



# Truth (BLP Motorcycle Clubs #15)

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**Category:** Urban

**Description:** Mercilyn “Merci” Dubois has spent years saving people from fires but can’t escape the constant fire that appears in her dreams. Burdened by survivor’s guilt after her sister dies in their childhood home from a fire, she abandoned the concept of love. She felt she didn’t deserve it since it was her sister’s story—her sister’s dreams. To make matters worse, her younger brother becomes entangled with the likes of the Saint Riderz MC, a local biker club that is nothing but a distraction to her brother in her eyes.

Emric Truth Saint has spent most of his life as the face and head of the Saint Riderz protecting everyone, including his siblings. After an unfortunate event that almost kills his sister, his escape from guilt comes from the one person who despises the club—Merci.

Despite their mutual disdain for each other, Merci and Truth can’t seem to leave each other alone, especially when he now must protect her as well. The more they fight their attraction, the harder they fall for each other... which may be to their own demise.

**Total Pages (Source):** 16

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“You can’t beat me, Brick.” He kissed his teeth, his chest inflated with clenched fists. “You can try though. Maybe if you lay off three rumblers a day and shit and you can.” Rumlbers were good for business and even better for the appetite of a Saint who wanted a good time. Brick, though, took that shit to another level.

“This nigga,” Breeze, my best friend, chimed in.

“The fuck you’re grinning for, Breeze? Truth beats your ass too,” Brick released.

Breeze sat on his bike with a faint grin, nodding his head. Truth was, he let me. We both knew Breeze was better, faster but he was humble and didn’t like to boast unlike Brick’s whiny ass.

For the most part, we both were used to Brick pouting like a fucking kindergartner, especially Breeze. So he let him have that as we waited to ride out with the Saint Riderz. Our father, Beast, had a meeting but he was running late or some shit. We’d been putting in work like the rest of the brothers as we earned our spot. It didn’t matter we were Beast’s sons. Shit, if anything, he required us to go harder which included Breeze.

Breeze rose and made his way toward us with a Cheshire grin on his face.

“B?” He lightly slapped Brick on his chest with the back of his hand. “How much you willing to lose? I let my bitch on wheels talk for me, but I can indulge in your bruised little ego. Let me know if you’re hurting for some cash. Maybe me and my bitch will go easy on you.”

“Nigga, please,” he spat with slitted eyes as Breeze lifted both hands. Shit, I spoke too soon. Breeze was with the shits and had called Brick out.

I glanced in admiration of Breeze’s Yamaha bike he’d recently bought. It had a fresh paint job, black and yellow with the Saint Riderz initials painted on it. Our symbol, the lion head, rested underneath it since Beast was the king of this MC shit.

That shit was nasty too, cleaner than a motherfucker. I was proud of Breeze. While Brick was flashy and preferred a bigger bike you could hear damn near miles away, his shit was heavier. Heavier cost him when it was time to hit a corner at a moment’s notice.

“Fuck all that. Let’s do this.”

The other Saint Riderz that sat around us in front of the clubhouse laughed. They found us congregating outside like most days, the youngest of the Saint Riderz funny, with Jake leading the brothers.

“Aye, Beast told y’all about that,” he spoke. “Y’all compete against other motherfuckers. Inside the family, we lift each other up.”

“Who says we’re not?” I probed, watching Breeze suppress his smile.

“This one’s sour damn face.” He gripped Brick’s shoulder who grunted. “And you, put your fucking money up or shut up. Ain’t you tired of these two calling you out and winning?” Breeze tittered as Brick’s lips grew into a tight slit. That fucking Jake could be a shit starter at times, but he loved us like we were his own sons.

I stood up before Brick took it too far. He was a hothead, eager to react. We were just fucking with him although he did need to get his money up at the rate he ran through those rumblers. Most of them worked for the Saint Riderz in some capacity from the

bar and our underground brewery to the grocery store. It wasn't big in comparison to major stores elsewhere, but it was big to the community of Rockside. We took care of our own. Beast made sure of that.

"Uncle Jake, you trying to stop me from getting this win? You know if he stomps off like a little crybaby, I can't take my victory lap," I jested.

"Cry?" He waved me off and Breeze laughed. Brick was sensitive. He just pretended he wasn't. Before I could fish out my money and put it on Breeze, a roaring sound of an engine was heard from behind us. We turned around and there Logan came barreling toward us on his bike.

"I tried to stop him, Jake! I did!" he hollered, his chest heaving. "He's on his way to see Cinco. A few brothers are with him but it don't look good."

"The fuck?" Jake replied. "Where are they? We have a meeting here." He clenched his fists and shook his head. "Ain't this a bitch."

"Pine Road." I looked at Jake and the others. Pine was no one's territory but also where deals were made, mostly on how to stay in our fucking lane. "I tried to stop him though. He wouldn't listen."

The fuck was Beast on Pine Road? That was mutual territory but what I heard in Jake's voice didn't sound like mutual shit was about to go down. Beast was about to stand on his fucking name. I just wasn't sure how I felt about it.

"The fuck you mean you tried to stop him? The moment you rode out with his ass, that's when you should have rallied us up, Lo. Fuck!" Jake looked at me and Brick, his teeth pressed against his bottom lip then back at Jake.

"Fuck this shit," Logan muttered. "I'm headed back, and I answer to Beast. Not you."

You plan on getting your panties out your ass or what? Beast needs us.”

“Thought we been took care of that shit.” His slitted eyes quickly skirted toward me, Brick and Breeze. I had no clue what that meant but I was ready, hopping on my bike.

“Yeah, me too. Cinco’s overstepped or some shit. Had to but Beast needs us, Jake,” Logan pleaded. Like Jake, he looked worried.

“Stay here,” Jake ordered us. “Hold shit down at the clubhouse, watch the prospects. We’ll race when we get back.”

“Naw, I’m?—”

“Truth, it’s handled. I promise you. Can’t say much right now, but Beast would kill me if something happened to you boys.”

I wasn’t a fucking boy. I was a man, a fucking Saint and the son of Beast. “I see that look. Stand the fuck down,” he warned through gritted teeth before he looked away. “Please,” he added softly. “Or you want Beast fucking me up too?”

I didn’t but I also wanted to prove I wasn’t a pussy. When Marco stood and gripped my shoulder with dipped brows, I nodded my head. He and Jake were the enforcers, Logan too. For him to come and round them up meant shit was serious.

Jake whistled, waving the Saints over to him.

“Follow us to Pine but follow our lead. Beast is meeting up with that bitch, Cinco. I guess this DP shit has gotten the fuck out of hand.”

“Jake? We need to go, man.” I saw the concern in Jake’s face grow intense from his crowded brows and tight lips, even heard the trembling in his voice. Something was

off and he wasn't happy about it.

"Fuck that! We're going too!" Brick spat, hopping on his bike.

"The fuck did I say?" Jake seethed. "Go home... all of you, and see about Gen and Alix. He'll be fine. I put that shit on my life. You understand?"

He looked at me, my chest heaving as I fought hard to follow his instructions. If someone fucked with a Saint, they fucked with all of us.

"Gen and Alix," he repeated, looking at me. "Go home."

I looked at Breeze. I knew that look. He was on whatever I was on as he slid on his bike. Brick had already taken off with a trail of dust spiraling in the air. He was pissed but I trusted Beast's life with our brothers.

"Son, your father would want you safe." I nodded but I knew whatever it was had to be serious. We didn't fuck with the Dice Pound at all. Had no reason to unless something changed. I couldn't call my mother. She was at home still nursing our baby brother, Alix. If anything, Beast would have to deal with her ass.

"Saints, family first!" Jake belted, one fist pumped in the air. "Fuck the rest as long as we do what?"

"Live to see another day!" we all replied. He looked at Logan with clenched jaws. "If he does something stupid, I'm fucking you and Beast up." He pulled me in and hugged me. "No matter what, we stand behind our prez. No time for second guessing, Truth. You hear me? Go home."

"Yeah." I grunted, feeling rage that brewed on the inside as I watched them hop on their bikes. Breeze slapped my shoulder and lifted a brow. That meant fuck all that.

No one was touching Beast and I not be there to get in on that shit. Once they hit the end of the street and hooked a left, Breeze revved up his engine. I slid on my helmet and started my shit up.

“You’re ready?” I asked.

“Fuck yeah.” We fist bumped before we took off.

As we went in the opposite direction, we hit a dirt road that was a longer route but less traffic. I could barely think as the dust and uneven gravel underneath the wheels made me hold steady the faster we went. Breeze zipped past me and not because he was showing out. He loved Beast, probably more than I did. He took him in when his aunt discarded him years ago. A scrawny fucker who was picked on by the neighborhood. The motherfucker could run, earning him the name, but he kept that same energy when it came to pushing his bitch on two wheels.

“Over there!” he hollered, pointing to the right. We hit the corner and there they were. On one side the Dice Pound, the other my family, my brothers and my father, Emric “Beast” Saint.” I saw the look on Jake’s face, but I didn’t give a fuck. If he thought I wasn’t coming, he shouldn’t have fucking thought. When an engine roared to my left, there was Brick. My man.

He hopped off his bike, and together, all three of us made our way to where they stood. From afar, I could see Cinco’s bitch ass. He was chuckling, his hands on each hip, but when he spit at our father’s feet, I knew shit wouldn’t be sweet.

I heard Logan cry out Beast’s name who lifted his heat. Within a split second, I watched as he pumped three bullets into Cinco’s chest. Before we could make it to him, five, maybe six of the Saints ran toward us. I didn’t give a fuck. My father just shot a nigga in broad daylight. It was like pandemonium as the DPs and Saint Riderz charged at each other.

“Let me the fuck gooooo!” I couldn’t see or think. All I wanted to do was get to Beast. I heard the sirens that grew closer and closer. Brick picked up a DP and slammed him on the ground. Breeze knocked one in the mouth before he grabbed another and put him in a chokehold. We were fighting for our fucking lives as I watched Beast when the cops came running with their weapons pulled.

He dropped to his knees, placed his head on the ground, spit on Cinco and waited to be cuffed. When they kicked him in the back, I collapsed to my knees. Beast pled guilty to first degree murder.

Life as I knew it was fucked up and would never be the same as I became the president of the Saint Riderz MC but also a motherless child when my mother was gunned down a few months later. I had a broken heart since I knew it had to do with something Beast had done.

I’d always love him but I didn’t like him. I had to step up and feed mouths. The OGs agreed but it didn’t make it hurt any less. My mother and father were gone, and I was being looked at to keep shit going. I would but it didn’t mean I had to like it because I didn’t it.

I wanted to kill the motherfuckers that touched my mother, but I had orders to stand down. I’ll never understand why but I did. I cut Beast off though. He was my father but he no longer was my idol.



## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“Dubois, it’s too fucking dangerous! Get back!” Kane yelled.

I couldn’t. I heard her screaming. The panic in her voice was unbearable. There was no fucking way I was going to stand by and not attempt to save her. My heart clenched so tightly I could barely breathe. I had to go in, ignoring the warnings from the others. I knew Kane would be pissed, but this is what we signed up for—to save fucking lives, not go home to our families as if leaving anyone was a normal part of our day’s work. Not on my watch. Fuck that.

“I’m going in.”

I met Kane’s narrowed eyes, challenging him. He knew well enough to know he wouldn’t win. After I released a frustrated breath, he nodded.

“Alright then.” He looked at the others, waving them closer. “Fellas, hold the water steady! Dubois is going in, and don’t let up! Keep at it!”

I pulled my mask over my face, knelt, and squeezed through the dilapidated door. Even in full insulated gear, I could feel the warmth of the surrounding heat. Flames licked at the walls, and debris crashed down from the ceiling. I couldn’t see her, but I could hear her piercing cries as they echoed throughout the inferno of flames. I forged ahead despite my pulse racing. On elbows and knees as if I was at war, I crawled through the wreckage, feeling my way through.

“I’m coming. Tell me where you are!” At least if I could hear her voice again while closer, I’d know which way to go.

“Here! Over here!” When I turned the corner where her cry for help came, I saw her. I moved quickly, climbing over wet debris that fell from the ceiling where she was near a wall. Her eyes expanded as she reached for me. With each grunt, I knew she was stuck.

“Look at me. You can do this. It may hurt for now, but I need you to focus and listen to me.”

Her tear-streaked face looked around when a beam fell. She shut her eyes tightly, covering her face with one arm.

“Hey, sweetie. We are leaving out of here together. Understand?”

She nodded, her eyes wide with fear. I pushed a portion of the wall to the left and threw my hand toward her. She immediately grabbed onto my wrist. Fuck, I felt a sharp pain rush up my arm all the way to my shoulder.

“That’s it. You think you can push with one knee and make it easier to relieve your leg?”

“I-I... shit!”

The wall behind her collapsed, forcing me to shield my face as shards of glass and sheet rock rained down even more. My hands and knees burned as I pushed forward, listening to her gasping coughs. I raked away what I could then called out to her.

“Try now. You can do it.”

Within seconds, she latched onto my wrist with both hands, allowing me to pull her closer to me.

“Don’t leave me.”

“I would never.” I touched her chin, trying to calm her. “I just need you to do exactly what I say. If you do, we’ll be eating ravioli in front of the television watching The Cosby Show by dinner.” I winked and a faint grin appeared as she nodded. “Vanessa is trying to date. We can’t miss that episode, now can we?”

