thing.

I’m going to make ol’ boy hurt real good for doing this to her.

“Sweet woman, you telling me he’s threatening to keep the daughter I fathered with you, up there with him?

Away from you? And he dares to blackmail you with my flesh and blood? ”

Her teeth sink into her lower lip, and after a beat, she nods confirmation.

“I told you no one would harm these children. I promised you when you signed that

contract, I'd do whatever I could to help you should the day ever arise and you asked me to step in.

You askin' me to step in, Sugar? You gonna let me be Hazel's daddy and fix this for you?

'Cause make no mistake, sweetheart, he will never bother you again. Not in this lifetime, nor the next."

With a shaky breath, she makes one of my unspoken wishes come true. "Go get our daughter, Madman . Bring her home, please."

"Give me a fuckin' address and watch me make it happen, babydoll."

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AUDREY

Once I admit aloud what's weighing on my mind to Gavin, everything moves quickly.

We're dressed and at his clubhouse before I realize it's happened, the overwhelming fog finally beginning to lift since the moment I got John's threatening call.

Gavin doesn't have to say anything at all; his expression tells me everything I already know.

He's furious. Sharing my burden with him was remarkably hard.

I'm not used to being in a situation where I can't figure it out for myself.

Being successful has taught me how to handle a myriad of issues.

I'm a complex thinker and used to being the one with all the right answers, with the way to dive in and solve whatever problem there may be.

However, I have no power when it comes to my children.

I will give up anything for each of them.

I knew when John decided to end our FaceTime call with a threatening ultimatum, it wasn't going to be something I could, nor should, handle alone.



But who do you call when your soon-to-be ex-husband threatens to take your daughter from you and keep her?

He has as many rights as I do in a court of law, since he's been around ever since all of my children were born, so how do I fight him?

I'd give up everything, but I know it's not the right answer.

It certainly won't stop him from doing it again in the future, and it'd also give him an unfair advantage at that point.

He'd hold all the funds to easily take the children from me, so either way, I'm destined to lose with the options he's presented me with.

Unleashing Gavin on him... Madman, well, that's a trump card I never saw coming, and neither will he.

I'm not foolish enough to believe he's going to go get Hazel because of feelings for me.

The real reason he's risking anything is because when it comes down to it, he's her biological father.

I'd be delusional if I allowed myself, even for a moment, to believe Gavin wants me for anything more than what we presently have together.

I'm an over forty-year-old woman who happens to be almost divorced.

I have four, soon to be five, kids whom I dote on and hold the bulk of my attention when I'm not busy making my millions.

As sad and discouraging as it may sound, in reality, I would be shocked to find out any man wants me with so much baggage.

There's also the fact that I'm older than Gavin.

No, he's in this because we signed a contract and he was paid to do a job...

I'm not about to fool myself into believing it's something else.

Something more. I'd be setting myself up for pure heartbreak, an emotion I can't risk when I have so many depending on me.

I text the addresses I have where John could be staying and any other information deemed helpful to Gavin.

I'm confident he's at one of our beach houses, as I've gotten alerts from the alarm system.

"Should I contact my lawyer? Or the police? He told me if I got anyone else involved, he'd slip away to Canada and I'd never see Hazel again.

" He's way up north at our beach house on the coast with some means to obtain more travel and lodging, so his threat is a real possibility, and the thought of it is rattling.

It takes everything in me to hold back a fresh wave of tears as I face the reality of the situation, but I must be strong right now.

Brass, one of Gavin's ranch hands, shakes his head.

"Ignore what he told you, he's nothing but a pissant kicking up dust. He'll say anything he can think of that he believes you'll react to.

He wants to make you scared enough you won't do anything but exactly what he wants.

It's a classic control method, used by a scared little rat. ”

Spade, another ranch hand, agrees. “Yep, tell me, how has he acted in the past? He pitched a fit for attention, trying to get what he could out of you. You shut it down, and now he's scrambling looking for another way to get what he wants.”

“No, Brass is right. Now that I think of it, he's always resorted to ultimatums to get my attention and force my hand on his timeline.”

Death, the big, scary-looking biker who let me in when we first arrived, inserts, “And, if you don't put a stop to it again, he'll keep pulling this sort of thing. The best bet is to handle it so he can never try to hurt you and your family again.”

I silently nod, internally wondering what he means by making sure John can never hurt us again.

Surely, they'll just scare him so he disappears, right?

Somehow, I don't think we both have the same thing in mind.

“I can pay you for your help with this,” I offer, my stare landing back on Gavin.

The least they deserve in all of this is some compensation...

so why does it feel slimy when I offer money for their help?

He grunts, bristling at my offer. “No way, Auds , this man is threatening to keep Hazel from you. I didn't sign anything with him about the kids, only you.

As far as I'm concerned, they do not belong to him.

They belong to you. I promised long ago that if you ever needed my help with them, I'd be there, no matter what it took for me to step in. "

My lip trembles as emotion clogs up every pore in my body once more.

Not only because I'm afraid of not having Hazel, but also because this man is willing to help me fight my battle when it comes to the most important people in my life.

As much as I'd hoped my ex would do the same, he's never truly stepped up to the plate.

I know if it were him here now, he would not be offering to get my daughter back for me.

"How are you going to get her? How does all of this work? Aren't you busy running this place and your business?"

"Excuses," Gavin mutters. "These guys can keep things going smoothly in my absence; it's exactly why Brass has that VP patch on his cut.

" He chin lifts in the direction of the man to our left.

I take in the black leather vest, one side has his name stitched on a patch, the other side has a patch claiming him as the Vice President.

There are other patches on his vest as well, but I pay them no mind.

The men around here have never had the leather vests on when I'd come for my breeding appointments, but since the kids and I have visited, we've gotten to see a

more behind-the-scenes approach, and King's Breeders isn't only a business and ranch, it's a motorcycle club.

A dangerous one if I'd have to guess, since Gavin looks ready to murder my ex, and his 'brothers' aren't batting an eye over the prospect.

Brass agrees, "Yep, things around here will be business as usual. Same goes for you, Miss Audrey, the brothers and I will make sure you've got everything you need while you wait for Prez's return."

"I don't know what I did to deserve this, but make no mistake, gentleman, I will never forget it," I promise and mean every word.

Let me find out they need something I can give and I'll see to it immediately, without their knowledge because I suspect they'd never accept it if they did know it was from me.

Gavin directs, "Death, you come with me. We'll be faster if we hop on a flight and hunt him down versus riding all the way north."

"Recon on the plane?" Death asks, and Gavin agrees.

"I'll sort out the details and let everyone know. I want to be in the air by tonight."

"You can take my plane," I immediately offer. "I'll text my pilot and see when a good time is, but he should be able to have you in the air tonight."

Shadow lets out a quiet whistle, "Damn, she's not just rich, she's richy-rich, huh?"

Gavin shoots him a lethal glare, making the man quiet and take a step back. I can see why. He has an essence about him screaming he can be dangerous when necessary.

It's not all, though. He does so much around here, from what I'm learning firsthand, he also possesses everyone's utmost respect.

His stare meets mine next, and I hope he can see the gratitude reflecting in my own. Not only for Hazel, but also for changing my life for the better over the past eighteen years. He's one man who deserves to be a father, to be in his children's lives, and I plan to make that happen.

### MADMAN

Flying in a private jet was something I never thought would happen in my lifetime, and Audrey's plane didn't disappoint. We left that same night, around ten, when the pilot was able to get back to us. He'd had another flight earlier that day, so we had to wait our turn.

The stewardess was an older woman, reminding me of someone's sweet grandmother, and she made Death and me feel welcome, regardless of our intimidating nature.

When she asked us if we wanted some cookies and milk as our in-flight snack, I thought she was a crazy old bat with a few screws loose, but then she showed up with milk laced with cinnamon and whiskey and bypassed the cookies for some bourbon pecan pie.

She'd said she had the notion being southern boys, we'd appreciate it more, and she was not wrong.

That woman is welcome on the ranch any damn time she's in Texas, and I made sure she knew it.

Audrey had a vehicle waiting for us when we touched down with the keys in the ignition.

Death was adamant we were going to catch a case from the law for jacking someone's vehicle in the middle of the night, but in the end, the pilot reassured us it

was there for us.

We rented a room outside the boujee little town John's vacationing in, to regroup and wait for tonight.

We flew through the first part of last night, and after the warm milk and pie, my ass passed out for the four hours we were in the air.

Death did the same, knowing we'd be busy tonight.

We were able to get some more sleep once we were checked in to our room, but it was restless.

I had too much on my mind at that point to be able to truly relax.

I wanted to find John then and there to skin his ass for giving Auds so much damn grief.

My animosity has been building for him over the years, and I finally have reason enough to take my wrath out on him.

The weather's milder here, I notice as we exit the vehicle and head for the house.

It's hard to just roll up on a property here as they're all mansions with ridiculous gated driveways along the water.

We park a little way down, off the side of the road, attempting to blend the SUV into the hedges a bit.

Hopefully, this won't take long, so no one notices the out-of-place vehicle.



“Damn, brother, this is your baby momma’s place?” I nod, “One of them. She has houses in several spots.”

“Kind of makes me think we should be charging them more if this is the life they’re living.”

I agree. The place is ridiculous, and it floors me that people truly live this way.

Not only having one home of such substance, but multiple.

It instantly makes me think the majority of them must be so fucking out of touch with reality, I mean, how can you be when you’re surrounded by so much wealth?

Their reality is not in the same stratosphere as mine is.

“Explains why her ex is such a goddamn pansy ass,” I mutter.

My fists clench with each step that brings us closer to the sprawling mansion.

Lights kick on as we pass them, leading to the glowing home.

We scour the property, as Audrey promised she’d cancel all of the remote security features so we wouldn’t be bothered.

It’s a relief not having to worry about the local cops or a security company rolling up on us mid-task.

I pull my phone free and send her a quick text.

Me: Made it to the house. Checking it out now.

Audrey: I got a few motion sensor alerts, but I cleared them and made sure the locks are disengaged. The house is not armed, so you will have no problem getting inside. I turned the cameras off. No one will know anything.

Her text is all the confirmation I need to continue. “She says we’re in the clear.”

“Bet,” Death rumbles in response, and we move to the deck. We walk quietly around the entire thing, peeking in whatever windows we can to get a feel for who is inside and where. “One thing’s obvious,” he says after a while. “The asshole’s not here.”

I nod. We’ve only seen one young chick, and I’m guessing she’s a babysitter or something.

“What are we going to do? I’m not offing a teeny-bopper; I refuse to have that on my conscious.”

“Same, brother,” I agree, wondering what the best way to handle this is. “I’m thinking we act like we’re supposed to be here. You distract her. I’ll find my kid, and then when John returns, I’ll figure out a way to deal with him.”

He nods, “Let’s do it.” We take a step in the direction of the front door when headlights wash over the property. The vehicle’s nearly silent, since it’s one of those pieces of shit electric vehicles. If it weren’t for the headlights, he might’ve seen us before we saw him.

“Shit, new plan!” I huff, and we duck around the side of the house.

We keep watch from the shadows until he pulls his car to stop in front of the garage.

Then he and a giggling woman are making their way up the deck steps.

They're both drunk, to the point I'm surprised John was able to drive at all.

