



The Red Room (Dirty Sinners #1)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: There's no rest for the wicked.

Elodie

Elodie DuClaire is quiet. Sheltered, timid, and unknowing to the dangers of the world, she has no idea the demons in her mind are not nearly as bad as the demons in the real world. Soon, she will find that she should have never wished to leave her golden cage. What's the saying? Be careful what you wish for.

Henley

Henley Eryx has always been content living the bachelor life. Circulating the club has been enough for him but lately the submissives haven't been able to fully meet his desires. Then, he meets Elodie. Seeing her turns his entire world on its head, and something about her peaks his attention. It's all too easy when her father asks for his help and agrees to give him the only thing he desires.

Her.

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Chapter One

Elodie

Pinky landing on the last key, I smile to myself as the silence encapsulates me, even if for only a moment. The jig is up when my piano tutor grumbles to herself in irritation, her thick Russian accent coming through as she scolds me.

“What on God’s green earth was that?” She yells as she points to the piano. My throat swells with sadness, my hands wringing under the key bed. “I have taught you for nearly twenty years, and each time I walk into this room, you give me another gray hair!” She points to her completely gray hair, and if I were bolder, I would tell her that her anatomy makes her gray.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Petrov,” I whisper, my eyes downcast at the black slippers on my feet. My father expects utter perfection from me at all times. Even when I am not allowed to leave the house, he doesn’t let me wear lounge clothes. Three pairs of pajamas are all I’m allotted unless my pen-pal Wini has anything to say about that, then she will discreetly send me lush items as I send her expensive clinical books for her psychiatry practice. All I know is that she deals with children who are going through a hard time mentally, something about being trafficked. I didn’t ask for a whole lot of details because it made my heart hurt thinking about those poor children. Ms. Petrov brings me out of my stupor by slamming her ruler on her thigh and motioning for me to raise my hands.

This is never the fun part. Shakily, I bring my hands to rest on the frame, just under where my sheet music rests. Rearing back, the crack of the ruler slams against my

knuckles, and I bite my lip to keep from screaming. It's taken me years to internalize the hurt that I feel from each punishment, yet I manage it. She does it twenty-three more times, the number of my age.

Discipline is earned, my dear .

Satisfied at the sight of my bleeding knuckles, she spins on her heel and marches from the music halls. "Tomorrow, five in the morning," she bellows over her shoulder. My chin wavers in frustration at another failed practice. Father must have lied to me because he said my playing was beautiful, said I was exquisite, and that I should be honored that I have such talent. Pushing the pain to the back of my head, I rub my hands over the soft frame of my sleek black beauty. My grand piano. Father got her when I was twelve years old, and I remember feeling like it was the best thing anyone could have gotten me. Learning on one of those flimsy keyboards is okay, but this creates crisp tunes and captures notes like the goddess it is.

Gently shutting the fallboard, I scoot off the bench and wipe my sweaty hands on my dress in an attempt to realign myself. It also smoothes the small wrinkles I procured while sitting on the bench, but pish-posh.

Chin lifted, I walk from the music hall and toward my bedroom, only to be stopped by one of the butlers. "A package for you, Miss Elodie," Elton says softly as he winks at me. Back when Father was his most strict, I had to resort to begging for freedom from the wait staff. Thankfully they took pity on me and allowed me to use their tunnels for accessing the public. Father has done quite the job of keeping me hidden from the world, something about him having enemies in high places. On the other hand, if I'm so hidden from the world, then how would someone recognize me if they don't even know me?

"Thank you, Elton," I whisper back with glee as I stuff the small bag into the top of my dress. It's not the greatest of disguises, but if I hunch over a smidge, I can pretend

to not be feeling well. Walking quickly away, I dodge several staff members successfully before slamming my door shut behind me and locking it. A sigh of relief washes over me as I pull the bag from inside my top and immediately run to my closet. Moving a few of the hangers out of the way, I de-stash the other hidden items. A knife, a photo of a buff guy with tattoos who Wini calls “t-shirt guy”, and a few thongs. The T-shirt guy was coined because she and her friend met him at a bar nearby and all they remember was him being named after a shirt. She said they were too drunk to remember, just that she got banged like she never had been before. I told her that I wished I had that freedom, that my virginity is for auction to the highest bidder.

She didn’t like that answer.

Ripping open the bag, a thick manilla envelope falls out with a sticky note taped to the front of it.

Fill this out!

The next thing to drop out is an all white see-through slip thing. My jaw drops in shock when I can see my hand through the other side of it. A matching bra and thong are with it, and I can’t help the giggle that escapes me. This combination is way above my confidence level, but the fact that she’s so confident in me has me second guessing my own self-hatred.

Opening the file, my jaw drops when I read the first line.

DRENCHED IN SIN BDSM CLUB | SUBMISSIVE APPLICATION

The paper slams to my chest as the air in my lungs heaves out of me. Panic rises in my throat as I peek around me to make sure no one is watching me. Father has the ability to sneak up on you when you are at your weakest, like a predator, and I don’t

want to be caught as his prey. Slowly peeling it away from me, I steal another glance, where I find an identical sticky note on the front of the paperwork, Wini's neat handwriting on display.

Mail this to the below address when you're done. They will know who to send the responses to.

Just below that is a local address, if not a thirty-minute drive from me with good traffic. Usually, I'm not allowed outside, but after hearing Father and his men over the years, I am pretty sure I know exactly where this place is. I don't have access to the internet right now as Father caught me trying to text a male friend. He acts as though I'm not a twenty-three-year-old woman. To him, I'm a prisoner. His personal slave that will go to the highest bidder when the time comes. More choking sounds as I read the rest of the contract. I don't know if I'm in panic, shock, or completely turned on. Maybe all three and add horror to the mixture as well. Do I seriously act so goody-goody that she has to get me to apply to a sex club?

With a semi-silent scoff, I put the stack of papers into the folder again and then shove it into the pile. There's no way I can fill that out right now with the way my head is spinning and with the possibility of my father finding out...

I don't think I will be able to sleep tonight.

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Chapter Two

Elodie

I definitely didn't sleep.

After I laid down in bed last night, someone came into the house shouting about something. I didn't hear it, and I most certainly did not want to know what it was about. My knowledge of his previous one-sided arguments is limited, but the subject of question always rounds back to one person.

Me.

Usually something about how I am the reason his accounts are slowly running dry, or something about how no one wants to purchase a virgin anymore because they can get them for free elsewhere. I have no idea what that last comment means, except that my father can't sell me right now. Comments about the black market were overheard, though I do my best to keep away from Father when he is on the phone. Nothing good comes from overhearing him, and the feeling of worthlessness soaks back into my heart.

Before Mother died, Father was a joyful man. He spent a lot of time out of the house with Mother, both of them dressed to the nines to go to some club down the way. I remember vividly that Father came home, dropped to his knees inside the door, and sobbed the day she died. I did my best to comfort him, but instead, I managed to make him angrier. The realization dawned on me more than a year later that I look almost like a replica of my mother. We have the same vivid hazel eyes and reddish-

blonde hair. I got my facial structure from my father, strong jaw, and high cheekbones, but the rest is all her. From that day forward, I was never treated the same again. Instead of being cherished like Mother had done before her death, Father now treated me like his burden.

Most days, I feel like his burden, too.

His routine was always fairly easy to maintain. He left home around noon only to return in the early hours of the next morning. Never did he check on me to make sure I was okay, but he rattled my doorknob to make sure I was in my room. There's no outward locking key to my door, only a one-way lock, so he knows I'm in here but away from him. From what I have also gathered, I am some sort of insurance for him. It's not hard to see that I am merely here to make Father money in the future, maybe pop out an heir or two for his winning bidder. He hasn't expressed any exact reasons for my solitude, and I can't make sense of it.

Once Father retired for the night, I stared at my ceiling with a mixture of eagerness and trepidation. Eyes and ears scout these halls. Elton has been my sidekick for several years, but he can only keep the potential whispers at bay for so long. They are bound to get out at some point, but I would rather live in the moment than in the future. Punishments from Father have not been as severe as before, but from the heat rolling off of him with each agitated conversation, they are bound to start up again soon.

Throwing the covers off of me, I pad my way to the bathroom to freshen up for the day. I stare at myself longingly in the mirror, saddened by the way I have let go of my appearance. Glancing down to my stomach, there is a small pooch that peeks out and there's cellulite on my thighs that taunts me with each step. One of my more recent punishments was getting the home gym taken away. After I got caught talking to my male friend, Father later decided that taking my phone away wouldn't be enough to make me upset. So, he removed access for me to use the gym until I was able to see

the error of my ways. When I was ready to apologize for speaking to males without his explicit permission, then I could have the gym back.

How shocked would someone be when I say that I apologized and Father didn't think I meant it? So, now I'm stuck without relief of any sort, and I swear it's making my body molt. Alright, let me not be so melodramatic. If I were kinder to myself, I would say that I look a little better with the added weight...but my dresses are no longer fitting right and Father makes sure to comment on it every chance he gets. He knows exactly how both his comments and not having the gym are affecting me.

Clearing the nasty thoughts from my head, I turn around and get ready for the day, not bothering to look in the mirror again.

"Again!" Ms. Petrov shouts from where she is perched. Internally rolling my eyes, I let my body feel the music coursing through my veins. My foot lifts and falls with each particular note as I play a melody Ms. Petrov supposedly wrote from scratch. A dark tune is played to create a deep ambiance, though it's closer to feeling as though impending doom is on the rise versus candlelight sonata. Halfway through the song, her chair shrieks as she stands quickly.

"You stupid girl! The pedaling is off, your speed does not follow the sheets, and your numb little fingers are deft on the keys!" Before I can react, the fallboard of the piano is slamming down on my hands. There's no holding back the scream of pain as the heavy wood crushes my fingers beneath its weight.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Petrov!" I shout as tears prick the backs of my eyes while struggling not to move. From previous experience, I know that trying to get my hands out will only make it worse.

"You always say you're sorry, but when are you going to prove that you're sorry?" Her hand lands on the hood of the fallboard and applies pressure. My knuckles crack

under the heaviness, and tears finally move from my ducts to roll down my cheeks. “If your father wasn’t paying me to keep going, I would have quit by now! You’re a useless waste of energy, and our ancestors would be rolling in their graves to see how disgraceful you are.”

The words weigh heavily on me, but I don’t acknowledge it or her. My eyes remain forward on the sheet music, tears streaming down my cheeks as a pulse is suddenly gained in my fingers. Blood rushes to my head as a dull thrum takes over my senses, everything in me goes dark as I wait for her to release me. Several deep breaths keep me steady while the dark, mostly silent part of my brain threatens to take over.

Skin her.

Kill her.

Make her suffer as she has made you.

Two pieces of my brain struggle for dominance, and Ms. Petrov is none the wiser. She may think I’m only waiting for her to let up, for her to release me from her crushing grip, but she doesn’t realize that I’m internally battling to keep her alive.

“Breaking your fingers may be the only way to get you to stop. Twenty-three years is far too old to be this unaccomplished, though talent is chosen, not learned, and you, little girl, are talentless. Maybe your father is right, the only potential you have is between your legs,” she spits at me as her saliva lands on my cheeks, mixing with my salty tears. Anger rages through me, my body shaking as the war waged inside of me is slowly being lost to the evil. Finally, she removes her hand from the fallboard and lifts it, slamming it back into its place. “Disgrace,” she mutters as she stomps out of the room.

I wait until the large double doors slam behind her before I stand, kicking the stupid

bench backward as I move. Clobbering to the ground, the wood cracks against the polished tile. A scream bubbles up in my throat, and I choke it down.

“ A lady shall not show emotions. She must be strong, silent, and concise for her male counterpart. She will be perfect at all times, with hair and makeup complete before she shall show her face. The perfect lady will swallow her pride, and place her needs behind her to keep her male happy. A lady shall not curse, shall not speak unless spoken to, shall not disagree unless the lady or her offspring are placed in life-ending danger, and shall not place her sexual needs above her husband. He shall be the ruler of the female, she will smile and say thank you when he gives her anything.”

Sniffing as I remember the stupid saying that was literally slapped into me, I straighten my spine and recompose myself.

“A lady shall be vulnerable, shall make herself open to her husband’s needs, his desires and pleasures are to be available for her husband at any time. A lady will not place her material desires above her husband. He will discipline the lady as necessary.”

Gliding from the room, I don’t even acknowledge Elton as my body rages without an outlet. The gym was another way for me to let go, but now that is off the table, I don’t have anything else.

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Chapter Three

Elodie

I refuse to let my father rule me anymore. I refuse to let him tell me what I can and cannot do with my body, and I refuse to let him dictate where I go every single day. Everything with Ms. Petrov does not help my instance at all, and a bubbled scream coming up my throat is quickly swallowed. Sneaking out won't be easy, and I certainly won't get very far if they believe I'm having some sort of mental break. The staff most likely are aware of Father's indiscretions, so they will be weary of my reaction. Unfortunately for them, they will not get one out of me.

Tilting my head from side to side, I attempt to remove the deep-set knots in my neck. It pops a few times with each tilt but doesn't lessen the tension. Walking over to my closet, I rummage to the back where I locate the items that Wini got for me. The sheer item is light in my hands, the mesh slightly scratchy but not annoying. If I remember, I believe Wini once called it a teddy. It's white sheer fabric with soft hems that are outlined with white feathers, and it gives an almost angelic vibe. Snorting, I realize it also represents virginity. Hopefully, I can pull it off as simply innocent, not that I'm trying to get laid.

Putting it aside, I grab the envelope with the application and sit down with a pen. There's a lot happening on the pages, and I have no idea what half of it means. I do my best to try and interpret the words and what they could possibly mean, but I'm lost. So, I do a lot of marking "S" for soft limits. I jot little notes next to the boxes that I'm open to learning about them, but my interest is subject to change as we try it.

Hopefully, my match wants someone who has absolutely no idea what they are doing. My teeth sink into my bottom lip as I go over the contract in great detail, reading every word and memorizing it. Anxiety spikes inside of me again at the realization that I have no idea if this is a place Father frequents. Scrunching my face, I want that disgusting thought to go away. Though, it is a valid one. One part of me wants to do this, to feel the freedom while it lasts until Father finally decides that he has had enough of me mooching off of him and sends me out into the dark world. The other part of me, the safe part of me, wants to stay hidden in my room until my marching orders are given.

“Screw it,” I mumble, as I go ham in checking off anything that sounds good. There are a lot that I know for sure that I don’t want on my list. Fisting? Absolutely not. Golden showers? No idea what that is, but that’s a hard no.

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Chapter Four

Henley

I watch the stage where a performance is being enacted in front of the whole club. Two males take their female submissive from the front and back, using her for their own glory holes. Both guys are wearing their cuts, the Dirty Sinner MC logo embroidered proudly on the leather.

The scene is erotic, but it's not doing anything for me.

"You havin' another?" Mal asks from behind me at the bar. Glancing over my shoulder, I shake my head.

"Nah, I think one is enough for me." She shrugs as she goes to the other end of the bar where more customers are waving her down. The back of her uniform jean 'cut' has the Drenched in Sin logo printed on the back of it, sporting the brand proudly. Her full hips sway to the music as she makes the drinks, and I wish I had felt something toward her. There's nothing. Mal has been trying to make a move for a while, and I give her credit for trying to melt the ice beating in my chest. The only room I have in my body is being disciplined, a Dominant in the widest of forms. Yet, I can't even do that right now because none of the submissives in the application pool are a good fit. We don't mesh, one of the girls even started crying when I spanked her, and it wasn't the good kind either. It was on her application that it was a "Y", but turns out she has some sort of trauma from it.

My Prez, Hael, comes over to me with a large packet of paper in his hands. "You

know what time it is,” he taunts as the thick stack slams into my chest. I automatically reach up to grab it and find another blank contract staring back at me. With a groan, I set it on the bar next to my drink.

“Already? I swear I just did this damn thing,” I grumble as I drop my head in my hands.

“Yeah, about six months ago. You know that this shit has to get updated every six months if you aren’t in a dynamic relationship.” I want to fucking throat-punch him. “Kaemon sent me to give this to you since he knew you would be down here.”

“I don’t know why I keep doing this shit. Each time I fill it out, I get bumped to the top of some stupid list where I get a submissive who is not a perfect match. I get that they want to hook me up with someone, but if it’s not there, then they need to fuck off.” The second the words are out of my mouth, I realize that I really am in a shitty mood.

Hael sits down next to me, waving Mal over before leaning his head in his hands too. “I can’t say that I blame ya. That’s why I haven’t even applied yet. If you’re not feeling it, let your application lapse. You can always reapply later on when you’re feeling better about it.” His words sink into me, and I debate whether he is right. Drenched in Sin paperwork is all the same every six months or so with the occasional add-on to the play and kink list. What’s the point of reapplying?

“We will see.” Another swig of beer and the groans of the guy on stage has me looking over my shoulder. None of the people in the bar catch my eye, and it just reiterates that I don’t want to re-up my contract when it lapses.

“Anyway, let’s go up to the office,” Hael insists as he takes his water to go. Eyeing him up suspiciously, I slide my half-drunk beer to the other side of the bar and nod my head. Mal winks in return. Every cell in my being wants to roll my eyes, but I

don't. She is a sweet girl—spicy when she wants to be according to a couple of the guys—but never a problem.

We walk in near silence to the office, the deep, seductive bass of the music getting quieter as we walk. Fishing out his keys, he peers over his shoulder at me before unlocking the door and swinging it open. A brand new bottle of scotch is sitting on the desktop, and he groans.

“Whoever keeps getting access to my office is going to get their dick chopped off and forced to swallow,” he grumbles under his breath as he hustles to the desk. Snatching the bottle, he squints to read the card.

“Did you not get your prescription redone?” I taunt as his glare goes from the bottle to me. I have to hold in further retorts as he flips me the bird before looking at it again. Two steps and I reach him. Ripping the scotch from his hands, I read. “Thank you for your consideration. Signed, Blood Reapers.” The card is bright red with little droplets coming off of it.

“That’s what I was coming in here to talk about. Shark, the president of Blood Reapers, called and asked for our assistance with some mission they have.” He leans against the desk, his arms and ankles crossing in a fairly relaxed stance. To put him off-kilter, I toss the expensive scotch back to him. He panics, reaching out to cradle the bottle in his arms.

“Just because I want to kill someone for violating my space doesn’t mean I want to waste good liquor.” A look of horror passes his face at me, and I can’t help my laughter. He pops the wax and opens the bottle, the harsh smokey scent wafts quickly as he pours two fingers into our glasses. Walking mine over, he plops down onto the sofa next to me and kicks back.

“So, what’s the mission?” I ask after taking a sip of the sharp liquid. The burn is solid

and quick but it's the perfect balance needed for me to stay grounded.

"Oh, so they apparently work with taking down trafficking rings, unlike us who are into weapons and sex," he laughs as he lugs back the rest of his drink. "Anyway, they asked if we would be willing to assist them later on. Their people are down in our area and don't want to impede, also they may need manpower. He wants a quick response about the needing people thing, and I already told him I don't make decisions without hearing from my VP first."

Nodding, I swirl the rich amber liquid. If I stare at it hard enough, it might answer all of my life questions. That, or it might convince me to drink away all of my problems then no decisions would need to be made.

"I don't see why not. Do they have a time frame?"

"Negative," he shakes his head, standing to grab the bottle. He tips it toward me, and I slide my glass to him. Filling it, I take it back and take another long sip while he gets comfortable again. "All he knows is that their people are working on getting the information. Oh, and they asked for the help of Ruel and his IT team, so I already approved that. I did tell them that any of our stuff comes first, just that he got lucky that we are in a Q-word time."

"Makes sense," I mutter before downing the rest of my drink. The tingle is still kind of there, but not so much anymore. "If they do end up needing it, we have them volunteer if they want to do it or not. It's been a while since shit hit the fan, and I'm sure some of them are chomping at the bit to get into some sort of action." Head tilting back, he laughs as if I made a joke. Honestly, I don't get it, but he is laughing and that's what counts.

The last of his drink goes down his throat, he slaps his hands on his knees and stands. "That's pretty much all I needed. You looked miserable out there and looked like you

could use a cheering-up. If putting yourself into a gunfight won't do that, then I don't know what will."

Hael likes to remind me of the times when we were a lot younger. At the ripe age of thirty-five, I feel like I have lived a lengthy life. If I were to drop dead tomorrow, I would have no regrets about the way I have lived. Back in our early teens, we definitely liked to stir shit up. Pops used to get so mad at me when I would come home with a mangled motorcycle after the joy rides. He refused to buy me anything nice until I learned to respect the beauty. When I turned twenty-five, I gained a newfound appreciation when Pops and I went on our last ride. Now, there was no way to know it would be our last, but the photo still sits in my wallet of Pop and I back to back with our cuts on. I had just been officially patched in, I had never worked so hard for anything. Pop had a smile wider than mine. With his side profile, I could see the pride in his eyes for me.

When he died, I was beside myself. My mama passed when I was younger, so I didn't have any blood siblings, but Pop made sure that I had brothers who were to die for. I met Hael during a rough period of his life too, neither of us asked questions, we just rallied together and wreaked havoc. Hael's dad used to call us bullet catchers from how many times we got shot over the years. Now, I sport around ten bullet wound scars, and a few stab wounds here and there. After the tenth time, his dad put us on the sidelines until we got our shit together. It took a while, it took his dad threatening to take the president title away from him and the VP away from me, and we both realized it couldn't continue.

"Shit, maybe you're right," I sigh, running my hands through my hair. I spot one of the bullet wounds on my forearm that has since been covered with ink and shake my head. "Nah, I can't do that. Pop would roll in his grave if he knew the shit I did. No reason to have him coming back to haunt me."

"Shit, my dad haunts my ass every day and he isn't dead," he laughs. With a smile, I

excuse myself from the office and go back to the main area of the BDSM club. Another performance is going on, a crowd of individuals sitting with so many different dynamics at play. It's interesting to see the difference between masters and slaves versus dominants and submissives. As a Dominant, I can see the power shift between the two different realms, but I learned from my own experiences that a slave isn't what I need.