“No.” She gulped air and nodded. If she passed out, things would get a hell of a lot harder.

“When I turn around and bend down, push forward until you are on my back. Once you are, hold on and don’t let go.”

She obeyed. Her arms tightened around my neck as I maneuvered us through the wreckage. Water poured in from above, soaking us as she trembled violently. She kept mumbling something, something about call Truth. I didn’t know who it was, but she’d be able to call him herself.

On my watch, no one would be left behind, even if it killed me to save them. What mattered was getting both of us out alive.

When her grip faltered, I felt her slipping. Her arm slid off my neck, and she let out a terrified scream. She begged me to leave her but fuck that. It was both of us or neither of us. That, and I needed to see if Denise gave Dwayne Wayne a shot. He was cute in a Dorky kind of way. I had no clue if she even watched The Cosby Show or A Different World, but it was something to look forward to and better than dying in a building where your remains didn’t offer you a proper burial.

“What’s your name?”

She coughed, unable to speak as the smoke around us grew denser.

“That’s okay. I’m Merci. Take my mask, and put it on. When you do, tell me yours.”  
I ducked lower then pulled it off with one hand.

She lowered her head with just enough room for me to cover her mouth. I could tell her lungs had filled up with oxygen as the trembling of her body somewhat subsided. That was a good sign. She was heavy and probably going in and out of consciousness, but we were close to the open door.

Kane, Green, and Drew called out to me.

“We’re coming! Almost there!”

I pushed forward as Kane and the others blasted water into the building. His eyes met mine. They were filled with panic. I knew I’d hear his mouth later, but he already knew how I moved. I never asked for permission. The only one who needed to forgive me was gone. That was Chelly who had been dead for years. From the womb to the tomb was only in my dreams. My reality was I’d go home, and she wouldn’t be there.

“Get them out!” Kane barked.

Green jumped into action, pulling the woman off my back. She reached for me then her lids closed before her body collapsed in his arms.

Was I too late? Did I fail her too? What the fuck?

“Ahhhhh!”

I bolted upright. My breathing was ragged as I clutched my chest. My skin was slick with sweat, and my heart raced. These nightmares were crippling and damn near debilitating. They had been for the past thirteen years. That last assignment had

rattled my fucking nerves, and I couldn't shake that encounter.

Shadow, my cat, hissed from his perch. He had no clue the enemy was inside my own damn head. I reached over and pulled him to my chest. His body relaxed, but his piercing gold eyes stayed alert, scanning the room.

"It's fucked up me, Shadow."

Rain pattered against the window, dragging me deeper into darker memories. The sky had looked like this the day of Chelly's funeral. Another reason I hadn't stayed long.

The clock read 3:00 AM. Like clockwork, my body forced me to relive that fire every single night at the same damn time. It happened even when I was at the fire station. I'd sleep in the back away from the others. Only Kane knew why, and if I didn't wake up right away, he'd come and gently climb in the twin bed and hold me until I came to.

I placed Shadow on the bed, and he hopped to the floor as I swung my legs over the side. My feet hit the cold tile, and I shuddered. Carpet wasn't an option—Shadow would tear it apart. I opened my bedroom door and nearly jumped out of my skin.

"Germ, really? I'm fine."

I wasn't, but I didn't need him worrying. Instead of calling me out, Germaine pulled me into his chest and kissed the top of my head.

"You know you don't have to pretend with me, right?"

I nodded. I never tried to pretend with him. What was the point anyway? He'd probe and probe until he wore me down.

“Same dream?”

“Yeah. Same dream. Different faces.”

“Come on, sis.”

Shadow and I followed him to the kitchen, where he was already sketching in his notebook. Therapy never worked for him, but sketching did. What started as random doodles had turned into masterpieces. His talent made him money—serious money.

I sat as he moved about the kitchen, already making chamomile and lavender tea, a natural sedative. It was better than the antidepressants I once took. Those only made me numb... too numb.

“Off until when?” he asked.

“Who knows.”

My shoulder was tight. Physical therapy had helped, but because Chief King wanted to be a bitch, I hadn’t been fully cleared. My bruises, the ones on my legs were fading, but I’d been hurt worse before. Trust me. From a broken wrist to a sprained ankle, the scars and the broken bones would heal. The ones that didn’t were the scars that took up space in my head.

“You won’t take anything for the pain, huh?”

“Nope.”

Pain reminded me I was alive. That was good and another reason why I was angry with myself. Chelly couldn’t feel shit. She never would.

Germaine shook his head. “Let me get you this tea then.”

Shadow curled up in my lap, purring as I stroked his head. He always knew when I needed comfort. Hell, sometimes it felt like Chelly’s spirit lived in him. His jet-black hair and large, round, golden eyes would see me, and my heart would skip a beat. He was a stray I found when I first moved to Rockside. I fed him half of a tuna fish sandwich after my landlord tossed me the keys and told me a refrigerator would be delivered the next day. He waited with me; he always did.

“Thanks,” I murmured.

“Any plans today?” he asked. He took a seat to finish up his latest sketch. He was too damn good just to be a tattoo artist. I refused to bring it up now but it was my dream for him to attend art school.

As of late, though, all he wanted to do was tattoos and did for the locals and bikers at his tattoo shop— Inkz . I wasn’t sure what his deal was with the Saint Riderz, but he was infatuated with them. To me, they were a gang of jerks in vests who treated women like fucking feeders solely at their disposal to screw. I’d see them around town and run the other way.

“Nothing concrete.”

Pottery was my escape. I ran into a room after I ditched therapy, and there they were. A sea of eyes greeted me as I stood there with bucked eyes. The teacher, Mrs. Hannigan, waved me over. She invited me to stay for the pottery class. Black people I knew didn’t do pottery, but when I learned it was free, I stayed.

Once I made my first piece, spinning clay on the wheel, I felt a calmness I’d never felt before. Some days, I’d spend hours at the wheel when she let me come in after hours. Other days, I couldn’t bring myself to even show up. I felt guilty I found some

enjoyment in life when Chelly felt nothing at all. Over the years, I invested in myself when I continued using pottery as my outlet. I even sold a few pieces but mostly donated what I made anonymously to burn victims at treatment facilities or hospitals.

“Nothing concrete is good news.”

“Since when?” I scoffed.

I knew he thought I was a bit on the lame side, but at least I didn’t run behind grown men who hooted and rode on bikes like savages.

“Not like that. Look.” He took me by both hands. “I need your help.”

I lifted a brow, wondering what that meant. I couldn’t draw shit. Clay was my thing.

“Help with what?”

“Fucking Zara has COVID, and Joreen’s being... Joreen. I need someone at the shop.”

I sighed with closed eyes. I thought they broke up, but clearly, they hadn’t. Like Chelly, he felt love was in the cards for him, although he was beyond friendly to the point Joreen had full blown out brawls with women who even looked his way. I wanted no parts of that shit. Still, he knew I’d do it. I always did.

“Fine, but you owe me.”

Germaine grinned. “Deal. Just... be nice. Jo might come through. You know how that is.”

I smirked. “I’m always nice.”



We both laughed when Shadow stretched across my lap, completely at ease. I wished I could be too. I wasn't. Even as I sipped my tea, I knew tonight at the same time I'd have yet another nightmare. Her face may be Chelly's or worse—the girl that I saved. Last I saw her, she was rushed off on a gurney. I couldn't bear to look at her. Maybe that's why she visited me in my dreams.

I prayed she was okay. I sure the fuck wasn't.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“How you feeling?” Brick asked.

I shrugged then tossed a shot of whiskey back. I didn’t know how I felt. I was too afraid to feel because if I did, I’d become the monster I knew resided within me. It was the same monster I’d inherited as the son of Emric “Beast” Saint. He was feared, even behind prison walls.

I didn’t want motherfuckers to only fear me. I wanted them to fear and respect me. The fact that Genevieve was in a hospital bed with second degree burns, bruised ribs, and a broken leg told me otherwise. Bitches were fucking with me. I didn’t take too kindly to being fucked with.

“Truth?”

I swiveled my head in Brick’s direction. I loved my brother, but he could be annoying as fuck. The other brothers gave me space and allowed me to breathe, but not Brick. He was clingy as fuck. I knew why, but his hovering wouldn’t change shit. Someone had done the unforeseen, the unthinkable, and touched one of ours, and the motherfucker who did would have to pay.

“I’m listening, B.”

“Genny woke up and cried out your name. I know why you won’t go see her, but maybe you should reconsider that shit.”

I felt guilty, extremely guilty. Our baby sister was hurt on my watch. I vowed after our mother’s death just after Beast went away that, that shit would never happen

again.

“I’m paying for the best of care, the absolute best. When she’s released, I’ll see her because she’ll come to stay here with me.”

He laughed then poured himself a drink. Wasn’t shit funny. Even the prospects who were here at the clubhouse kept their heads down as they ran in and out, completing errands. If they did speak, they spoke with their heads down then scurried to get the fuck out of my way. I barely touched the shit but kept it around for others since we had the best cedar wood whiskey in town. This last situation had me breaking my own rules. I didn’t believe in being fucked up, medicated, any of that shit.

I ate clean, I lived in my personalized gym, and any woman I fucked had to have a clean bill of health with proof before my sheathed dick entered her body. That included any bitch that we allowed near us, except Brick.

He had a fetish for gutter bitches, but they were all rumblers to me, even the ones that officially worked for us. I respected their hustle but none of them could or would ever be my woman or carry my last damn name. For damn sure they wouldn’t carry my seeds. In fact, no one fucking would after raising my three younger siblings. They were more than enough.

“Gen ain’t gon’ like that. You spoiled her all her life, allowed her to ride with us, shoot the shit and all, even watched her handle niggas, and now, you want her holed up under your roof. Truth, man, I feel you, but keeping her close is only a temporary answer. With that being said, we have to deal with the bigger issue, and it’s more than Gen’s care.”

I poured another shot and tossed it back. All he’d done was remind me that I’d gone against my better judgment and gave her too much rope to be out there like she wasn’t fucking royalty. She was. She was a Saint by blood, our little genius, our

numbers person. She was also the only woman I loved besides our mother. God rest her soul.

“Beast is also pissed,” he added, and I scoffed. “Asked where your head is.”

I was on some “fuck Beast” shit at this point. Leave it up to him to question what happened as if it wouldn’t have happened if he was here. We ran a respectable organization, and blood was only shed when it needed to be. Fuck he thought I was doing?

“I’m sure he did.”

“That’s all you have to say?” He grabbed a bottle and eased in front of me as I sat, praying my raging thoughts settled down. “They are calling us out, Truth. I’ll be damned if we sit around like pussies with our tails tucked. Genny is fucked up.”

“Say that shit again.” I slammed my fist down and gripped him by his shirt.

The fuck he wanted me to do with no answers? Unlike him, I refused to move recklessly. Someone wanted to be at war with us, but why? That was the question. It couldn’t have been those Dice Pussies. That beef should have died almost twenty years ago when Beast went to prison if Jake and Logan had to tell it. He took Cinco, their president, and the bitches took our mother. That shit still hadn’t set right with me but I had orders to stand down. I did, but my relationship with my father paid for it. Hell, we had no relationship and never would.

I released him, shoving his big ass back. I’d never allow a bitch to fuck Brick up, but I knew he wanted me to test his entire fucking jaw. That was his strategy. He wanted me riled up, unhinged, and I was damn sure close to it.

“You finished?” He chortled softly.

“Fuck you,” I muttered, waving him off.

He slid a box across the bar counter toward me.

“The fuck is this?” I frowned.

“Open it.”

He watched me as his eyes lifted over the rim of the filled glass. See? He wanted me to fuck him up.

“And before you ask... Fuck yeah, that shit was necessary.”

I opened the box and shook my head. Inside were two fingers. One had the Dice Pound emblem ring on it. They specialized in running a gambling ring, but they were surrounded by wannabe gangster, low-level motherfuckers that wouldn't pay out when they were supposed to. They stayed in their lane, but it didn't mean shit was sweet. If they were involved, fuck that truce. The Saint Riderz were going to war.

With slitted eyes, I waved him closer. If he didn't say some shit that made sense about the fucked up act he'd committed, I was slamming his face on this table.

We called him Brick because of his size. He stood at six foot three with solid arms, abs, and legs. I, however, was bigger, older, and wiser, which was why I needed to know why I had two damn fingers in a box in our fucking clubhouse.

“Talk.”

“What's there to tell? The best way to bring a bitch out is to touch one of theirs.”

“Stupid as fuck.”

“Truth, man,” he drawled. “Like it or not, I did what I felt I needed to do. You had shut down, not allowing us to force the streets to come up off any intel, so I did a little research.”

He slid a drive to me. Damn, he really wanted me to spazz the fuck out.

“I was handling business, motherfucker.”

Just because I didn’t give him a play by play didn’t mean I wasn’t. Breeze, our sergeant at arms, and head of our security, had his orders. Brick, more than likely, had fucked them up. I knew the moment Breeze found out I would have to pull them off of each other. One was my brother, but the other was my best friend. Shit hadn’t changed over the years. They still liked to irritate the fuck out of each other.

“Let’s go to the office.”

Whatever he needed to show me, I needed to see it privately. That and I wasn’t speaking on shit in front of prospects or rumblers that buzzed around trying to catch one of our eyes. I’d fucked most of them over the years, but none were worth circling back around. The bar would open soon, and quite a few worked here from running the bar to the kitchen to making delivery runs.