Then again, maybe his car is one of those extra fancy types I read about in Tech Weekly about being able to drive itself.

I'm just glad he didn't have Hazel in there with him, or this would've gotten bloody much quicker.

Death and I keep quiet, watching the couple make their way to the hot tub.

Their clothes come off, and I don't relish in seeing John's wrinkly, pasty ass one bit.

The chick climbs on his lap, and once she starts bouncing, I tell my brother, "Go tell the babysitter she can go home. Audrey will send her payment over if John hasn't paid already. "

He nods, and I wait. About five minutes later, the girl leaves, heading toward a golf cart.

She's driving away within ten minutes of John arriving, having never seen my face, nor John's pasty ass going at it with a hooker in the hot tub.

I don't know if the chick is truly a hooker, but she was looking pretty rough when they made it up the stairs.

I motion for Death to follow me as we stealthily approach the hot tub where John and his woman are engaged in their debauchery.

The sound of splashing water and their drunken laughter echoes through the night air.

We move closer, our footsteps muffled by the expensive fake wood decking under

our feet.

The moon casts an eerie glow on the scene before us.

As we reach the edge of the deck, I raise my hand signaling Death to ready himself.

With a swift and silent movement, we pounce on them from behind.

In one quick motion, I grab John by his thinning hair, yanking his head back, while Death wraps a strong arm around the woman's neck, cutting off her shocked screams.

There's a brief moment of struggle, but it's futile against our combined attack as well as our experience in shitty situations.

John's pulse is racing beneath my fingers, his eyes wide with terror as he realizes his imminent fate.

I'm not here for a chat, but to end this problem once and for all.

I hate that this piece of shit had any part of Audrey, let alone got to spend part of his life with her.

She deserves so much better, she always has.

I should've killed him a long time ago and set her free.

The woman claws at Death's arm, but he holds firm, his expression cold and unflinching.

John's mouth opens, but no sound comes out as I swiftly draw my blade from my side holster and slit it across his throat.

I could use my gun, a quick shot to his brain, but it'd be too noisy and we're trying to get in and out without stirring up any unwanted attention.

John's body convulses, warm blood spilling over my hands, dirtying my soul more so than it already was before.

The liquid crimson drips into the hot tub, turning the water a dark, eerie red.

I should feel something killing him, right?

Remorse, guilt, something? But, I don't.

I feel nothing. Maybe a little glee if I'm honest with myself, which is a scary thing to come to terms with.

Beside me, Death tightens his grip on the woman, her face now a mask of sheer panic. He gives a sharp twist, and a sickening crack echoes through the night as her neck snaps. Her body goes limp, and he lets her slide silently into the water, a grim finality to their messy evening.

We stand there for a moment, caught in the trance only killing will give you, with the only sound around us being the gentle bubbling of the hot tub jets, now ripe and sullied with the metallic scent of blood.

With a sigh, I glance at Death, and he nods, understanding my silent command.

We need to clean all this shit up and make everything look like an accident.

A robbery gone wrong could work too, anything that won't lead back to Audrey and her children.

Deah breaks me from my thoughts, saying, “You go pack up, little miss. Make it seem like she was never here, just John, and I’ll take care of this mess. ”

He doesn’t have to mention it twice. I’m more than happy to skip getting blood on me and having to figure out what to do with the bodies. “You staging or cleaning up?”

He grunts, pulling the woman from the tub and laying her on the deck. “Gonna make this one disappear, so they’re only worrying about one body.”

“Good idea. I saw a shed on that side of the yard, probably a shovel in there.”

He stomps off and with a heavy exhale, I grab John’s keys from the deck, and turn for the house. It’s time I took my daughter home.

Where she’s always belonged.

AUDREY

“ I ’ve got her, and we’re on our way home.”

I can’t stop replaying his words in my mind over and over on a loop.

When he asked me to let him take care of things for me, I nearly turned him down.

Told him no, I’d handle it myself, as I’ve always done in life.

Yes, I was one of those sweet, quiet women who married an older man who was well off.

My family made sure of it, I was in those same circles after all, since my parents have always had money filling their pockets.

No one ever thought I’d use my resources and create my own wealth. No one expected me to be good at my job. Or to become wealthier than all of them put together.

Of course not... I’m a woman, after all, and it seems as if we’re always underestimated.

I haven’t let another undervalue me since.

Unfortunately, John couldn’t handle it, and my success sent our marriage spiraling after years of trying to appease him however I could.

Thank God I was smart enough and fought back when it came to my companies.

I can't imagine where I'd be right now if I hadn't found my backbone and finally started standing up for myself and for what I want to be able to give my children in the future.

I've been skeptical since Gavin left. It was foolish, since he's upheld his word to me in every instance since first meeting him, but still.

I'm a bit jaded when it comes to the opposite sex.

This man, however, seems determined to show me I can depend on him when I need to, and it has me all in my feelings.

I'm not sure how to react to him or the newly admitted emotions bubbling up inside me.

It's been too long since I allowed myself to feel vulnerable in this type of way.

Now here I am, grappling with the idea of falling for a man who has entered my life like a whirlwind, yet at the same time has been here in the background, steady, all along.

I can't shake the worry that has constantly been eating at me about Hazel.

When will I see her again? How is she coping with all of this?

I know Gavin will take care of her to the best of his ability, but my instincts still rage within, as I want to hold her close and assure her that everything will be alright.

"I'm headed to the airstrip to pick up Prez," Brass interrupts sometime later while I'm



busy being lost in my head.

I'm sitting by the pool, soaking in the hot day, feeling as if the overly cloudy sky fits my overall mood.

The kids are nowhere to be seen. The guys have kept them busy, and unaware of the turmoil I've been sick over.

I don't think Gavin asked them to help; they just stepped in and automatically offered when I needed them, without having the courage to realize I ever needed it in the first place.

"Oh, thank God," my fists finally unclench, seemingly for the first time today, from all the stress.

A sigh of relief leaves me, and I ask, "Can I come with you? He has Hazel." Normally, I wouldn't be asking anyone anything.

I'd demand whatever I want, but they've all shown me unmeasured respect, and I need to remember to do the same.

This is not my world down here; it's theirs, and I'm fortunate they've included my family in it.

"Of course, Miss Audrey. You won't catch me telling you no about shit unless it comes directly from Prez.

" He offers a compassionate smile, and I reach out, squeezing his shoulder in affection as I run past him to put on my shoes from inside the house.

I wanted to hug him, but with the line of business they're in, I'm sure they don't

enjoy being touched in their off time.

Not that I can blame them, I know I wouldn't want it either.

By keeping my hands to myself, I show him a little more of that respect I've been going for.

He assures me the kids are safe and well looked after, that he'll give the 'brothers' a heads up we're picking up Prez.

His words, not mine, so I follow him, hopping up into a lifted olive colored Ford Platinum Super Duty they have parked next to the huge barn full of motorcycles.

Pretty smart as parking in the Texas sunshine would probably burn their butts off if they tried to ride right away.

I've been to the airstrip several times, having flown in for my sessions, but as the truck eats up the pavement, I swear every mile seems to take forever.

There's a country tune playing lowly on the radio, background music as my leg bounces, the energy and impatience in me radiating through the rest of my body.

Words spill from my lips as a million things run through my mind, making me frazzled, "H-have you heard anything bad? They didn't run into any trouble, I hope?"

He'd never tell me, and normally I'd never ask, but with Hazel involved...

I hope you all know I will use whatever means at my disposal to help.

If there's an issue, well, people can be bought, and it's one thing I have to offer. "

Brass smirks, but it's not unkind. The man practically has the patience of a Saint dealing with me while Gavin's been indisposed.

He tips his Stetson at a guy driving a truck as we fly past, his hands steady as they take us around the next curve in the road; the sides are heavily lined with trees.

In normal circumstances, I'd find the drive peaceful, even a little beautiful, but there's nothing normal about what's happening.

"My brother isn't going to let you tarnish your name, even if something were to come up.

However, just the fact you offer shows what kind of lady you are. "

"A terrible mother?" I whisper, my heart ready to shatter when I hear the truth from another person, other than myself and John.

"A damn good woman, and one helluva momma to those kids. Stop worrying your pretty head, Miss Audrey, Prez is damn proud of you and them."

My lip wobbles, a tear sliding over my cheek. It's the side toward the darkly tinted window so Brass doesn't see what his words do to me. The fissure in my heart begins to fuse, filling with the warmth and deep affection I have for Gavin.

"Thank God," I sigh as the airstrip comes into view.

It's empty, but just as we're slowing for the turn off, the whine from the private plane's engine roars overhead of us as they land.

Brass makes the turn, then we're driving beside the strip on the small concrete path as the plane comes to a stop beside us.

The plane's door opens, and the stairs extend as my regular attendant steps out.

She offers a comforting smile and wave in my direction.

I'm out of the truck as soon as it's in park and running toward the stairs.

Death is the first to descend, followed by a woman in scrubs holding Hazel, and lastly, Gavin.

I'm a shaking mess when I hold my hands out to take Hazel and then wrap my arms tightly around her.

It's so hard to hold myself back from sobbing with relief and just squeezing her, but I can't.

If she sees me that shaken and emotional, it will only scare her, and it's the last thing I want.

I'm sure she was already a bit weary being around everyone since it's been months since she last saw Gavin and Death.

I'm sure being on the plane in the familiar setting helped, at least I hope it did.

It killed me to stay behind, but Gavin made me promise.

"I missed you so much, sweetheart. Are you happy to see Mommy? I love you, Hazel."

"Love you, Mommy!" she says, beaming her tiny but radiating smile at me, and I swear I can breathe fully again. Finally.

The woman standing next to Gavin and Death offers me a kind smile, and it hits me who she is. “Nurse Sher?” I ask, she’s the nurse I’ve seen for the breeding appointments in the past.

“Hey, she’s all good. I did a wellness check with her father present, and we chatted on the flight. You have nothing to be worried about, she’s a healthy three-year-old.”

“Thank you,” I turn my confused stare to Gavin, and he steps to my side.

He leans in, explaining, “Thought it’d be a good idea to have Sher meet us at the plane. I wasn’t sure how things would go at the house, and I wanted her on call in case Hazel needed anything.”

“Gavin,” I whisper with a hitch in my breath. Tears swim in my eyes as I take in the man before me. I hadn’t even thought of having someone on standby for medical, and I’m her mother.

He’s a good father, and he doesn’t even know it.

“It’s nothing, Darlin’, I’d do the same for all of our kids, I swear it.”

“I don’t doubt it for a minute. Thank you.

” I respond, past any pretense of not having deeper feelings for him, I step into his space, my free arm against his chest as I hold our daughter with my other and lean in.

My breath whispers over his lips as he comes close enough that our noses nearly touch.

“You’re a good man, Gavin, and an even better father.

I don't like asking for help, but thank you for letting me depend on you.

I can never repay that, but all you ever have to do is ask. ”

“Knowing she's safe and you're happy, it's all I need. I will always have your back, Audrey. Always .”

Tears stream over my cheeks again as I release a shaky breath and press my mouth to his. Our lips fuse, and the warmth in my chest I already had for him only expands, growing into true, unconditional love.

I've never felt this way about a man before.

I thought I knew love before, but I was wrong.

I'm hopelessly in love with my children's father, and I'm willing to give up anything and everything for not only them, but him too.

