



Sassy Pants (BRRMC Roadhouse Tales #4)

Author: *Glenna Maynard*

Category: Romance

Description: Her sassy mouth drives him wild.

After a string of bad luck, Gianna swears she's done with men. That is until she crosses paths with Stud. A man who doesn't take no for an answer. A filthy talking biker who gets under her skin like no one else can.

Stud doesn't do relationships or complications. He's content with the bachelor lifestyle he leads until fate intervenes. A feisty woman is exactly what he needs to change his mind. Gianna is unlike anyone he's ever met, and her sassy mouth drives him wild.

When someone from her past tries to get between them Stud will stop at nothing to prove they were made for each other.

This is a hot to the point Roadhouse Tale that takes place in Drag Creek featuring all new characters from my Black Rebel Riders' MC and some appearances from your series favorites. You do not need to read prior books to enjoy the ride.

Total Pages (Source): 19

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this.” Shaking my head, I snag another dress off the clearance rack.

“You need to put yourself back out there. Get back up on the saddle and ride, babe,” Jelissa tells me wearing this stupid smirk on her face.

“Nothing worthwhile ever comes from a blind date.”

“Don’t knock it till you try it. My cousin Lindee met her husband on one of those sites.”

“Whatever.” I stomp into the changing room armed with the five dresses my bestie shoved at me .

“You know I’m right,” she sings, still wearing that stupid grin no doubt.

Jelissa has been trying to con me into going on a date with one of the emergency room doctors at the hospital she works at a town over.

We both know a doctor is out of my league.

What the hell would we even talk about? I work at a pizza place. Two completely different worlds.

I try on the blue silky slip style dress.

It's a big fat no. It reminds me of a slinky nightgown.

The next one is shimmery and silver, it's a party dress, but I'm going on a fun girl's night out.

This one doesn't seem appropriate, but I do like it, so I think I'll buy it to save for a special occasion. Too bad New Year's Eve has passed.

"Get the red," Jelissa, calls from outside the door, slinging a slinky red dress over the top.

"Get the red," I mock under my breath.

"I can hear you. "

I smile to myself, trading the silver one for the red.

Okay. I grin bigger at my reflection in the changing room mirror.

The red divinely covers my cleavage enough that its sexy but not slutty.

I don't think I've worn a red dress since my pageant days.

When I was in high school, I entered every pageant I could trying to save enough money to blow out of Drag Creek to make something of myself.

I wasn't hanging around waiting for Jesse to get his head out of his ass.

Jesse was the bad boy next door. Well he lived two trailers down from me. The boy was Bad with a capital B. We had plans, the two of us. We were going to leave our shitty upbringings. Show everyone we were more than trailer trash.

That plan changed when he was arrested for a home invasion. I was sixteen, Jesse was eighteen therefore charged as an adult .

I stuck to my plan. I never looked back until I had my heart broken by a serious asshole.

I don't know what I was thinking getting involved with the boss's son.

I knew Noah Wilkerson was out of my league, but I thought for once things were going my way.

I'd been working at his father's bank for three years.

I'd met him once at a company picnic then six months ago he came to work for his father. He'd been appointed my boss. Then he asked me out.

I thought maybe he'd be my one. I was wrong. Noah took my heart and trampled all over it.

**

Nearly two months ago

"Babe, come back. Let's talk about this," Noah pleaded through the speaker of my cell phone as I sped further away from his parents' house. Further away from him and the bullshit I endured. I knew we came from two different worlds but until tonight I hadn't realized how different they were.

I rolled my eyes heavenward. "Right. I'm sure you and Cassandra will have plenty to catch up on without me there to get in the way of you rehashing how wonderful life was when you were dating her."

“It’s not like that. You’re overreacting. I didn’t know she would be here. I swear.”

“Your mother hung her a freaking stocking on the mantle. Did I get a stocking? Nope. But your ex-girlfriend still has an assigned bedroom there in your childhood home.”

“Noah,” I overheard Cassandra’s nasally tone in the background. “You’re standing under mistletoe.”

“I’m on the phone,” he hissed.

“You know what that means. ”

“Not now, Cass.”

“But, baby.”

“Wow. Okay.” A stray tear escaped, sliding down my cheek.

“You know what—don’t worry about me.” I hung up on the asshole then silenced his incoming calls so I could focus on driving.

I couldn’t stay another moment in that house, or I was going to suffocate.

I wasn’t about to suffer through another humiliating moment of his family doting over his ex-girlfriend as though they wished they were still a couple.

Who does that in front of the current girlfriend especially at Christmas time?

Her sweater even matched his mother’s. Making the situation pretty flipping obvious to me that I wasn’t welcome nor was I wanted there for the holiday.

I knew they probably looked into me and thought I wasn't worthy of their precious Noah.

Everyone in Drag Creek knows who my father is.

All they had to do was ask anyone. Leroy Dobson the town drunk.

The man who could never hold down a steady job while drinking his life away is my dad.

I had to work twice as hard as everyone else to prove myself. To fit in.

When Noah first invited me to have Christmas dinner at his parent's, I thought it seemed too soon into our relationship and boy oh boy I was right.

We'd only been dating for six weeks tops if that.

I told him we should take things slow, but no not Noah.

He swore to me that he wanted us to be serious that he thought he was falling for me.

Yeah right. The sad part is I knew better.

In hindsight I think he only wanted in my pants because I let it slip one night that I was a virgin.

The whole time we'd been together I'd not met his friends.

We always hung out at his apartment or gone out of town for dinner, which at first didn't bother me, but as time edged on it became clearer to me Noah had been hiding me. From everyone .

He didn't want a serious relationship. At least not with me.

The rebound. It's fine. He should've been upfront.

Instead he chose to demean me in front of his entire family including Cassandra.

Don't even get me started on that C-U-Next-Tuesday Bitch.

She came up in each conversation. Her picture served as the wallpaper on his cell phone when he took me out on a date.

The red flags were all there wrapped in a pretty bow, but I ignored them.

I wanted to believe that one day the relationship would lead somewhere. That maybe I was somebody special.

Such a fool. “ Never get above your raisin', Gianna .” That's what my grandma, Patsy always told me. “ Don't be trying to fit in with them rich kids at school. You're trailer trash and it's all they will ever view you as .”

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After that night from hell I quit my job at the bank. I came crawling back home to Drag Creek to lick my wounds. I've been back home three weeks. Jelissa's dad gave me a job at the Pizza Palace.

Lucky for me Jelissa is married to my half-brother, and they're letting me stay with them instead of my having to crash at our dad's. He still lives in the same trailer park in his rusty old trailer. I haven't exactly told him I'm back in DC.

I took off straight after graduation. I haven't been back other than to watch Jelissa

and Chaser get hitched at the courthouse five years ago until now. When my nephew was born, I visited them at the hospital. They brought him to see me on the occasional weekend.

“Let me see you in the red one,” Jelissa rattles the handle to the dressing room door.

“Calm down. Gee.” I flick the lock and open the door.

“Babe. You look hot. ”

“I’m still not completely sold on this whole blind date thinger.”

“You’ll love Jay. He’s cute plus he has a decent steady job.” I admit the idea of dating a doctor is kind of interesting.

“So what’s wrong with him? Why is he single?”

Her lips purse as a hand comes to rest on her hip. “Nothing. He’s divorced.”

“Something’s wrong with him. Women around here don’t simply divorce a doctor.”

“You think there’s something wrong with everyone.”

“That’s because there is. Now go on so I can change out of this dress I gotta get to work.” Jelissa moves out of the way, and I close the door to change back into my work clothes for my shift tonight .

I exit the dressing room with the dresses tucked over my arm. Jelissa squeals. “Does this mean you’ll go out with Jay?”

“It means I’ll think about it.”

“You’re so difficult.”

“You know I love you, but I don’t know if I’m ready to get back on that saddle quite yet.”

“Yeah. Yeah. I’m gonna go get the car started while you check out.”

I glance out the window toward the parking lot. The snow is really starting to come down.

Maybe if I’m lucky a blizzard will come, giving me another excuse to back out of this date with this Jay guy. I don’t even know why I’m buying clothes for a date I likely won’t go on. After the disaster of Noah, I’m not in any hurry.

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Gianna

“Y o, G. You’ve been seated.” Antonio squeezes my shoulder as he ducks behind the bar.

“Thanks.” I pull my order pad out of my apron, plastering on my fake smile.

Truth is I was hoping no one else would come in and Antonio would allow me to go on home.

The weather is shit. My shift is crawling by.

I can hear the ticks of Father Time’s clock as the seconds pass.

Pizza Palace has been in business for about ten years.

The restaurant normally stays packed, sends out a lot of takeout and deliveries, but this weather is the kind that keeps ya at home curled up with a bowl of soup or chili.

I’d give about anything to be wearing my fuzzy pajamas in bed with a dirty romance book to escape reality.

Maybe one that takes place somewhere tropical.

Approaching the table, my customer’s seated with his back facing me.

The snow continues to fall harder. The scenery illuminated by the pole light in the

parking lot as I glance out the window gives the impression we're trapped inside a snow globe that's recently been shook.

I fish an ink pen out of my apron and press the tip to my order pad. "Hi, I'm Gianna. I'll be your server tonight."

The man's head snaps up, and his pretty blue eyes lock with mine as his lips tip into a broad grin. "Well I be damned. Never thought I'd look at your pretty smile again face to face."

I return his stare. It isn't until I notice the scar above his left eyebrow that I recognize him. "Jesse." I smile and my belly flutters. "You're out. "

Tilting his head, he studies me from head to toe. Taking in my tight black pants paired with a red tee that has Pizza Palace embroidered in white stitching over my left breast he shoots me a wink. "What's it been? Ten years."

"Something like that. How've you been?"

"Doing a helluva lot better now that you're here."

Heat rises up the back of my neck. "Are you ready to order or do you need a few minutes?"

"That depends."

"On?" I hedge, taking a step back. The way he keeps grinning at me takes me back to when I was a teenager ready to ditch this town and everyone in it. Honestly I never thought I'd see his face again. Now look here we are older though likely not much wiser.

“You on the menu? ”

I laugh, giving him a shake of my head. “Nope.”

“Right. Can’t blame a guy for trying. You always were the prettiest girl in all of Drag creek.”

“Ha. Not falling for that. I bet you say that to all the girls.”

“Maybe, but this time I mean it.”

“Jesse—that’s sweet but...”

He licks his lips. “You got a man?” Jesse always was hot.

Now he’s all man and even hotter. Dressed in dark jeans, a light blue, gray, and black checked flannel that brings out the cornflower blue shade of his eyes, offset by his coal black hair.

He still has that great smile while appearing to have packed on some muscles as far as I can tell.

“Just dodged a bullet. Happily single.”

“Looking to mingle? ”

“You don’t know when to quit do you. How about I get you a drink while you decide what you want to eat.”

“I’m starving but not for pizza.”

“Stop that. I’m sure you’ve got a few girls lined up. You always were a lady’s man.”

“Only had eyes for one.”

I ignore his comment and attempt to get him back on track. The quicker he orders, the sooner I get to go home. “You still a fan of Pepsi?”

“Damn it’s great to bump into you. You gotta let me take you out for a drink or something one night to catch up. I’ve missed you, Gia. You always were my favorite girl.” Tingles shoot up and down my spine hearing his old nickname for me.

“We’ll see. I’ll get you a drink.” I move off from his table, scurrying to the bar.

Antonio takes one look at me. “You okay?”

“I’m fine. Can I get a Pepsi please?”

“If you say so.” He nods but his thick dark brows draw inward. I know Antonio sees through me. Seeing Jesse has thrown me off center. I always knew one day he’d be released, but I never expected our paths to cross again.

If Jelissa knew he was out and didn’t tell me I may kill her.

I could’ve done with a warning so I could be prepared for this moment.

Yes it’s been ten years since he fucked up.

I’ve moved on, but the second I saw him all that resentment and heartache came flooding back along with the love I once felt.

I thought I’d made peace with Jesse and what would never be between us but seeing

him cuts those old wounds wide open.

We were supposed to leave Drag Creek together.

I thought I'd marry him. That he was gonna sweep me off my feet to give me my happily ever after.

But then he got caught robbing that house, and the fool had a gun on him.

He called me collect from jail. Said that he did it for me.

Swore he was trying to get enough money saved so we could be together.

I was young and na?ve. I thought he loved me but soon I found out I wasn't his only girl. The asshole had a baby on the way.

When I found that out I told myself I was done. I stopped reading his letters. Refused his calls.

My stomach drops to my feet. So many emotions are swirling through my veins. All the things we left unsaid.

I look back at Jesse and freeze. There's a woman seated with him now. Staring isn't polite, but I hope she's not his girlfriend with how he came on to me not even two minutes ago. I won't be surprised if they are together though .

"Better make that two of those," I tell Antonio and wait for him to get the other.

The last thing I want is to go back to that table, but I don't have much of a choice.

The heat of Antonio's gaze centers on me as I go to deliver the drinks.

Its worse than I thought. Jesse is here with Donna Jansen.

The girl who made my high school days a living hell.

She tormented me. Called me the beauty queen of the trailer park.

“Here you are. You two ready to order?”

“Gianna, is that you?” Donna puts on a smile that drips with pure malice.

I don’t know what I ever did to make her hate me so much but seeing her here with Jesse maybe I answered my own question.

She’s still got the same over processed bottle blonde hair, fake red fingernails, and an orange tan she sported in high school. Some things never change .

They place their order, and I avoid Jesse’s gaze.

When they need a refill on their drinks, I beg Antonio to get it.

Like a chicken shit I hide in the back cashing my tips out for the night. As soon as he’s finished with his meal, I’m getting the heck outta here.

Sensing my anxiety Antonio takes pity on me. “I’ll finish your table. No one else is coming in tonight. Get on home.”

“Thanks.” I stuff my tips in my purse and discard my apron. “You’re the best.” I give him a peck on the cheek and a quick squeeze before rushing out the back door to avoid seeing Jesse and that bitch again.

All I want is to put as much distance between us as possible. I never should have

returned to Drag Creek .

Stupid Noah.

Stupid Jesse.

Men are shit.

Heavy wet snow continues to pour down forcing me to turn my high beams on. I can't judge where I'm going. I think I missed my turn. My wipers are no deterrent for the icy sheets coming down.

Only an idiot would be caught driving in this weather, and that idiot is me. I'd rather take my chances out here than go back there. I step on the gas, needing to put as much distance between me and Jesse as possible.

What an asshole seriously. He was on a date or they could be married for all I know and while she was in the bathroom, he was hitting on me. I'm so done with men. Every single last one of them .

My breath catches in my throat the next seconds happening at warp speed.

Something flashes across the road, and I jerk the wheel to swerve out of the way.

I hit the brakes as something large rolls up onto the hood and the windshield cracks.