Once we made it in my office, I booted up my computer and slid the drive in.

“Beast put you up to this?”

He sucked his teeth and clenched his fists.

“Fuck no, but if he did, Gen’s his daughter.”

“You forget that she’s my responsibility? He gave that up when he went to prison,

B.”

He shook his head, refusing to admit the facts. Once I stepped up at nineteen, I ran shit differently. I wanted better for us and better was becoming more economically sound. I was naturally an old soul since I hung out with the OGs, asked questions, and listened more. I found a way to clean up dirty money by opening up legitimate businesses, and we’d been on the up and up ever since... until Beast would call in a favor. It was mostly shit for people that held him down that was released. I let him deal with Brick since my words were few.

“You plan to look at it anytime today?”

“You can leave at any time. I’m sure a rumbler or two is waiting out front to suck your dick.”

This nigga smiled, bobbing his head like that was something to be proud of. He needed to grow the fuck up.

I looked at my watch and released a frustrated breath. Before he dropped this shit on me, I was working on my next move for Alix, our younger brother. He hadn’t been back since early this morning, and I had scheduled a meeting with President Windsor at Chancellor University. I needed the plans I had in store for him to work, because unlike me and Brick, Alix had options. They were simple—go to school or go to fucking school. Like I said—simple.

“The fuck you get this from?” I asked when the footage came on.

“Pedro, the bitch that runs the smoke shop on the same street. He slid me the footage. I knew he owed us after we bailed him out from losing that place.”

He was a cool Mexican that had been good to the Saint Riderz over the years when

we were younger.

“It goes back a few days and up to the day of the fire. It shows this motherfucker snooping around. He came through a few times with those bitches on their bikes. The day in question, though, he was alone and on foot. When he rounded the corner, I never saw him again. An hour later, our shit blew up.”

“Ever wonder if someone he was riding with was parked on that side?”

He was on to something, but I wanted to see what else he'd considered. Sometimes the obvious opp wasn't the real opp. He was gullible like that, eager to leap and ask for forgiveness later. There were no apologies once you fucked with another MC. He knew that shit, but he had kicked it off. We would have to see it all the way through, depending on how shit played out.

“Look, I'm not counting any motherfucker out. That snake ass DP was lurking.”

“Neither am I, but this shit was sloppy as fuck. I call the shots, and if I wanted any DP touched, I would have called it. Now you're adding more fucking bullshit to our plate.”

“For defending Gen?”

“Fuck no. For not bringing the shit to me first, Brick.”

I kicked the chair next to him. Its legs broke into pieces. He didn't give a damn. It was clear when he chuckled and pointed at me. All he wanted was to feel the sweet taste of revenge. Problem with that was revenge wasn't always sweet.

“Let me grab my damn plate and slide.”



He stomped off like he did whenever he wanted to have his way. I understood his anger. Breeze was setting up a meeting with Chief King at the fire station. After I sent a hefty check to him to gain access to the warehouse, Breeze was dusting every window, door, doorknob—you name it. Fingerprints mattered, not fucking fingers sitting in a box linked to a crime.

I zoomed in and studied each move carefully of every motherfucker that came into view. When I saw a few of those DPs driving up and down the street, I slowed it down. I huffed and shook my head. DP bitches loved to hit the slab and show off as they popped wheelies like little bitches. I did my shit, but Brick was right. Why the fuck were they on our side of town? When I saw one riding up slowly and alone, I leaned in closer. He looked around, pulled his helmet off, and walked down the sidewalk. Brick had to have missed that part.

As he did, he had a cellphone on his shoulder against his left cheek. The bitch was being coached. He even chuckled. I could tell from the way his shoulders lifted and fell he was too comfortable as he took orders from someone else. I needed more since he clearly didn't act alone.

“You saw that nigga?” Brick asked when he returned with a plate mounted with ribs and chicken. The cooks started early around 5:00 AM and Brick was always the first one to sample shit—greedy motherfucker. This nigga behaved as if he had no home training. Our mother, if she were still alive, would beat his ass if she saw him.

“I did.”

“And?”

“Where is he at now?”

He smiled and winked. If he killed this nigga, I was sending Brick out of state. I

needed to sit his ass down anyway if Beast was in his head that way. It took nothing for our father to put a battery in my brother's back.

“Brick?”

I rolled my neck, allowing the built-up tension to travel down my shoulders. I pressed my elbows on my desk and leaned forward. If he didn't speak in a few seconds, he'd be at the same hospital where Genevieve was.

“He's cool. He passed out. I had Krystian and Biscuit break in his baby mama's house. Dropped him in their bed... with a pair of underwear next to him.”

He cackled then slid the bone of a rib in his mouth. He was fucking up his shirt and vest but fuck him. If he wanted to walk around like he needed a bib, so be it. He had a baby face to match it. Outside of being a killer, he bragged he killed pussy too.

“It'll be his word against ours about how his ass became disabled. He didn't see my face, though. You know how I fucking move. Eriqua lured him into a nearby Harley Davidson shop while he was watching all that ass. He asked for her number to link up. She shot him a burner number, and the rest is in that fucking box. Nigga is two fingers down. I even fucked Eriqua in that nigga's bed while he was passed out.”

Eriqua was our mechanic and crazy as hell for fucking with Brick. She had an all-female mechanic team who also gathered information as needed from other clubs who went there for services. It was mostly to collect intel, but if something they heard was of importance to the Saints, they brought it to us.

“You two are sick motherfuckers, really sick.”

“That's my baby.”

And his murderer if he kept playing with her.

“Anyway, we still need to move like shit didn’t happen. Our annual race fundraiser is a month away, and we need that shit to happen. With people losing their jobs, the government cutting housing assistance and Medicaid, the community is hurting. I have the prospects finalizing the rides, food, and permits to clear the street. You know people come for the race, though. Don’t hurt yourself trying to keep up with me.”

He winked and slid another huge rib in his mouth.

I chuckled since he thought his ass would win. The winner had bragging rights, but all the money went back to the community. As soon as city commissioner, Derek Vaughn, gave us the nod, we were preparing our grand opening for a community center too. He wasn’t a Saint Rider, but he was down with the cause.

“First the race, and when it’s over, we land at the park to break ground for the new community center.”

“We need to up security. Let me call up Breeze.”

He scoffed, shaking his head. I wasn’t up for Brick’s shit today. I had two fucking fingers in a box, Genny in a hospital bed, and Alix was on another one of his disappearing acts. Fuck that. I needed another drink. I wish the fuck Beast would question me.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

We pulled up on Germ's bike. I eased off, shielding my eyes from the sunlight. My eyes skated up and down the block. They had a crowd already, and it was only 9:00 AM. The way I saw it, he'd already missed money by pulling up at this time with his cocky ass.

"We're late?" I probed with an arched brow.

"We're on time for my appointment. That nigga Drake's an early bird. You should know that already."

I rolled my eyes. He swore that me and Drake had a thing going on. I also didn't deserve love no matter if it was with Drake or someone else. I swear that survivor's guilt was a motherfucker. Damn, I missed Chelly and even more with the anniversary of her death approaching in a few months.

"A few others are in there, too."

I already knew who the few others were—the damn Saints.

They were everywhere since the plaza was filled with Saint owned businesses. I'd yet to meet whoever their master was. I appreciated them taking Germaine in when he needed them. I just didn't trust any fucking body with my baby brother after losing Chelly. He was all I had.

I huffed yet followed him inside. I prayed I didn't regret this. I already had these dumb ass niggas that wanted to be affiliated with them in the parking lot cat calling me. Germaine grimaced then spit on the ground, pulling up his jeans. I wondered if

he lived a life I wasn't sure of, but one glare and their ignorant asses shut the hell up.

“Thirsty bitches.”

He eyed my attire, his eyes descending the length of my body, and I sucked my teeth. I never dressed for attention as I was casually clad in a gray and black sweatshirt that slightly exposed one shoulder, skinny jeans, and gray, denim Vans.

As soon as we entered, Drake threw up both hands and smiled. My eyes subtly rolled as I fought not to amp his ass up. If I even pretended to respond to his flirtatious efforts, he'd be in my face all day.

Don't get me wrong. He was aesthetically pleasing to the eyes, which meant he naturally drew attention from bitches. I hated attention, and I hated that he didn't seem to respect that as he ambled toward me. I groaned and closed my eyes. Yeah, this was about to be a long ass day.

“Wifey, you're hanging out with us today?”

He threw his arms around my neck and pecked my temple. I fake smiled and peeled his arms from around me. As predicted, all eyes were on us from Krystian, Lupe, Biscuit, Rollo, and my bitch, Teenie. She was sexually affluent, and although most thought she only liked pussy, I knew she liked it all. Her current love interest and probably hubby from what I could assess thus far was Biscuit.

They all gave me a hard time about not giving Drake a shot, except her. She was also the one that told me he was the biggest whore in Rockside. From the looks of the thirsty women in the front lobby that salivated at the sight of him, I'd say she was spot on.

“Zee will be out for a minute. Personal shit, so Merci agreed to help us out,”

Germaine announced.

I respected that he didn't share her medical condition. I was huge on that considering the field I worked in. I could only hope Kane gave me the victim's name. I wanted to deliver flowers in one of the vases I made. That would make me feel a little better, and maybe she'd leave me the hell alone when I was sleep.

“Appreciate you, lil baby. I figured she was just late.”

He pressed his body against mine and grinned. Nice try, but the sounds of sucking teeth told me our audience wasn't happy, and I really didn't give a damn. I politely pressed my hand against his chest which created space between us.

“You'll stop running one day.”

“I'm a grown woman that takes care of herself. Why would I have to run? Now, can you please move before I knock one of these bitches out?”

My head swiveled toward the lobby area filled with parched hos that couldn't wait to have their turn with any of them, especially Drake.

“Marry me.”

“I'm a lesbo. No thanks.”

The guys all hooted and laughed as he clutched his chest, faking as if I'd broken his heart.

Once all eyes were no longer on us, I settled in and began to check in those who had an appointment first. For a few, I looked at what they booked, deciding who was the best tattoo artist. Don't get me wrong. Germaine was the best, but I knew Joreen.

She'd show up soon enough and start unnecessary drama.

Although I'd never admit it, I was glad I came, especially when the first few hours seemed to fly by. The energy was light as the music boomed throughout the air. They all joked and laughed while I logged into my site to see if any of my pieces had sold. When none had, I felt slightly defeated until I remembered my why. I created to leave pieces of me in the universe, to leave my mark, and to make those who received them happy. If I did make money, the rest would go to Germ's art school tuition. That was what mattered the most, which was keeping him focused and alive.

"Damn, y'all not ordering food today?" Teenie asked, rubbing her stomach.

I chuckled since Teenie wasn't small in stature at all. She was quite the opposite, standing at five foot eleven and easily 200 pounds. She was solid with the cutest outfits she designed herself. She loved tatting, but her passion was in creating her own clothing line.

"I'm saying, though. None of that Chinese food," Biscuit chimed in. "If I have another pork fry why, I'll be speaking Chinese."

They all howled at how he imitated Sue Lou's accent when she spoke. I loved Sue Lou and her mixed wonton and egg drop soup.

"Y'all spoiled. Just because Zara did, don't expect me to make lunch runs."

They all grumbled while Germaine thanked me.

I opened the drawer, eyeing all the menus from the nearby restaurants. One caught my eye—Pearls of Island. I quickly skimmed over it, feeling a tightness in my chest. They were known for their soups, especially joumou soup. I hadn't eaten it since the night Chelly died. As my prior fucked up mood made a reappearance, I quickly

shoved all the menus in the drawer.

I tapped on my cell and found Luigi's. They were known for deep dish pizza. After one or two slices, they all would be more than satisfied. I treated me and Kane to one at least once or twice a week during our four-day shift when working at the fire station. I ordered six pizzas from meat lovers to Hawaiian ham and pineapple and a veggie pizza for me.

"Food's coming in about an hour," I announced when Joreen's ass came rushing in.

I immediately slid my Beats in my ear with hopes she'd not pretend we were in-laws. If your name wasn't Micheline Dubois, the fuck was she calling me "sissy" for? I shook my head when she ducked down and slid her face in between Germaine and his customer. He smiled, pecked her lips, and she melted. He knew her well when he fished a few hundred dollars out of his pocket and placed them in her hand.

"Turn that up, Merch!" Germaine yelled.

I shook my head. He knew I despised that name. It gave booster vibes. Lucky for him, I loved Swan. In fact, her album stayed in rotation on my Spotify.

"Yo, wifey?" My head slowly rolled toward Drake as he slid his teeth across his top grill. "You already know that nigga will be busy working late tonight. Let me take you home or better yet... out on a date."

"I have to go swim with a school of sharks. Sorry," I sang.

They all howled at that as he smirked. Krystian walked up and gripped him on his shoulder with the biggest grin on his face. I used to think he was the sweetest of them all until I saw him put a gun to this man's head. It was years ago, but since then, I never allowed those full, round cheeks and large, brown eyes he sported fool me.



“She ain’t fucking with you, Drake. Chill out. Let her come to you when she’s freed up her schedule.”

“You’re right. I guess when she’s done hanging out with farmer boy.”

I rolled my eyes and giggled. He loved to call Kane “farmer boy” since he often wore overalls outside of work. He was a country boy from Pellum that didn’t allow the streets of Rockside to change him.