While it is great to have a female submit to my every need, and be there for me and I for her, it's not the sort of codependency I crave. I need a female who can play the soft and demure type, but when the time arises, be able to put her opponent in a headlock or shoot him between the eyes. We both need to be independent in ourselves first, then build a life between us.

Maybe that's why I'm still single and can't get a fucking submissive. Being picky hasn't gotten me very far, but if I lower the bar, I don't want to be unhappy.

"Fuck." The stupid contract is still sitting on the bar, right where I left it. Except, this time, there is a contract on top of mine.

Submissive Match. Please review.

Chapter Five

Henley

The two applications sit side by side on my desk. The one with the bold letters “SUBMISSIVE APPLICATION”, taunts me. It’s been months since I had a match good enough to be brought to my attention. Months since the matching service even had any potential matches for me at all. Now that I said something, a fucking application drops from thin air? Scoffing, I lift my booted feet on my desk and lean backward, eyes closing on their own accord.

It’s been a really long month, one full of paper pushing and barely getting any club rides in. We have all been busy with our own stuff, Hael had to cancel the last big ride. Four of the guys went out on paternity leave, two of them on medical leave due to an accident, and one guy apparently needed to ‘find himself again’. It’s just been picking up mess after mess and the stress is finally getting to me. The one way I know how to relieve it is potentially sitting in an application form right in front of me, yet I have no idea what to do. My previous contract is set to expire at the end of the month. If I let it go, then I could miss this opportunity. If I reapply and it turns out to be a shit show, then it’s just another letdown that I have to go through.

Fuck, I might as well draw lips on my fist and call it an evening.

A knock on my office startles me, and I shove the packets back into a drawer. They can be glared at while they mock me later.

“What?” I bark out as I sign back into my laptop. Lysander, our secretary, pops his

head around the corner of the door frame hesitantly. The dude is definitely not an Alpha male, that's for damn sure.

"Sorry to interrupt you, sir," he mutters as he fully enters the doorway. I can't help rolling my eyes when he clasps his hands in front of him timidly.

"How many times do I have to tell you to quit calling me sir?" I grumble and look away from him. He doesn't say anything for a few seconds, and when I look back at him, he is visibly shaking. Honestly, I don't know how he ever got patched in. Audibly sighing, I do my best to calm myself. "What's going on, man?"

"Deimos asked if we could add another round of ammunition to the next shipment," he says quietly. Another round of irritation goes through my body because I need the dude to speak up. I might feel in my prime, but my hearing isn't what it used to be. "He said Hiero, Zale, and Cahir were talking about how well they sold last time and the payouts were better."

"Did you inform them that the last time we upped the shipment for ammo, we almost lost three people?" These fucking men and their big god-damn egos. Lysander shrinks away from me. This time, the eye roll comes out anyway and my mood shrinks even further. "Quit shriveling into yourself, straighten your shoulders, and say what you need to say." The demand is swift and to the point. He does exactly as I asked.

"No. They did not want to hear me when I said it and practically ordered me to come tell you to add it back onto the shipment." Pinching the bridge of my nose, I shoot out of my chair and march toward the door.

"Firstly, you don't follow orders from anyone except Hael and I, got it?" He nods quickly, his brows shooting to his hairline. "Secondly, thank you for bringing it to my attention that they obviously also suffer from memory loss. We will not be adding

additional ammo to the shipment. Go back to work.” Lysander doesn’t need to be told more than once, he takes off like a fire is on his heels. Standing at the door, I debate on what I want to do with the little shits. Hiero, my road captain, can be a hothead but steady when he needs to be. Zale is our tail gunner and usually pretty quiet, only speaks when spoken to. When he has something to say? Shit, you better be listening because he won’t say it more than once. Cahir is a newer enforcer, having just earned colors not even a few years ago. Another hot-head, but he acts a lot like me after I lost Pop. Nothing bothers him, doesn’t give a shit if he is dead or alive. Another bullet catcher.

My office overlooks the main club area. Almost like a prison setup, I can oversee almost everything from up here. Drenched in Sin, our BDSM club, is about a five-minute walk away from this side of the property. The entrance is on the other side, but we have a walking path we usually use to go over there.

“Listen up!” I bellow out, startling several of the men. They all grumble as they turn in their booths and chairs to figure out where my voice came from. After about a minute or so, all of the attention is trained on me. “Do not be going to lower chains to request changes. If it happens again, you will be stripped of your colors and back to prospect duties, am I clear?” Shock fills some of the faces, but they agree quickly. “No more jumping chains of command. Last warning.” Without another word, I turn on the heel of my boot and go back into the office.

The chatter of the club starts up before my door shuts, and the overwhelming urge to check the paperwork compels me back to the desk. “No,” I mumble, shaking my head to attempt to clear my wandering thoughts. It doesn’t work, but the large stack of shipment paperwork sitting on my desk is enough for me to refocus on what needs to be done for the sake of the club.

Phone ringing, I thank the lords above for another distraction away from the papers. I can’t stand it, and I have no idea why I agreed to do it all.

“Dirty Sinners, Henley speaking,” I answer immediately, my head and shoulder pinching together to hold the phone while I type.

“Henley, this is Scotty DuClaire, from DuClaire and Associates,” the nasally male says from the other end of the line. I quickly type his name and practice into the search bar and find a business. Clicking the website, he is the owner of an accounting practice an hour south of here. My hackles immediately raise.

“What can I do for you, Mr. DuClaire?” Tone even, I don’t want to tip him off to my suspicions. There’s no reason for a businessman of that sort to call unless he has something needing to be moved.

“I would like to set up a business meeting with you sometime next week if you’re free?” He asks, and before I can ask him for more information, he continues. “There have been a few hiccups on my side and your...club comes recommended.”

“Agreeable. Text me the information and we can come up with a time and date. I will let my president know.” His intake of air says he wants to argue, but I don’t give him the time as I hang up the call. At least I have something to focus on now.

Chapter Six

Elodie

Pacing my room, anxiety creeps in my throat. It's been one whole week since I sent the letter with Elton. One week since I decided to take the dive and do what I wanted for once. My chest feels tight as my breathing gets harder. Each day I mark off the calendar is another day that I am stuck without a potential purpose. It's stupid, really. According to the others, my purpose in life is to be a good daughter, wife, and one day, mother. I am expected to be demure, mindful, and quiet. My husband's wish will be my command.

That's not what I want at all. I want to feel alive. I want to let the wind flow through my hair like I read about in those fairy tales. Obviously, they aren't real, but right now, I feel like a weird mix between Cinderella and Rapunzel. The only difference is I have nicer clothing and my reddish-blond hair isn't that long. I'm almost not as skinny as either of them, but I bite my tongue. We all have that in common. A knock on my door startles me. The hope in my stomach skyrockets until it creaks open and reveals Father's face.

"Ah, good. You're up." He walks into the room, leaving the door open for anyone to hear. "As an...apology of sorts for the associate's behavior last week, I have reinstated your gym privileges." Some happiness blooms back into my body. I will admit that I have had a bit of fun lounging around and reading books all day. Anything is better than Ms. Petrov, that's for dang sure.

"Thank you, Father," I answer quietly, my eyes trained on the ground.

Eye contact will not be maintained unless ordered by the male. He shall dictate what he likes and dislikes. Eyes will remain on the floor unless he says otherwise. Hands will be tightly clasped behind your back to show submissiveness.

“I have a business meeting on Friday here at the house. If you could make yourself scarce, that would be appreciated.” In other words, if you don’t leave us the heck alone unless we need booze, then I am in for a serious punishment.

“Yes, Father,” I agree without hesitation. “Do you know what rooms you will be frequenting so I know to avoid them?”

“Avoid the main living area, the dining area, and the offices. Other than that, you should be free range. If something changes, I will have Elton inform you.”

“Yes, Father.”

“Very good,” he reaches into his pocket and grabs his phone. After a few beats, I watch him turn on his heels, exiting the room. My heart smashes against its enclosure roughly as I finally breathe. Processing the interaction, my body finally catches up to the fact that I will be able to use the gym again. Stretching every night is good, but when you can’t follow it up with anything, it doesn’t feel as appealing. That and if I get caught marking myself in any way, I will for sure get a worse punishment than having the gym privileges revoked.

I go to change into gym attire when another knock echoes through my room. Brows dipping in confusion, I clasp my hands behind my back and drop my eyes to the carpet before calling out to them.

“Ms. DuClaire,” Elton shushes and my eyes snap up to him. He has a manilla file in his outstretched hand. A moment passes before my brain catches up with what is going on.

“Is that...” I stop, instead dashing toward him to grab the folder. “Thank you so much, Elton, you have no idea how much I appreciate you.” His smile is soft, and gentle as he shuts the door behind him.

There’s no address listed on the envelope, which confuses me a little bit, but I don’t think anything of it. Ripping open the packet, I see my application in the folder. My shoulders slump when I pull it out and toss it onto the bed. This must mean they denied my application. Yeah, I listed that I’m a virgin. So what? The fact that I have no idea what half of it means? So what? They don’t want someone who is malleable and able to learn from the get-go?

Turning my head to look at the betraying pieces of paper, I catch something that doesn’t belong.

“DOMINANT APPLICATION”

“Wait,” I breathe out as I grab the paperwork again and look at the cover page. I read it over and over to make sure I’m not reading it correctly or something. Dropping the pages into my lap and scrubbing my eyes doesn’t do anything except make stars cloud my sight. But when they leave, the words are all still there.

I jump onto my feet, and as silently as I can, I do a happy dance. No squeals or shrieks are able to escape the tight hold I have on my mouth, but the smile is inevitable. Shouting it from the rooftops is obviously out of the equation, so instead, I go to the closet and start looking it over.

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Chapter Seven

Henley

H oly shit.

Reading the word over and over again, I think the last few cells in my brain are glitching out.

Virgin .

She has zero sexual experience but is willing to try just about anything once. How would she know if she is a sexual fiend if she has never even had sex before?

Sliding the stapled packet away from me, I pinch the bridge of my nose in frustration. The glass tumbler is cold in my hands as I grab it and tip the rest of the amber liquid into my mouth. If I hadn't been drinking for the last hour while perusing her application, I may have been able to savor the grounding burn. Instead, I'm stuck closing my eyes and seeing the word imprinted behind my eyes.

Virgin.

What are the odds?

Why would they give this to me in the first place? My tastes aren't weird or extreme, but there's a level of commitment that is needed to make this work. Fuck, she read it, filled it out, then sent it to the club via a personal carrier. Of course, she fucking

knows what she is doing. I hate to even think about it, but what if something is wrong with her? She is twenty-three years old for fuck's sake, how do you go that long without getting laid?

Standing, I stalk out of my office and down the stairs. Fresh air sounds good right about now, and I'm chomping to get the fuck out of the clubhouse for a while.

"Hey, VP-nevermind," a prospect starts then dismisses himself. My face must be telling everyone to fuck right off. Honestly, that's how I feel, so I can't be bothered to say otherwise. Cracking my knuckles, I dig my keys from my pocket, bend down, and turn on my beauty. She purrs to life with a distinct rumble, the overwhelming pressure in my chest slowly deflating as I straddle her, slip on my mask, and go for a ride.

It's late, right after eight at night, but the towns are booming with young people. I pass the club that has a line out the door with people too drunk to care that it's a member only. Chuckling, I continue to watch two people start arguing. From the age difference, it might be a father-daughter, though I don't catch much before I'm out of sight.

Finally free of the normal streets and the partygoers, I crank down on the throttle and let my muse take me. She doesn't bog harshly like she did when I first got her, instead the transition is smooth as we pick up speed. The brisk wind slapping my mask sinks into the soft fibers, warmth slowly starting to dissipate the longer I go.

Right now, something is bothering me about that stupid application, and I can't fucking figure it out. Why would a virgin apply for a sex club? A prank seems far too out of standard since the paperwork is pretty lengthy, not to mention the application processing fees. Not only that but it was hand-delivered. The logic for it to be a prank seems too far out, so, I'm going to rule out that option. Maybe she has some sort of health or body issue and feels safer coming to the club than going to some stranger.

Something inside of me knows that just isn't it. Those are the only two options my brain is able to procure. It doesn't make any sense, but I suppose that can be the point. A reason will make it feel less spontaneous, less thrilling.

The roads go from asphalt to dirt, and I fishtail slightly from the speed as I ride the transition.

The cogs in my head turn just as quickly as they did before, only this time they aren't concerned about either of the clubs. It's about a little twenty-three-year-old virgin who doesn't want to reveal her name. She wants to go by "Bunny". With a scoff, I try to figure out what that damn name could mean.

Like an automatic GPS, I manage to take myself to the canyon. It's a giant dropoff into nothingness, and it's a thrill to just sit on the edge and think.

Shutting off the bike, I hike my leg over and stalk to my usual spot. Legs dangling off the edge of the cliff, my movement causing some of the loose gravel to fly down to the abyss.

Why the fuck am I considering even accepting this contract? She is twenty-three, and I'm thirty-five. Bunny and I have a twelve-year age difference, yet the thought of taking her tight, bloody cunt has my cock hardening in my jeans. Another fucking question I can't wrap my head around is, why? For some younger men, they don't want to risk taking a woman's virginity due to the usual clinginess. It's not unusual, but they don't want to deal with it, so they don't. For others, they have preferences that far exceed the ability that a virgin would perform at.

In my case, I don't really care either way. The club doesn't discriminate, and honestly, I wouldn't mind teaching her how to fuck me. Some women are stuck in their ways, they don't know how to be told that you want something different when another guy likes what she did. My cock sings in my jeans, and I can't help palming

myself. Fuck, I haven't even met the girl yet I'm reeling like a teenager.

Scooting away from the edge a bit, I undo my belt and pop the button. There is only a slight relief to the pressure against my dick but when I shimmy them down enough to pull myself out, I know I'm not going to last long. Leaning back on my other arm, I wrap my hand around myself and squeeze.

Pre-cum beads through the slit, and my thumb gingerly swipes over it as I spread it over my cock. Releasing myself, I spit into my hand and smear it down my thick length.

"Shiiiiit," I groan, my gruff voice stretching the word as I pump my shaft. Loosening my hold, I spit again for extra slickness. Dragging my large hand along my cock, I think about what this twenty-three-year-old woman would look like. She strikes me as the innocent but heady type, one that could talk her way out of just about anything. Bunny wouldn't be as innocent as she claims, with pouty lips that would look dirty as sin wrapped around my cock. My hand would grip strawberry blonde hair while forcing her to choke on me. Deep virtuously hazel eyes would stare into my black soul as she sucks the life right from the slit. Using my muscles, I balance backward, yank my shirt up, and shove my cut out of the way.

My balls draw tight, spine-tingling and with a guttural groan, I empty myself on my bare abdomen. Ropes of cum shoot out in fervor, my body quaking with the sight behind my closed eyes. The little minx may be a virgin, but she will be my dirty sinner, drenched in sin.

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Chapter Eight

Elodie

My long trench coat goes down to my ankles and covers my mostly bare body underneath. I hold my white matching heels in my hand as I hurry along the corridor of my house. Father is currently in his office with some buyers, and it's way too late for him to be making any room calls. Glancing at the grand clock behind me, I walk a little faster. Two hours ago, Elton brought me a note that had my best pen pal's name on it. Wini made it clear that a driver would be here at ten o'clock, and I'm one minute late with a ten-minute walk ahead of me.

Servant quarters are silent as I creep through them to get to the tunnel. Every sound has my nerves fritzing out. Father made it clear that I am firmly under his thumb, and what better way to tell him to go screw himself than to have my virginity taken the week before he plans to sell me off?

Finally getting to the opening, I take off into a sprint down the hallway. Water splashes under my feet as the sour scent of mildew clogs my sense of smell. Hopefully, I don't come out of here smelling this gross. Right now, I just need to focus on getting to the car. I have never actually timed how long it would take for me to get out of the tunnel, but I'm broaching the street in no time. Not wanting to risk getting caught, I don't put my shoes on until I find the car and get firmly settled in.

The chauffeur drives me to where I assume, the club is. My knee bounces as I take in the street lights as we drive into town. Turning the corner, I notice a long line of people standing under a bright neon sign.

Drenched in Sin.

Heart in my throat, I can't stop the anxiety from running through my veins. I can already guess what is going to happen here tonight, but it's the point of walking into the unknown that I'm scared of. What if someone Father is in contact with goes here? What if Father decides to pay me a late-night visit? What if-

"We are here, ma'am," the driver calls as he pulls into an alleyway. A super tall, burly dude stands at a red ribbon with his arms crossed and a scowl firmly planted on his face. The driver doesn't give me time to soak anything in before he opens the door and ushers me out. I have no idea what I'm supposed to say. "Bunny is here for her introduction." The driver pulls out a small card and hands it to the burly dude. He eyes me up and down, glances at the card, then nods.

"Welcome to Drenched in Sin." His tone is gruff and deep, almost like he has rocks lodged deeply in his throat. If I weren't nervous, my panties might be dripping wet. Thankfully, the fear of the unknown has me drier than my laundry.

"Thank you," I squeak and take off inside once he lifts the clip. Seductive music pours from the speakers all around me, a beat that has my heart pounding in rhythm against my sternum. It's not what I would expect from a club, though I guess it's not really a party club. Moans mingle into the music, and to my left, a woman is hanging from a rope. Her entire body is bound tightly while a man is kneeling between her legs. I can't see what is happening for sure, but with the way his head is moving and her moans, I can make an educated guess.

"Hi, can I help you?" A husky voice asks from my right. Startled, I look her up and down, my eyes wide when I realize all she is wearing is a set of black pasties over her nipples. Hidden behind a desk, I'm thankful I can't see the rest of her yet. She laughs at my horrified expression. Shaking my head, I attempt to clear everything free.

“I’m Bunny, I’m here for an introduction.” My soft tone is almost hard to hear even for me, but she doesn’t hesitate. She types something on her computer, then reaches her hand out. “Uhm, I don’t-”

“I need your coat, little rabbit,” she says, her fingers pointing to the fabric covering my body. “We have a pretty strict dress code, and that covering breaks it.”

“Oh.” I don’t know what else to say, so I shimmy out of the coat. Everything inside of me is begging that I cover up. The air isn’t chilly, probably because of the numerous bodies here, yet the unease in my stomach twists sharply like a knife. She yanks my hand closer to her, writing the number 71 on the top of my hand.

“Try not to wash that off if you can, that will be how you get your coat at the end of the night,” she informs me as she hangs the coat inside the closet. “Do you know who you are here to meet?”

“Uhm, I think his name was Henley? Henley Eryx?” Her face blanks with shock before she barks out a laugh.

“Honey, they are all trying to get in with that man,” she confesses, wiping the tears from her eyes. It takes her a moment to realize that I’m not joking. Brow raised in warning, and she shakes her head. “Shit, okay, well he isn’t here right now, but you can wait by the bar.” Her manicured nail unfurls from her fist as she points toward the bar. “There’s a two-drink maximum for safe play.”

“Oh, I don’t drink,” I admit, a hot blush covering my cheeks. I should have just outed myself as a virgin and kept it moving, it would have been less embarrassing. Well, no it wouldn’t, but in my head it sounds better.

She levels me with a stare, and I take that as my cue to walk away. Instead of going directly to the bar, I turn toward the left where I saw that guy with his head between

her thighs. Only, he is standing tall as he uses the rope above her to swing her around. A silly smile is on her face as she gets brought back to him. Face first, her mouth drops wide as she audibly chokes on his penis. I hold the gasp in my throat when she swings off of him and does it again.

“Who’s my dirty whore?” He taunts her as his length disappears inside of her mouth. I have no idea where it could possibly go, but with the way her throat expands...

Maybe this was an awful idea.

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Chapter Nine

Henley

Pulling into the club, I drop my heels as I come to a stop. Hael comes rolling past me, his grin wider than usual.

“Fuck, that ride was needed,” he wiggles his brows like he is trying to imply something. Our president isn’t young by any means, the old age of thirty-seven, but he acts like a child sometimes.

“Are you going to follow it up with ‘that’s what she said?’” Zale snickers as he parks himself next to us, the cocky bastard already grinding my nerves to dust. The rest of the guys snicker as I roll my eyes, hoisting myself off my bike and heading inside. A buzz rings in my ears when I shove open the main door, the party already starting as the current exhibition ends. She shrieks her orgasm as it reverberates through the club. Glancing around, my heart hammers in my throat at the thought of meeting her tonight. When I got the note that she agreed to the contract, I was ecstatic. For the most part, anyway. Her being a virgin means making progress will be slow.

Our club tattooer, Zink, sits in the corner with his table and supplies out, tattooing some chick's ass. Hael grabs me by the shoulders, steering me toward the receptionist area, and Cassie looks up at us. She gives me a bored look, her nails clicking on the ceramic tile of the podium. Her nipples are barely covered with pasties, but something in my stomach stirs with unease. She just isn’t for me.

“Henley would like to see if there have been any updates on his application. Anyone

that is more like him?” Hael really is a nosey motherfucker. With a grunt, I push him off of me and shake my head. He doesn’t need to know that I already have my applicant waiting for me somewhere in the bar area. Cassie opens her mouth, but I shake my head.

“When the time is right, it will be right.” Nodding at the girl, I turn on my heel and walk away.

It’s been almost three years since I joined the dark side of this club, and each time I get ‘matched’ with someone, they end up having far too many deal-breaking hard limits. That, or they are into shit that I want nothing to do with. Either way, my prez is apparently getting impatient on my behalf because he keeps asking if they have called or if the club has gotten any new members. Usually, the answer is no, but today...

Walking over to the bar, Julio nods at me and grabs my usual, a cold Coors beer. He drops it on the counter with a jerk of his head before moving on to the other patrons. There’s a dude at the other end of the bar making a fuss because he is getting cut off after two drinks. Apparently he didn’t choose the right drinks to order.

“I love your tattoos.” I’m partially caught off guard when a young blonde sidles up to me, her fingers raking over my colored ink. Her eyes are slightly shifty, but not enough for me to think she is doing drugs or some shit. “Do any of them have meaning?” I nearly choke on my drink to laugh at her. She has to be nearly fifteen years my junior, her bright blue eyes blinking up at me with a level of innocence I wouldn’t expect to see at the club. Casting confused glances at the guys around me, they just shake their heads at me and her. Shit, I’m in this alone.

