



Size Queen

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Her curves are his property.

I'm a plus-size model. One who makes thousands of dollars smiling and displaying my curves for the camera. But when I get pregnant by notorious biker Damon Abrams, what do I do? I'm a total idiot and try to hide it as best I can. Big mistake.

When Damon finds out, he's more than enraged. He's ready to tear it all down. So what if he's in the middle of a war with a rival gang? So what if it's dangerous to be seen with him, and even more dangerous to be carrying his child? Damon wants what's his ... and he's going to claim me and the baby no matter what it takes.

Damon Abrams is the president of a notoriously dangerous biker club, but he wants his woman, and he's going to get her. The lovely queen's curves are just part of the attraction, and he's going to make her even bigger ... by putting his child in her belly!

Total Pages (Source): 63

1

Noelle

The sun is always bright in Florida, when it's out. Fortunately, as the weekend begins, the clouds and the showers are steering clear of Miami and heading up the coast. It's hot and bright, and I'm hopeful that I might be able to give my somewhat pale body a bit of a tan.

I'm a model. I don't look like what one pictures typically when they hear the word "model"—I'm big, beautiful, proud, smart, and confident, which goes against most norms in the modeling industry. I'm a plus-size model, and I usually model swimsuits. I love doing it. It's basically my passion.

My best friend/roommate, Sabrina Darby, shares the same passion I do. She, too, is a plus-size model. I've known her since we were juniors in high school, and we've been nearly inseparable ever since. I love her to death, but we're definitely different people: I date guys; she takes guys home. I'm practically fearless, while she gets so anxious at times it makes me worry. She's animated where I'm chill. We balance each other out fairly well.

Our modeling agency decided to pick a biker shop called Raw Wheels to host an annual photo shoot over the weekend. The models are all slightly wary about going there due to Raw Wheels having a history of hosting gangs.

I know very little about the activity going on at Raw Wheels before I get in the car. While Sabrina drives, she fills me in on some things on the way there. As I'm

finishing up my makeup, I look over and notice her looking at her reflection in the rearview mirror for what seems like the hundredth time.

“Why do you seem so nervous?” I ask Sabrina.

“Probably because I am,” she admits. “I haven’t been to Raw Wheels inages. And every time I go there, it’s the same story: I say I’m just going to flirt with a few guys, then a cute guy pours tequila down my throat, then he shoves his tongue down my throat, and I end up bringing him over to our place.”

“Is that the only thing they shove down your throat?” I wonder impishly.

“Ha-ha,” she says. “Those guys over there are actually dangerous. I really have to watch myself when I’m there.”

“You realize you didn’t answer my question, right?” I prod.

“And I’m not going to,” she says dismissively. “Anyway, what were we talking about?”

“Looking for a new apartment?” I ask, attempting to recall our conversation.

“No, we were talking about Raw Wheels,” says Sabrina. “But for real, though, the rent at our place is too damn high.”

“We’re in Miami, baby,” I remind her. “We live two miles from the beach. Of course it’s going to be expensive as hell here.”

“We might want to move a bit farther from the coast, that’s all I’m saying,” she persists. “But anyway—I believe I was going to tell you about some of the... shall we say, ‘meat’ to choose from at this infamous biker bar. There are a lot of hot guys

there, and your swimsuit is going to get wet.”

“That’s a bold claim,” I laugh. “What makes you so sure?”

“Do you want me to go through my list, or do you want to know about someone who actually knows about you?” she says cryptically.

“Who ‘knows about me’?”

“The owner of the shop,” she answers. “His name is Damon Abrams—he’s fit, sexy as all hell, and you’ll want to ride his face within three minutes of meeting him.”

“Oh my,” I say facetiously. “Have you had him?”

“Not me, no,” she replies. “I wish. He doesn’t really strike me as the ‘notch on your bedpost’ type. But I’ve seen him with girls before, and they always look like they’re in heaven.”

“I’m sold already,” I say, continuing to humor her. “But if this Damon Abrams isn’t into just getting laid, why is he adamant about having a swimsuit photo shoot at his shop?”

“Beats me.” She shrugs. “I assume the agency’s paying them to use his space.”

“Yeah, I don’t suppose there’ll be too many bikers hanging around to watch us bright and early on a Saturday morning,” I muse. “It should be a pretty vacant house.”

“You never know,” says Sabrina. “What I wanted to tell you, though, while we’re alone, is to be careful if Damon goes after you. He knows who you are, because he saw pictures of us together online and asked me about you.”

“Really?” I ask. “Come on, I don’t buy that.”

“Okay, don’t believe me!” she says. “He did ask me, though.”

“Why have I not heard about it until now, then?” I retort.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“Because you tend to go for more ‘relationship-y’ stuff,” she responds. “Which is fine—I hold nothing against your lifestyle, just as you don’t hold anything against mine.”

“Right.”

“Damon isn’t a player, but he’s a man,” says Sabrina. “If he likes you, he’s going to pursue you until he gets you. I just think you should be careful... his shop has a bit of reputation here in Miami.”

“What’s the name of the gang that goes there a lot?” I ask.

“The Rolling Heads,” she answers. “I really can’t believe you knew nothing about them before today. They’re not vicious miscreants, but they can be dangerous if they’re pissed off... That’s why you need to be careful if Damon comes your way. Play hard to get.”

“I can handle a few horny bikers,” I say as we pull into Raw Wheels’ parking lot. “Even if one of those bikers happens to own the bike shop. And besides, what makes you so sure that the owner is going to want me anyway? So, he saw a picture of me—”

“Trust me,” says Sabrina. “I’ll be your wingman whenever I can, but he might wait until you’re alone to talk to you, so...”

Since it appears we’re one of the only ones here, Sabrina and I take a few extra minutes to make sure we’re good and ready to go. We finally step out after a hoard of

cars start pulling in and join us in the parking lot.

In the shop, the set is there waiting for us. Several varieties of motorcycles, and a few other miscellaneous vehicles, are parked against a variety of backdrops and decorations, glistening in the Kino light. Thankfully there are dressing rooms in the back of the shop, so I am relieved there. I'm excited about the day ahead.

My assumption that there wouldn't be many bikers in the place so early in the morning is wrong. There are nearly a dozen bikers scattered around the place—some drinking coffee, some drinking beer. Some of the bikers are quite handsome, but none of them keep my attention long enough to warrant breaking my focus. I'm not here to flirt and get phone numbers. I don't care how hot the guys are; I'm here to work.

Unfortunately, the guys here didn't get the memo. Even before the director or our coordinator can start the shoot, most of the guys here are hitting on me.

Then, just seconds before the photographers are ready to go, the front doors burst open to reveal a man among boys, who walks in and grabs the attention of nearly every model, myself included. He isn't simply handsome or attractive—he is straight hot.

Once I can tell for sure he is practically staring at me, I begin avoiding his gaze. I am instantly nervous, and something tells me right away that this must be the owner.

“That's Damon,” Sabrina whispers in my ear, confirming my guess. “And he keeps looking at you...!”

“Yeah, what's the deal?” I chuckle.

It's obvious to Damon that he already has the full attention of the room, so he barely has to raise his voice to talk.

“Morning, all,” he says.

The room responds with a variety of morning greetings.

“Welcome to Raw Wheels,” he continues. “I’m Damon Abrams, and I’m the owner of the place. I’m glad your agency chose us to host your shoot, and I can answer any questions you may have. Don’t be shy to say hi.”

It is then that I choose to meet his gaze and risk the possibility of getting lost in his piercing eyes.

He has some facial hair but not enough to hide the sexy grin that’s forming the longer I look at him. His hair is black, and his skin is tan. His mesmerizing eyes are blue like glistening water, and his nose and mouth look delicious enough to nibble on.

Among many other qualities, he is also tall, muscular, and fit. He also has a number of tattoos I can see on his arms and back that his leather jacket doesn’t conceal.

Sabrina and I dish about Damon and the other guys while we change swimsuits in between sequences. I can’t get over what a perfect specimen he seems to be.

“I wonder how many tattoos he has,” I ponder. “He looks like he’s got alot—more than a lot compared to those other bikers. I wouldn’t be surprised if you told me he’s in a gang.”

Sabrina snorts. “Honey, he is the gang. Damon is the president of the Rolling Heads.”

“Huh. I probably shouldn’t give him the wrong impression, then.”

I often receive a lot of male attention, both off and on set. Today is no exception, and the flirting continues throughout the entire shoot. I let them get away with a half-

witted quip or two, and sometimes I give it back, but I don't let any of them go past a certain point.

The only person that I want to come and talk to me is the sexy owner. I'm not sure if it's the repeated attempts from lesser men that's provoking me, but eventually my eyes begin to actively seek out Damon, hoping he might join the competition.

Sabrina is constantly reminding me how Damon is the president of a dangerous biker club, and how that could either be really good or bad, depending on your outlook. I can't stop thinking about him whenever I'm posing for the camera, and by extension the room. I try my best not to seem "inviting," but whenever I know Damon is nearby, I can't help myself.

Sabrina claims that whenever I'm being shot, Damon has eyes only for me. I don't get to witness much of Damon's gazing at my body through the sea of camera flashes and horny bikers, but I believe her.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

Our shoot wraps for the day. I catch Sabrina near the bar after I am through changing back into my clothes, flirting with an attractive biker in his early thirties,. There are a few other handsome gentlemen poised nearby waiting to strike. I am really flattered, but I only want to find the president of the Rolling Heads.

Then, with odd timing, Sabrina's guy goes away and is replaced with the man I seek. Sabrina makes sure to get my ear before Damon had a chance to.

"He might not be your type, but I think you should go for it," she mutters to me. "His pursuit will be relentless. He's been staring at you all day. It would be a lot of fun... live a little! Do it!"

"Got it," I say. "Who is the guy you're talking to? Looked like you wanted to jump his bones."

"I want to do more than jump him," she remarks. "And you should go have fun with Damon. He's a business owner—make him buy you an expensive dinner."

"I'll do it if you do that with your guy," I say. "Who's your biker?"

"His name is Kace. He's the club VP."

"Nice," I say. "You think you two are going to hook up?"

"Not sure," she replies. "He'll be here again tomorrow, so I'm taking the night to think about it. He sleeps around a lot from what I can tell, so... maybe I shouldn't, you think?"

“You can always wear a condom,” I say dryly.

“True,” she agrees. “I’m going outside to smoke. You want to ride back with me, or are you going to go riding off on the back of Damon’s bike? I’ve got some condoms in my bag if you need some.”

Before she can actually step outside or I can adequately respond, Damon advances forward, offering me his hand and his smile.

“I just wanted to say that I thought you were terrific,” he says. “We’ve not been formally introduced, the two of us—Damon Abrams.”

I shake his hand, feeling his soft palm and firm grip.

“Noelle Foster.”

“You’ll be modeling again tomorrow, I hope?”

“Indeed, I will,” I confirm. “And you’ll be here too, I assume? I mean, you own the place, so... you can come and go whenever you want, of course.”

“Right,” he laughs.

I feel like such a fool for babbling, and rather than simply bite my tongue, I slowly retreat from the building and pull Sabrina out the exit with me.

“It’s nice meeting you,” Damon says with a wave as we leave.

“It’s nice meeting you, too!” I assure him. “See you tomorrow!”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

2

Damon

I wouldn't describe myself as a man who gets anxious about much, but I am definitely antsy on my ride to the shop this Sunday morning. I'm planning on making an entrance this time. Rather than being there waiting for the girls upon their arrival, I decide that on the second (and last) day of the swimsuit shoot that I'll show up and feed off the girls' anticipation.

Truthfully, there is only one girl I really want to see—Noelle Foster, the gorgeous, curvy babe with a killer body that looks both firm and soft. In a sea of nothing but blondes and redheads, it's a good to see a nice brunette in the bunch. I want to run my hands through her long brown hair.

As I park my bike in front of the shop, I can't help but wonder if the day before was a fluke. Maybe I'd find one of the other models more attractive on a new day in new bathing suits.

However, after just a few minutes of being inside and seeing the shoot in progress, I know that my feelings and desires stemming from the day before aren't an accident. I am certainly enjoying the mass of half-naked women in my shop, but I'm specifically drawn back to Noelle. I can't figure out what it is... I'm usually much cooler around women I'm interested in, but for some reason this girl is making me stupid.

Some of my Rolling Heads are with me, as are some other fellas who knew there were going to be women in swimsuits walking around. Once they see that Noelle is

the girl I have my sights on, they back off. I don't even have to ask. I'm not sure if they stop out of fear or respect for me—I know they definitely don't stop out of the kindness of their hearts. I can tell all of them want to get at Noelle.

I totally understand why she's making all the heads turn. She is obviously the top model at that agency. It's her beauty, her style, her grace, and her natural charisma in front of the camera. The camera is pining for her, rather than the other way around. Describing her as simply "sexy" would be doing her a disservice.

Noelle is the last girl to be shot in the group. This makes sense to me; it's like they're saving the best for last. Today is my lucky day, because Noelle is in front of the camera frequently and for much longer durations of time than before. Each bikini she comes out wearing is perfect and enough to make every man in the place salivate. It's thrilling—I never know what kind of swimsuit she's going to wear next, and it always surpasses what my imagination could conjure up.

I keep my distance during the first half of the day's shoot; however, I have plans for the second half of the shoot. I have a few motorcycles of my own of course, but my classic Yamaha is what is typically known as "the boss's bike." I want Noelle to get on the boss's bike.

I decide to approach her before she gets in front of the cameras again. I refrain from being blunt with her, although I want to—she's wearing an amazing, revealing beige bikini that keeps her breasts ample and outward. She is a goddess among mortal women. Her aura becomes stronger with each subsequent step I take, and I actually think I might chicken out.

"Hi," Noelle says with a suggestive tone.

"Hello there," I say back. "How are you?"

“Good,” she says while adjusting her bikini. “How are you?”

“Can’t complain.”

“Yeah, your shop’s full of a bunch of models in swimsuits,” she chuckles. “Could be having a worse day than that.”

“Without a doubt,” I laugh. “You’re doing an excellent job again today.”

“Well, thank you,” she says with a slight curtsy. “Do you have a favorite swimsuit?”

“That you’ve worn?” I say, raising my eyebrow. “No, they’re all good to me. I think you look fucking sexy in all the bikinis you’re wearing.”

My eyes dart down to my feet. I’m embarrassed by my admission and sloppy wording. But when I look up again, she’s smiling with a slight blush on her face, and she doesn’t seem to mind. “Thanks.”

“I was thinking,” I begin, “I want you to pose on my bike. Not one of my bikes here in the shop—I mean my bike. My bike that’s parked right outside the shop. Y’all haven’t shot much outside, have you?”

“No,” she assures.

“Well, maybe you should talk to your coordinator and see if they’d like to get a few shots of you outside on my bike,” I suggest. “I think it would be the perfect fucking picture. You’ve got the sexy girl in a bikini on a motorcycle look that every man wants in the Florida sun. Doesn’t get much better than that, I don’t think.”

Noelle takes a step closer to me and lowers her voice slightly. “Or we could have a private photo shoot on your bike after I’m done here.”

Intriguing, I think. “I like the sound of that.”

I stick around during the rest of their shoot, trying my damndest not to stick to Noelle like glue. But I learn that whenever I’m away from her for too long, others would slowly start to swarm in for the kill. They are jackals, hungry and thirsty.

As a result, I stay closer to the dressing rooms so I can make sure no one pounces on her. We can talk casually about essentially nothing, but getting face time with her is good enough.

The more we talk, the looser we both feel. We get comfortable around each other fast, and before we know it, we’re joking around and laughing so hard that it actually bothers most of the other models and workers. The looser we get, the less we care what people think.

I’m looking forward to the professional shoot wrapping so that Noelle and I can proceed with our “amateur production.” I’m hoping that the other models are going to leave fast once work is complete, and that all the other fellas will stay back without a fight. I want it to just be me and her. I can tell she is into me before we start laughing like schoolchildren, and I’m planning on seducing her.

At the end of their shoot, some of the models flee the scene, but many stick around for drinks with some of the guys. While they stay inside, I escort Noelle out to the parking lot.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

Since she is a natural, a professional, and incredibly sexy, I allow her to decide what poses she is going to take on my Yamaha. My job is simply to point the phone and take pictures, but I'm glad that's the extent of my labor. I am too aroused for my own good.

She is wearing a gray bikini that goes well with the color and tint of my bike. I am more fixated on Noelle's eyes than what her bikini allows me to see. She is staring into the lens as if she has the power to see through it and into my soul.

We continue our casual non-conversations while she gives me a variety of captivating things to work with. There are moments when I nearly break—like when she spreads her legs wide across the bike and bends over so that her breasts are resting on my handlebars.

“So, how old are you?” I eventually ask Noelle.

“Twenty-six,” she answers. “You?”

“How old do you think I am?”

“I'd guess about thirty.”

“You're too kind,” I chuckle. “I'm thirty-two, actually.”

“You could have fooled me,” she says while sliding off the bike to change positions. “Do you think six years is too big an age gap?”

“Not at all,” I quickly answer. “I think it’s perfect.”

Then with impeccable timing, she gets risqué and turns away from the camera. She bends over, sticking her firm, fine ass in the air, and touches her hands to the bike seat.

“It’s—perfect,” I gulp while snapping as many pictures as I can.

“You like my butt?”

“I like every bit of you, to be honest,” I reply. “If you wanted to take the swimsuit off and just pose nude, I’d be all right with that.”

She giggles. “Good to know.”

I am loving every second of this. I know it’s going to have to end sometime, but I’m in no rush. I keep getting her to laugh, hoping that my charm and humor will keep her ensnared until I feel the time is right to ask her out.

The levity is put on hold briefly when Noelle decide to get risqué again. This time, she leans against my bike, facing me. Slowly, she begins to slide her hands up from her knees all the way up to her bikini top.

“Hey there...” I say like an idiot.

She laughs, moving her hands slower once she sees how horny she’s getting me. Then, in the blink of an eye, she flings her bikini top off and covers her nice breasts with her hands. I don’t take pictures immediately, because I am transfixed by what I’m seeing.

“I’m ready for my close-up,” she says with a wink.

I clear my throat and resume photographing this stellar model. My body is yelling at me to replace her hands with my own and to have my way with her... but I have to stay cool.

“So, do you have a girlfriend?” Noelle asks.

“No, ma’am,” I reply. “Not married either. No kids—that I know of.”

“Aha,” she says. “Nice. Yeah, I’m single too with no kids.”

“What a small world,” I say with sarcasm.

“Are you a guy who likes to be single?”

“Hmm. Do I like being single? I’m not sure. I don’t think I’ve ever thought of it that way.”

“I mean, when was your last serious relationship?” she asks.

I know it would be best not to lie. I’ve found that honesty helps keep things strong.

“I don’t know how long it’s been, to be honest,” I says. “It’s been a few years. I’ve never really been one to settle down. Not that I’m opposed to the idea, just... I guess I haven’t met the right girl yet.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

She smirks at me, turning around so that her back faces me. She moves her hands away from her chest, allowing her naked breasts freedom but not visibility. I take many pictures, desperately hoping that she will turn around so I can see what her tits look like. I am so curious and so horny for her.

“I haven’t been in a meaningful relationship in a while, either,” says Noelle. “I’ve been really focused on my work. I love modeling so much.”

“I’m not really one to sleep around that much, either,” I interject, hoping she isn’t thinking less of me somehow. “My best friend is the one that likes hooking up with a lot of strangers.”

“Well, that’s good to know, because my best friend thinks he’s hot,” says Noelle.

“He’s a really great guy,” I say weakly.

We laugh. She bends over and picks up her bikini top, then ties it back on.

“He really is a good guy,” I stress. “He runs the shop whenever I’m away. He and I’ve known each other for a really long time.”

“He’s the vice president of the Rolling Heads, right?” she asks.

I am surprised but not shocked that she knows that. I nod in confirmation.

“He’s my closest friend,” I continue. “He and I have been running the Rolling Heads since our dads passed it down to us last year.”

Her closest friend, Sabrina, comes outside eventually to join her. This prompts me to go right for it.

“Say, why don’t I take you out for dinner tonight?” I offer. “Let’s celebrate the end of your shoot. My treat. We’ll go anywhere you want.”

Noelle’s eyes widen, but she isn’t biting. “I actually made plans with Sabrina already, I’m sorry.”

“That’s okay,” I say. “Could I possibly convince you to grab a cup of coffee with me? I’ll take you wherever you need to go after. Besides, I think my bike likes you.”

She laughs again, playing with her long brown hair as she makes her decision.

“I could go for a cup of coffee,” says Noelle.

Noelle

I'm not sure exactly what I am agreeing to with Damon, even though it is being labeled as "going out for coffee." The look I got from Sabrina suggested I was heading toward sex simply by agreeing to go out with him.

Admittedly, my attraction for Damon only strengthens on the ride from his shop to the coffee place. Sitting on the back of his bike, arms wrapped around his waist, I can't help but wonder what he's thinking as he drives us down the road.

We get our coffee and sit outside so that we can watch the sunset over the ocean. It is so beautiful. I would have taken more pictures of the sunset than Damon had of me on his motorcycle, but I don't want to seem corny or cliché.

Instead, we return to talking, which we both do really well. I learn about what it was like for him growing up around real gangs. I listen to him talk about how he loves working at his bike shop and how he wants to open up more across Florida. His passion and enthusiasm are a huge turn-on for me.

Damon drinks his coffee quickly, but I take my time. I sip my drink slowly, not wanting this night to end. It's strange... it is such a simple night. The only outlier I can pinpoint is the man himself.

I am so into him, and I can tell he is into me, too. I don't even have to laugh at all his jokes, good and bad, for him to know that I am responding to him. He doesn't need to

hit on me all night for me to know he is hard for me.

“You’re the sexiest damn model in the whole bunch, just so you know,” he tells me.

“You’re just saying that because I agreed to get coffee with you,” I say playfully.

“I wanted you to get coffee with me because you’re the hottest model that’s ever walked in my shop.”

“I see,” I reply with amusement. “But how do I know you don’t say that to all the models that go out with you?”

“I think you’re the first model to ever go out with me,” says Damon.