“It’s cool.” He shrugged then slid two hundred dollar bills on the receptionist counter. “For lunch, and keep the change.”

I gladly slid his gift into my pocket since I placed the order on Germaine’s card. He just didn’t know it, but he was the boss. It was the least he could do. I figured they took turns but whatever. The deed was done.

“Hanging around here until Zara comes back?”

“Maybe. Maybe not. For now, though, y’all should come up with a better system of how you all manage walk-ins along with appointments.”

Those bitches were complaining about how long it was taking. I knew it had nothing to do with their tats.

“Handle that. I trust you.” He winked and sauntered off just before a cleared throat grabbed my attention.

Damn, when had he walked in?

Immediately, I felt a rush when his orbs latched onto mine. I wasn’t sure if he knew me or not but staring, and how he did it, was rude as fuck. I observed how all the

chatter in the room lessened. Instantly, the loud music ceased. When he looked around the shop, he waved his hand in the air, motioning Germaine to come over, and he did. Shocker. Whoever he was, he had my brother damn near shaking in his boots. The fuck?

“Where is he?” His voice boomed throughout the room, demanding attention.

Hell, even mine as I instantly became stunned. I had no clue who “he” was, but judging from the silence and eyes that danced around, the others did.

“Uh...” Germaine looked around and gulped. “I’ll check, Truth. He’s somewhere around here.”

Oh, so he was the infamous Truth Saint, head of the Saint Riderz?

After Germ jetted toward the breakroom or whatever room they called it since a lot seemed to go on back there from all the murmurings, the others ran to grace him with their presence. The entire time, I didn’t know if I wanted to be annoyed or mesmerized as I dissected each facet of his body from his height to the smoothness of his cedar colored skin.

He had to easily be six foot four or six foot five with a neatly trimmed beard that housed full lips and soft brown, yet brooding eyes wrapped with long eyelashes. His hair, while a low-cut fade, was a sea of waves, and he smelled of bergamot and citrus, a scent I’d never smelled before but one I’d remember because of him.

I took in his attire. He was casually dressed in jeans and a tank that demonstrated the pride he took in his body from his broad shoulders, firm arms and abs, and legs that were built Ford tough. For the first time, I understood why all the bitches were drooling, but at the end of the day, his presence was indicative of a man who caused trouble and didn’t run from it once he had.

He looked my way, and I quickly looked down. I pecked on my cellphone to look busy, but my eyes had a mind of their own when they lifted and fastened onto his.

Fuck! He caught me again.

His jaws tightened, and I frowned. The hell was wrong with him?

“He’s coming, Truth,” Germaine spoke slightly out of breath. “Give him a minute.”

“Remember what I said.”

My brother nodded like a damn bobble head. Ugh, I was so upset.

“I hear you. Let me get back to work, but I’m glad you came through. Shop’s doing well. Plenty of business.”

“I see. Proud of you.”

Truth’s eyes surveyed his surroundings once more until they landed on mine when I kissed my teeth. It didn’t matter who he was, I wasn’t one of those little bitches that would be at his beck and call like the thirsty gang behind him. He chuckled, and I rolled my eyes.

“Is there a problem?” I muttered without lifting my head.

“Naw.” He tapped on the counter. “You could try smiling. I’m sure you’re prettier when you do.”

I didn’t have a quick comeback, so I tucked my lips and sat like a mute. My skin flushed as I felt his eyes roam over me. That, however, was short lived when one of those birds rushed to the counter and sucked her teeth.

“Can you check to see when Drake will be ready for me?”

I suspected she was one of his situations. Whatever she was didn't earn her an express pass to his chair when he looked up and waved her off.

“Checked,” I replied and giggled.

Her neck and eyes rolled so hard I felt myself spinning. That was proof that men like Drake and Truth weren't worth the trouble. I had my own issues, like trying to sleep at night without waking up in a cold sweat.

“That's you?” he asked.

I looked up, forgetting he was still there. He was quiet like a fucking cat. My brows dipped in the middle of my forehead, wondering who he was referring to.

“Drake?” Immediately, I was annoyed. “And why would that be important for you to know?”

He laughed then tapped the counter.

“Never mind.”

He eased by the bitch that was just there waiting for Drake. She couldn't keep her eyes off of Truth, and sadly, neither could I. He pushed open the door, and when he hooked a right, he caught me staring again.

Damn. I really do hate myself.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“I’m out.”

I slid my heat in my waist and pulled my shirt over it. Charlene slid her hand around my wrist, halting me. I had to make my way to the hospital. I didn’t even try to stay overnight. I’d had my ear to the streets, and for me, the streets were too quiet. I understood why Truth hadn’t bled the streets, but Genevieve wasn’t just a bitch—She was my heart.

“So, does that mean I won’t hear from you? I also didn’t exactly receive an invite to the annual race fundraising event.”

I chuckled. Charlene knew what it was between us. She was my old work that refused to let go. Once she moved out East and cut me off, any feelings I had moved on with her. For some reason, she all of a sudden missed Rockside which led to her returning six months ago. The small yet most important detail was that she was in love with a DP. She called it a coincidence, claiming she didn’t know. I called it suspect but fuck her. She wasn’t my woman. She was a distraction, some pussy I fell into because I was in my feelings... about Gee. That’s what I called Genevieve.

“It’s a public event. If you’re fucking with the Saints and plan to donate, you don’t need an invite.”

I pulled my cell phone out and checked in with Rowdy Red. We called them that because once angry, even somewhat annoyed, that nigga was bashing heads and did as one of our enforcers. He’d been sitting at the hospital with Gen since I’d left last night. She was up and giving those damn doctors and nurses hell. She even cursed me out when I showed up. Instead of wringing her damn neck, I decided to put some

space in between us. Her ass wasn't happy that she wouldn't be going home once discharged. I broke the news, hoping she'd understand. Her response was to ask security to put me out as if that shit was even possible.

I wouldn't lie. I was in my feelings because that nigga Charlie that she called her man ran like a bitch at the sight of me whenever I came by to see Genevieve. He was a straight cornball, suit-wearing motherfucker that worked down at the city in the tax office. I only allowed him to live because he looked out for the Saints when it came to that tax bill. We paid our way, but a friendly discount never hurt.

On the way home, I stopped by Shorty's , a spot owned by Rejon, a Saint Rider, to grab some ribs. You know off rip that was Saint territory, and for some reason, Charlene decided to make an appearance. She'd been gone for about seven years, but news spread fast. I heard she had returned. It was only a matter of time before she found me since I moved from where we lived together.

"Then I guess it's a date."

I scoffed. She made her way to me as naked as the day she was born. Her skin was covered in sweat from all the work she put into making me stay. I didn't care if she sucked dick until she passed out. I had somewhere to be.

"Breeze, stop being like that."

She slid her arms around my neck and tilted her head to the side. Her soft gray eyes, eyes I used to get lost in, became misty. I had love for Lene, but I refused to sell her ass a dream. She was old pussy that barely got my dick up.

"I told you I was sorry."

"For?" I pulled her arms from around my neck and checked my cell. Rowdy Red and

Harlem told me to prepare for war if Gee caught wind about her being back. That double standard shit was crazy, but I fucked up, so I let Gee bitch and complain when I didn't step up and tell Truth about us like a man should.

I snickered and pushed my cell phone back into my pocket when I read Rowdy Red's text messages. Genevieve had kicked him out three times already since I left, but he knew better. A nigga had to always be on her door.

"That right here is part of the problem," she spat, referencing my cell phone.

I elected not to feed into her self-induced pity party.

"Which one is that? Fiona or Terica?"

Neither, but fuck who she thought it was.

"I'll holler, Charlene."

I pecked her forehead and made my way out of her bedroom to the front door. She must have struck it rich out East. Her shit was laid out with her black and white streaked Italian tiled floors, black leather sectional and chaise chair with sleek, tall lamps in the corners and recessed lights. The roof had an open view of the sky that complemented the soft darkness of the room.

"Hey, wait."

She made her way over to me with her bottom lip pushed out followed by a sniffle. Charlene needed to up her acting skills. She went from wanting to be my woman, my rider, my everything until she wanted to pursue her dreams of modeling. A nigga was attached, but she could have told me the truth. The fuck could I have done? All she did was complain about how I didn't put her first. I didn't because Gee was first,

always would be, and the brothers. When she announced she was leaving, I helped her pack her shit which infuriated her all the more.

“For what it’s worth, I do have regrets.” She shrugged her shoulders as a pregnant pause followed. “I’m not looking for what we had, Breeze. I’m looking for better this time around. I wasn’t the best communicator about my insecurities, and you weren’t the best at being honest.”

“Man...” I drawled. “When have I ever not been honest with you, Lene?”

“Okay, fine.” She lifted both hands and stepped back. “I won’t say not honest. I’ll say you moved in your own timing. We had plans, and all I remember is the Saints coming first.”

“Alright then. You got that.” I wasn’t with the mind games. “Thanks for relieving that pent up stress. Catch you later.”

“At the annual race fundraiser? I’d love to hang out together while we’re there.” Her eyes filled with hope.

I grabbed my helmet and keys, making my way to the door. I shrugged. It was a public event. The fuck would I care if she came? I already told her that. She was lucky that the liquor I consumed was on her side last night which was how I ended up here in the first place.

“So is that a yes?” she called out from the door.

I’d already wasted more time than I should have. I had a nigga’s chin to knock if Gen’s door wasn’t manned. She had a way with bullying motherfuckers.

“Sahmeer?” she whined.



That shit didn't move me. The only time it did was when Genny called me that.

"Just put your money on me if you do come." I winked.

She squealed, clapping her hands like she'd won a prize. The winner always took a victory lap with the girl he was either fucking or wanted to fuck on his bike.

I needed to head home and shower first before I made my way back to the hospital. I swear Gee was like a hound dog. The last issue I wanted was behind some cheap ass perfume and subpar pussy, even though Charlie's lame ass was her man.

"Call me!"

I tossed my head up when my engine roared to life. Fuck her and her werewolf ass pussy, talking about a landing strip. Naw, that shit was a tarmac. She spent most of the night on her knees after her pussy almost gave me rugburn. The fuck I look like munching on her disloyal pussy and getting splinters in my dick?

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“I miss you,” Kane confessed, pulling me in for a hug.

He’d snuck off from the fire station, met me around the corner, and gave me the name of the girl. He only had a first name. Said it was Genevieve. It was such a unique name that I figured once I had the flowers and vase delivered to the hospital’s burn unit, they’d know who to deliver it to.

I picked fresh purple and yellow orchards and azaleas and added some daisies with a touch of baby breaths. The vase took more than a day to make, but it was beautiful with a fluorescent porcelain finish. I preferred the stoneware look, but the glazed finish was the perfect touch.

“I bet you are the only one.” I scoffed as he twisted his lips.

He knew I was spot on. Most of the guys couldn’t stand me. I was naturally competitive, and instead of them accepting it for what it was, they shunned me.

“You know how they are, but every day, at least one or two of them asks about you. Chief’s been on our ass with more training since that stunt you pulled, but I know why you did it.” He reached over and laced his fingers with mine. Outside of Germ, he was the only one that did know.

“The death of her anniversary is coming up.” I looked away, my eyes stinging from the tears that formed. “I miss her, Kane. I miss her so much.”

“She’s with you, and she’d want you to be happy, Merci. Why wouldn’t she?”

He turned my face by the chin, forcing me to look at him. I blinked, and a stupid tear fell. He swiped it before he placed a tissue in my hand.

“I know what you should do this year.”

“Yeah, what? Hit a strip club?” He smiled, nodding his head.

Him, Beacon, Drew, Green, and the others loved Legs and Laces . I never saw a group of men that couldn't wait to see pussy that wasn't theirs. Germaine dared me to come out once when he and Joreen were going one night. It was after they celebrated a huge milestone for Inkz . It was nothing but a huge room of foreplay in the making. No thanks. I engaged in solo foreplay at home in my bedroom.

“I'd invite you, but you might body slam one of them,” he jested.

“Would not.” I stared through slitted eyes and snorted. “I'm not the least bit interested in any of you.”

Everyone thought me and Kane were dating. We weren't. We kissed once. It was an awkward kiss after a cheap glass of hooch. We were stressed and studying for the state exam for firefighter certification. When he pushed me on the bed, feeling up my torso, I panicked. Maybe because I was inexperienced or worse... I didn't deserve it. Survivor's guilt was the fucking worst.

“I know she wouldn't want you moping around, and don't blame Shadow.” He arched one brow, popping a piece of garlic bread in his mouth.

We were at Luigi's. I had only eaten it at the tattoo shop that day without him. Today they had a few specials and the line, at one point, was out the door which meant we came at a great time. I just hoped I had enough energy to finish this cake stand. A request came through my website. I'd never made one before, but I was eager to try

my hand at it.

“You and Germ better leave my baby alone.”

“Trust, the pussy we want to bother ain’t your furry friend,” he teased. I hit him with a napkin. “Aye, girl. That’s assault.”

He looked around when the sound of motorcycles drew closer. He said he preferred trucks, fire trucks, and tractor trailers but I knew Kane. He was intrigued.

“Germ still rides?”

“He does,” was all I offered.

I wasn’t sure what Germ’s status was when it came to the Saint Riderz. That day in the shop, I could tell he was caught off guard. Unlike his usual cocky self, he spoke to Truth like he’d been called into the principal’s office.