My car slides across the roadway. I pump the brakes to no avail coming to a dead stop in a ditch as the airbag deploys a minute too late.

Unhooking my seatbelt, I then open the door unable to view anything but the blackness of the night.

Reaching to the console I grab my cell phone and start to dial Jelissa, but she's home with the baby.

There's no way I'm calling her to come pick me up.

It's not as if she can do anything for me but listen to me whine.

I would call my father, but I know better than to count on him for anything.

I don't know why I ever came back to this shithole town .

The screen lights up, my battery is at fifteen percent. Not to mention my signal is weak. Shit . With a sigh, I dial my brother.

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Stud

“F uck, Maxi. Get on them knees for me, sweetheart.” I unzip my jeans, and no sooner than Maxi gets them thick lips wrapped around the head of me my fucking cordless phone starts blowing up.

Shit. “Hold that thought, darlin’.” I grab the phone off the table and answer without screening the call because my ass is on duty. “Black Rebel Towing. What can I do ye for?”

“Stud, that you?”

“The one and only.”

“Hey, man. It’s Chaser. I know it’s late, but my sister ran her car in the ditch a few miles south of Lick Branch. ”

“She hurt?”

“Only shaken up.”

“All right. I’m on it.” I end the call and place the phone back on the receiver. Chaser is gonna owe my ass big for this shit.

“Duty calls. We’ll finish this when I get back.” Maxi pouts but knows better than to smart off. Club business comes first, and Chaser is a brother of the club. Scrubbing a palm over my face, I get up off the couch to look for my keys to the truck. I find them

under last night's pizza box.

Fumbling around I tag my boots and nab my black leather wool lined jacket from the back of the door. I look back at Maxi wishing I didn't have to take off. Knowing my luck, she'll be passed the hell out by the time I make it back.

Fuck. It's too damn cold to be getting out for this bullshit.

I stomp out into the snow, nearly slipping as I go to open the driver's side door, and get the truck started.

The engine roars to life, and I slide my gloves on.

The radio blares classic rock, and I get on with it.

I don't have far to go. I hope Chaser already gave her a ride home.

My ass is hooking the vehicle up then getting the hell back here to the sweet piece of ass waiting in my bed for me.

I stay in one of the rooms over the clubhouse being I'm always on call for the towing service ran by the Black Rebel Riders' MC.

The club I'm a member of. Earned my patch about a year ago.

Best decision I ever made was taking my cousin Sawyer up on his offer to sponsor me.

I served a few years for boosting cars and when I got out Sawyer was waiting for me with a place to live and a job.

New start. Haven't looked back. No regrets.

Been saving up for a place of my own, but until then I'm fine where I'm at .

The snow has turned to sheets of ice. Seriously, fuck this shit. I can't make out a damn thing. If I didn't think Rebel or Striker would tear me a new asshole, I'd turn back. What should be a five-minute drive takes me fifteen, but eventually I come up on a buck in the road and a car in the ditch.

I go around the animal and backup toward the car to get it hooked up. The moment my boots hit the pavement I'm nearly on my ass again. I grab the side of the truck for leverage and look for Chaser's sister. He's mentioned her in passing but I've never met her.

"Took you long enough," a female voice snaps.

I shield my eyes with my gloved hand, unable to tell who the voice belongs to and failing to look at anything but her headlights shining in my face.

"Well I'm not the dumbass who was out in an ice storm.

Don't you know emergency vehicles are the only people who are allowed to be travelling right now? "

"Sorry I didn't—eep!" The shape of a person disappears followed by another cry. "Get the memo," she finishes.

Shit . I make my way down the side of the truck hoping I don't fall and bust my ass just like my little sassy pants. My gaze lands on a woman sprawled on the road with the knee ripped out of her pants.

One loose lock of hair floats over her forehead.

“Need a hand.”

“Ya think,” she huffs.

Extending a hand, I help her to her feet only for her to slide straight into my chest. I brace myself against the damaged front bumper of her car. “Looks like you clipped a buck.”

“No shit, Sherlock. ”

“Right. You got a ride coming or what?”

“Not at this hour. Can’t you give me a ride or something?”

“Here in Drag Creek at this hour,” I mock. “No can do. I’m a tow service not a taxi.”

“Well what am I supposed to do? My brother is working, and my sister-in-law is home with the baby.”

“Cut that attitude. Be nice and maybe I’ll find you a place to crash till morning. You can sort your shit then.”

“Stay with you? I don’t know you.” She stares up at me, and I let go of her waist.

“You’ll freeze to death if you stay here. Unless you want to drag the carcass off the road to use it for warmth until someone else comes along.”

“You don’t have to be so crass. ”

“I don’t want to be here anymore than you do. It’s no picnic for me, sweetheart. Chaser is a close friend, and I’m here as a favor so you can cut the shit.”

“Fine.”

“Fine. Wait in the cab of the truck and don’t touch anything.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” she sneers. I step around her as the ice turns back to snow. I get busy messing around with her car while she hobbles to the truck squeaking and squealing every step she takes before wiping out again.

Fuck. I drop the chain and go after her. Sliding across the ice, I know there’s no chance in hell I’m getting her car out of that damn ditch tonight. Not in this shit show of a fucking mess. We’ll be lucky to make it back to The Roadhouse.

“You okay?” I hold my hand out to her while bracing against the side of the truck for support.

“I think I twisted my ankle.”

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

If this night wasn't horrible enough, I'm on my ass for the second time in minutes in the presence of this jerk who showed up to give me a tow.

If I wasn't freezing my bruised ass off, I'd break down and cry, but I'm too pissed off to shed any tears.

I wish Mother Nature would make up her mind on if she wants to give us snow or ice.

Large hands hook under my armpits. "Easy there, slick." He lifts, and I go back to my feet.

"I'm gonna carry you. Don't need you doing more damage to that ankle until I can look at it," he grits through his teeth, picking me up bridal style.

"Don't worry. I've got you." He takes a few tentative steps, and I curl into him away from the bite of the snowy winter's air.

He smells of leather and weed. Great . I'm being forced to depend on a pothead mechanic in a snowstorm.

Perfect . A few more worrisome steps and he is putting me down, my toes on top his boots to open the door. My unlikely hero picks me up again to sit me on the bench seat of the truck. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it." He reaches across me to turn up the heat then shrugs his jacket

off. “Put this on. I’ll have you outta here in a few.”

I slip my arms through the holes being swallowed by his leather jacket.

Wrapping my arms around my middle, I wait for the heat to warm my bones while the tow guy finishes getting my car hooked up.

I take off my shoe and try to inspect my tender ankle but can’t tell much about it in this position.

Minutes later he’s in the truck, and I get my first full look at him under the interior light .

Okay, I admit this guy is hot. Dark hair and gorgeous green eyes with flecks of gold swirling in them. A neatly trimmed mustache and goatee that suits the angular shape of his face.

“Everything go okay?”

“It’s too damn slick. I’ll come back for your car when the roads have been cleared. I barely made it around the truck to get in.” He drives up the road a bit then turns around to return the way he came from.

“Will my car be okay?”

“It can’t get any worse. Besides no one is traveling in this shit. What are you doing on the road anyway?”

“I was on my way home from work.” My pride is as wounded as my ass. I’m so damn stupid. For five seconds I entertained the thought that maybe fate put Jesse in my path again. What an idiot. I can’t believe he’s with Donna. The bitch who made my life

hell. Of all people he could get with. Why her?

“Fair enough.” He grunts, pulling a pack of cigarettes out.

“Can you not?”

“My bad. You want one?”

“Ugh. No. I meant can you not smoke.”

“Nope.” He shoves the cancer causing stick between his lips and fires it up. I let out a fake cough and gag, making a fuss but he chuckles and cracks my window. “That better, princess?”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Then what should I call you?” He takes a hard drag off his cigarette, the end glowing in the cab of the truck as we make the slow drive to wherever he’s taking me.

“Gianna. And you?”

“Stud. ”

My lips twitch upward. “Your name is Stud?”

“That’s what I said.”

“Okay, but what’s your real name?”

“Only woman who calls me by my birth name is my mother and seeing as you aren’t

my mother, it's none of your business."

"Wow," I whisper to myself. Rude much. Okay then. Stud it is.

I really hate men right now but at least this guy is easy on the eyes. I could have worse prospects and he did venture out in this weather to rescue me.

The rest of the ride is quiet, and I'm a bit uncomfortable in the awkward silence.

The cigarette is flicked out the window, taking the stinky scent of smoke along with it.

The truck rolls to a stop in front of a bar I've been told to stay away from my whole life.

Anyone from Drag Creek knows that you don't tangle with Black Rebel Riders' MC.

My reason for staying has been different though.

My brother forbade me from ever getting involved with a motorcycle man. Because he's a member and he doesn't want his little sister getting messed up with one of his brothers. He didn't need to warn me twice. Jessie put me off bad boys a long time ago.

"What are we doing here?"

"Finding you a bed to sleep in, princess."

"Stop calling me that," I huff, earning me another dark laugh ripping from his throat.

The engine cuts off and the lights from inside the bar are dim.

“C’mon. You can’t sleep out here all night.” Stud opens his door, and I shiver automatically as the cold air blusters through the cab .

He’s got that right. It’s too cold not be in a warm bed and beggars can’t be choosers.

Besides I know they will look after me because I’m Chaser’s little sister.

Exiting the massive truck, I’m not prepared for the vast gap between the truck and the ground.

Is this vehicle a tow truck or a monster truck?

I’m saved the embarrassment of falling on my ass for a third time when Stud shuffles around to the passenger side and lifts me, once again coming to my rescue.

“Thank you.”

“Not all heroes wear capes.”

“No, they wear leather.” I giggle. The ridiculousness of the whole night washes over me and I snap. I can’t stop laughing as this guy named Stud carries me into a biker bar. Inside, the door shut behind us, he drops me to my feet, my body sliding against his .

“You look as though you could use a drink,” he tells me, circling his gloved fingers around my wrist, tugging me toward the long bar lined with stools. I hobble along with one shoe on knowing I likely look like a moron.

It’s quiet, but I suppose with the bad weather it would be. There are a few rough looking men sitting at a booth in the corner playing a game of poker. Stud gives them a nod and a dark-haired woman with some streaks of red and green in her hair blows

him a kiss.

“Have a seat.” He ushers me onto a stool, and I plant my ass.

Stud slides his jacket down my arms and slings it over the bar.

I kick my other shoe off and watch as Stud pushes the dark sleeves of his tee up his forearms revealing his impressive ink that travels the lengths of both his arms as he maneuvers behind the bar. “What’s your poison?”

“Surprise me. I’m not much of a drinker. ”

“Can do, princess. Can do.” He winks. Jerk . I told him to stop calling me that.

“I have no doubt about that.”

His head moves side to side. “You always gotta get in the last word?”

“Excuse me?”

“Got your sassy pants on. You love to argue.” The statement catches me off guard.

“No I don’t.”

“Yeah you do, but I’m going to give a pass this one time, sassy pants.” Great . Another nickname. He slides a glass shaped like a mason jar across the counter filled halfway with red liquid and a few cherries. “This should help get the stick out your ass.”

“You can’t help yourself, can you? Shit just falls out your mouth every time you open it.”

“I simply call it as I see it. You’re all wound up about something.”

“Did you ever think that maybe it has to do with the fact that I wrecked my car, and I’m having to spend the night with a man I don’t even know? Not to mention I’ve probably sprained my ankle and it hurts like hell.”

“Well no.” He grins and knocks back a shot before lighting up another nasty ass cigarette. “Want me to look at that ankle?”

“It’s fine.”

“Right.” Stud takes a drag off his cigarette and makes the act look seriously sexy. Ugh.

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Stud

I watch Gianna sucking on one of the cherries from her jar of moonshine. She's pretty for a smartass. "So Chaser said you're his sister. What's your story?"

"Half and there's no story."

"Fair enough." I pour another shot and round the bar to take up the stool next to her. The minute I sit down she squirms to put some distance between us but fails. "You got a problem with me?"

"What?" she clips.

"I said you got a problem with me or is it men or bikers in general? "

"Did you not hear the part earlier where I said I don't want to talk about it?"

"Whoever he is dude is an idiot."

"Nah that's me. I'm the dumbass who thought...never mind what I thought."

"What's that mean?"

"Nothing." She shakes her head slightly, tips the jar to her lips, and glugs the corn liquor so fast I'm sure she'll be praying to the porcelain throne soon enough if she doesn't slow down.

“Doesn’t sound like nothing to me.”

“Well it is.”

“Stud,” Dutch’s voice booms from across the bar.

“Don’t go anywhere,” I warn Gianna.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” She rolls her eyes and sucks down the rest of her drink .

When I get within earshot of Dutch, he starts in. “Who’s the broad?”

“Chaser’s sister. Clipped a buck and put her car in the ditch. Gotta go back after it in the morning.”

“Right. Give me the keys to the truck. You got your hands full. Ace and I’ll get the car. We ain’t got shit else to do. Darlene is in one of her moods, and I ain’t sleeping on the couch again.”

I shake my head and toss him the keys. “It’s fuckin’ slicker than snot out there, man. Car is about a mile past the turn off for Lick Branch.”

“Better get her upstairs before she falls off that stool.” he chuckles.

I take a quick look back at Gianna and she’s leaning to the left. I go back to the bar to grab my jacket and my sassy pants wearing firecracker .

Gianna massages her temples. “Didn’t you say there’d be a bed?” She glances at me then fishes another cherry out of her glass and pops it between her lips.

“Right. Follow me.” I knock back my shot and watch as she nearly drops like a sack

of potatoes the second her ass leaves the stool.

“Easy.” I steady her then lift, seating her on the bar. I turn my back to her. “Come on up you go.” Gianna wraps her arms around my shoulders and her legs around my waist. My hands go right to her ass and I carry her upstairs to my room.

When I open the door, Maxi is sprawled out naked on my bed waiting for me. She licks her lips. “Took you long enough.”

Gianna pops her head over my shoulder, her cherry breath fanning over my lips. “He was busy, gee. Cut my pal Stud here a break why don’t you? ”

“You didn’t mention a threesome.” Maxi glares at me.

“Get dressed and get gone. Plans changed.”

Her mouth drops. “What?”

“You heard me. Bounce.”

“Fuck you, Stud.” She rolls from the bed tagging her clothes off the floor as she stomps past us and out the door behind us.

“I’ll find you something to sleep in, lightweight.” I drop Gianna on the bed. “Unless you want to sleep naked.”

“You want that you best follow your fuck buddy down the hall.” She flops back on the pillows. I go rooting around in my drawers. I pull out a flannel and a pair of sweatpants that should keep her warm. The heat works decently but there’s a draft by the window .

“Bathroom is down the hall if you need it,” I tell her and toss the clothes on the foot of the bed.

Gianna sits up, her face turning ashen. “When did the room start spinning?”