The best part? I know he'd never ask me to, because that's the kind of man Gavin is.

A little mad in the head when it comes to protecting those he cares about. A bit caveman-ish when it comes to his manly ways. And everything I've been missing from my life.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

Getting home felt better than expected, and when Audrey invited me to lie in bed with her and Hazel that same night, a sense of completeness I'd never experienced before washed over me.

They finally felt like they were mine, without any buts involved.

Audrey's kiss at the airstrip was so much more than a mere thank you.

She'd done it in front of two brothers, our nurse, daughter, and her flight crew.

Everyone saw the way I held them to me as she'd quietly cried.

They belonged to me, and there wasn't a doubt to be had.

Lying beside them only solidified the sensation burning through my chest, and I'd drifted off into a deep, contented sleep, wishing the feeling would last, that I could have them all as mine, forever.

The bed dips, and I can't help but be stirred from sleep, wanting to make sure they're both okay and I'm not taking up too much room or anything. Their comfort and needs have been placed well above my own, and I need to make sure my kids and Audrey know as much.

My eyes open a crack, arm extending to feel the bed now empty, and it spurs me to open them wider.

I silently watch as Audrey carries Hazel out of the room, and momentary panic building inside my chest has my heart beating faster as I sleepily attempt to figure out what the best course of action is.

I won't fuck this up. I can't. I'm far too gone, never having meant to allow myself to get this close, but I slipped, and now I'm afraid I'm too invested. There's no turning back.

I'm sitting up, about to swing my legs over the side of the bed, when Audrey returns, sans Hazel. She must've laid her in her own bed and was coming back to me. The twisting in my gut from the moments filled with her absence immediately settles as I watch her.

She notices I'm awake, and in the next beat, she's tugging my t-shirt over her head, then stepping out of her sleep shorts.

She's left in a plum lace set that has my mouth watering, but those are soon gone as well.

I'm a lucky man to have her trust me with her body like she does; it's a heady feeling, making me feel more like a man than anything ever has.

Holding my hand out to her, she accepts it, using it to knee walk on the bed until she's straddling me.

"Audrey, I-" I begin on a whisper, but then she's rubbing her nipple against my lips, effectively shutting me up.

Her delectable nipples immediately begin to leak, and there's no way I'm wasting a drop, so my mouth latches over the left, sucking deeply.



Her answering moan is everything as I know I'm bringing her some relief and at the same time gorging myself on one of my favorite wonders only a woman can provide.

It's a miracle, really, a woman's body and all it can accomplish as well as endure.

They're fucking magnificent creatures, the supposed fairer sex, who only deserve to be worshipped as the queens they truly are.

Men are nothing; we can give them our sperm, protect them, and support them, but in the grand scheme of things, it's a woman who does it all.

My lips move to her right breast, drawing in a mouthful before swallowing and laving my tongue against her nipple, offering any bit of relief I can to the pert, pebbled skin.

Her chest vibrates with her contented hum, my arms wrapping tightly around her back, loving the warmth of her skin against my palms and my mouth.

My hands move, fingers tracing the curve of her spine, the indent of her waist, and the alluring flare of her wide birthing hips.

There's nothing sexier than a woman changed once pregnancy and childbirth have claimed her.

My touch trails over her sides, the smoothness of her skin broken only by her stretch marks, she's earned over the years with our children.

I kiss each little line of love, knowing they tell the story of pregnancy from each of my children, and I'm so fucking grateful. I'm in utter awe of this woman before me and everything she's sacrificed to bring life into this world, carrying my DNA, and then caring for them fiercely.

Her breath hitches as I lick and kiss my way down her sternum.

My hands make their way to her full, round breasts, thumbs brushing over the wet tips, and the sensation only somehow makes me harder for her.

Is it wrong of me to love the way her heavy tits hang a touch lower, as if the burden of carrying milk is always present even when I drink so deeply from them?

Christ, I'm obsessed with everything about her.

Every inch of her, each dip and crest, only makes me crave her more. Needing to bury myself so deeply inside of her, neither of us knows where she begins and I end.

Just one.

Together.

"So Goddamn stunning, little momma." The full moon's light filtering in through the blinds cast enough of a glow around her I can take her expressions in. Her face is flushed, lips parted, the epitome of desire and need.

I shift lower, my mouth tracing the path leading me below to her tight, wet bit of heaven.

Audrey arches into me, her body responding to my touch and my words.

I can feel her heartbeat, the consistent thump-thump under my palm as I rest it there, letting her know this is more to me.

It all means so fucking much, and I don't have the proper words to express the true depth, to tell her what she deserves to hear from me.

My fingers glide over her waist, her hips, her thighs, feeling her shiver beneath my touch. Finally, I allow my fingers to trail through her wet center. I run them through her soaked lips, teasing at her opening, but never fully giving in. I don't want to only touch, I need to taste.

Taking my time, I trace every fold and crevice, listening to her moans as my tongue moves closer to where she wants it. I lick and nip at her silky skin, inhaling her sweet pussy's scent, all the while her hands clutch my shoulders in a white-knuckled grip, nails scoring my flesh.

She moans, and I know. She wants me, so fucking badly, and I'm going to give her all of me in return.

I finally stop my teasing and glide my tongue along her slit. My movements are slow and deliberate, relishing her taste. She bucks against my mouth as I shift to circle and nudge her clit, her enticing body writhing beneath me with her building need.

Gripping her hips, I hold her steady as I lavish her with long, fluid licks.

I'm lapping at her cunt like a lazy cat, the same way I do with her nipples at times that drive her crazy with desire.

Her breath is choppy, broken into short gasps, as her chest heaves.

She calls out my name, and chills race over my flesh.

Her hips roll, jolting toward me any chance they're able to, attempting to ride my face, but she only has to ask and I'll give her more.

I'll give her anything she can handle.

Reaching to the side with one hand, I grab the small vibrator we'd hidden between the mattress and box spring.

Her tight cunt is drenched, so I roll the vibrator over her slit, wetting it thoroughly, before going back to my feast. As I eat her swollen pussy, dipping my tongue into her spasming hole, I press the tip of the vibrator to her other opening.

I rim her ass with it a bit to tease, then apply pressure at the entrance once more.

She tenses for a moment, but then pushes back against the vibrator, welcoming the intrusion.

I turn it on, the quiet hum from it vibrates against my hand, as I gently ease it into her ass.

Her moans grow louder, more desperate, her body jerking with the added sensations as I slowly fuck her with the toy.

The taste of her pussy, the sweetness, combined with the intoxicating scent, they're driving me fucking feral.

Her body trembles, her thighs quivering as I bring her closer and closer to the edge, ready to let go for me.

Her cunt clenches, eagerly attempting to grip my tongue as I continue to dutifully fuck her with it.

I can't get enough.

I never will.

I don't let up, pushing her body further until she comes undone. Her scream of release is enough to send me reeling as my body locks up, coming all over myself after devouring her like my last meal. Her body convulses, ass gripping the vibrator tightly as her pussy floods my mouth with reward for the job well done, and I'm not waiting another moment to fill her.

Arms wrapping around her waist, I swiftly twist us until she's on her back. I swallow her gasp of surprise as my mouth meets hers, tongue plunging inside to play with hers. To let her know exactly how I plan to fuck her.

My hips need no help as my cock lines up perfectly with her pussy hole, and I drive deep inside, not stopping until I can go no further.

I've been inside her enough times she can finally take all of my big cock in one go.

She never could before, but I eventually paved my way, claiming my rightful place inside her.

This woman was meant for me. Everything about her was always supposed to be mine, and I'm keeping every bit of her I can get.

Relief washes over me at the feeling of her surrounding me, of hugging me so tightly inside her, I can't bring myself to move right away.

My cock's been aching to be inside her, and she feels even better than the last time I was buried in her heat.

She moans into my mouth, her tongue clashing with mine as I stroke against it in return, silently promising to give it to her good.

To make her come on my dick over and over.

Her eyes flutter open, locking onto mine. There's an unspoken emotion in her stare, a reflection of what I feel inside and what I know I need to figure out how to say. I let her go too many times in the past; I can't do it again. Not anymore. I know what I want, and it's her. Them. My family.

My heart aches with how much I care for her.

I need her to know, need her to truly realize what she means to me.

"I'm so fucking sorry," I pull away from our kiss and rasp after a moment, sliding my cock in and out as the vibrator continues to pleasantly torture us from still being inside her ass.

I move with deep plunges, making her eyes shoot heavenward with each drive. She feels unreal. Otherworldly.

"What? Why? You feel amazing, Gavin."

"Because... I love you. I've tried to keep everything separate with us, but I can't any longer.

We're on baby number five, and all I can think about is how I wish I could watch your belly grow.

That I never want to be without you. I want to be around you and our kids all the time.

And, how I'm so fucking lost and dead inside when you're not near me. "

Audrey gazes at me with such intensity that it steals my breath.

Her pussy begins pulsing, milking at my cock as her muscles lock up, and then she's whimpering my name through her release.

Her mouth trails over my neck, licking and biting, sucking, as I continue to move my hips, fucking her through her orgasm.

She's breathless, left panting as she makes her way to nibble along my jaw.

It's clenched as I can't seem to stop myself from filling her over and over, all the while stuck with my heart ripped completely open for her.

Eventually, her path makes it to my ear.

She nips at the lobe, her arms wrapping around me, one hand in my hair, fingers gripping the locke's tightly as she admits, "Thank God, Gavin. Because I am so in love with you, I don't know what to do with myself. "

"Christ, sweetheart," I whisper, pulling myself back enough to meet her weary gaze. "You love me too?"

She nods, teeth sunk into her lower lip as she watches me. She's allowing herself to be vulnerable with me, and so help me, I'm going to cherish every second of it.

"I love you," I murmur, repeating myself as I tug her legs up high on my back, widening her hips so I can somehow get even half an inch closer to her and bury my cock the deepest it's ever been inside her before.

Then I release, flooding her with everything I've got, knowing deep inside, I'm never letting her go again.

"You're mine," I whisper, and with those words, my fate is sealed.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

I slam the gavel against the table and glance around at the men filling each chair. Tinman nods, wanting to talk, so I give him the go.

“Autopsy said the dead woman from the Wilsons’ property was strangled to death and dumped.”

“Motherfucker,” I growl. I thought it was nothing, just a freak fuck up, and now it’s turning into more.

“Strangled?” Smoke echoes, thrown for a loop like the rest of us.

Death stands, beginning to pace back and forth, his brows furrowed in deep thought. “We don’t know this woman. None of us has any ties to her that we can find. However, the fact staring us in the fucking face, that she was strangled and dumped like trash, sends a loud ass message.”

Brass scrubs his hands over his face, releasing a heavy sigh. The mystery of the female’s death lingers in the air, like a heavy cloud that won’t leave us all the fuck alone.

Reign leans forward, “I think I may’ve found a connection.”

“Give it to us, Techy,” I rumble, as all of our attention is pinned to our computer-savvy brother.



“I did a deep dive and hacked into each of their financial accounts. The women had a wire transfer from Canada sitting in each of their accounts.”

Shadow leans back in his chair, deep in thought, while I scan the faces of the men in the room. We’re all in our heads at the moment, trying to figure out where in the fuck a Canadian source comes in with all of this.