“Oh, come now,” I scoff. “You’re the hottest biker I’ve ever met! You’re telling me you don’t get girls better than me?”

“Who’s better than you?”

“You know what? Good point,” I say, getting back on my feet. “I can’t think of anyone.”

“Nor I,” he concurs. “I’m really hoping you’ll reconsider dinner sometime. I’ve been having a nice time, haven’t you?”

“I have,” I say without any doubt. “I also liked riding on your bike. I haven’t ridden on the back of one in a long time.”

“You know how to drive one?” he asks.

“Nah, I wish,” I say. “Maybe one day I’ll learn—you could teach me.”

“Is that all you want me to teach you?”

“Well... what else could I learn from you?”

“All sorts of stuff,” he says. “If you ever want to come by the shop sometime...”

“We’re not going back to the shop after this?”

He blushes, which is insanely cute.

“I guess I just figured I’d call you a cab to your place,” says Damon.

“Just because I didn’t want to do dinner doesn’t mean I... don’t want other things,” I confess. “I really like being on your bike. Is your shop closed?”

“For the day, yeah,” he replies. “Why do you ask?”

“No reason,” I say suggestively.

It’s clear to me in that moment that his advances have finally weakened me enough. I am giving in to his persuasion. I am eager for more.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

Minutes later, we get back on his Yamaha and leave to go back to Raw Wheels. He revs his engine, I wrap my arms around him, and we speed off.

I love feeling the beach wind flow against my body as we drive. I am nearly in a trance. He is an excellent driver. I wonder just how good he really is...

While he steers us toward his shop, my hands lower from his waist down to his pants. I am not direct, but I am slowly making my way toward his crotch. He knows it, and he isn't doing anything to stop me.

I reach my hands into his front pockets and begin to feel around, anxious for his meat. I know he is in there somewhere...

It is at that moment I know just how right Sabrina is: I need to get laid.

We get inside his shop, and there is no one else left inside. Damon closes the doors and locks them up. I am beyond turned on for him.

"I don't normally do things like this," I say.

"Me neither," he says with a smile.

I'm still not sure the extent of what's about to happen. But I am wet, and once he figures it out, I know we're in trouble.

"What are you thinking right now?" he asks.

“A lot of stuff,” I say honestly. “I’m trying to figure out what you’re rethinking.”

“You might not want to know the answer to that.”

“I want to know,” I admit.

“I’m thinking about where the best place in the shop would be for me to fuck you,” he says in a tone I haven’t heard before.

“Okay,” I say, nodding. “Nice.”

“What are you thinking?”

“I’m wondering if you’re as good at riding a woman as you are at riding that motorcycle,” I say quietly.

He is stalking toward me, grinning and determined.

“You know,” he says, “I think we might have more fun in the back of the shop... What do you say? Care to join me?”

He holds out his hand, and I willingly snatch it. Before I know it, we are no longer in familiar territory.

In the back, there are couches and beanbag chairs among many other things. One of the couches looks like it could fold out into a bed.

“Are you going to fuck my wet pussy, baby?” I ask.

“So hard, girl,” he growls.

I walk toward the couches, but he stops me. This time, it is his arms wrapped around me.

“When I’m interested in someone, I go hard,” he mutters in my ear. “We can have it be any kind of thing you want. I just want to adore your body.”

His grip on me is strong. I touch his rough hands and stroke up his arms while he feels up and down my body. Soon, his hands wander up to my breasts, fondling them delicately.

“I know what I want,” he says as he nibbles on my ear. “And I finish what I start...”

I moan for him, running one of my hands up into his hair, while the other goes to the crotch of his pants.

“Fuck me, Damon...”

He turns me around to face him. He grabs my face in his hands and pulls me into him for a kiss. We hold our kiss for several seconds, running our hands across each other’s bodies and moaning into each other’s mouths.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

We get naked quickly and are on the couch in less than a minute. We are too impatient to turn the couch into a bed, but we don't need to for our purposes. I just want his hard dick inside me, pounding into me.

I lay back on the couch, sitting on the edge with my legs spread. With his hands on my legs, he easily slides his rod deep into my wet pussy. Just the insertion alone is enough to send me into an unfamiliar realm of pleasure.

"That feelssogood..." I tell him. "Don't stop..."

Damon fucks me with his cock so good. Not only does he not stop, but he refuses to slow down. He mercilessly pounds into me, digging his dick deeper with each thrust.

"Don't stop!" I beg. "Just like that...! Yes!"

None of it's exaggerated, and I am not bellowing for his benefit. He is giving me pleasure unlike any kind I've ever experienced before. It's something I didn't even know existed—usually I can't achieve an orgasm through sex alone, but this time—

"Damon—fuck!"

I am cumming for him, and he continues to drill into me aggressively and powerfully.

"St-stop!" I stammer. "Baby—stop!"

My vagina has become incredibly sensitive, more sensitive than it has ever felt before. Each thrust he gives me also provides a rush I've never felt before. I don't

think I'm going to survive. His loving is too good for my own good.

Then, just as the odds are about to be defied again, he turns me over. I am bent over for him, hands on the couch, ass in the air.

He puts one hand on my ass, one hand on my chest, and his cock is back in my cunt.

But before he can even pinch my nipples, I can feel myself creaming on his pole once again. I scream, moaning louder than ever before. I wonder if anyone else outside of Raw Wheels can hear me.

Damon's speed begins to intensify. With his dick burrowing deeper into me, his hands frantically moving all around my body, and his balls slapping against my thighs, I know that if Miami hadn't heard us before, they are about to...

I can feel myself tightening on his shaft, and that is the catalyst. Grabbing on to my sides, he fucks me hard and starts to growl again. He is an animal, and he is ready to give me his seed.

The feeling of his hot cum bursting into my pussy is what makes me implode. We are yelling and moaning so loud that I feel certain the walls might literally come crashing down.

"That... wow..." he says while collecting his breath. "That... is so fucking hot..."

"Hell yeah it is," I say like I'm in a daze. I'm utterly spent.

"How manytimesdid you cum?"

"I'm not really sure," I say. "At least three..."

Then, all of the sudden, we begin laughing uncontrollably. I'm not entirely sure what set it off, but neither of us question it.

I feel quite sure that I'm laughing out of ecstasy. I know I can't afford to appear overeager, but I know this is not going to be the only time I have Damon Abrams.

When it's all over and we have our clothes back on, I can't help but feel totally satisfied. I am so glad that I gave in to him. I am just hoping that I will get another chance to give in to him someday...

4

Damon

Afew days have passed since Noelle and I had sex in the back of the shop. No matter what's going on in my day, all I can think about is her.

I am furious with myself for not getting her phone number before we parted ways. I usually always get a girl's number after we hook up; I'm not sure what prevented me this time. I don't know how to find her, so I am hopeful that perhaps, one day, she might return to Raw Wheels and I can get another chance to get her contact info.

Fortunately, I had the foresight to use my charm and persuade the modeling agency's director to send me copies of the proofs from their shoot. I didn't charge them much to use my shop, and I'd been quite accommodating, so they are more than willing to work with me.

I am chilling at Raw Wheels. My Rolling Heads are seated all around me. We are listening to music, smoking and drinking. Spencer, one of my guys, has one of the models from the shoot with him, a black girl named Ali.

I am looking at the pictures, seeing how they turned out, passing them around the place to be shared and admired.

The only photos I'm not sharing with my mates are the pictures of Noelle. They don't deserve to gaze at the perfection I am privileged to be gawking at. She is alluring, not just in her beauty, but how her eyes remain powerful weapons even when she isn't

physically near. I catch myself staring at individual pictures for long periods of time, unable to help myself.

I am boyishly hopeful that maybe her photos will include some of her contact information, but no. They do contain her image, though, and that's more than enough for me. I know it's probably perverted and wrong, but I'm going to take her photos home with me. I want to study her, learn every inch of her perfect canvas.

I know that time will come later. Eventually, Kace rejoin the group, sitting right beside me, beaming and gleeful.

"What are you so happy about?" I ask, returning his smile. "You look like a man who's just had sex."

"Well, that's exactly the look I'm going for," says Kace, reclining back in his seat and cracking open a beer.

"Oh yeah?" I quip. "Get out, man. What's going on?"

"I took one of the models home Sunday night," he says, puffing his chest out. "She is quite spectacular, I have to admit."

"Good for you!" I say. "Which one is it?"

"Her name's Sabrina."

I laugh. "Oh, man... how about that."

"What?" Kace asks.

"Well... tell me about you and Sabrina first, and then I'll tell you my story."

“All right,” he concedes. “Well... there ain’t much to say, to tell you the truth. I had a lot of fun. She is fuckingcrazy.”

“Yeah?” I chuckle. “How so?”

“Dude, she wanted it up the ass,” says Kace. “She wanted iteverywhere. We hooked up Sunday and again last night—and this morning.”

“Damn, man!” I say, clapping him on the shoulder. “Way to go! So, you actually like this girl?”

“I like to fuck her.” He shrugs. “She’s really good in bed—likereallygood—maybe the most I’ve ever enjoyed myself in bed.”

“Wow, that’s high praise,” I say. “You have a list that’s pretty notorious.”

“Be that as it may, she’s a good lay,” says Kace. “You’d like her, too. She also gives really good head.”

“Thank you, but I’m actually on a conquest of my own,” I tell him. “I also had my way with one of the models.”

“I knew it—which one?” Kace wonders. “Is it the redhead with the huge tits?”

“Nope. You must not have been payin’ attention, because everyone knows who I’m after.”

“Yeah, I guess I’m too busy wanting to slam Sabrina to notice,” he says. “Which one?”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“Sabrina’s best friend, Noelle,” I say. “The brunette.”

“Wow,her?” Kace gasps. “Kudos, mate. Job well done. I figured she must’ve had a boyfriend or baby daddy.”

“She doesn’t have either, according to her,” he says. “We hooked up in the back of the shop Sunday night. It was tight.”

“Nice,” Kace cackles. “You two hooked up since?”

“No, I didn’t get her number,” I admit. “I don’t know why we didn’t. I guess we just got caught up in the moment, you know?”

“I don’t know, man. I got Sabrina’s number the moment I bounced. You want me to get you Noelle’s number?”

“I want her number bad, man,” I say. “But as tempting as it is, I’m not sure that’s a good idea. I don’t want her to think I’m a creep or a weirdo.”

“Well, is the sex good?”

“Fuck yeah, dude!” I say. “I felt exactly how you says you felt with Sabrina. I wantto call her. I want to hit her up.”

“But?” he presses.

“I think it would be incredibly lame and uncool to get her phone number from my

friend who's getting the number from another person whose number I don't have. I should have gotten it before, and I missed my chance."

Kace downs the rest of his beer and rolls his eyes at me.

"Yes? How am I wrong?"

"I just think it would be incredibly disappointing if you missed out on something good," says Kace. "Having some regular side could help you stay chill, keep you relaxed. After all, when are we not involved in sort of drama with someone?"

"Good point," I say. "I just don't want to pressure her. Going through you, asking her friend for her number—she'll feel obligated to give it to me. I want it willingly."

"Don't we all," Kace laughs. "If that's what you want, so be it. If you change your mind, let me know."

"Will do," I say. "Speaking of drama: Is it really true? Did Tom Wright seriously open up a motorcycle shop downtown?"

Kace nods. "Nobody ever sees him there, but his name is attached to it. It's definitely him, and he's absolutely trying to piss you off."

Tom Wright is the head of a rival gang here in Miami: the Hell-Snakes. We've never had altercations, and the worst exchanges we share are typically just angry looks. Lately, though, tensions have been brewing.

We can't prove it, but we're starting to suspect that the Hell-Snakes are contemplating moving in on our turf. They usually never ride in our part of town, and we stay out of theirs. Sometimes we can hear them in the distance as they travel across the interstate, or vice versa.

Lately, though, Hell-Snakes are being spotted on a frequent basis at various parts of our section of Miami. They never stop their bikes, they never park and get off, and they never speak to anyone whenever they're here.

We don't like it. It never seems like a careless joyride through the city—whenever one of us sees a Hell-Snake, we get the sense that he's doing recon work. If they are indeed casing us, we know we're going to have to act soon.

"I'm just waiting for one of those sons of bitches to get off his bike and face us like men," I say. "I keep thinking the day's gonna come."

"I say we send a message," says Kace. "Got something good in mind, boss?"

"I say we need to hold off."

"Okay... I know I said you needed to be relaxed," he says slowly, "but I didn't mean that you had to ignore a threat—"

"I'm not ignoring anything, Kace," I assure him. "I'm being patient."

"I say we burn the fuckers to the ground!" Spencer calls out.

A few of the others murmur in general agreement.

"You're getting too ahead of yourselves," I say. "Maybe they're just being dicks. There's no reason to jump to conclusions when they haven't even done anything yet."

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“If they think we’re being too timid, they could strike us hard and without warning,” says Victor, one of my top guys. “I know we’ve been able to resist any bloodshed since your father passed away, but how much longer will it last? They know it’s Damon Abrams Jr. who is the head now—who has not taken a life since he took power.”

I glance over to Kace, who is now suddenly quiet. Grimacing, I continue. “The Hell-Snakes have never done us any harm,” I say. “I’m not shooting first and asking questions later. That’s not how we do things. You guys know I’ve got your backs. Nobody’s taking what belongs to us—what you, our fathers, and our friends have worked hard to maintain. Have faith in me, fellas. Just relax.”

I don’t think it’s going to work, but the group actually becomes pacified in that moment. I look over at Kace, who avoids my eye contact.

“Thanks for sticking up for me, VP,” I say with a grimace.

“What do you want me to say, man?” says Kace. “It’s like you say... our fathers worked hard to make the Rolling Heads something, and I don’t want us to ruin it.”

“We’re not ruining anything,” I say as I pour myself a beer. “We’re excelling, and we’re only going to grow. Nobody is moving in where we live. Fuck that.”

“Damon, I know you know what you’re doing,” says Kace. “I trust you, and so do all these other people here. But don’t be afraid to talk to me about what’s going on.”

“No worries, man,” I say. “You want another beer?”

As I pour him his beer, I suddenly get an idea.

“You know what we could do,” I begin. “It’s immature, stupid... pretty much beneath us... but why don’t we go for a ride in the neck of the woods sometime? Doesn’t Tom own a few bars a few miles from here? Maybe we should stop in a few of them sometime and give them our patronage. We’ll see if we really have something to worry about then.”

Little did I know that my plan for retaliation would actually bring me far more than answers regarding a few ornery Hell-Snakes.

5

Noelle

I had a four-day workweek that began on Tuesday and is finally ending today. I woke up incredibly early the day before and got little sleep last night before waking up early again today to get back at it. My intention is to go straight from the shoot back to the apartment and catch up on sleep.

Then, on our way back home from work, Sabrina decides to start trying to rope me in to her crazy shenanigans.

“It’s Friday night!” she says. “You’re going to tell me after this week you don’t want to get some guy to buy you drinks all night?”

“I would love to get drunk with you,” I begin. “But—”

“Butts belong in a bar on Friday night, not at home!” she interrupts. “Come on—Molly and some of the other girls really wanted to go to that new place downtown, Figueroa’s. There are a ton of hot guys there with tons of money, so I hear.”

I have been wanting to get closer to Molly and some of the other girls I work with, but I am more in favor of the principle. Whenever I actually think about spending long uninterrupted periods of time with them, I can never fully get on board with the idea. I am more into just hanging out at home with Sabrina or spending time with a guy.

I haven’t thought about any other guy besides Damon since we’d had sex in the back

of his shop. I am honestly having trouble thinking about anything else other than him. He is so hot, so tender, and so good... he knows how to please a woman. I keep replaying our night together in my head, from the motorcycle rides to the ride on his couch.

But I can tell that Sabrina really wants to go out. Against my instincts, I relent and agree to join her and the others for their girls' night out. I don't intend on getting anyone to buy me drinks, but I do wonder if being around more attractive men would be enough of an antidote to break the spell I've been put under.

Sabrina and I take two hours to get ready, but the time put in is worth it. We look good, and I feel great. I feel better about going out and am looking forward to the girl time.

We head to Figueroa's, slowly moving through the chaotic weekend traffic downtown. There are lines outside the most-known bars and clubs, some even extending out into the street. I am not sure what to anticipate for where we're going, but I don't care.

We meet up with Molly and the others outside Figueroa's. Luckily, there isn't a line to get in or a cover charge for us.

The place is pretty crowded inside, but there is plenty of alcohol, plenty of good music blaring on the speakers, and plenty of handsome men to ogle at from the booth we picked near the back of the place.

We are having fun. We sit together, gossiping about work, talking about guys, staring at each other's phones, singing along badly to the music—all while getting drunker and drunker.

We have been having our good time for a good amount of time before a guy finally

approaches our booth to offer Molly a drink. This sets off a chain reaction that eventually coalesces into something happening that I didn't picture in my wildest fantasy.

From where I am sitting, I can see the front door in the distance. Stepping through that door, as if I'd rubbed a magic lamp, is a group of men all wearing similar shirts and cuts. They are bikers. And not just any bikers...

Sure enough, it is Damon, Kace, and some other bikers. They go straight for the bar, and my heart starts skipping like crazy.

"Sabrina," I say, gesturing toward the bar.

She looks over to the bar, and her mouth drops. "Get the fuck out!"

"Can you believe it?" I say in disbelief.

"Let's go talk to them!" says Sabrina, tugging on my wrist.

I seldom get nervous, but I feel anxious about talking to Damon again. I honestly thought I was never going to see him again. I had only gone to Raw Wheels before for work purposes, and I don't want to show up at his building and make him think I'm some kind of obsessed stalker. He hadn't asked for my number, so part of me worried that he didn't even want to see me again.

Once our eyes met again, though, I immediately know that I have nothing to be afraid of. His smolder melts me instantly, and I am already his again.

"Fancy seeing you ladies here tonight," says Damon.

He and I share a hug, embracing for several seconds.

“This is crazy,” I reply. “What are the odds of us running into each other like this?”

“It seems almost impossible,” says Damon. “It’s too crowded here by the bar. Let’s go somewhere quieter.”

Damon orders us drinks and shots, carrying them from the bar over to a small table in the back big enough for just us. We sit down and take our shots in hand.

“What are we toasting?” I ask.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

He grins. “To us finding each other again.”

We clink our glasses together. “Cheers.”

We down our shots. We sit there quietly for a few seconds, but it isn’t long before we return to staring at each other.

“How is your day?” he asks me.

I laugh. “Good! We had a shoot this morning, and it went well. What did you do today? Host any other swimsuit photo shoots lately?”

“Nah, just you guys,” he chuckles. “I may retire from the ‘model-hosting’ game. Most of my guys didn’t get much work done with you ladies taking up so much of our space and time.”

“Well, I hope we never go back there again,” I say playfully.

“That’s too bad,” he says. “I rather enjoyed the time we spent together at the shop.”

“I am totally kidding,” I say. “Trust me... I loved what happened on Sunday night.”

“Yeah?” he wonders cheerfully. “You think about it at all since it happened?”

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it,” I admit. “I hope that doesn’t make me sound too needy or pathetic.”

“Don’t worry,” he chuckles. “Believe me, you’re not half as bad as I’ve been with some of my boys over there.”

I look into the crowd, but I can’t see a single member of my group or Damon’s. I wonder if maybe the guys and girls have paired up and are off having their own little adventures away from most eyes.

“I had to buy them all drinks after how much I’ve talked my ear off about you,” says Damon. “I wanted your number... but the only way my friends thought I could get it is to have Kace text Sabrina and have her give me your number. That would have been fucked-up, right?”

“I don’t know,” I say. “I would have been okay with her giving Kace my number.”

“Ah,” he chuckles. “Well... good to know.”

“I could go ahead and give you my number now,” I suggest. “That way you don’t have to go through two different people to get it.”

“I don’t even want to look at my phone right now,” says Damon. “I just want to look at you. You’re finally not in my head—you’re real. We’ll get our phones out later.”

We start talking again as if we hadn’t stopped before, and soon we’re laughing like idiots. It only gets worse with each new mixed drink and shot Damon orders for me. We are both messed up, and we both know where the night is going to take us.

I can feel the desire pulling us closer together as the night goes on. The music is getting louder, the place is packed, and all I want is for us to get out of there and for him to show me more of what he is capable of.

“If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?” I ask Damon.

He ponders for a few seconds. “Don’t know. I like it here in Miami.”

“Oh,” I laugh. “I mean, I like Miami, too.”

“Where would you go if you could? West Coast? New York?”

“If I could go anywhere in the world rightnow?” I say. “In that case... boy, take me back to the back of that shop and hit it from the back. Aye!”

As I roar with laughter at what I think is the funniest thing ever apparently, I feel Damon’s hands running delicately up and down my legs. His eyes stay locked with mine, but his hands have definitely started an exploratory committee.

“Before I do any of that, I want to eat that fine pussy with my tongue first,” says Damon.

Chills go up my back, and I can feel my laced undergarments begin to moisten.

“If you want it, come and get it,” I say, licking my lips.

We are both too drunk to drive, so we hop in the back of a cab together. He gives the driver an address I don’t recognize, and before I know it, his hands have returned to my legs. He is running his fingers up and down my skin, and I respond to his touch, once again.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“I can’t believe we ran into each other like that,” I chuckle awkwardly.

“I would never have guessed something like that would happen,” he agrees. “Never in a million years.”

“Are we going back to Raw Wheels?” I wonder. “I drove there—I don’t think the address you gave him is...”

“No, my beauty,” he says quietly in my ears. “We’re going to my house.”

I start to run my hands across his face, feeling his soft facial hair under my fingers.

“Unless you’d rather not,” he adds.

“No, I want to go to your house... Take me to your place,” I say.

“It’ll be my pleasure, milady...”

With that, we can no longer fight the force that is pulling us together. We are kissing each other like we would never be able to kiss another person again. I hunger for him, crave his lips and his saliva... I want to taste more of his fluids and see how I like them...

I also want him to try mine... His left hand continues to stroke my legs, but his right hand surpasses my legs and finds my trembling, wet vagina. His fingers merely graze me, but even that is enough to drive me wild. Each time I feel him on me, I become wetter with desire for him, wondering what it would feel like to have his wet tongue

and lips mingle with my juices. I am so fucking aroused.