“No, they don’t have meaning.” I don’t want to be rude to the poor girl, but she is clearly barking up the wrong tree. “I’m not-”

“Did you see the exhibition they have scheduled for tomorrow? Apparently, they want to use it as a tool to bring new people into the club.” She does a fake yawn, patting her mouth with perfectly manicured nails. “What a bore, am I right?” Quirking my eyebrow in her direction, I smirk.

“Definitely not a bore, my club needs to be able to make money somehow.” Even in the red and blue flashing strobe lights, I can see her pale slightly. After a second, she composes herself and giggles.

“How exciting! I didn’t know this was your club.” The batting of her lashes gets more extreme, and if she is not careful, she might take off.

“Listen, you seem like a nice girl, but I’m not interested,” I mention quietly as I try to let her down without embarrassing her. Other women can be catty, and there’s no way I want to make this girl feel any sense of insecurity. That may make me sound like a prick, but just because I’m not interested doesn’t mean I have to act like a douche.

Her hand swats in front of her, a scoff falling from her lips. “I’m definitely not interested in you, I was eyeing up her.” Glancing down the bar, a tiny girl is wearing practically nothing. A sheer white teddy covers her skin to the end of her round ass. I can’t tell the color of her hair from here, but when she looks over her shoulder to scan the crowd, I’m enraptured. “You were right here, and I wanted to get close enough to look at her. Thanks for being nice though, I appreciate it.” She gives me a playful wink before making her move. What I can only describe as carnal rage drips heavily in my gut at the sight of her chatting up this mystery girl. A large hand falls on my wrist, and I whirl around to see Hael standing there with his game face on.

“We got a call from Blood Reapers MC, they will need some backup in the next couple of days for a ring takedown after all. I volunteered some of our guys, I could use your assistance in getting them ready.” Guzzling down the last of my beer, I nod.

Glancing over at the pretty girl, she continues to stand alone, glaring down at her drink. Something inside of my chest hurts at the longing I feel to scoop her up in my arms and take her with me. Trying to wrack my brain, I can't remember a time seeing her here before. If I had, I definitely would have memorized the swell of her perky tits and the curves of her ass. There's a little bit of meat on her bones, her stomach doesn't look toned and I can see a bit of wrinkles on her thighs.

"We need to meet in the office for a minute, then you can go chat with the new woman." So, he did clock where I was gazing. Laughing, I walk behind him as we make our way through the halls. My body is thrumming with need just from one peek of that woman. Something about her has me immediately drawn in. If Hael didn't stop me, I would have hauled her ass onto the bar top and ravaged her right there. Fuck, just leaving her back there has my chest rising with carnal desire sprinkled with rage.

Hael throws the door open to his office, a few of our fellow members are sitting in the office with their feet kicked up. Rune, our hacker, sits behind his computer next to Ruel. We have been one hacker short, none of the other prospects know jack shit about technology. Deimos, Cahir, and Zale are sitting on one of the couches whispering amongst one another. They are all dressed for the show, probably looking to get some pussy tonight. Hiero, Arian, and Kaemon sit on the other couch, all three men look like they rolled out of bed. Surprisingly, this scene isn't where you will catch them unless they have a partner or two on lockdown. Sighing, I walk over to my desk and drop into my high-back chair.

Hael claps his hands gathering all of our attention. "I got a call from our sister chapter, Blood Vipers. They are working toward taking down a ring nearby and have asked for our assistance. I planned to put it to vote at the next Church session, however, they are looking to bump their trip to the next two weeks or so." My brows shoot to my hairline, shock obviously marring my features. "So, I have you all here to help determine if that is something we are going to accept or not. Henley and I will

not be able to assist outside of the club side of things. If you want to help but cannot do tactical, don't stress too hard."

I can see where Diemos and Cahir both sit taller in their seats. Not able to help it, I roll my eyes. They are both hot-headed idiots wanting to do something for the greater good and not even worried if they catch a bullet or die. By all means, to each their own, but as my brothers in arms, I refuse to let them go into a fucking mission just to get their heads blown off.

"You know we are in." Speaking of the two idiots, they bump each other with their elbows as they giggle like school girls.

"We will help from afar," Ruel says quietly, his tone barely loud enough to reach my ears from the other side of the room. Hael claps his hand on Ruel's back and nods in appreciation.

"If you can spread the word, have them report back to me or Henley if they want to help or not. No answer is an automatic no, so speak up or forever hold your peace." Silence breaks over all of us as no one speaks. He nods. "You're dismissed." The trio jumps up from the couch, shakes mine and Hael's hand before leaving. Everyone else follows suit while I remain seated.

My stomach dips at the thought that Bunny may have decided to flake. They would have told me that she was here by now, wouldn't they? Dropping my head into my hands, I rake my fingers through my head and urge myself to get a grip. Plus, there's a knockout downstairs that might be interested if my match doesn't show up.

"You alright, man?" Hael asks, his hand dropping onto my shoulder.

"Just thinking."

He laughs, shaking his head. “Nothing new. Is it about that girl downstairs?” I turn to look at him, and he sports a smug smirk. “Not my fault I’m perceptive,” he defends, raising his hands with another laugh.

“Fuck off,” I grumble and stand. Brushing away any invisible dirt from my shirt, I leave the office. Walking back down to the main level is intoxicating. Between the music, the exhibitions, and the people, there’s not much to hate. It definitely wouldn’t be a scene that my old man would have been into, but thankfully I’m not him. Well, not yet anyway.

Glancing around the bar area, the angel in white is nowhere to be seen. Irritation builds back inside of me. If Hael hadn’t fucking asked us to meet...

An ethereal laugh pauses me in my tracks. Turning toward the melodic sound, I see her. She laughs at something the blonde says, them both sharing a sip of whatever drink they have. Squinting, I realize hers is a water bottle. Something carnal inside of me settles at the sight of her being responsible. Spine straight, I walk over to the two of them with ease.

Just as I get behind the couch, the angel turns her head and her gaze clashes with mine. All of the air evaporates from my lungs. The soft white lights hit her just right, and she is close enough that I realize I’m swimming in her deep hazel eyes. There’s a light reddish tint to her hair, and her teeth set perfectly as though she has had braces in the past.

Holy shit.

Clearing my throat, I attempt to put myself together a bit and walk to the other side of the couch.

She keeps the water bottle firmly in her hand as she watches me, her fingers

tightening around the plastic. I must have the same effect on her as she does on me.

Good.

“Oh goodness, I stand no chance,” the blonde girl titters before standing up. “Great to meet you girly, hopefully we can come together soon.” She winks at my angel before stalking off. The pun isn’t lost on me, but she swipes a hand in the air.

“She tried, but I told her I don’t swing that way. It’s unfortunate really, she is a catch!” She smiles brightly before her cheeks suddenly grow red. Nothing about her sentence seems unusual, but she must not be used to this environment. “Gosh, I’m about to start embarrassing myself if I don’t zip it.” Her laugh is contagious, and I can’t help but chuckle along with her.

“We don’t judge here. The only time you get judged is if you don’t express what you like and dislike.” Her face drops slightly, and I worry that I have said something wrong until I look down and notice her legs shifting slightly. Her thighs press into one another, the thickness meshing nicely. Shit, I can’t help but imagine what it would be like to suffocate between those two...clearing my throat, I stick my hand out. “I’m Henley.” Now her face goes from a slight blush to beet red.

Chapter Ten

Elodie

Holy wow, I think I'm going to drown in my own puddle of arousal. The depth in his voice has me clenching my thighs and imagining the ways he could talk me into an orgasm. Embarrassment floods my system, and I lower my gaze to the floor. I'm not supposed to be here messing around, so I need to cut this off before it goes anywhere else. I don't know how long I spent with that other girl, and now that I think of it I definitely didn't catch her name. Too much time was spent talking, and I have no idea what time it is.

Peering back into his obsidian eyes, he enraptures me all over again. When he clears his throat, I'm pretty sure my juices are dripping from my forbidden spots. Something about this man is familiar, but I can't place what it is. He sticks his hand out and practically purrs at me. "I'm Henley."

Did I die? What did I do in my previous life to deserve this adonis of a male? Am I drooling? Wracking my brain, I try to double-check that his name is the one I need. Am I sure this is him? There's no way that this dreamboat of a male is the one I'm supposed to meet.

He clears his throat again, and I realize I am awkwardly staring at him. Again. I slam my small hand into his large one and shake it. "Are you going to tell me your name?" That seems to finally snap me out of my stupor.

"Oh," I gasp, the never-ending shame stacking higher and higher. "I'm Bunny." His

pupils dilate. I haven't heard of that happening outside of the romance stories that I read, and now I'm starting to understand why some of the analogies to 'sliding off your seat' make sense.

"Bunny," he rasps, his eyes staring straight into my soul. It's not my real name, we both know I went for a pseudonym, yet the way it sounds rolling off his tongue has me wishing it were. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, angel."

Yeah, I'm definitely not going to be staying in this thong for much longer. Wini knew that it wouldn't stay on, and I thank the heavens above that she unknowingly prepared me for the potentially hottest night of my life.

"Nice to meet you," I reply, my eyes dropping to the floor. Thinking on the spot, I flutter back to look up at him then purr, "Henley."

"You're dangerous," he growls while stepping even closer. Heat radiates off his body and melts into me, the unneeded warmth unknowingly unraveling every piece of my being. His large hand reaches toward my face, and I do everything in my power not to flinch away from him. Either he doesn't notice or doesn't mention it because he grabs the front of my throat and tugs me closer. Gasping, his lips land on mine. I can't help but melt against his large body as my eyes slide closed. His tongue grazes against my lower lip, and I grant him the entrance he seeks. Facial hair scratches against my mouth as we become a tangle of lips, teeth, and tongue. Oh, what a way to pop one of two cherries!

Pressing harder into me, his grip on my throat tightens, and my downstairs throbs with need. I don't know what exactly I need, but something tells me this dominating male can put the pulsing to rest. He doesn't have to fight hard to gain the upper hand, and I let him guide me. My racing thoughts are suddenly soothed with each passing second, and the tips of my fingers drag against his coarse arm hair. He is all male, with tattoos for miles, burly in size, and absolutely rugged in tone. Bringing silence to

my brain isn't easy, but as his tongue dances with mine, I can't help but just feel .

His lips detach from mine all too soon, and a whimper of disapproval comes out of my throat before I can stop it. Knowing exactly what he has done to me, he just smirks devilishly. I want to narrow my eyes at him and call him a bunch of bad words, though that's not who I am, so I mean mug him instead.

A laugh so contagious falls from his lips and forces me to lose the heat behind my glare.

“You're so fucking cute, Bunny,” he says, moving his hand from my throat to take a stray strand of hair behind my ear. I may as well just turn a permanent shade of red at this rate. Each time he opens his mouth, I become a puddle of mush at his mercy. “How about we go somewhere quiet to talk, hmm?”

Barely even able to register his words, he drags his nails over my exposed skin before lacing our fingers together. Tugging on my arm, I follow behind him obediently. Shit, I suppose I signed up to do just that. Something about this man oozes power and respect, but on the other side of the token, he also seems like the type to give as much respect as he gets.

We take the stairs upward, and one of the burly guys with tattoos nods at Henley like they are acquainted. Heck, they probably are. This man is definitely older than me and seems to know his way around this place. Thinking back, I don't remember reading his age anywhere even though I had to provide mine, but that's neither here nor there. With the checkboxes marked on his application, I already know that he is a sexual fiend. Another subject that has my head spinning. I was so sure that no one would want a virgin.

Before Father shipped me off to the catholic all-girls boarding school, the boys would tease the other known virgin girls in our class. We were only in middle school at the

time, but they did not care. It was like a societal thing for girls to no longer have their V-cards. Surprisingly, I was the one who made the call to keep my virginity. Of course, that's not something I aired to Father, but I did keep the vow within myself. Giving a piece of my body to someone had to be something they deserved or worked for, but now...

Henley pushes a door open. It shrieks on its hinges as he tugs me inside with him. The room is barely lit with dimmed fluorescents and candles scattered around the room, the entire place is one giant shade of red. Looking around, it's impossible not to ogle this set-up. A large bed sits in the middle of the room, the red sheets look far silkier than what I own, with red petals splayed across it. A single thought pops into my head, and there's no holding back the giggle from coming out.

"What?" He asks, though his tone is light and teasing. He detaches our fingers and sits in a red plush chair in the corner. Patting his lap, I scamper over to sit.

"This must be the Red Room, huh?" I giggle as his fingers dance over my exposed skin. Goosebumps rise while he draws patterns. His laugh is dominating but not demeaning, and he simply shakes his head.

"What gave it away? Was it the lack of any other color?" Another round of laughs, and I realize even our laughter blends perfectly. The butterflies in my stomach flutter faster as his smile turns carnal. "I wanted to get to know you a bit better and figure out the best way for us to take care of your..." his eyes drop to my crotch before meeting my gaze again. Heat creeps over my chest and cheeks when he refers to the cherry in the room.

"You didn't need to make it this romantic," I quip and instantly realize that was not the greatest comment in the world. He doesn't react except for a shimmer of something in his eyes. Having never been around another male in this type of situation, or really any other situation that isn't business, I have zero idea what it

could mean. It doesn't help that it disappeared as soon as it showed up.

"Agree to disagree, then." His gaze drops right to my chest, and as if my nipples can sense his gaze, they tighten into buds. "We have to do this the right way so you're not scarred from coming back," he trails off. The darn organ in my chest thumps faster at his cheesy words. When I signed up for this, I expected everything to be hard and fast. My understanding of it all was that they don't teach you, it's all just a learning-by-showing ordeal. Henley doesn't seem to be meeting those ungodly expectations, and I'm happily surprised. Fingers metaphorically crossed, I hope that he can't see just how nervous I really am. Not being able to say that is harder than anything, so instead, I stick with something I know best.

"I have no idea what I'm doing," I whisper. All of my cards are laid out for him to see. I'm vulnerable, and he doesn't disappoint. His large calloused hand raises to my cheek, stroking with his thumb along my lower lip.

"I know," he whispers back, leaning forward to capture my mouth. His lips are soft, almost pillowy, against mine. His other hand reaches around my body and grabs my butt, pulling me impossibly closer. I have no idea what to do with my hands, so I place them both on his chest and hope he doesn't see just how much I don't know. Warmth billows through me as I slowly rock my hips against his. His...lower region is hard and unforgiving against me. Henley grunts, tilting my head how he wants me, and parts my lips with his, his tongue tangling with mine. I can taste our shared breath, and feel the erratic beating of his heart against me as I fumble with the buttons on his shirt.

He must realize that I'm unsure of what is happening because he pulls away. I don't want him to, so I follow him backward and reconnect with him. Another groan escapes him as I fight to keep the kiss going. He obliges me for a few moments before his fingers move from my butt to my hair and yank me off.

The very first feeling that hits my chest? Rejection.

“I-I-I’m sorry, I just-”

“Shhh,” he hushes, laying a single finger over my lips. “I don’t want this to end too soon. You keep rocking away on my cock and I definitely will come in my jeans like a teenage boy.” A giggle jolts from me, and his smile widens. A quick nod is the only reaction I get after that before he stands up with ease. I squeal in fear, my body is far too heavy to be lifted like this. Henley didn’t even so much as grunt, so I know I’m taking the air out of his lungs.

“You can put me down,” I say, though it’s more like a demand. He pauses on his way to the bed, his eyes scanning mine as he takes me in.

“Fine.” He lets my legs drop but just as I’m about to touch the floor, I’m airborne.

Chapter Eleven

Elodie

A nother scream of terror leaves me, and I can't help but think that this was the worst idea ever. Until I land squarely on the bed. I bounce once, twice, before settling into the silky sheets. His smirk is wicked and daring. The muscles under his white shirt and leather vest ripple as he prowles toward me. Scrambling backward and slamming into the headboard, this is absolutely a predator in front of me. He doesn't give me any more time to react as he pounces. Large hands wrap around my ankles and tug. With far too much ease, I slide down to him.

That pesky organ in my chest pounds against its confines while he runs his calloused hands along my smooth legs. Thought similar to mine must be bouncing around his own head because he looks down at where his hand meets my leg with wonder. Tattoos snake up his arms, the red lighting of the room bringing a dangerous edge to the beast of a man above me. He settles between my thighs with ease, the ridge of his manhood landing right over the apex between mine.

"You're mine," he mumbles, and I honestly don't know if I even heard him right. The rasp of his deep voice doesn't mix the greatest with the blood pumping through my ears.

"Please," I breathe, unsure what I'm asking. He sits back on his heels, his heavy gaze scanning me over. The weight of being on display has me unconsciously covering myself. A literal growl comes from the man hovering over me, and he glares at my arms.

“You will not cover yourself for me,” he demands. My lower region is absolutely wetter than it was a few seconds ago, and I move my arms to be in compliance with him. He seems satisfied with me, leaning on all fours above me. “Have you ever pleased yourself, Bunny?” I shake my head automatically. It was forbidden for us to do those things, against the manual of being an obedient woman.

A quirked brow from him has me second guessing my answer. “No?” I ask, unsure what to do.

“When I ask you a question, I expect you to answer me verbally. You will also address me by my honorific, either Sir or Master.” Again, I nod.

Then, I mentally facepalm myself. “Yes, sir,” I mumble, my eyes casting around the room and unsure of where to look. The faintest part of my memory has a bloop that my Dominant is supposed to assist me in learning how to be a submissive. I suppose if you count all twenty-three years of my life, I’ve been submissive my whole dang life.

I have no idea what to do with my body, and the longer we stare at one another, the more awkward I feel. Finally snapping out of whatever trance he was in, he takes in our positioning. Crawling backward, he moves lower down my body and all I can do is watch in a trance. Thick shoulders force my legs wider as he settles between them, his nose brushing against my sex through the thin fabric that separates him. He inhales deeply, a shutter flashing through me from head to toe, the shock of his sniffing me putting me on edge.

As intuitive as he is, he just chuckles at me. “You smell fucking devine,” he growls, his tongue jutting outward and landing directly on my clit.

“Oh!” I gasp as he drags the tip of his tongue over me. It’s a light brush, but my stomach clenches harshly at the barely-there contact.

“That feels good, sweetheart?” His words vibrate through my body, lighting little pieces of me on fire as he sucks me from under my thong. Hips jutting upward, my body reacts without me thinking. My fingers splay into his soft hair to keep his face planted between my thighs. The growl that rumbles through him and into me has me holding on even tighter. He must like it, or else he would have said something, surely.

“Look at me,” he barks, and my eyes snap open immediately. I don’t remember even closing them, yet when I focus back on him, he suctions my bundle of nerves back into his mouth. “I have to stretch you out, it might be uncomfortable, but if you want this to stop, you say so.”

“Yes, sir,” I whimper, unable to stop my body from tensing all over again as his finger swirls my opening.

Warm air lashes over my nerves, my body immediately relaxing to the odd sensation as he pushes his thick finger in. I gasp in surprise. The intrusion isn’t harmful, but I definitely already feel...full? No. Stretched. I feel stretched, and we haven’t even gotten anywhere.

“I don’t think it will fit,” I cry as his finger curls somewhere deep inside of me. It’s a miracle spot though because with a seconds worth of fierce licks from his tongue, I’m a goner. Ripping through me, the orgasm takes hold of my entire body and wrings me completely. White noise echoes in my brain at the angelic sensation, so much so that I can’t hear what he’s saying but confirm whatever it is anyway.

Then, more prodding. Back bowing off the bed, I don’t have a moment to breathe before he’s latching back onto me and pumping his fingers quickly as he laps me over.

“I don’t know what’s happening!” I shriek as another, even stronger explosion is torn from my body. Legs trembling, body quivering, I gasp and plead for him to stop. The

sensitive area between my thighs is overstimulated, and I swear if he brings me to another climax, I might just die.

Thankfully, he takes mercy on me.

“Fuck, you taste divine,” he grins, liquid droplets coasting down his face and beard. Mouth open in utter shock, embarrassment washes over me.

“I-I’m so sorry, I don’t-” He crawls over me without wasting time and slants his lips over mine. Our tongues tangle as he gives me a taste of myself. I don’t see the hype of what he means when he says I taste good, but if he wants to live in that delusion, then he can.

After a moment, he pulls back. “That was the sexiest fucking thing I’ve seen. A tight virgin cunt squirting for me, making us a mess.” If my cheeks weren’t already red, they sure are now. If my memory serves me right, squirting is liquid coming from...not ejaculation fluids. A shudder rolls through me as he smirks, a mixture of mirth and danger in his expression.

“Thank you, sir,” I whisper. He leans over me still, his large body dwarfing mine in comparison, and for some odd reason, it makes me feel safe. An odd time to feel that way too. My hands drift to his back and I let my fingers graze the divots of his muscles, the tightness of them. I barely feel raised flesh when Henley rips out of my hold and stands on the ground. His entire demeanor is suddenly cold and stoic. Again, I have no idea what I’ve done wrong.

Henley must see something bothersome on my face before he cools himself down. Grabbing the buckle of his jeans, he undoes them and slowly slides them down his thighs. They’re pure muscle, just like the rest of him, but holy...

“That is not going to fit,” I rasp with a small twinge of fear for my poor lower half.

She is never going to be the same after this.

“It will, I promise.” He turns around and walks over to the chair. His butt is the perfect shape, perfect amount of muscle to fat ratio and holy wow I am talking about a man’s butt!

Diverting my eyes to the ceiling, I pretend I didn’t just analyze his rear end. Though, it was definitely good looking...

“Bunny,” he calls and my attention snaps to him immediately. His thickness is in his hand as he rolls something over himself. It’s almost clear but has a white tint to it. “It’s not going to feel great for the first few minutes, and I am going to do my best to keep you comfortable.”

Swallowing thickly, I nod. “Yes, sir,” I mutter, eyeing the large death trap poking from his hand. “You’re sure it’ll fit?”