“Fuck, sassy pants, don’t puke in my bed.” I rush over with a small trash can I keep by the Tv stand.

She waves the trash can away. “Men are shit.”

“Breakup with your boyfriend?”

“Nope. I saw my ex-boyfriend. Well I can’t even call him that because I dated him when I was sixteen.

He came into my work and was flirting with me while his bitch was in the bathroom.

I’m not saying she’s a bitch because they’re together.

I’m only saying she’s a bitch because when I was in high school, she was a C-U-Next-Tuesday. ” A hiccup bubbles in her throat .

“A what?”

She leans back on her elbows. Her gaze settles on my face. “A cunt,” she says the word so softly I barely hear her.

“You’re drunk.”

“For a guy with two heads you’re kinda hot.”

“Not sure if that’s a compliment or not, but I’ll take it.”

I chuckle and then she passes out faster than I thought could be possible, so I grab my leather shave bag that has all my shit in it.

My cell buzzing interrupts my plan to go brush my teeth.

“Lo,” I answer quietly so I don’t disturb my sleeping beauty.

“Hey, man. It’s Chaser. Everything okay with Gianna? ”

“Fuck. I meant to call you. I grabbed her and Dutch and Ace are going after her car.”

“She with you?”

“Yeah. Brought her to The Roadhouse for the night. Put her in my bed, and don’t worry I’ll keep my hands to myself, man”

“Good looking out.”

“Anytime. Listen, I’d put her on but she’s a bit intoxicated and passed out soon as her head hit the pillow.”

“She was drinking and driving. God damn that doesn’t sound like her.”

“No. I gave her some moonshine.”

“Shit. My sister never drinks.”

“Yeah found that out now. She’s a damn lightweight, but don’t worry I’ll look after her. Though she did mention something about an ex of her giving her a hard time.

Dude she dated in high school. ”

“Fucking Jesse,” he mutters.

“This guy bad news?”

“Yup. You know the dumbfuck. Jesse Lancaster.”

“Hell. You think he’s going to be a problem?”

“Not sure. I got to get back to work. Thanks again for looking after my sister.”

I look at Gianna laying in my bed. Pretty light brown hair with streaks of blonde going through it.

Thick dark lashes framing her eyes. Perfect bow shaped lips that appear softer than velvet.

Curves in all the right places. “It’s not a hardship,” I mutter, then add, “later.” The call drops, and I go brush my teeth and get ready for some shuteye.

When I get back from the bathroom Gianna is sitting half up on the bed struggling to pull her shirt over her head but it’s getting stuck on a clip in her hair.

Fuck me she has a great set of tits popping out of them black lace triangles.

“Let me help you before you hurt yourself.” I drop a knee to the mattress and grab the shirt from both sides, yanking it over her head in one swoop. The scent of grease and pepperoni hits me. “You smell like a pizza.”

“Don’t talk about food right now.” she groans.

“Noted. Can you handle your pants, or you need me to take care of them too?”

Her eyes dart around the room clouding with confusion. “My pants?” She glances at her lap then back to me then grins. “Every girl wants a hot dude to take off her pants.”

“You keep calling me hot and I’m gonna think you might like me. ”

“As if. Dudes are pigs but tonight you get a free pass because you came to my rescue.”

“That so.”

“Mhmm.” She licks her lips, and I blow out breath.

“You’re drunk.” I undo the top button on her pants, then slide the zipper down. “Lift your hips, princess.”

A scowl moves over her face. “Don’t call me that.”

I don’t reply except to tap her hip. Her body shifts and I drag the dark material down her thighs, revealing the black lace twin to her bra.

“Jesus, you come wrapped in a sexy package, sweetheart. Too bad you’re too drunk for me to appreciate it.” I finish tugging her pants down her calves and glance up when I hear that she’s back to snoring. “Figures,” I mumble to myself .

I could go find Maxi to finish what we had started earlier, but I quite enjoy the company of the sassy little thing in my bed much better.

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Gianna

A jackhammer drills into my head continuously as I struggle to open my eyes.

A vibrating sound fills my ears. There's a heavy body pinning me to the bed.

I search my memory trying to remember the night before.

Rubbing my eyes, I clear the sleep from them, glance down seeing a tattooed arm strung across my stomach and a thick thigh thrown over mine.

"Stop squirming," furry lips whisper against my neck. That's when I realize I'm only in my underwear, and I have no clue where I am.

Shoving hard against his chest gets me nowhere. "Get off me."

"Babe, its early. I'm tired. Shut up and go back to sleep. I'll give you a ride home and get your car when the roads clear if Dutch and Ace weren't able to. "

My car. I blink and now I remember. The ice, the deer, and the ditch. The smart assed mechanic. Oh God.

"Um...about last night."

"Nothing happened. Stop your mental freak out. You passed out before I could get any clothes on you. It's cold. The electric went out sometime in the middle of the night. You were cold and so was I."

At this I relax. “Oh. Okay, but I need the bathroom and to brush my teeth.”

Stud groans and rolls away from me. I stare up at him as he leaves the bed in his birthday suit. Holy shit he’s naked, but the man has a great ass. I sit up and appreciate the view through my splitting headache.

I watch with great fascination while his muscles flex as he moves about the room pulling on a pair of jeans and shoving a cigarette between his lips. Most of his back is bare of any ink save a cross on the back of his neck and I wonder if he’s religious.

Caught in the act of gawking at him I don’t even try to hide it as heat shoots up the back of my neck and my belly burns. I totally didn’t expect him to be so damn good looking this morning.

Stud takes a drag off his cigarette and snatches something off the floor. “Here. This should fit. Tried to put you in them last night but failed.” His pretty green eyes glitter with specks of gold.

“I bet you tried real hard.” He shrugs, and I yank the sheet up over my chest knowing it’s no use.

He’s already had an up close and personal gander at my tits being we slept cuddled up to each other all night.

I should be embarrassed but I’m not. He’s such a stupid jerk, yet at the same time he’s confident. I find the trait sexy .

I quickly slip into the flannel, the musky scent of cologne washes over me and takes hold with a hint of smoke. When I get out of the bed the shirt falls to my knees and Stud appraises me.

“Like my shirt on you.”

I don't reply because I don't have one. Instead I focus on pulling the waist of the sweatpants he loaned me tight enough they don't drop to my ankles. “You wouldn't happen to have a spare toothbrush, would you?”

“What's it worth to ya?”

“Add it to my tab.”

“How about you cook me dinner, and we'll take it from there.”

I try and fail to stop my lips from stretching into a smirk. “Maybe I can't cook. ”

Stud roots around in a drawer and pulls out a new toothbrush still in the pack. “I'll take my chances.”

“I live with Chaser and from the looks of things...you live here.”

“If I get a kitchen, you gonna cook for me?”

“Trust me, my cooking isn't that great.”

Stud crosses the room in three heavy steps. He drops the toothbrush. One hand goes to my hip and the other caresses my jaw. “I don't think you're hearing me. I like you, Gianna. Love that sassy mouth and them pretty lips that come with it.”

I gape at him. “You don't even know me.”

“No, but so far I'm liking what I'm seeing.” He dips his head in an attempt to kiss me, and I pull back.

“So let’s say I cook for you. What happens when a woman who makes better meatloaf comes along? You gonna kick me out of your bed the way you did that chick last night?”

“Babe, you make meatloaf as good as you run that mouth, I’ll put a ring on that finger.”

“Okay. What have you been smoking?” I try to back away, but he has me cornered by the bed.

“You’re cute.”

I try to go around him, but he pins me to the wall. “I’m not cute. I’m a grown woman. Trash pandas are cute.”

He snorts and his eyes soften before he sucks his bottom lip in and rolls it back out. “Stop trying to put me off you, darlin’.”

“I’m—” the rest of my sentence dies on his lips because Stud’s mouth is on mine and now, I think I know why they call him Stud.

Mercy me can the man kiss. He works fast because my panties are already ready to drop, and I’ve not even had his tongue in my mouth yet.

He changes that quickly. Sliding his tongue between my lips he kisses me hard, wet, and deep.

Stud kisses me breathless and senseless. I don’t think I’ve ever been kissed so sexily before and when he breaks away, I fight the urge to ask for another.

“You feel that, Gianna?” Stud holds my gaze, fingers biting into my hip with need.

“Hmm?”

“Yeah you feel it.” He grins. “Go brush your teeth then we’ll attempt to find some coffee and breakfast downstairs.”

“Right...I’m just going to go...” I grab the toothbrush and scurry out the room.

Out in the hall I take a deep breath. Shit .

I didn’t ask him where the bathroom is. All the doors are closed, and I don’t notice a sign.

There aren’t any lights on. The sunlight spilling in from the window at the other end of the hall isn’t giving me much help.

“Two doors to your left,” his husky voice booms behind me. “The generators are up and running so the lights and hot water should be operational.”

I nod and close the door behind me once I flip the light on. My pulse continues to race after the epic kiss we shared.

I make use of the toilet then get on with cleansing my face and brushing my teeth once I’ve washed my hands.

I swore I was done with men but when a man kisses you stupid like Stud did moments ago a girl finds herself changing her mind.

I go back to the room and attempt to put some distance between us. “Sit.” He orders me to the couch that takes up half the room. “Wanna look at that ankle. ”

“It’s fine. Only a little stiff.”

“Then you won’t mind letting me look.” The moment his hand goes to my bare foot a tingle shoots up and down my spine. Sweet lord he has a magic touch. I guess I’m forever doomed to be attracted to bad boys.

**

Downstairs there’s a lot more people around this morning including the chick Stud kicked out of his bed.

I don’t miss the daggered stare she’s shooting at me as we enter the bar hand in hand.

I can’t blame her, but he says she was a random hookup.

I can’t fault him for it with the name Stud.

I mean we aren’t together. He’s merely a guy who kisses like a freaking God who did me a favor.

“Another one bites the dust,” she sneers to her friend when we pass by their table.

“Cool it, Maxi,” he snaps at her. The bitchy woman visibly jerks as if his words whipped across her face like a slap. “Gianna here is Chaser’s sister, and if I’m lucky she’s gonna be my woman so wipe that cunt look off your face and play nice or I’ll let Prez know you need cut loose.”

Holy shit. Did he actually say that to her in front of everyone? What the hell? His woman? What does that mean?

“Got it,” she huffs, and I observe the unshed tears burning in her eyes. That must’ve cut her deep, but I get the feeling she’s gone and caught feelings for a man who only sees her as an easy piece of ass and that has to suck.

Been there. Done that. Got the t-shirt.

Stud keeps tugging me along, pulling me so quickly to the kitchen I don't have time to take in the crowd starting to fill up the bar and tables.

"How many people live here? "

"There's eight clubgirls and about fifteen brothers on any given night."

"Clubgirls?"

"Whores like Maxi who hang around and take care of the members." I stop at his words.

"Prostitutes?"

"Don't look at me like that. They know what they signed on for and most of them enjoy it. Sometimes we get a girl take Maxi for example who thinks a brother will take her on as his Old Lady. And it happens. Rarely. No man wants to put his claim on a woman all his brothers has fucked, feel me?"

"You're saying Chaser, my brother has fucked those women?" I think I'm going to be sick. Does Jelissa know any of this? And if she does, how does she put up with it?

"No. I'm saying that they know what they are getting. As far as what your brother does that's between him and his dick." Stud pulls me in close. "And before you go getting it in your head you're gonna go running that smart mouth to his Old Lady don't. Leave shit alone."

"You aren't the boss of me. If I wanna have words with my brother about his fucking some skank behind Jelissa's back I will."

“Babe. Shut up.”

“Don’t tell me to shut up. You shut up. And I’m not your babe.” I stab my finger into his chest. “Nor do I think I wanna be if you think it’s cool to fuck around on your Old Lady or whatever.”

“So you’ve thought about it.”

“No.”

“Liar.” He flicks the tip of my nose. “Yup totally fucking cute and mine.” Cupping my left ass cheek with his hand he pulls me flush against him, and the tent of his erection in his grey sweatpants presses against me.

“Let go of me.”

He squeezes my ass harder as he dips his head, rubbing his facial scruff against my cheek. “I’m claiming you and that sassy assed mouth.” Simultaneously, he grabs my hip and jerks me against his hard on and pecks me on the lips.

When he prods at the seam of my lips with his tongue, I know I am completely fucked because all I want is to wrap my legs around him while demanding he takes me back to his bed.

But before I can do that, I hear my brother say my name and the moment is ruined.

“Gianna?” I turn my head and realize Jelissa’s standing here holding my nephew gawking at us and Chaser has his arm firmly gripping her shoulder. How much did they hear?

Guessing by the frown on Jelissa’s face they heard plenty.

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Stud

“O h no. I see that look on your face, Stud. Hands off Gianna. She ain’t gonna be one of your girls. I’ve already got her fixed up with a doctor.”

I smirk and pull Gianna in closer to me. “You want to go out with this doctor?”

“Um...I.”

“Do I need to kiss you again?”

Gianna stares blankly at me.

“Babe.”

“Since when did my sister become your babe?” Chaser shoots me a dirty look.

“Since you called me to give her a tow.”

“This mean we’re even then? ”

“What?” Gianna gazes back and forth between us. “Hello. Its my car. Don’t I have a say in this?”

Chaser and I both bark out resounding “no’s” at the same time.

“Are they always this way?” Gianna questions Jelissa.

“You get used to it after a while.” She shifts the little boy to her other hip.

“Your car is fucked,” Dutch announces as he squeezes into the kitchen to refill his thermos. “Got it into the garage. Your insurance will probably total it, but it’d be more to fix it than what its worth.”

“That’s great,” Gianna mumbles.

“You can use my car for work until you find something else,” Jelissa volunteers, and I guess that makes sense since she lives with her and Chaser, but I have a better idea .

“When do you work again?”

“Tonight.”

“I’ll give you a ride there and pick you up after.”

“That’s nice, but I can drive myself.”

“No offense, but you put your car in a ditch last night,” Dutch pipes in.

“No one asked you,” she snaps and pushes my arm off her shoulder. “It’s not my fault the weather was shit and a deer jumped out in front of me.”

“Calm down.”

“Don’t tell me to calm down. Ugh.” She stomps her foot and turns to Jelissa. “Can you take me home please? I need to do laundry and take a shower.”

“I can take you.” I wink at Jelissa as she shakes her head at Gianna and me.

“No. ”

“I can take you,” a soft familiar voice calls and Gianna goes stiff next to me. Fucking Maxi.

Jelissa gets a hard look on her face. “We got it covered.”

Chaser shoots her a look that says, ‘get the fuck gone.’ Maxi holds her palms up and out.

“Come on, Maxi. This here is a private party.” Dutch practically shoves her out the kitchen.

“I hate her,” Jelissa announces, but it isn’t any secret. When she was pregnant with Erik, Chaser cheated on her with Maxi’s sister, Trixie. Caught them in the act. Shit wasn’t pretty.