We get to his house, and it's amazing. I am blown away before we've even gotten out of the cab. I am impressed by the outside alone.

"Ordinarily I would give you the grand tour," Damon says while looking for money to pay the driver. "But... I think we can wait for the morning for that, can't we?"

"I just want to be in your bed," I say. "Take me to your bed, Damon."

We step out of the cab, and he takes me by the hand. We walk together toward the front door, his keys at the ready, but we don't even make it there. It's pathetic, but we don't care. We make out and kiss in his front yard, our bodies performing a melody before we've even gotten a chance to get to his bed. I need his cock to fill me with his love.

6

Damon

Noelle and I are in each other's arms, holding and kissing differently than we did before. Once we finally make it into the house, we scurry directly to my bedroom, both ready to be out of our Friday-night clothes and to tangle in the sheets in a bout of hot passion.

I haven't even closed the bedroom door before she is reaching around me, unbuckling my pants. I turn around, allowing her to remove my pants.

"Oh my," she says, noting the growing bulge in my boxers.

"That's all you, darlin'," I say mischievously.

Although I was curious what she would do with my invitation, I decide in the heat of the moment that I don't want her going down on me when I haven't even had a chance to go down on her yet.

"What's your stance on being tied up?" I ask her.

Her eyes widen, her cheeks flush, and she bites her lip before saying, "What?"

"We don't have to, if you're not comfortable with the idea," I say in an attempt to save face. "I just... I haven't gotten to know all of your turn-ons, so I wanted to know."

She considers to respond, which makes me suspect that I'll be pleased by whatever answer she gives.

"No pressure," I chuckle.

"Honestly, I've never been tied up before..."

"Oh, really now?" I laugh. "So, it would be a whole new experience for you?"

"I've been cuffed before," she says, growing redder by the second. "I have a blindfold back at my place... When you say tied up—"

"I meant tied up," I stress. "I have some rope I could tie you up with."

She smiles timidly, but I can sense her intrigue. She does want to be bonded; in fact, I can see her getting more turned-on the more she thinks about it. She just needed to find the right kind of man who could properly take her on that journey.

We take our clothes completely off, and then we resume kissing. With her in my arms, I don't even need to tell her what to do. She lies down on the bed, legs open, arms up, ready for me. I take out a strong, sturdy bundle of rope from my closet and unravel it before tying her arms to the bedpost.

After I pull the knot tight enough so that she will stay secured, she moans.

"You like that?" I ask.

"You know what you're doing with that..."

"You don't know the half of it..."

I kiss her lips again, tasting her sweet flavor on my tongue and mouth as we devour each other. Since all she can do is move her legs, she desperately tries to get at my cock in any way possible. But with my hands exploring her sexy, smooth body and our kisses getting more intense, she's unable to maintain any sort of useful control. She is mine, and we are both going crazy over that fact.

I moan, kissing down her body, spending some stretches of time moistening various parts of her body that I just can't get enough of. All I have to do is breathe in her ear and I can feel her pussy tremble beneath my fingers. As I kiss her neck, she moans and tries getting her knee up to my cock so that I might go a little easier on her—she is not successful.

Her sweet, puffy nipples feel incredible in my mouth. While I suck and feast on one, I fondle the other. She pulls on the ropes, desperately trying to use her hands.

“You're incredible,” she says in ecstasy.

Then, after a short journey of kisses from her perky tits down to her belly button, I decide it's time to get inside her.

I already have my fingers there, but now it's time for my mouth. I kiss her quivering womanhood, planting many more little kisses on her before ingesting her sweet nectar. I move both of my hands up to her chest, grabbing both of her breasts firmly in my hands.

“Damon...”

She tries to say my name again, but no words come out. Instead, her sexy mouth is agape, attempting to emit cries of bliss to no avail.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

She communicates with her body instead of her words, which is more than okay with me. I am too busy enjoying myself to form words—she tastes like honey...

Despite the fact that my rope is never going to break, she is persistent about trying to get her arms and hands free. Meanwhile, I know that if I keep it up any longer, she is going to achieve a significant climax (if she hadn't already).

"Fuck me, Damon..." she says.

"Mmm," I hum into her lap. "You don't want to cum...?"

"I do—I want to cum all over that dick!" she says frantically. "Please, I want you so bad!"

She writhes beneath me, grinding her cunt into my face, keeping her legs around me as best she can.

"What are you waiting for?" she breathes. "Damon!"

I sit up, tongue and lips glistening with her juices, ready and excited.

"I was just about to..." she says. "Oh... how dare you."

"You've never heard of delayed gratification?" I say playfully.

"It's been delayed long enough!"

I stroke my cock, getting myself good and hard for her. Just seeing her writhe on the bed in pleasure, hands tied to my bed, is enough to strengthen my erection.

“Just fuck me already!” she begs.

I give in and fuck her just like she asks. I feel her tighten around me almost immediately, signaling to me that she doesn’t require much stimulation from my shaft to produce the results we’re going for.

“No way,” I laugh as I feel my dick getting wetter.

“Don’t stop... Make me cum again, baby...”

“As you wish,” I oblige.

I bury myself deeper, not leaving an inch of me out. She takes all of me, from my tip all the way to my base.

I run my hands up and down her body as I fuck her hard on my bed, rocking the mattress so hard that I’m sure it could break from our activity. I expect to burst at any moment—the lubrication from her prior climax is enough to make going in and out of her both easy and pleasurable.

Yet, before I can fill her pussy with my cum, she beats me to it again. Our sex is responsible for bringing her to orgasm once again, and she has yet to take my cream filling.

“Again?” I chuckle with pride. “Should I stop before we push our luck?”

“No... keep fucking me, baby,” she says, giggling like she’s being tickled. “Do you want me on top now...?”

Without words, I pull out so that I can flip her over. Her hands are still tied, bound and fastened to my bedpost; she moans and coos for me, even before she knows fully what's coming for her.

I bend her over so that her ass is now up and her pussy is spread wide for me. It's beautiful, sweet and pink.

This time, I slowly insert my dick into her, wondering if the change in speed would be enough to drive her wild yet again before I can empty my contents inside her warm and welcoming orifice.

I smack her ass each time I'm ready to increase the speed. Each time, she is more than responsive. If anything, she likes the spanking. She not only moans for me, but she backs her ass up into me, too.

"Bad girl..." I growl under my breath.

"You like when I back my ass up on you...?"

"More than you know," I respond, leaning down to kiss her neck while I thrust deeper into her.

I give her a reprieve, untying the rope from the bedpost. She can move, but she is in no way free. I keep the rope held in my fist, like she's an animal on a leash. It almost isn't a metaphor—she is a raw, sexy beast.

I spank her fine ass with my hands, and sometimes I whip it swiftly with the tied end of my rope. Everything I'm doing is precisely what she needs.

She lets out a cry of pleasure so loud that it shakes the walls. We come hard together, marrying our fluids poetically.

I'm not sure how long we go on for, but we don't stop with just a single tryst. We have sex well into the night, ringing in the weekend perfectly. Our positions vary, and I'm not sure what time it is when we finally do pass out in bed together, exhausted and spent. But it is possibly one of the greatest nights of lovemaking I've ever had in my life. Even after many hours of diligent drilling, it still doesn't feel like enough...

7

Noelle

The sun hits my eyes like a bully, blinding me completely. I'm trying to wake up, but it takes me several seconds to remember where I am.

I turn and face the other way, suddenly very aware of where I am and who I'm with—the man who is quickly disproving my working theory that I would never meet a man who actually knew a woman. Damon Abrams is far more than just a gang leader or business owner; he's a love machine.

He snores, not loudly or disruptively, but like a low-powered box fan. It's lulling, relaxing... He very nearly puts me back to sleep just seeing him in such a deep slumber.

Then, I really start waking up. It takes me a second to even remember the day... Saturday morning. My phone isn't anywhere near me, so I can't discern the time precisely, but I know it can't be before 9:00.

Usually, a guy would come home with me and then he was out before the sun was even up. It's uncharacteristic of me to have spent the night; I was under the impression that most (if not all) men didn't want to risk having the girl stay over and risk having a temporary roommate. Of course, Damon isn't "most men."

Finally, he wakes up. He turns around, eyes barely open, a smile forming on his face when he sees me. I've learned that his smile is contagious.

“Morning,” he mutters.

“Hi,” I say, trying not to look like a schoolgirl head over heels.

He surprises me again by kissing my lips good morning. Soft, sweet, able to be savored.

“Listen, I’m sorry,” I begin nervously. “I didn’t mean to spend the night. I just... it was late, and we’d been drinking—”

“No need to apologize,” he assures me. “You’re more than welcome to crash after a night like last night.”

We both giggle impishly and resume our kissing. The sheets are tangled all around our bodies, which prevents us from getting a good hold on each other. It’s probably a good thing; otherwise, we might end up resuming last night’s activities as well, and then we might not ever make it out of the bedroom...

“So, you have girls fall asleep with you often?” I ask.

“Not at all, actually,” he chuckles. “I’ve never had a girl stay the night after like that before.”

“Wow,” I say, slightly embarrassed. “I amreallysorry.”

“I’m telling you, stop saying you’re sorry,” he reiterates. “It’s okay, there’s no rush. Charge your phone if you need to.”

I look around the room, searching for my various items of clothing that didn’t stay on long the night before. I know my phone is somewhere in the pile of clothes on the floor, but I don’t want to get out of bed.

After many minutes of silence, each of us waiting for the other to speak, I finally get out of bed, untangling the sheets from my limbs. I scramble around, first seeking out my undergarments, but I'm moving slowly.

Damon's eyes open wider once he realizes what I'm missing.

"I don't know what's more fun," he chuckles. "Taking your clothes off or watching that perfect body trying to put them back on."

"Whatever," I scoff. "I look good, but I'm not perfect."

"I don't know... from where I am right now, you look like a work of art to me."

"You're just saying that because I had sex with you," I tease. "And because I'm naked."

"All of those things might be true, but what I'm saying is true, too," he retorts. "I'm incredibly lucky to get to gaze at a woman like you."

Just as I find my bra at the foot of the bed, it hits me: none of this feels awkward at all. Damon also doesn't just seem chill—he is chill, happy to be exactly where he is in that moment. I deliberately take my time to get dressed now, hoping that I might excite him. I like seeing him get worked up.

"Got anything planned today?" I ask.

"Not sure," he replies. "When you own the shop, you can afford to miss a weekend every now and then. I don't really have to do anything."

I suddenly feel the need to quickly get dressed. Grabbing the remainder of my clothes off the floor like a bulldozer, I flee from the bedroom in search of the nearest

bathroom.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

I lock the bathroom door behind me after I finally find solitude. I just need a moment alone to compose myself. I'm not sure why the idea of staying longer scares me, but before the morning ended, I would have my reasons figured out.

I stay in the bathroom for a while, playing on my phone to distract myself and to avoid making a decision on what I'm going to do with my Saturday. My decision regarding the morning, it seems, is being decided for me, though.

The smell of breakfast being made in the kitchen wafts through the whole house. Eventually, the aroma is enough to entice me out of the bathroom and face the potential awkwardness.

"So, what's going on up in here?" I ask stupidly.

"Hey!" Damon says from the stove. "I'm making coffee and breakfast. Do you want any?"

"Uh... sure," I answer.

I consider joining him in the kitchen to assist, but I opt to sit at his kitchen table instead. I have to admit, I'm somewhat in awe of a man who knows how to cook. None of my boyfriends ever went into the kitchen—even with my "friends with benefits"—the best they could ever do was pick up food that was already made or ask me to make them something.

"How do you like your eggs?" Damon asks while pouring the coffee.

“I’m fine with however you’re having them.”

“Scrambled it is. Do you take anything in your coffee?”

“Just sugar. I can make my coffee,” I say, suddenly feeling guilty. “What am I doing just sitting here?”

Just being physically close to Damon is turning out to be a mistake. As I add the appropriate amount of sugar to my mug, I can feel his warmth emanating onto me, and he isn’t even touching me. But us standing inches apart is like two magnets only inches apart—the gravitational pull is strong.

“You’re not a vegetarian or vegan, are you?” Damon asks. “I mean, I guess if you’re eating eggs, you ain’t a vegan, right?”

“I eat meat,” I laugh.

I stir the sugar around in my cup of black coffee, fully aware that if I back my ass up, I’d probably feel Damon’s dick through his loose shorts. I decide to behave.

Not long after returning to the table, Damon joins me with breakfast: eggs, toast, bacon, sausage, and hash browns. My mouth waters before the food even touches my fork.

Breakfast is mostly quiet, save for a few nonverbal exclamations of enjoyment over the quality of the meal from time to time. Damon finally decides to speak once he’s cleared his plate of meat and eggs.

“I don’t know about you,” he says, toying with his half-eaten toast, “but I wouldn’t mind having a repeat of last night some other time.”

“I’d like that,” I say, sure I’m blushing. “I’m so glad we ran into each other last night like that.”

“Yeah, no kidding. It’s almost like fate brought us together.”

“Do you believe in fate?”

“I believe in a lot of things,” he replies. “You might think it’s strange, what with me owning a bike shop and all, but I believe that two people can be connected.”

“Do you mean like soul mates?”

“I was trying to avoid that term, but yes,” he laughs.

“I believe that, too,” I say honestly. “My problem is knowing where to look.”

Now, we each aimlessly play with the remainder of our food, dancing around a flame that is growing higher by the minute.

“So, what else do you believe?” I ask in an attempt to steer the conversation in a different direction.

“I believe in an eye for an eye,” he says almost ominously.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. If someone attacks you, I feel it is your right to attack back,” he explains. “I’m a pacifist, for the most part, until you come after me unprovoked. What do you when someone wrongs you horribly, Noelle?”

“Give me an example.”

“Let’s say someone stole your car and then ended up totaling it. How would you respond?”

I want to give him a good, sincere response, but I don’t want to come off the wrong way. I shrug. “I’ve never had something that bad happen to me like that. I really don’t know what I would do.”

“All right, forget your car getting totaled,” he muses. “Let’s say you owned a studio downtown that modeling agencies rented out.”

I chuckle. “Okay.”

“Then, one day, a modeling agency starts using your building without your permission and refuses to pay you, and they were smug and arrogant about it. You can’t go to the police.”

“Why can’t I go to the police?”

He ponders for a few seconds before replying, “They threaten you and everyone you love.”

“Okay,” I accept blindly. “So, what’s the question?”

“What do you do to the squatters?”

I shrug again. “I don’t know. I don’t think I’d ever own a building, either.”

He slides his plate and mug away from him before continuing.

“I don’t like to talk with people outside of the club about club business,” says Damon. “Rolling Heads, I mean.”

“I figured.”

“My gang, my boys... we get into all sorts of trouble. There are real dangers whenever you roll with the Rolling Heads. I’m the president, so I see it all.”

I nod along, trying not to vividly envision what he means by “danger.”

“Most of the time, people see the bike, the jacket, or both, and they don’t bother us,” he says. “I don’t demand respect from people I don’t know. Just let us be us, and we let you be you. Just don’t fuck with us.”

I think he can tell he’s pushing me away; not physically or literally, but the more he speaks of his club, the more apprehensive I become about the prospect of that potential “repeat of last night.”

“I also believe in having at least one full day in the week where you do whatever the hell you want,” Damon says. “I guess it’s kind of like a Sabbath kind of thing, but it doesn’t have to be church.”

“Have you ever been in love?” I ask.

This topic of conversation makes him more uncomfortable than the implication of violent revenge.

“It’s just—you said you believed in soul mates,” I add.

“I’m not uncomfortable talking about love,” he says slowly. “I just don’t like thinking of the past. They’re called exes for a reason, you know?”

“I do know, unfortunately,” I agree. “So, you have had strong feelings, shall we say, about other girls before.”

“I’ve had strong feelings for a couple of real women before,” he retorts. “I might sleep with a lot of girls, but it’s only a woman that gets the password to my Wi-Fi.”

We laugh and finish up our breakfasts.

“So, what does a girl have to do to get your phone number?” I ask with desire in my voice and my eyes.

“All you have to do is ask nicely.” He stands and takes my plate.

“I’ve got shoots this weekend,” I say without knowing for certain if that’s true or not. “I’m not sure what all you’re doing this week, but if you were serious about... you know, meeting up again...”

He puts the plates and mugs in the sink as quickly as possible so that he can take me in his arms and passionately kiss me, holding me close to him. I never want it to end, but like all good things, eventually our lips part.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“I’m down to get together whenever,” he says. “I don’t want you to feel like I’m pressuring you, though.”

“Why would I feel pressured?” I wonder.

“I’m the president of a gang. I don’t want you to think you have to be with me ‘or else.’ When I was talking about the Rolling Heads, you seemed a little wary.”

“I’ll admit, I’m a little nervous. When most guys talk about danger, they don’t mean... whatyoumean.”

“Exactly,” he agrees. “You may want to take some time and figure out if it’s a good idea.”

“I think it would be a bad idea if we didn’t do it,” I say. “After all, just because we give each other our numbers, it doesn’t mean we have to call each other.”

Unable to defeat that simple logic, we use this as our cue to get our cell phones and exchange numbers. Already, I’m beginning to think of mischievous things I could say and send to him now that I know how to find him.

“I’m not afraid of being with you,” I say affirmatively. “Since you don’t like talking about ‘club business’ outside of the shop, then... I shouldn’t have anything to worry about.”

“In theory,” says Damon.

“Why do you have to be so fucking sexy?” I ask like he has an answer.

“If I’m sexy at all, it’s because you bring it out of me,” he quips.

As I journeyback home from Damon’s place, my nerves get the better of me again. I consider just deleting his number... removing temptation and resisting the urge to travel farther down the rabbit hole.

Even if I only wanted something casual with him, I know it would be impossible to have any real “normalcy” with him. I question myself during the whole drive, wondering if I should even be thinking of considering sleeping with him again. He had warned me loud and clear: with him, there could be danger.

I was ready to face the danger...

8

Damon

I called a meeting for Thursday afternoon for the Rolling Heads. Everyone was already at the shop waiting for me before I've even left the house. I feel tired, but it's completely worth it.

Since Monday night, Noelle and I have been texting each other almost nonstop. We both were waiting for the other to text the other first, but finally I just went for it and texted her after I'd closed up shop that night. A lot of it was casual small talk, but it felt great to hear from her.

It was also nice to wake up not knowing what wonders might be waiting for me on the phone. On Tuesday morning, she texted me a picture of herself naked in the shower—water rushing down her delicious, nude body—as a way of greeting me for the day. With that being the first picture message I ever received from her, I was instantly curious about her standards. I was anxious for more pictures to come.

Our flirtatious, provocative texting continued all the way to now. She was waiting for my response to a suggestive text about exploring the back of my shop again... unfortunately for our sex life, my work life is calling.

I roll in to the parking lot. There, in my spot, is Kace—smoking a cigarette and chilling—waiting for me to arrive. We nod to each other.

“What's the word?” I ask as I park my bike.

“Some shit’s brewing with the Hell-Snakes,” he says.

“Yeah, no shit,” I reply. “Tell me something that isn’t obvious.”

“It isn’t just about the Hell-Snakes anymore,” Kace informs me. “It isn’t just about our club rivals; it’s about our business rivals. We know for certain now: the Snakes are trying to take our customers away from the shop here, too.”

“How do we know for sure?”

“A lot of bikers go to the same spots in Miami, bro,” he points out. “They get in their ear over at some of the bars and places to shoot the shit. Before you know it, they’re spreading rumors. Never had one bad word said about us before these fuckers rolled in. Now, they’re smearing us and steering away the competition.”

“And this is a certainty?”

“I witnessed it in person,” he says. “You’re more recognizable than I am, Damon. I can blend in better. No one’s going to misbehave when the Head Roller is around. People respect you.”

“True. So, they’re really trying to move in on our territory. In every sense of the meaning.”

“The longer we stay quiet, the further they’re going to push the boundaries. Just because we went to a few of their spots downtown doesn’t mean they know we’re serious. We may need to send a message.”

“I’m angry about their shitty business tactics, but I can’t just respond with violence,” I say. “Our fathers have had claim to this part of Miami for years. Now, it’s ours, and if anything, we push the boundaries. No one’s taking over us.”

“Hey, save some of the inspiring talk for the fellas during the meeting.”

“Good point,” I concede. “How to respond...”

“I say we tell them to back the fuck off, simple as that,” says Kace. “If they don’t, they’re going to have a problem.”

“Yeah, this isn’t okay.” I try to imagine what a takeover from a rival gang might look like. “We need to teach them how things work around here.”

“How do you want to approach it?”

“After our meeting here, I’ll go talk to Tom Wright at the Hell-Snakes’ lodge,” I declare. “I’ll go alone so it won’t be confrontational in nature and we can relax.”

“Fuck that shit,” Kace retorts. “You ain’t going anywhere near Wright without backup.”

“Tom and I aren’t on bad terms,” I defend. “There’s tension, and we both know it doesn’t feel right. One of us has to take the initiative, and I don’t want there to be any bloodshed.”

“So, me or anyone else going with you is going to incite violence?” Kace asks in an offended tone.

“I just want everyone to be relaxed,” I stress. “I think we’ll all have cooler heads if it’s just me. I’m going with my instincts here.”

Kace doesn’t like it, and he looks like he’s going to persist. Instead, he bites his tongue.

“I’ll be able to get a good look around their compound, also,” I point out. “I’ll get a feel for what they’re all about. Count their numbers—their bikes, their weapons, their fighters—all of them.”

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“They say Tom Wright threw a woman out of a moving van on I-4,” he says.

“What’s your point?”

“My point is we know what kind of people they are and what kind of show Wright is running,” he says. “You might go alone to talk to him, but we’re gonna be close. Ain’t no way I’m letting you go there totally alone.”

Kace and I abandon our calm demeanors and replace them with looks of steely determination. We go into the shop to address the club and fill them in on the plan.

Tom Wright’s clubhouse is big and a prominent spot on the outskirts of downtown. From my neck of the woods, it’s almost a straight drive. I ride on my Yamaha, roaring down the highway. I want them to know I’m coming. It’s not to be confrontational or provoking; it’s a notification.