“Good work, Reign. Keep digging. It’s been weeks, and we’re barely scraping by.”

“You got it, Prez.”

“Maybe it’s some fucking Russians,” King suggests, his voice filled with suspicion.

Slasher shakes his head, “Nah, not their style. This feels personal somehow.”

I rock back in my chair, contemplating the possibilities. I’m just as lost as everyone else, as much as I hate to admit it. At this rate, I’m going to be day drinking. I didn’t think this was shit I’d be facing while having my baby momma and kids on the property.

War offers, “Could be a rival club trying to muscle in on our territory.”

Brass scoffs, “As if anyone would be dumb enough to openly fuck with the King’s.”

Kilo chimes in, “What about the cartel moving in? Surely, they’d want to steal our supply customers.”

Havoc narrows his eyes, he flicks his blade open, cleaning his short, stubby nails as he claims, “Or maybe it’s someone from within our ranks, looking to cause a bit of chaos.”

“Then maybe someone wants to motherfucking die,” Death responds immediately.

The tension in the room is stifling, enough to make me take a drink to wet my throat as we each weigh the different theories.

It’s clear that we need to act fast before things spiral even further out of control.

I can’t have this shit going down with my family here.

They could be in danger, and I won’t stand for it, let alone the threat to my club.

I stand up, my decision made. “We need to increase our reach. We have endless sources at our disposal within the King’s network. We have charters in every Goddamn state. If someone wants to shake things up, they’ll get rattled in the process.”

“They’ll get fuckin’ dead, is what they’ll get.” War grumbles, already on the hunt to take some bodies down, should they challenge us.

Spade catches my eye as I stand behind my chair and offers his opinion. “We all need to stay cool while we figure this out. It pisses me off too, but we have to keep our heads clear to figure out who is at the bottom of this and not go off half-cocked, killing innocent folks.”

Shadow shakes his head, “We don’t kill innocent people, but obviously whoever started this shit doesn’t mind, or we wouldn’t have a dead chick knocking next door.”

“Alright, enough,” I huff. “I’m torn the fuck up over this too. I don’t want any of this shit touching my kids or Audrey. That’s another issue altogether, I wanted to discuss before we went off the rails.”

I release a breath, my shoulders dropping as I come clean to the overwhelming feelings I've been carrying around for far too long in secret.

“Timing is shit, but I'm in love with her.

I confessed as much to her, and she admitted she's in love with me too.

I know ol' ladies aren't a thing around here, and I don't think she could ever live the MC wife life, so putting my ring on her finger most likely won't ever happen.

However, I want you all to know that as long as she'll have me, I want her in my life.

Same with our kids. I need to know you're all on board with having them around when they can be here.

She's been trying to get pregnant again, so she won't be working as much here soon, hopefully. ”

The room falls completely silent, the brothers still, not even the chairs squeak from their weight.

It's unnerving as they exchange glances that speak volumes.

None of them has to say a thing. I know what everyone's thinking already.

They're remembering the unspoken rules of our business, the warnings echoing in their minds.

We don't date our clients.

We don't fuck them outside of scheduled breeding appointments.

We damn sure don't love them.

"I get it. I fucked up and fell. Everyone else has played by the rules, yet here I am, supposed to be your leader, and I've gone against the most important set of rules of our business."

Their silence is strong enough they may as well have struck me.

I continue, trying to rationalize how I'm any different from anyone else in this club, how it's somehow acceptable for me to break the rules.

Audrey, she's..." I release a sigh, fists clenching at my sides as I meet their stares full on.

"She's different. She's everything to me. They're everything to me."

Brass is the first to break the silence. "Everything, as in more than the club, is to you?"

It kills me inside to come to terms with this truth, because it's not what I want to do.

I have no choice, I have to. My brothers deserve to know the truth.

"Yes. At the end of the day, she and the kids are more to me. I have never put the club second before, but no matter how hard I try, they're coming in first now.

I will always protect my brothers and do what is best for the club, but I have to be real with each of you. You all deserve as much."

Spade holds his hands up, "Look, I don't know how everyone around this table feels about what's going on with you and Audrey, but I do know the truth.

You've devoted your adult life to this club.

You've done everything in your power to keep us all on the straight and narrow.

Not only have you helped provide us with a place to call home, but you've made us successful while living the type of lives we want to live.

Look around at other clubs, Madman, they're addicts, thieves, and much worse.

Somehow, you've managed to run a club and keep that sort out of it. ”

He glances around; his questioning stare is met with small nods from each of the brothers.

Our chaplain continues, “I know that you've sacrificed .

You've lived this life a long time, and it has its lonely moments.

You have a house full of children now, and you get to be a part of their lives.

You have a woman, not only willing, but wanting to have more, and love you all in the same breath.

Doesn't seem like any reason to be worried about breaking rules, you fell in love, brother.

You deserve that love and happiness along with it.

Can't think of more of a success story than our prez running the MC, finding true love, and having a houseful in the process. ”

His spiel is met with the brothers slamming their palms on the tabletop and grunting out their agreement. I won't lie; the noisiness is a welcoming relief after being shaken up by what they could've said to my admission.

"I appreciate that, brother." I acknowledge and glance around, asking, "Does anyone object to my family being on the ranch for the long run? To me, making Audrey my ol' lady someday, if she'll ever want that spot?"

Brass shakes his head, "Nah, Prez, but if y'all keep having kids, maybe start naming them after us?"

"Oh fuck off, Brass ass," I mutter, and the table is back to their shit talking towards each other, and everything seems right somehow.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

AUDREY

We've been on the ranch long enough at this point; it's time I quit procrastinating and do it.

"This is the fifth time, it's like riding a bike," I mumble to myself as I close the bathroom door.

I dig around under the sink in my bag until I come back with one of the pregnancy tests I'd pre-purchased before ever getting on my plane to visit again.

I knew without a doubt in my mind then, this is what I wanted, and I still do.

Tearing off the packaging, I lift my skirt, shove my underwear down to my ankles, and sit on the toilet.

I can already imagine the sweet face of another baby from Gavin.

He truly does make the most beautiful babies.

So why am I hesitating? Is it because it's different this time?

I won't be getting pregnant and then leaving, never to return.

This child we have together will be for both of us.

Somehow, I already know that when it's born, it'll be calling Gavin 'Daddy' from

the start.

This baby won't only be mine, and instead of feeling territorial, I'm excited to share all the wonders being a parent truly brings. With that resolution, I shove the stick between my legs, pee on it, slam the cap on, and release a breath I didn't realize I was holding.

It's done. No more questions about whether or not I'm pregnant, we're about to find out. There's no going back, not as if I'd ever want to.

Once I'm fully clothed and my hands are washed, waiting the full three-minute timeframe is always the hardest, and it makes me jittery inside, my stomach tumbling around. However, I'm quickly put out of my misery as almost immediately the digital screen lights up with the magic word.

Pregnant.

A scream of excitement, of triumph, of pure love escapes me.

Feelings overwhelm me as I can't stop staring at the word 'Pregnant' on the screen.

A rush of emotions floods through me all at once - joy, gratitude, and anticipation.

It feels like a dream come true, as if our family is expanding in the most fulfilling way possible.

Tears momentarily crest as I silently utter a prayer, a whispered thank you to up above, promising to do everything in my power to be a good parent to this new life growing inside me.

"Darlin', you okay in there?" Gavin interrupts with his sexy Texas twang. He is every



bit a cowboy and nothing like my type, but it means absolutely nothing when you love someone as much as I've realized I do with him.

I can't wait to tell him the news. My heart races with exhilaration as I think about his reaction. Opening the bathroom door, I meet his panicked stare. With my voice barely above a whisper, I offer, "We're going to have another baby! It's happening, the test is positive.

I-I didn't want to wait for the doctor or Sher to make their next stop and run the test, so I brought my own to take. "

His expression quickly changes from worry to happiness as his mouth blossoms into a wide smile. Then his hands are on me, lifting me under my thighs, and I quickly lock my legs around his waist to stay rooted in place. "Amazing news, I'm so happy for you, beautiful."

"For us, Gav. For us." I softly correct, then plant my lips on his. My hands move over his shoulders, wrapping him up in my hold as my hands find the back of his nape and play with the soft strands of hair there.

"Mom, seriously? You're making out in the hallway right now?" We're interrupted by Piper, and it's enough to have Gavin pulling away, carefully setting me back on my feet. He keeps hold of my hand, though, so we're still connected in some way.

"Yes, and I certainly was. We're having a baby!" She rolls her eyes. "Another one? As long as you're happy. I'm waiting on a call." She says flippantly, exiting the hall.

"Can't say I'm surprised; she's connected at the hip with her friends and they're not even in the same state," Gavin comments, making me laugh.

"I take it you didn't grow up with any sisters?" I say, realizing I don't know much

about his family.

“Oh no, I did. She died of breast cancer.”

“My goodness, I’m so sorry!”

He offers a soft, sad smile. “Appreciate that, darlin’, but it’s been a long time. She was a lot older than me, so when it happened, I was able to do much in ways of helping.”

“I’m sure just having you around made her grateful.”

He shrugs his shoulders, looking a little lost for a moment.

“I hope so. Anyway, it’s what made me seek out the club.

I was twenty, angry at the world for stealing my sister and damn near putting my parents in an early grave from all the grief.

I needed an outlet; some place I could forget about all my problems and be angry without hurting my family. ”

“A motorcycle was the answer?”

“At first,” he nods. “Yeah. Then it became the brothers I surrounded myself with.

“And your parents?”

“Mom passed five years ago, in an accident. My dad remarried quickly after, and I wasn’t able to forgive him for erasing my mother so easily.”

I give a jerky nod. No wonder he's never brought any of it up before, and I'm glad I didn't ask until now. "You're a loyal man, Gavin. I can understand why it would hurt you so deeply, and you'd cut him out for it. Maybe one day you'll be able to forgive him?"

He shrugs again. "I'm not sure, we'll see. I'd rather think of you and the kids, my club, and the ranch. Anything else is just added noise." He leans in, pressing his lips to my forehead in a tender kiss.

Tugging his hand, I pull him along behind me until we're in the living room with the others.

River's playing with Hazel while Lincoln's watching a Hard Knocks training camp episode. The kid is obsessed with football, and it's way too soon in my opinion, but I have a feeling he gets it from Gavin, as I've caught them watching games together sometimes when I get busy.

"Hey guys, we have news." I interrupt them and grin at the big biker by my side. "We're having another baby!"

River exhales, then stands and comes over, wrapping me in a tight hug. "Congrats, Mom. The kid is lucky to have you."

"Thanks, Riv," I'm suddenly all choked up again.

Lincoln jumps at Gavin, and somehow, he ends up catching him and making it look easy. He lifts him high, making Linc giggle uncontrollably before Gavin sets him back on his feet. "Does this mean we're going to be a family? Here? On Gavin's ranch? Uh, can I call him Dad now?"

I glance at him, trying to gauge his feelings on the matter, but he doesn't seem

bothered in the slightest. “Um, Gavin? How do you feel about us sticking around more when the summer’s over? Is it something we can discuss?”

“It would make me a very happy man if you all were here more. As for what to call me, Lincoln, as long as it’s okay with your mom, I’d love to be Dad to you.”