Jelissa ran Trixie out of town but Maxi stayed.

Rebel should have sent her packing too, but the men have taken a shine to her, and she normally stays out of shit.

I think she likes to remind Jelissa that Chaser stepped out on her.

Shit ain’t cool. Prez won’t be thrilled when I tell him she’s stirring the pot with an Old Lady .

“You ready to eat, little man?” he grabs his son from his wife and trudges over to the mountain of food set up at the breakfast bar.

Jelissa flashes Gianna a weak smile that says, ‘we’ll talk later,’ and picks up a plate.

“You hungry?”

“Nope.”

I lean down to whisper in her ear so only she can hear me when I say, “Cut the attitude or I’m gonna take you over my knee in front of the whole club.”

Gianna scowls at me but keeps quiet.

“That’s my girl.”

“I’m not your girl.”

“Babe, don’t fight it. You and me—we’re happening. I want you in my bed, because this foreplay we got going, has me turned on, and I can only imagine how explosive it’s gonna be between us when you give it to me in the bedroom.”

Her cheeks bloom a bright shade of red.

I stroke her jaw with my knuckles. “That’ll be the color of your ass later if you keep throwing me that sass.” Before she can say something smart, I cut her off with a kiss.

“Fuck, man. Stop molesting my sister at breakfast.” Chaser shakes his head at me.

I let go of Gianna and she moves off to get a cup of coffee.

I let her go for now and fill my plate with enough food for the two of us.

When we go back out to grab a table Maxi is out of sight.

Good thing too because Jelissa looks like she’s itching for a fight.

Maxi would be wise to steer clear for a long while if not forever.

One day she is going to catch her in the wrong mood and get her ass beat if she doesn't watch it.

"Give him to me so you can eat." Gianna takes her nephew and fuck me if the sight of her holding a baby doesn't have my chest getting all tight. Sweat beads across my forehead.

"You okay?" Jelissa touches my arm lightly.

"Yup." I suck in a breath and push away thoughts of marriage and babies, filing them away for later.

The thoughts have never entered my mind until today.

And yet as I cut into my stack of pancakes and while unable to tear my gaze from Gianna and Erik those thoughts keep battling their way to the surface.

"You need to eat something." I shovel the fork between her lips the moment she parts them.

When Gianna smiles at me in return I know I'm completely fucked.

This woman has me, and she doesn't even know it yet.

Not even fucked her, and I want to make her mine.

I must be crazy.

Chaser looks at me and laughs. "You're fucked, brother."

Don't I fucking know it .

Gianna either doesn't hear him or is choosing to ignore the conversation. She doesn't refuse the forkfuls of pancakes and sausage I'm feeding her either.

"What time is your shift?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to know."

"But why do you want to know?"

"I have an errand to run and want to know how much time I have before I need to pick you up once I drop you off at your brother's."

"I can catch a ride with Jelissa."

I shoot Chaser a look and he grins. "Actually, honey, don't we have to go by the bank to do that thing?"

"What thing?"

"You know the thing. "

"Oh..." she finally catches on. "Right the thing yeah. Sorry, G, you're gonna have to go with Stud here."

Gianna covers Erik's ears. "Oh for fuck's sake. Not you too." She glares at her sister-in-law.

“You need anything out of your car, babe?”

She glares at me then answers, “My purse.”

“Let’s roll.” I grab the kid and plop him in Chaser’s lap.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

“Thanks for the lift.” I lean across the seat of the truck and give Stud a kiss on the cheek.

I keep telling myself I need to stay away but there’s something about his whole cocky macho alpha thing he’s got going on.

He makes it work. Any other man talked to me the way he does, I’d probably tell them to get lost, but he owns it and it’s sexy.

“I’ll swing back by to take you to work around three. I gotta go talk to a man about a kitchen.”

“I told you. I’m a terrible cook.”

“We’ll see, princess.”

“You want me to cook for you, you’d better stop calling me princess.”

“All right, sassy pants.”

“Ugh.” I don’t know which is worse. Though part of me secretly enjoys the way his eyes light up and he smiles when he uses sassy pants on me. I won’t admit it to him though.

“Later, baby.”

I shake my head and exit the truck. This man. Meeting Stud is unexpected, but he seems easy and uncomplicated. A bit bossy, but I find it attractive that he says what he's thinking and feeling without holding back.

I get on the porch and start digging out my house key when I'm spun around and Stud is pushing me up against the door. "You're forgetting something."

"What's that?" I manage to croak out even though my breath is caught in my throat.

"This." His head dips and those skillful lips dominate mine, stealing what little breath I had left.

When he's done, he doesn't say anything.

Only giving me this look that says, 'you're mine.

' And right now, I so want to be his. I want to tell him to forget the kitchen and take me to bed, but I hardly know the guy.

Except for some reason it feels so much longer than hours.

Like part of me has always belonged to him.

Maybe I drank too much moonshine. Because these thoughts and emotions are crazy. So crazy I must still be drunk.

Stud leaves for real this time, and I am in desperate need of a shower. By the time I'm out and dressed, Jelissa and my brother are back. He's gone to bed and she's starting the laundry I meant to do when I got in.

"So you and Stud, huh?"

I grab half the pile of towels and start folding. "Maybe." I raise my shoulder slightly. "I do like him."

"Guess I'll tell Jay the date is off then. "

"I think so."

"He's a player but I do notice this twinkle in his eyes when he looks at you. It's kind of sweet."

"I want to know what the story with Maxi is," I press and wonder why she's never told me anything about this bitch. Especially if Chaser has been stepping out on her. He might be my brother but that doesn't mean I would defend him being a sleazeball.

"Ugh. I knew this conversation was coming. Maxi has a sister. Trixie." Her face goes hard, and she lets out a breath before going any further.

"When I was pregnant with Erik, I gained a lot of weight and I hated my body. Hated for Chaser to touch me. I'm not making excuses for him because I'm still hurt and we're working on things.

But he suffered believing he was unwanted by me.

One night he'd been drinking, and I was in a mood.

He came home and crawled into bed and when he tried...

I rejected him. There were some words. I'm not proud of how I acted, and he isn't either.

Long story short I went looking for him when he took off, and I found him in bed

with Trixie. ”

A tear slides down her cheeks and she swipes it away as quickly as it appeared.

“Now you know. Trixie left town but Maxi stuck around. They’re twins so every time I see her all I think about is that night. Yay me.”

“I’m going to kill him.”

Jelissa grabs my hand. “Chaser says he doesn’t remember any of it. Not talking to her. Not inviting her to his bed that night or fucking her. I want to believe him but its hard. I know what I saw. Maxi has a thing for Stud. You need to watch out for her. I don’t want you to end up hurt like me.”

“That bitch better watch her ass. Her and her whore sister. ”

Jelissa laughs. “I’m so glad you’re back home.”

“Speaking of being home. You didn’t tell me that Jesse is out of prison or that he’s fucking Donna.”

“I didn’t think you’d care.”

“I don’t but they came in last night, and I didn’t know she was there at first, and he came on to me. Why are men such dogs?”

“Isn’t that the million-dollar question.” The baby cries, and she leaves me to finish the pile of laundry while she sees to my sweet nephew. How could Chaser be so stupid? He’s never been that guy. The kind of man who’d risk it all for a cheap thrill. I don’t understand the male species.

Is Stud like that? Why am I even asking myself this question? His road name is Stud of course he's like that. And I was falling for it hook, line, and sinker. I push away thoughts of Stud and men in general to phone my insurance company.

The sooner I have my own wheels again the better.

**

"I know he's not your favorite person, but the pharmacy called.

They said your father's prescription is ready, and I just put Erik down for a nap.

Could you maybe drop his meds off on your way to work?

You can take my car." Jelissa bats her lashes at me playing innocent.

She knows I've avoided my father for years. Basically, since I left home.

"Fine. But don't get any ideas about this meaning I'm ready to start doing your little family Sunday dinners with him. I'm only doing this because I need your car and nothing more. Do you need me to bring anything home with me after my shift?"

"Nope." She dangles her keys at me .

"You're so annoying."

"But you love me," she sings and drops the keys in my awaiting palm.

"That's debatable." I smirk and close my fist.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

“I ’m here to pick up a prescription for Leroy Dobson.”

“And you are?”

“Mr. Wiley, it’s me, Gianna.”

The older man squints at me through his glasses. “Well I’ll be. When did you move home?”

“A few weeks ago. Listen, I gotta get to work soon, and Jelissa said dad’s scripts were ready.”

“It’ll be a few more minutes. Have a seat over there.” He points a boney finger toward the row of blue plastic chairs shoved against the wall. “I’ll call when its ready.”

“Right. Thanks.” Ugh. Jelissa. I plop my bottom into one of the bucket seats and pull my cell out to check my email to see if there is any news from the insurance company.

Not that I am expecting them to work quickly, but the agent said he’d send me some information about a rental until I figure out my car situation.

“I don’t know. Which test should I buy?” I look to my left down the aisle where the drugstore sells pregnancy tests and wish that I hadn’t. Freaking Maxi. Ugh. You’ve

got to be kidding me. “It’s been a month, maybe two. I don’t know, Trixie.”

“Dobson,” Mr. Wiley calls out and Maxi looks in my direction as I get up from the chair. I ignore her and grab the bag of my dad’s medications. This day keeps getting better and better.

The moment I turn to leave Maxi is blocking my exit. “Hey, Gianna, right?”

“Yup. That’s me. ”

“I don’t know what you heard, but I’d appreciate it if you did hear anything if you’d keep it to yourself.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, but if I did its really none of my business.”

“Stud might pretend he likes you, but the guy is all talk. The minute he gets bored he’ll come back to me.”

“I don’t owe you any explanations, but Stud is a grown man, and I’m capable of making my own choices.

You want to scare me off him. I get it. You got feelings for the guy.

It sucks when you want to be with someone, but they don’t give a shit about you.

Because if he did care, Maxi, he wouldn’t have forgotten about you, kept you waiting, and kicked you out of his bed so I could sleep in it.

That’s right. I slept in his arms all night, and I didn’t have to fuck him to get his attention.

And I sure as hell don't have to fake a pregnancy scare to keep him. ”

I bump my shoulder against hers and this time she gets out of my way. It doesn't take long to drive to the trailer park. I swore I'd never come back to this place and yet here I am.

Thirteen trailers packed closely together in a bottom right outside of the city limits.

These trailers have been here longer then I've been breathing.

Rusted tin cans forgotten in time. The world keeps turning while they stand still.

I drive through the park until I reach lucky number seven.

The sticker on the end has long faded, cracked, and peeled but the outline remains above my former bedroom window.

The truck that broke down when I was fourteen sits unmoved since the day the engine died.

Dad swore he'd get a new job to repair it but never did.

I park next to the heap of junk, grabbing the bag of medication as I exit the car.

Most of the snow and ice from yesterday has turned to slush.

I hope I don't get mud on the hem of my work pants.

I don't have time to go back to my brother's house to change.

The steps creak, the nails sliding up and back down with the boards. Chaser will have

to replace them before the old man goes through them. When I get to the door my dad is waiting with a toothless smile that breaks my heart. “Hey, Dad.”

“Gia, it’s great to see you girl. Come on in out of the cold.” He shuffles aside, and I follow him into the living room. He doesn’t get around as fast as he used to. “Sit down here.” He shoves his blankets to the floor.

“I can’t stay. I only stopped by to drop your medication off. Jelissa was held up with the baby.”

His face falls. “Oh. I see.”

Shit . My stomach churns at the smell of old garbage and the piled up dishes. When I look to the entertainment stand, I find all my pageant trophies, crowns, and ribbons on display and my heart crumbles.

“Tell everyone about my Gianna. Prettiest girl in all of Kentucky. Never was a beauty contest you couldn’t win.”

“Dad.” My throat grows tight. Tears burn in the backs of my eyes. “Have you eaten today?”

“Nah. Don’t worry about me. All these medications mess with my appetite.”

I stare at his scrawny appearance. “You should eat. My treat. I’ll take you to the Dairy Bar and get you a hotdog or whatever you want.”

“Preciate the offer, sis, but I stick to my liquid diet.”

“Should you be drinking on your pills? What’s all this for anyway?”

“Blood pressure and my ticker don’t work the way it used to. Doc’s got me on shit for my cholesterol too. Says I should eat better but the sooner my body gives out the better off I’ll be.”

“Why do you say that shit?”

“Nobody cares about me. Jelissa takes pity on me but you and Chaser been done with me for a long time. I know I wasn’t a decent father. Was a terrible husband. No one will miss me when I’m gone. I’ve made my peace with it. You should too. Shouldn’t have come back here. Nothing here for ya.”

“Yeah well Chaser, Jelissa, and Erik are here. I’m staying with them so if you need something you can call me, okay?”

“I do all right.”

“Right.”

“It was nice of you to stop by, Gia. Don’t come back. You always were meant for better people. A better life than this.” His words punch me straight in the gut. They shouldn’t hurt me, but they do. I don’t let my tears fall till my feet hit the last step.

“Gia?” My head snaps up at the sound of my name, and I quickly wipe around my eyes. “Thought that was you.”

“Jesse. Hey. Funny running into you again.”

“I’m next door at my grandma’s place. Well its mine now. Inherited the trailer when she passed away.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Eh, she was a hateful old bitch.” He chuckles, and I grimace because he’s not wrong. “How’s he doing today? I check in on him when he isn’t being a stubborn old bastard.”

“You do?”

His blue eyes darken. “Well yeah. Never stopped thinking about you. If I could go back, I’d change it all but the way I felt about you. ”

“That’s sweet, but that was a long time ago. I’m not the girl you knew.”

Jesse takes a step closer and wraps a lock of my hair around his finger. “I know that, but I want to get to know the new you.”

“Aren’t you with Donna?”

“Nah. That was business. She wants me to do a remodel on her bathroom. She’s married to Vic. He took over his old man’s used car lot. Girl like her was always attracted to money.”

“I need to get to work.”

“Just think about it. We were good together.”

“Yeah we were until we weren’t. How old is your daughter now?”

“I don’t have a kid.” He shakes his head, and his nostrils flare out wide. “Always believing the worst of me. Only ever loved you. Never cheated. I was faithful, but the moment they locked me up you cut me off.”

“That’s not true and you know it. I was sixteen.”

He grabs my upper left arm and squeezes. “You lost faith in me. I know I fucked up, but I’m here now and you’re back. Doesn’t that mean something to you?”

“Let go of my arm.”

Jesse has this wild look in his eyes that screams danger. “We aren’t over, Gia. Not by a long shot.”

My father opens the door to his trailer. “You okay, Gianna?”

“I’m fine, Dad. Jesse here was simply welcoming me home.” I jerk my arm out of his hold and get in the car without another word .

I turn the key, and nothing happens. “Are you kidding me.” I try it again and nothing. It’s like the battery has completely died.