I arrive at Tom’s place, and there in the parking lot waiting for me are several Hell-Snakes coiled around their bikes, poised and ready to strike. They all look at me with stares of malcontent, but they all keep their distance once I dismount and get ready to do my business.

I find Tom with everyone else inside by the pool tables, drinking and ogling a cute little blonde bartender who can’t be older than twenty-one.

“Afternoon,” says Tom upon seeing me.

“Howdy,” I reply. “We’ve not been formally introduced—”

“I know who you are,” he interrupts. “Same way you know who I am, I reckon.”

“I don’t mean to get in the way of a game or anything,” I say coolly. “I was wondering if you and I could maybe have a word in private?”

His posse doesn’t seem to like the idea of us alone. Tom, however, is amused by my arrival. He puts his drink down and slowly slithers in my direction.

“I would love to,” he obliges. “My penthouse is on the second floor, if you’d like to follow me.”

As I walk up the stairs to the penthouse, I scan the place, getting the lay of the land. There are many men and women scattered about, and there isn’t a quiet room in the building.

Upon entering Tom’s penthouse suite, I feel myself becoming livid. There are tens of thousands of dollars of drugs on multiple tables, and expensive furniture and collectibles as far as the eye can see.

“Nice room.”

Tom snickers while taking a seat. “You work hard, you play hard, right?”

“I promise I won’t take up much of your time here,” I say. “In fact, I expect I’ll be out the door in less than two minutes.”

“No rush. Why don’t you have a seat?”

“I’d prefer to stand. May I call you Tom?”

“Please,” he allows.

“Tom, to be blunt, I want to know if any of your guys have been spreading rhetoric and lies to steer people away from me and my shop.”

Tom smiles widely, bearing a grin that’s eaten its fair amount of shit.

“Why would I ever do anything like that?” he asks. “You getting paranoid over there by the shore?”

“Your boys have been riding through our part of town a lot lately,” I say. “Scouting for new digs?”

“I don’t know who you’ve been seeing riding through, but it ain’t us,” Tom says dismissively. “You sure it isn’t somebody else? I saw a couple fellas come riding in from Tampa just the other day that looked like an unpleasant pack of fucks. Maybe it was one of them.”

“What kind of business would anybody in Tampa be doing in Miami?” I wonder. “They’re central.”

“My reach goes a lot farther than just Miami,” says Tom. “But really—why do you think any of my guys are trying to steal business away from your store? I don’t need any of your business, Damon. Quite honestly, I have no idea what you’re even talking about.”

Everything about Tom Wright is fake—from his words, to his face, to every single aspect about his life—and he knows that I know he’s full of shit. I saw right through him from the moment I laid eyes on him.

“Why would we even have a problem?” Tom continues coyly. “I thought we held stake to our respective claims pretty well. I’m not interested in a gang war. This isn’t Greg Powers going up against your daddies. Times have changed.”

Page 24

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

Greg Powers was the head of an old gang that used to run half of South Beach. He decided to pick a fight with the Rolling Heads when my father was in charge, and he lost. Badly.

“I don’t want trouble either,” I say. “I just want honesty. If y’all are just joyriding, hanging out, I get it. Just be straight with me, that’s all.”

“I am being straight with you. My boys aren’t doing anything they ain’t supposed to. Your boys on their best behavior, I assume?”

“They aren’t doing anything they’re not supposed to,” I retort. “Thanks for your time, Tom.”

I walk over to him so that we can shake hands and part ways on relatively good terms.

As I make my way out to leave, I keep looking around to get a feel for the place. There are plenty of places to hide and take cover... It plays in my favor, and I think most of Tom’s guys know it, too.

That night, as I lie in bed and think about how to deal with the Hell-Snakes, I get a late-night text from Noelle:

How was your day?

I text back: Fine, can’t complain. Yours?

It was good. I had the day off, so I got to relax.

What are you doing right now?

Watching some show with Sabrina, she answers. She's about to leave.

Are you doing anything on Saturday?

Not sure... I'm not working.

Do you maybe want to get together on Saturday? I propose.

I'd like that What did you have in mind?

Not sure yet. I'll think of something by then.

Ah you want to get together for what comes AFTER the date lol ;)

That's not the only reason. I really want to see you again, I say.

Well, I'm down

We don't even have to have sex you know no pressure, I add.

I don't think we should rule that out...

Oh?

I think our sex together is really good, and I want to keep having it, says Noelle. I've been thinking a lot about it.

Me too...

I nearly pass out when I get her next response, which is exactly what I wanted to see:

I'm touching myself right now...

I slide my shorts and boxers right off from me and immediately join her.

So am I, I inform her. Too bad we can't touch each other instead.

I've got two fingers in now, wishing it was your dick... Tell me what you want to do to me...

Our sexting goes on into the night. I can't wait for Saturday.

9

Noelle

Since our date two Fridays ago (we couldn't make it till Saturday), Damon and I were in an almost constant state of lovemaking. Saturday was reserved entirely for sex in his bedroom. I would ride him so hard into the night, and he would fuck me so good. We were very comfortable with each other, and I was really beginning to trust him.

The next week came, and so did we. We were hooking up a lot, atleastonce a day. Sometimes we would meet before workandafter. I only slept over at his place one time during the week, and it was because we were both intoxicated and having round after round of hot, drunk sex.

I'm more than happy to have sex with Damon and not really label anything. I feel like we're both a little old to be calling each other "boyfriend and girlfriend," and the less stress we put on our relationship, the better we both feel. I'm just going with it.

It's Saturday again, and today we're going to get together as planned. I was scheduled for a half-day morning shoot, but instead, it's going to be another full day. To ease my stress, Damon offered to cook me dinner. I was being fickle with what I wanted, so I told him to surprise me.

Earlier, I texted him and warned him that we probably weren't going to be able to have sex since I was due for my period. However, as the day goes on and the girls and I change from swimsuit to swimsuit, I realize Ihaven'tstarted my period...

It was supposed to start either the day before or now, and I don't even feel the slightest bit faint or sore. In my experience, I have had moments when the tides were out of line, so to speak. Sometimes my period is off by a day or two, but I always get it.

I'm glad, in this case, that I'm not going through my time of the month.

"I can't get enough of Damon's dick," I tell Sabrina privately. "I always want it in every part of me."

"Wow, you sound like you're addicted," Sabrina laughs.

"I basically am," I confess. "If you think I'm getting too clingy or obsessive with him, please tell me. I don't want to scare him off."

"Girl, I don't think you can scare him off," she says. "You two have been fucking for like two weeks straight! You two are dating, basically."

I roll my eyes. "We're not calling it anything."

"I guess you'll see if you two really like each other soon," she says. "You're on your period, right?"

"No, I'm a day late I guess," I told her. She and I have been sharing the same cycle for years now.

She frowns. "That's unusual. You and Damon have been using protection, right?"

Instinctively, I go to tell her yes. I would have been lying, though. And I'm not about to start lying to my best friend.

“Not every time,” I admit. “There were a few times when he’d be inside me and he’d pull out before he...”

“Right,” said Sabrina. “Well, I hope you’re not fucking preggers. With Damon Abrams’s child? The last thing you want is to be carrying a gang leader’s baby.”

I dress nicely for Damon and keep checking my reflection in the rearview mirror as I drive to his place, heading there as quickly as possible. I took more time than I should have to get ready. I just always want to look good for him.

I’m still not on my period, and I’m grateful for it. I’m eager to fill myself with dessert after our meal... I’ve been anticipating it all day.

I park my car, pausing to check myself again before turning the engine off and stepping out. I send Damon a quick “I’m here” text, expecting him to already be waiting for me by the door like usual.

This time, I have to knock on the door. When it finally opens, I’m aware of why I had to wait: the smell of dinner hits me like a tidal wave.

“Hi—whoa!” I say. “Something smells delicious.”

“Thank you,” Damon chuckles. “Been working hard on it, not gonna lie.”

I go in, expecting a long, passionate kiss to greet me. Instead, our kiss is quick so that he can return to the kitchen and complete our food preparations.

He made a broccoli, cheddar, and chicken casserole with dinner rolls and a salad. To say I’m feeling overwhelmed is an understatement. I’m always blown away whenever he makes dinner for me, especially on this scale. I’m not used to this level of caring and effort. I don’t want to potentially bruise his ego by complimenting his sweetness,

so instead I beam at him while he finishes.

We eat together, savoring every bite of his delectable entrée. From time to time, he's on his phone, which is unlike him whenever we share meals.

“Is everything okay?” I ask with curiosity.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“No,” he replies. “But it will be.”

“Anything you want to talk about?”

“In all honesty, no,” he says. “It’s not worth it. I’m enjoying this food... I love that I get to share it with you.”

“I’m the lucky one,” I say while loading another forkful of casserole.

“We’ve been dealing with some drama with a rival group,” Damon says. “I’ve been talking with Kace about it.”

“Do you know what you’re going to do?”

“That’s what I’ve been talking with Kace about. Weighing our options. Thinking about how to approach it.”

“Is there anything I can do?” I ask.

“Just sit there and be your beautiful self.”

“You think I look good tonight?”

“You look hot as fuck tonight,” Damon says with a new hunger in his eyes.

“Thank you.” I blush. “Do I look good enough to eat?”

“Honey, I’ll eat anything you want me to off your body,” he says suggestively.

“Oh, you don’t have to do that,” I say with a giggle. “Although, I do wonder what it would be like to lick chocolate sauce off your cock. Or maybe you’d prefer if I sucked whipped cream off the tip of your dick?”

He puts his silverware down. “I want all of that.”

We slide out from the kitchen table and stick to each other like magnets. I’m impressed we made it through dinner for as long as we did; I was imagining having his dick inside during the whole meal.

We kiss and fondle each other, slowly moving toward the bedroom and driving each other crazy. Our motors are running on full power, and the passion is already intense. The room feels like a hundred degrees.

We don’t even make it to the bedroom.

By the time we reach the living room, I’m already without bottoms. My wet pussy is dripping for him, eager for a ride. While I rip off his shirt and belt, he rubs my pussy up and down with skill.

“Fuck, baby,” I moan.

“You like that?” he whispers in my ear while moving his fingers deeper inside me.

“So much... Put your dick in me, Damon...”

We’re both fully nude, my hands running down his body while he fingers me with enough force to make me shiver. I have chills going up my spine, and my body surrenders to his touch.

His hands travel—as do his lips and his throbbing penis—caressing and ravishing my body like no other lover. I keep expecting to wake from my dream to discover that Damon and our undeniable flame are just merely figments of my active imagination.

But I am awake. I only become more awake the longer he has his way with me. I lie back on his couch, focusing on his warm lips as they plant kisses on my body from my belly button up to my lips, then spend considerable time with my neck.

As we kiss and cuddle, he subtly and smoothly maneuvers his dick into my wet hole, getting all of his length inside of me before he plunges hard with it, knocking the breath out of me.

He fucks me slowly, taking his time with each considerable thrust. There's an aggressiveness that I've not felt or seen with him before... I can sense danger on the horizon, and I face it willingly.

He grabs on to my breasts, squeezing them and giving them affection. His hands move higher up, massaging every bit of me that his fingers touch. He rubs my shoulders, converging to my neck...

I've never been choked before. I've wondered what it would feel like, but I was always scared to try. Damon is not afraid to try, and he is brave.

He hesitates before wrapping his hand all the way around my neck. Our eyes never break contact. His grip is gentle at first, somehow even delicate, and he uses my facial expressions to judge how tightly to squeeze.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

It's not just the feeling of his power that turns me on immensely. He rams his mighty rod perfectly against my G-spot. Our rhythm is so exquisite that it drives my body wild beyond measure. I can barely tell when one orgasm ends and another begins.

He eventually lets go of my throat, pulling his glistening meat from out of my vagina and using it as a paintbrush to smear my juices back on my own skin.

“You want it doggie-style, darling?” he says in my ear before nibbling it.

Without giving a vocal affirmation, I flip myself over on the couch, sticking my ass up in the air for him. He spansks it hard, causing me to moan.

“Keep spanking me...” I beg.

He gives me what I ask for and then some. He paddles my ass with such might that I can feel the red building in my cheeks. He bends me over just right and puts his dick back inside of me so he can fuck me from behind.

He continues to smack my ass while he fucks me. At certain points, he even puts a finger inside my ass. Each time is a surprise, and it almost always brings me to the edge of orgasm.

He alternates between cupping my breasts as they swing and pulling my hair. His hands often gravitate back toward my neck, but he always resists the urge... I wouldn't mind if he wanted to choke me again, though.

I back up into him, and this seems to both surprise him and delight him immensely.

This is too sexy for us both. I'm impressed with his stamina, and I'm perplexed as to why I haven't collapsed from the sheer momentum of it all.

When he finally bursts, I can feel it all as it fills me up... He is warm, and he is mine.

Our passion burns into the night. At some point, while we rest in each other's arms, he passes out. I stay in his arms—warm, caring, genuine—thinking about our many nights of passion before and to come.

At some point in the silence of the night, the thought that I still haven't had my period yet returns. I'm not bleeding. There's no blood on the bed or on Damon... I'm sure, knowing my luck, that I'm likely going to have it first thing in the morning. I'm looking forward to the prospect of waking to cramps and nausea.

Instead of spending the night again, I decide to take my leave, and I slowly slink out of bed. The only thing I regret is having to abandon his embrace.

I consider leaving a note, but I feel compelled to fib or outright lie. I think about telling him I'm leaving because I have a show to go to or work I have to do. Seeing as none of those excuses are true, I decide to flee in total silence. I just hope he won't be upset or mad at me.

Maybe it's more than just physical attraction that's keeping me and Damon so richly bonded together.

10

Damon

I wake early on Sunday morning expecting to see Noelle. At first, I think maybe she's hiding under the covers on her side. Upon closer inspection of the bed in my half-tired state, I realize that Noelle is gone. On the one hand, I am somewhat relieved that she's left and spared me the pain of having to go through any hard talks with her about the road ahead of me...

On the other hand, I'm disappointed with myself for not simply telling her how I feel. Admittedly, even as I lie in bed recalling the events of the day and night before, I'm still not entirely sure about precisely how I feel about her. I care deeply about her, that much I know, and have known for a while.

I skip breakfast and a shower and go straight to the clubhouse, where the whole gang is gearing up to take action against Tom Wright and his Hell-Snakes. We have our weapons prepared, our supplies suitably packed, and our blood boiling.

Not only did Tom Wright lie to my face before, his boys were showing up more often around my part of town and even close to my shop. I take it not just as an insult, but a challenge. Tom doesn't want me to come back to his place alone. He wants me to bring company so he'll feel less guilty about trying to kill me.

We drive our bikes with purpose and grit. I look at all of my gang—my friends—and I know that I cannot fail them. I make a vow right then and there that I will not lose a single man to Tom Wright or his cronies. We are going to protect our territory, clear

out the pests, and return to running the streets of Miami with an iron rule.

“We might need to remind Miami why we’re called the Rolling Heads,” I say to Kace at one point. “I’m tired of the blatant disrespect. Enough is enough.”

The roads are practically empty. Saturday night has yet to fully leave Miami, and the elderly are heading to church. The collective growls and roars that emit from our beasts as we bound forward are surely warning the Hell-Snakes. I can just see them waking from a drunken stupor to hear our bikes, ill-prepared for our arrival.

As we pulled in to the Hell-Snake clubhouse, we are all wary to discover that there are only three motorcycles in the parking lot. We were anticipating and expecting a nearly full house, so it’s jarring.

We park our bikes in their spots, dismounting with our weapons visible and within arm’s reach. I lead the group inside, ready for a fight...

However, there’s another surprise: there’s no one there, on the first floor anyway. I signal for Kace and two others to go inspect upstairs. The rest of us look around, quietly scanning curiously.

This isn’t right.

I try to envision a scenario when my entire gang would be vacated from our shop or clubhouse. It occurs to me that my clubhouse and shop are vacated at this very precise moment. I think to myself that it would have been ironic if they were all on their way to start a fight at our clubhouse.

I look up and see Kace coming back down the stairs.

“No one,” said Kace shaking his head.

“This doesn’t make sense,” I said irately. “Where the hell are they?”

Suddenly, over by the bar area, a fire erupts, the flames bursting up immediately due to all the liquor set on the shelves. Nearly a quarter of the place is ablaze, and we stare, transfixed, unsure of what or who did this.

“Everyone out!” I shout after snapping out of it. “Take the nearest exit!”

The fire is spreading so quickly that it’s overwhelming. The side exit near the stairs is locked, and a powerful flame is fast approaching. We all run for the main entrance.

Through the blaze, demons emerge and begin to fight. Gunfire zips through the fire, aiming to hit me and my crew. We aimlessly fire back, shooting our guns through the flames, hoping to hit one of those sons of bitches. It’s impossible to know for certain who’s attacking whom.

Zeke, my most recent recruit, falls to the ground beside Kace. I look and see that he’s taken a bullet to the shoulder. There is blood pouring from his wound, but I’m grateful that he will live.

Kace and I stand over Zeke while the others help pick him up and carry him out. The Rolling Heads continue exchanging gunfire with the Hell-Snakes. In the hellfire, I’m unable to discern the specific shooters’ identities, but it’s undoubtedly them. Specific names are irrelevant.

Once we’re all out, the attackers are nowhere to be found. The clubhouse burns fast, dismantling every bit of foundation that kept the building together. We stand by watching it crumble...

...until we’re all suddenly aware of something else—my bike has been completely obliterated. No one else’s has been touched.

“Scatter,” I order the group. “We all meet back at the clubhouse in two hours.”

Kace and I get to work fixing my bike right away. We go to his private garage right off the coast so that we can work on it in peace. I need a real distraction in order to keep me from hunting down and killing every Hell-Snake personally.

“Any word on Zeke?” I ask Kace.

“They’re stitching up his shoulder now,” he tells me. “Eddie also got some really bad burns; he’ll probably be out of commission for a while.”

“I can’t believe they burned down their own clubhouse,” I say in disbelief.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“Wethinkthat’s what happened,” says Kace. “I couldn’t tell jack shit of what was going on.”

“Who the hell else could have done it?”

“Could have been another enemy of theirs,” he suggests. “They’ve made a lot of enemies in the state.”

“Somehow, I doubt that two separate gangs just so happened to be heading to the Hell-Snake lounge on the same morning at the same time,” I say dismissively. “Besides, why was the place empty? They were waiting for us.”

“It could have been one of our guys that started the fire,” he says. “I only noticed the fire after it had been going a few seconds. Did you see who started it?”

“No,” I say. “I highly doubtwestarted the fire—why would no one admit to it?”

Kace shrugs before replying with “All I know is two of our guys were carrying Molotovs and were itching for a reason to use them.”

“Who?”

“I don’t think one of our guys really did it,” he says. “For the record. I’m just playing devil’s advocate. Why would Tom burn down his own place like that? It just doesn’t make sense. All his shit was still there. What, would he really go for the ‘burn the place down for the insurance’ scam?”

“I think that he saw an opportunity to kill off his entire rival gang here in Miami in one swift maneuver,” I say. “Unless I hear otherwise, it was them that started the fire. They were hoping we’d burn alive, and those that wouldn’t die inside would get shot trying to escape.”

“In the chaos, I couldn’t make heads or tails at all of what the fuck was going on,” he says. “I don’t think any of us were able to know for sure who exactly was shooting at us.”

“The Hell-Snakes were shooting at us. They are all to blame, and they will all pay.”

“How so?”

“I’m not sure yet,” I say slowly. “Right now, I only care about getting my bike back in working order. I want my chariot back up and running strong for when I mow down all of these pieces of shit. Hope you’re ready to make our dads look like Boy Scouts. Our names will be the ones you hear over the waves.”

Kace looks at his watch before informing me, “We need to head back to the clubhouse. They’ll be waiting.”

I decide to drive us both in my classic Camaro that I had parked over in this garage. We coast quietly for a while before Kace finally breaks the silence.

“How are we going to approach the guys?” he asks. “There’s a lot of anger. They want the Hell-Snakes to pay now.”

“They will pay soon,” I say. “That fire was bound to attract a lot of attention. We don’t want more eyes on us as we go forward. We let things cool down—no pun intended—and when we don’t have eyes on us, we’ll move on them.”

“Do you think anyone else other than us or the Snakes saw anything that happened?” Kace wonders nervously. “I didn’t notice anyone else around—did you? Shit, come to think of it, if no one saw it, it really would be their word against ours, wouldn’t it?”

“What are you talking about?” I ask. “You’re getting too antsy.”

“Couldn’t Wright or any of his guys just claim that you or one of us committed arson and burned their place down?” Kace ponders. “I didn’t notice any cameras...”

“There were cameras in there,” I inform him. “I got a look around when I went to talk to Wright alone. Who knows if they were on or even working.”

“We’re fucked,” he laughs. “They’ll see the video of all of us going into their place, guns and blades out, and see the fire... We’re going to jail.”

“Kace—”

“I thought I’d go to jail for something big like robbery or... maybe murder of some degree,” he continues. “I can’t believe this. We’re so fucked.”

“We are not fucked,” I say without real certainty. “You need to chill the fuck out before we get back to the clubhouse, dude. The guys can’t see you like this. We can’t build paranoia right now. Things are already bad enough as they are. No one’s going to jail. We’re fine.”

“I’ll ask the whole group separately whether they know who started the fire,” says Kace. “I’m with you. I think it was them, but we need to know for certain.”

When we get back to the clubhouse, I have Kace go in ahead of me, telling him I have to make a call. Really, I just want a moment alone.

Truthfully, I'm as worried as Kace is. But I know that I have to wear a much braver face than the one I'm wearing right now. I just can't get over the idea of Tom or any of his gang going to the police. Gangs never typically involve the police at all, but then again, gangs don't typically burn down their own clubhouses with all their shit still in them.

I decide to go through with what I said I was actually going to do. I find Noelle's number, realizing that her voice would actually be quite the antidote to the poison I can feel coursing through my veins.

Unfortunately for me, she doesn't pick up. This is unusual for her—she usually answers before the second ring concludes—so I take this as a sign. I can't detain myself any longer, and I would be doing my longtime friends and companions a disservice by keeping them waiting any longer. I'm hoping in the time it takes for me to walk from the parking lot to the entrance, I can come up with a plan.