Then when Alix came out thirty minutes later, an upset Truth damn near yoked him up outside in front of the tattoo shop. It was then I knew Germ had to part ways with them. He was going to art school if I had to drag his ass there after stripping on a pole on my off days if that’s what it took. I had no fucking rhythm, but for Germ, I’d do anything to keep him safe.

“Tell him I said what’s up.”

He stood up and opened his arms, waiting for me to fill up the space. I did. I needed a hug. I hadn’t had one from him since he came and saw me at the hospital. After that, Chief put my ass on medical leave. He kissed my forehead and hugged me tightly.

“Enjoy life, Merci,” he whispered before he released me. “And don’t rush back to

work. Hell, go have sex, and plenty of it.”

“Eww.”

I pushed him away, and when I did, in walked Truth along with a few other club members. He nodded, acknowledging me but glared at Kane. I frowned, wondering what that was about. Kane was in his uniform. Clearly, we weren’t on a date, even though that wouldn’t be any of his business. Besides, I heard he wasn’t the dating kind from the lobby of whores, which was fine by me.

“Need me to hang out longer?” Kane quizzed. His eyes lingered where the Saints were.

“I think I’ll be fine. I have a run to make and a few deliveries.”

We hugged once more.

“Hopefully, I’ll get my clearance, and it’ll be us two back together again.”

He slid his arm around my neck and walked me out the door. Although I didn’t look, I could feel Truth’s eyes on me. I didn’t know why, but I could. Once out the door, a quick glance confirmed it. He was looking at me. Fuck.

No sooner had me and Kane came out, there was Truth. Instead of speaking, he walked in between us, bumping Kane’s shoulder and with nothing in his hand.

“Yo, man. That was?—”

Truth’s glare was like a silent stop sign. I wasn’t sure what that was all about.

“Thanks, Kane.” I quickly rushed in and kissed him on the cheek. “I’ll call you later

this week when you're off. Friday, right?"

"Yeah," he mumbled, still eyeing them. "Friday."

I walked away but made sure Truth knew I wasn't happy about that stunt he pulled when I flipped him off. He laughed, but I knew better. Anytime he saw me, I knew he'd have plans to tap dance on my fucking nerves. I guess my time at Inkz was up. Germaine would have to forgive me since I didn't want or need to see him. Fuck Truth and the Saint Riderz.

"Fuck no. Not now."

My car wasn't working, and Kane wasn't picking up. After what happened a few days ago, I figured he was still upset. He probably felt I was hiding something. I wasn't. If anyone knew I wasn't interested in dating outside of Germ, Kane should have. I fished my cell phone out, trying my luck with Germ. I wanted to make it to the post office before they closed.

"Come on, Germ. Pick up."

I hit the map feature and mapped out the distance. I had two pieces, and if I carried them carefully, I could walk, or I could catch a Lyft. I just didn't see me wasting thirty bucks to go up a few blocks. I tapped his name again, and this time, it went straight to voicemail.

"That damn Joreen. It probably was her ass."

She was in her feelings since Germ wanted to buy me a car... or a bike. I didn't need one of those. I needed my 2012 Mitsubishi Galant I purchased after saving up money from my first year on the job.

I hauled the two boxes out of my car and steadied them in my hands. I refused to pay a Lyft once I remembered rent was due. Germ was making money, but he was also spending too. If it wasn't on more supplies or overhead at the shop, it was on bills and dumb Joreen.

It didn't matter, though. I don't care how much he made. I was the oldest, and I was determined to find out the latest fees at Ritzer Art School. They were creeping up steadily, but I had more than half tucked in a box in my bedroom closet.

As I walked, people on bicycles zipped past me. I decided to cross the street since it had less foot traffic when a truck came rushing toward me. He almost hit me, but I'd cleared it just in the nick of time.

"Fuck you!" I belted out, adjusting the bun of braids I'd pinned up.

"Damn it," I muttered when I stepped on a pebble or shoelace. I'd double tied them, or so I thought when my ankle twisted, and I fell to the ground.

The boxes flew in front of me, one tumbling into the street.

"Noooo!" I saw it shatter into pieces when not one but two cars rolled over what was left of it.

"Shit, shit, shit."

I sat up with closed eyes, close to tears. This day couldn't get any worse. It couldn't until I heard his voice, which sent chills up my back. The hairs on my neck stood up, and my skin was clothed with sweat as the sun bore down on me. Great, I'm sure I looked like a fucking wet dog. I could feel my hair sticking to my skin.

"You plan on just sitting there?"

“Listen, leave me the fuck alone.” I could feel the goosebumps peppering my skin the more he stood there as my eyes took him in. He wore a simple, white tank covered with his Saints vest. His perfect biceps and pecs were on display that I admired without trying until I noticed that cocky ass grin on his face.

“Or else?”

That little smirk that stretched into a smile told me that would be too much like right. Since he didn’t specialize in right, what came next was him literally picking me up and placing me on the ground.

“Did you just touch me?” I huffed with clenched fists, feeling the electricity where his hands once were. My mind was filled with rage but my stomach fluttering to my lip I’d bit down on out of frustration said otherwise.

He sucked his teeth then proceeded to brush specks of dirt off my arms and legs as if he had the right to touch me. All the while I stood, my mouth hung low with no protest in sight. Imagine me, mouthy, quick comeback Merci, and in this man’s presence, I could barely formulate complete sentences as he invaded my space.

When he rose, he shook his head before his eyes dipped and he grunted. He quickly picked up the box that hadn’t been destroyed with clenched jaws. After he examined the box, he took a deep breath as he watched the cars and trucks go by, destroying what was left of the one that was in the road. I guess he had a thing for rescuing shit that didn’t belong to him, but I won’t lie, his concern did soften my rage... a little.

“Where to?”

“Meaning?”

“Your whip’s not working, so where to? Or you like walking although your car is



right there?” Damn, he was observant. I had no clue he knew what my car looked like.

He took a step closer, and he did that weird shit I found him doing earlier—studying me. This time, I chose to ignore him. He was nothing but trouble, and dusting a few specks of dust off didn’t change who he was. Besides, I had one vase that could be shipped off. The least I could do was take care of that. I’d have to reach out to the other buyer and work something out, which would probably include a refund.

“Truth, is it?” I arched my brow with crossed arms.

I wasn’t about to fall victim to those chocolate brown peepers coupled with his cedar-colored skin. Never mind his fully tatted arms his tank had exposed.

He snickered as if I was a comedian that had just told a joke.

“Anyway.” I waved him off since it was clear he was here to waste my time and make me feel bad in the process. “Is this the part where you chastise me for coming to my so-called rescue without me asking you to?”

“Mercilyn, is it?”

My head involuntarily leaned back as I frowned. Who the fuck told him my real name?

“One, tie your fucking shoestrings, and you wouldn’t have fallen. Two, bring your ass on.”

He motioned for me to follow him as if he ran me. He ran the Saints. All they were in my eyes was a bunch of followers who walked around dressed alike as if they had no individual identity.

When he realized I wasn't following him, he sauntered toward me with a sinister grin on his face. I took a step back or two. He scared me shitless even though I put up a front. I'd heard shit the more I looked into them and it only confirmed why I had to stand my ground. I also knew that he had better not touch me. I watched him closely with one hand meshed in the pockets of his jeans, the other holding his helmet. Sweat trickled down my face and neck then in between my breasts.

The breeze blew as his eyes lowered, and his tongue slowly swiped his bottom lip. I felt a pulsating between my legs as he practically had me under some spell without touching me. My eyes betrayed me that lowered and blinked at the length of his manhood. It sat up high, curved to the side, and was almost the length of his damn thigh. I gulped when the space between us had vanished. He was damn near on top of me. My chest heaved as my mouth hung low.

Was he about to kiss me? Of course, he wasn't... until he did.

I could feel his breath and taste the remnants of weed he'd smoked and the mint he'd eaten. I was so caught up I didn't realize my mouth was still open when he pulled away. My peepers shot open, and there he stood with a grin on his face. Fuck me. I wanted to faint.

"You know this is harassment," I mumbled in embarrassment.

I roughly swiped my lips, pushing away anything that reminded me we'd just kissed. Instead of responding, he bent down, yanked at my shoestrings, and tied it. They were Vans that were dated but my favorite pair. When he was done, he shoved them underneath the tongue of my tennis shoe and grabbed his precious helmet he'd sat on the ground.

"This way, they won't fall out again."

“This way, they won’t fall out again,” I replied, mocking him in a whiny tone.

He muttered something else under his breath. I think I heard “crazy ass,” yet it was him that was fucking with me.

“Screw you. Now, can you move?” I waved him off, but he didn’t budge. What was up with him? Instead, the corners of his lips curled as his way of antagonizing me.

“Cool. Figure out how to get home, but don’t say I didn’t try to help your mean ass. Couldn’t fucking smile if you tried. The fuck made you so miserable?”

“Says the man that practically knocked over an innocent man the other day. Sounds pretty miserable to me.”

“You mean back there at the pizza shop with ole boy? Your little date?” He grinned.

“It wasn’t a date,” I countered until I realized I didn’t owe him any explanation. “Look, can—” His smile was short-lived when he looked down and picked up my hand, cutting me off.

“That nigga you with have you fighting?” He frowned as if it disgusted him.

“W-what?” I stammered.

Surely, he couldn’t be referencing Kane. He was the sweetest, kindest man I’d ever met. A little too country for me, but he had a heart of gold.

“Look, this is getting to be a little too much. I get you want me to think you’re a nice guy since Germ’s like hella infatuated with you and all, but it doesn't matter. I can see right through you, your little vest, your little brotherhood, and your little bitches.” I gazed down at his length resting on his left thigh.

He laughed because he knew I couldn't say that was little. Shit, was he even human? Jesus Christ.

He threw his hands up. His helmet was in one of them. He walked toward his bike. It was a Ducati. He'd never know it, but I loved the look of the Ducatis. Germ had wanted one for a while, and even though his Harley Davidson was a used one, I had plans to purchase him one in the future.

Before he slid on his motorcycle, a group of bikers headed toward us. It was about six or seven. It was hard to tell as the sun shielded a complete view of them. It all happened so quickly. Within seconds, Truth pushed me behind him and reached for his waist, but it was too late. They revved their motors and howled before the sound of gunshots pierced the air. He pushed me down to the ground. My body was trapped underneath his. As the sound of their engines faded, he sat up, panic clothing his face as he studied me.

When he touched my face, I shoved his hand away.

"I-I'm fine." I was fine, except I felt like I'd been hit by a truck.

"I'ma kill those motherfuckers."

He stood up then extended his hand, waiting for me to grab ahold of it. I hesitated, but when he pinched his lips, I slid my hand inside of his and stood.

"You do know what this means, don't you?"

"Uh, that someone's trying to kill you?" I looked around. I was still in disbelief. "I have no enemies, sir."

I brushed myself off and winced from the pain in my shoulder and recently bruised

palm.

“They saw you too. That means you’re coming with me.”

“What?” I gawked. “I can call Triple A! For all I know, they didn’t even see my face.”

My rant was short lived when he attacked my mouth, confirming what I felt since our paths had crossed. I had no clue what the fuck was going on, but my body immediately submitted to his. His tongue and teeth clashed with mine, and when his hands, his huge hands, cupped my ass, I moaned in his mouth. The feel of his chiseled chest and solid arms had me wanting to climb him and take his ass down.

This was wrong... so wrong, but everything about it felt right, especially after a run in where guns were fired and I could have been killed. I knew I wasn’t thinking clearly when I slid my hands down his length. Suddenly, he stepped back. His eyes hung low as he breathed like a raging bull.

I was at a loss for words, panting as I touched my lips which were swollen to touch. His was too, and God, I wanted them on mine again. He put his hands on his hips and cursed underneath his breath.

Damn, was it that bad?

“That shouldn’t have happened.”

I looked around, grabbing my purse that had fallen. My eyes watered, and my vision blurred. My fucking feelings were hurt, and having an audience of spectators didn’t help it as they began to gather around.

After I flung my purse on my arm, I turned to face him and poked him in the chest.

“After today, leave me the fuck alone! I don’t care if an army comes barreling down the street. Act like I don’t exist. Thank you very much!” I turned on my heels as I shoved tears from each cheek. I hated that he’d seen me cry.

“Do I need to pick you up again and spank that ass?” he spat. “The fuck you want me to do, Merci? Say I like you? That I can’t stop thinking about your mean ass who’s committed to looking like you lost your fucking best friend?”

Because I had. He just didn’t know it. I had nothing to say, feeling my shoulders slump. Did he like me, or did he pity me? I wasn’t prepared for either.

“Yeah. I said that shit. You know what!” He threw up his hands. “Never mind.”

“Wait. You don’t like me anymore?” I asked aloud, not realizing I had until I did.

Before he could answer, the cops were barreling around the corner. He moved quickly, jetting off toward his bike.

“Merci, get out your fucking head. Let’s go!”

“Shoot,” I grumbled, and like the women I’d judged because being around a man like Truth made you lose common sense, off I went when I hopped onto his bike.

“Whatever you do, don’t let go. Ever.”

I gulped and nodded because like it or not, I was a hypocrite. He saved my life, and I still wanted Germ to stay the fuck away from him and the fucking Saint Riderz. The question was... Could I?

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

I shut it down. No one was moving in or out of the clubhouse. Security at our other businesses had to be increased and maintained around the clock. Breeze decided to put the prospects to work, and it was time they showed the fuck up. We couldn't bitch up. Money had to be made. We had families to provide for, and the community relied on us. The sooner we could get back to that, the better, but I couldn't risk any tragedies happening.