Jesse taps on the driver’s side window. “Need a ride?”

I glance at the time on my cell phone. I need to be at work in fifteen minutes. Antonio wouldn’t fire me if I was late, but I don’t have time to sit around figuring out what’s wrong with Jelissa’s car either.

**

“Thanks for the lift,” I tell Jesse as I exit the passenger side of his car.

“Anytime. You need a ride home?”

“I got her covered,” Stud announces seeming to have appeared out of thin air. Before Jesse or I for that matter can respond, Stud is yanking me away and closing the passenger door .

“Excuse you,” I snap and try to get loose. I’ve had about enough of men thinking they can manhandle me today. “Hands off.” Stud lets go but he doesn’t give me any space.

“Why’s this dipshit giving you a ride? Told you I’d pick you up.”

“I don’t owe you an explanation.”

Another car door slams, and I glance over to see Jesse approaching Stud and me. Ugh. What is it with dudes and macho pissing contests?

“What’s your problem, man?”

“Move along, Lancaster. This doesn’t concern you.”

“Gianna is my business.”

Oh God they are doing that whole bumping of their chests thing.

“Both of you cut it out. I gotta go clock in. Jesse, I appreciate the ride, and I get that you think you still care about me. We were kids and life goes on. I want nothing but the best for you, truly. It’s just not going to be with me.”

He stares at his shoes then flashes me his panty dropping smile that is pure Jesse—heartbreaking and beautiful. “See you around, Gia.” He climbs in his car and takes off.

“As for you.” I poke Stud in the chest, and he grabs my wrist and pulls me into him. A thrill shoots through me as he gazes down at me wearing a big cheesy grin. “I like you, but I don’t know that I’m cut out for your lifestyle. The club. The girls. I don’t do drama and I don’t share my man.”

Tucking his thumb under my chin he forces me to meet his gaze. “There’s something between us. I want to know where it’ll take us, and I think you do too. You just put down your claim for me to your ex. ”

“No. I was letting him know there wasn’t a chance I’d ever want him back, so he’d leave me alone.”

“Where’s Jelissa’s car?”

“At my dad’s place. It wouldn’t start, and Jesse offered me a ride.”

He snorts. “That’s convenient.”

“You think he messed with her car. That’s dumb.”

“I’ll take a look at it. Tonight no taking rides from your ex.”

I nod. “Okay.”

“I’ll be here about ten thirty.”

“Later.” I start to move off when he pulls me back.

“Forgetting something again, babe.” Stud’s mouth comes down on mine and my leg lifts midway like in the movies.

I definitely love the way this man kisses me, but in the back of my mind I hear the warning bells.

They’re being rang by Maxi. I know I should tell him about our little run in at the pharmacy, but I’ve had enough drama for today, and my shift hasn’t even started.

Stud

“S ee you tonight, gorgeous.”

Gianna flashes me her pearly whites, and I enjoy the view as she struts into Pizza Palace nearly hypnotizing me with the way she moves them hips. I fire up a cigarette and dial Chaser.

“Found her. That fuckstick Jesse gave her a ride. She said she was at your old man’s and Jelissa’s car wouldn’t start. Convenient huh? Yeah. I’ll meet you there, man.”

I end the call and get back in my cage. I drive straight to the trailer park.

I’ve been here more than once with Chaser to line his dad out.

Fucker loves to hit the bottle and when he drinks, he gets meaner than a junkyard dog.

I pull in behind Chaser and that’s when I ascertain that Jesse is parked next door.

That shitstain better keep the fuck away from my woman.

Gianna may not realize it, but she was meant to be an Old Lady. The way she shut his shit down and laid it all out there proved she’s the kind of woman I not only need but that I want.

Chaser lifts the hood to the black Chevy Malibu. “Everything seems to be in order.

Try and start it.”

I climb in the driver’s side and adjust the seat to accommodate my six-foot frame. As soon as I turn the key she starts right up. Chaser closes the hood and I shut the car off, exit, and lock the doors. I toss him the keys, and he glares in the direction of Jesse’s trailer.

“Never liked that asshole.”

“You should know now that I’m serious about your sister. I dig her. ”

“Yeah caught that by the way you were drooling over her, feeding her them pancakes this morning. If she’s gonna date a brother, I’m glad it’s you. But that fucker is going to be a problem.”

“Gianna shut his ass down.”

“I don’t trust him. I’m gonna let the old man know that someone will swing back by for Jelissa’s car later and find out what he knows about his neighbor.”

“Call Jelissa. Tell her I’m swinging by to grab Gianna’s shit. I don’t like that asshole tampering with your Old Lady’s car or the way he looks at my woman. Prez gave me an upgrade. Got my own place today. Gianna will be safer on club property.”

“Fuck. You think she’s gonna go for that?” he shakes his head accompanied by a deep belly shaking laugh .

“She has no choice. He’s up to something, and I’m gonna find out what it is.”

“Hear that. I’ll tell Jelissa to expect you.”

“Later.”

“Just take care of my sister.”

“You can count it.”

I take off and drive straight to Chaser and Jelissa’s. She meets me at the door with Erik balanced on her hip. “She’s not gonna be happy with you or me.”

“Gianna will be all right. Prez upgraded my accommodations.”

The kid reaches for me, and Jelissa hands him over. I tickle his belly as I stroll through the front door and enter the living room.

“You really care for her, don’t you? Don’t bullshit me. Gianna is my best friend. More like a sister to me. If you do anything to hurt her, Chaser will be the least of your worries. ”

“Noted. What do you know about Jesse Lancaster?”

“That he’s a jerk. He cheated on Gianna when they dated and knocked some skank up. Got sent to the big house for armed robbery so they pretty much broke up after that.”

“You see him hanging around let me or Chaser know. He’s sniffing round Gianna and I get a bad vibe rolling off him.”

“I wasn’t going to say anything. I wanted to ask her about it first, but Leroy called me and told me that he saw Jesse grabbing her arm earlier. Said he didn’t like the looks of it.”

“I’ll handle it.”

“Good. Gianna deserves someone who will treat her right. Is that gonna be you?”

“I’m working on it. You packing her bags or am I? ”

“It’ll be faster if I do it. Can you keep an eye on little man?”

“Sure thing.” I drop into the recliner and kick back with Chaser’s mini spawn sprawled on my chest chewing on his fist. Part of me likes the idea of it too damn much. Those visions of Gianna, wedding bells, and babies comes rushing forward.

The thoughts warm me, and my chest squeezes tight. “What do you think, little dude? Should I claim your auntie and make her my Old Lady?”

Erik stares up at me and smacks at my face with his drool covered hand.

“All right. I promise I’ll treat her right. No need to get violent, bro.”

The front door opens and Chaser strolls in and shoots me a scowl. “Motherfucker, you look a little to comfy sitting in my chair and holding my boy.” He laughs and kicks off his boots before shrugging off his leather jacket and hanging it on the rack in the coat closet.

“Your old man have anything to say about Jesse?”

“Yeah. I don’t care for what he had to say, and I got an inkling you won’t be a fan either. Put Erik in his walker, and we’ll talk over a beer.”

I get the kid settled and meet Chaser at the bar in the kitchen. Erik is racing back and forth between the backdoor and the refrigerator. “Shit. Already got a taste for speed.”

I chuckle, and Chaser grins.

“That’s my boy.” He pops the cap off a bottle and passes it to me.

I take a swig and wait for him to share what Leroy had to say.

“Leroy says that Jesse has been asking after Gianna since she moved home. Wanted to know where she worked. Where she lived. What kind of car she drives. Asked if she’s married or had kids.

He didn’t think much about it. Thought Jesse was curious.

Dad didn’t even know Gianna was back in town until I told him about a week ago.

They haven’t exactly been close and kept in touch.

Now I could get him fishing for info about if she were married and if she’s happy, but I don’t trust him.

Not after he told me he saw him accost her outside today and manhandle her in a way that made him wish he owned a shotgun. ”

“Fuck.”

“Yup.” He takes a hard pull off his beer, and I have the urge to put my fist through that asshole’s face.

Jelissa enters the kitchen. “You two look ready to commit a murder. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Chaser mutters, shutting her out of the conversation, but being the wife of a biker, she’s used to being on a need to know basis.

“Right. I have Gianna’s necessities packed and waiting by the door. Make sure she calls me later.”

“Will do. Thanks, darlin’,” I kiss her cheek and finish my beer.

“You’re not staying for dinner?”

“Nah. Got shit to do but soon.”

“Take care of my bestie.”

“You can count on it.” I shoot her wink and head toward the door.

I hear Chaser telling Jelissa he’ll be back. “Care to drop me back at the car. I don’t like leaving it next door to that fucker.”

“No problem.”

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Gianna

“I think that’s for you.” Antonio nods toward the door and my heart skips a beat.

Stud. Have mercy. If the man gets any sexier, I might combust. He’s leaning against the doorway in his leather jacket with a white long-sleeved tee underneath paired with dark jeans and his riding boots.

Silver rings on at least four of his fingers on both hands that look like they’d do some serious damage in a fight.

His dark hair seems shorter and my belly flutters. He had a haircut.

Then I spot the red long-stemmed rose he’s holding. Shit . He’s got a sweet side.

“You ready to go? ”

“Yup.” I look back at Antonio and give him a small wave.

“See you next week.”

As soon as I reach Stud, he hands me the rose, brings me in close, gives me a squeeze, then tugs me out the door to his truck. I bring the rose to my nose once I’m belted in and he’s climbing in the driver’s side.

“Have you had dinner?”

“No. You?”

“Nope was waiting for you.” Again, with this sweetness that is so damn pure it makes my teeth ache.

The truck starts and Stud places his right hand on my upper left thigh, sending heat to all the right places.

“Need to tell you something, and I don’t want you to give me no lip or throw me any sass. It’s important.”

I straighten in the seat. “Okay. I’m listening. ”

“Told you I was seeing about a kitchen today.” He pulls onto the main road, and I notice he isn’t driving toward Chaser’s house, but I keep my mouth shut because I said I’d listen.

“Jesse Lancaster is bad news.”

“We already discussed this.”

“Babe, listen, remember?” I narrow my gaze at him but remain silent.

“From the moment he marked you back in the area he started working your old man for information. Started about two weeks ago. Wanted to know everything your father could share, but he didn’t know much being you hadn’t been close.

Got reason to believe he’s up to something and that he tampered with Jelissa’s car while you were at your dad’s place to get you alone.

I don’t know what he had planned, but we got eyes on him.

Until we know what he's planning you're with me. ”

That's a lot to take in, and Stud drives in silence allowing me time to process.

I mean yeah Jesse was a bit aggressive, but maybe after all this time he was simply curious and wanted to know how my life was before he approached me.

Would he hurt me? He doesn't have a reason to.

Maybe Stud is using this as his in. I don't know what to think. “What do you mean I'm with you?”

“Living situation has changed. Got all your stuff at my new place. So I mean not only are you with me as my woman, but you're living with me at least until we know what Jesse wants with you. And after if you wanna stay we'll figure out where we're at.”

“Whoa. Back up. Has Jesse threatened me?”

“No.”

“Has anyone threatened me?”

“No. ”

“Stud.”

“Look, I get how this might sound, but if Jesse is a threat do you want to chance him hurting Erik?”

Damn he's got me there. My nephew is the most precious thing in this world to me. Chaser's dark eyes and Jelissa's blond hair. He's adorable and perfect. If anything,

ever happened to him, and it were my fault, I don't know what I'd do.

"All right. I'll stay with you until you and Chaser figure out this thing with Jesse, but I'm sure he's harmless."

The truck slows to a stop. I was so caught up in our conversation I wasn't paying attention to where he was taking me.

"Where are we?"

"Home sweet home." He climbs out the driver's side and hurries around to the passenger door to help me out. It's too dark to tell much about the outside. Stud leads me up a set of wooden deck stairs, taking me in through the back door of a trailer.

The hallway light flickers on and we're standing in front of the laundry cove. We move to the kitchen. It's simple, bare, but also clean. "You got a kitchen." I say lamely.

"Told you I want to decide if that meatloaf is ring worthy."

"Dude."

"Don't dude me. I don't expect to sample it tonight, but sweetheart, I want a taste."

Grabbing my left hip with one hand, he slides my purse strap down my arm with the other.

I don't think he's talking about meatloaf.

My purse is placed on the counter behind us along with my rose.

Stud backs me up against it, and then he's on me.

Tongue delving between my lips and battling me for control .

I let go and give it to him.

Sliding a hand through my hair he kisses me hard then soft...rough and sweet. It's real nice. I adore this side of him a lot. His cell phone vibrates from his jacket pocket and he breaks away.

"Talk to me." Stud smiles at me, brushing his knuckles along my cheek. "Right. Bastard." His smile fades, his green eyes darkening with flashes of anger swirling through them. "Yeah. Alert came through I received it. We arrived a few minutes ago. Yeah. I'll talk to her. Later, man."

I wait till he lays his phone on the counter. "What is it?"

"Shit that I don't want spoiling this, but I'm afraid it's gonna."

"Spit it out and tell me, Stud. I'm a big girl. I can take it. "

"That was your brother. He called in some favors and the last girl Jesse dated nearly lost vision in one of her eyes he beat her so badly. He has a case pending against him for terroristic threatening and sexual assault."

My stomach rolls. "What?"

"I need you to trust me when I say this guy is bad news."

"I trust you."

“Good.”

“Chaser sent you pictures, didn’t he?”

“Yeah, babe. He did. You don’t need to catch sight of that shit though.”

“Show me. I want to know what he’s capable of.”

“He will never touch you. I’ll make damn sure he gets the message.”

“Stud. I don’t want you going after him. Let the law handle him. ”

“He needs to know that pieces of shit like him won’t be tolerated. I may be an outlaw. And darlin’, I’m no saint. I’ve done time for stealing cars, but there’s a line even I won’t cross, and that’s I’ll never fucking put my hands on you or any woman out of anger.”

“I believe you.”

“Perfect. Now let’s forget about that shitstain and get back to where we left off.” He dips his head, and I press against his chest.

“Show me what he did.”

“You’re not gonna let this go, are you?”

“Nope.”

“All right. You want a beer? Wasn’t sure what you like. Jelissa sent me a list of some of your favorites. So I got Diet Coke.”

“A beer sounds terrific.” I think I’m going to need something with what he’s about to show me and after all he’s told me .

Stud swipes his finger across his screen and hands me his phone. He’s the first guy who has just handed me his phone. Noah would have rather died than let me gander at his phone which should have told me all I need to know about him. I suck in a breath and tap on his messages.

The images load and I gasp. Tears spring to the corners of my eyes. The photos show a young woman with brown hair with dark dried blood crusted around the hairline. Her eyes and nose bruised and swelled up so much I can’t tell what she looks like.

“Told you it wasn’t pretty.”

“I thought I was prepared, but that’s just...”

“I know.” He wraps an arm around me.