He holds his hand out, and Lincoln goes in for a loud high-five. He immediately breaks into his football dance, making all of us laugh.

Hazel comes over to us, hands raised, and Gavin swings her up onto his hip. “What do you think, little princess? You ready to be a big sister?”

Hazel giggles, tucking herself into his chest, batting her eyelashes up at Gavin. “Ice cream?” And of course, her father nods in agreement.

Princess is right, she’s going to rule that man easily if he doesn’t catch on quick. So much for the big, bad biker president. He’s more like a squishy teddy bear when it comes to his family.

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

I climb off my motorcycle, then hold it steady as Audrey grips my free hand and I help her off the bike. “You’re getting better at that,” I compliment once she’s away from the pipes and tucked into my side. “Is it getting easier for you?”

She nods, “Yes, I love it more and more each time we ride.”

“Gonna have to take a break here soon, can’t have my pregnant baby momma riding on the back of my motorcycle while she’s growing our baby inside her.”

She leans up on her tip toes, pressing a kiss to my jaw. “I love how you are always worrying about your family, who knew you’d be such a good father already? We’re lucky to have you.”

“Nah, Aud’s, I’m the lucky one. You have no idea.” I kiss her once more, then step away and smack her ass. “Now get back to the house and put your feet up. I need to talk to the brothers.”

“Will you bring snacks?”

I shoot her a grin. This is a new development over the past couple of weeks. “Of course, whatcha’ craving, Momma?”

“One of those mocktails Brass made me the other day. The green one.”

“Hm...”

“And queso. Ohhh , and one of those brisket wraps? I need some savory and salt.”

A chuckle slips free as I nod and watch her walk down the path toward the house. I'll bring her an entire goddamn store if she asks, but thankfully, she hasn't yet. The southern food is starting to leave a mark on her heart, so that's a good thing.

We've agreed to talk about things, about them being around more in the future, but I don't know what the discussion is going to look like.

I want them here more than anything. If I didn't have the club, it'd be a non-issue.

I'd go wherever she needed me, but it's not my reality.

I need her to compromise and come here as much as possible, and in return, I'll do whatever I can to make sure she and our children feel loved every day, that I make their lives easier, and help them however I can.

Making my way inside the clubhouse, I greet Nickle the same way as I usually do. “Prospect, there's horse shit to shovel.”

“Already got to it, Prez.”

His words have me pausing. He's already taken care of it? Since when? “The fuck you just say?”

“Uh, I got up early and cleaned the stalls.”

My brow furrows in confusion. “Then why do you look so clean?”

I woke up at four, took care of the stalls, and just showered.”

“Jesus Fucking Christ, Nickle. You keep that up, and you’ll be getting patched, then I’ll have to look for another prospect to shovel shit all day.” I shoot him a glare, not looking forward to vetting a new asshole to fill his shoes this quickly.

He smirks, but doesn’t reply, grabbing a coffee cup, he fills it for himself.

I do the same and head for Church. This time around, I’m the last one in, but only because Audrey and I got stuck in town longer when the Sheriff decided to roll up and be all chatty.

I was hoping he had something important to say, but it was just campaign talk.

“Brothers,” I greet the room, taking my seat at the head of the table.

“Prez,” is echoed in response, and I sip my coffee, then set it down, relishing in the burn on my tongue.

“Any updates?” I don’t have to elaborate; they all know exactly what the fuck I’m talking about. We’ve been reaching out to various resources since the last time we were in Church, and I told them to get to work on this shitshow.

“I have feelers out,” Brass interjects immediately. “Hero never steers me wrong. You know those Cali brothers; they always find out shit quick. I’ll keep you posted, Prez.”

“I was gonna hit up Big Daddy this week, but I’ll wait and see what you find out,” I reply, my gaze shifting to Havoc.

Havoc shakes his head, frustration evident in his voice as he speaks up.

“No luck on my end. I got in touch with my cousin Rourke. Figured Wisconsin is practically Canada, so they’d have to know what’s up.

He said it's been motherfuckin' crickets up their way, and they haven't heard shit about what's going on down here.

He did offer to ride out if we need help busting some balls, though. ”

Shadow leans back, crossing his arms thoughtfully. “Spoke to my buddy Anchor, up in Michigan. Brother is always up to something, and I swear he knows every key player in the state.”

“And? Did he have anything we could use?”

He rubs his hand down his face, then shakes his head. “Not a fuckin' thing. Told me he'd hit me back when he digs some more. I got faith in him; he's always had my back when I was riding up there.”

Kilo is silent for a moment before sharing, “I spoke to Rio. Figured those southern Texas brothers may've had a northern contact for me to reach out to.

I was trying to dig around and find out if someone up there was ready to start a war down here.

I checked in with the source, but he swore no one is stupid enough to fuck with the King's.

Rio will keep me updated if he hears something. He likes having me owe him favors.”

I can't help but smirk at that. Any Prez enjoys collecting favors from various brothers and clubs, which only makes us more powerful in our seats.

Silver sighs in frustration, running a hand through his hair before saying, “I reached



out to Dexter in Louisiana. Brother knows everyone, especially since he's always sewing people up and shit.

Folks like to talk while he's fixing them up, but even he hasn't heard about what's going down.

He was my best asset, too. Not sure who I can try next.

Told him we'd ask Kilo to send him some pills and other medical supplies for checking around. "

I nod, "Not a problem. Kilo?"

"On it, Prez. Silver, let your boy know it'll be on the next run. I'm headed his way soon anyhow, so it works."

King narrows his eyes; a deep frown etched on his mouth.

"No one seems to have a fucking clue about who could be putting any heat on us from the north. I hit up Powerhouse, they just patched over to the Oath Keepers. I didn't tell them our business, just checked in if they had any northern enemies we should be wary of. "

Death's hand clenches into a fist as he speaks next. "Talked to my Nomad buddy Hunter from the VII Knights MC out in Cali, as well as Bash, the VP, from Kings of Carnage, Alabama. They had nothing for me either."

I'd already hit up Ares, the president of the OG Oath Keepers chapter, as well as Tyrant, the VP of the Kings of Carnage, Georgia.

They all said the same thing to me, too.

No one knows shit. No one this far south is beefing with Canadians right now, but I know someone somewhere has to know something.

There are far too many drugs that are sent across that border up there to keep them innocent forever.

Reign waits until everyone's finished before he opens his mouth.

"I have a lead." All of our attention shoots to our techy brother, waiting for him to continue.

"Once I was able to hack into the sender's account, I was able to monitor their other banking activity. I picked up on one transfer in particular."

He pauses, and I'm ready to strangle his ass for making us wait. "Reign," I grit his name out lowly, "Tell us."

"It was to our business account."

"What the fuck?"

"How?" Brass questions.

"Bullshit," Death grumbles.

"Some motherfucker wants to die," War growls.

"What the fuck, Reign?" I repeat.

"I know, fuck. I felt the same way when I saw the link, too. However, because of it, I was able to make a connection to us. The sender is Remington George Winthrop, the

fifth, from Canada. Ring any bells?” He finishes, glancing around the table.

Everyone appears lost as I am, but the name grates on me.

Not everyone just up and names their kids long, drawn-out, pompous names, unless...

kids. No way. “Motherfucker,” I hiss. Reign nods, urging me to continue as I connect the dots.

“A year ago, we had a Brandy Wine Winthrop as a client. I remember the husband was too angry to tour our facility and wouldn’t fly down with her.

On the trip back to the plane after her first breeding session-”

I’m cut off as Spade speaks up, “I drove her. I remember now, she was near hysterics on a call to her father. I overheard her explain that her husband wasn’t taking the fertility treatments well and she wanted to come home.”

“Ho-ly shit!” Tinman bursts out, eyes wide.

Spade continues, “Yeah, I felt bad for her, I really did. Her father told her no; she was to return to her husband.”

“I can’t believe this shit,” Brass comments. “I doubt her husband had big enough balls to take care of this shit on his own, so who would he hire?”

Getting to my feet, the room quiets, as everyone’s attention is brought back to me. “Give me a few minutes to make a phone call,” I say, noticing several furrowed brows as I leave Church and head for my room, grabbing my cell. I know exactly who I need to call.

I dial Chainsaw up at the Maine chapter first to see if they're all at the clubhouse, but he doesn't answer.

Next up is Solo, the president. I've known him for years at this point, but I rarely get to see him in person.

We're just too damn far away from each other, and I don't want to freeze my ass off up there in bum fuck Egypt, just like he doesn't want to sweat his off down here.

However, I just spoke to him before we went to the Hamptons.

He was going to be our backup if shit hit the fan and we needed someone nearby.

Now, here I am, calling him again with more shit, already .

I better watch it, or soon enough I'm going to have multiple chapters knocking on my door, callin' in favors owed.

AUDREY

I hang up, heart thundering in my chest from the call I just received. It was the authorities letting me know John's been found.

Dead.

Deep down, I knew it was a possibility. Gavin told me I'd never have to worry about John and his coercion again. He'd threatened to keep my daughter from me. What was I supposed to do? He'd crossed a line we could never come back from, and he'd paid the consequences in the end.

I'm still in shock. Gavin literally killed a man for me.

Not just for me, but to make sure our child was okay.

How can I sit here and rationalize death?

To think that killing someone is okay? But we all have our limits, right?

The point where something becomes too much and a price must be paid.

I should be outraged right now. Terrified, maybe even sick over it.

I'm not.

I must be screwed up inside because some twisted part in me feels the opposite.

Knowing this man just killed for me and my children makes me want to keep him forever.

I was already in love with him, falling for him bit by bit from day one while lying to myself about it, but now?

I'm so far gone for him, there is no turning back.

If anything happens to us as a couple, or to him, I won't be able to recover from it.

I'm at that point. So desperately in love, I can find out he killed someone, and I don't even blink over it.

I'm not the woman I believed myself to be.

Or, perhaps I am, and I've evolved. I don't know, I'm confused, filling myself with self-doubt over what is acceptable behavior and feelings, and what is not.

It may not be acceptable by society's norms, but with Gavin, I'm willing to take him for the man he is. Killer or not.

I have to figure out what to tell the kids now.

People believe John is the father of my children, and unfortunately, we may have to keep up the charade a while longer to protect Gavin from becoming a suspect.

John was a wealthy man. People won't simply sweep his untimely death under the rug; his family will determine an autopsy, an investigation, and who knows what else.

It's my turn to protect Gavin and his club, as he's done for me. As they all have by allowing their president to go off and commit murder in my name.

I have to speak to him, there's no one else who will understand my feelings, nor who can know the truth of the matter.

I refuse to keep this from him, when he's done everything in his power to keep me from knowing any details of what he did, he's kept me safe from being an accessory, he's looked out for me through this entire thing.

I'm waiting for him, leaning up against their door to Church. I probably shouldn't be so close, but there's no one in here to tell me to move, so I stay. Well, River's in here, cleaning up, but my child will mind his business.

There's talking, and then specifics are given by Gavin. I know I'm not meant to overhear, but I can't make myself stop listening.

"Spoke to Solo. Told him what was going on, and he had some useful information. He knows who was hired."

"Good, who's on the run so we can handle this?" Someone asks, but their voices sound less distinguishable through the door, so I don't know who it is.