“I’m positive.” He gives me no room to question him as he climbs back onto the bed, his deep gaze roaming over me like a hungry predator ready to devour its prey. Strong, corded arms land next to my head as he levels me. Breath hitching, he notches himself at my entrance. I can’t stop myself from tensing up. “Breathe, little bunny,” he mutters as he leans down to kiss me. Tilting his hips a little, he presses into my opening, and I have no idea what to make of the intrusion. My hips wiggle on their own accord as I work to adjust to his impending size.

Drawing backward, he pushes further into me, slowly rocking into my body to keep me on the edge. It’s tight and uncomfortable and all intrusive as I fight off this feeling of being too full .

Finally, he presses his entire body weight into my lower region, and I scream. It’s gurgled in tears, the pain of his thickness ripping me in half. Fully seated, he doesn’t

move. There's a pinch in between his brows, an expression I can read on his handsome face. He's fighting himself to stay completely still. Gyrating my hips ever-so-slightly, I do my best to quickly accommodate his size. Large hands grip the softness of my love handles, stilling me completely. The pained look is more prominent as he growls, "stay fucking still."

Swallowing the struggle, I nod. Eyes fluttering closed, I do my best to wallow in my own silent misery. I can't imagine doing this with someone else. He's been gentle, and there's a small voice in my head telling me that he has given me sweet mercy.

Rocking back, his shaft pulls out of me. An odd, empty sensation rolls through me as he removes himself completely. Just as I'm about to complain, he surges forward.

"Shit!" I shriek, my eyes widening and hand slapping over my mouth. Waiting for the blow, I flinch into the silky sheets.

Nothing happens. "What's wrong?" He asks, his gruff voice hardly above a whispering rasp, but there's a slight edge to it. Another tone I can decipher. Anger. "I cursed," I mutter as he pulls away again. A devilish smirk casts over his face, the dark features somehow getting even darker. Henley is a walking version of sin that I can't stop myself from gazing at.

"And?" He quips back, his hips snapping forward in a quick succession. I don't have a breath to tell him that it's wrong, that it goes against everything, as he practically drills me into the bed with his powered movements.

I suppose this isn't any better, but cursing is one thing. Trying to spite Father to get him back is another.

Each retreat and withdrawal has my nails racing down his back, the sharp ends bringing skin with me as he hisses for more. We cling to one another, my arms

secured around his body as his thickness hammers into me relentlessly. I have no idea when the tide went from soft to tsunami, but I'm definitely not complaining.

"Circle your clit for me, I need your tight cunt to milk me," he growls in my ear, the sound skittering goosebumps through my whole body and sending it right to my lower region.

I obey his simple command, my fingers brushing over my swollen bundle of nerves. His heady groan has me working faster, circling faster as I use my arousal to keep going. Face to face, the man above me looks feral for me and the knot in my lower half gets tighter and tighter until all I can see is blinding light. Henley savagely pounds me through my orgasm, the aftershocks of my bliss cracking as he roars his own release. I always wondered if you could feel it, but the heat sweltering my inner area has me blushing as he pumps his cum into me. Henley stays suspended above me for several long moments, his eyes boring into mine as we just feel.

The organ in my chest begs me to stay with him forever, but the logical piece of me knows better. After a moment, he flops next to me with a chuckle, hauling my body into his without any hesitation or struggle.

Breathing heavily, we cast one another a look. His hair is standing in every which way, and I know I don't appear in better shape. Stuttering a giggle, I do my best to contain it, but when he realizes I'm laughing and joins in, there's no stopping us.

For several moments, we both laugh into the empty space, embraced in each other's arms. I've never felt anything like this before. This feeling of pure and utter contentment. Something about this man has my breath coming out in gasps and my heart pounding to be released from its confines.

The worst part about it all? I have to go back home. He doesn't know where I'm from, doesn't know the societal rules for women and why I decided to lose my

virginity this way. If he had any inclination about my reasoning, I am sure he would not have touched me with a fifty foot pole.

Either way, I am grateful for the night he's given me. Coming into this, I anticipated it to be brutal, for it to hurt. I was prepared for what my future husband may do to me. Instead, he was kind and nurturing. There was no ounce of malice on his being, and for that, I will never forget our time together.

"I should probably head out," I whisper, staring into his deep eyes. My words stand stagnant in the air around us, his gaze boring into mine, something sits heavily behind his eyes, but there's no telling what it could possibly be.

"Yeah," he trails off with me, still not letting me go from his tight hold. I have to be the strong one in this situation, so I peel away from his muscular and masculine body to retrieve my items. The moment I stand, I feel our arousal drip between my thighs, coating them in stickiness. "Let me at least take you home." The offer is a kind gesture, one I cannot afford to take.

"That's alright, I have a car waiting for me." It's on the tip of his tongue to say something back, I can see it, but whatever he sees in mine has him relenting.

He sits up finally and gets his jeans over his thick thighs. Walking over to me, his large hands land on my hips and pull me back to him. "I will see you again, right?" I do my best to conjure a normal and reassuring smile.

"Absolutely." Lie. "I plan on coming back either tomorrow or the day after." Another lie. Something about the connection between the two of us...if I leave, I don't know if I will ever see him again. With the super senses that he has, he can tell that this isn't a 'see you later' moment. This is one-hundred percent a goodbye.

His giant frame dwarfs mine as he leans down, planting his lips on mine for one last

kiss. Tears burn the back of my eyes, and I know I must be crazy. Maybe I'm already building a connection because of the virginity thing.

"See you later, Racer," I whisper and detangle myself from his grip, exiting out of the door as fast as possible.

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Chapter Twelve

Henley

“ S ee you later, Racer,” she whispers before darting out of the door. The way her body molded to mine, the complete and utter responsiveness she had with me.

Her sweet, meek hazel eyes boring into my soul as we fucked, her mercy as I took her being and merged it with mine. She’s small but mighty...she’s mine.

She’s mine.

“Fuck,” I growl, taking off after her. Diving into the sea of people, they all look at me with weird glances. None of that matters right now. I don’t see her red-blond hair nor the angelic white she’s wearing. Taking off to the front of the club, I stop at reception with Cass. “Has Bunny left already?”

“Who?” She asks back, obviously bored with the way she’s looking at her nails. “Strawberry blonde hair, about yay tall,” I motion to the middle of my bicep, “wearing a white sheer teddy.”

“Nope,” she says, not even looking up at me.

“Her ticket number was 71.” Cassie raises her brow, throwing a finger to the other side.

“Low numbers are on the rear end, you know that, boss man.” I growl at her blatant

disrespect but ignore it for now. She can fucking wait. Taking off in the other direction, I weave my way through people coming and going from the bar, chatting mindlessly while I feel like I'm going to lose my ever loving mind.

"Jessica," I breathe, my chest aching with the thought of my little rabbit running away. "71." I don't give her any other information. Her brows shoot upward, speculation on her face.

"She left a few minutes ago, looked like she was in a hurry. She didn't steal anything, did she?" I shake my head, frustration brewing throughout my blood stream. There's no fucking way I just let her go. Going to the back where Maximus is standing, he gives me a single nod before talking with another chauffeur.

"Strawberry blonde, white sheer teddy?" I ask, not even bothering with the rest of the useless words. They know what I mean.

He nods, pointing in the direction of the busy street. "Went that way, pretty sure I saw her get into a cab. Did she do something?"

"Ran away with my fucking heart," I mutter as I turn on my heel and go inside, the door slamming shut behind me. Grabbing my phone, I pull up Ruel's number and dial him.

"What's up?" No introduction needed between us all.

"I need you to go into the system and find the girl that was here with me." I do my best to not be a dick to my men, but the fact that she's running around in a see-through dress has my entire body standing on guard.

"Can you be any more specific?" There's a lilt to his voice, one that sounds as if he's about to start laughing. If I wasn't already frustrated before, I certainly am now.

“She came in through the back entrance, her jacket number was 71, Jess put it into the system. Pull the time she got her jacket out and find her on the cams.” My boiling blood has me hanging up the phone before he can utter another word. I don’t have time to fuck around. I don’t want to bust balls with the boys right now. There’s something about her leaving, the fear in her face when she had to leave, that isn’t sitting right with me, and I’ll be damned if I don’t fucking find her.

I debate on whether to leave the club or go back to the office, but there’s something in me that has me grabbing my helmet and racing back to the club. There’s no enjoying the night ride for me tonight as the anxiety of where she went and who she is with wraps around my throat, constricting my ability to breathe. It’s been her from the very moment I laid eyes on her petite form, and I don’t know how I’ll be able to function without her.

Is this what possession feels like? An obsession so embedded in my being that I can barely fucking breathe? It’s almost laughable, yet the thawing organ in my chest ignites with terror at the thought of losing her before I even have her.

“Hey,” Deimos calls as I stalk up the stairs to the office. There’s no denying that I’m no longer in a good fucking mood, but having him trail me like a lost puppy doesn’t make it any better. “Prez wanted to let you know there was a call, something about big money. He knows you were a little...”

“Don’t you fucking say it,” I growl, the harsh words coming out a lot louder than I anticipated. He has the balls to pale and raise his hands in surrender.

“He said that there’s a meeting in a few days, something about a lot of money. I don’t know anything else, just was told to pass on the message.” With that, he runs away as if I scolded him, tail tucked between his legs. Rolling my eyes, my phone vibrates in my pants pocket.

Ruel.

“What?” I bark, this time regretting my tone of choice, especially since I just called him not even ten minutes ago. Fucker works fast.

“I’m fine on this wonderful evening, thank you for asking,” he quips back, and I swear I can hear the eye roll. “I bring good news and bad news, which first?”

“Bad.” Everyone in their right mind knows to get the bad shit out of the way first.

“Bad news is, your little bunny is Elodie Grace DuClaire, daughter of the weaponry tycoon, Scotty DuClaire.”

My stomach sinks into my ass, and I might just vomit.

“Oh fuck.”

“Oh fuck is right,” he muses, keyboarding clicking furiously in the background. “Good news is that she is currently up for grabs.” My stomach is no longer in my ass, instead it’s right where it needs to be as my blood turns icy instead. Too many emotions are bombarding me at this moment, making it all too hard to think.

“How the fuck is that good news?” My tone must not come off serious because he chuckles at me.

“Prez wanted to chat to you about making money, and well, if you’re so worked up over her, there might be a way to turn the tables in your favor.”

Chapter Thirteen

Elodie

The ride home is pure bliss. It sucked having to leave Henley and everything behind, but that singular taste of freedom...

I mumble a quick thanks to the driver as he lets me out about half a mile away from the family compound, only a few hundred yards away from the tunnel entrance. Opening the small panel door, silence is what I'm met with. My heart beats quickly in my chest, the thought of possibly doing this again looming over me. If I can manage to sneak out again, maybe get a message off to Henley...

My cheeks suddenly hurt from the overwhelming smile that seems to have taken over my face. Our connection wasn't something I thought was going to spark. I expected to be let down, told that I had to take it as needed to get rid of my V-card, and then move on to another few rounds of sex. It was all planned out in my head until Henley made it romantic. Especially when I laid eyes on him? Swoon. That man is so far out of my league, there's no way he won't see the mistake in me. Not that I'm complaining, of course. I know my worth, and right now, I'm perfectly content in pretending I could have it all.

I could have him .

The tunnel seems longer than usual as I daydream about the endless possibilities, and how meeting up with him in the near future would lead to more and more interactions. A deep blush creeps over my chest and cheeks at the thought of him

taking me to other places in that room. The chair, from behind, from the straps that were hanging in the corner.

Turning the corner, I immediately halt in my tracks as Elton is stationed in front of my bedroom, his arms clasped behind him and his head down.

Oh, cracker jacks.

He must hear me coming because his head snaps up, his eyes are watery as he mouths ‘ I’m sorry ’. I give him a tight-lipped smile and tighten the straps of my trench coat. Gently waving my hand in the air, I squeeze his bicep as I attempt to fill my lungs with air. Anxiety rattles my body as I shakily open the door. At first, there’s no one there. Silence is met as the dark room comes into view.

Then, I see it. Things are flying from my closet as a low grunting comes from there. Terror rises in my body as ice chills my veins. Stealing my spine, I take several tentative steps into the room. He whirls around on me, his body so tightly wound I’m not sure how to react.

“ You fucking whore !” He roars out, barreling into me with a speed I have never seen him use. Instinct has me turning on my heels and fleeing, but I’m not fast enough. A fist manages to clamp into my hair, my head jerks backward, my body slamming to a stop from the hair follicle. Automatically, my hands raise to grab his wrists, screaming at him to let me go.

He does no such thing.

“Let me go, Father,” I sob as he drags me to the closet. I try to dig my heels into the carpet, but the damn material won’t catch. Clawing at his skin, he doesn’t release me until we are face to face with my dark secrets. Shoving me face first into the floor, his fist lands directly on my cheek to drive his point home. Something in my face cracks

and liquid floods me, but I can't see or feel it. Nothing in my body feels right now.

Slapping my hands to get myself free, he doesn't appreciate the fight as he grabs them and hauls them above my head before slamming a knee into my rib cage. Pain bursts through me then, my entire body alight with agony as he does it over and over again.

"You think I will let you go? Did you think I wouldn't find out?" His shout vibrates my eardrums, my heart pounding in my chest so rapidly I may pass out from that instead of the pain. "When I told you to be ready, I didn't mean go out and spread your legs like some common whore!" He kneels on my abdomen, his bony knee placed right in the center of my sternum as the flight slowly drains from me. "You're used goods, damaged china, and you know what doesn't sell? Broken shit," his tone is suddenly calm, his face going from outraged to icy. I have never seen such a drastic shift in his demeanor before. My stomach turns because I know it's not good. I shake my head, plead with him as best I can through my expressions. Talking hurts, everything hurts.

Tears pour down my face as I try to shove his knee off me, the lack of oxygen barely felt as he burns daggers into my head. His fists clench into tight balls before releasing themselves.

"I'm so sorry," I sob out again, the air in my body gone within that second. There's no bother in trying to convince him. Once his mind is made up, we're all doomed.

"You're not fucking sorry," he spits, his words like venom in my blood, ready to take vice over my body. The coolness of his features slowly thaws, the outrage suddenly visible on his features all over again. With a feral shout, he launches toward me again. No time to move, his large hands wrap tightly around my throat and squeeze, pinning my whole body into the floor. "You've cost me too much fucking money just for you to pawn off your most valuable asset." My face is hot, my body singing while

I claw at anything I can. His skin is like leather and my nails can't make purchase. Kicking and scratching, nothing seems to do the trick as black dots enter my vision.

"Stop," I croak, though I'm not sure anything is happening or if he even hears me. Dark dots get bigger and bigger, my eyes no longer able to stay open as my body fights for air.

"If you want to act like a whore, I will fucking treat you like one."

Then, nothing.

Chapter Fourteen

Henley

Hanging my head in my hands, the headache pounding my temples doesn't seem to be waning anytime soon. The light is too bright, there are far too many words on this paperwork, and my body is buzzing with the need for a ride. Tonight, we have a prospect meeting with several new potential candidates all eager and ready to show their loyalty. Scanning over the paperwork, the words all merge and jumble together.

"Fuck off," I grumble as I swipe the small stack away from me. Standing roughly, I make my way down to the main area of the M.C. There are easily twenty people with prospect vests on and ready to make themselves part of the club, but they have no idea what is to come.

Hael clocks me from his peripheral, and I don't have time to flee. "Blood Reapers called again," he starts, stopping next to me and crossing his arms over his chest. "They are definitely going to need men. They are thinking around twenty from our force. I wanted to run it by you before I said yay or nay."

Mulling it over, I try to remember the stupid contract the VP sent me. Unfortunately, it's all shooting blanks.

"What were the specs again?" The unrelenting throbbing of my head seems to hammer harder. Rubbing my temple, I try to sooth it without tipping him off that I'm fucked.

He rattles off the agenda needed for our guys, everything we seek to gain from the transaction. Their Chapter is a lot more brutal than ours is. We aren't pussies, that's for fucking sure, but when I say they take it to the extreme, that's exactly what I mean. They are called the Blood Reapers for a reason.

"Sounds good to me. Just give me names and shit so I can make a plan."

"You alright, man? You seem...off." Hael doesn't look at me, but I know he is watching my body language from his peripheral. No one gives this fucker enough credit but he is damn perceptive.

"Yes," I pause, "no. I don't know." Sighing, I walk over to the bar and plop on a stool. There's no one behind the counter right now, though I could definitely use a stiff drink right about now. "When I was at the club the other night, I saw this chick. She ended up being my match."

"That's awesome, but your body is saying otherwise." Shaking my head, I scan the room full of our men. Our family.

Thinking about this shit makes me feel like a dick. These men and women have put their lives on the line for us. We're a family, and I'm over here crawling to a female who hasn't bothered to return.

"She fled in the night, and when Ruel was able to locate her..." I trail off, not even sure what to think. He is damn good at his job for a reason but fuck if it doesn't suck sometimes. "Remember the DuClaire potential?"

He nods once, waiting for me to continue. The words are stuck in my throat, lodged so far down there that I'm half tempted to have him start the heimlich to get them out.

"She is his daughter."

Jaw on the floor, he stands quickly.

“No,” he shakes his head, hands running quickly through his hair. “No, no, no.”

“Yeah,” I sigh, sinking further into myself. “Compared to everything hitting the fan right now with the other chapter, and the weapons on our list going missing...”

“You’re not an invalid for thinking about her,” he snaps and stands, and I whip to look at him. There’s an expression I can’t quite place, one that has me questioning if he is okay. “There’s a lot going on, yeah, but you also have to think about yourself. This club is here for everyone, but we also have to be selfish sometimes.”

“Are you okay?” He doesn’t answer the question at first, just staring at me for a few solid seconds before scanning the room. He plops back into the chair.

“So, Blood Reaper needs those twenty men, Ruel and his team are currently tracking the potentially missing shipment. You’re good with everything on your side?” I narrow my eyes at him, unsure if I want to follow the sudden subject change.

“Everything on my end is handled.” With that confirmation, he leaps out of his chair and takes off out of the conversation. Grabbing my phone from my pocket, I scroll back to the text threads from Mr. DuClaire, and it’s starting to appear more and more fishy.

I hover over the messages. While brief, there’s no context to his question. When he called Hael to ask about a project, it was a no-brainer for the club. There was big money in what he is willing to ship from the scope that Hael got from the job but my impression of him was a lot different, more dodgy.

“DuClaire,” the man barks over the line. Rolling my eyes, I debate on ending the call.

“DuClaire, this is Henley with Dirty Sinners MC,” I announce, purposefully deepening my voice.

“Henley! What a wonderful surprise. I assume you received my...invitation?” Are we fucking spies? I confirm. “Good, good. Well, I want to set something up with your club because we have a little issue on our end. We think it’s an internal engine part, yet we cannot figure it out. Would you be interested in taking a meeting with us to determine what this...issue is?”

Pulling the phone away from my ear, I raise an eyebrow. This man is going to lengths to keep his shit covered. Either he has ears on his shit, or I’m being pranked. My length of silence must have spurred him to continue.

“During our meeting, we usually have a lot of eyes on us because we want to do the right thing for this organization. You know, get all the right parts put together.” Yeah, definitely has ears on him.

I need to make sure Hael knows that he is being watched, or he is much more careful than I anticipated.

“Sounds like a plan, probably a leaky gasket or something,” I add, writing down a few notes. Another issue with working jobs outside of the club is the higher level of liability for when shit hits the fan. None of us want to be in those crosshairs.

“Excellent. I can’t wait to have you fix it. I have been dying to get it done.” Ending the call, a weird pitch in my stomach has me shuttering in discomfort. Nothing about that call was normal, and why the fuck would he choose mechanics? Just because we’re bikers doesn’t mean we all know shit about engines.

Nothing about this whole situation seems right. Thinking about the little bunny who was perfectly open with me has my cock hardening. Fuck, I don’t have time to get

myself off right now, but when I blink, her beautiful eyes pop up behind my lids and I can't help but take care of business.

Chapter Fifteen

Elodie

THREE WEEKS LATER

A chime of a bell echoes through my room. Silent tears roll down my cheeks as I trudge my way through the house. My entire body screams and threatens to pass out with each step down the hall, but I refuse to let him see me fall. Right now, I don't know if my legs are going to give me any other choice.

Looking at the stairs, they are long and seem to run on forever as I take each step slowly. I simply look like I did a long run at the track or worked too hard on leg day. Only Elton knows the real reason for my pain but even he can't do anything about it. I hear the chime again from the bottom of the stairs, the incessant ringing driving my nerves closer to the edge. Chomping my molars, I do my best to walk through the biting pain throughout my body.

Once I make it to the kitchen, Elton is standing there with a sad look on his face. "I wrote to Wini, but I haven't gotten anything back," he mutters softly. A soft smile graces my lips at the solidarity that he has shown me. There's nothing I wouldn't do to keep him around. He hands me the tray with several glasses and a decanter filled with amber liquid, probably my father's whiskey. Inhaling deeply, I limp back toward the stairs. Elton tried to help me carry everything up the stairs once, and one of Father's henchmen caught him. Thankfully, Elton didn't get hurt, but he was scolded enough with a threat he refuses to disclose. That's enough for me. Father also found out about the tunnel and had his men close off the entry points.

Pain blazes through my body with each step and when I finally reach the top, I swear I'm going to pass out. White dots sparkle my vision as I continue to move. I can't tell if the ringing in my ears is from my brain telling me to slow down or Father chiming it again. Either way, I hustle through the pain to get this to him. Knocking on the door, I don't have time to take a step back before it opens. Father wanted the door to open outward because it made more space in his office, and right now, I regret ever telling him that was a good idea.

The tray of glasses and whiskey slam into me, the sore muscles of my body not strong enough to keep me standing. Cheap glass smashes onto the ground before I do. Landing on top of the glass pieces, I feel every small shard slice through my skin. The white spots in my vision come back with vengeance, splattering around as I scramble to get back up. It doesn't work, as I end up sliding through the glass. I can hear Father yelling at me, but the blood rushing through my head is enough to block him out. When I finally manage to get onto my feet and turn, Father is waiting with the back of his hand. It connects with my cheek harshly, my neck cracking as it's snapped to the side, and I drop.