“I could do with that beer now.”

“Can do. ”

Stud goes to the fridge, and I go into the living room trying to push those images far from my mind but failing. I kick my shoes off and plop down on the couch. I hear him popping the caps off the bottles before he joins me, minus his boots and leather jacket.

“Place came furnished but we can change out anything you want.”

“This is fine. I don’t want you going to the trouble. I mean, I might only be here a few days.”

Stud growls but doesn't make a comment. Instead he hands me my beer. "Picked up some Chinese takeout from that new place that opened last month. Jelissa mentioned you fancy it. It's in the fridge if you want any."

"I'm fine, but seriously I don't want you going out of your way for me. "

"I do it because I want to. Told you. I like you and want to explore this. I'm not in any hurry, but you know where I stand."

I don't know what to say. I'm still trying to wrap my mind around this situation with Jesse.

Stud

I take a hard pull off my beer. “You know where I’m at with this.” I get up and enter the kitchen needing to put some space between us before I jump her on the couch. That’s not what she needs from me right now as much as I want to take things to the next level.

“Maxi,” she says and leaves the conversation hanging.

“What about her?”

“Did you have a thing with her?”

“Does it matter?” I get the feeling she’s looking for a reason to push me away.

“I should have said something earlier. But its not really my place.”

“Babe, if you got something on your mind, I don’t ever want you to hold back. Not with me. ”

“I ran into her today. She was buying a pregnancy test, and she asked me not to say anything to you about it.”

“Okay and?” I finish my beer in one drink and toss the bottle in the trash can.

“So I need to know before I allow myself to get invested is it yours?”

“Fuck no. Never had my dick in her. She’s almost given me a blowjob that’s the truth. Last night I got the call to come tow your car before anything happened. No bullshit.”

Her lips tip into a smile. “She made it seem like you guys were...I don’t know.”

I cross the room and go to my knees in front of her.

I take Gianna’s hands in mine. “Maxi has been trying to get at me a while now. I almost fell into that trap, but I didn’t.

Her pride’s wounded. I kicked her out of my bed for you.

She saw an opportunity to cause a rift and took it.

She’s on her way out. Prez won’t put up with her mouthing off at Old Ladies. ”

“Good to know.”

“Anything else you want to know?”

I shake my head. “I’m going to get ready for bed. Where’s my stuff?”

“Back bedroom.” I get up and help her to her feet. “Figured you could put your stuff wherever you want it tomorrow. You want the shower first or second? Or we can share.”

“I’ll go first, but nice try.” I leave her to it and grab another beer to down while I flip through the Tv channels to pass the time, trying to ignore the fact that Gianna is getting naked down the hall.

I give it time for her to be in the shower, toss my beer, and head to the bedroom.

On my way I stop to check the thermostat.

Light glows from under the bathroom door and I find myself cheesing big time.

The scent of all her girly body wash and shampoo floats down the hallway.

In the bedroom her clothes are strung about, and I nearly trip over a box of shoes.

Never thought having a woman's shit around would make me this damn happy but it feels nice.

I shrug my shirt over my head and toss it at the laundry basket by the closet.

I spent all day moving shit and cleaning, hoping Gianna wouldn't put up a fight.

Would tie her to my bed if I had to. Hell, I still might.

I empty my pockets onto the dresser and drop my pants. Flicking on the lamp on the nightstand I then reach up and tug the chain on the ceiling fan to turn the main lights off, while leaving the fan rotating. It may be winter, but I still need the fan on while I sleep.

As I turn down the blanket and sheets, I hear the shower shut off. Anticipation pricks along my skin, wondering what she wears to bed. If I'm lucky not much of anything. Though I'll take Gianna any way I can have her.

The bathroom door opens, and I get settled on my side of the bed.

"Hey," her voice comes out soft and low.

I take a long look at her. Gianna is standing there in these fuzzy green pants with pink hearts printed on them and the matching tank top is stretched over her tits, her nipples showing through the thin fabric and I've never seen a sexier woman.

"You have a spare blanket? I can take the couch."

"We both know you aren't sleeping on the damn couch. Stop playing and get over here."

"I don't think it's a smart idea."

"Don't lie to me, babe. You know you want this as much as I do. "

"I..." she struggles to come up with an excuse, and I'm not messing around. I know what I want, and that's Gianna in my bed.

It takes me five steps to get to her. I swoop her up and over my shoulder. One palm to her ass as she squeals.

"Put me down, you big naked lug."

I drop her gently onto the mattress and go down with her. I lay on my side next to Gianna, stroking my fingers through her soft, silky, caramel colored tresses. "Tell me what you're thinking."

Her gaze meets mine. "Honestly. You terrify me. I'm so attracted to you it scares me that we are burning so hot and fast that we'll surely fizzle out and when that happens, I don't know if I'll survive the fall out.

I thought about you all freaking day. I'm into you, Stud, and I want to believe that what we got is real but it's risky. Your lifestyle is dangerous. "

“Can’t promise you that things will be easy, but I swear to you this, babe.

I’ll damn sure make it worth it. Don’t fight this.

Yeah, it’s fast and new, but you feel it.

We work. Let me show you how good we can be.

You don’t work the next three days. Spend’em with me.

Give me...no give us a chance at something that has potential to be the best either of us has ever had. ”

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Gianna

Put that way how I can I deny him or myself of what I know deep down I truly want to explore this thing we got going on with him. I don't reply, I allow my actions to do all the talking. I roll over him, straddling his lap.

Leaning forward almost touching my lips to his I ask, "You being real with me?"

"Yeah, baby. I'm giving it to you straight up.

No bullshit. I want you in my world. Can't get any clearer than that.

I want you in my bed and in my life in every way that counts.

I know we just met but fuck me, you mean something to me, Gianna.

"That's when I kiss him and let go. I stop holding back with him and go with what feels right.

Stud grips my hips as his thrusts upward, and I know that if he lives up to the promise of what being his Old Lady will entail once he fucks me its over.

I'll never want another man. I've never experienced anything even half as intense as the way he makes me feel.

"That's what I'm talking about," he growls against my lips.

“Stud?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut up and fuck me.”

Stomach shaking with laughter he wraps his arms around me tighter.

“You got it.” And boy does he make good on it.

Rolling me to my back he jerks my tank over my head, bringing that wicked mouth down on one of my nipples, sucking and teasing the delicate skin until it hardens then repeating with the other.

I run my hands down his smooth but muscled back.

Stud kisses his way up my throat and along my jaw before settling on my mouth again.

Kissing me hot and wet, plunging his tongue deep in my mouth tasting of beer and fueled by desire.

The man makes my body tingle, and I get all gooey inside and melty like hot fudge.

“This why they call you Stud?”

“I’d tell you, but you told me to shut up and fuck you.” He grins and slides down my body, yanking my pants off my hips as he goes. “Need to know if you’re on the pill, babe.”

“How many women you been with?”

“You wanna talk about this right now?” my pants go sailing over his head.

“Not really but it’s a conversation worth having.”

Stud grips my thighs and spreads them wide. “How many men you had?”

“Um... none. ”

His jaw goes slack, and he has this weird twinkle in his eyes. “You telling me that you’re a virgin?”

“Can we not make a big deal about this?”

“Babe, you just revealed you’re a virgin. It is a big deal.”

“Oh, god.” I let out a huff and throw an arm over my face. “Okay you want to talk about this. Let’s talk. I’ve fooled around before, and I own a vibrator. I’ve never gone all the way with a man before so no I’m not on the pill. I was waiting till I found the right guy.”

“So I’m your first?”

“Not if you don’t stop embarrassing me,” I grumble.

The bed shifts, and Stud looms over me, tugging my arm away. “Look at me.”

“No. ”

His knuckles stroke my cheek. “Baby, look at me.”

“What?”

“Fuck you’re cute.”

“Stop calling me cute. I’ve changed my mind. I don’t want you to fuck me. I don’t even know your name.”

“Isaac.”

I smirk. “You don’t look like an Isaac.”

“No? What do I look like then?”

“I don’t know. I expected you to have a jerk name.”

“Now you’re being adorable.”

“That’s another word for cute,” I mumble as his lips come down on mine and all the fight leaves me, but then I remember he didn’t answer me. I break away. “How many women, Isaac? ”

“Love my name on those lips, sassy pants. You really want to know the answer to that?” The sincerity in his eyes has me shaking my head. I don’t need to know.

What matters is that he’s with me now. Covering my body with his, my man gives it to me sweet and gentle.

Hitching my knee on his hip, Isaac takes his time kissing me soft and slow.

The way the first time for every woman should be.

Moving his hand between us, he cups my sex.

“Fuckin’ soaked for your man,” he growls.

“You’re mine, Gianna. No turning back. No escaping it. ”

His hand disappears and the head of his cock prods against the crotch of my wet panties. I flex my hips seeking more friction, needing him inside me.

“Tell me you’re mine.”

“I’m yours,” I whisper against his lips .

“Right answer.” His thumbs slip under the waistline of my black cotton bottoms and tug. I lift my hips and Stud tugs them off and comes back at me there with his mouth.

“Oh yes, Stud,” I pant, grabbing hold of his hair and giving him a yank as he tongues my pussy.

He stops and gazes up at me through hooded eyes. “You wanted my name, and I gave it to you. When you’re in our bed you call me by my name.”

“Noted.”

“Good.” He grins lazily and continues to stare.

I cup his chin. “Now that you got that out of the way can we um get back to...”

“Right. Except I’ve changed my mind. Want you sitting on my face.” My man moves to his back and pulls me toward him. “You ever done a sixty-nine, babe?”

I shake my head.

“Straddle my face and sit facing that way,” Isaac instructs, and I feel stupid but do what he says.

“Like this?” I hover over his face and wordlessly he grips my thighs and buries his tongue inside me coming at me faster with more intensity.

Yeah .

Like.

That .

Sweet lord my eyes roll back in my head as he spreads my ass cheeks rubbing his thumb against my forbidden zone. My knees shake. No one has ever touched me there before. My body rocks, and I ride his face .

One hand leaves my ass, and I watch with utter fascination as Isaac grips his thick length and starts stroking himself. I find myself leaning forward wanting to know what it'd be like to have him in my mouth.

Unsure of what I'm really doing I trust my instincts and desires to lead me.

I place my hand over his and mimic the motion while wrapping my lips around the head.

An encouraging groan hums against my clit so I flatten my tongue, allowing more of him into my mouth.

My jaws burn and stretch to accommodate his size, but it aches in the best way.

Isaac lifts my hips and says, “You keep that up and I'm gonna come.

” Sliding out from under me he rolls me to my back and leans over me.

“You ready for me, Gianna?” he pushes two fingers in and grins as I gasp and flex my hips, arching my back.

“Yeah. You’re ready.” My legs fall to either side and he settles between them, guiding the head of his cock toward my slick heat. “You trust me?”

I nod. “I trust you.”

“You want me to wear a rubber now’s the time to speak up. Once I sink inside you, I’m not pulling out till we’ve both had our fill. That means I’m coming in you, and we both know what can happen.”

I gulp, but I want him. “I don’t want anything between us.” I know its careless, but it feels right.

I’m rewarded with another one of his brilliant smiles that I’m growing addicted to. The thick head of his dick presses against me, and I welcome the intrusion as he inches further in. My muscles spasm and stretch. My vibrator is going in the trash if it already feels this fantastic.

“Fuck, Gianna. So tight and wet for your man.” Isaac surges his hips forward and enters me fully. I sense him everywhere at once. His hands, his lips, and his cock. “You with me?”

“Mhmm,” I moan against his lips, tasting myself there.

Needing no encouragement, he starts to move.

His body rocking in sync with mine. The thread holding all my control unravels like a

spool rolling across the floor.

Isaac makes love to me slow and steady until I can't take it anymore.

A shudder rakes through me, my body quakes, and I experience a world-shattering orgasm.

He stills inside me long enough to give me a kiss.

"You good, babe?"

I squirm in response.

"Yeah, you're good." Hooking his arm under my knee, he draws out slow and comes back in fast and hard. My body jolts. He braces a hand on the headboard, driving into me deeper and harder .

I didn't think multiple orgasms were a real thing until tonight. My pussy walls squeeze and contract around him.

"That's my girl, come on your cock."

Heavy breaths leave my lips, and I pant into his mouth.

Stroking deep and fast he hammers into me over and over again, banging the bed against the wall until his body quivers against mine, his cock jerks inside me, and his warmth flows into me.

Isaac drops his forehead to mine. "Fuck, baby, you're god damned perfect."

"Do you say that to all the girls?" I tease him.

Sweat glistens on his brow. “Only you.”

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

I saac takes me into the bathroom for a quick shower.

I admit that the intimacy he's showing me, looking back at the past with Jesse and Noah there's no comparison to the way this man makes me feel.

Cherished and wanted. Like I'm the only woman in his world.

Yeah, it's fast and crazy. I'm sure people would call this lust and maybe it is, but when he looks at me there's this connection I can't explain.

There aren't words for it. His soul speaks to mine in a way I thought only happens in romance novels and movies.

Or you know stories you hear about I know someone who knew a guy.

"Whatcha thinking about?" He wraps a towel around my shoulders, hugging me to his front from behind .

"That I enjoy this."

His lips brush along the back of my neck. "Me too. Let's get some sleep. Want you rested up for tomorrow."

"What's tomorrow?"

His gaze meets mine in the mirror. “Plan on fucking you all day in every room, and then we’re going to get some shit so you can cook me that meatloaf to judge if its ring worthy.”

I spin around and stare at him wide eyed.

“I said what I said. Knew the moment you opened that smart mouth that I wanted to put my dick in it to shut you up.”

My mouth drops. “You’re an ass.”

He shrugs. “Least I’m honest and you’ll always know where shit stands with me.”

“I don’t know if that’s a good or bad thing. ”

“You can sleep on it and let me know in the morning. Now watch out, need to brush my teeth.” He slaps my ass, and I shake my head.

“I’ve fallen for a crazy person,” I mutter and go to the bedroom to find new pajamas.

Minutes later I’m laying in bed nearly asleep when Isaac slides in on the other side and hauls me across the bed.

“I was comfortable.”

“Now you can be comfortable over here with me.”

“You’re such a jerk.”

“You seemed to enjoy my being a jerk when I was inside you.” Heat shoots up my spine. He’s not wrong. I more than enjoyed it.

“That was then, and this is now.”

“So you’re saying as long as my dick is in you I can be a jerk.”

“Exactly. ”

“You’re such a cute nut.”

“Stop calling me cute.”

“Shut up and go to sleep.”

“Don’t tell me to shut up. You shut up.”

“Keep running that mouth and I’m gonna stick my dick in it.”

“No you won’t.”

“Don’t challenge me, Gianna. You’ll lose but at least my dick will get sucked by that pretty mouth you got.”

“Yup I’m going to the couch.” I try to roll away, but he pins me to the mattress.