"We need to vote on this. He knows who is responsible and wants his club to handle it. I asked him how much to make our little problem disappear, including Remington Winthrop, since they're so far away. It'd take us two weeks at least, if we rode up and buried everyone who is involved."

"Solo's looking to make a buck? How much?" One of the brothers asks.

Gavin continues, "He'll do it for a hundred K.

It's money we have sitting in the account we can use if we want to.

The real question is, do we lose two weeks' worth of work, expenses, and deal with possible complications?

Or, do we outsource to someone I personally trust enough to handle it for us? ”

Fuck! I'm not a woman who curses often, but it's all I can think in the moment, so the men around here must be rubbing off on me some.

“Let's vote!”

“Aye!” Is the first immediate response, and I dart away from the door. I understand now why I'm not meant to hear club business!

I don't need to stand there and hear each person confirm when my mind is telling me they will all agree.

A hundred thousand dollars to do what I think they are planning to do is substantially low, but it must be because they all belong to the same club or something.

They stay in Church for a lot longer than I expect, so I'm on my second drink by the time they come strolling out.

Gavin's expression is serious, and I can imagine why if his conversations are always full of dangerous club activities.

“Hi,” I greet, and rather than say anything, he pulls me to his chest, pressing a kiss on top of my head. It's so undeniably sweet, it has guilt clawing at me. “I need to tell you something.”

Brows furrowed, he backs away enough to look down and meet my stare. “What is it, darlin'? The baby?”



“Is fine. So am I. John is not.”

“Hm?”

“I got a call about an hour ago. They found his body. I have to keep pretending like he’s the kids’ father, go to the funeral, and anything else to keep your name out of everything.”

He nods, eyes growing soft. “You’d do that? Lie to protect me?”

My hands move to circle his waist. “I’d do anything for you, Gavin. I love you.”

“I love you, beautiful.”

I continue, rambling before I lose the nerve. “And I heard you in there discussing, um, stuff. Let me pay for it, it’s the least I can do for your club, after taking you away from them to get Hazel back.”

“First off, no one took me away. She’s my daughter, and I will always protect my kids, no matter what the consequences may be.” He’s so sincere, all I can do is nod.

He glances at the few brothers around us, waiting on drinks, and says, “Little momma heard some of our discussion. She’s graciously offered to give us the paper for our next job.”

Their mouths pop open, surprise coating each of their features before they all speak at once, instantly disagreeing, telling me to keep my money and keep making Madman a happy man.

I guess I kinda like these guys. It’s always nice when you offer someone money and they turn you down. Makes them seem that much more genuine.

Gavin speaks up, "Since we're sharing things and all, I should tell you the brothers are all in agreement with you becoming my ol' lady. They're cool with you and the kids being on the ranch, as a permanent residence, if you wanted."

"Ol' lady? You know I'm not ready for marriage, I don't think I'll ever want to get married again after what I went through with John, to be honest."

"Not marriage, babydoll, my ol' lady."

Brass leans in, grinning, "His woman in the club's eyes. It'll be official, you'll belong to him, he'll belong to you, and the club will always have your back. No rings necessary."

I can't help but smile back. These dusty cowboy bikers seem like they'd be all rough, tough, and possibly even mean, but they are nothing of the sort. Just a group of hot, hard-working men, with hearts of gold beating in their chests.

"I love that. I can be your ol' lady and still run my companies? Travel, you know, all of it?"

"Of course, I would never change a thing about you. I fell in love with this incredibly intelligent, successful woman. I would never want to change anything about you, least of all some of the things I admire most about you."

"You admire me?"

"Sure as fuck do. I love you and I'm fucking crazy over you."

"He's mad, babe." King winks at my man, and Madman growls in response.

"Okay, caveman. I'll be your ol' lady."

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:35 am*

MADMAN

The end of summer...

I have Nickle working the gate, and River helping with the parking situation for all of our guests arriving.

Seeing how Nickle is set on getting his patch sooner than I anticipated by putting in the extra work, it's time to start integrating River, so he can get a feel for the club and possibly become a prospect.

Never thought I'd have a son involved with the club, and it makes a new sense of pride fill my chest. My woman may not be keen, but my son has made it clear he's a lot more like me than we ever anticipated.

Once Audrey had done me the honor and agreed to be my ol' lady, planning around here was set into motion.

I couldn't take her for a celebratory run to meet up with some of the other clubs since she's pregnant, so we began planning an end-of-the-summer barbecue and party to celebrate her.

Everything's all set up behind the clubhouse, with about twenty or so tables, an endless number of chairs, yard lights, fire pits, you name it, and it's there.

Texas may be hot during the summer, but it's not too miserable for us to party at night.

Audrey leans in, lowly murmuring, “With school starting so soon, I didn’t think anyone but us would be showing up.”

“Babydoll, of course they will. You don’t know these brothers like I do; they enjoy a reason to celebrate and a good party along with it.”

“I know you told me being an ol’ lady is a big deal in the eyes of your club, especially for a president, but is it normal to have such a celebration for it?

We could’ve flown somewhere private just us with the kids and done something to commemorate the moment, I would’ve been okay with low-key if it’s what you’d have wanted. ”

“No way, I’m showing your ass off as mine. We’ve waited long enough with John’s funeral and getting the house situated for you and the kids, so you’d be more comfortable long term. I want the world to know you’re my ol’ lady, and we have four, almost five amazing kids together.”

“I love you, I’m tired of waiting, too. I want everyone to know how much you mean to me,” she whispers, laying her head on my shoulder.

I lean down a touch, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

“Love you too, little momma. And besides, you’ve moved your chef in full time, it’s not my fault she wanted to help out with the party.

Blame her for all the food and the over-the-top cakes and stuff.

Once that lady gets an idea in her head, there’s no stopping her.

I still don’t know how she was cooking in both kitchens at the same time, it’s some

voodoo shit if I ever saw it.

Brothers can't stop themselves from burning a pot of coffee, yet she's a food magician. ”

She laughs. “Gavin, I had no choice! If I lived off queso like I wanted, I wouldn't be able to fit into any of my clothes! You Texans eat with your whole hearts, and my wardrobe was ready to burst; way earlier than it was with my past pregnancies.”

I can't help but smile. For starters, I doubt she owns any of her clothes from past pregnancies; my baby momma likes her shopping a little too much.

As for her getting bigger in her pregnancy, well, I love how fat her ass has gotten.

It's so meaty and perfect for me to grab onto when I'm sliding deep inside her.

I wouldn't change a thing. “Mm, we Texans just know good food. We call those happy calories, and buy new clothes.”

She shakes her head, snickering to herself. “Of course, that would be your answer. I'm not even surprised.”

My buddy from down south approaches and I proudly introduce them to my beautiful ol' lady. “Hey man, thanks for stopping through. Good to see you and your better half.”

We shake hands, a grin firmly on my mouth as I introduce my brother, Rip, and his ol' lady, Isla, to my Audrey.

We tell them to help themselves to some food and drinks, and after I make my rounds, I'll come chill for a bit and catch up.

With both of our chapters being in Texas, we tend to see each other from time to time.

It's usually Kilo I send down there on runs to handle business, though.

Bull from South Dakota surprises my ass when I see his bike entering the parking area next. I had no idea he was making the ride. "Hey fucker! About time you came down to my part of the country."

He offers a snort, punching me in the shoulder. "Who you calling fucker, fucker?"

A chuckle rumbles my chest as I shake his hand and pull him in for a man-hug. "Brother, I've fucking missed your ass. It's been way too long. And don't be sweet on my woman, she's already had four of my kids."

He tips his head back, laughter spilling free. "You jealous asshole. It has been too long!"

"Audrey, this is Bull," I introduce.

She beams and shakes his hand. "Nice to meet you."

"You too, doll. I hope you know what you've signed up for with this one."

"Oh, he's not too bad most of the time." She flashes me an amused look, and it only makes my heart swell more in the moment.

"I hear some more bikes; I'll go grab a beer while you greet your other guests," Bull offers, and I promise to find him soon to catch up.

The Massachusetts brothers roll in next, and I find myself tugging Audrey along. As

soon as they're off their bikes, I'm pulling them in for man-hugs, clapping them on their backs, and shaking hands.

“Winger, Camo, Halen, I can't believe your crazy asses made the run down here!

I thought maybe Camo, but all three of you brothers?

” I tug them in again, a bit caught up in my feelings that their chapter would honor us with three members visiting, considering how far away they are from us.

They probably took a week or so just to get here.

“I've got rooms ready for the three of you, that you can claim in the clubhouse. I hope you'll kick back and chill awhile, I know the brothers will be wanting their chance to drink you fuckers under the table again.”

My shit talking is met with loud laughter and shit talking from them in return, then I'm introducing the love of my life.

I swear, having her by my side makes my ass stand a little taller.

We walk and talk as we lead them to the back where everything's set up, then we're on our way up front, waiting for more to arrive.

“Any chance I'm going to meet this infamous Big Daddy, I heard you speak of before?”

A smirk finds its way to my lips as I flick my gaze from top to bottom, taking in her delicious, curvy body. “Why? Do I need to start having you call me big daddy when I'm taking you from behind?”

She beams, her smile so wide, her cheeks probably hurt momentarily. “There you go with the caveman act.”

“It’s a madman act, babydoll. ‘Cause make no mistake; I’d do absolutely anything for you. You’re my woman, my ol’ lady...you’re mine.”

“And you’re mine?” She responds.

“Damn straight.”

“Good, and I was asking about Big Daddy because I’m picturing a burly man looking like Santa Claus.”

A chuckle escapes as I say, “Sure beautiful, just keep picturing him like that.” She doesn’t need to know he’s a president you don’t fuck with, that you show him respect, and keep your ass straight in the club life.

My baby’s new to this world, but I can only shelter her for so long, unfortunately.

At some point, it’s all going to catch up to me, and she’ll learn what one percenter truly means.

I can only hope she’ll still love me then, like she does now.

She interrupts my thoughts, asking, “Who are they? They have different cuts on.”

“Oath Keepers, they’re a large Texas club down the road a bit. They have several chapters in Texas. You’ll see them again in the future.”

“And they’re our friends?” Her curious yet innocent eyes stare up at me, and all I want to do is kiss her until we’re floating.



She's so damn cute when she gets like this. "Yep, they're like us, some good guys in the mix, some crazy fuckers in there too. For instance, this young guy approaching us is Odin, the vice president. His older brother, Viking, is the prez of his chapter."

"Madman! Got something for you. Heard you and your ol' lady have a houseful.

" He reaches inside his cut, pulling free a tiny black thing covered in fur.

"Every kid should have a Doberman watching their back," he opens his hands, a little puppy curled in a ball, sleeping, and holds them out to Audrey.

Her mouth falls open, "For me?" She asks.

Odin nods, "And for your kids. I know you have a fierce ol' man who will protect you with his life, but now he has a little backup when he's busy with club business. No dog's more loyal than a Doberman; they'll love and protect your children like no other."

She tears up, whispering, "I always wanted a puppy, but would never allow myself. It wasn't fair with us being so busy...but now, I can love this baby too. Thank you."

I clap Odin on the shoulder, "Fuckin' Oath Keeper, stealing my woman's heart," I tease, and he laughs. He's always been a free one with his smiles, unlike his older brother, who is known for being a psychopath at times. I'm not judging, I get it, especially when having an ol' lady and kids.