"Father, catch me!" His smile is huge as he runs at me, and his fingers wiggle as I run. My tummy is grabbed and I'm lifted into the air. Tickles scratch my belly as Father tickles me. I try to wriggle free from his hold on me but can't, he tosses me so high into the air, and I feel like I'm flying before he catches me gently.

"Got you," he laughs, his hand tickling my tummy as I laugh. "Go play, baby girl. I have some work to do."

"Love you!" I call out, watching him walk away from me with a big smile on my face. He looks over his shoulder, a smile matching mine as he calls back, "I love you more."

Blinking, I barely register Father's foot colliding into my stomach. Vomit rises in my

throat, and I'm not able to stop it before it sputters out of my mouth. It's acidic, burning as it comes. His shiny black shoe comes for another kick, and I roll. Begging him to stop only makes it worse, so I bite my tongue and keep as much noise as I can locked internally. I attempt to incline my upper body, but my arms give out causing me to land face-first into a sliver of glass.

"That's what dirty whores deserve," he snaps, spitting on my dress as he walks away. His fancy leather shoes clack as he walks, and I withhold my will to grab his ankle. Tripping him would be nice for a solid second but the wrath would not be worth it.

No one comes to pick me up, no one is allowed to help. Elton watches on from his spot in the hallway, his sad eyes breaking another shallow piece of me. Gritting my teeth again, I force myself to stand up. My legs wobble, my body burns and my head feels feather-light, seconds away from passing out.

Leaning heavily against the wall, someone shoo's everyone back to their tasks before leaving me alone in the hallway. An emptiness buries itself deep in my chest as my stomach threatens to continue spewing whatever acid is left inside of it. My main support is on the wall as I force one foot in front of the other, step by step I vow that once I get out of this, there will be hell to pay.

"Elodie!" His booming voice echoes down the hall, his steps coming fast as he approaches his office again. "Bring me whiskey that isn't soaked in the carpet." He slams the door to his office again after entering, and I point a finger gun at him while pretending to shoot.

"I will show you something in the carpet," I mutter to myself as I shove away from the wall and continue away.

Chapter Sixteen

Henley

ONE WEEK LATER

“Y ou sure you’re ready?” Hael asks as we walk the steps of the large estate. My boots crunch on the gravel under us, the sound almost ominous. Before we can even reach the top, a young male opens the door with his head bowed. Hael and I turn toward one another, an awkward glance exchanged between the two of us. Walking in, the home is more like a fucking mansion. “Shit, maybe I’m not ready,” he mumbles under his breath. The butler asks for our cuts, but we immediately decline. A level of respect is necessary in this environment, especially since he invited us here, in his territory.

When he realizes we aren’t budging, he excuses himself for another male to come to us. This butler has a metal detector in his hand. Rolling my eyes, I do a twirl while he moves it around my body. It clocks the gun on my hip, but he doesn’t seem to care before moving on to Hael. Fucking weird, but I’m not going to say anything. Once Hael is done, he guides us toward an office space. Waving his hand, he allows us into the room, though it’s empty. Immediately, my hackles are raised.

Everything about me has been off for the past two weeks. When Bunny left, there was nothing I could do to stop it. Finding her wasn’t any better, but I knew this meeting is much needed.

“Gentleman, thank you for coming,” Scotty DuClaire booms as he walks into the

room. Hael and I side-glance one another, obviously unsure of how to feel at the moment. “We usually don’t meet at the compound, but there have been other...circumstances that have taken my full attention.”

“We understand, Mr. DuClaire,” Hael starts, but Scotty waves his hand in the air.

“Please, call me Scotty. We are going to be well acquainted, I’m sure.” If my hackles weren’t raised already, they sure as fuck are now.

“How can we help?” Hael asks, directing everyone to the point.

“Actually, there are a few things that need to be taken care of on tonight’s agenda.” He gathers a few papers, pushing a stack each in front of us. Scheduled runs are printed out, at different locations around the area that have been ported in. “We need someone to discreetly move these items. Our previous runner had a bit of a mishap with the local pigs, so they have to keep a low profile. A booming business is suddenly declining, so it’s safe to say I need a new runner.”

“What’s the cut in?” I ask, cutting Hael off. If this is my bunny’s father, I want to know what he thinks. The number he throws is what he sees himself as.

“Depends on the size of the run. Usually, we cut around 30%, shaved off the top before it’s distributed, never less than 30, never more than 50.”

“That’s a good deal,” Hael adds skeptically. “Why us?”

“Someone from the southern parts recommended you for your...confidentiality, we’ll call it.” He grabs a silver tumbler and fills it with an amber liquid from the decanter until it’s empty. “You gentlemen fancy a drink?”

“We rode here, don’t want to be stopped by a cop and blow positive,” I reason. Hael

doesn't argue or ask for one, simply agreeing with my statement. Bikers tend to be targeted by law enforcement, usually because we're easy to ticket. It's fucked up and stupid, but it's the reality of owning a noise maker.

Scotty tips the glass back, slamming the drink as if it's just water before walking over to a pulley on the wall and giving it a few solid tugs.

"What do you think?" He takes a seat behind the desk again, his crisp suit slightly crinkled with the liquor belly he is sporting. "Immediate service is being requested and money is guaranteed with each successful job."

"You got a contract we can read over?" Hael questions, leaning his elbows on the desktop. "Deal sounds good, too good. Don't want to start trouble if it ain't worth it."

Scotty's grin is almost feral, one that doesn't belong on his face as he fishes around a drawer in his desk. The other stack of papers in front of us yanks away as he replaces it with a larger stack. Details are drafted elegantly on the paper, far too impressive for a simple transaction.

"I do have one condition," he drawls as the door to the office opens. Hael and I spin around, ready to go to war when a tiny, frail female walks into the room. Her strawberry hair covers her face, and a deep pit in my stomach expands.

"Bunny," I whisper though I don't think anyone hears me. She doesn't react as he takes the silver tray to her father and eases it onto the desk. Her arms shake so hard that the liquid sloshes around as she pours the drinks.

"This is my daughter, Elodie," he points to her, grabbing a fist full of her hair and jerking her head back. Hael and I both go to take a step forward, which is apparently what he wants. "She recently decided to go out and spread her legs, isn't that right?" He doesn't give her a second to answer before kicking the backs of her knees and

letting her drop.

“Yes, Father,” she whimpers, his fingers barely letting her hair loose. At this angle, her face is one giant bruise. Shades of yellows, purples, blues, and greens swell across her beautiful features. A few swollen cuts on her face are an angry red color, one that almost looks infected. Her body is covered in long sleeves and a long skirt, so I can’t see anything else. I have no doubt she is colored the same way throughout.

“We have been struggling to find a buyer for my sweet Elodie,” he coos at her, using his other hand to brush the stray hairs from her face. “She is no longer pure, no longer able to be bred into a good family.”

His hand releases her strawberry hair as she lands on her hands, her breath coming out in pants. Running to her isn’t an option, so I clench my fists and stay rooted in my spot.

“What does she have to do with us?” Hael asks. He knows exactly how this has to do with us, but we want to know if he knows. From the look on Scotty’s face, he doesn’t.

“My dearest daughter has been violated by a bastard, she no longer has use to me,” he spits, his saliva landing on her cheek as she wobbles.

My heart stops, my face pales, but I hold myself together.

“Again, what does that have to do with us?”

“We need a buyer for her. You run weapons, I wasn’t sure if you also did skins,” he starts, but Hael cuts him off.

“No, we don’t play in the skin wars. What are you looking for?”

“Fifty thousand, no interest. I want her gone, and that’s the amount of debt owed for her adult years-”

“We’ll take her,” Hael demands but acts as if he can’t be bothered. Everything in me wants to scream and fight, argue that she is more than a blind buy. Yet, I know better. This is our way in. Our chance. Fuck all if I didn’t want to grab her right now and get her behind me.

Something about the smile on Scotty’s face makes my skin crawl, but I don’t have a moment to consider it before he and Hael are shaking hands. When they let go, Scotty grabs her hair and shoves her forward. Her cheek slams onto the ground roughly but no sounds leave the poor female. That stupid pit in my stomach grows bigger and deeper as she doesn’t move.

“Look over my offer. I will send your lawyer the information.” With that, he plops himself back onto his desk chair and waves us away with a hand. Opening my mouth to call him out, Hael grabs my bicep and shakes his head, glancing back and forth between me and Elodie. I can take a fucking hint. If I treated her with remorse and respect, her father would call us out on our bluff.

I’m sorry, bunny.

Chapter Seventeen

Elodie

Landing on my cheek didn't hurt as much as I thought it would. Probably because I already have too much damage to my face. Maybe because my body and brain are working together to protect me from the shit show around me. Who knows?

"Look over my offer. I will send your lawyer the information." Father is dismissive, his tone no longer interested as I stay exactly where he left me. Boots come closer and closer, and something in my gut tells me that this isn't going to be amazing.

My hair is suddenly tangled at the root, my head jerked back as I gaze into his eyes. More emotions I can't read are being cast from him to me, but they mean nothing when I have no idea what he is trying to say. Stomach dropping, he hauls me to my feet and doesn't give me much time to recover before dragging me behind him and the other guy. Thankfully, the second we step out of Father's office, the grip on my hair is released and his fingers tangle into mine. Side-eyeing both men, neither one reassures me as we take the stairs. Keeping up with them is hard, the muscles in my body screaming in agony and exhaustion. Sleep hasn't come easy, and the lack of food I have had in the past month shows.

Elton sends me a terrified look. I send back a look that hopefully is reassuring. Having not really been around people with emotions, I don't know what to think besides he is scared for my well-being and what will happen next.

He is not the only one.

“Shit,” he curses, and I grimace, waiting for Father to strike. However, he doesn’t because we are leaving and Henley is a man. Men can curse and lay with other women. Women do not have the luxury. I used to think it wasn’t a double standard, that it was normal. Ever since I started writing Wini, I have realized that’s not the case. It’s also the standard that forced me to go through my own personal hell this past month. We stop at the bottom of the stairs outside, my ears ringing and body tingling, Henley and his buddy sling themselves over their bikes. Narrowing my eyes, I wait for someone to hint at me what I’m supposed to be doing.

When nothing happens, Henley takes me in with a sigh. “I forgot you aren’t dressed for the ride.” His buddy shakes his head, kicking something that scrapes on the ground and the rumble of his motorcycle starts up. Neither one of them has those cruiser-style ones I used to see as a kid. They have the ones that go fast, very fast. “We will have to make due.” Pulling at one wrist, the leather jacket comes off his body. The female on the logo is one that looks slightly familiar, like a classy pinup. He dangles it between us, and he better be glad I can take a hint. Slipping my arms through the sleeves, the jacket is already warm from his body heat. My first instinct is to curl into the material and inhale. My survival instincts force my leg muscles to flex and bend as I hoist myself onto the back of his motorcycle. My knee almost gives in, but his firm grip on my hand keeps my forward momentum.

“Wrap your arms around my waist,” he calls over his shoulder. Furrowing my brows, I hesitate to do that. Something about that seems far too intimate. We had sex, I know that, but this is more than just one night. This is touching...caressing. I’m not given the chance to think about it more as we’re jerked forward. Barely able to scramble onto my hold, I grip him tightly as he and the other guy peel out of Father’s driveway. A sharp squeal breaks from my lips as my hair whips behind me, my heart slamming against my bones in alertness.

Darkness coats us as we drive down back roads. The longer I sit here, the wind carrying my hair behind me, the more free I feel. I have no idea what is in store for

me once we arrive, but releasing one hand from its tight grip around him, I raise it into the air slowly. Not caring who is around or behind up, my arm moves languidly as I make waves as we zoom.

His buddy catches me, his arm coming off the bike and mimicking the motion with a smile as bright as mine to match. If anything, I needed some sort of reassurance that everything was going to be okay. The lead weight I felt at my father's home is dissipating with each mile we go, and I know that I'm safe. Self-doubt will always touch my mind, and always be part of who I am, but I can grow to love the flaws that Father ingrained in me, I know it.

With a loud whoop , I gently let my other hand fall away from Henley's, both of my arms now sky high. An arm lands on my thigh, startling me. Henley peers back at me with a smirk of his own before turning toward the road and keeping us steady. His hand smooths over my knee as he drives, the butterflies in my stomach swarming with nerves, a pulse that I'm embarrassed to admit also starts to beat.

It's the dead of the night, neither man can see my deepened blush, but I know it's there. Blushing or not, this is a feeling I never felt before, and truly believe I might do anything to feel this way again. I also know that my hair is going to be a nappy mess, though that's a problem for future me. Present me is having the time of her life.

After what feels like hours of riding, Henley and his buddy turn onto a dirt road, crawling to a slower pace. Both men bring their feet to the ground and do a walk-waddle thing as they park their bikes, the roaring of the engines suddenly silent.

Crickets chirp in the distance as we sit in the dead of the night. None of us got off the bikes, all of us staring at the movement inside the house. Laughter bellows outside, the thumping music echoing through the silent night air.

After minutes of staring, Henley's buddy is the first one to get off his bike. Henley

brings his hand up and waits. Laying my palm in his gloved one, his buddy comes over to help me get off without face-planting into the gravel. A bubbled growl emanates from Henley, and when I turn to look at him, he is back to the stoic face.

Did I just imagine him growling?

No, I don't think I conjured that in my brain.

Henley kicks himself off his bike and reaches me in three long strides. Hand landing on my back, his obsidian eyes bore into my hazel eyes. The darkness within them captures me quietly, the vines from under the waters grasping my affections and threatening to drown me. Gasping, my own hands fly to his chest, my fingers digging into the harsh leather and yanking him closer to me. His inhale matches mine as electricity buzzes between us.

"Shit, I think my hair is standing," his buddy says from next to us. Snapping us both out of our stupors, I attempt to take a step away and create distance, but Henley doesn't allow it. His hand is still firmly planted on my back, and he guides us toward the booming house.

"This is called a clubhouse," he mutters as his buddy opens the door for us. I murmur a small thanks before letting Henley lead the way. Several men greet Henley and his buddy, who I find out is the president and is named Hael. They also inquire about me, who they have dubbed as "T-shirt Princess." It reminds me of the letter that Wini sent me, and the gears in my head are suddenly shifting.

Holy Toledo, Henley is t-shirt guy.

Suppressing the giggle is useless as I remember her letter about him. Unfortunately, my father used those letters and everything in my stockpile as a fire starter. I also don't think he even realized that Henley was in the mix. Speaking of the male, he

glances down at me for a moment, his black eyes sparkling in the midst of the dim lighting.

An ember spits to life in my lower stomach, each heavy exhale of his seems to push oxygen into it and spark it back to life. Shifting on my feet, I clench my thighs together for a small reprieve. He catches the movement, nostrils flaring. He turns to face me fully, his hand dragging from my lower back to the top of my butt. His other hand lands on my waist, his fingers digging into the sensitive skin as he bores into me.

“You’re trouble,” he murmurs, leaning down and landing his lips right onto mine. He sweeps his tongue against my lower lip, and I immediately grant him entrance. Mine meets his, each sweep of his tongue against mine, each clash on his lips, his teeth gnawing into my lower lip...

“Teach me a lesson, then,” I retort softly and pull away just enough to see his reaction. With a deep, timber growl, he bends down and lifts. “What-put me down!” I shriek as he tosses me over his shoulder. The pain in my stomach from the move is complete agony, vomit threatens to come up my throat and down his back, but I’m able to breathe through it. Men and their significant others laugh at my predicament, not realizing that I’m on the verge of barfing up what little lunch I actually had while smiling and cheering for us as Henley takes off to a set of stairs. Landing my hands flat on his back, his own hand lands harshly on my bottom, a resounding smack breaking through the laughing couples below.

He rounds a corner, barely slowing down. “You will learn to be a good girl one of these days. Maybe I need to remind you of the contract you signed.”

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Chapter Eighteen

Elodie

W hooshing through the air, I land smack in the middle of a bed with a shriek. The sensation brings me back to the very first time I was with Henley as he tossed me around without a care in the world. A burning smile splits my face, his molten eyes dragging along my body from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. With a shake of his head, he takes a few steps back, turning his back on me.

Everything about the night before this encounter magically disappears, and all I can think about is him.

Clicking his tongue, he opens a drawer in his desk and bends down. “When you signed that contract, you signed over what little autonomy you had over yourself. Granted me entrance into your body with pleasure,” he closes that drawer with a slam , rummaging through another as I attempt to sit up. As if the man has eyes on the back of his head, he looks over his shoulder with a predatory glance. “Now strip, then lay back down.”

I do so without question. I shed my clothes without a second thought, the voices in my head suddenly silent as I work to take each small article of clothing off my body. He watches with a heated gaze, taking in every curve and scar that I have one by one. Almost as if he is cataloging them. Once he is satisfied that I’m not going anywhere, he resumes his explorations.

“You signed that you were my bunny. Everything you had was mine, including that

little flower between your thighs.” Standing to his full height, he turns on his heel and comes back to me. Rope, silk, and other things I have no idea what they are hanging from his arms. “I gave you a first-time pass, but now? The real fun begins.”

“What would that be?” I wonder out loud, biting my lip as I think about the delicious possibilities.

Sweet baby.

The burn between my thighs has me clenching and shifting, a shiver running down my spine as I engage my lower half.

When did I turn into such a fiend?

“Oh, baby. You haven’t seen anything yet.”

Oops, I must have said that out loud.

His deep chuckle reverberates around the room, the timber vocals coating my cells and searing my eardrums like a brand. If I have to go any longer without hearing that sweet sound, it might...

“Which first?” He drops the items onto the bed one by one. “Be a good little girl and tell me what you want.” With a sultry look, I roll my eyes from his face to his toned torso that’s hiding underneath that leather jacket, down to the hardened bulge in his jeans. Sucking my bottom lip and biting, I imagine all the dirty things this man can do for me. He clears his throat, catching me in the act of thinking not-so-virgin things about him. Blushing deeply, I move toward the items on the bed.

“Can you tell me what these are?” I ask innocently, batting my lashes up at him. “You see, I was just recently deflowered, and I hope you can...teach me a thing or

two.” If his gaze wasn’t heated before, by golly I would be in flames right now.

“Do you remember your safe words from your contract?” He breathes, and from the restraint in his voice, I can hear that he is barely hanging on. “Tell me you remember them, recite them back to me.” His predatory gaze has me feeling sparks in places I never dreamed about, and something in the way he is looking at me right now has me wanting to dance with the edge.

“Green,” I say, licking my lips in a show of praise. “It means that I love what you’re doing to me and want you to keep going.” Hand coming off the bed, I bring it to my tattered shirt and run it along my torso, exposing it to him as I let the shirt ride up.

“Then,” he growls as his eyes trace my every movement.

With a hum, I drag my index finger toward my waistband, teasing the button before moving back up toward my belly button. “Yellow means slow down,” I mutter as my other hand comes to my mouth to bite on the tip of my finger. His eyes don’t know which one to track, jumping between the exposed flesh on my stomach and where he is fantasizing where his appendage might go. “Red means stop, that you will start aftercare immediately.”

Jaw ticking, his muscles are drawn tightly as he clenches then unfurls his fists. “Try again.” Furrowing my brows in confusion, I try to replay what I just said. He must have noticed my confusion because he throws me a lifesaver. “What do you call me when we are alone?”

That one I know, it kept me up for nights after because I kept replaying our first night over and over again.

“Sir or master.” With a quirky smirk, he nods and then takes a step away from the bed and toys.

“Now, tell me what you want.”

“Master, I don’t-” he immediately cuts me off with a laugh. The tone seems icy, devoid of emotion, and sending a chill up my spine.

“No, little rabbit. Tell me what you want?” His fingers drag over the implements he acquired, grabbing one that I believe is called a flogger. “What do you want Daddy to do for you?”

Heart jumping into my throat, my brain seems to miscalculate what I thought he was going to say with what really came out of his mouth. He catches on that I’m fritzing with a chuckle.

“Come on, baby girl. Don’t be shy.” Like a total one-eighty, this imposing man is suddenly...I don’t even know how to explain it. He is just more . “Do you want Daddy to put his big fat cock inside your tight little snatch?” He growls, my eyes widening slightly as liquid builds in my underwear. Eyes dropping to my thighs that shift with need, he knows he has me trapped.

“I want you,” I pant, then add, “Daddy.” Inhaling sharply, he absolutely just solidified something to himself, and the weird missing piece of me also is slightly mended more. Even with the added pet name, he shakes his head.

“No, you don’t want Daddy if you can’t tell me what you want from me.” Dropping the flogger, he brings the ropes over to me and wraps them around one wrist then tying it off to the bedpost. “Tell me what you want. Use that filthy mouth of yours to tell me what you need from me.”

A deep blush cakes my face as I try not to think about the foul language I’m going to use, and send a quick repent for the words.

“I want Daddy’s cock in my...” swallowing, I choke out, “pussy.”

“Come on, baby girl. You can do better than that. Tell me what you want me to do to your body, tell me if you want me to make it hurt, bleed, or overload with pleasure.”

“I want to do whatever makes you happy, Sir,” I avow, though that still doesn’t seem enough as he narrows his gaze at me. I’m going to have to wash my mouth out with bleach. “I want your fat cock buried in my deflowered pussy, Daddy’s mouth taking all the pleasure he wants from me or giving me the pain he thinks I deserve.” Cringing outwardly, I expect him to roll his eyes or laugh at me. He does neither. A guttural groan rattles me as he pounces.

Lips landing on mine, he hovers over me and takes my mouth in a searing kiss. It’s intoxicating, dizzying, air and soul-sucking, and it’s perfect. Rearing back, he brings his hand down on my breast, the tips of his fingers sharply smacking my peaked bud. I can’t stop the gasp that leaves me as he grins and does it to the other side.

“What do you think?”

I...holy.

“I like it,” I pant, nodding my head for him to continue.

“Color?”

“Green.”

Standing, he comes around to the other side of the bed and uses the remaining rope to bring my other hand up and over my head, keeping me secured to the bed. With a gentle tug, I test the limits of the rope. Slightly stretched and with little give, the rope bites into the thin skin of my wrist deliciously. He scoots away from me slightly,

grabbing a metal bar that I didn't see before.