“You go to the couch I’ll just bring you back here and tie you to the bed.” His lips touch mine, and I feel him smile.

“I don’t like you very much right now.”

His hand slides between my legs. “Liar. ”

“Leave me alone. Some of us are trying to sleep.”

“Who’s this us? You got a friend hiding under the bed I don’t know about?”

“Oh my God you know what I mean,” I huff.

“You getting mad? You cranky, babe?”

“No, I’m tired and hungry.”

“So you’re hangry?” he tickles my ribs and I swat at him.

“I’m going to kill you if you don’t leave me alone.”

He lets go and rolls away. “Where are you going?”

“To get you some food. Afraid if I don’t you might bite my dick off when I shove it between them lips.”

I grab a pillow and chuck it at him as he roars with laughter. “You’re not funny. ”

“I see your lips twitching. You’re about to crack a smile.”

“Am not.”

“Are too.”

“You gonna stand here and argue or are you going to feed me?”

“Damn my woman has a sassy mouth,” he calls out as he goes down the hallway toward the kitchen. The light flicks on, and I hear him pilfering through the fridge and cabinets. Minutes later he returns with a plate holding two sandwiches and some chips with a can of Diet Coke tucked under his arm.

“I can’t eat all that,” I tell him as I sit up in the bed.

“One’s for me. You about near killed me. Burned off everything I’ve had to eat in the past week.” He chuckles, and I think long and hard about slapping him upside the head with one of the sandwiches but settle on letting him feed me instead.

Isaac gets half his sandwich ate when his phone starts buzzing from his nightstand.

“Lo,” his voice comes out all husky and rough and my insides get all gooey again.

“You’re shitting me. When? God damn, man.

That’s terrible. Appreciate the update. Yeah.

I’ll be there. Later.” He discards his cell phone back to the nightstand and scrubs a palm over his eyes.

“Something wrong?”

“You know a Donna Phillips?”

“What about her?”

“Call came over the scanner. Her husband came home from a trip and found her beaten, gagged, raped, and robbed. Said Jesse is the suspect.”

The sandwich I was eating nearly comes back up. “Oh my God. She was with him the other night at Pizza Palace. He said she wanted to hire him to remodel her bathroom.”

“He’s dangerous and come unhinged. Until he’s caught you don’t leave my sight.”

“I never thought he could be capable of something like this. He grabbed my arm outside of my dad’s. I’ve never gotten along with Donna, but I hope she’s okay.”

“She’s alive but that’s all I know.”

I nod. A million thoughts are running through my mind. None of them happy.

“Babe?”

“What?”

“He won’t get to you. I won’t let him.”

“I know.” And I do believe Isaac will do anything he can to keep me safe. I get the sensation I’ve known him my whole life.

“You done with this? ”

“Yeah. Go ahead.” He takes the plate back to the kitchen, and I snuggle deeper into the covers, but I don’t think I’ll be doing much sleeping tonight. Not knowing Jesse is out there somewhere hurting women.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

It's been over a month since I moved in with Isaac.

No one has seen or heard from Jesse. The police haven't been able to locate the car he forced Donna to give him the keys to off her husband's car lot either.

My dad says the police have been by a few times asking questions, but he's not been back to his trailer next door.

I hate not knowing where he is or what he could be planning, but I won't be ruled by fear either.

I go into work and continue to live my life, but I know that someone from the club is always close by.

Antonio wasn't exactly happy that I needed a personal bodyguard to come to work, but he understands the why after photos of Donna were leaked in the local newspaper.

I think they were hoping it would force whoever is aiding Jesse to come forward but nothing so far.

Not even the ten thousand in cash reward her husband is offering for his capture.

My cell phone vibrates with a call from Jelissa.

“What’s up?”

“We’re going out tonight. I’ve got a babysitter and Chaser said he’d make sure it’s safe so Stud can’t be a dick and keep you to himself any longer. I’ve not spent any time with you in forever.”

“We had dinner two nights ago.”

“That doesn’t count. And besides this is Old Lady’s night. Everyone is coming because your man has been keeping you on such tight lockdown, we haven’t gotten to officially welcome you to the fold.”

“He’s going to say no. ”

“Leave it to me. I gave it to Chaser good this morning, so I talked him up. You need to do the same when Stud gets out of church.”

I shake my head though I know she can’t see me.

“Put on something sexy and jump his bones the moment he marches through the door. I gotta go get Erik’s bag ready to stay with my cousin. I mean it. You better be ready at seven we’re doing drinks then dancing. I need this. I deserve a night of fun.”

“Fine. Okay. What the hell should I wear?”

“Nothing. Be at the door naked holding a beer. Works like a charm on your brother.”

“I didn’t need that last bit of information. I was talking about tonight. I don’t want to look stupid in front the others.”

“Just be you. Trust me they will love you. I’ll come over after Lindee picks up Erik,

and we can get ready together while Chaser and Stud hangout.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

“Catch you later.”

I end the call and run to the bedroom. Jelissa was right about one thing.

Isaac will need some persuading, and I’m not above giving him a blowjob to get my way.

I love spending time with him, but I want to get out of this trailer other than going to work or to the grocery store.

Opening the top drawer of the dresser, I search for my sexiest bra and coordinating undies.

I have a red set I’ve been saving that I forget all about.

I had them on reserve for when I thought Noah and I would sleep together.

His loss. I grin and tear off the tags. In the bathroom I touch up my makeup and run my fingers through my hair and tease the roots a jig to give me a little volume.

I’m going for seductive and hope my badass biker likes what he sees when he trudges through the front door.

I lotion up, dab some perfume on my inner wrists, and go to the living room to wait.

Shutting the Tv off I wonder if I should get him a beer now or wait till after. I don’t get a chance to decide. The front door swings open, and I put what I hope is a sexy

smirk on while batting my lashes when Isaac stomps in followed by my brother.

Chaser coughs, his cheeks turning beet red. I let out a yelp and go running down the hallway.

“You don’t need me here for this. Looks like Jelissa’s been giving her pointers.” My brother chuckles, and I hear the front door close as I grab my robe off the bed and hurry to shrug it on.

“Babe,” I hear Isaac calling as he enters the bedroom, but I’m too damn embarrassed to face him. My brother walked in on me in my sexy undies. Granted it isn’t much different than a bathing suit but still. He didn’t need to witness that.

His hands land on my hips then the robe is jerked down my arms. “All this for me?”

“Well it sure as hell wasn’t meant for Chaser.”

“Such a smartass.” He tilts my face up. “Gimme’ that mouth.”

I can’t deny him. Especially when he’s looking all sexy and badass in his leather cut and dark jeans. My lips meet his hot and demanding. Those strong hands go around to my backside giving me a possessive squeeze.

“This about you wanting to butter me up so you can go out with Jelissa and the girls tonight?”

Shit . I bite my bottom lip. “Nope. ”

“Fuckin’ liar, babe.” His hand slides between my legs and he rubs a finger along the crotch of my panties. “Appreciate you in red, but I’ll love you a lot more naked. Should spank that ass for lying to me.”

“This mean you don’t mind if I go?”

“Depends on how convincing you are.” He unhooks my bra and pushes me onto the bed gently.

He starts to remove his cut. I go to my knees and tell him over my shoulder. “Leave it on.”

“You wanna play, huh?” he gets this soft dreamy expression in his eyes that’s so damn sexy as he unzips his jeans and then grabs my ankles to pull me to the foot of the bed. “How fond of these are you?” he hooks his fingers under the waist of my panties.

“I’ve never worn them before. ”

“Perfect. You haven’t had time to grow attached,” he says, then rips them clean off my ass.

“Dude.”

“What’d you call me?” his palm connects with my ass cheek. Not too hard but not entirely gentle either.

“Honey,” I pant.

“That’s more like it.”

**

After my man gave it to me good, he took me to the Dairy Bar to get a chili dog, fries, and a milkshake on the back of his Harley.

I suck down the last of my strawberry shake and wait while he chats up one of his brothers. His patch says Jagger and he has a little boy with him who doesn't look a thing like him. I watch them do some stupid macho hand slap thing before parting ways .

“That was Jag and his nephew. You'll meet his Old Lady Patience tonight.”

“You're letting me out.”

“Planned to let you go anyway. Prez got word that they located the car Jesse stole and there was a team moving in on him about six hours away from here.”

“They got him?” I sigh in relief.

“Seems so.”

“That's great news.”

“Yeah. Come on. I'll get you home so you can get all dolled up with Jelissa.”

Gianna

“Fuck me,” I hear Isaac mutter when I saunter out the bedroom wearing the little red dress I had purchased for the blind date Jelissa tried to set me up on. “Definitely love you in red. That’s it, party’s over you gotta stay home with me so I can fuck you in that dress.”

“You can fuck her all you want after I get her wild and drunk,” Jelissa cuts in. “Right now, she’s all mine. You’ve been hogging her all to yourself for weeks. It’s my turn.”

“Whatever,” he mutters, and I move in to give him a kiss on the cheek, but Isaac turns his head and pulls me in for a slopping wet kiss that has my toes curling.

“Don’t ruin her makeup. I worked hard on it. ”

“Jelissa.”

“What?”

“Leave him alone,” I murmur against his lips.

“Ugh. You guys are gross.”

“They’re in heat. It’ll wear off eventually,” Chaser says, coming back in from getting the car seat out the back of Jelissa’s car.

Isaac flips him the bird and gives me one more kiss. “Have fun tonight.”

“She will.” Jelissa grabs my hand and tugs me toward the door.

“Don’t worry. Got a few prospects who are gonna look after them.”

“I heard that,” Jelissa calls out. “We don’t need a babysitter.”

“Yes, you do. If I didn’t have to work, I’d be there myself,” Isaac grumbles at us as we leave .

“Finally. Shew. Girl’s night. Woohoo,” my sister-in-law chants as I slide into the front passenger seat. “We gotta pick up Tina and Camreigh. Patience, Darlene, and Baby are meeting us there.”

“Baby?”

“Yeah. Grim’s daughter and married to Striker the VP of the club. Her dad is a crazy old bastard who founded the MC you’ll bump into the old coot at some point.”

Jelissa drives a little way and turns down another road that leads to a few double wide homes. She stops at the first one and blows the horn. A few minutes later two women come out and get in the back.

“Cam and Tina meet Gianna. My bestie and Chaser’s sister.”

“Nice to put a face to the name. We’ve heard a lot about you. Mostly that you brought Stud to heel. Which I can tell why. You’re gorgeous, girl. You sure you’re related to Chaser?” The blonde one questions.

“Hey,” Jelissa complains.

“You know I’m kidding. But seriously though you must have a magic snatch. I’ve

heard tales of Stud being infamously single and we all knew it'd take someone special to win his heart. I'm Camreigh by the way. Cam for short."

"It's great to meet you. Both of you."

We get to the club after I learned about Camreigh and her pack of hellions. Seems her man Sawyer likes to keep her knocked up so her getting a night out while not pregnant is super rare.

Jelissa's other friend Baby couldn't make it, but Darlene and Patience already have a table and a pitcher of margaritas waiting on us.

I've spoken to Darlene on the phone but haven't met her in person, but it's as though I know her already and take up the seat next to her.

She has an on again off again relationship with Dutch.

I fall into conversation with girls easy enough. I can tell Cam and Tina are super close like Jelissa and me. Darlene and Patience are more to themselves but still talkative and friendly. I like them and hope we can do this once a month.

I've not ever had a real big group of friends. Even in high school I only had Jelissa.

About an hour into dancing and our second pitcher of drinks everything goes to shit. Jelissa is pushing her chair back to go to the bathroom when Maxi approaches her.

"I didn't think they'd let a fat ass like you in to scare off all the men." Jelissa put on weight from her pregnancy. I think her curves are beautiful, but she's sensitive about the topic and Maxi picked the wrong night to tango with her .

The next thing I know the chair goes flying back and her hand wraps around Maxi's

throat as she's rearing a fist back to punch her in the face.

"Oh shit." Patience moves out of the way when they fall onto the table and our pitcher of drinks spills out.

I jump out of my chair unsure of what to do.

Jelissa is laying it on her and the other girls are keeping people from intervening until two prospects I recognize from seeing around the clubhouse shove their way to us.

One grabs Jelissa, and Darlene starts hitting him with her purse as the other gets hold of Maxi.

The club security is rushing forward, and a hand snakes around my waist. At first, I wonder if Isaac is here, but I'm pulled further into the crowd away from my friends.

Then I hear his voice and I freeze. My blood runs cold at the lethal tone he takes with me.

"You're coming with me," Jesse grits in my ear as he presses his handgun in my back .

"You don't wanna do this."

"Shut up or I start shooting holes in all your friends, bitch." I look out into the club at Jelissa and the other Old Ladies who came out with us tonight. They have husbands and children. They accepted me into their fold without question. I can't let Jesse hurt them.

"Okay. Just promise me you won't hurt anyone."

“Let’s go.” He jerks on my arm and starts tugging me further down the hall toward the back exit.

Once we are out the door and cool air washes over my skin, I let out a breath of relief that is short lived because Jesse is forcing me into the back of a van. The second I’m inside he jerks my hands behind my back. I’m so stunned that I don’t even fight him at first.

He’s going to do me exactly how he did Donna and the other girl if I don’t do something quick. I pull my legs to my knees to kick but miss when I release and that earns me a punch to the face that sends my head knocking back against the metal interior paneling.

“Stupid, bitch. You ruined my life,” he screams at me as spit flies from his mouth and lands on my cheek that’s now stinging with pain from his fist. “Gonna pay for ruining my life.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Shut up.” He shoves a dirty rag in my mouth and climbs into the driver’s seat. The van takes off quickly, and I bounce all around the back. My shoulder slams against the back of his seat, but he ignores me as I whimper, while trying not to panic.

“Do you know what happened to me in prison? The second day I was there I was made someone’s bitch.

There were four of them. They took their turns holding me down and taking what they wanted.

I’d never been there in the first place if it wasn’t for you wanting better than we had.

You always thought you were so much better than the rest of us, but you're trailer trash like me, and that's all you'll ever be remembered as when I'm through with you. ”

Panic and anxiety bubbles in my throat. My lungs burn, and I struggle to breathe. Tears stream down my face, and I wonder where he is taking me. He doesn't drive far. The van comes to a stop, and he curses to himself under his breath as he comes around the van to open the side door.

“Don't try anything stupid.” Jesse waves the gun at my face. I peer around him and hope blooms in my chest. He brought me to the trailer park. The guy is either seriously stupid or thinks no one is still looking for him. Which brings up the question: how did he get away?

Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Stud

This fuckin' blows. It's my night to be on call for tows and Gianna is out with her girls looking fit as fuck in that come fuck me red dress. I know I can't lock her away and keep her all to myself though that's exactly what I'd prefer to do.