11

Noelle

I get myself into a nice, satisfying routine of work, working out, and sex with Damon. For a week straight, from sunrise until late at night, I was productive and crossing into realms that I was unaware existed.

I've never known a man quite like Damon before. Soft yet aggressive, stern yet timid, chill and yet so hot... I always feel lucky whenever we spend time alone together, and luckily, I'm able to see him every day. Being a businessman and gang head hasn't removed his desires of the flesh, and he always allows more than enough time to properly fulfill both of our needs...

The week was over in what felt like a blur (I was having more than enough fun, so time felt meaningless). No amount of time was enough for us whenever we were together, so this only made the times apart more exquisite. The anticipation was already brewing nicely, and it was promising a steamy, sexy weekend.

Then of course, Saturday morning rolls in, and I feel nauseous and sore. I've been feeling a little funny over the last couple of days, but I didn't think much of it. I was usually in a hurry to a shoot or still in bed with Damon whenever my mornings would start lately.

On this day, with no work and waking in my own bed alone, I'm able to fully absorb the sick. I can't remember the last time I felt like this.

Hmm... Cramps, queasy, aches, feeling more tired... add in some vomit sessions and I could swear I'm showing early symptoms of pregnancy...!

I derail the train of thought before it gets too out of hand. Although, it was on the tracks long enough to cause worry. So, instead of allowing my nerves to get the best of me and add more to my miserable morning, I decide to get out of bed and take a pregnancy test just to know for sure.

I don't know if it's the sick already in me waiting to expel out, or if the foul smell from the kitchen garbage is the catalyst strong enough to pull it right out, but either way, by the time I get the pregnancy test from the bathroom and get a drink of water, I'm throwing up and unable to stop.

I feel so weak after just a few seconds. I plop myself down right on the kitchen floor to proceed my upchucking. I write it off as me just feeling sick, but each time I try to stand myself back up, it's a chore. Getting up out of the floor seems as difficult and objective as scaling a mountain.

This shouldn't be so hard... maybe I've got food poisoning...

The false hope I'm chewing on gives me the strength to stand back up (while stifling my vomit). I waddle my way to the bathroom where I proceed to pee on my stick to await the results of my pregnancy test.

Nervous doesn't begin to describe my feelings. My period still has yet to start, and we didn't wear condoms every time... On the times we went without, he always pulled out. But you don't have to be a doctor to know that the pull-out method isn't always totally effective...

A minute passes, but it feels like an hour. I know that the tests always take a few minutes to register correctly, but I wish the results were more immediate. I wonder if

any woman has ever had a heart attack during the waiting time in fear of the worst-case scenario.

Not only am I ill-equipped to be a parent, but I can't picture someone like Damon being a father. He's not just a confident biker who has things his way—he's in charge of a dangerous gang of other bikers who are probably much less civilized than their suave leader. I'm still unaware of the full scoop of Damon's "club life," and I'm intent on keeping it that way. But having a child with him would seriously complicate... everything.

Two minutes pass, and still no answer. Would I even tell Damon if I was pregnant with his child...? How can someone in that life be a responsible parent to any baby, much less his own? Or what if things went bad and he wanted custody of the baby and got it because he's well-known in Florida?

I can't stop weighing theoretical situations. As I stare down at the test hopelessly, sure of the outcome, I begin to tear up. I cry, teardrops falling on the test.

My dreams of modeling are done. If I'm pregnant, I can't model anymore. If I'm out of the game for even a few months, it's going to be damn near impossible to get back in. I could only hide it from the agency for so long...

If I'm pregnant... don't panic. Don't break things off right away with Damon and make him suspicious. Slowly break it off and figure out the best place to raise my child.

I can't tell Damon I'm pregnant... I can't raise a baby in a toxic world like that. Maybe I'm not pregnant—I could be freaking out for nothing...

But I'm not freaking out for nothing. The test finally presents its results. I don't know why I'm in such shock. I knew I was pregnant before I even peed on the stick.

I'm lost in thought for hours over my life-changing revelation, wondering, among hundreds of other things, what to do next. Soon it all becomes too overwhelming for me to handle alone.

Although it's her day off as well, I have to call on Sabrina. By midafternoon, it's feeling less hot outside, and I'm able to move about comfortably, so I decide to test my stamina and head out for some fresh air.

Sabrina and I meet at one of our usual spots near the big pier in South Beach. She can tell that I've been crying, which instantly breaks the dams holding back my tears. I fall apart on her, barely able to verbalize in coherent sentences what all I'm now facing.

I tell her about the pregnancy test coming back positive, that Damon is the father, and about how I've considered including him in the baby's future. I cry and groan for what feels like hours, constantly getting the attention of those around us.

We walk down the shore, letting the warm ocean sweep across our feet. Despite living in Miami for many years and being so close to it, I often take the beach for granted.

"I thought about not telling you at first," I say to Sabrina. "I mean, eventually you would have figured it out—"

"Uh, bitch, you better tell me," she snipes.

"Hey, I did tell you. I wouldn't have been able to hide it from you anyway. You're my best friend."

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“You better not ever hide stuff like that from me!”

“Well, get ready to hear it all, then,” I say. “With all the hiding I’ll be doing from the agency and from Damon, I’ll need to do a lot of venting.”

“So, you’re really not going to tell Damon that you’re pregnant with his baby?” she asks, disapproval lacing her tone.

“I’m not sure,” I reply. “There’s a lot to think about.”

“Yeah, he’s loaded and could actually take care of you two,” she says. “Is the only reason you’re thinking of not telling him because he’s in charge of the Rolling Heads?”

“Do I need another reason other than that? What would you do if you got pregnant with Kace’s baby... would you tell him?”

She laughs. “I would never get pregnant by a guy in a gang for starters.”

“Hmph,” I whine. “What the hell am I supposed to do?”

“I think you should tell Damon that you’re pregnant,” she suggests. “The longer you wait, the more it’ll hurt. We both know you’re going to tell him at some point. Just do it now and rip the Band-Aid off.”

“I don’t know if I want to raise my baby around gangs!” I cry. “Maybe he has a right to know. Or maybe it’s better for the child if I stay as far away from his gang as

possible. I have to admit, maybe it's the realization that I'm no longer 'alone' that I now feel wary about going back to Damon's clubhouse. Can you imagine the kind of scandalous shit that goes on that could potentially harm the baby?"

"Yes, I can actually," Sabrina quips. "I see your point, but just because you tell Damon you're pregnant doesn't mean he's going to suddenly get controlling or try to pressure you into something you don't want."

"Or, it could become exactly that," I retort. "I don't know that much about who Damon is as a person. He could just seem like a good guy because he's been wanting to have sex."

"You'll never know for sure until you take the leap," says Sabrina. "It's the right thing to do. Whatever the future might hold."

"I need you to promise not to say anything to anyone," I insist. "You're the only one who knows about this. Please keep this a secret—don't say anything."

"Noelle, I won't tell a soul," she promises. "But you should tell Damon."

"I still need to figure out what I'm going to do and how I'm going to do it. I don't mind being a single parent."

"I think you're getting a little ahead of yourself," says Sabrina.

"I mean, it's not just things about the baby," I continue. "You need to be a certain size and a certain weight in our profession. Do you think they would put me on the backburner for however many months I'd need? What happens if I lose my contract with the agency? Then what? Modeling is all I've ever wanted to do."

"Noelle, models get pregnant all the time," Sabrina says, trying to calm me. "This

doesn't necessarily mean that you're done with modeling. They like you! If you're just straight with them from the beginning, they'll probably understand."

"Or, I could become an afterthought and not get called again and then never find modeling work again," I groan. "I can't think of one story where a model's career skyrocketed after a pregnancy. I think it's over."

"No, nothing's over," she says reassuringly. "You're done when you say you're done. The agency is not going to fire you, and you aren't going to hide being pregnant. That would just be asinine."

My best friend, seeing how upset and troubled I've become, puts a comforting arm around me. We stop and hug, putting the world on a brief pause.

The world resumes when the sounds of the ocean are interrupted by the sounds coming from my pocket. My cell phone is going off, and I'm sure it's Damon without even having to confirm it.

By the time I pull my phone out of my pocket, it's stopped ringing. I look at the screen: MISSED CALL – Damon Abrams

"Did he hang up?" Sabrina asks after seeing the caller ID.

"No, I didn't pick it up in time. I wonder why he called..."

Then my phone starts ringing again: Damon Abrams, once again. I'm surprised. Generally, Damon doesn't call twice in a row like this.

"Pick up!" Sabrina coaxes.

"I can't!" I hold my phone like it could literally blow up.

I don't answer. Damon's call ends, and I instantly worry about a third call.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“Why do you think he’s calling...?”

“Answer and find out!” she says. “Call him back. This could be a good opportunity to tell him the truth.”

“I’m not telling him I’m pregnant over the phone!”

We both jump at the sound of my phone going off once again. This time, it isn’t a call; it isn’t a voicemail, either, like I was anticipating. It was a text:

I was hoping to see you again, Damon’s text read. Are you free tonight?

Without looking to my best friend for advice or guidance, I write back a quick and seemingly thoughtless text:

No. Busy tonight, sorry.

I’m aware that even as my text is sending, that this was only ending my correspondence with Damon for the day. This is far from the end, and I know that eventually I won’t be able to procrastinate. Until then, I’m going to enjoy the beach.

12

Damon

I wanted to spend my Saturday night the same way I've been spending the last several nights: having incredibly hot sex with Noelle. I didn't care at whose place it happened; I was simply desperate and longing to give her more of my loads.

I called her twice, texted her twice... any more than that and it would reveal my desperation in an unflattering way. I don't want to ruin such a good thing, so I play it cool.

If Kace knew how dumb you were acting over a chick, you wouldn't hear the end of it, I think to myself. Don't text her again. Don't drink and then text her. There's no justification. Be a man.

Instead of a night in with Noelle, I decide to make it a night out with the guys. I want to get the fuck out of Miami for a short while, and my boys are all on the same page. We set out to Tampa as the sun sets beside us.

I want it to be a night out with the guys, yet thoughts of her—of Noelle—don't stop coming. I pour shots and mixed drinks down my gullet like I'm dying of thirst. I keep hoping that my inhibitions will bend just enough that I'll be able to forgive myself and hit Noelle up again...

Kace and I are settling in at the Ice Palace, a favorite club of mine that serves excellent drinks guaranteed to fuck you up. I see a Rolling Head here and there, but

for the most part the boys are all hopping around looking for women. Downtown Tampa is always guaranteed to get you fucked, too.

Even with all the beautiful women that keep coming up to us and talking to me in particular, it doesn't matter. I easily could have had my way with any number of the Tampa beauties, but I'm stuck in my head. The only woman I have my mind and heart set on is the one I've already had many times only days before.

I don't just think about the delicious qualities she possesses simply by having the body and confidence she has. I want to hold her, and not just in a way that would eventually lead to sex. I would give anything for her to just suddenly walk into the club. I know that's impossible, though.

"You okay, bro?" Kace asks through the club's blaring music.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

Kace scoots closer to me before replying a little softer, "You seem off."

"I'm probably stressed."

"Hey, we're all stressed, man," he says. "That's why we're in downtown Tampa. Destressing involves getting hot tail, brother. These honeys keep coming by and you're barely even acknowledging their existence. What's up?"

"I have a lot on my mind," I say defensively. "Word is spreading that someone from our club started the fire at their clubhouse. We all know that we're innocent, but it's not going to matter. It doesn't matter what's true; it's about what can be proven to a jury. God knows if their cameras were working and what they picked up before the place got torched."

“They deserved that and more,” Kace says bitterly.

“I agree, but we’ve got to keep our heads on straight. We’re being watched by more than just Hell-Snakes. We’re definitely being watched by police.”

“Right now?” Kace sounds anxious.

“No—or, well, I’m not sure,” I say. “I’ve seen them in town, though. They’re really fucking stupid. They think they’re being really sneaky and covert, but their windows are barely tinted, and they do nothing but sit in their cars for hours at a time across from the clubhouse.”

“I’ve heard about the cops,” says Kace. “I have to admit, I’ve never noticed them myself. I must be drinking too much.”

“And smoking too much.”

“You must be having too much sex,” he surmises. “I don’t understand why you’re not even talking to any of the girls that have been sitting with us.”

“There’ve been girls sitting down with us?”

“It’s Noelle, isn’t it?” Kace says with a smirk. “Sabrina’s BFF.”

“Sabrina?”

“The girl I hooked up with when you were fucking Noelle,” he replies. “But that’s it, right? Have you two been fucking a lot since that one night we ran into the girls out?”

“Such language, Kace,” I say disapprovingly.

“Stop dodging my question! What’s been going on with you?”

“I’ve really been into her, man,” I concede.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“Is she really good in bed?”

“She is,” I admit. “She’s great. I’ve been hooking up with her every night for the past week—except tonight.”

“So, get some strange tonight, son!” says Kace. “You aren’t tired of her yet?”

“Not at all.” I shake my head. “Not gonna lie, I want her right now.”

“Damn, Damon.” He laughs. “What’s that term...? Sprung? You’re sprung, Damon! You’re getting addicted to one pussy.”

“Yeah, and it’s fucking awesome,” I say proudly. “I’m not interested in anyone else. I’m not thinking of any other chick. The hottest girl in this place could sit in my lap and I’ll probably still be thinking of Noelle.”

“You could have the hottest chick in your lap right now if you’d just snap out of your funk, man,” he says. “What can I do?”

“You can start looking into lawyers, because I feel like we may need them if Wright does pin the blame on us to officials.”

“Don’t be so negative, Damon. Just as the cops have a hard-on for us, they definitely have one for Wright and his group, too. They could say you and I threw gasoline all over the floor and lit it with a blowtorch. They won’t just believe whatever bullshit story they give them. We didn’t start that damn fire, and we aren’t going down for it. And we ain’t going down for anything else, either.”

“Kace, the police are going to question us sooner or later,” I say. “I’m not worried about the cops seeing anything damning on a security feed. Wright and his gang were shooting off guns, too—they’re not just going to show that off to police.”

“So, what are you worried about?”

“I’m thinking the cops want to move in on whichever group has the weakest hand at play,” I explain. “Right now, I think with the board as it stands... I think it would be an easier feat to take us down than the Hell-Snakes.”

“Hmm,” he muses. “I don’t know about that, but I do know that we’re here to party, have some fun, and forget about the drama in Miami. Am I right?”

The boys party it up all night, and the girls don’t stop coming. They hit on me all night, and Kace doesn’t heed any of my earlier proclamations about Noelle. He keeps pushing them toward me no matter how disinterested I am, and I keep brushing them off like they’re pests. Had any one of the women who were throwing themselves at me in there done so about two weeks ago, I would have had the kind of night Kace wanted for me and then some.

But Noelle has yet to leave my mind, and she is breaking records. I can tell that my inability to let loose is prohibiting Kace from having the fullest kind of extravaganza he had in mind, so I decide it’s time for me to leave.

I want to just hop on my bike and fly back to Miami. I’m sure I could reach my house before sunrise. However, I’m heavily intoxicated, and while I don’t care what happens to me, I don’t want to fuck up my bike.

I decide to crash at a hotel nearby, leaving my bike parked with all the other Rolling Wheels. I open the door to my room, throw off my pants, and collapse on the bed fully intent on passing out.

Yet, while I lie on the cool hotel sheets and feel myself sobering up, I find myself thinking about Noelle once again. I imagine things we have yet to try—things that I want to try—and I find myself growing hard instantly. I figure that sleep will kick in soon and knock me out before I can even touch myself.

Time goes on, and so does my erection. I can't sleep, and all I want is for Noelle to suddenly appear in my hotel room. I think about texting her, begging her to come to Tampa so that we can make love intensely all night.

I grab on to my cock thinking about her naked body... her perfect naked body. How I would pay anything to have her sitting on top of me. I would feel up and down her perfect, smooth curves, ensuring that my fingers caress every inch of skin they can possibly touch.

I kiss her warm, gorgeous face, tasting her sweet lips. She actually has a flavor, and it's one that I desire over all others. I love touching her while we kiss. She knows just where and how to touch me, as well. She's skilled, astute, and sexy as hell.

I begin to pleasure myself, stroking my rod to the idea of Noelle's nude body bouncing on me and giving us both an intense ride. I cup both of her breasts, and my hands naturally go to her perfect lips, where I insert my fingers...

She is too good with her mouth and her tongue. If she wasn't so fucking good at it, I wouldn't insist on putting things down her throat. She always takes it like a good girl. I want to feel her lips on my dick, maybe only seconds after she wraps her nice breasts around them.

I am beyond turned-on. It takes little time and limited imagination, but the result is rewarding. I shoot a massive load thinking about her perfect face getting sprayed viciously. I've never done that to her before, and I'm reluctant to try or even bring up the idea. It's nice to imagine, though...

Oddly enough, I feel myself growing harder again... I'm still throbbing, coated with cum, but I can't stop thinking about Noelle and her dripping, aching pussy. I want it to be so close I can smell it. If I was lucky enough, she would allow me to taste it...

Since I'm still turned-on, I go back to stroking my cock with purpose. I masturbate furiously, using my sperm as a lubricant to give myself a smooth jerk. What I wouldn't give to be using Noelle's sweet juices for my lubricant instead.

If she were here right now, I would bend her over this bed, grab her hair, and fuck her from behind until she fell on the floor or on the bed. I would take her in the shower, letting the water run down our bodies as we become more acquainted with each other's carnal landscapes. I would dominate her in every way, in every hole...

Alas, these are just fantasies. In the end, it's still just me, my thoughts, and some stained sheets. She drains me without even having to be with me.

13

Noelle

During my brief break, I'd hoped that my three-day weekend would somehow morph into a four-day weekend or longer. Ever since I discovered I was pregnant, I've been feeling worse and worse. Each day would bring morning sickness and a lingering migraine, followed by queasiness and nausea for the entire rest of the day. Sadly, I did not get a reprieve, and today I'm meant to return to work.

When I wake up, I try to convince myself it's still Monday and that I have another day off. But since it's actually Tuesday, I get on with it. I move slowly and steadily so that I don't tempt my stomach to turn on me. It occurs to me that I'll probably be late—my call time is 10:30—but I don't give a damn. I don't care when I get to work, only that I get there at all.

I surprise myself and make it to the photo shoot on time. However, I embarrass myself when I actually start working.

During the shoot, whenever I'm wearing certain swimsuits, I feel like shit. I feel and look bloated, which in turn makes me lose significant confidence, which makes me look sad and pathetic. Our coordinator and photographers notice the lack of pop, but none of the other girls seem to see it (or care).

Whenever the coordinator or director talks to me, my only focus is on trying not to succumb to the sick. I'm aware that the shoot is slowing down because of me, but things would only get much worse if they went any faster. I'm vague, but they know

something's not right.

The only person at the shoot who knows what's going on with me is Sabrina. When I finally get some off time, she's there waiting for me with a towel and a cold bottle of water.

"Thank you, babe," I say weakly. "You're really the best."

"No problem," Sabrina says. "You look like you're about to pass out."

"Do I?" I chuckle as I down the bottle of water.

"Yes, and I'm worried about you," she says. "You need to relax."

"I'm being as relaxed as I possibly can," I assure her. "If I go any slower, I won't be moving at all."

"Let's go over to craft services. I'm starving."

While Sabrina piles a plate with fruits and chocolates over at the craft services table, I take the opportunity to sit down. My forehead is perspiring, sweat now covering my hand as I wipe it away. I mop up all the sweat on my body with the towel, unaware of just how gross I looked. I must have been glistening with sweat brightly enough that it could be seen from yards away.

"Are you getting some food?" Sabrina asks.

"I want to eat, but I know if I tempt it, I'm going to end up throwing it back up," I say. "I feel so queasy right now it's not even funny."

"Then you need to keep drinking the water," she says before popping a grape in her

mouth. “Listen, Noelle, I think you need to tell—”

“I’m not telling Damon I’m pregnant—I made up my mind on that already,” I interrupt. “I still don’t know what to do about him, but I know the answer right now isn’t to tell him. I can’t just let things go. I can’t just pretend he isn’t involved with a gang. He isn’t just involved—he’s running the whole show!”

I sigh and drink another bottle of water.

Sabrina bites her lip and replies, “I wasgoingto say that you should tell the agency that you’re not feeling well and need to go home.”

“Oh.”

“You’re feeling sick right now, but it’ll get better in time,” says Sabrina. “So I hear. We all know you’re not feeling well—”

“Great. I look that bad, huh?” I groan.

“You just need to relax and not work yourself too hard,” she says encouragingly. “You don’t need to tell them you’re knocked up—just say you’re coming down with something.”

I look back to the table and at the spread of food to choose from. I want to indulge, but I simply can’t.

“Although, on the subject of Damon...” Sabrina begins. “Any updates?”

“What do you mean?”

“Did you call him back?”

“No, and I don’t know when I will,” I say. “I don’t even know what I would say.”

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“You could say, ‘Hey, Damon, remember those times we didn’t wear a condom? Well, now we’re paying for it! Ta-dah!’ Something like that.”

“Thanks.” I laugh and then sigh. “I don’t know. I just don’t know. He’s the father, but I’m the one carrying this child. It’s my responsibility right now, and mine alone. I need time.”

“That makes sense,” Sabrina agrees. “It might not even matter anyway.”

“What does that mean?” I frown, confused.

“Well, I might know a little more about what’s going on with the Rolling Heads than you at the moment,” says Sabrina. “If you haven’t been talking to Damon, then you don’t know what’s going on.”

“What’s going on?”

“I’ve been keeping in touch with Kace,” she confesses.

“Oh really?” I ask, amused. “What does that mean—‘keep in touch’?”

“Really?” she scoffs. “This coming from the girl who got knocked up by Kace’s best friend. So what—we’ve hooked up a couple of times, big deal.”

“Please stop saying I got ‘knocked up’... however true it may be.”

“Noelle, you have to lighten up a little bit,” she says. “You’re sick, but that doesn’t

mean you have to sulk like this.”

I ignore the jab. “How often do you and Kace talk?”