I sat quietly, wondering the next move to make. Although I'd hate to admit it, Beast would know. I remember watching him when I was younger. He was rarely annoyed, listened, and would wait to hear all the information whenever he had to deal with a pressing issue. He'd leaned forward, then he'd tap whatever was in front of him like the desk or the bar counter and nod his head. That was his way of thinking whatever he needed to think through something. That method of his stuck with me which made how he ended up in prison a mystery. That wasn't like Beast but egregious or not, his track record before that day told me I needed his input.

"I need to take a ride to see Beast," I announced.

No one was there but me and Breeze. Brick would rub that shit in. He said I didn't respect what Beast brought to the Saint Riderz. I did more than he would ever imagine. I just wanted better for us, and better wasn't being at war with other clubs, or worse, someone close to us dying like our mother did.

I'd never be the same, and that hit on Gen, according to the arson report we received, confirmed a bomb of some sort had been planted when they ruled out faulty wiring. Who the fuck around us had bombs? I didn't trust Chief King who took bribes and shit from people, so I couldn't trust that report at all or him.

“By yourself?” Breeze asked. He knew how tense shit had been between me and Beast long before the explosion.

“The fuck will he do to me in a prison?”

“Truth, man. I’m just saying... Shit is off. First, the explosion. Now, bikers trying to gun you down. If Beast?—”

My hand went around his throat before he swiped it down and punched me in the jaw. I stumbled and laughed, tasting the saltiness of blood. He moved to the left, and I tackled him. Both of us fell to the floor. He hit me with a right hook, forcing us to roll over. He pressed his elbow against my neck. My chest heaved a rough, laborious breath. He had me fucked up. I pretended I gave up the fight, and when he eased up, I flipped to my side and forced him into a headlock.

“If you ever fucking compare me to him, remember I don’t go down fast or easily. I have more than me to think of. I have my entire brotherhood—blood included. Beast not being here is his fucking fault!” I seethed.

Breeze’s teeth pressed against his bottom lip. He wouldn’t give up, and I didn’t expect him to. With an elbow to my stomach, he knocked the wind out of me. I rolled up, taking deep and slow breaths. He stood up with hands on both knees, trying to catch his breath. Sweat trickled down his face before he rose and swiped the blood from his nose.

“Are you two finished or what? I should beat both of your asses.” Aunt Myanne threatened us. She stood there with a look of disgust on her face. “Since when does fighting each other solve anything?”

“It won’t.” I groaned then staggered as I tried to stand.



He didn't let me struggle. He never would. I pinched my lips when he shoved his hand in my face, motioning for me to take it.

"Take his hand, Truth. Damn fool," Auntie Myanne muttered. "When I come back, I expect you two to find your words instead of your hands."

She looked at the table we knocked over along with a few pictures that were scattered across the floor.

"And clean this mess up."

"It's on me, Auntie." Breeze fessed up, trying to catch his breath. "I said something I?—"

"Whatever it was, don't let it divide you." She halted him with her hand in the air. "Now, you called me over here to tend to your guest. If you think I have time to clean up your little bruises and scrapes, you're wrong."

Off she went, leaving us alone.

"One day, you'll have to forgive him," Breeze spoke. "The fuck knows what happened."

"That means he did something that requires forgiveness or naw?"

Breeze nodded then took his shirt and pinched his nose.

"You got that." He sniffed before he grinned and rolled his neck around. "Your ass snuck me. Have that same energy when we're on that gravel."

Yeah, the annual race fundraiser was still on. At least that was my vote, but the

brothers had a say in it too.

Fuck! I was unraveling. I'd taken that shit out on the wrong person. I wasn't Beast, and I didn't want to be. That didn't mean I didn't question if I was cut out for this. We had OGs like Jake, Logan, Marco, even Paul that still were down for the Saint Riderz that could have been chosen. They accepted I was next in line, but that didn't mean their loyalty wasn't to Beast. They played in the background, mentored the prospects and shit. I rarely asked them to kill a motherfucker but I knew they would if it came down to it. Still, they ran and told shit to Beast whether they were aware I knew it or not. However, when I spoke, they fell in line. That's all that mattered.

"What's your move after we meet?" I probed and he shrugged.

I knew he was in a fucked-up headspace. Genny was still at the hospital. She had complications right before her discharge. She had a faint spell. Doctors weren't sure if her anemia was the cause. They administered a few blood transfusions, but within a week or so, she'd be released.

"Who's at the hospital with her?"

"Logan... Harlem... Gave Rowdy Red some time off. Gen's been cursing that nigga out." Breeze laughed, but it faded quickly when he sat down and rubbed his eyes. He looked tired. Hell, we all were tired.

"Nigga, you still my best friend. That means I know when you're hiding shit. What's up?"

"Nothing I can't handle." He sat up and glanced around. "It's you I need to ask what's going on."

He punched my arm and I frowned, feeling the tenderness in my back from fighting

his big ass.

“Ole girl upstairs. That’s Germ’s sister, right?”

“And?”

Once I brought her here, I called Aunt Myanne over. She was a retired nurse and whatever else we needed. She checked her out, gave her something for the pain, then set her up for the night in one of my guest bedrooms.

My house sat on the outskirts surrounded by a few acres of land. Breeze liked being in the mix, uptown in Rockside. Gen did too. Alix and I stayed here, but he’d been spending more time at his girl’s place or wherever the fuck he was. Once he wasn’t invited to Chancellor University for an appointment after he missed the first one, I was pissed. He had no clue what an accomplishment it was to attend a prestigious school, and now, he’d probably never know.

Fucking kids. So the fuck what he was twenty? Age didn’t qualify you for being a responsible adult. Maturity did, and he was dumb as fuck, thinking with his dick along with instant gratification. He was a techy, loved to game, and made a shitload of money doing it. That wasn’t a career, though. I had bigger dreams for his ass. But Alix wanted to be common, a motherfucking Saint Rider. I’d never water down what we brought to the community, but I won’t lie—I wanted more for him. He was just too stubborn to see it.

“Hey.” Breeze lifted both hands and stood.

He grunted when his cell phone rang back-to-back like he was running from a gang of bill collectors. He looked at it and grimaced before sliding it back into his pocket. Lately, he had been doing that more and more. I was worried, but he’d talk when he was ready. For now, I had a woman under my roof who irked my damn nerves but

made my dick hard as fuck.

“Let me make this call. When the brothers get here and you’re ready to start, text me. I’ll be out by the river.” He was like Genny. They both loved to sit out there by the river, sitting on the pier and taking in nature. That’s why I was shocked when they both wanted to live uptown.

We slapped hands but pushed each other away, looking at our hands. Fucking blood.

“Nigga, wipe the side of your mouth. Look like you ate some bloody pussy,” I teased him.

“Fuck you.”

Just like that, shit was good between us. We had to save our energy for the enemy. Shit wasn’t making sense, but it would as soon as I had Alix investigate a few things. His tech game was strong which included hacking, but I mostly discouraged that shit. It didn’t matter, though. He was still fucking off, being stubborn. Ordinarily, that shit wouldn’t bother me, but things were falling apart, which made me realize that I did need to speak with Beast. Like it or not, he had experience with shit and Alix idolized him.

In the meantime, I had to tell my dick to calm the fuck down. The entire bike ride, her nails dug in my skin, her face was against my back, and the smell of lavender wafted like a sweet smell called life underneath my nose. She was everything good in this world, even if she had a fucked up way of how she talked to people. I got it. She wanted more for Germ. Hell, I did too.

Instead of turning him away and seeking another club to call home, I took him under my wing. I had my reasons for how I operated, how I selected those that were worthy to become a Saint Rider. Life had hit him like it had hit me, but I felt that shit twice

as hard—once for Gen, and now his sister when he told me how she died. I caught him in the tattoo shop with that same look on his face.

He mentioned her anniversary death was coming. Damn, I had no clue, which meant I needed to spend more time with my prospects and not because I wanted to fuck his sister but because shit like that was important to know. It didn't hurt that I actually liked his sister. She was like a tiny, cute chihuahua but with small, perky breasts and hips and ass that made me want to suck the lining out that pussy before I took her down. It was more than that though. I had to admit it, and that was the part that scared me. I wanted her for her, even though I knew deep down inside she wished Germ had never met me. He had, and her ass was stuck with me... for now.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

After all the Saints showed up, we took it outside to the backyard. Every once in a while, we'd hang out here and barbeque, shoot the shit away from the clubhouse. It was mostly those in leadership, the motherfuckers that had to make the calls.

"What's the next move?" Brick queried, kicking it off.

"Footage." I looked at Breeze who was taking the lead on that. "When Alix brings his ass here, I need anything he can hack into and find. Motherfuckers shooting at me in broad daylight."

"Told you they think we're soft," Brick muttered when Harlem slapped him in his stomach. "Fuck you."

"I'm on it but we also need Eriqua and her girls to have their ear to the streets," Breeze replied. "One of the bitches will be eager to talk shit. I'll hit her up."

"Fuck you will," Brick boomed, sitting up. He rolled his neck around with slitted eyes. "I got that. E's my responsibility. Before we put her or her girls on, we need that footage first. That arson report told us it was an explosion. What you have on that?"

"Detonator. Someone had to have watched her enter then triggered the explosion. Report stated traces of nitroglycerin were found in two locations, near the front and back doors of the building. Gee went through the back. As soon as the door opened, a timer started on the one she'd set off. They were trying to trap her ass if she ran out the front. By the time the firefighters arrived, the one near the front was located under the debris. Guess all that fucking water and other shit stopped that one from going

off. Cost us a pretty penny to get that shit, but it was worth it.”

I watched as he spoke, his eyes staring off that filled with tears. He looked at us, then pinched his nose before he cleared his throat. He was taking this shit hard if not harder than I was. He and Gen were always cool though, sometimes too cool to the point he gave her man, Charles, ass the blues any time he came around. If he and Gen were fucking around, that would be a problem I’d have to check later. No one was good enough for my Genny. Charles was nothing but a pawn since he worked at the tax office. Plus, she ran that nigga. He probably didn’t even get the pussy.

“I say we find out who’s known for making that shit,” Breeze continued. He looked over his shoulder and nodded at Harlem. “Bring it here.” He went to a bag near his bike and brought it over. The entire time, Breeze watched him as he wiggled his fingers. Like me, he was ready to blow a motherfucker’s head off. He opened it up after he slid a glove on, then held it up.

“This is it. We find who made this, we find out who’s coming for us.”

“Maybe,” I chimed in, then looked at Germ.

“Any word on Alix?” His ass was still missing. He’d text back but he wouldn’t call. Maybe I was too hard on him, but I had to be. Bitches wanted us dead.

“He said he was on his way.” I looked at my watch. He was over an hour late since they were told to be here more than an hour ago. “Want me to call him?”

“Naw.” I needed to get back inside to the fiery beauty upstairs who peeked through the window. She quickly closed them and stepped away. Her shadow grew dim, causing me to chuckle. She was pissed Germ was here I’m sure, but like it or not, Germ was family and up next to become a Saint Rider.

“Alright, y’all. Keep your head on the swivel. No moves are made except I call it,” I reminded them, my eyes fastened to Brick’s. That cocky motherfucker smiled. “Breeze, good job, and make sure someone’s on that door at the hospital.”

“Lupe’s up next. Him and Krystian.”

“Alright then.” We dapped each other as the brothers began to depart when Germ approached me. That nigga could handle himself. I’ve watched him put in work. If he was in his feelings about his sister, I was prepared to stand my ground. I knew he could protect her. He didn’t need too though. The way I saw it, she was mine to protect when they came for me with her around. She could’ve been killed and there’d be no stopping me. The streets would have to bleed.

“What’s up, Germ?”

“She’s good?”

He tucked his lips, his chest heaving as he waited for an answer. Before he came over, he told me a little about their upbringing and her desire for him to go off to art school. I understood. Like I wanted better for Alix, she wanted the same for him.

“You know I got her though. She can come home.” Crazy thing was, my shit didn’t feel like home but the sound of it gave me a peace knowing she was inside.

“I can’t allow that. Not right now, but you’re welcome to come through. Holler at her before you leave.”

We slapped hands before he made his way inside. I sat out back and stared at the sunset. The orange and red bands bleeding into the evening sky most people thought was beautiful. Not me though. I hated when it became nighttime. I didn’t sleep well. Never did after my mother died, and now with Gen being hurt, that shit grew worse.



After I smoked out back and ran every scenario in my head as to who wanted to fuck with us and why, I came up with nothing. For twenty years, shit had been silent. Sure, we had our rumbles over the years about territory or stepping on each other's toes when it came to how we took care of the brotherhood and families, but we settled our differences for the most part.

I made my way inside, and before I could head to my room to shower up, I couldn't help but want to see Merci. That kiss, the touch of her delicate fingers gliding down my dick and the way she hopped on that bike had me wanting to be around her. I kind of enjoyed that fucked up banter-like energy. It was also a way to hide how I really felt about her. I didn't know much but what I knew was that she was loyal, and she rode for hers. That was more than enough in the life we lived. Before I could, Auntie Myanne voice called out to me, snatching me from my thoughts.

"Yeah, Auntie?"