"This is a spreader bar," he explains, pushing something in the middle causing it to suddenly expand on a sharp snap . He sets the bar down next to my legs, bringing himself down to eye level with my center. Kissing my inner thigh right where I need him, he alternates between licking and kissing as he makes his way to my ankle. A singular peck on my ankle bone before he takes the leather cuff attached to the end of the bar and secures it tightly. With a wicked grin, he makes his way up the same leg, licking a path right to...he jumps to the other leg. I want to scream at him to put me out of my misery, but instead, I let him repeat his actions. He secures the cuff around my other ankle and brings the bar up high.

Not expecting the sudden movement, I squeal in surprise.

"That's right, shriek for me," he growls. Both hands land on the bar, and with a force I have never witnessed, flips me onto my stomach and shoves my knees under me. "Look at you, spread open for my viewing pleasure." Rough leather-like hands grab my butt and spread, a groan of appreciation emanating from behind me.

"I need you," the plea is raspy and choked as he presses a single finger into my hole. "Yesss," I hiss. Audibly, he spits right on my tight back hole, another thick finger toying with it as he curls his other finger.

"What do you think, Bunny? Want me to play here?" He emphasizes his point by pushing the digit into my tight hole while also working my special spot. "Nothing you can't say no to, but I think you're a little curious."

With my cheek pressed harshly into the soft, silk sheets, I nod my head rapidly. "Yes, yes," I chant over and over again as the fullness within me expands, another finger joining his first in my pussy.

“Tell me what you want,” the demand is harsh with absolutely zero room for argument.

“I want you to fuck my pussy and finger my ass!” A burning blush coats my cheeks as he stops moving, his fingers keeping me plugged to the fullest.

A simple hum is all I get as he starts moving again. Stretching and relaxing, crooking and turning, his fingers have my legs quaking as I stand at the precipice of the hardest orgasm ever.

“Cursing doesn’t sound good coming out of that innocent, pretty mouth. I will forgive it this time, but the next? I will use my cock as a gag and make you beg for it without your words.” More pressure at my back entrance, the burning stretch is delicious. “I will forgive it only this time because you opened up about what you want, what this deprived tight cunt needs. It needs my cock so deep inside of it that when I cum, my juices will be overflowing from you. Your body won’t know what to do besides make you mine permanently.”

More nodding, I whine when the pressure is suddenly gone. His weight disappears, and I open my mouth to shout my demands, then suddenly, I’m silenced by a soft buzzing. Curiosity peaked, I try to tilt around to look, however, I don’t get far as the next second it grazes over my clit, the sharp jolt sending an immediate zip through my body. The orgasm that sat on the edge, which has backed away without his fingers, is suddenly back and rushing me to finish.

“Yes, please, yes,” I chant as my detonation peaks, tears breaking from my eyelids and a sob ready to break out, “no!” I scream when the buzzing is pulled away. A sharp, stinging smack lands on my bottom.

“Did you ask to come?” He barks. My stifled cry comes pouring out with fervor as he shoves two fingers into my channel, the burn of the intrusion.

“No!” I shout as tears roll down my cheeks and make wet spots in the silky sheets. Slamming them shut, that empty feeling in my lower half has me tingling with need. A feeling that is so foreign I don’t know whether to break down completely or scream for more.

He doesn’t respond, instead feeling around inside of me and pressing on something that makes liquid heat pour from my body. I have no idea if I’m making any noise or if I’m even breathing. My mouth moves and my throat rumbles with the pressure of asking for permission, but my body doesn’t wait for him to let go. He pushes me through my release, and the wet sounds my lower half makes spurs me further and further in the abyss of pleasure. Another climax looms in my very near future.

“Come on, bunny. Your greedy cunt needs my cock. Does your depraved ass need my finger?”

Again, the empty feeling is all I have when he pulls away from me. “Let me come, Sir, please,” I cry and plead, chanting at him like I need him more than I need air. Shoot, at this rate, I absolutely do. He knows exactly what he is doing. “I need your cock, please give me your big cock and fuck me.”

Both hands slam on my butt, the harsh smack sending a shot of pain through my body and a flutter in my core. “Dirty words for such a sweet mouth.” His tone is condescending, and if I weren’t in this position, I would absolutely sass back. Right now? I have one thing in mind, and that’s to get his dick inside of me. “Should I fill this cunt with my cream? Pump you so full of my cum that you swell with me?”

Yeah, I need him.

Yesterday.

“I need you so badly, Sir. Take me, use me, mark me as yours.” Whatever I said must

have been the cue word. His fingers thread the back of my hair and my head is suddenly jerked backward as he spears me on his length. Like a wild animal, the man fucks me without abandon.

He doesn't wait for me to come, instead using one hand on my hip and the other in my hair to guide our movements.

"Don't stop, please don't stop, Sir," I beg. With an angle of his hips, he is hitting that spot.

"Fuck," he drawls, his hand pulling harder. "Squirt on my cock, get us all wet like the good whore you are." The odd feeling takes over, but I can't stop it as a scream rips from my throat. My entire body shakes, and my legs barely keep me up as he nails me into the bed. He goes off with a literal roar as he pumps me full of his cum.

Chapter Nineteen

Henley

My bunny's deep breaths across my chest have my heart settling in my chest. Something about this encounter with her was different, which spurred another, more hidden part of me to reawaken. Not only that, but she took it in stride.

Every part of my being wants to care for her, make sure she is okay, make sure she is fed and healthy. When I saw her that first day at Drenched in Sin, I was immediately drawn to her. I knew from that moment on, I couldn't let her go. Unfortunately, that doesn't always work out in my favor, but now that I have her in my arms, I don't have any plans to let her go. Scrubbing my free hand over my face, I gently extract myself from her body. I don't want to do it, but when I was scrolling on my phone earlier, Hael asked for me to meet with him after I had given her a "piece of my mind".

Just as I sit on the edge of the bed, she stirs and starts patting around my now empty space. In a slight panic, I shove my pillow toward her, which she takes happily and squeezes against her body.

Fuck Hael for making me leave her right now, especially when I just got her back.

My clothes are on in a few minutes, my boots in my hand so I can make a silent exit. Once the door is securely locked behind me, I quickly slip them on and undo the laces before heading toward his office.

I don't even bother to knock, barging right in and making myself at home on his chairs. He doesn't even acknowledge me, his nose buried deep in a file folder. With an irritated huff, he slams it shut and flicks it across the desk. He starts talking before I can ask.

"A female applied to the club," he snaps, his normally happy-ish disposition now tainted red.

"Okay?" I draw out, unsure where he is going with this. I'm not against women joining, and from what I thought, neither is he. Shit, we even have a female mechanic, Tala, that kicks ass and takes names. "What does that have to do with her joining?"

"She is a club worker from Drenched in Sin."

"Again, I'm not following." Rolling his eyes up at me, he looks as if I should be getting it, I definitely don't. "Has she flashed you, and you were offended?"

"Her profile has her working at Drenched in Sin, but you know what else? She has hacked into our fucking servers!" His face goes from red to maroon in seconds. I'm not kidding when I say that smoke comes billowing from his ears. "Apparently she applied to another fucking club somewhere else, they denied her because they don't believe she had the skills, so she took it upon herself to prove that she is fucking worth it."

I take the file and glimpse it over, noting how she made small changes here and there. Nothing crazy, not enough for our Head of IT to take note, but enough to break down three-level firewalls that Ruel put into place. With a low whistle, I brief over the entire report she provided in her application.

Apparently, she and Tala are friends and have known each other for a while. Looking

at her photo, I briefly remember meeting her once a year or so ago, and if my memory serves me right, she mentioned applying to another club.

“She means business,” I laugh, shutting the file and shoving it back to him. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to make her prospecting absolute hell. Just because she is friends with one of us doesn’t mean we are going to give her a get-out-of-jail card. She wants to fuck around and find out? I’m the fucking president.”

“No need to flaunt your testes to me,” I announce, raising my hands in mock surrender. “You know that women struggle to get into clubs. She has to earn it, and looking at that report, I would say you’ve got yourself a new hacking recruit.”

“Think Ruel is going to be pissed that she did this?” He relents, leaning back in his chair and taking a swig of his drink.

“Oh, yeah,” I chuckle, knowing damn well that Ruel worked a couple weeks in getting that firewall to the strength it is. I don’t know jack shit about tech, but he was so damn proud of himself and Rune when they made it impenetrable. Well, it’s not now. “Better get her started on bitch duty soon or else Ruel is going to start swinging because she knocked it down without putting it back up. I admit that I won’t be your guard if he comes for you. His punches kind of hurt.”

He scowls into his glass again.

“What’s really bothering you?” I ask, the look on his face making me uneasy.

“Nothing, man. Thanks for being here to let me vent. Go back to your girl.”

As I go to exit the office, Ruel comes in and stops dead in his tracks. “Just the two

guys I was looking for,” he announces while shutting the door behind him. His laptop sits perched on his arm and elbow, Hael clears off a spot on his desk for Ruel to place it.

“Did you get it?” Hael asks, and I swear he’s fucking giddy.

“Not fully, but I did start working on it like you asked,” he opens several tabs, clicking and moving screens around so fast I can’t keep up. “Scotty DuClaire is a multi-million dollar partner with several organizations. Out of ten, eight of them are illegitimate, simply a front for him to move money.”

I’m not shocked. Men in our world don’t run clean. Either it’s dirty or bloody money, and that’s just how it is.

“What’s going on?” I question, sitting next to Ruel.

“Elodie was able to give me some information on her father, and I asked Ruel to take a peek.”

“When did you talk to Elodie?” Another question that is answered with a raised brow from him. “You know what, nevermind.”

“It looks like money from his accounts is draining a lot faster than they are being deposited from offshore accounts. There’s no explanation and the amounts vary. It’s concerning because he’s sinking his businesses. Fast.”

“Also, fun fact,” Hael announces as he pulls out a thin folder. “His attorney quit this morning.” The hollow smack barely echoes out as it lands on the desk. Snatching it up, I read over the document, also noting that said attorney is now dead.

“Why?” I ask the question hanging around all of us.

“That’s an expensive question.” I give the folder back, and he places it back in the drawer. “Fuck, I have news for you,” Hael gripes as he looks at Ruel. I laugh, deciding that’s my moment to leave.

Chapter Twenty

Elodie

“Y ou’re so fucking sexy,” Henley growls from between my thighs. “If you would let me, I would have you for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.”

“Yes, please,” I gasp as his tongue flattens over my clit. Swirling, he brings me higher and higher—

“Yes!” I shout, my fingers digging into the hair between my thighs. Eyes snapping open, his deep eyes bore into mine as he brings me to a climax that takes my breath away. I want to stare at him, watch him eat me but my eyes roll back and I can’t hold anything back.

“Mhmm,” he hums against me, the vibrations spurring additional flutters in my center. “You taste so fucking good, bunny.” My mouth drops open, I can only watch as he devours me. I’m not even sure I’m breathing at this point, but with each flick of his tongue against me, I gasp in ecstasy.

Just as I’m about to peak, he pulls away. “What—”

“When you come, it will be on my cock.” He crawls up my body, notching himself at my entrance before driving home. “Fuck, your tight.”

I claw at his back in an attempt to ground myself to something. Anything. Hooking his arms under my knees, he brings them up and out, spreading me open as his hands

land on the bed. Whatever he does next has me clamping down on him, a scream rippling from my throat as I struggle to breathe.

“Your cunt has a death grip on my cock,” he gasps, swiveling his hips and doing it again. “Fuck, yes, come for me little bunny, milk my cock. Force me to fill your tight cunt with my essence.” With a depraved groan, I can’t help the flutters spurred on by my impending orgasm.

“I-oh-yeah-” words won’t form in my brain as he literally nails me into the mattress, the momentum of my body bouncing impales him into me even deeper.

“Come for me, bunny rabbit,” he grunts as the corded muscle in his forearms become even more visible. Eyes crossing, I implode. Time seems to stop, yet his movements don’t as he pummels me through my tsunami. My eyes slam shut on their own accord as I ride away in a wave of pure bliss. Henley doesn’t let up. Instead, the man picks up his pace, and I swear he is throwing me into a second harsher orgasm.

I can’t help but hiss and do as he asks when he says, “rub that fucking clit, bunny, milk me for all I’m worth.”

Holy.

Mother.

Of.

Pearl.

“Fuck!” I shriek, this time I know for a fact that I’m using my voice as he groans loudly, muttering his own pleasure as he follows suit. He pins me to the bed with his dick and comes so hard I feel him twitch inside of me.

Drawing my eyes open, I don't get a moment to calm down as his lips slant over mine, stealing the breath right from my lungs. "I can't wait to spend the rest of my days between those luscious thighs." Not able to stop the giggle that floats out, he pushes himself up and off of me. "Stay put."

"Aye aye, Sir," I nod, my eyes drooping heavily with a sated feeling in my bones. Letting them close, I'm not sure how long it takes before he is back. Only this time, I don't have any clothes on and when I pat the bed, the other side is cold.

With a frown, I sit up with the sheet and see that he left a small note written in chicken scratch telling me that he had to go to a meeting, that if I'm reading this, then he didn't make it back before I woke up.

Huh, I must have passed out. Stretching, I slowly stand. The soreness between my thighs is ridiculous, but knowing Henley, I can't say I'm all that upset. Making my way toward the bathroom, I take in my reflection for the first time in a while. When I was with my father, I knew I had a lot of bruises. Henley didn't say a thing about them, though I could see it in his face that he was still angry.

Heart fluttering, I can't help but force my excitement to tamper down. There is always another shoe that is going to drop. Right now, everything is good. Great, even. But that doesn't mean there isn't going to be a drop. Something always gets in the way.

Everything is always too good to be true.

Chapter Twenty-One

Henley

These past couple of weeks have been pure bliss, passing in a blur. Elodie and I have been able to connect on a deeper level, and not one where I'm six and a half inches deep inside of her. I figured out that her favorite color is green, except there are multiple shades that she likes. I have no idea what seafoam green is, but I know she will educate me on the different shades at some point.

Shit, she even expressed a willingness to learn how to ride. Something about feeling independent and in power for once. I didn't really care. Skoll, one of the shop hands, had an old dumping bike that was sitting in the back of the garage. He offered it up for her to learn. She and the bike took quite a few spills, but if her getting a little banged up wasn't a turn on, then watching her peel out of the gravel drive sure as fuck was.

Elodie has made exponential progress in these past two weeks too. At first, she shied away from everyone and everything. She didn't talk back, didn't fight me on anything unless we were in bed together. Surprisingly, that was one of the only places she wasn't afraid to speak her mind. Now? Shit, I have created a fucking monster. I asked her what she wanted for breakfast the other morning, and instead of giving her usual answer—waffles—she decided to be a smartass and say, "something edible". When she realized what she said, her poor hand flew over her mouth as if she swore. I couldn't contain my laughter, and kissed the ever loving fuck out of her for it.

Currently, I'm sitting with a few of the guys as they bullshit about what they did over

the weekend. A lot of their Ole' Ladies have gone back to work since it's Monday, yet that doesn't stop them from talking about how much fun they had.

"Fuck, Drenched in Sin was a blast this past weekend, too," Zale declares as he takes a gulp on his coffee. "I met up with Senka, and by fucking heaven, I didn't want to leave."

"Pussy that good?" Arik chuckles, though the look on Zale's face is one of pure rage. "Shit, put the guns away, man. I was just fucking with you."

"Whatever," Zale grumbles, turning away from Arik and flagging down Mal with another request for a refill.

"How are things with Elodie?" Kaemon asks. He types away on his phone not even looking up at the rest of us. I'm sure he is doing whatever a treasurer does, but I have no idea. Just as I go to answer, I get interrupted.

"Blood Reapers got the call," Hael calls out to the bar area. There's no time for me to even react as my ass is out of the chair and on the move. "Henley, Deimos, I need you on the road."

"What do you mean?" I ask, rounding the table to meet him. He pinches the bridge of his nose, irritation flaring in his eyes.

"Apparently they need us to go there with them. Ruel and the team got more intel that there is double the number of people we estimated. I spoke with Shark, he confirmed they are going to need all the manpower we can spare."

"What does that have to do with me going?" I clarify. I'm not trying to be a bigger pain in the ass than he needs right now, shit is going to hit the fan any minute, but I can guarantee I'm not fucking prepared to go out right now. Shit, my knees fucking

hurt just from standing that fast.

“You and Deimos are going to figure out what all they need from us. We need you on the front lines with them. If I can trust anyone to get our guys home safely without fucking something up, it’s you.”

Elodie comes down the stairs, her hair slightly mussed and her eyes full of sleep. “What’s going on?” She yawns as she rubs her eyes adorably. Instead of going to church, I stop her at the bottom of them and envelop her into my arms. Instead of answering the question, I press my lips to hers. Her arms wrap around my back, her hands clasping as my hand slides across her face. Tilting her head back, I deepen the kiss. Our tongues tangle in a slow dance, one that isn’t hurried or trying to overpower the other. Right now, we are simply existing amongst the horizon of chaos.

After a few moments, I pull back and rest my forehead against hers, taking a moment to just breathe in her existence.

“I need to talk to Hael before I say anything definitive, but it sounds like I might have to go out into the field for a bit.” My voice is quiet against the roar of men behind me, and if we weren’t this close, she may not have heard me.

“Oh,” is all she breathes before pulling away from me slowly. She smiles at me though it doesn’t reach her eyes. “It’s your job, if you need to go, I totally get it.”

“You’re not happy about it,” I comment. She laughs gently, shaking her head.

“No, I’m not, but I don’t need to be happy about it. I admit that I am still inquiring about a full understanding of what this life entails, but I have deduced that this is part of it.”

“I love it when you talk smart, it’s so sexy,” I grunt, diving back into her lips. She

laughs again, shoving me away from her. There's no stopping my own chuckle from escaping. I may not have felt it before, but I truly believe she is blowing life back into me. "Once I know when we will return, I will let you know, m'kay?"

Nodding, she pulls away. "Sounds good, speed racer." Turning on her heel, she slowly ambles half way up the steps before sighing and coming back down. Opening my arms thinking she is coming to me, she scoffs and gently pushes me out of the way. With a pout, I watch her walk toward the bar where Mal slides a cup of coffee toward my bunny.

"Creamer is in the fridge," she states as she thumbs over her shoulder. Elodie smiles at her then goes to grab the creamer. That's another fun fact I have learned about my Ole' Lady. She sure loves french vanilla coffee creamer. One time, I swear she didn't have any coffee in there and it was all just creamer-

Wait.

Ole' Lady.

A weird piece of my stomach turns at the thought of Elodie being my Ole' Lady, but mulling the feeling over for a few moments, it's not a bad feeling. No. I would say that it's one of...relief? Maybe.

"Don't look too deep in thought. You don't want a headache before you need to leave," she chirps, swaying her ass in a way that should be fucking illegal.

"Hardy-har-har," I mock, then say, "keep your phone on you. I don't know what today is like, so try not to leave the compound, okay?"

"Actually, I have an appointment that I can't miss today," she says as she nibbles her bottom lip.

“Can you reschedule?”

“No, it’s my follow up from when...” she trails off with a look of absolute pain and torture on her face. I don’t let her finish.

“Yeah, you definitely need to go to that...” I look around the guys milling around, but I have no fucking clue what’s going on anymore. “You aren’t going anywhere by yourself, got it?”

With an eye roll, she props a single hand on her hip and holds her bright yellow coffee cup with the other. “If I remember right, my mom is dead,” she snips, her eyes narrowing. “Your lack of estrogen would also indicate that you aren’t a female. If that wasn’t clear enough, your long ass beard and giant penis would also be big indicators of such lack of maternity.”

“Woman, I swear,” I threaten, taking a single step toward her. The sharp little brow on her face raises as in challenge.

“Henley!” Hael calls, waving me over. “Hey, Elodie. Sorry for the last minute changes. We gotta go, man.”

“Shit,” I mutter, giving him a thumbs up before pinning Elodie with a stare. “Please listen to what I’m telling you. There’s a lot of fucked up shit happening that I can’t explain. Be good. Your ass will be purple if you disobey me.”

She rolls her eyes, waving me off. “Will do, love-see you soon!” It’s almost enough to halt me in my tracks, but the frantic look on Hael’s face has me putting one foot in front of the other. Once this shit gets squared away, I’m going to call her out on that shit.

Life is too fucking short not to get all the answers, but right now isn’t the time to

chat. I need to figure out what the fuck is going on between my head and my heart.
From my thought process, I think they are on the same page.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Henley

Hauling ass into church, Hael huffs behind me as he sits next to me. Ruel has his laptop fired up and clicking away.

“Men, Blood Reapers contacted us. They are anticipating nearly double the number than what they originally planned.”

“What’s the cause?” One of the guys asks from the back of the room. Rolling my eyes, I keep my sarcasm to myself.

“They are infamous for taking down child trafficking rings. It’s been a while since they have had any contact from what I remember, but Shark has been pressing heavily on the issue recently,” Hael answers smoothly, not skipping a beat to inform him that if he were listening to any of the other damn meetings, he would know.

“You mentioned getting me pulled into this. I thought we agreed that you and I would stay back to man the fort,” I add.

“Ah, yeah. Where is Deimos?” Hael calls out, squinting his eyes and looking at the sea of men. The man himself raises his hand, the colorful tattoos lining his body allow him to pop out in the crowd. “You will work with Ruel to gain exact information. Location, time frame, ammunition counts, the whole thing. Henley, I need you to figure out who is all going to go and what groups they will ride in. While we are out, we need to make a couple of runs.”

“You want to make a fucking run?” I ask lowly, the frustration easily pushing through my voice. He doesn’t comment on it, instead moving on to logistics.

“According to Shark, there are two separate compounds that they are planning on hitting. He needs half and half, which is where our double numbers come into it. When Deimos can figure out what that looks like, we can split our numbers accordingly.”

I don’t comment, instead waiting for everything to blow over.

Everything suddenly becomes clear as day for me, and the fact that I have to leave Elodie behind, even for a short period, has my anxiety rising through the roof. Fuck, should I be worried about my blood pressure at this rate?