Jesse should be in lockup where he can't get to her, and yet I have to restrain myself from calling or texting every ten minutes to check in.

Woman has her spell on me. The past month has been better than I ever imagined.

And fuck me she makes meatloaf better than my mom does and that's saying something.

Gianna and I are supposed to ride up and visit with her and my pop's next weekend if Antonio lets her have the time off.

Told her she doesn't have to keep working there but she says she doesn't want to depend on me, and I get it.

My girl is independent. Which is why I'm playing shit cool for now.

If I get my way, she'll be knocked up soon enough.

Then I can convince her to stay home with the baby.

If she isn't pregnant already. It won't be from lack of trying on my part.

The phone rings and I'm happy for the interruption. "Black Rebel towing, Stud speaking."

"Get to The Drink now," Chaser growls in the line and hangs up. Fuck.

I plug a cigarette between my lips and hop on my Harley and ride out.

The Drink is an easy twenty minutes away, but if I hammer down it, I can make it half that.

When I get to the club two police cars are out front with their lights on.

Jelissa and Maxi are sitting on the sidewalk in cuffs.

What the fuck? Jelissa's hair is wild and her dress is torn.

Her titty is practically popping out, but Maxi seems to have gotten the worst end of the deal.

Split lip, busted nose. Shit . She got her ass whooped.

I park my bike and scan the crowd for Gianna. Maybe she's still inside.

I glance back at the police cars to determine if she's in the back of one of their cruisers.

I know my girl has a mouth on her. It'd be my luck for her to be looking so damn fine tonight and catch a charge so I can't enjoy peeling that dress off her tonight.

I approach Camreigh, Tina, Patience, and Darlene who appear to be in some chick huddle exchanging whispers.

“Where’s my girl at?”

They all go quiet and Chaser pulls me aside. “Don’t lose your shit.”

“Where the fuck is Gianna?”

“Don’t even know how to tell you this. I’m still trying to wrap my head around it.

I just got word that it wasn’t Jesse they picked up today with the stolen car.

Apparently he targeted a guy who looks similar to him and chained him to the bed in a motel room, robbed him, and stole his plumbing van.

Maxi picked a fight with Jelissa, and during the scuffle Gianna disappeared. ”

I clench my fist. “I’m gonna fucking kill him. Swear to fuck.” I start toward my bike, and Chaser jerks me back by my shoulder.

“Don’t be stupid. We’ll find her.”

“It’s not your woman he’s got. The club get anything on video?”

He shakes his head, and I wanna fucking punch something or someone. “No it’s my sister, and I want to find her as much as you do, but we gotta play it cool. We got eyes on us. They know the situation.”

Maxi winks at me, and my blood boils at the sight of her. Can’t believe I ever considered letting that bitch touch my dick. I stomp to her and jerk her up off the sidewalk. “Where is she? ”

“Hey, man.” One of the cops tries to get between us but something about the feral

look in my eyes has him backing off.

“Why’d you start shit tonight, huh? Jesse put you up to it?”

“He said he’d kill me if I didn’t help him. I’m sorry, Stud.”

“You’re only sorry your ass got caught. Where’d he take her?”

“I don’t know anything, I swear it.”

“You’re fucking finished. Don’t ever step your ass back on Black Rebel property. You hear me?”

“Yo, Stud.Pizza.”

“Pizza?” Fuck, that’s our code word for if something were to happen to Gianna when we first found out about Jesse. I let go of Maxi and follow him over to my bike .

“My old man called. There’s movement at Jesse’s trailer, and he thinks he saw Gianna through the window. Told him to wait till we get there but he was drunk and talking wild out of his head.”

“What are we waiting for?”

“Back up.” The minute he says it Dutch, Jagger, Sawyer, Vegas, Outlaw, and Jonsey ride up. Chaser gives them the run down and we ride out. He’s got one of the prospects on Jelissa in case she gets taken in, but most likely they’ll cut her loose.

We pull off about a mile from the trailer park. Don’t want that bastard to hear us coming. If Jesse’s touched one hair on her head, I’ll fucking gut him. We ditch our bikes and stalk toward the trailer park. Silent but fucking deadly.

We get halfway there when a gunshot rings out. Dogs start barking and porch lights are flickering on. I take off at a dead sprint running as fast my legs will carry me.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Gianna

Jesse has me inside his grandma's trailer and shoved down on the couch. I've not been inside this trailer since he went away ten years ago. Nothing has changed. As if I've gone back in time and stepped into a capsule or a vault that's been frozen in place.

The same green glass candy dish still sits on the same coffee stained doily.

I can't help but wonder if it's still the same strawberry candy inside.

I never asked Jesse when she passed away.

Not that I suppose it matters. There's a funky smell, making me want to gag but I'm afraid of sucking the nasty rag between my lips further into my mouth.

Jesse's pacing back and forth across the floor muttering to himself .

His gaze meets mine. "I'll take the gag out if you promise not to scream."

I bob my head in agreement.

"You know I thought if life didn't turn out that great for you that I could move on with mine and forget the past. I tried to let bygones be bygones.

But then your father told me about your cushy job at the bank and your rich banker boyfriend, and I thought ain't life a bitch, just like you.

I did my homework and found out you were back in town.

Of course the precious fuckin' Gianna wouldn't tell her own father she was back home.

Stuck up cunt is what you are. Paid Noah a visit.

He told me how you were still a virgin and wouldn't give it up to him, but you fucked Stud, didn't you?

Gave it up to him the first night. Guess all I needed was a motorcycle to make you spread those legs, huh? "

"Jesse, please. I don't know what you think I did, but I swear to you I only wanted the best for you."

"Fucking went to prison for you and never even got a fucking thank you for it. I was fucked up the ass for years while you were out living it up and buying your fancy clothes and brand-new car."

"I worked for everything I ever got. I never asked you to do a damn thing for me."

Fire blazes in his eyes, and he stomps toward me in possession of a knife I didn't notice he had till now.

Pressing the blade to my throat he glares at me.

I did everything for you. The minute I saw you up close I thought I could make it work.

We'd pick up where we left off, but you shut me down.

Snubbed your nose at me. Thought you were better than me because you had gotten out of Drag Creek for five minutes.

Now look at you. A biker's whore living in another trailer. ”

He makes no sense. He's talking out of his head. One minute he wanted to leave me alone, the next he wanted me back. He's making my head spin. The knife glides down my throat but he doesn't press it into my skin.

“Don't be scared, Gia. I'm not gonna kill you. I want you to experience what I did those first days in prison. Scared and cut off from the people you love. I'm gonna bend you over in the shower and make you beg me to stop.”

I observe movement outside the big window that overlooks the front porch. I go rigid and hope Jesse didn't notice me staring.

“Are you listening, Gianna. I'm gonna fuck your brains out like they did me. I wanna hear you beg. Get up.” He grabs me up under the armpit of my sore shoulder and I wince. “That's more like it. ”

The front door opens and my father charges at Jesse.

“Run Gia. Run,” he shouts, and I'm torn between escaping and staying to help him fight off Jesse, but I know the smart thing is to go for help.

I make a split decision to run as my father and Jesse go down on the coffee table wrestling for the knife.

I lost my shoes in the back of the van and the moment my feet hit the gravel outside rocks jab the soles of my feet.

I don't know which way to turn. I run hoping to find someone home but want to get far enough away from Jesse before I try to knock on any doors.

I make it three doors down when I hear a gunshot pop off.

The dogs start howling and porch lights flash on.

"Get back here, Gia. I'm not through with you." My heart sinks, I know Jesse shot my dad, and if I don't hide, he'll shoot me next. I dart behind one of the trailers and crouch behind the trash cans. "Come out. Come out wherever you are. You can run but you can't hide."

A hand clamps over my mouth, and I start to bite when I smell the familiar scent of Isaac's cologne. "Shh, baby. It's me I got you," his furry lips grate against the shell of my ear.

I let out a hiccupping sob into the palm of his hand as he works at freeing my wrists that are bound behind my back. Relief floods me and I twist into his hold and cry. "I think he killed my dad." I cry harder.

I hear shouts and police sirens, but I can't focus on anything but the fact that I'm in my man's arms and the reality my father may not be alive.

Police cruisers fly past us coming to a screeching halt in front of Jesse's trailer.

Dust from the gravel settles, and I witness Jesse being detained by my brother and two other members of his club while the police circle them with their weapons drawn.

Chaser shoves Jesse forward, and he falls to his knees.

They must've kicked the shit out of him quickly. Blood is seeping from his abdomen.

Isaac escorts me to my brother and goes to the trailer to check on my dad while Jesse is arrested. Chaser wraps his arms around me in a bear hug. “Glad you’re okay, brat.”

“Me too, but Dad.” I choke back a sob.

“Easy now. I’m sure he’s okay. I told him to hang back when he called it in.”

I shake my head. “He saved me. Jesse was threatening me, saying what he wanted to do to me, and Dad busted in. He told me to run so I did.” I bury my face into his chest. He rubs soothing circles along my back, but it does nothing to ease the anger and pain I’m feeling.

I glance back as one of the cop’s shoves Jesse into the back of his cruiser.

The other approaches us as Isaac exits Jesse’s trailer with a somber expression on his face.

“Gonna need you to come down to the station to give your statement.”

I nod and look back to my man. His gaze drops to his shoes and back to me. He shakes his head once, and I would collapse if my brother wasn’t holding me. “Best call the coroner. Two bodies inside.”

My head jerks. “Two?”

“Old lady in the back bedroom. I’m guessing she’s been there a long while and explains the smell.”

Some of the neighbors have come closer to investigate what’s going on. I hear them murmuring but have no clue what they are saying.

Chaser shuffles me to Isaac. He tells the officer he'll bring me by the station. It's the last thing I want to do but I know the sooner I do the sooner this will all be over.

**

One Week Later

"Babe. It wasn't your fault. Your father knew what he was doing, and he did it to save you because deep down he did love you even if he had a bad way of showing it."

I sniffle and press the tissue under my eyes then to my nose.

"I know." I know what he says is true, but my father wouldn't have been fighting with Jesse if it weren't for me.

Jesse blamed me for everything bad that had gone wrong in his life, and while I know he was wrong I can't help but shoulder some of that guilt.

I don't want to think this way, but I do.

I have an appointment with a grief counselor later this week, but today I have to bury my father .

Jesse didn't last one night in his holding cell.

They found him hanging by his bed sheet in his cell the next morning at the jail.

I'm not sure if Chaser, Isaac, or their club had anything to do with that or not, but I'm glad he's gone so he can't hurt anyone else.

I never liked Donna but even she didn't deserve what he did to her. I wouldn't wish

that on anyone.

Isaac gives me a sympathetic smile. He's all sexy in a pair of black dress pants and a matching black button-down shirt. I smile when I take in his riding boots. My badass biker.

"You ready to go?"

I let out a breath and nod. We had my father cremated and Chaser and I are holding a small vigil for him at the lake where we are spreading his ashes.

He used to love to drink his beer and fish all day long when we were kids.

Some of my favorite memories are with him and Chaser at his favorite fishing hole.

I'd scream and squirm as my brother would chase me with a worm.

Dad would laugh and crack open another beer.

My mom was still around back then and even she'd go with us.

That was back before she cheated on him with his best friend and skipped town.

Back before he started to drink from sunup till sundown.

We were a happy family. I wish things could've gone differently, but I'm thankful my Dad saved me.

He gave his life for mine, and I hope that I continue to make him proud.

When Chaser and Jelissa went to lock up the trailer they found a box with my name

on it.

I thought my dad didn't go to my pageants.

He'd say he was there, but I never saw him, and eventually I gave up searching for him in the crowds, but he was there.

He recorded every single pageant with commentary.

I only made it part way through the first tape before I broke down.

I'm not ready to view them yet, but one day I will be strong enough.

I can only hope that he knew despite all the bad between us I did love him.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:29 am

Stud

Gianna kicks off her black heels, and I go for the zipper at the back of her dress.

It's been a long emotional day for her. She had to put her father to rest, and I know she wasn't ready to say goodbye.

Part of her had hoped one day she would be able to forgive him and have a second chance at a relationship with him. Now that will never happen.

It's my job to take her mind off the sad shit and give her something to look forward to.

Maybe the timing is all wrong, but I know what I want, and I want it with Gianna.

Her dress pools at her feet. She steps out of it and goes to the bathroom.

The moment the door shuts I go to the closet and pull the box out of my jacket pocket.

I bought this ring the day after we met.

I knew she was the one for me, and I want to make it official.

I don't give a damn what anyone has to say about it being fast or lust. When you meet the one you just fucking know.

There are no rules in love and war, and this is definitely all love.

Gianna was made to be loved by me. I feel it and I know she does to.

I palm the ring and slip it into my pocket.

I've hardly gotten my shirt unbuttoned when she returns from the bathroom in nothing but her panties.

Fuck me she's a sight to behold. Her arms snag around my waist from behind, tits pressed to my back.

I grab her left hand and hold it palm to my heart. I fish the ring back out of my pocket with the other and slip it on her ring finger. "What are you doing?" She snatches her hand away, holding it out to stare at the diamond sparkling on her finger. I turn to face her.

"Babe, eyes on mine." Gianna gazes up at me with unshed tears dancing along the creases of her eyes.

"I know the timing might be all wrong, but I promised you if that meatloaf was as good as you run that mouth, I'd put a ring on it.

So what I'm saying is I don't want anyone else's meatloaf in my kitchen but yours. "

Her lips tip into an adorable smirk. "Honey, are you asking me to marry you?"

"Nope, I'm telling you this is it. Real deal. You and I are done deal. Want you forever and a day. I'm claiming you for keeps as my Old Lady. Want my baby in your belly if it isn't already there. So no I'm not asking because we both know if I were asking you'd say yes."

“You’re pretty cocky, you know that.”

“I’m the cock of the walk, sweetheart.” I pull her flush against me.

“You love me, Isaac?”

“Yeah, Gianna, I love you. ”

“Good to know.” She moves away and goes to yank a tank top over her head.

“That’s all you got to say?” I shake my head.

“Hold your horses, I have something to show you. I didn’t want to go prancing past the windows in the kitchen with my tits on display in case anyone decides to pop by. I need to get something out of my purse.”

Her cheeks are flushed and she’s being all cute, but I don’t tell her as much.

She prances down the hallway, and I sit on the edge of the bed. A few minutes pass, and I’m wondering if I need to go track her down when she returns hiding something behind her back. Swaying her hips as she struts, she pulls her tank back over her head and straddles my lap.

“Whacha got there, babe?”

“I wanted to wait to tell you because it’s way early, but I found out this morning.

” Her teeth dig into her bottom lip and she hands me a plastic stick.

I glance down seeing the plus sign and fall back on the bed bringing her with me.

“I love you, Isaac. I’d love nothing more than to be your Old Lady and make babies

with you. ”

“Then we better start practicing for the next one.” I grin then claim her lips.