"I asked is there anything you need, Emric?" she whispered. I could see the concern in her eyes, heard it in her voice. "Germaine's gone. Said he'd hit you up later about this arrangement with his sister." I nodded. I hoped he wouldn't, and if he knew what was best for him, he'd stand down and listen to me. The decision was final.

"Naw but thank you."

"Mhmmmm. Here."

She handed me a few wipes to clean my hands and mouth. Angry or not, I could tell she was worried more than she cared to share. I expected that since she was the only mother figure we had. No questions asked, she stepped up and moved in to tend to Genny and Alix. Gen was ten and Alix was just a baby. He was the only one that heard stories about our mother. Brick was eighteen, and I was nineteen, young but forced to step it up, and step it up we did. Poor Auntie Myanne was sick of our asses.

“How is she?”

I cleared my throat, cleaning my hands from Breeze’s stupid ass. I’d scraped my damn hand, even forearm when I looked a little closer.

“Physically or mentally?” she whispered, covering my hand with hers.

“Both.”

I could manage the physical. Mental not so much, but I knew. I knew from the first time I laid eyes on her. She couldn’t tear her eyes away from me, even though they were filled with skepticism. Underneath that she wanted to know more. I won’t lie; I did too. The other bitches in there cackled, fighting for me to glance their way or a toss of the head. Not Merci, and that made me want her even more.

“She’ll be fine. I gave her a shot for that shoulder. Saw some inflammation.” She smiled.

“A firefighter. Has to have a lot of heart to do that job. She knew exactly what I was doing and even told me how much to give.” She snickered. “I like her, but...”

She sighed and took a seat next to me.

“Baby, mentally... she’s not good. It took some time to get her to calm down to undress and get in the water to bathe her. Then she fell asleep and woke up in a panic. More has happened to her than what happened today. A woman like that has a lot to unpack... lots of layers. Whoever wants to carry what comes with her has to have patience and huge arms.”

“Tell me about it.”

She playfully popped my arm, and I winced. Her and fucking Breeze.

“Oh, stop it.” She waved me off before I kissed her on the cheek. “Don’t,” she warned me.

“What?”

“Try to change the subject.”

“Man,” I drawled. This feelings shit was new for me and definitely about a woman. It didn’t matter though. Once Auntie My’s mind was made up, I had to hear her out.

“We both know that patience ain’t your forte, except with old ladies like me.”

I pinched her cheek and she giggled.

“Shoot, Auntie. Your ass ain’t old and you’re cute, too.”

“Boy, I know.” She stood up and twirled around with a little two step. “Would bring my little friend around, but I learned the last time. Brick terrified Mr. Gene. Never again.”

I wanted to tell her fuck Mr. Gene. He didn’t deserve my auntie’s good cooking or her time. He was an old pervert if you asked me. Sat on the front row at church and watched anything with a skirt walking by back in the day like he was falling out and catching the Holy ghost. Holy ghost my ass.

“I love and appreciate you, Auntie. For everything.”

“Even that ass whupping I owe you and Sahmeer?” she quizzed, and I hollered.

That nigga hated to be called his real name. Said it was feminine and shit like Emric. Beast played too much making me a junior. My mother was so in love with him, she cosigned that shit. I missed her, missed her so much.

“Yes, ma’am.”

I pulled her in for a hug, our bodies swaying as she rubbed my back. When I pulled back, I already knew what was coming. I could tell when she looked toward the stairs where Merci was.

“It ain’t like that.” I lowered my head, a faint grin forming.

“Lie to yourself if you want. I saw the way you looked at her when I walked in the room. You were terrified, sweating like she was in labor about to give birth to your first born, and she ain’t no better. The second you left, she practically sat up. Her eyes danced between me and the door as if she could see through it. Then she sat back and huffed, calling you a bully. Bully my ass. I could smell the heat between her legs.”

I shook my head and snickered. Auntie Myanne was crazy as hell. I smiled because the chemistry was there. I couldn’t ignore it if I wanted to. It’s the same reason why I wanted to knock that fucking smile off that firefighter’s face. She wasn’t mine, but she wasn’t his either.

For now, though, she might as well accept that it was my face she would see day in and day out until we found out who was gunning for us. I owed Germ that, and I owed her too. What she didn’t know was that I recognized her. She was the one that saved Gen’s life. That video footage kept rolling that Brick brought to me at the clubhouse that day. When I took a good look, it wasn’t a nigga that pulled Genny out. It was a woman. Breeze confirmed it when he returned to the warehouse and lifted the prints. Chief, once his palm was greased, gave up her name—Mercilyn Dubois. I didn’t even know that nigga Germ was Haitian.

For that reason alone, I'd forever be indebted to her.

"Go easy on her. You'd be surprised what storm is brewing in her head that you could calm... and vice versa. It's not the storm that's the problem. It's how you weather it, how you still come out on top. Be her anchor, Em." She looked up and gently stroked my cheek.

I didn't know what the fuck that meant, but one thing was clear—I'd die before I allowed something to happen to her. I touched my lips and smirked. That kiss had lit a fire in me that only her mean ass could handle. I couldn't act on it now, but when the dust settled, maybe just maybe, I try my hand at this dating thing or whatever the fuck they called it these days.

"As for Beast, there's more to what you think. He'll tell you when he's ready."

"How did you know about me and Merci or me going to see Beast? Did Breeze?—"

"Uh uh!" She lifted her hand with an arched brow. "I know what that scuffle was about. Two damn fools who are committed to fighting it out then pretending it didn't happen. You'll feel it in the morning."

Shit, I felt it now.

"Make time to go see him, baby. You hear me? Beast is still your father."

"Yes, ma'am."

"What you do after he chooses to tell you is up to you since I'm sure he's prepared to do so. It's up to you. Remember, none of us are perfect, baby. Not even your mother." She kissed me then left me standing there dumbfounded.

What did she mean by that? My mother? Hell yeah, I needed to take my ass to Brooksville and pay Beast a visit. It was overdue, especially since I was pretty sure at this point it wasn't the DPs whose colors were blue and white. The motherfuckers passing by the warehouse and shot at me wore blue and white, even their vests were a dark blue leather, but I don't recall their symbol which was that of a dog. After all the years you had to study motherfuckers, I would have caught that, and I didn't. Sure, they could have switched that up to throw me off but unlike them, if I was going to strike and strike to kill, I had to be sure.

After a half bottle of whiskey and a blunt, I showered, threw on some shorts, and went to the den. I sat in the dark, hoping sleep would find me. I wasn't worried about bitches coming out here for me. We had six prospects outside, and honestly, that was on Breeze. I could handle myself alone and would. I suppose I was more on edge because I had a guest I couldn't stop thinking about. My cellphone rang, saving me from my thoughts. I wanted to take a walk up there and finish what we started. Well, what I started, what she wanted... just like me.

"Yo." I picked up.

It was Alix. I'd been calling him all day and then he didn't show up to the meeting. This disappearing shit with what was going on was pissing me the fuck off. I'd never whopped his ass but fuck that. He wanted me to knock him the fuck out.

"You have a problem sitting your ass down somewhere?"

"Truth, man. I'm good. Germ and Drake scooped me up from Hot Shots. I got caught up and had to make that money. You know how it is. I apologize."

Hot Shots was a gaming shop. That's how Germ and Drake fell on our radar, hanging out with Alix. I thought it was a good look since neither were ever known to fuck off in the streets on dumb shit or hang out with other clubs. They were young, hungry,

and had a talent I invested in. Gaming was a hobby for them in their downtime, and I trusted them. It was Alix I wasn't so sure I could trust.

"You heard what happened since you were nowhere to be found?" I wasn't a fan of talking about Saint business over the phone, not of this nature. At this point, I couldn't trust our fucking lines weren't tapped.

"I did." He cleared his throat but offered nothing else. However, once the silence got to him as I fought not to say some shit to push him further away, he made a dumb ass offer.

"We could slide tonight, Truth. I'm ready for whatever. It's in my blood, bro. What's the play?" That was the problem, he was ready and still no matter how much I tried to steer Alix from getting his hands dirty, he wanted in. I shook my head.

"Naw. We're still trying to figure this shit out. Besides, I need to rest. Let me holler at Germ."

"Yeah, whatever," he mumbled.

"What's up, Truth?"

"Get Alix to your crib and hit my line when you do. He's upset with me. I get it, but for once, I'm allowing someone else to step in. He trusts you I guess, but I trust you too."

"You do?" I could hear the smile in this nigga's voice. I did trust his ass.

"Yeah. You think you can do that?"

"I got you. Alix is family."

“Shit, we’re family. Saints for life.” He’d shown himself worthy, and even though we hadn’t voted, my vote was the last and final vote. Germ was a motherfucking Saint.

“Tell Merch I love her and I’m sorry I wasn’t...” He sniffled then coughed. “Tell her it won’t happen again.”

He was right. It wouldn’t, because the next rounds fired off would be mine. I put that shit on everything I loved.



## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

I rolled over and pretended to be asleep once Truth's aunt checked in on me. She never asked how or why I landed in the home of her nephew, but I could tell she was pondering on it. Instead, she made small talk as she cleaned up a few scrapes and gave me a steroid shot. If I didn't watch it, my shoulder would never properly heal.

Once I bathed from the water she ran after I'd freaked out, realizing I'd almost been shot, she knocked on the bedroom door with a few nightgowns in her hands. She had a fresh pack of underwear too, which pissed me off. She didn't live here, so there had to be spare packs he kept around for his sexcapades. Yeah, I was crashing out about underwear and this man wasn't even mine. Still, I had an attitude to the point I was close to not wearing anything short of what I came in here with.

After their meeting, which I could hear from outside the window, they had a few rounds of drinks. I could hear the clanking of bottles or glasses. I even heard Germ. He'd sent me a text, telling me he loved me and for me to behave. The nerve of him. I sent one back to feed Shadow. He hearted my response. I knew one damn thing; he better not have turned my cat into dog food. To make matters worse, he came up to see me but when he wouldn't assist me with escaping, since I'd feel safer sleeping at home, I flipped him off before he walked out like I'd broken his heart. I didn't. I was just over this Saint Rider life.

I lifted the blanket off of me and grunted. I could barely sleep and it was 2:00 AM. I only had an hour before my trauma clock tapped on my psyche. After tossing and turning, I slipped my nightgown off. It was hot, and my skin was sticky from the humidity. It was the rainy season, and I could smell it in the air.

Some time had passed, and just when I was almost asleep, I heard what sounded like

a tap on the door. I waited quietly then after a minute or two, I shrugged it off. The steroid shot probably had me hallucinating. I didn't trust medication, but once I knew what it was, I chose the dosage. Being a firefighter was also being a first responder. That meant knowing at a moment's notice, there may be a need and method to offer comfort or resolve distress.

Guiltily, the only comfort I wanted was Truth's body on top of mine and his full lips and thick tongue all over and inside of me. I slid my hand down my stomach and underneath the thin fabric of my panties. The feel of my digits delicately stroking the outer lips caused me to push out a puff of air. My God, it felt so good. With a part of my lower lips, my back arched. I could feel my hooded clit emerge. A pinch followed, and I gasped.

"Truth," I whispered, gliding two fingers on each side of my quickly swollen nub. It was slick to touch as I envisioned his hands exploring the most sensitive and sacred part of my body.

"Oh, shit. Truth."

As my fingers danced against my mound in a circular motion, my legs splayed further apart. My mouth hung low as my small pants morphed into grunts of release.

"Fuck." My body lifted as my stomach caved in, small ripples of nerves coming to life. "Truth, please."

"Please what, Merci?" I stopped and looked around, praying he wasn't in the room. "I'm listening."

"What the fuck!" I shot up and damn near fell off the bed, struggling to find the lamp to turn the light on. "No way, bitch. This was a different kind of dream."

I sat on the edge of the bed, trying to gather myself. I had to be past exhaustion to imagine his voice until I felt the bed dip.

“God, please don’t tell me he’s here.” I scooted to the headboard with my knees up as I covered my face.

I’d already made a fool of myself earlier when I damn near let him take me down in broad daylight. What the fuck was wrong with me?

“Mercilyn.”

My head shot up, hearing him call me a name yet again I hadn’t heard in years. I still wondered how he knew it. Damn, Germaine. He was trying to get brownie points from his prez. I hated that fucking title. The only time I liked hearing it was when I’d heard it in Chelly’s voice. She’d would call me that when I got on her nerves, telling her I wasn’t as pretty as she was.

“You ain’t sleep.”

Duh, I knew I wasn’t. The part of me that wished I was asleep proved to only be a wish when he came into view. His broad chest, his defined thighs, and without even trying, the exact shape and length of his dick greeted me. He had on shorts that hung low, but what was underneath hung lower. When it jumped, I gasped.

God, please take me now.

“Say no,” were his next words.

I didn’t hear a question, but my body ignited as he placed one knee on the bed. The other followed as he touched the inside of my knees.

“I’m waiting, Mercilyn.”

I panted. Quick breaths escaped my mouth when he gently parted my knees. He dragged one finger down my center shielded by moistened fabric. I wanted to scream, beg him to put out the small fire that flickered and flickered with each stroke of his finger.

“Is that a yes?”

It sure as hell wasn’t a no. How the fuck did he expect me to speak when he had me literally in the palm of his hand? He slid both hands underneath me and ripped my panties off.

“Truth,” I uttered. My walls greedily fluttered when two fingers massaged me ever so gently. “P-please. I?—”

“Please what?”