“We don’t talk on the phone, but we text each other like every other day,” she replies. “If we’ve had a long day or just need a quick release, we meet up and get it.”

“Nice.” I chuckle. “So, what has Kace been telling you lately?”

“He says that the police raided their clubhouse the other day,” Sabrina says quietly. “They apparently waited until Damon was gone and pounced when it was just Kace there and a few other guys.”

I gasp. “Holy shit. What for?”

“Probably for any number of reasons.” She laughs.

“I don’t understand,” I say, perplexed. “What did they do to make that happen?”

“Kace says the police went into the clubhouse without a warrant,” says Sabrina. “So I guess they feel pretty sure they’ve got them on a few things. I’m not sure about the full scale, but he did say something about a fire.”

“What?” I ask, feeling more confused.

“They might be in trouble for arson,” she clarifies. “Their rival gang got their clubhouse burnt down, and they’re claiming it was them that started it. He said they didn’t start it, but... I don’t know, he was really cryptic about it.”

“I don’t believe it.” I shake my head. “So, that’s what Damon does to someone he doesn’t like? He burns their house down?”

“I don’t know the details, babe,” says Sabrina. “All I know is the cops are looking into the Rolling Heads, and that’s not a good thing.”

“Now I definitely can’t tell him anything,” I say between swigs of water. “He clearly is dangerous, and I won’t expose my child to that level of peril.”

“I don’t think he’s a bad man, Noelle.”

“I don’t, either, but I’m doing what’s best for my baby,” I persist.

“You do whatever you think is best.” Sabrina shrugs. “I know he’s got a dark side, and I understand you don’t want to lose your child to it, but I still think he has a right to know. If you don’t want him to be involved in the child’s life, I’m sure he would be more than fine with that. Don’t most guys want to avoid commitment and kids and all that shit? Don’t be so afraid! Just be honest.”

Later that night, I lie in bed, the sick feelings finally subsiding somewhat. I’m angry that it couldn’t have happened earlier, but I’m grateful that it happened at all.

I look at my phone, tempted to call Damon back. Since my head is still aching and I still haven’t found the right words, I’m taking it slow.

Hey, I text. How are you, mister?

Page 37

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

He responds in a hurry. I've been better. But I'm better now.

Sorry I've been ghosting you, I text back. I've been busy and have had a lot on my mind.

It's okay, he replies. Same here actually. I must admit, I've been worried about you. Are we cool?

Of course we're cool Why wouldn't we be?

We were talking and seeing each other every day. I was just worried I said or did something.

It's not you, it's me lol, I respond. Please don't be mad at me.

I could never get mad at you, he says. I just want to know you're okay.

I've been really sick actually, I text. I don't know if I can hang out tonight. I feel terrible.

Ah, say no more, he replies, likely assuming I'm referring to my period (if only).Is there anything I can do?

You can tell me what's going on with you and the cops.

Cops?? Who you been talking to? lol

Sabrina told me she's been sleeping with your friend Kace and he mentioned something about it, I reply. I'm not trying to snitch, but that's what's up.

Fair enough, he says. A rival group here in town burned their clubhouse down trying to kill me and my friends. Now they're saying we burned it ourselves. Cops are getting nosy, and it's getting old. It's bullshit, but we're working on it.

I see.

We didn't do it, he says. They're setting us up. They've been trying to take over all of Miami for months, and they're moving in for the kill.

I don't know how to respond at first—this is unfamiliar, treacherous territory for me—but after enough time passes, he continues his line of texts.

I'll be real, I miss you, Damon texts. I don't know what's going to happen. I don't know if the cops are going to arrest me or if I'm about to become part of a gang war. All I know is I've been thinking about you day and night since we've been apart. I hope we can see each other really soon. If not, I get it. Just know that you're the only woman I want. Take care of yourself.

Somehow, despite the finality his last text carries, I don't feel like we're done yet. I feel like I've been handed a reprieve in the baby department. Damon continues to come off as a compassionate and understanding man. He does what he does knowing that it might carry consequences. I hate how much that turns me on. I also figure, with what I'm suddenly plotting, it's okay to keep the pregnancy a secret a little longer.

I can't remember a day in recent history where I felt and looked more repulsive. This doesn't stop me, because my flame for Damon burns brighter than whatever self-image issues I might be harboring. He needs to know how much I still want him...

I strip off my clothes and take several snapshots of my full naked body on my phone. I send him two of them, along with a message:

I've been thinking about you a lot, too... Don't think I don't miss you.

He doesn't respond immediately, and he explains why in his next text:

I'm masturbating to your pictures right now... I want that body.

I join him in masturbation, rubbing my hand between my legs. What isn't a secret is just how wet this man can make me without any effort at all.

14

Damon

I wake up the next day, still hard as hell from Noelle. Her text and picture messages would keep me fueled for months on end... she is simply stunning. After pleasuring myself to her again, I take a quick shower and get dressed with the intent of doing nothing.

I'm not expecting any visitors, so I'm put on edge when I hear a knock at my door before noon. I look out the window to the street and see it: a police cruiser with flashing lights on. They're here.

I decide to go without a fight or a fuss. I'm being brought in for questioning without being told specifically why. I put on the right amount of coy with bemused irritation. Unlike a lot of fellow bikers, I don't immediately overreact when cops get involved in my business. I find that it gets things done much quicker and easier, and before you know it you're back on the road.

They escort me to a small, cramped dark interrogation room toward the back of the police station. They're trying to intimidate me, but their little manipulation schemes aren't working on me. A clear conscience floats on air, and that's what I've got. I'm grinning and chilling the whole time.

They keep me waiting in the room alone for twenty minutes. I wonder who all is watching me from behind the door or behind the glass. I play out all the questions they're going to ask me in my head, so I don't mind that they're taking their time.

They're not scaring me; I'm scaring them.

Two police detectives finally walk in, both sour-faced and determined to scoop the answers out from my head. They sit down across from me, staring at me with unblinking, squinted stares.

"Morning, Mr. Abrams," says the cop on the right. "My name is Detective Fox, and this is Detective Raver."

"Howdy," I say.

"We just have a few questions we need to ask you," says Raver. "I hope you don't mind and can afford to take the time."

"No trouble at all," I say. "Ask me anything."

My invitation is taken with great aplomb. They not only ask me every question they can think of regarding me and past cases they know little about, but they keep interjecting with:

"Who started that fire?" "You know who burned down Tom Wright's place?" "We hear guns were going off that Sunday morning—know anything about it?" "Why would Wright and his gang want to start a turf war with you and your gang?" "What do you have planned for them next?" "Just tell us which of your guys started the fire and we can leave you and the Rolling Heads alone."

It's clear to me through all their obvious, limp-dick, ineffectual questions that they know nothing. They're hoping I'll say something stupid or slip up. It's odd to me that the police haven't even mentioned the cameras in Wright's clubhouse yet—which makes me think... were the cameras even on? Or working?

“People saw all you guys riding off during the exact same time and day as the fire—what’s that about?” “Were you pissed that they were taking away a lot of your customers at work? Was this business?” “Kace seems like a really loyal guy... he’s a smoker, likes to light up... he like burning things?” “Where were you guys heading that morning?”

All the Rolling Heads think with a hive mind. We all have our stories straight, our alibis all in sync, and our attitudes never waver.

I don’t even need to confront the cops on it to know: there’s no evidence of me, or anyone else from the group, being at the clubhouse the morning it got burned down. My conclusion is locked, and I know the police are grasping at flimsy straws.

“We get that your loyalty is to your club,” says Raver. “We understand that you have to deny everything we’re saying.”

“I’m not denying anything. We attacked no one.”

“We understand that you feel you need to protect your little gang no matter what,” Raver presses. “But this will get back to you. Lying to officers isn’t a wise thing to do, Damon.”

“I completely agree,” I reply. “That’s why I’m not lying to you. It is strange to me how you want to protect the Hell-Snakes so badly.”

“We’re protecting the public from scum like you and the Hell-Snakes,” snaps Fox. “Stop wasting our time, Abrams!”

I stayed onboard the denial train for a solid hour of questioning. Once the hour concludes, the detectives step out of the room and lock me alone in the room once again. I’m becoming more annoyed than anything.

They were right about one thing: I do have to protect my gang. The only thing I care about is that the Rolling Heads keep on rolling, and that the people I care about can go about living their lives without being harassed by police or criminal. And I don't trust anyone to take care of my Hell-Snake problem besides myself. I've known from the beginning that I'd always have to handle all the important things myself, and I'm optimistic, because I have the best gang.

After another ten minutes goes by, I slide out from under the table and stand up on my feet, looking around, waiting for someone to come back in.

I look to the camera in the corner of the ceiling and smirk.

"You're wasting everybody's time," I say into the camera. "Quit jerking off and go after the real bad guys."

Soon after, Raver and Fox return inside to glare at me.

"What up?" I ask them. "Am I being arrested or what?"

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“We just came in here to tell you that you’re free to go,” said Fox.

“Boy, the way you boys were talking, it sure sounded like you were ready to convict me and throw away the key,” I chuckle. “So, I’m free to go?”

“Yes,” says Raver.

“Okay, I’m leaving, then.” I immediately walk past them and out of the room.

“Stick around!” Raver calls after me. “Don’t leave town.”

I turn and ask in a casual tone, “How do you spell ‘Raver’? Is it like it sounds? R-A-V-E-R?”

Neither of them say anything, and that’s the point.

I smile, and as I’m walking out I say, “You’ll be hearing from me!”

While chilling at the clubhouse later that day, I summon the courage to call Noelle again, hopeful. To my surprise and delight, she actually answers.

“Hello?” she says.

“Hi! Sorry, I... guess I didn’t expect you to actually pick up.”

“Yeah, I don’t blame you... How’s your day going?”

“It could definitely improve.” I chuckle. “I could use some time with you, and I don’t care if it’s only for twenty minutes. Are you busy tonight?”

“I... why do you ask?”

“I was wondering if you’d like to meet for dinner tonight,” I tell her. “If you weren’t feeling like a big meal, we could meet down by the pier and have something light. Maybe we could watch the sunset together or something.”

“That sounds really lovely,” says Noelle. “But, I have to be honest... I’m really not feeling well. To be honest, I don’t really feel like leaving my place. I can barely go faster than a stroll and I end up throwing up.”

“Damn, girl,” I say. “What do you think it could be?”

There’s a pause on the other end of the line before I get my response.

“I’m not sure,” she says. “I just don’t think I can make it out tonight, sorry.”

“No need to apologize. Is there anything I can do?”

“Don’t get arrested,” says Noelle. “Ask me to dinner another time.”

“You know, I can’t help but get the feeling that I’m being avoided,” I say slowly. “I won’t be angry or upset if you wanted to call things off.”

“I don’t want to call things off, Damon,” she assures me. “I’m not avoiding you at all. I’ve just been sick a lot lately.”

“You don’t have to be afraid of breaking some gangster biker’s heart.” I chuckle. “I can handle it.”

“That isn’t it at all,” she says. “I want to see you again soon. I just want to feel good when I see you. I can’t exactly have fun with you when I can barely move. I haven’t showered in a day—”

“We don’t have to mess around,” I say. “We can just watch TV and chill. You don’t have to be afraid of getting me sick. I’ve got the immune system of a god.”

“I just want to get better at home for a while, okay?” she finishes. “Can we talk again later?”

After we hang up, I notice several pairs of eyes in the clubhouse gawking.

“Got anything to say, gentlemen?”

“What’s Noelle come down with?” Kace asks.

Page 40

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“I’m not sure,” I reply. “She just said she feels terrible and doesn’t want to move. She’s being really weird all of a sudden. I don’t get why she’s acting this way.”

“Maybe she’s pregnant,” he says.

I burst out laughing, finding the suggestion preposterous.

“I wrap it up, man. And I pull out.”

“Those ways ain’t always effective, bud,” he points out. “You never know.”

If either Kace or I knew just how prophetic his theory was, I would have surely become more alarmed than ever before. As it was, my mind returned to business.

Wednesday came and went, as did Thursday—anxiously waiting for something to happen—and Friday brought a major thunderstorm with it. The heavy thunder and rain represent well the conflict and change going on in and around me.

I sit by the entrance to the clubhouse, door open, wind and rain sweeping past us, contemplating it all. I’m aware that one day soon, something has to happen. Either the police are going to move in on someone, or the Hell-Snakes and the Rolling Heads would see combat yet again—and there would likely be mass casualties unlike anything Miami has seen in years. Turmoil.

Kace joins me, a strange look imprinted on his face.

“What’s up?” I ask him.

“Nothing,” he says. “You talk to Noelle at all since Wednesday?”

“Unfortunately not. I don’t want to come off desperate or clingy. That’s chick stuff.”

“I’m thinking maybe you two should get back together,” he says.

“What makes you say that?”

“Well... as you know, I’ve been seeing her friend Sabrina from time to time,” he says slowly. “She... well, she says that Noelle wants to see you. And... that she’s sick, and that it would be easier if you went to her place.”

“What did she say? Sabrina, I mean?”

“She said a lot, actually,” he chuckles. “She’s not avoiding you. You just need to be assertive and get over there.”

“I’ve been plenty assertive,” I say bitterly. “She’s told me that she wants to be alone. If I just show up to her place, won’t that come off like... stalker-ish?”

“Just tell her you wanted to come by and check on her,” Kace suggests. “You two are too stubborn. Just go fucking see her—man up.”

I punch Kace in the shoulder as I stand to leave. I’m going to go straight to her place. First, I’m going to get on my bike and ride down Ocean Avenue to think about what all I’m going to say to Noelle when I get there. I can’t figure out why I’m putting so much thought into what I would say to her, but it probably looks completely obvious to Kace and everyone else around us why we’re putting so much thought into each other.

15

Damon

I show up to Noelle's apartment with some soup and crackers, unsure if it will cure what isn't sitting well in her stomach but willing to give it a try. I linger by the front door for a few moments, feeling an odd nervousness that I haven't before.

I knock on the door, just loud enough that she'd hear it if she was in the living room. If she was asleep in bed, I wasn't going to wake her up.

Fortunately, she's not asleep. She opens the door, shocked to see me.

"Damon," she gasps. "What are you doing here...?"

"Hi, Noelle," I say bashfully. "I brought you some soup and crackers. I figured if your stomach was bothering you, it would feel better to eat this than something... solid, I guess? Either way, I hope you like it."

I hand her the soup and crackers, and she appears delighted.

"I'm sorry, I'm just surprised to see you!" she says. "Thank you so much for this. It smells amazing. What is it, I can't tell...?"

"Broccoli cheddar. It's really good. I've had it a lot. It tastes great when you're sick. It tastes better with white bread, but crackers are really good in it, too."

The thunder returns. Lightning can be seen in the distance. Oddly enough, there is also a storm raging behind Noelle's eyes. I'm trying to read her desperately, but to no avail. Something really is going on with her...

"I really can't believe you're here." She chuckles. "I just... what made you come by like this?"

"I just wanted to make sure you were okay," I answer. "I'm not sure why, I just... I don't like hearing you when you're sick. It made me worried about you."

"That is incredibly sweet," she says, beaming. "I am okay, but... this actually should hit the spot. I'm going to go eat it right now."

"Well, I hope you enjoy it."

"Would you like to come in?"

Happily, I step into her apartment before I can even finish my sentence. "Absolutely. I would love to."

I take a seat with her at the kitchen table, allowing her to eat and savor the food I brought her. I indulge in a cracker or two myself.

"I'm feeling better already," she says cheerfully.

"I'm glad you like it. So, do you know what's got you sick?"

She bites her lip, avoiding my gaze while she responds.

"I'm really stressed out," she says. "There's a lot going on."

“Anything you’d like to talk about?”

She blushes before she nervously giggles. “Not really.”

“Well, what’s something you would like to talk about?”

She looks back up at me. We stare into each other’s eyes, both contemplating what routes our conversation could take.

“I want to know what your dreams are,” says Noelle. “Tell me something about you that I don’t know. In like... ten years, where do you see yourself?”

“Oh, is this a job interview?” I laugh.

“I just wanted to know more about you. Have you always just wanted to run a gang?”

“Well, not just a gang,” I stress. “I wanted to run the gang that my father ran. I always looked at helming the Rolling Heads as part of the ‘family business.’”

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“What made your father want to run the Rolling Heads?”

“He started the Rolling Heads with Kace’s dad back in the ’80s,” I explain. “First it was just a bunch of guys riding bikes, looking tough and getting girls on the beach. Then, other guys with different bikes and different jackets would come in and start trying to take what was theirs. People are constantly trying to destroy the Rolling Heads, purely because they’re jealous that we get our way no matter what. It’s like that term—‘haters.’ I’ve got a bunch of fucking haters coming at me, hawks determined to kill.”

“How did that fire get started in the first place?”

“I’m not sure, to be honest,” I reply. “My boys and I went over to their clubhouse to talk with their leaders—”

“So, youwerethere?” She raises her eyebrows.

“We were all there,” I say. “We didn’t go there to create violence. We wanted to scare them and tell them to get lost. I have to admit, I had no idea the kind of madness we were dealing with. They were willing to burn down the entire building because it was filled with me and my men. These guys aren’t playing.”

“Do you think you might be going to jail?”

“I don’t know.” I shrug. “I don’t think they got shit when it comes to proof. If those asshole Hell-Snakes did have proof, it would likely contradict whatever bullshit story they’ve been telling them. I’m still here; I’m a free man.”

“What if they find evidence?”

“They won’t,” I say with confidence. “How’s your soup?”

“It’s delicious,” she says. “Damon... can I ask you something, and please don’t freak out or run away?”

“You can ask me anything in the whole world. You can say anything to me—I’m not going anywhere.”

She hesitates for a moment before choosing her words.

“Have you ever been in love?” she asks quietly. “It doesn’t have to be a relationship. Have you ever been hopelessly head over heels for a girl before?”

“I think I’ll have to go with no.”

“Get out,” she says doubtfully. “You’re such a kind soul.”

“I have a pretty diverse soul,” I say. “Most women get scared once they get too close to me. Any woman that does get close enough is usually crazy, so I end up having to break it off.”

“That’s a shame,” says Noelle. “So, which do I fall under?”

“You tell me,” I retort. “Are you scared of me?”

“I’m scared of what you could be capable of,” she says slowly. “I don’t know what all goes into your... ‘business,’ and I probably don’t want to know. I guess... the only thing I want to know is...”

“Yes?”

“Can you even have a serious relationship?” she asks. “I mean, let’s say you fell in love. Couldn’t your rival gang use your girlfriend, wife, whatever, as a way to get to you?”

“Well... anyone could do that, couldn’t they?” I propose.

“I guess so... but, I think it’s more likely to happen in your line of work than someone that works at a candy store for a living,” she throws back.

“True,” I say with a laugh. “To be as blunt as possible: no one I care about has ever been hurt as a result of my, shall we say, extracurricular vocation.”

“Okay,” she says, seeming to accept. “I guess my next question would be... how do you feel about me?”

“Oh boy.” I laugh nervously. That came outta nowhere.

“Like you, I’m okay with the truth, whatever it is,” says Noelle.

“Well, the truth might really scare you.”

“Why, do you have an STD?”

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“No,” I say, slightly insulted. “It’s... well, let me ask you something first.”

“Okay...”

“Whenever we’re together, you know,” I stammer. “Like—is it only about the physical release? If we weren’t having sex, would you not want to talk to me?”

“I... no offense, Damon, but I must say, I’m taken aback again. I’ve never heard these questions from a man. Usually I’m the one asking them, or someone I know is. No, I like you a lot. I just... the gang stuff—”

“I understand,” I say quickly. “I don’t want you to constantly be uncomfortable around me. No worries at all.”

“Damon, how do you feel about me?”

I gulp, licking my lips and stalling to try and get the words just right. Nothing feels right, so I go with my gut.

“I’m crazy about you,” I tell her.

Her eyes widen and her mouth is agape. I can’t tell if it’s good or bad yet.

“I can’t stop thinking about you,” I continue. “I wanted our nights together to last so much longer than just that one week. I crave more, and I want you back in my bed again. I want to be in your bed again.”

She remains frozen in place.

“I get tired of most girls, and I eventually get tired and restless no matter who it is or what kind of history we’ve got,” I say. “With you, I only want more. What do you suppose that could be?”

“Obsession?” She giggles nervously.

“Perhaps,” I say. “Or, maybe I really like you and I think we’ve got something really good going on here that we shouldn’t let die.”

“Oh my,” she gasps.

“I’ve never felt the way I do about another woman in bed,” I continue. “We go really well together. I think we look pretty good together, too.”

“I don’t look good at all right now,” she groans.

“You look as beautiful as you always do. If you weren’t feeling ill, I would make love to you right here on this kitchen table.”

She takes another bite of soup, turning red from the heat of the meal or the comment, I’m not sure.

“I’ve come on too strong, haven’t I?”

“No!” she says. “Not at all... I guess I’m just feeling overwhelmed by it all.”

“How do you feel about me?” I ask. “I mean... okay, I’m in charge of a biker gang, but I do have a kind soul, right? Is there no way a woman like you could fall for a man like me?”

She slides her bowl and crackers away from her.

“Let me flip it around and ask you this,” says Noelle. “If we weren’t having sex as often as we have been, would you not want to see me or talk to me as often?”

“Quite the opposite.” I reach for her hand across the table. “We don’t need to have sex to have a good time. It’s really fucking nice... but I actually really enjoy spending time with you.”

“I enjoy spending time with you, too,” she says while stroking my arms up and down. “I just don’t want you to think I’m some gold-digging biker slut or something. I’ve been coming over a lot because I think the sex we have together is fantastic, and I think it would be a waste to let our talents go to waste.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” I scoot my chair closer to hers. “It was those talents that brought us closer together.”

“Yes,” she agrees while leaning closer to me.

“If you think we’re moving too slow, I can cool my jets,” I tell her. “My desire for you will last for far longer than you probably bargained for.”

She puts her hand on my pants leg, stroking it up and down, getting close to the growing bulge in the center.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

“How are you always so hard for me...?” she wonders.

“If I knew the answer to that, I might be able to concentrate on something other than you,” I say while I run my hands up her bare legs. “As it is, I find myself thinking about you during all points of the day. I don’t get anything done anymore.”