I need to figure out who is going to stay behind, and who is going to work at both of the clubs while we spare men. I need to get more collateral information regarding the ring we are collaboratively working with.

Too much shit, and not enough brain space for it.

Rising out of my chair, I don’t wait for the end of the meeting to get started. Walking quickly to my office, I get started on figuring out shipment schedules and when the runs need to be. Fuck, I don’t even know where these compounds are. How the hell do they expect me to get shit done?

A soft knock on my door has me stopping. “What?” I call and immediately regret it when a soft voice calls back, “nevermind.” Long strides to the door and I yank it open to see my sweet bunny on the other side.

“I’m sorry, bunny,” I murmur, grabbing her hand and dragging her into the room. “Hael has us working on a lot of shit right now, and I can’t even think straight. Did

you need something?”

“No...I just wanted to make sure you were okay. You flew up the stairs and right past me. Definitely looked like you were ten feet deep inside of your own head.” A small smile casts her lips as I band my arm around her waist and drag her over with little resistance. She is caught off guard, but that doesn’t stop her quip. “Oh, careful not to pull a muscle, old man.”

“My muscles are fine, baby. Plus, I definitely didn’t hear you asking me to stretch before I fucked you-”

“Okay, I concede!” She raises a single hand while waving it around, which I presume is her pretending to wave a surrender flag. “So, are you leaving? Or am I allowed to even know that?”

“Yeah, I don’t know how long I will be gone. There is a lot of shit that still needs to happen before we can hit the road, and Hael wants us to do additional things that will take time away from here.”

Her gaze drops from my eyes to my chest, her hand crushed between us turns as she runs a bright pink nail over my covered chest.

“Please just be safe, okay? I need you to come back to me.” Her voice is soft and warm, thick with emotion as her face gets red. Shit.

“Don’t cry, baby,” I mutter as I bring my other hand to the back of her head and cradle her into my chest. “I don’t know how long I will be gone, but I will be back.”

“You better come back alive, or I swear to all things living I will bring you back from the dead just to kill you again.” With a booming laugh, I hold her even tighter. I’m not even sure she can breathe at this point.

“I promise I will come back alive, don’t worry.” Pulling away, I lean down and kiss her gently. It’s soft and chaste, a slight lingering as we finally break apart. “Unfortunately, I can’t have you looking at the paperwork or knowing any real details of what’s going down, but I will let you know when the guys and I are planning to go.”

“I will take that as my cue to leave.” She gently pats my cheek before turning on her heel and leaving the room. Her ass sways as she walks away, and I definitely can’t complain at the sight.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Elodie

Sitting down on the bed, I don't wait before flopping backward and staring at the ceiling. Every day has been a breeze for Henley and me. There's not been any word from my father, no issues with either of the clubs nor has anything hit the fan for him and me personally. Him leaving to go on one of their missions? That definitely brings a giant burn to my heart. I know it's part of his job, and I don't want to complain. Yet, now that I see how fast things seem to move, I can't help but wonder if I'm fast enough for this lifestyle. He is twelve years older than me and handles it like a champ, but he has also been part of this life for a while.

Fudge, that's another thing we don't really know about one another.

We just spent nearly two weeks working through our...uh... kinks and just getting to know one another. He taught me to ride a motorcycle and taught me to ride his...well, anyway.

When it comes to clubs, I'm clueless. He hasn't talked about how long he has been here, he hasn't really talked about what he does in the club. Honestly, I only really know that he is part of a motorcycle club and that's because I deduced that information myself. If you hang out with a bunch of other dudes who all wear the same vest as you and ride motorcycles, it doesn't take a rocket scientist.

Then there is the Drenched in Sin club that I barely knew about. He and I have been there a total of three times together. All three times are my only times being there.

How long has he been a part of that club? What did that look like for him?

I'm getting far too into my own head.

Sitting up quickly, I close my eyes and take several slow deep breaths. I need to just relax for a few moments.

This drudgery of anxiety is one hundred percent based on the fact that Henley has to leave into the unknown. I don't know how many times I will say it, I know it's his job. I get that he has to do this for his club and his men, but sheesh, there's no amount of getting over it for me. I don't like him leaving one bit. Several more deep breaths and I'm ready to go.

Doing a quick braid on my hair, slipping into my shoes, and swinging my small backpack on my back, I bound down the stairs and out into the main area of the MC. Like an abandoned home, there's no one here. Well, minus the voices booming on the other side of the massive doorway that leads to the church area.

"Where are you headed off to?" Jumping three feet in the air, I nearly fall on my ass when I'm stopped by a large dude covered in colorful tattoos. "Henley mentioned something about his woman trying to sneak out."

"He is not even gone yet," I retort, my hands landing on my hips. "I can't sneak out if I'm waiting for him."

"You're absolutely trying to sneak out, your whole body is on alert," he shoots back, his brow raising.

Scoffing, I say, "you lift your brow any higher, it'll become part of your hairline." He seems genuinely indifferent to my attempt at an insult, so I move on. "Well, let's be real here. You definitely think I'm sneaking out."

“I most certainly do, little miss. Mind letting someone in on where you may be running off to? Perhaps Henley?”

“Mind telling me who you are?” I sneer, not letting up. “You think I’m going to stand here and allow another man to walk all over me?” He narrows his eyes on me before bursting out laughing.

“You look like a mad little kitten-fuck!” He hunches over after my knee connects with his go-nads. “What the fuck was that for?”

“You, the hot stranger, are refusing me to leave this compound. I feel like I’m being held captive,” I sigh, the back of my hand going to my head dramatically. Stepping over him, I continue to the door. “Now, if you will excuse me, I need to go to the store.”

He mutters something incoherent. He didn’t even have the decency to give me his name, so I don’t feel all that bad that I may have ruined his chances at having children in the future.

What? He got in my way. That’s enough for me to want to castrate him. Right?

Ugh. “Sorry,” I call out over my shoulder, feeling slightly better with myself. Hopping onto the dumping bike, I push the key into the hole and let it rumble under me. Henley didn’t say anything about me not being able to take the bike, so I may as well. Just as I go to apply the gas and release the clutch, the breeze picks up, whispering my hair around.

“Shoot,” I curse, looking back at the clubhouse with distaste. I forgot the stupid helmet on the rack due to bozo stepping in my way. Leaving without headgear is two things. One, forbidden in the eyes of the entire clubhouse as well as Henley. Two, because it’s freaking dangerous on the roads, and while I know Henley and I drive

fine, it's the other people I don't trust. The door opens, and the guy I sacked is talking into his phone as he glares at me.

Realizing that I don't have time to grab the helmet without getting tackled, I ride off.

Did Henley tell me not to leave while he is gone? Yes. He didn't say diddly-squat about leaving while he is still here. I know I'm not held captive, yet after having a small taste of freedom, I never want to be cooped up again. Should I be going out on my own? Probably not, but again, I'm a big girl. If I want to hit the shops by myself, I should be able to.

Letting the breeze fly through loose strands of hair, it brings me back to the first time I got on the bike with Henley. According to him, a helmet wasn't a top priority as getting me away from Father took top tier for him. Now, I at least have my hair french braided down my back. It doesn't matter that there aren't a lot of loose pieces, I can still feel the wind grabbing onto them and pulling as I ride freely. The hum of the bike between my thighs is soothing, almost like a small piece of the larger puzzle has been clicked into place for me. Something about getting on a two-wheel death machine has me letting loose and relaxing fully.

My leg buzzes harshly, signaling that my phone is ringing. Lack of headgear means lack of Bluetooth, so answering it isn't an option right now.

Henley can track me if he is that worried about me. With all that is holy, I can almost guarantee that he has got some sort of tracking device on me or having someone ping my cell phone. That man is far too overprotective for his own good, but that thought alone makes my heart flutter.

Everything about him has brought me strength and guidance, and given me that ability to speak out for myself. I don't even know if he knows how grateful I am to have him in my corner. Not only does he encourage me, but he is the beacon that I

need when I feel like I don't have anyone.

"No tears," I mutter to myself, thinking about how lucky I am to have gone from my father's chains to being with Henley.

Right now, I finally feel like I'm able to breathe fully.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Henley

Nothing about this makes any sense. I mean, it does, but it doesn't. While we wait for Blood Reapers, they want us to run a shipment of weapons about an hour south of the hit spot. All we have is a basic demographic for the buyers and no other information. Honestly, it sounds like one of those stupid FBI stings, but Hael assured me that wasn't the case.

"Shark got back to me, he doesn't need you guys there until tomorrow night. Your go bags need to be packed and ready to hit the road by eight in the morning, understood?" Hael barks, a swarm of nods passing around the seating. "Some of you will be assigned the rigs, others will take your bikes. You will get your assignment later today."

"I have an update on DuClaire," Ruel says, his fingers interlacing above the table.

"The floor is yours," Hael agrees.

"Upon further review, I was able to show other signs of his...connections." Ruel reaches down by his feet and grabs a brown folder filled to the brim with paper. "Elodie was promised to a known skin trader, one of Kastiloff's henchmen. Something happened, we're not entirely sure what because there's no paper trail, but that led to her deal being severed."

My stomach pinches with unease. I wonder if...

“I’m not entirely sure what happened after he called it off, I just saw that the contract was severed. Now, he’s married to another girl from the West Coast. Looking back at his record, he has three previous wives that have been found dead, cause of death varies, but all have resulted in suicide.” He uses finger quotes around suicide, probably because none of us believe it. “All of the girls were found in less than savory positions, all of them still-shotted with a husband saddened with grief. This girl is his fourth wife, who would have been Elodie. So, the main question would be, why Elodie? Why would DuClaire promise Elodie to a known skin trader?”

“Because he’s part of the trading,” Zale, our tail gunner, hisses, his eyes narrowing to slits. “There’s no other way to explain what’s happening.”

“We don’t have time for accusations right now, we need solid evidence,” Hael says with a heavy sigh. “For now, you’re dismissed.”

Glancing at my watch, it shows a quarter past eleven, and my smile stretches wide at the prospect of spending a lazy day with my Ole’ Lady. Thinking about her being around her father has my skin crawling like spiders on flesh. Why put her on the market? That part doesn’t make any sense.

Stretching my arms over my head, the joints in my shoulders and elbows crack loudly. Adjusting my back, I try to push the horrible thoughts from my head. “Shit, getting old sucks.” Hael laughs next to me, knowing all too well what I’m talking about. Neither one of us took good care of our bodies when we were younger, and unfortunate to say, I’m feeling the consequences now.

“No fucking kidding-”

“Henley!” A voice barks, immediately putting me on high alert. Zink strides over with a slight limp in his gait. “Your fucking girl kneed me in the balls and dipped. I have tried calling you twice!”

“What the fuck?” I ask, my hand flying up to get him to pause. “What do you mean she fucking dipped? Your job was to man the door, Zink, not fucking nap!”

“I wasn’t napping man, I swear!” He defends, his fingers dragging through his hair and exhaling roughly. “She came bolting down the stairs, I asked her where she was going, she said out. I asked her if you knew, then she went on a spiel about being held captive or some shit. I told her she looked like an angry kitten, then she kneed me in the fucking nuts.”

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I work to tamp down my anger. She was the one who decided to leave. He did his job to try and stop her. My bunny rabbit is suddenly turning into a Tasmanian devil.

“Did she say where she is going?”

“Nope, just booked it.” I clap him on the shoulder and make my way to the bar area. Ruel must have overheard the conversation because he is muttering to himself about getting the footage from her sneaking out. Pulling out my own phone, I call her new phone.

“Hey! You’ve reached Elodie Eryx, please leave-” I hang up the phone. A moment later, my heart slows as I realize what I just heard.

Now isn’t the time to process that, but holy fuck if it’s not being placed in my mental rolodex for later. Calling her over and over, she doesn’t answer. I don’t know if it’s because she knows her ass is grass, or if she truly doesn’t know it’s ringing.

For some reason, I don’t think it’s the latter.

“Her phone is on the move, a few of the street cams show her riding with a giant fucking smile on her face.” He tosses his phone to me from a few feet away, and I

take it.

Her sweet face, the huge grin spread across her face, has me feeling slightly guilty for not taking her out more often. She sits easily on it, and you can tell it comes naturally to her. But my heart rate picks up and practically rockets out of my body because she defied my order. She specifically did what I asked her not to, and she better be fucking prepared to not sit for several days. Fuck, she might not be able to move from the moment I leave to the moment I get back. Also, she gets another punishment for not wearing a fucking helmet. Of anything I taught her, I swear I made her promise to at least wear one of those stupid brain buckets. Anything to protect the landing if she crashed.

Tossing the phone back, I grab the keys to my own bike. “Call me when you get an exact location when she stops. Send me her most recent coordinates and which way she is headed so I can track her.”

“You got it, boss.” Ruel turns on his heel, his fingers flying across the screen of his phone. Swinging by the coat area, I grab her helmet and step onto the gravel. Before I can even reach my bike, my phone pings with two notifications, both from him. One with the most recent location then the other with the way she is going.

She has no idea what she has gotten herself into.

I hear crunching behind me, and when I turn, I see Hael with a trail of other guys behind him. Furrowing my brows, Hael throws his hands in the air and tosses his leg over his own bike.

“You didn’t think we’d let you ride off into the sunset by yourself, did you?” He calls out, his arms crossing over his chest.

Shaking my head, I scoff. “I don’t think this is a sunset ride, baby.” He cackles, his

arms waving to the other guys to hurry up their paces. Hael lifts the side of his jacket, his gun tucked tightly to his hip. “We have no idea what hell can be waiting for us right now, especially with her dad. He has not called to collect any debt, and if he were as dyer for money as we anticipated him to be, that’s pretty fucking concerning.”

I don’t respond, I just nod. My own side piece is strapped to the belt of my jeans, and it’s not going anywhere until I make it. Climbing over the seat, I lean over to the side of the bike and she purrs to life. The kickstand comes up easily as I take off out of the parking lot of the club. My brain runs a thousand miles an hour trying to determine how the fuck she is going to get punished. I mean, her ass being blistered will be a good start. Orgasm denial may also be in her very near future.

Another negative to her not telling me where the fuck she is going? I can’t stop a tornado of thoughts that slam into me. If she crashes, will someone stop to help her? Fuck, it’s not that I don’t trust her. It’s the other fucking idiots that drive on the roads who fail to see anything besides the phone in front of them. She has turned into one hell of a rider, yet getting crashed into isn’t someone a good rider can really avoid. Riding alone can also be tricky. What if someone tries to run her off the road? Tries to target her and slow down in front of her? Twisting my wrist and flexing my ankle, I drop into another gear, speeding through this town like there’s a fire behind us.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Elodie

Turning off the ignition of the bike, I swing my leg over and stand upright. I need to learn better posture while riding, my back is freaking killing me. Glancing up at the large strip mall, I take a moment to ponder how the hell I'm going to bring anything back with me. My head tips back and forth before simply just shrugging. I can almost guarantee that Henley will be here at some point. If he comes, then the slew of his buddies will also join the rally. Hopefully one of them will bring a truck.

I pull my backpack higher up my back, readjusting when a weird, prickling feeling hits the back of my neck. Almost like someone is watching me. Glancing around the parking lot, I take my time to assess everything around me. No weird creeper vans, no signs giving out free puppies or luring me in for candy. The feeling of being watched subsides. A deep breath in and out is just what I need as I keep moving. Stopping just makes me a prime target for anyone, or so Henley told me not too long ago when he was teaching me to ride.

Letting off the gas, I smile brightly at him as I round back toward him in the concrete lot of the club.

“You are doing amazing, bunny. Just remember, when you're out riding, don't stop moving. Bikers are targets, gender doesn't matter. Fuck, that might make you an even bigger target...”

Shaking my head, I rev the small engine and bring him back to the present. “I'm

getting the hang of it. If I feel off, I won't stop. If someone tries to ram me off the road, I slow down to sike them out then speed past. You've taught me what you can."

Now, I feel like that lesson can be used for me on foot, not just on the road. The unsettling feeling is back almost as soon as I turn around. Refusing to acknowledge it, I hustle inside and attempt to seek refuge in the shopping.

Henley and I talked about my lack of wardrobe recently also, so really, I can say this outing is spurred by his idea. Sure, I'm the one who did it, but potato-potatoh.

The mall is packed full of people today, bustling around and talking loudly to one another. It's absolutely overwhelming. Having been isolated for nearly my entire life, the noises of people are close to making me spiral. Someone shrieks from the other side of the mall, and my heart slams in pure fear.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.

No.

I need to grow a backbone and figure myself out. Henley needs someone who isn't scared of every sound, someone who isn't afraid to speak their mind.

He has been amazing at letting me open up to him, giving me a safe space to decompress everything that's been put on me since I was little. If it weren't for him, I have no idea where I would be right now.

That strange feeling of being watched makes a shiver race through my body. I look around as nonchalantly as possible, but once again, I come up empty. No one seems to be staring at me like I would expect from a horror movie. Feeling around my pocket for my phone, I realize it's suddenly not there.

Whirling around, I bump into a tall man in all black. He stares down at me like I'm his prized possession. Before I can even process what's happening, his hand is over my mouth, a fist in my hair, and we're moving backward through the hall.

I flail, kicking and shrieking under his palm to catch the attention of anyone. However, through panic-stricken eyes, I don't see anyone else around me. The once-crowded area is now destitute.

Giving up isn't an option, so I try to remember the things Father taught me when I was younger if I was ever attacked. Henley wanted to wait to teach me self-defense because he wasn't planning on me being alone. I regret this outing!

When he finally stops moving, I keep wiggling, trying to make myself harder to hold. I'm also tiring myself out a lot faster than I did when I was a kid. His grumbled voice sounds shallow as if I'm under water. This is the perfect, and possibly only, time I can use his stationary position to my advantage. I move my body slightly to the side for the best shot, and I make my move.

Reeling forward, I slam my balled fist into his man parts. He lurks forward, groaning in misery with me still in his arms. "You fucking—" My elbow knocks into his gut harshly, the hand in my hair immediately releasing me as he howls out. The hand over my mouth shifts down to my neck and keeps me cradled in his bicep. I can't bite down on him, so I bring my fist up and backward, pounding it right into his nose.

That seems to do the trick.

I manage to get free, his hand barely missing me as I sprint out of his arms. "Get back here you fucking whore!" He shouts from behind me. I know for a fact that I just gave a predator a reason to chase. "Don't think your father won't hear about this!" My steps slow just barely, his words registering in my brain. What does my father have to do with this?

Those moments are crucial, and when I realize I slowed down, it's already too late. A single shot, the deafening sound of a bullet leaving its chamber echoes around me before a searing pain slams into my head just as the world goes dark.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Henley

Everything about this outing is feeling off, and I can't put my fucking thumb on it. Something in my gut is telling me that this is wrong, that she's not safe, but I don't have any information to tell me that it's anything but safe.

"Fuck!" I shout into thin air as I ride faster. At breakneck speeds, I try to remember that I'm Elodie's only family right now. Whatever is going on with her father is up in the air, and I swear if it's not resolved soon, I'm going to kill the bastard myself.

Pulling into the parking lot, I notice her bike in the far back corner. Some guy must not hear the rumble of twenty bikes coming his way as he tinkers with something on it. When we are basically on top of him, he finally looks up. A dark patch fills the crotch of his pants before he takes off. Hael sends a few of the prospects after him, letting them deal with pissy pants.

"Look," Deimos shouts as people run from the mall screaming. Terrified isn't the way to describe it. I spot several redheads, but none of them are my bunny. She's mine .

Mine.

Mine.

Grabbing the gun from my side, I run toward the place where people are leaving. One

girl grabs my arm, shaking her head and telling me to run. A prospect grabs her and makes her move along with the crowd. Looking back, Hael, Deimos, Zale, and a few other guys are my flank. I give a simple nod of appreciation before busting through the doors, fighting against the crowd of people trying to get out still. There's no point in trying to hear where she might be with the chaos behind us. Hael points in one direction. Half of the group goes with him, and the other half follows me in the opposite direction. Scanning the entire first level on my end, there's no sign of her anywhere. Frustration eats the surface of my brain as a war is waged within me.

Thoughts of her sprawled out on the dirty floor with blood draining from her body flash behind my eyes. Terror that I have never felt before has me gagging on air, threatening to throw up. I don't know who does it, but someone smacks my back so hard that I'm forced to breathe.

"There," Deimos whispers, pointing to a dark area with the security bars pulled down. The voices are muffled but I see her. The fiery dark-haired female that managed to turn my entire world upside down with the thought of her being dead.

A tall male grapples with her as she fights against his hold. Sprinting toward the room, I can't find a way in. It's pure glass encased around them, the bars merely a measure to keep people from entering if the glass is broken.

Raising the pistol, I try several times to take aim, but with her flailing so harshly, there's no way I will be able to get a clean shot. Busting through this glass could be detrimental to her well-being, especially since I don't know what his other hand holds. I only see the one over her mouth. If he has a gun to her back, he could fire it off when I break the glass.

"What do we do?" I croak. I can admit that my brain isn't fully functioning right at this moment. Being Vice, I always put my team first. My club comes before myself, but this time, I need them to do the same for me. They aren't here to disappoint

either.

“Elodie seems to be fighting him,” Cahir mutters, watching my female with awe. Turning to look at her, she uses a basic move that we teach all the women. It’s a basic three-step technique that could have one or two add-ons if needed. Elodie manages to get herself free and runs toward us. The man is quick to recover, but I take the moment to aim my shot. I can’t tell if she can see us or not, yet I hope she doesn’t see what I’m about to do. Except, before I can even pull the trigger, another gunshot echoes through the nearly quiet barrier around us. Glass goes flying in every direction, spraying the unfamiliar male and Elodie in their wake. He manages to tackle her to the ground, his hands wrapped tightly around her throat as her mouth hangs open.

I can’t tell if she’s conscious or not, but I don’t give a fuck.

Not hesitating for another second, I fire off a single round that lands straight between his eyes. Should I have taken the least intrusive approach and gotten him back to the club for questioning? Maybe. But all I saw was red.