"Cain suggested it. His Dobie just had pups, so now our dogs are cousins."

I snort and shake my head, walking with him and his woman, Cherry, to the back with the others. "Thanks, man. Make y'all yourself at home. Are more of you all headed up?"

He nods, “The twins are right behind me; they stopped for gas.”

“Sounds good.” I nod and watch as they head straight for the table full of liquor, greeting a couple of my brothers.

“You happy?” I ask, taking in the pure joy on Audrey’s face as she nuzzles the puppy, putting it to her hair where the tiny thing promptly goes back to sleep.

“Yes, I’m just stunned by the generosity. And that man isn’t connected to your club at all?”

“Nah, we just run into them from time to time when we’re on a run or whatever. Some of those out on the road are good guys, just enjoying the ride. Don’t get me wrong, there are some fucking toxic assholes, and those I stay away from so I don’t end up in jail for putting them six feet under.”

“Shh, you can’t say things like that in public. I need to get my lawyer down here to have a talk with you.”

“Lawyer? For what?”

“Because I’m not allowing anything to happen to you, especially after I’ve gone all in.”

“All in, huh?”

“Yep, so get used to it, biker.”

“It’s all good, you being bossy like this turns me the fuck on.”

Her smile is dazzling, and I can’t stop myself from pressing my lips to hers. She’s

handled this day like a fucking queen, and I'm proud of her.

MADMAN

O ur moment's broken up by the roar of more motorcycles. "Wow, they just keep coming, huh?"

Smirking, I nod. "It's King's, babe. We show up for each other when it counts."

"And this counts?"

"I told you, Auds, to have met the love of my life, who is willing to put up with the club, let alone my line of work...it's a big deal."

"These hormones are making me emotional, I swear."

I chuckle, "It's okay, little momma. I already know you're a badass, you can cry all you want with me."

We watch as the lone biker rolls in, a woman on the back of his bike. I'd recognize the Kentucky Secretary anywhere. "Royal! Welcome, brother!"

He smirks, clapping my hand and shaking it as soon as he and the woman climb off. "This is Becki."

"It's good to see you, and Becki, thanks for coming to celebrate. This is my ol' lady, Audrey."

"You're pregnant too," Becki points out, making my woman laugh.

“Yeah, this will make our fifth.”

Royal’s eyes widen as he glances at me, then to Audrey, but doesn’t say anything. The club knows what we do for business, but they aren’t aware of anything else about it, so no one would have a clue I have multiple kids with my baby momma unless we were to tell them.

I tilt my head toward the side of the clubhouse, “Yep, last I saw them, they were at one of the firepits making s’mores.”

Becki’s eyes twinkle as she asks, “So no club whores around, huh?”

Audrey’s silence is louder than she thinks. I don’t have to hear her asking me what the fuck, because she has no idea they’re even a thing. She’d have found out if we’d gone on a ride together, though, so I’ll have some explaining to do.

“We like to party, but clothes stay on while the kids are up.” I send Royal a look, silently telling him to keep her in line if she decides to get wild.

I don’t know anything about her, but around this many men, I know some club whores will turn it up to get attention, and we don’t need that around mine or anyone else’s kids.

“We can behave for a little while,” Royal chuckles, and I clap him on the back, grinning.

“Go help yourself, man, a lot of people are already here, a few I know you’ll wanna catch up with.”

“Brass-ass,” I greet my VP after he says his hellos to Royal and joins us in our little welcoming committee.

“Fuck off,” he rolls his eyes. “You’ve been a little too chipper lately, got the brothers worried, especially now that you officially aren’t taking clients anymore. We’ve known for years you’ve been silently pawning them off on the other brothers, but now you’ve announced it.”

“The fuck are they worried about? I told everyone I wasn’t leaving after you dumb asses basically expressed your love for me.”

He snorts, chuckling. “You’re such a dick sometimes.”

“I thought I was chipper. We can bareknuckle box out back once the kids are sleeping.”

Audrey gasps beside me, but this is something she’ll have to get used to, or call it an early night and go to bed until I’m finished beating a few asses and reminding them of my road name.

“I think that’s a fan-fucking-tastic idea. I’ll let them know. However, they’re tripping, thinking you’re going to want them all to get ol’ ladies now, and find a new way to earn.”

“Dumbasses. I’m still scheduling them and speaking to new clients. You can reassure them, Brass. Besides, I’ll need you to step up a bit on the King’s Breeders side now. You’ll do the rounds and welcome check-ins. I don’t want to have to touch another woman who isn’t my ol’ lady.”

His brows skyrocket, “Damn, it’s like that now, huh? I respect it, Prez, and no problem. I’ve been wanting more responsibilities anyhow.”

“Bet.” I thank him with a nod and hold my fist out.

He bumps it in return and offers Auds a wide smile, “You got this man so pussy-whipped, he hasn’t fucked clients in years. Did he tell you that?” With those parting words, he strolls off, an extra beat of swagger in his gait.

“Dick,” I mutter, irritated we had the discussion in front of my ol’ lady. He did it on purpose, I’d guess. I may give him shit, but Brass is smarter than he first appears.

When I finally glance at Audrey, I swear she has hearts in her eyes. “Is it true?”

“Absolutely.” I press a kiss to her forehead and softly admit, “I’ve only wanted you for far too long. I thought I was being secretive about it, but apparently at least one of the brothers has been on to me.”

Realization dawns on Audrey’s face, her eyes widening in surprise at my confession.

What does she expect, though? I’ve wanted her for years, been in love with her this entire time, and never realized the extent of it.

Before I have a chance to speak on her reaction, she grabs my hand, tugging me toward the closest building.

In this case, it’s the massive barn we keep our motorcycles in to protect them from the crazy weather we always end up having.

With swift movements, she has us up against the wall with the fan pointing in our direction to keep a steady breeze on our bodies in this heat. Not that I’m complaining, getting sweaty with her in any capacity would be my favorite way to do it.

“What are you up to, little momma? Hm? Want me to knock you up a second time? It’ll happen if you keep looking at me like I’m the best thing you’ve seen all day.”

“You are the best, and the sexiest, Gavin. I want you in my mouth. I need to taste you.”

“Jesus Christ, woman. You keep sayin’ shit like you just did, and I’m going to be coming in my pants rather than your mouth.”

“Nope, I’m putting it in my mouth and you’re going to be a good big bad biker and come down my throat.”

“Fuck,” I utter, at a loss for words. This woman is my undoing, I swear it.

She pops the button on my jeans, the zipper easily gliding between her fingertips, then she’s tugging down my pants.

There’s an intoxicating lustful glint in her eyes as she eagerly moves to grab my length and show me how much she appreciates my honesty a moment ago.

Her touch is sweet torture in the best sort of way, sending shivers down my spine.

She leans in closer, her breath warm against my skin as she presses a kiss to the spot underneath my belly button.

“Tease,” I manage to hiss out when she follows up the move with a kiss on each of my hips. First the right, then the left, leaving behind little licks in her path to my destruction.

She moves lower, dropping to her knees while continuing with her sweet torment of soft kisses all around my cock.

I could combust with the way desire builds inside of me, clawing from inside me, begging to be let free.



My cock tells me to say fuck it and take her like I want to, while my heart tells me to slow down and let her have her moment.

I'm already breathing heavily, hot pants escaping my lips as my chest rises and falls. I manage to hold myself back somehow, my hands curled into fists as I watch her from below, looking like a Goddess.

Finally, with a hunger matching my own, she takes me in her mouth. Every stroke she makes is calculated and deliberate.

"Fuck. Yes. Christ." I manage to grumble out in between gasps and a groan of satisfaction. All coherent thought flees from my mind as she shows me exactly what she thinks of me, not fucking another woman in years.

Only her.

I'll let you in on a little secret. She was worth the wait. Every single minute.

"Come on, Prez! We know you're in there, and the only reason why we're not busting inside and carrying your ass out is 'cause if your ol' lady's missing clothes, it'll be hell to pay. None of us wants to get our asses kicked for seeing a tit!" King yells from the doorway.

"Speak for yourself, fucker. I can hold my own," grumbles War.

"I bet half the damn club's out there, little momma. Ready for me to finish? I couldn't handle it if they saw you looking so goddamn sexy like you do right now. I'd have to kill them, and I don't want to turn this into a funeral."

Her eyes twinkle as she sucks me with a fervor that'd have me spilling my load quickly, regardless of whether the club is waiting on our asses or not.

I keep my hands fisted at my sides, not about to skull fuck her to get off. I'm not about to disrespect her that way, treating her like a dirty club whore. She's my ol' lady, and wifey material if she'd ever allow it. "Ready, babydoll?"

She nods, careful not to hit my dick with her teeth, and then I'm groaning, spilling in her mouth.

"So damn good, Audrey. Fuck, you are an absolute dream, my love."

She swallows every drop I give her, making my stare heat all over again, and then I'm helping her stand up.

Carefully batting her hands away, I make sure to fix her flowy dress so she doesn't look out of sorts.

It's no one's business what we were doing, and if anyone were to tease or make her feel bad about it, I'd have to chop their legs off as retribution.

"You feeling okay, little momma? Need me to get you anything? Is the baby alright?"

She sends me a soft smile, leaning in once I button myself back up, and I wrap my arm around her, walking us to the entrance. "I feel fine. I'm happy, even. Glad I got that out of the way before we visit with any more people. The baby wants watermelon, which I'll get shortly."

"I'm glad to be of service. Anytime you need me, you let me know." I end it with a wink, and she shoves at my chest, making me laugh.

"Hm, why am I not surprised you'd be willing to sacrifice yourself?" She teases as we head outside and find a group waiting for us.

“Come on, you two. This party is for you guys, well, Audrey really, so you can’t dip out.” Smoke shares while craning his head this way and that.

“Sher couldn’t make it, brother.” I offer, knowing he’s looking for the nurse.

I see the doc stopped by, though, as Spade is talking her up.

No surprise there, he’s probably doing the sign of the cross every time someone looks in her direction to try and ward them away from her.

“Doc’s here, little momma,” I chin lift in her direction.

My woman’s face lights up. “I didn’t know she was coming! I’m going to go say hi to Marissa and check in with the kids.”

“Sounds like a plan. Don’t eat any cake without me.”

“Of course not. It’s for both of us, our night, and I firmly plan to feed it to you.”

“Promises, promises, baby doll.”

“I love you, now go be President to your club and visit with your friends. I’ll be fine. I love you.”

“Promise?”

“One hundred percent. Always.”

“Love you too, baby momma,” I utter, pressing a kiss to her perfect mouth, before heading off with my brothers. It’s time to party.

AUDREY

Thirty weeks later...

“This is it, it’s actually happening.” With a sudden sharp pain in my abdomen, I gasp and double over, hands instinctively clutching at my swollen belly.

“Careful little momma!” Gavin practically jumps out of bed, rushing to me. His hands go over mine, as if he can lift some of the weight for me.

“It’s like driving a spaceship around! Do you have any idea how to be careful when you have this massive thing attached to you? If I’m going down, there’s no stopping it, just tumble over and try to protect the beach ball attached to my stomach.”

I can feel him shaking through his hands as he laughs a full-body laugh, but attempts with everything he can to not laugh out loud.