“That’s a shame,” she says, scooting close enough that I can taste her.

Things are heating up, and it’s not from any sickness. The slow pull makes the desire all the more palpable.

“Is there anything I can do to help you with your distractions?” she asks.

“You can let me make love to you once again,” I say, leaning in now. “You can’t deny our passion. You can’t deny the fact that we go too well together to let go to waste, right?”

Although her eyes stay locked with mine, her hands find my bulge. I suspect that I may get to have her even more than once more...

16

Noelle

He's standing so close to me. He chuckles to himself, not mischievously or humorously, but nervously. That's so unlike him; he's never nervous around me—or anyone, for that matter—yet I can practically see his heart beating through his chest. I can hear the rapid rhythm underneath his ribs, and I reach out to feel it.

I roam over his firm pecs, searching for his heartbeat and enjoying his impressive body. He caresses my chest, not in a bluntly sexual way, but as if he, too, is searching for a heartbeat. Mine is going exceptionally fast for a number of reasons. I'm not just in the presence of a powerful man who is proving to be the exception to every rule I've made about men... I'm looking into the eyes of the father of my child. There's an added tension that's out of my control.

We find each other's respective heartbeats, more connected than ever before. If he feels me trembling, he keeps it to himself. I want him to speak—to melt me with his words like he always does—but he remains quiet, and the only sounds in the apartment are the sounds of our beating hearts, deep breathing, and subtle moaning.

The waiting only serves to charge us, our libidos now in overdrive... It's too intense.

“Sleep with me...” I beg.

“All you had to do was ask,” says Damon.

We kiss, savoring it for long minutes. Something else protrudes from his body, and I wish that I could feel it delicately enter me... I'm so wet for him, growing more soaked the longer we kiss. His facial hair brushes lightly against my face, serving as a spectacular reminder of the ride I'm in for. I'm never fully prepared for him, because I'm not used to a real man like him.

He takes me to my room, carrying me easily over his shoulders. It feels slightly odd for me to be so compromised in my own home, but I love the way he takes control. I run my hands down his back, pulling out a simultaneous chuckle and growl from my sexy animal. He is eager but not rushing. He has a plan for me, and I'm powerless to resist it. I am all his.

We cross through the doorway into my bedroom, the final destination. I flip the switch by the door, ensuring that all of the lights in the room are off.

"I want to see you," Damon tells me, agitated.

"I just want you to fuck me."

We keep the bedroom door open, letting in a hint of light to guide our way. He lays me on my bed, not hesitating before unbuttoning my blouse and removing my pants. He strips me down entirely, saving my drenched panties for last. I keep my legs slightly in the air, spread open for him, inviting him to use me in whatever ways would please him the most.

He kisses along my feet and legs, slowly removing his own clothes as he does so. I can see him growing in his boxers, filling up space and stretching the fabric of his undergarments.

I decide to help him and sit up and crawl over to him. I slide his boxers off, exposing his meaty branch to me. Licking my lips, I take hold of it and stroke it up and down,

making sure to get every inch of his skin and tip. I stare at his meat, enjoying the sight of his precum squirting from the tip. I like using his early ejaculate as an added lube. I'm careful not to tug him too aggressively—I want him to last for a while.

I tempt fate and lick his tip. He shudders to my touch.

“I just wanted a taste...” I say quietly, like I'm embarrassed.

“You can do more than just taste it,” he says while rubbing the back of my head. I take a deep breath, licking my lips again, preparing for my snack.

At first, I'm in control. I lick and suck his cock with glee, moaning each time I feel him hit the back of my throat. He pulls on my hair, using it to control the speed and force of the blowjob. Within moments, I am no longer giving him oral; he is fucking my face, and I love it.

He reaches down to play with my tits while I suck his throbbing dick. He just barely fondles and pinches them, but it is enough to knock me back.

My nipples had started becoming incredibly sensitive when I discovered I was pregnant, and their sensitivity only intensifies as the pregnancy progresses.

He pulls his cock out of my mouth and falls to his knees so that we're level again. He takes my right breast in both hands and begins to lightly suck on my nipple. Reacting, I get a firm grip on the back of his head and really tug on his hair.

He looks up at me. I think I might have pulled too hard, but his sucking is too much. I don't have the candor to tell him that my nipples are extra sensitive. I don't want to leave any room for him to infer or even joke about it.

“You okay?” he asks.

“Yes,” I reply quietly. “Put your dick inside me, baby...”

He inserts his fingers inside of me first, fitting both of them all the way in. I can hear his fingers going in and out of me without having to look. I’m not just more sensitive than usual; I’m also much wetter. This he notices.

“You’re so fucking wet,” he says with satisfaction.

“It’s all because of you...”

The feeling of his fingers exploring me is enough to make me collapse. I lie on my back like before, giving him easier access.

Page 46

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:39 am

He finally gives me what I want and plunges his hard dick deep, but slowly, inside my warm walls. I yell in carnal bliss—part pleasure, part pain—ecstatic from the way his dick feels against my aching cunt.

“God—you’re so damntight, girl!” he cries enthusiastically.

I’m grateful that he doesn’t comment on the unorthodox amount of moisture and sensitivity and decides to just enjoy himself. His face, always indescribably sexy when in the throes of ecstasy, softens slightly while still retaining his aggression and raw form.

“Sofucking wet and tight...” he murmurs. “What did I do to deserve this?”

If only you knew...

He grabs on to both of my breasts again, playing with them as they bounce with our movements. He twists on my nipples, fucking me faster with each moan I let out. It’s the strangest thing—I want to let him know how my chest feels, but through all the pain there is still such joy. I can’t bear to let it stop even for a second.

I’m about to cum, as is he, but what sends me over the edge and breaks my dam is his passionate kissing. He leaves soft, wet kisses on my lips, my cheeks, my ears, and especially my neck... I rock and flail whenever he tenderizes certain spots on my neck. Whenever he plays with my tits and kisses and licks my neck...? Suffice to say, I’m achieving too many climaxes to count.

He fucks me hard enough that we combust and release together. I can feel his juices

mixing with mine, and I'm beyond exhausted.

We lie together in bed, holding each other, breathing heavily, and still trying to relax after our full session. My tits are numb, my pussy is filled, and we are both utterly spent.

I can't tell the time, but I know it's late. It's pitch-black, without a hint of moonlight to be seen. At times, I wonder if his heavy breathing is from sleep, but I'm afraid to turn around and face him to find out, fearing I might accidentally wake him.

I want to fall asleep desperately. As the night slowly morphs into the very early morning, I begin to anticipate what the light of day will bring—not just in terms of the sun, but my newly routine sick spells. Just thinking about getting sick again is enough to make me start to feel sick in reality.

Since I'm lying in bed, I'm able to get comfortable enough to try and soothe the savage beast that is my tummy. I know that if I could just fall asleep and beat my stomach by default, I wouldn't have to leap out of bed and likely wake up Damon.

To avoid thinking about getting sick, I try thinking of anything else. But with Damon's arms wrapped around my belly and his body pressed against me, I can't think of anything else but the pregnancy.

I wonder what he'll say when I can finally summon the courage to tell him? I don't want to do this alone—and this feels so good... Does this feel right because it is right or because I'm afraid of raising a child alone?

I can't fucking believe I let this happen...

I'm unable to control myself any longer. I start to cry, the tears falling down my face, and I hope I don't start sobbing. I don't know what's going to happen, so I take my

chances and maneuver myself out of bed as covertly as possible without stirring him from his slumber.

I successfully make it out from under the covers and out of the bed. As I make my way to the bathroom, I feel not only the wetness from my eyes, but also in between my thighs. I can feel his cream filling overflowing out of my cunt. It feels like he's given me every ounce of cum he had stored in his full balls.

I pick up the pace, feeling on the verge of completely breaking down. I rush into the bathroom and unintentionally close the door loudly behind me. This error only serves to break me even further. Somehow, I know he's going to wake up, and I know he's going to try to talk with me. I lock the door, thinking that will somehow prevent me from having to explain myself.

I sit near the toilet, just in case. I cry into a towel, suppressing my sobs as best as possible. I can't stop myself from crying—I've been holding it back for days, and it's time for me to let go and succumb.

I'm not sure how long I've been sitting on the bathroom floor, but eventually I hear a light knocking on the door.

"Noelle?" Damon says from the other side of the door.

I rub my face in the towel, trying hopelessly to compose myself.

"Noelle, you okay?"

"I'm fine," I reply.

"I just... you've been in there a while, and I was just making sure everything was fine," he adds. "What's up?"

“Nothing... Do you need to use the bathroom?”

“No, I just—wanted to know what was going on,” he stuttees. “You can talk to me, you know...”

I believe more and more that he must have heard me crying. This thankfully gets me to put a stopper on it, but that doesn’t make me want to unlock the door and face him.

“I’ll be okay.” I sniff. “I just... I want to be alone for a little while.”

I think maybe he’s gone back to bed, but I can still see his shadow from underneath the door. I want to leave the bathroom and hug the sheets and pillows against me until I feel like it’s okay to leave my home. In that moment, I want to be completely and totally alone.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

“Are you still there?” I ask softly.

“Yeah,” he answers. “Noelle...”

“Actually,” I snap, “do you think you could just go?”

“Back to bed?”

“No. Do you think you could head out for the night, maybe?” I wonder. “Please...? It’s not you, I promise.”

“Then what is it?”

“Damon, please,” I beg shamelessly. “Please just go... I’ll talk to you soon, I promise. Please.”

I expect to hear him resist again or say a farewell of some kind. I’m not sure when, but he eventually honors my request and leaves. I hate having to dismiss him so callously, but nothing else matters to me right now.

I go back to my bed, alone. I remain unable to fall asleep, and I waste the night away with thoughts of the man I just sent away and the baby that’s cooking in the oven with both of our DNAs.

17

Damon

Monday morning comes rolling in, and I'm in a vicious mood. I haven't slept much over the last couple of days. I have a lot on my mind, and it's apparent to many of my Rolling Heads that I'm not to be fucked with on this particular day.

Between altercations with a rival gang, police interference, unbelievably low sales numbers at the shop, and now having to deal with Noelle ghosting me yet again, it's been remarkably frustrating and exhausting. Kace and the guys keep suggesting that I try to get some sleep—even if just for thirty minutes—but I can't. No matter how consistently I try, my brain stays too active for my own good.

I've never been able to fully understand women, but just when I think I've started to comprehend their intricacies, I'm always thrown a curveball. I hate admitting it, but I'm aware of what's keeping me awake. I've had "girl drama," before, and I've had girls recount about how they'd spent hours thinking about me. It didn't make sense to me before, and it makes even less sense to me now.

I miss her. I actually miss her. The idea of losing my own clubhouse in a fire is less of a worry than even the thought of losing her. The concept of a gang war is trivial to me when I imagine not seeing her again and being able to hold her in my arms. Nothing else matters.

My boys are getting worried. Seeing their fearless leader worn-out, frustrated, bitter, and antsy is something I should have spared them, but I can't care. It's hot

outside—where the nosy cops and mongoloid Snakes are slithering about—and we’re all sticking together. We aren’t going to get picked off one by one; if anyone wants a fight, they would have to face us all.

I step outside to try and get a hold of Noelle. I call her and it rings, but she doesn’t answer. I hang up and try again less than a minute later. She doesn’t answer again, and I decide not to push my luck. I’m not going to be “that guy.”

I do hit her up again, though, this time through text. Hey missy. You free today?

She doesn’t reply right away, but my heart skips a beat when I see her name appear on my phone screen.

I’m at a shoot today, her text reads. I’m not sure what time I’ll be off.

Ah, I see, I text back. I was hoping that maybe we could get together today and hang out.

Oh? What did you have in mind?

I don’t care, I just want to see you, I write. Even if it’s just to meet and talk. Why don’t I get you dinner?

I wait an excruciating two minutes for her reply, but it’s worth it:

I would love to, she says. Would you mind if we went to the waffle house on Cedar? I haven’t been, and I’m craving some breakfast food right now.

Sounds good! I text. Text me after your shoot, and I’ll see you there.

She ends our correspondence then with a simple but nice smiley face.

Noelle's shoot ends around seven, and she requests an hour or so to get ready. I know that I'll be waiting, but I want to get out of the clubhouse and stop brooding and worrying about anything to do with the Rolling Heads or the law. So I get on my trusty Yamaha (now fully repaired), and I take off to the waffle house on Cedar.

The place is called Bro's Waffles, and the aroma wafting from the door alone is enough to entice me to peruse their menu while I wait. I'm sure I must look at pictures of Bro's waffles and platters for a good ten minutes, my mind on anything but food.

Finally, she arrives. She looks gorgeous, dressed nicely and glowing.

"Hi," I say like a nervous idiot.

"Hey." She smiles weakly.

We hug, holding it for quite a few seconds.

"How are you?" she asks me.

"I'm great now," I say with a sigh. "How've you been?"

"Oh... I could be better." She chuckles. "You wanna go in?"

"I'd love to." I hold the door open for her. "This place is packed! How late are these guys open?"

"They're open 24/7," says Noelle.

"That's what's up," I say while looking for a place to sit.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

We deal with what isn't important, which ironically is ordering our meal. I let her look over the menu that I've now had time to memorize. My eyes dart from the menu to the beauty in front of me. We don't make direct eye contact, instead "checking each other out" like high school kids. After we give our server our order and he takes our menus away, we face each other fully.

"So, you ever going to tell me what's going on?" I ask her. "I've been worried about you ever since I saw you last. I know you were crying. I just... please tell me if I did something to upset you. I swear, it wasn't my intention—"

"No, you didn't—you didn't make me cry," she says. "I've been having a really tough last week."

"You can tell me about it, you know."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," she assures me. "I just haven't been brave enough, I'm sorry."

"Noelle, what is it?" I ask, agitated.

"I'm pregnant."

The entire waffle house goes completely silent. Or at least it feels like it.

I'm suddenly numb. Her admission feels like a sucker punch.

It can't be... We wore condoms... I pulled out... Those don't always work...

“Damon?”

“I’m sorry—you’re what, now?” I stutter.

“I’m pregnant,” she repeats. It doesn’t shock me any less hearing it the second time.

“Wow. Uh... okay then,” I say while chuckling awkwardly. “Are you... so are you trying to say...?”

“I haven’t slept with anyone else besides you this whole year,” she says. “It’s yours, I promise.”

“Okay.” I’m still trying to process. “Not that I don’t believe you, but... would you happen to...”

As if she can read my mind, she goes through her phone and pulls up a picture of her with the pregnancy test taken a few days ago. Positive. I take a deep breath, pulverized inside.

“Is it bad that I’m hoping you’re just lying to me to try and get some child support money?” I say with another uncomfortable laugh.

“I’m not lying,” she says, shaking her head. “That test you saw there wasn’t even the first one I tried. I peed on a few of them.”

“And they’re all positive?”

“They are,” she confirms. “You don’t think there’s a chance all three could have been false positives, do you?”

“Hey, don’t ask me,” I say with my hands up. “I know nothing about the ways of the

pregnant. That's what you want to hear from the guy that knocked you up, right?"

We laugh together. It's a contradiction considering we both feel like we're descending down an unknown tunnel.

Her smile morphs into despair, and she covers her face. She breaks down in tears. I'm instantly reminded me of the last time we were together and she ran into the bathroom to cry away from me. This time, I'm not going to let her get away or separate us over anything.

"Noelle, please don't cry."

She sniffs, trying to wipe her face as discreetly as possible. "Sorry..."

"Hey, no need to apologize," I tell her. "I'm pretty freaked-out right now, myself. It takes a lot to freak me out, I have to tell you."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she says while trying to compose herself. "I... I've been thinking about all my options."

"And?"

"Have you ever gotten a girl pregnant before me?" she interjects.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

“Not that I know of,” I say slowly. “I never thought something like this would happen to me. I’ve never even entertained it.”

“You didn’t want kids down the road?” she wonders.

I shrug. “I wasn’t even sure I was going to get married. I try not to think too far ahead. I live in the present.”

“Well, I have to think in terms of the future,” says Noelle. “At least right now. I need to know what I’m going to do. It’s not just me by myself anymore.”

“Are you talking about... when you say you were thinking about ‘options’...”

“I thought about alternatives to having the baby, and none of them feel right to me,” she says. “I’m sorry. I wish I could make myself a person who could go through something like that—”

“You shouldn’t do something you aren’t totally comfortable doing,” I reply. “Don’t do anything rash unless it’s what you want. This decision isn’t mine to make.”

“I won’t be able to model in a couple of months once I get too big,” she laments. “No more shoots means no more income. No income... I can’t raise a baby like this.”

“Just know that whatever you choose to do, I’ll support you,” I promise. “If you decide you don’t want to have it, I’ll be there with you. If you want to keep the baby, I’ll be there, too—if you want.”

“Really?”

“Definitely. If you don’t want me around... I guess I get it. But I don’t want to just ignore you now. I don’t like you any less with you pregnant. I still want you in my life. I want to be in that baby’s life.”

“Really?” she asks with obvious disbelief. “I don’t believe you.”

“Why not? I’m serious.”

“You’re saying that because you feel like you have to,” she guesses. “You just said you never even thought about having kids.”

“I’ve also said that I don’t run away from my responsibilities. I’m not just going to go about life while you’re carrying our child.”

“It wouldn’t make you any less of a man if you didn’t want to stick around,” says Noelle. “You’ve got your priorities. You probably don’t even have time for a kid.”

“That’s not true,” I retort. “I have things I always need to tend to, but who doesn’t? My priorities can include raising a child.”

“What about the club and all the dangers that come with it?” she asks. “Your enemies could go after you by trying to hurt the baby. Isn’t that possible?”

“Noelle, anything is possible,” I say. “Someone out in the world might want to hurt our child.”

“You know what I mean. You being in charge of the Rolling Heads scares me. I’m afraid to even go to your clubhouse again now that I’m pregnant. I don’t want anything to happen to the baby...”

“Noelle, I will never let anything hurt you or our baby,” I say with assurance. “No one’s going to mess with me, either.”

“So your rival gang didn’t try to burn you alive in their own clubhouse?”

I keep cool. “That’s different.”

“How the hell is that different? Your enemies weren’t just trying to fuck with you—they were trying to kill you!”

I have no suitable response at that exact moment.

“Even if you weren’t doing anything to directly get us in trouble, you know what is different?” she continues. “Raising children around a dangerous criminal gang. How do you know you aren’t going to be arrested? What if you did something illegal and got caught and you’ve agreed to help me?”

“Me being in charge of the club is a major positive, milady,” I argue. “Assuming anyone were after you—which there isn’t or won’t be—you and our child would always be under the watchful eye of the Rolling Heads. You will always be protected.”

I can’t tell if that seems appealing to her or if she’s merely mulling it over. I use her contemplation to carry on.

“You’ll always be safe with me. You have my guarantee,” I continue. “I would want to keep things separate anyway. I don’t want family life colluding with work life, so you and this child will never even factor into an equation.”

I’m losing her. She’s subtly shaking her head while she sips her drink.

“None of my guys were involved in what happened at that clubhouse,” I say in

desperation. “The Hell-Snakes burned the place down to try and frame us. The arson case is coming to a close—”

“It doesn’t matter who started it!” she cries. “You don’t get it.”

She stands, crumpling up her napkin, and looks to the door.

“I’m sorry,” says Noelle. “I’ll talk to you later.”

She leaves me, not even giving me time to stand and give her a farewell.

What now?

18

Noelle

I'm now a little over six weeks pregnant, but I think I look more like sixteen weeks. I've been bloated as well over the last week, with no signs of stopping. I'm working every shoot the agency offers in anticipation of the months ahead when work will likely be harder to find.

I looked for a good doctor for about a week before choosing one right by the beach. I knew that I had to do it—I wasn't just looking after myself anymore, and I was aware of how frequently I was going to have to see a variety of doctors before and after I gave birth. It didn't make the experience any less taxing.

Damon and I texted occasionally, just so that we wouldn't forget about each other. I told him I'd made a doctor's appointment, and of course, he asked if he could accompany me. I told him I was fine and didn't need him to do anything. In hindsight, I wish I had told him to come along.

As I sit in the cold room while my examiners inspect me up, down, and everywhere, I can't help but think about my modeling career. I'm still terrified of losing it all. Despite having looked over my contract at least a dozen times to verify my query—and despite the contract saying nothing about termination over a pregnancy—I still can't help but feel like I'm doomed. Sabrina is under the impression that, at worst, I'm likely only going to be out of work through the duration of my pregnancy. She thinks it'd be better if I let the agency know right away what's going on with me, but I disagree.

After my appointment is over with, I go straight home. I'm only been inside my apartment for about two minutes before Sabrina comes knocking on my door.

"How was your appointment?" she asks.

"Fine. It was an appointment. Everything's normal."

"Well, that's good," she says. "Did you go by yourself?"

"Yep. I texted Damon over the weekend and let him know I was doing it, though."

"He didn't want to go with you?"

"He did," I reply. "I... I wanted to go alone."

Her face is disapproving, as it often is whenever the conversation revolves around Damon himself.

"You know you're really crushing him like this, don't you?" she asks.

"What do you mean?"

"Damon's really upset," says Sabrina. "I mean... I've not seen it in person, but I believe it. Kace was telling me all about it. Pretty revealing stuff."

"What?" I stand up straighter. "What are you talking about? What did he say?"

"He—"

"Hold on a second. What's going on with you and Kace anyway? You haven't brought him up in weeks. I thought you two were done hooking up."

“I thought so, too, but hey, he’s been fun to play with.” She grins. “I just left Kace’s, actually. He was telling me about Damon being bummed out, upset that you aren’t letting him in.”

“Sabrina, I can’t let him in,” I say for what feels like the thousandth time. “You’re sleeping with his fucking lieutenant—you know where I’m coming from.”

“Hey, you chose to sleep with your gang leader, just like I did,” she retorts. “And don’t think just because I’m sleeping with Kace right now that it means I’m going to fall in love with him or try to have babies with him.”

“I did not ‘try’ to have a baby with him,” I say defensively. “At least I’m trying to stay away from the Rolling Heads. You’re still involved.”