Sprinting toward my bunny and the dead guy, I use my boot to shove him off of her before cradling her head in my hands. Glass rips into my jeans, piercing my skin under, as I situate us on the floor, yet the pain is minor to the one in my chest. Her eyes are closed, blood coating her pale skin which pushes the adrenaline through my veins and turns into straight panic.

“She will be alright boss,” Cahir says next to me, his fingers pressing down on the pulse of her neck. “Your girl has a strong pulse, and when she’s upright again, you can give her the punishment she deserves for scaring us all to hell like that.”

Arguments are out the window right now because all I can think about is how fucking grateful I am that she is alive.

I'm not sure who I fucked in my past or did a good deed for, but there are no words or feeling to describe the all-consuming need I have for her.

"I'm going to fucking chain you to my bed," I grumble as I bend down to kiss her messy hair. "You're going to be in so much fucking trouble once I know you're okay." Her eyes blink open, they are obviously unseeing.

"I'm fine," she groggily croaks but it's a damn lie. Her head is on my lap, and I can hear her fucking heart pounding out of her chest from a short distance away. After a moment of her just breathing, she tries to sit up.

Putting my hand on her forehead, I keep her placed exactly where she's at. "Absolutely not," I grumble. She doesn't fight me, instead letting out a sigh of relief before her body goes limp again.

"I will call the other guys," Cahir says as he pulls out his phone and steps away.

I don't take my eyes off her, instead watching the rhythmic rise and fall of her chest with each inhale of air. Seeing for myself that she is, in fact, okay makes putting oxygen into my lungs a little easier.

"What were you thinking?" I question, my tone tight and angry. I don't even attempt to dispel the disdain. I'm pissed. I'm hurt. Most of all, I feel like I almost lost my other half, my reason for living. Today put a shift in things for me today, and now I know, everything needs to be set in stone.

Now.

Alarm bells start going off in my head, the plans slowly formulating as I stare down at her.

It's now or never.

“Oh bunny,” I smile and click my tongue. “You thought you were in a gilded cage before...”

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Henley

“Is everything set up?” I ask as I hold Elodie’s hand in mine. “Was there anything else that needed to be done?”

“I believe so, everything is in order,” he acknowledges as he checks off things on his clipboard. He takes a moment to regard me and sends an obvious glare my way.

“We don’t pay you for dirty looks, doc,” I sneer. He doesn’t say anything back and after a few moments of holding his gaze, he looks away. “Either do the fucking job that we hired you for, or I will get someone else to do it.”

The chambering of a new round catches Doc’s attention. Turning, he makes direct eye contact with Cahir then the barrel of the gun Cahir has pointed at him. He returns my gaze, his face drained of all color.

“Are you threatening me?” He asks shakily, the fear coating his entire being.

“Only if I have to,” I answer honestly. Doc doesn’t answer for several long moments, his eyes jumping from me to Elodie and back, then looking at Cahir and the gun. His resolve hardens, the only affirmation we get is a single nod. “How long do I have before she wakes up?”

“You have about forty-eight hours. The blow to her head was already fairly traumatic. I believe keeping her in an induced coma for the next two days will help

take the pressure off her brain,” he sniffs, his nose heavily upturned as he tries to explain himself.

“Whatever helps you sleep at night,” Cahir laughs as he waves the gun to the side. “Get to it, doc .”

He doesn’t wait any longer before grabbing the single syringe from his coat pocket. Unscrewing the cap, he closes the nozzle into the hydration drip and pushes the white substance in. It courses through the clear pipeline. Seconds later, the saline is washed out by the midazolam. Doc watches the monitors beeping around her, the numbers remaining consistent as he finishes the syringe.

“This dose will get her started. Since we aren’t sure of her allergies, I don’t want to start a full drip. I will be back in about thirty minutes to check in with you, and see if there are any side effects.” He tells me what I should look out for, what to expect for the next coming days. After he gets through the side effects, I zone out.

I only have forty-eight hours to get everything done. Two days from now to enact how I plan to keep her and make her mine.

“If she’s good in thirty, I will officially start the drip line.” With that, he turns on his heels and tries to bypass Cahir. Cahir, being the tried and true enforcer he is, steps in Doc’s path.

“You better be coming back in thirty,” Cahir says, his voice low. “Exact.”

With an audible swallow, Doc nods. “I will set a timer.”

Cahir stares at him for another moment before stepping out of his way. “Good. See you soon, big guy.” Doc doesn’t take any more time before running out of the door.

Hael walks through the door, damn near getting run over by Doc. “What’s his deal?” He thumbs over his shoulder, eyeing Elodie on the bed. “Nevermind him. How is she?”

“Alive,” I grumble. I keep my hand holding onto hers tightly as I run the other through my hair.

“Talk to me,” Hael commands quietly, but the cogs in my brain are spinning so fucking fast I can’t grasp onto any of the thoughts. Turning my gaze back onto her, I can’t stop the words from tumbling out.

“I want to marry her.” Resolute. That’s exactly how I feel once the words are out there. “She won’t get another opportunity to run like that again. She is mine , and I will do everything in my fucking power to make sure she gets it through her thick head.”

Hael sits opposite of me, his legs crossing as he leans back. “What are you planning?”

“You want to get ordained?” More fucking word vomit. Cahir cackles from his perch on the wall, but Hael and I both see that I’m not joking. Something about the unconscious woman in front of me barely being alive isn’t a joking matter.

“Sure, I will see if Ruel can get me onto one of those pay-to-play ones,” he shrugs like it’s no big deal. “When are you planning on doing this?”

“I mean, how fast do you think you can get ordained?”

“Don’t you want to wait for her to wake up?” Cahir asks though he doesn’t sound concerned. More curious than anything.

“If I wait until she wakes, she has the option to say no,” I explain, and whatever they see on my face must show that I’m not wavering from this. “She didn’t give me the chance to say no when she took off, so here we are.”

“Why?” Hael asks, not moving from his seat. His gaze doesn’t drift either. He makes sure that we are eye to eye before continuing. “What is so pressing about keeping her connected to you that you want to rush this?”

“You were there!” The tension leaks from me as I get worked up over that night. “The way her father treated her, the shit that went down. He hasn’t come to us for the transfer, not even brought it up with Ruel.”

“I’m going to need you to spell it out for me, Henley.” Hael and I sit in silence as he waits for me. Nothing about this moment is easy for me. The thoughts of her getting hurt are something that constantly linger, a daily anxiety that will put me into an early grave if I can’t get it under control.

“She has no semblance of self-protection, doesn’t understand the dangers of our world.”

“That’s not it,” Cahir speaks up, and I move my glare from Hael to him. “I’m sure that’s a factor, but not it .”

Red-hot anger threatens to course through me at the thought of something happening to Elodie.

“You weren’t there to see it,” I scoff, too many emotions bubbling up inside of me. Gently planting a soft kiss on Elodie’s hand, I stand to pace. “The way her father treated her, I wouldn’t be shocked if he was involved in the skin trades.”

“Quit speaking in fucking tongues,” Cahir snaps.

“Before we went to the house, DuClaire asked my opinion on arranged marriages, I didn’t really give him an answer. All I know is that Ruel did some work and knew that he was built with an empire around him. Or, so I thought. Elodie was supposed to be married off to him, then something happens and here she is? Elodie is bunny, we don’t know when she was going to supposedly be married, but that’s not a coincidence. I can’t...” my voice breaks, the stupid emotions of what could have happened well in my chest and force their way up my throat.

“You’re scared,” Hael says softly, the realization dawning on him. “Everything that happened, the shit that’s gone down, her damn near being kidnapped...you’re terrified of losing the one person who has been able to look at you without flinching.”

“That’s a little harsh,” Cahir murmurs as his eyes bounce between me and Hael.

“I’m right, and he knows it.” Hael doesn’t look at Cahir, only keeping me in his line of sight. “Is this really what you want to do? If it is, I’m here for you. When Elodie wakes, she is going to be pissed, to say the least.”

“I’m sure.” Staring at Hael, he realizes I’m resolute in my disposition. “I don’t think I have ever been more sure than anything in my fucking life.”

After staring into my fucking soul, he claps his hands and stands. “I guess I better get started on getting ordained.” He turns on his heel and walks out the door. Cahir stands and stares at where Hael just left before busting out laughing.

“That shit was way too fucking serious,” he laughs, but I can’t stop staring at Elodie. “What do you need from me?”

“I need you to stay with her. If she ends up waking up, I don’t want her to be alone. Plus, someone needs to keep an eye out if she has an allergic reaction. I have some shit I need to take care of shit before she wakes up.”

He nods as I lean down and kiss her forehead softly, the bright purple bruise hiding in her hairline cementing my decisions. Everything I do is for her, and I am not changing that now. So, as I turn on my heel to leave the room, I hold no regrets.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Henley

Several hours later, I have everything I need. Cahir let me know right after I left that Doc was starting the official drip and would let me know if anything changes. After that, I was on my own.

Now, as I walk the halls of the club to get to the medical wing, my thoughts are haywire.

Maybe this isn't the greatest of ideas, but if I want to keep her safe, I will do what I have to. Even if that means making her hate me. As long as she is safe, I can handle anything else.

Opening the door, Doc is there checking her vital signs while Cahir scrolls through his phone. "How is she?" I ask as I put the small bag of stuff on the bed.

"She's good, no concerns from what I have seen. Tala and a few of the other girls are coming by in a few minutes to get her ready." Letting out a small sigh of relief, that's another piece that I don't have to worry about. "Did you get it?"

I hold up the small bag of stuff, a satisfied smirk on my face. "Sure did, just need to sterilize it." He smacks his hands on his knees and jumps to his feet.

"I'm going a little stir-crazy, so I have no problem doing it for ya." I go to deny him, but he's already sweeping the bag from my hand and dashing out the door. I chuckle

at his quick escape, the man not having any clue how to stay still. He's the kind of guy that is always on the go, not that I could blame him. When I was his age, I did that too. Now, on the other hand, I had a gorgeous woman brought into my life by some form of higher power. I won't let her go, no matter the circumstances.

The small box sits heavily in the pocket of my jeans. The corner jabs me with each step, but it remains as a reminder as to why I'm doing what I'm doing.

"I hope you don't hate me, sweetheart," I whisper as I sit next to her and bring her small hand to my lips. For some reason, the pressing need to clarify brings the next words out of my tight throat. "You ran off without me, and I thought you were leaving. You were almost killed today, could have been if you didn't fight so well. Elodie, you have no idea the lengths I will go to protect you, and when you wake up, I will be there to ensure you know that I'm not going anywhere. You aren't going anywhere. Whatever I need to do, I will do it." Barely standing, I plant a gentle kiss on her pale pink lips, her breathing even, and her chest rising and falling with each breath. The monitor next to her beeps rhythmically as I sit and watch.

"She's safe," Zale says while calling me out on staring at her. "The good thing about having her in a coma is that she's not going to go anywhere unless we move her." He comes to sit in the chair next to me, his large body barely fitting in the slim seat.

"Fuck off," I grunt. He chuckles softly but doesn't say anything else for a long time, his eyes dragging over her sleeping form. Normally when someone stares at my woman, I have the immediate urge to kill them. Zale, on the other hand, doesn't invoke that feeling. Instead, he sits back and watches her like the anomaly she is.

"Hael let me know that there would be a wedding happening soon?" I nod to answer his question, words not enough to express just how conflicted I really feel over it. "If this is the way you believe is going to keep her safe, then by all means, we support you. If my woman did that shit, she would be barefoot and pregnant before she had

the chance to decline anything.” Something about his statement drives me up the wall. At least I know I’m not the only one that’s fucked in the head.

“Wait,” I pause and look at him over my shoulder. “When did you and Hael start talking again?” A few months ago, something went down between them. We’re not exactly sure what and neither one of them has decided the rest of us need to be privy to it. Either way, it was almost a house divided for a while there. We’ve all gotten back on solid ground but we all just know that those two aren’t to be kept in the same room for a while.

Zale looks uncomfortable with my catch, but he doesn’t stop me from asking. A dark crimson spreads over his cheeks which only brings more questions to the forefront of my head.

“We aren’t really talking. Since you’re technically our boss, he felt everyone needed to know that you might be...indispensable for a while.” Shaking my head, I turn away from him once again. “If you need a witness, I can do it.” His offer means a fuck more than he realizes.

“Yeah, Elodie and I would like that.”

A bustling from outside the room has us both standing on guard. Three girls bust into the room with no shame, glaring at us as they take us in.

“Out,” Tala barks, her finger pointing to the door directly behind her. Zale and I both take that queue, and we book it out of there. The door slams and hits Zale on the ass, his yelp of surprise has me cackling.

“Did you see that massive bag?” He gawks, staring at the barrier between us and them. “That thing needed fucking wheels. Wheels, Henley!”

“It probably has everything they need to get my girl ready for her big day.”

Zale opens his mouth to say something back, probably a sarcastic remark when Hael turns the corner and sees us. Instead of making the remark, Zale’s mouth slams shut, his muscles tensing under his shirt.

“Text me when you need me to come back.” With that, he’s off. I don’t try to stop him. There’s no way I’m going to sit here and be in the middle of this awkward bullshit.

Hael watches him leave, a weird longing in his eyes that I can’t quite decipher. After a moment, he turned back to me. “Did you get it?” Swallowing thickly, I dig out the small box and show him.

With a low whistle and nod, he smiles brightly. “You did good, man. If she’s pissed when she wakes up, the rock on her finger might make her a little less mad.”

“That’s not fucking helpful,” I grumble out, snapping the box closed and putting it back.

“I’m officially ordained, so I presume that is helpful. When are we going to get this shindig rolling?”

“You didn’t just fucking say shindig ,” I harrumph. “You’re aging us and you don’t even realize it.” He laughs at me as he shoves his hands into his pockets.

“Whatever. Are we doing this or what?” Glancing at the shut door, I can’t help but feel like everything is falling into place exactly as it needs to.

Not even two hours earlier, Doc assisted in moving her to our bedroom where she sleeps deeply. He was adamant that nothing would wake her with the medications

rolling through her system. He also made it clear that anything could happen and she would be none the wiser.

She tested my limits, now I'm going to test hers.

A raw, uneasy ache still touches me when I think about everything I'm doing. On one hand, I have no remorse for keeping her safe. The second I met her, I knew I would take a bullet to the heart to keep her safe. Even if that means trapping her.

On the other hand, I know that if I were in her shoes, I would likely wake up and kill me. Thankfully, the roles aren't reversed, and I have time to figure out what the fuck I'm going to do.

Instead of thinking too far into everything, I stare at my beautiful woman, the one I'm now lucky enough to call my wife. She may be hard-pressed about it, but I sure as hell could never be mad at this. I knew there was only one way to keep her safe, and I succeeded in doing that.

"You are now pronounced man and wife. You may kiss your bride," Hael says dramatically.

Leaning down to kiss her soft, sweet lips. Everything went as well as it could have, including Cahir bringing the bag of freshly cleaned items back and the girls working their magic on my sweet bunny. Now, she just needs to take everything I give her. Pulling away only slightly, I bring my lips to her ear and whisper.

"You're mine now."

Henley

Everyone cleared out of the room about twenty minutes ago, but I can't stop staring. Everything about her is perfect. The soft waves of her hair that form a halo around her head, the gentle in and exhale of her breath as she calmly sleeps.

The twisted part of me knows that she lay there, helpless. She would want me, and I know that she will be accepting once she realizes why I'm doing this.

My cock jumps in my jeans at the thought of taking her raw, knowing that nothing is stopping us from the consequences. Palming myself, I undo the button and let the fly unzip. I'm so hard that the steel teeth bite right into my sensitive flesh.

"You're so fucking gorgeous," I mutter. Bringing my cock out from my pants, cupping my balls out also, I tighten my fist around myself. "God, I can't wait to feel you." Toeing off my boots, I shove my jeans to the ground and step out of them, pumping my length in my hand.

I have to let go to get my shirt off, but the second it's over my head, I'm back to touching myself. Her sweet, lush body lay completely still, the medicine working her system to keep her knocked out. Her dress is ruffled slightly, and when I lift it to inspect her, she's already wet.

"You aren't even awake and you're ready for me," I growl, my fingers rubbing along her soft lower lips before slowly pushing a single digit inside. "Fuck, my cum is going to paint your insides so thoroughly you will be stuck with me forever."

Her dress hitches around her relaxed hips as I push her legs apart for my pleasure. She doesn't stir, her heavy breaths are the only indication that she's alive.

Leaning over her body, I drag the head of my cock over her clit, circling the small bundle of nerves before pushing. Her warm, narrow channel shoots pleasure up my spine as it swallows me deeply.

"Fuck, bunny, you're tight, even unconscious," I grunt, pulling away before sliding further inside. "You will grow heavy for me, carry a mixture of us for me, and I'll be the doting husband you need." The shit spewing from my mouth is partly delusional, but there's no other option for her. She either marries me and carries my offspring, or dies without a trace. Frankly, I'll take the former. I would rather her anger than her six feet under.

Suddenly, almost as if she isn't unconscious, her pussy flutters around me. Satisfaction radiates through my core and up my spine even after barely a few strokes inside of her. Nothing can compare to hearing her screams of ecstasy, but knowing that she might be carrying our DNA? It'll get the job done.

"Fuck," I call out, as I hammer into her faster. My balls draw tightly to my body as I come so hard, stars dance behind my eyelids. I grab the bag of freshly sanitized items and dig around, barely managing to find the one I'm looking for. Bright blue and yellow, the swirled silicone plug drops heavily next to me on the bed. I quickly slide out, shoving the plug where I just was stuffed inside of her.

"You have no fucking idea what you started."

Twelve rounds of fucking in the last twelve hours, and I swear my cock should be broken, but it isn't. Cum leaking from her hole is normal, even with the plug. Any droplets not inside of her are a waste, not doing their job. When the light glints just right and see some leaking, my body surges forward while demanding I take action. Demands are met in full, my seed coating the inside of her channel with abandon.

There will be nothing left of me if this continues. Something I am perfectly okay with.

Pulling the blanket over us both, I run my fingers over her naked arm. My perfect bunny continues to lay so still, so unaware.

Doc warned me not even an hour ago that my stimulation would wake her up a lot faster than the forty-eight-hour timeline I was given. Jokes on him, her waking up mid-thrust might just be a little fantasy for me. Imagining her fighting back, clawing her nails down my back while she pretends that she is surprised by my inhibitions.

Cock jumping, I shake my head to get the thoughts away. He also indicated that her body would need a break, one that I'm not keen on giving but know that she needs it. It's been at least two hours since I last forced her to take my cum.

"Henley..." a whisper in the air and I freeze, the fingers that were grazing her barely flesh stop mid-stroke. "Please."

"What do you need," I murmur back, my head leaning down to kiss her temple.

"You." Her response is breathy and needy. A tone that I am more than happy to comply with. I reach between her thighs to release the plug from its job as she attempts to grind on my hand. Soft, delicate moans release from her mouth to dance in the air around us, her head tilting ever-so-slightly toward me.

I don't hesitate. Rolling, I prop myself between her spread legs, my ready cock nudging at her entrance. Puffy and red, her lower lips glisten as I use the head of my length to probe inside.

"Yes," she sighs, her body suddenly going still. Blinking up at me, I smile down at her with all the love I can muster.

“Good morning, sleeping beauty.” She doesn’t get a chance to respond as I slowly rear back only to slam home. Her eyes slam open, her mouth dropping into an ‘O’ as I show her no mercy. Small fingers claw the sheets around as I go harder, refusing to show her that I’m sorry. Because I’m not. Everything I have done, I would do again.

“What the-” I bend down and swallow the rest of the words that were coming from her lips. Now isn’t the time for questions. She needed to orgasm so I could finish without guilt. Pleasure wasn’t my goal with her out for the count. It definitely was a perk, but the image of her swollen and heavy with our child has me thrusting faster, harder.

“Come on my cock, bunny,” I beg, the muscles on my arms bunching beneath the surface. “Fucking milk me.”

She doesn’t stand a chance.

Pupils blown, bliss overtakes her features as her eyes go glassy. She screams her release, and her pussy clamps down on me as she moves her hips with my rhythm. Not waiting, I follow behind her quickly, letting my hot semen lash her cervix in hopes of it sticking.

Make that thirteen attempts in the last fourteen hours.

Her entire face remains lax with pleasure, the heaviness behind her eyes forcing her to flutter them closed.

“I have missed you, sweet girl.” A small, easy smile graces her lips as she rolls into my side. Well, attempts to, anyway. The I.V. stops her from moving fully, and when she ends up scratching herself, she pauses.

“No fucking way,” she says while staring at her left hand with her mouth back open, this time in shock instead of pleasure. “What is that?”

“What do you think it is?” I ask incredulously. She knows exactly what it is.

“You didn’t even ask?” She questions the tone in her voice more hurt than anything else.

“Did you ask me when you decided to run away?” She gapes at me, her face now filling with rage. That’s more like it.

“Are you my dad now? I don’t need to ask you for fucking permission!” She tries to sit up but nearly passes out again. Easing her back onto the pillow, I tuck her into my side. With minimal struggle on her part, I wrangle her still.

“No, I’m not, but with the attempts I’ve been making over the last day, I’ll be someone’s soon,” I smirk. She furrows her brows at me in confusion before the light bulb clicks.

“You fucking didn’t.”

“Oh, I fucking did.” We stare at one another, neither one of us giving in. Finally, after several long moments, she sighs and looks away.

“I hate you,” she grumbles while sneaking peeks at the diamond on her finger.

“No, you don’t,” I deny, grabbing her left hand and bringing the soft, pale skin to my lips.

“No,” she shakes her head, looking up at me with both wonder and fury. “I don’t.”

“I love you, bunny,” I finally admit, the crack in my chest pouring out for her. “You’re mine to love and have, and I refuse to stand by while you die. I did what was best for us. You can scream and be angry with me, but you’ll come to understand in due time.”

She looks away, not saying anything. Not wanting to rush her, I stare at the side of her head while she ponders in thought.

“What now?” She asks, the question barely louder than a whisper. That question is heavy. So fucking heavy that a deep breath doesn’t even help me.

“Now, we plan you a real wedding and try to figure out why the fuck your father wanted to kidnap you.”