He knows I’m serious, and these pregnancy grouchy mood swings are nothing to mess with.

I will bite a head off if I have to, kind of the way I feel about a pineapple smoothie at the moment.

“I need a smoothie! It’s an emergency.”

“Baby doll, it’s not an emergency. We have time. I’m counting your contractions right now, just like you and the online video taught me. We’ve got this, and you are a

strong woman.”

It’d be wrong to throw something at him right now, since he ended that with saying I’m a strong woman, so I’ll let it go for the moment.

I move my hands away, resting them on his wide shoulders to help me keep my balance.

I don’t dare sit down in a moment like this, I may never get up again.

His big, warm palms stay rooted to each side of my belly, offering me the security and comfort I didn’t realize my body needed until now.

River rushes into the room, and the others are quick to follow. “I heard Mom yell.”

“River, thank God! Get me a pineapple smoothie, right now, please. It’s an emergency.”

His wide eyes meet Gavin’s, expression conveying that he’s freaking out inside. Gavin shakes his head, “Not an emergency. She’s doing just fine, kicking ass even. Please go ask for the smoothie, and let Benita know it’s time to contact Audrey’s assistant to organize the nanny flying in.”

“Yeah, no problem.”

“Thanks, son.” He says as River hurries out of the room.

Gavin then trains his stare on Hazel. “Make sure your momma’s bags are by the door.

Grab my phone from the nightstand and send Shadow a text.

Ask him to get the SUV ready, we'll be heading to the hospital as soon as she's ready.

Then text the doc and let her know we're having contractions.

They're both at the top of my contacts."

"Yes, sir," She responds, moving into action.

"Good girl."

He turns to Lincoln next. "Bud, I need you to take sister to the couch and turn on her favorite movie. Stay with her so she doesn't get into anything while we're helping your momma, 'kay?"

"You got it, Dad!" He spins around, ready to take off, but pauses a beat. "Is Mom gonna be okay?"

"Of course she is. Where do you think you get your superpowers from? Not me, it's all her."

Lincoln's mouth drops open in shock. Then he's fist pumping and racing out of the room, Hazel in tow.

I tear up, unable to help myself. "Why did you go and tell him that? We both know if anyone has muscles and athletic ability in this relationship, it's you."

Gavin shrugs, glancing up at me with nothing but love and obsession radiating from his gaze.

"Auds, one day he'll grow up and realize those things don't make a superhero.

Carrying my child, being the smartest person I know, your thoughtfulness, along with the way you adore me, and care for our children...

those are the things that make up a real superhero. Not muscles.”

I grit through a contraction, panic and excitement warring within me as the truth hits me. They’re coming much faster now. This baby is almost ready to meet the world.

“Gavin,” I whisper as tears trail down my cheeks. I press a kiss to his forehead, then each of his cheeks, his nose, and finally his lips. I sniffle, wiping the wetness away. “Dumb biker, I can’t be soft right now. I have to push out a baby today!”

He chuckles, face lighting up as an amused grin overtakes him. “I know, babe. I’ve been timing your contractions. I think it’s finally time.”

“Finally? I’ve been pregnant forever. This kid is way overdue.”

“Nope, right on time. Had it marked on my calendar this entire time.”

With a huff, I move away and slide my feet into a pair of comfortable slippers, waddling around the room, being followed by Gavin like a shadow.

“What are you doing? We have to leave. Put some more clothes on!” There’s no way we’re going in public with his shirt off, I’ll end up having someone fired for gawking at him while I’m bursting with his child.

“Ready?” He asks, finally wearing a shirt, and slides his feet into a pair of Hey Dudes. Those seem to be the only shoes he has aside from his biker boots and cowboy boots.

“Waiting on you, I’m ready to go.”

He comes at me, leaning down with his arms wrapping around me.

“Uh, what are you doing?”

“Carrying you to the SUV.”

I giggle. I can’t help it. He’s ridiculous. “I can walk, thank you.”

“I can carry you faster than you can waddle.”

“Did you just say I waddle?” I turn a fiery stare in his direction, and panic flashes through his gaze.

“Nope, that did not leave my mouth. I was saying if you get tired, I’ll happily carry you.”

“Good answer,” I mumble, leaving the bedroom. We manage to make it to the front door, where we find River waiting next to the stairs with the Mule.

Gavin nods, “Good thinking.”

I couldn’t agree more. The last thing I wanted to do was huff it all the way to the SUV. We’re loading up, getting the kids situated, when the SUV comes barreling in our direction, Shadow behind the wheel.

“What is he doing?”

Gavin grins, “He must’ve gotten the message to prepare and thought it meant to get his ass over here right away.”

I’m grinning as he helps me out of the ATV and then into the SUV. These men



panicking is extremely amusing and works to help keep me distracted as I'm bombarded by contraction pains. This baby is determined; that's for sure.

"Can you drive the speed limit, or will you freak out if I'm in pain and then speed?" I question Shadow once I'm buckled in.

"I'll do the limit, but if Prez tells me to kick it up a notch, best believe I'm speeding. Not having the club's ol' lady in jeopardy while I'm at the helm."

Gavin growls from beside me. "She's not the club's, she's mine."

I'm quietly laughing, "We're not in a boat, there's no helm. But drive on, good sir." I tease, and he beams in response. River's up front beside him, and the littles are staying behind with Piper and our chef until the nanny flies in.

"You okay, little momma?" Gavin checks, his gaze full of worry now that we're on the road and the younger kids aren't around.

"You're beside me, Gavin. It's all I've ever wanted in the past when I've had our babies. So yeah, I'm more than okay."

He leans in, kissing me tenderly, and I've never felt more loved by a man before.

### MADMAN

O ur baby comes into the world screaming, and so help me, I never thought I could love someone the moment I met them, but I do. He's perfect, all eight pounds of him, and from the second he's put into my hands, I vow to be everything he could ever need in a father.

This is a side of King's Breeders I've never been able to be a part of. We sign our rights away before our client is pregnant. We are not involved with the pregnancy, the birth, or the childhood. Every ounce of information we have is at the will of the mother; it's the deal we strike.

However, standing here, holding my precious baby, it changes something inside of me.

I can understand why it was easier for us over the years when we missed out on all the important parts of bringing a baby into the world.

I foolishly believed that having strong alpha male sperm, inseminating them naturally, and monitoring a woman's health cycles was an important part of having a baby.

There's so much more.

This time around, I was a part of everything from day one, and it was a life-changing experience I will never forget, nor take advantage of. It's inspired me in a way, so I have to call Church and speak to the brothers. I send out a mass text, telling them to

meet me.

We've been home a week now, so I know Audrey will be okay without me being up her ass about not wanting her to do anything.

She believes she can handle caring for a newborn on her own, but the woman is nuts.

I'm here to help, and I'll do whatever it takes so she feels we're partners in this parenthood life we've chosen to navigate together.

I change my shirt so I don't smell like baby spit up, and slide my sock-clad feet into my boots. I offer a nod to Lincoln, who's posted up on the couch, lying upside down while watching a YouTube video on the best way to tackle an opponent. He's determined; I'll give him that.

Hazel is passed out beside him, probably from the sugar overload she had this morning.

The chef made her double chocolate waffles with fresh berries and cream.

I watched Hazel drown it all in maple syrup until the plate was damn near swimming.

I think she ate five bites and then went for a jog around the living room.

I grab my Stetson on my way out the door and make the trek to the clubhouse.

The nanny will be around to help out for a while, so I'm not too worried about the younger kids being at the house without me.

I'm not counting on the nanny for everything, but it's nice to have her around while I learn to navigate life with a newborn and a healing ol' lady.

Parenting is hard work. Or I should say, mom-ing is hard work.

I don't know how women do it without a freaking village of help.

We're fortunate Audrey is loaded, so she can afford the extra people around pitching in.

With a big yawn, I scratch my belly as I bypass River and Nickle playing video games on the main television and head into Church.

Brass has beaten me here, making my brows rise as I take him in. He's been up a while, probably on his third cup of coffee if I had to guess. "Brother."

"Prez."

"You're here early."

He nods. "It's a breeding day. We have a full schedule this week."

"Shit, with Audrey going into labor and us being busy, I've been distracted."

"I can only imagine."

"That's one reason why I wanted to call Church. I'll explain once everyone's in here."

We watch as the guys stroll in. One by one, they greet me with back slaps, fist bumps, and nods, as they find their respective places.

"Brothers," I begin. "First off, I want to thank everyone for the help with the kids. You've kept them busy while letting Audrey and me have baby time."

My phone has been on, yet you've kept it silent.

I don't know if I'm coming back to a shitstorm or not, but thanks, regardless.

I know none of you signed up for my family, so it's appreciated. "

Spade interrupts, "We're brothers, it's what we do." The room erupts with the members all agreeing, and it makes my shoulders feel a touch lighter because of it.

"King's Breeders..." I trail off, and Brass picks it up.

"Is business as usual. I got up this morning and did my welcome rounds as I've done all week so far. Everything is taken care of. We do have some new potential clients; I left their interest forms on your desk."

"Bet. Appreciate it." I rumble, glancing around to make sure no one has anything to say on the matter. "I called Church because I have a few ideas."

"Here we go, Madman ," King smirks, teasing me about how I got my road name in the first place. The member who gave it to me has long since passed.

I flip him off and continue. "Going through the pregnancy and birth with Audrey has been life-changing. I'm not saying it to talk out of my ass, I mean it, truly. We play a part at the very beginning where a woman's pregnancy is concerned, but we miss so much."

"But we sign our rights away," Silver rationalizes.

"I know, brother, I know. I'm proposing a few changes to our contracts.

Being we offer more than one service. We've had a few wealthy women come through with no partner at all and have used our services.

After watching what Audrey went through, I say we offer an extended contract where the stud offers services such as attending classes and learning labor procedures, and more with the client.

The other option is labor and delivery, where the stud is present for moral support of the client.

The last is we offer in-home services once the baby is born.

The stud would stay with the client for a predetermined period to help with hers and the baby's needs. ”

When I finish, I notice everyone is staring at me as if I've lost my mind. Can't say I blame them; I would be doing the same if I were in their shoes as well.

I continue, “This would be on a case-by-case basis depending on the client and which stud she contracts for breeding. I know a few of you wish not to know any potential children, so naturally, you would not be a part of these services. This would be a way for the member to earn a lump sum of cash, as full payment of these additional services would go directly to the stud and no one else.”

“We would still take our cut off the booking fee, but no other money if we don't sign up?” Smoke clarifies.

I nod. “Exactly. If you opt in to extra services, you get the lump sum of the additional fee we'll charge, plus the chance to get to know your client and possibly your child at birth. I know a few of you look forward to the pictures sent in as much as I did with Audrey.”

A few rumble their agreements, how they think I'm lucky for meeting my children, and now being in their lives. It's true, I'm the luckiest bastard there is.

“My kids and Audrey are the best thing to ever happen to me, and it wouldn’t have happened if I wouldn’t have had that extra time with Audrey wanting more babies.

I love them more than anything in the world.

This could be your ‘in’ to knowing your future children if you want it. Shall we vote?” I ask.

“Aye,” says Brass, and my gavel hits the table.

“Aye from me.”

“Aye,” Brass repeats.

“Aye.”

“Aye.”

“Aye.”

And it continues...