“We’re not ‘involved.’ I’m not really sure what you would call it. We’re just messing around—we’re not labeling anything or making a big deal about it. It’s been a lot of fun. And we always wear condoms.”

I roll my eyes, wanting to fight her but resisting, knowing that it would be a losing battle.

“Anyway,” Sabrina continues, “Damon really wants to see you. He misses you.”

“I miss him, too,” I admit wholeheartedly. “The issue isn’t attraction or... caring. I like him a lot.”

“And he really likes you, too,” she says with authority. “Kace says that Damon doesn’t ever focus on one single woman—for any reason—and his focus isn’t due to obligation. He’s doing what he thinks is best.”

I finally give in and break the silence between me and the father of my child. I skip a

text and go straight to a phone call. I only have to wait a few seconds before he answers the phone.

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

“Hey!” says Damon with excitement. “Noelle! How are you?”

“Hey. I’m okay. How’ve things been for you?”

“Well, they’ve been absolutely perfect,” he responds. “At the risk of jinxing it—knock on wood—I believe things are looking up majorly.”

“How so?”

“Well... I think that conversation would be much better suited for in person. I know it probably sounds like I’m just trying to make up an excuse for us to see each other, but I mean it. Big things are happening—good things. Do you think maybe you’d be able to come by my place soon and I could tell you about it?”

I hesitate at first, but I want to hear his story. Any good news is welcome, as far as I’m concerned.

I don’t go over to his place immediately. I make myself look pretty, putting on a nice dress that’ll help me forget how pregnant I’m becoming, forgoing makeup due to my now-natural glow.

I get to his place, parking on the street by his mailbox. I think he was waiting for me, because he opens the door as I’m walking up to it.

“I’m so glad you could make it,” says Damon, pulling me in for a hug.

We embrace and hold, neither of us wanting to pull back first.

“I missed you,” Damon whispers in my ear.

“I missed you, too,” I tell him. “Sorry I took so long.”

“Please,” he dismisses with a wave. “I can’t believe you made yourself look all fabulous for me. I mean, you always look great, but you know, you’ve got the dress and, you know—”

“It’s okay, Damon,” I laugh. “I know what you meant. Thank you.”

Inside, he has a beer by his chair and a meal cooking in the kitchen.

“I was making some chili,” he informs me. “If you’re hungry...”

“I’m good, thanks.”

We sit on the couch to talk. He beams, clearing his throat proudly before giving me the news.

“It’s finished,” he says. “It’s all been cleared up as of late this morning.”

“What has?” I ask, confused.

“The war between the Rolling Heads and the Hell-Snakes is done,” says Damon. “Tom Wright is being held by police until further notice, and the club is being investigated for a shitload of reasons.”

“Are you serious?” My eyes are wider than dinner plates.

“I’m absolutely serious,” he confirms. “It’s done. The cops traced the arson back to Wright’s second-in-command. He started the fire, and the police are done sticking

their noses in our business. We're free!"

I hear him, but the words don't seem to be fully sinking in. It sounds too good to be true, but I know it's real.

"So... the cops aren't investigating you anymore?" I ask timidly.

"Nope. The cops know it was all them for a fact."

"I can't believe someone would burn down their own building like that," I say with a literal sigh of relief.

"You'd be surprised. They were already in a lot of trouble for some other stuff. They were either going to burn us all alive and flee town or watch us live and try to sue us out of town. Now those shitheads are never going to bother us ever again."

"This sounds too easy," I say, unable to contain my smile. "Are we really okay...? Just like that?"

"Just like that," he concurs. "We don't have anything to worry about."

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

He reaches out and takes my hands. His touch is so genuine and warm.

“How about it?” Damon asks. “Will you give me a chance? Will you giveusa chance?”

“You really think you’re up for this?” I’m still skeptical. “You have a lot going for you. You’ve got your big clubhouse and shop where all the hotties in Miami can do anything you ask them to.”

He squeezes my hands firmly. “You’re what matters to me. All of this is new to me—relationships, babies... it’s a lot. But I know how I feel.”

“And how do you feel...?”

He pulls me in and kisses me. I touch his face, enamored by him.

“I think I might be falling in love with you,” says Damon.

“Really?” I gasp.

“I promise,” he says. “I’ve known it for a while now, I think.”

The strange thing is, I think that I’ve known it for a while, too.

“Don’t say something like that and not mean it, though,” I say, tears forming in my eyes.

He kisses me again, holding me close to him in embrace, ensuring that our lips stay locked and bonded. I never want to be away from him.

I feel his heartbeat again. His rhythm is one that I've grown quite accustomed to and fond of.

“I'm falling in love with you, too, Damon.”

19

Damon

As I kiss her lips and caress her smooth, creamy skin, I know that our love is real. I'm high off it, unable to contain my feelings a second longer now that all is revealed. I have nothing to hide, and it's only going to get better.

I caress the back of her head adoringly, savoring every second I hold her to me. Our tongues explore each other's mouths to their fullest extent. She tastes so sweet, her flavor even sweeter on the tongue now that I know it isn't fleeting. Despite knowing that I'll never lose her again, it doesn't keep me from holding her close.

We can't keep our hands or mouths off each other. Somehow, we end up going from the couch to the bed—I barely notice, I'm so caught up—and before I know it, we're stripping off each other's clothes.

I look at her naked body, seeing her differently. It's not just the way the moonlight hits her or the fact that she told me she was falling in love with me. It's knowing that she is actually carrying our child... I'm overwhelmed. I stare down at her belly, trying to picture the creation that's cooking in her oven.

I slowly reach my hands down to her belly. "May I...?"

She nods. I touch her stomach—her baby bump—rubbing my fingers delicately across her flesh. I'm not sure what I'm expecting to feel—the baby's heartbeat or maybe even a kick—but what I do feel is simply indescribable.

“I can’t believe my baby’s in there,” I mutter.

“Believe it,” says Noelle. “You’re going to be a daddy.”

“If you want a daddy tonight, baby, all you have to do is ask.”

I kiss her all over her body—I’m careful to avoid her wet pussy, for now, which drives her crazy—ravishing her, while also being as careful as possible.

“You don’t have to be too gentle,” she says suggestively. “Don’t be afraid to give it to me hard.”

I kiss along her thighs, slowly making my way to her juicy center. She is soaked, glistening and inviting. I lick around the edges, trying a sample of her delectable filling. She flails, trying to reach my head to ensure I stay right where I am. She’s enjoying herself too much to put in too much of her strength.

“Let me take care of you,” I say into her lap.

I don’t want her working too hard anyway. Plus, I enjoy being in control. I want her to know, beyond any doubt, that I am her man. I am going to feast on her pussy until we’re both entirely satisfied. I would have been fine if she just wanted me to stay down there. I’m growing so hard for her.

My hands travel up her body while I eat. She moans, muttering my name quietly the more turned on she becomes. I massage her breasts, rubbing her nice, soft nipples in my fingers until they become nice and hard for me to pinch.

“Careful...” Noelle whispers.

It doesn’t occur to me, at first, why I should be extra careful with her breasts. Then, it

hits me: these breasts aren't just for me anymore. I would have to share them with our little one someday soon.

I lick and suck on her nipples just enough—just to see what I can do—somewhat curious for what her milk tastes like. The feeling of her nipples in my mouth, combined with her long moans and constant dry humping, is enough to finally drive me crazy, as well.

I get on top of her, angling myself for entry. She grabs hold of my throbbing dick and guides it slowly, but deeply, into her wet cunt. She feels so tight... I ride her with force, thrusting at a variety of speeds to drive her wild.

“I adore you,” I say into her ear as I continue to ravish her.

“What did I ever do to deserve a man like you?” Noelle says in ecstasy.

“It takes a real woman to bring out a real man. You're unlike anyone I've ever been with. I'm so addicted to you.”

The passion is so intense, it's hard to discern when one orgasm begins and ends. I want it to last as long as possible, yet she's more wet and tight than ever. The buildup is fierce, and my load is charging greatly. I want to give it to her, but I don't want to have to wait a second to recharge and reinsert. She is too fucking hot for her own good.

I fuck her in multiple positions—I get her on all fours so that I can fuck her nice and hard from behind. My hands move all around, pulling her hair, smacking her nice firm ass, tenderly playing with her tits, caressing her baby bump... I actually get her to squirt by firmly pressing my thumb into her clit as I drill into her from behind. She exclaims, unaware of the power that comes from just my simple touch.

“Fuck, that felt so fucking good,” she moans, laughing as she collapses on the bed. “You’re incredible, Damon...”

But I’m not done. Her eyes widen further, and she bites her lip nervously, curious as to what else I have in store for her. I grab on to her ankles and pull her down to the edge of the bed. She opens up wider, aware of her incoming visitor. My shaft is still moist with her juices, and my balls surge like a volcano, itching to burst.

I was good until she begins to touch herself. I love watching her play with her own breasts, the way she has to rub her clit furiously because no amount of pleasure is enough.

She cums so many times that I lose count. When the volcano does finally erupt, it brings forth a considerable amount of magma, my thick cum filling her crevice.

Page 55

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

I lean down so as to kiss her again and hold her even closer than I already am. She moans after each kiss, trembling beneath me.

“Did you cum?” she asks.

“Definitely,” I laugh triumphantly. “I don’t think I need to ask about you...”

She blushes. “That was... you were... Thank you.”

I laugh before kissing her nose. “You’re welcome, I suppose.”

“I think we came together,” she supposes.

“I think we did. That may, quite possibly, have been the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“Don’t keep saying things you can’t take back,” says Noelle. “You’re going to make me want more.”

“If you want more, all you have to do is ask,” I say as I plant more kisses on her sweaty body. She runs her hands up my drenched back, holding me like I’m her most prized possession.

We lie together in bed, cuddling and spooning. Even after everything, we can both still feel the tension.

“So... when are you going to find out the sex of the baby?” I ask.

“The doctor told me I could probably find out in about two months,” she answers. “I don’t know if I want to find out that early, though... I kind of want it to be a surprise.”

“It can be however you want it to be,” I muse. “Just know that I want to be here with you through all of it. I want to go with you to your doctor’s appointments. I don’t want you to go through this by yourself.”

“I would love it if you came with me,” she says shyly. “I can’t believe you really want to be so active like this...”

“Why are you always so surprised?” I wonder. “Just because I roll with bikers and run a gang doesn’t mean I don’t want something meaningful with my dream girl.”

“Okay,” she says, blushing even redder. “Now I really don’t believe you! How am I your ‘dream girl’? You’re talking nonsense.”

“I’m speaking the truth. This is all incredibly exciting. It’s scary, but I’m looking forward to becoming a parent with you. It’s a rush.”

“Do you really think you’re up for this?” she asks. “I thought most guys would just want to run, regardless of the situation.”

“You and this baby are all that matters now.” I touch her belly again. “I’m not going anywhere. And if you wanted to go somewhere with me, I’m not opposed to talking about it.”

“What do you mean?”

“We could move into a bigger house, if you wanted,” I say. “We can go anywhere.”

“You’d be willing to leave your club?”

“I’m willing to do whatever is best for our baby. What do you think?”

We snuggle into the night, thinking about future and wondering what would come up next for us.

Epilogue

Noelle

Eight months later.

On January 28, 2017, Jamison Alan Abrams was born. Eight pounds, two ounces, completely healthy, gorgeous (he looks just like his dad), and surprisingly quiet. I was in labor for thirty hours—which felt like sixty—and I'd gotten so big that I was worried I might actually be delivering twins.

Once Jamison was born, Damon and I never wanted to let him out of our sight. We were likely the most demanding and nervous parents in the whole hospital that day. Once we were discharged, we went straight home to show him his first home.

We decided that it would be best to stay in Miami. I was hopeful that my agency was going to call me soon like they'd promised and offer me the chance to return to work. I was going to stay patient for the time being. I didn't even need distractions, because I knew that finally having the baby was going to require most of my attention and time.

Damon asked me to move in with him once I started my third trimester, reasoning that I was basically living with him already. We remodeled the living room and completely changed his private office, morphing it into the baby's nursery in preparation for the addition to our family.

Damon and I walk around the house, giving Jamison a tour of the place. I'm aware

that a newborn baby would likely not even absorb it all like this, but it's still fun. We end our tour by showing him his room and putting him in his crib. He only cries for a few seconds before passing out right where I put him.

"What a beautiful son we have," Damon says as we watch him sleep.

"He definitely is his daddy's boy," I say, smoothing Jamison's hair. "He's adorable. I don't want to leave him."

I could watch Jamison sleep and breathe until he wakes up. Eventually, Damon takes me by the hand and walk us out.

"He'll be fine," he whispers. "Let's let him sleep."

We go to the living room, crashing on the couch. I lay my head down on his chest, resting after the strenuous week I've had.

"You can sleep, too, if you'd like," he says.

"I'm exhausted," I tell him. "But I shouldn't sleep now. I won't want to wake up."

"I can look after Jamison while you nap," he insists. "Why don't you go and rest? You'll want to be properly rested before the party, won't you?"

I sigh, having totally forgotten about the party that Sabrina is throwing for the three of us at the clubhouse. I'm grateful and appreciative of what she's doing, but I'm not sure how I'm going to be able to stay awake after the countless hours of interrupted sleep over the past couple of weeks. All I want to do is sleep, take care of Jamison, and relax at home with my man.

"He has your eyes," Damon comments.

I smile. “He looks like you in every other conceivable way.”

“He’s the most beautiful baby in all of Miami. And I’m not just saying that because he’s mine.”

“You do sound a little biased.” I chuckle. “But you’re right. He is the cutest baby in Miami. Maybe even the state of Florida.”

“Fuck it. How about the world?”

I look up into Damon’s eyes, finding myself getting lost in them as I often do. He is more content and happy than I’ve ever seen him.

“What are you thinking?” I ask him.

“I’m thinking about my son,” he answers. “Don’t take this the wrong way, but I’m afraid I might be falling in love with him.”

“Oh, then that’ll actually save us an awkward conversation,” I joke. “Because I was going to tell you at the hospital, but I didn’t want to upset you—I think I might be in love with someone else, too. But he looks exactly like you, so I hope you won’t take it too personally.”

“Except the eyes,” he says again with a wink.

We snuggle quietly for a few minutes, processing it all.

“The house suddenly feels completely different,” I note.

“That’s what happens when you bring children into the home,” says Damon. “It’s not just about us anymore. There’s another being that breathes life living under our roof.

And he came from us. It's kind of crazy to think that just a few days ago, it was completely different."

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

“We were just kids. What did we know?”

“You don’t just love your children,” says Damon. “You fall in love with them. Our friends are throwing us a party to celebrate our baby boy. Pretty soon, those same friends will get so tired of hearing us babble on and on about him. Jamison is our world now.”

He kisses my forehead, and almost instantly, I’m falling asleep in his warm embrace.

* * *

Damon and I make it to the clubhouse, where we’re greeted by Sabrina and every member of the club. Drinks and food are out, music is pumping, and the whole room is there to revolve around and celebrate the baby boy. There isn’t enough of him to go around.

Things are slightly awkward with Kace and Sabrina at first. They had gotten into a huge argument and hadn’t seen each other in months, and Jamison’s party is the first time they’ve seen each other since. However, it doesn’t take long before we all become painfully aware that both of them are missing from the party, unable to be found at some point.

Damon is tense for much of the party, and I can’t understand why. Then, once Sabrina and Kace reemerge to join the party, I understand.

“First off, I want to thank everyone for coming today,” Damon says to the room. “Noelle and I are extremely grateful and happy that you guys put this shindig together

for us. We don't know how to thank you."

I stand beside him, cradling our sleeping son while he speaks. He leans over and kisses Jamison on his forehead.

"Today is a special day for a lot of reasons," Damon continues. "We're not just here for loved ones to come together to welcome the new addition to the family—"

The Rolling Heads hoot and holler at this proclamation.

"—we're also here because I want to expand the family even more," he continues. "I wanted all of you here to see..."

He clears his throat, turning his full attention on me.

"Noelle," he says to me. "I don't just want to be Jamison's dad. I don't just want you to be my roommate and girlfriend. I want this to be right, so..."

I gasp, covering my mouth with my free hand as Damon gets down on one knee, smiling his signature smile.

"I want to be your husband," he says. "I want you to be my wife. Will you please marry me, Noelle?"

Wordlessly, Sabrina slides over to take Jamison away from me temporarily. It's now just me, Damon, and the question. Tears of joy fill my eyes.

Then, he shows it to me: the engagement ring he made just for me. The diamond is thick and stunning and shines brightly in the box.

I hold out my hand without needing to consider. "Yes."

“Yes, you’ll marry me?” Damon asks.

I get on my knees to join him. He slides the ring on my finger.

“Yes, Damon... yes, of course I’ll marry you.”

The room erupts into applause before the ring is even totally on. We pull each other into a sweet embrace and share a long, passionate kiss in front of everyone. He lifts me into the air, making me truly feel like a little girl.

The crowd continues to go wild. The music gets louder, and the drinks are being poured at a rapid rate.

“You’ve been without booze for nine months!” Sabrina says while pouring me a shot.

“It’s time to really celebrate!”

* * *

I don’t overdo the drinking, not wanting to be too inebriated while I’m still learning the basics of becoming a mother. I know there will be plenty of times to go wild again in the future, but I’m too focused on my boys.

After the party, we keep it going with just Kace and Sabrina back at the house. We keep it relatively quiet so that Jamison can sleep peacefully. Unfortunately, as a result, I become way more tired as the night evolves, and I check out way earlier than I want.

When I wake the next day, Kace and Sabrina are still at the house, having crashed the night before. They end up crashing even longer since we’re in no hurry to kick them out.

In fact, they agree to do a little babysitting for us so that we can have an evening alone, just the two of us. Neither Damon nor I have any real ideas on what we want to do. We figure we'll drive around the city on his motorcycle until something jumps out at us.

Page 58

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

We cruise down the coast, not looking at potential places to eat or things to do but instead taking in the gorgeous sunset and the wonders it's doing to the Florida sky.

"Do you think we could just chill and watch the sunset on the beach?" I ask him, hopeful.

He drives the Yamaha off the highway and parks right by the sand. We take off our boots and walk hand in hand toward the ocean.

"I can't even remember the last time I came to the beach," I say absentmindedly. "Oh, I can't wait to take Jamison here for his first time."

"There are so many new things we get to show him," says Damon. "It's crazy how we'll be teaching someone the way of... well, life."

"He's in trouble," I say with a laugh. "If I'm the one teaching him what to do in life, he'll probably need a second and third teacher. At least he'll have the internet he can consult with."

We lie back in the sand, not caring what the sand and water might do to our clothes. The sky turns orange and purple, the softening sunlight casting an assortment of colors across the water's surface, and it feels perfect.

I look to my fiancé, grabbing his hand and kissing it many times. I notice him looking around the beach, as if half expecting someone unwelcome to show up.

"Are you okay?" I ask him.

“I’m great,” he says with a grin. “I’m more than great. I’m thrilled.”

I go back to watching the water, but I can feel him looking around still. I’m unable to relax, my mind wandering.

“You sure you’re okay? You looking for someone?”

“Nah, just people-watching,” he replies.

Something makes me suspect that he’s actually on the lookout for any potential enemies. I don’t want to bring up anything related to our enemies—the day is too perfect to ruin with talk about work.

Yet, he won’t stop looking around.

“Did Tom Wright get released from prison or something?” I ask, half-joking.

“No,” he scoffs. “I’m sorry, I just...”

He stops, pulling me closer and turning his full attention on me and the sunset. I feel like he’s avoiding something.

“I can’t fully enjoy the sunset unless I know what’s bothering you,” I say. “And hey, you have to tell me what’s going on now. I’m going to be your wife.”

“I’m just thinking about everything,” he says. “Now that Jamison is here and is a real, tangible thing that I can hold and see... I’m not sure about living here in Miami.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well—I’m not worried, first of all,” he begins. “There is no threat... right now.

Right now, it seems like the Rolling Heads are kind of the shit right now. We're on top."

"But someone will eventually come along to try and remove you from the top," I surmise.

"I'm always on top," he says with a wink. "I'm not afraid of something happening; I'm afraid of what I don't know. When it's quiet like this... I don't know. It makes me feel oddly uneasy."

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm wondering if maybe the Rolling Heads should expand," says Damon. "I've been thinking about Orlando. It's a bit cheaper to live there than it is here. We could live in a housewaybigger than the one now and pay about the same for it."

"Orlando?" I say, taken aback. "Expand?"

"I'm thinking of maybe giving Kace a promotion," he says. "We could open up another bike shop in Orlando—or any kind of shop, really—and we could start a new legion in a new part of the state. I don't have any enemies in Orlando, and I have a lot of friends."

"I know people in Orlando," I muse. "Sabrina is actually pretty tight with a plus-size modeling agency that operates in downtown Orlando..."

He grins, giving me a knowing look. "What about it, huh? Does that sound like something that might appeal to you?"

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 7:40 am

“Yeah, it does, actually,” I reply. “I love Orlando. I actually thought about Orlando before Jamison.”

“I don’t think we’re in danger, I want to make that clear,” says Damon. “I just... I think maybe a fresh start in a new place might be good for our new family. Miami’s been my home for most of my life, so I can go either way. I could live here comfortably for many more years, or... I’m open to changes.”

I watch as the sun disappears, leaving us little light but the stars and the moon.

As we ride from the beach back to the house, I can’t help but feel a sudden sense of excitement. Maybe it’s impulse or perhaps I’m enticed by the way he was talking, but I’m suddenly fixated on the idea of going somewhere new with my new fiancé and son.

“I’m okay with wherever we end up!” I say to him from the back of his bike. “I trust you. You and Jamison are my life now... I ride wherever your bike takes me.”

We drive by a popular bike bar, receiving an outpour of roaring engines revving as we drive by. I do feel safe. I always feel secure whenever I’m with Damon. And I have no doubt that our son is going to grow up into a spectacular young man having him as a father.

“Can I tell you a secret?” I ask him.

“Anything!”

“I’ve been thinking about what our child would be like from the first night we spent together,” I admit. “I’m the luckiest girl in all of Miami.”

We ride off into the sunset and beyond, excited and thrilled with where our paths might take us.

THE END