I wish I had an interpreter, one that would have held up signs that said, “take me now” and “shut the fuck up.” Certainly, he knew he could do anything to me at this point, and I’d let him. Me, Merci Dubois, never allowed anyone to just have their way, but he could. Those signs must have magically appeared when he dipped one of his fingers inside of me while massaging my clit with his thumb. My body jolted, and he smiled. The more he worked his finger inside of me, my walls contracted. Fuck, it felt so good.

“That’s it, Mercilyn. Relax... let her feel it. Let her feel me. ” He coached me with sweet, feather-like kisses to my lips.

One finger, two fingers, three fingers, and before I knew it, my body catapulted into a place I’d never visited before. Waves of euphoria danced and held me captive in

spurts as he whispered in my ear.

“Can I?”

I nodded. Don't ask a woman anything drunk off of not one but two orgasms and expect a conversation. It damn sure wasn't a debate. I wanted him to take me the fuck down, even though my body count was one before tonight and Billy, my neighbor from back home, really shouldn't count. That was defiant pussy I gave him. I was still angry with my parents and life.

He rose up and a crooked grin stretched across his face. He was huge, but fear didn't set in when he tugged his shorts off and relieved his dick. My tongue slid out and glided back and forth across my bottom lip.

“Touch it.”

I blinked when he said that. He caught that and snickered.

“Mercilyn, you can touch what's yours. You want this to be yours?” He stroked that big motherfucker, his length growing. A beautiful, rippled vein sprouted, and I hissed.

“Is that a no? You don't want this and everything that comes with this, babe?”

A few grunts as I tried to speak must have knocked on the door of my brain, registering his proposal when I nodded. A soft chortle leaped from his mouth when he took charge, and I lost my fucking mind. Strong hands wrapped around each ankle as he parted my legs into a “V” shape. With a swift dip, his entire mouth latched onto my pussy before he French-kissed it.

“Truthhhhh... Fuck, Truth.”

His eyes lifted, boring into mine as soft, circular swipes against my center had me crying. The feel of his lips, his tongue, and the vibration of his murmurs had me about to pass out.

“Open up for me, baby.”

In went two fingers while the tip of his tongue tap danced on my clit. My back formed into a perfect arch while his free hand stroked and twisted one pebbled nipple. He sucked and licked my engorged nub, coupled with the vibration against my pussy from hums and grunt-like sounds. When his hands slid up my back, he sat my lower hole on his mouth as tears and spittle ran down my cheeks and chin.

“Okay, okay... P—please, baby. Please.”

He stopped then asked, “Please what, Mercilyn? I give orders, but for you, I’ll take those shits. Please what?” He gently pecked my outer lips. My stomach clenched as spurts of release expelled from my body.

“What the?—”

I didn’t have time to process what happened when he lowered me, and with a ram of his dick, he was inside of me. Truth Saint, head of the Saint Riderz, was inside of me, and it never felt so good.

“I’m not huge on sharing, Mercilyn.” As he rested inside of me, I felt his dick jump. “You hear me?”

My creased brows sent a message since he had to be crazy as hell to think I could speak while full of dick and not just any dick—his dick.

“Kenneth Kane Adams.”

Was he speaking about Kane? He licked his lips as he worked his length in and out of me.

“If you want him to live, stay out of his face.”

“But w-we...” He rammed inside of me, and I screamed.

“I know.” He looked down and smiled.

We became one. My walls stretched, and the beautiful pain overtook me. I had no clue what to do, but as my hips rolled with each plunge of his dick, his breath grew ragged.

“Mercilyn?”

His voice was low, raspy even, but his eyes were dark and slitted. He closed them when he rested all that big, long, and thick dick inside of me, planting his forehead on mine. Sweat from his forehead trickled down. The taste of his salty sweat was a flavor I’d forever savor. I wanted this man... I needed him. He took my mouth hungrily, kissing and sucking. I didn’t want him to stop. As he gripped the back of my neck, he sucked on my tongue until he pulled back.

“Keep your mouth open.”

He didn’t have to tell me that. My mouth was wide and eager to feel his lips, tongue, anything he wanted to offer inside of it. And he did when a slow stream of spittle fell over his lip and onto my tongue.

Fuck, in that moment as it slid down my throat as he slowly pumped inside of me, I came. I mean really came, and it didn’t stop. My body shook as he thrust like his life depended on it. He climbed out of me just enough to flip me over where my

knees met the bed.

A spread of my ass cheeks was greeted with a kiss. My body shot forward, but he caught me by my hips. He tongued fuck my lower hole while massaging my pussy. I had no idea a feeling other than pain could grab a hold of me, but I never wanted to feel anything else but this.

“All of that was for you, Merci,” he whispered. “This round, though, is for me.”

“Motherfuckkkk!”

He entered me, with quick and short pumps. I could feel the heaviness of his balls as they slapped my clit. I never knew that was even possible, but he lived up to his got damn name. This man, the one that carried a brotherhood and community on his back, collapsed on top of me. I felt his tears run down my shoulder blade. He was tired. For once in his life, I think that was his way of saying he needed someone too.

“Hey, it’s okay,” I whispered, feeling him throb inside of me. He grunted, sat up, then removed himself. The abandoned space where he once was greeted me with cool wind that caused me to shudder. I frowned then rolled over, watching him as he picked up his shorts. He sniffled and looked at me.

“Get some rest,” he muttered. “Lots to do tomorrow.”

“Truth, wait.” I grabbed the sheet and sat up, but it was pointless. He’d walked out and closed the door. Unbelievable. Un-fucking-believable. What the hell just happened?

“It was a mistake.”

I heard him speak as soon as he entered the kitchen. He cleared his throat, then



lowered his head when I looked at him and rolled my eyes. Who the fuck says that after he pretty much forced me to be here and then fucked me? Hell, I thought he was gone. I'd hung out in my room most of the day, waiting and watching until I didn't hear anything outside my door. His auntie, God bless her heart, lightly tapped on the door. I refused to face her or him. When hunger took over, I finally opened the door and on the floor was a tray with a covered dish. That was six hours ago, and I was starving again.

“Merci, shit happens.”

I scoffed because shit didn't just happen. He came to where I was and took advantage of me. If this was what love was about, then keep it. Chelly's dream was just that—her dream.

“Figures. Anyway.” He looked down at me with his jaws clenched. I was fully clothed, giving him no reason for him to stare, yet he did. When he refused to leave, I knew how to get him out of my face.

“So, you're finally off duty from rescuing damsels you think are in distress? Have a few rumblers waiting for you? If so, you know you can leave. I hit Kane up. He'll be here as soon as his shift is over.”

He said nothing, absolutely nothing as I stood there with my heart bleeding. I closed my eyes, tears filling my eyelids. I felt so stupid to the point my body was trembling. My life was falling apart from me being out of work to being shot at and the only person that made me feel like it would be okay was the one person that betrayed me.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

I went to leave when he wrapped his strong arms around me. I tried to push him away, but his ass wouldn't budge. The feel of his firm arms around me, his chest

against mine, his heart racing and the smell of bergamot drove me insane. “Shhhh.”

“I don’t need you telling me what to do, Truth.” With a forceful push, he released me.

“I just need something to eat and then I need rest.”

“You sure that’s all you need?”

“Damn, your aunt said I was free to visit the kitchen. You want to control when I eat too?”

He dragged his hand down his mouth, his chocolate peepers barely opened and red. I could tell he hadn’t slept but neither had I, so fuck him.

“No, but I do want to be the kind of man you could trust.”

“Then give me something to fucking trust!” I belted, then punched him a few times until he gripped me by wrists. “Let me the fuck go, Truth.” My voice croaked as tears streamed down my face. I knew this wouldn’t work. Love simply wasn’t in the cards for me, and I was fine with that. Had been for the past thirteen years until he bulldozed his way into my life.

He shook his head as defeat settled inside of me. I wasn’t worth the attempt.

“Too late. You don’t trust me and you shouldn’t.” He tucked his lips. “Whatever you think about me and the Saints, it’s true. After this shit is over, you make sure Germ gets to that fucking art school,” he spoke, shocking the hell out of me.

“Hey, how did you know that? He told you?”

“Don’t matter. I’ll pay for it, too. If you don’t move the fuck on and take him with you, the next business to burn down will be Inkz . The only difference is that it won’t

be a mystery who did it because it'll be me. Run from me, Merci." He lifted my chin and studied me, my chest heaving as he dragged the pad of his thumb across my lip.

He slipped it inside of my mouth, and without a second thought, I slowly sucked on it. I had no clue how the fuck he had me doing shit I'd never done before. When he turned me around and pushed my body against the island, I knew he was right. I had to get away from him, and Germ was coming too.

"Tell me no." He grunted as I assumed the position, stretched across the countertop with my legs open wide. "Tell me."

I could hear him unbuckling his belt. My pussy thumped with anticipation. I tooted my ass just enough when he yanked my shirt over my ass and lowered to his knees. When he ripped my panties off, I yelped.

"This pussy's leaking, Mercilyn." His breath washed over my center before his tongue swiped inside of my lower lips. "Fucking sweet."

He stretched my lower globes apart and attacked my pussy. The feel of his beard between my legs, the warmth of his tongue and his huge hands gripping my thighs, allowed me to ride his mouth with ease. He smacked one ass cheek, and I yelped.

"Cum for me, Merci. Cum," he whispered in between his tongue dipping inside of me. "So fucking sweet. You are, and I'm rotten to the fucking core. I'll ruin your ass. As soon as you can, run from me and never look back."

"Truth, please. Don't do this to me... to us. I want it."

"Naw. You don't have to beg for this dick. I want you to have it. Remember, I said it was yours. Still is."

He stood up, and with a forceful thrust, he entered me from behind. My walls welcomed his girth, and when he eased inside of me, I cried. Fuck, he had me crying for the dick.

“Being inside you is the only thing that’s keeping me sane right now. I’m sorry for saying that shit, but it’s true. Life’s fucked up for me.”

I heard his voice crack as his hands held me on each side of my waist. Pump after pump, he stretched me as his lips traveled up my back. He muttered how much of a piece of shit he was, how undeserving he was to even be in my presence. Crazily, I didn’t see it that way. Not anymore. He had a job to do. That was to protect his family at all costs.

“Merci, baby. I need you to cum for me. I need that shit, baby.” I obliged as I cried out when my body gave way. My walls pulsed and latched around his thick, heavy dick as it throbbed inside of me. For fuck’s sake, we were cumming at the same time. He quickly released me as my feet touched the floor. I looked around and there he stood with misty orbs.

“Truth?” I called his name even though I didn’t know what to say. I just knew I didn’t want him to abandon the idea of us. Sure, we’d just met, but we were connected in ways I never thought were even possible. The fact that he wanted Germ to attend art school spoke volumes. He was a man worth loving. I just needed him to see it, feel it. He didn’t though. I could tell when he looked down at the beautiful mess we’d made in his kitchen. My essence covered his dick that he quickly covered when he slid on his boxers then jeans. Just like that, it was over again.

“People die around us we love,” he whispered. “I can’t let that happen. When this is over, I mean it. Don’t fucking stick around. Do better, choose better. Trust me, that ain’t me.”

I couldn't believe this man. He'd fucked me not once but twice then dumped me before we were even a thing. Where's the family, love, and loyalty he so called pledge to live by? Damn him. He was a fucking coward who would kill for me but wouldn't love me. What kind of sense did any of this make?

Chelly was wrong. If she were around, she'd see that Wally would turn out to be a piece of shit too. Men—they were full of shit, starting with Truth Saint.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“Is it mine?”

I rolled my eyes, wondering why he was even in here. It was 3:00 maybe 4:00 AM. He didn't think I knew, but I was well aware that scandalous bitch Charlene was back in town. She wasted no time dropping subliminals on Instagram then added a hashtag #SaintBitch4Life.

“Sahmeer, go home.”

I turned over and gave him my back. It had been almost a month, and I was about to be released. Imagine my surprise when I fainted and woke up to news I thought I'd never hear. All my life, I struggled with my menstrual cycle and was diagnosed with polycystic ovary syndrome, PCOS for short.

I checked off all the symptoms from irregular periods, even acne, and excess hair growth. The latter required a rigid skin care regimen, but a bitch was naturally a fanatic about self-care. My weight would fluctuate, but for the past year, I was at my smallest weighing 165 pounds at five foot six. Don't get it twisted. A bitch was still fine, and Sahmeer loved every inch of me.

“Home is where you are, Gee.”

I pushed out an annoyed breath. Gee was like him calling me his homeboy, his brother. For a while, it was cool until I realized it was a mask to hide how he felt in front of Truth and Brick.

I sat up and adjusted my pillows. As soon as Harlem or Rowdy Red eased their

fucking faces in my room, I was cursing them the hell out. Charlie could barely sit with me without those animals Sahmeer demanded keep watch at my door. What they didn't know was my girl Teenie already brought me a gun. I knew who I was, and injured or not, I'd forever be a target. I was Truth Saint's only sister, but I was also the daughter of a boss. Emric "Beast" Saint. The prison walls couldn't stifle his reach, even though I knew he played the background as Truth took the reins of the Saint Riderz.

"Is home where you lay up and play with rumblers or better yet, jaded exes who don't know their place?"

I was hurt. I pleaded with Sahmeer for years to be honest with Brick and definitely Truth. He would always come up with excuses. First, it was our age difference since he was seven years older than me. Alix was ten years younger than me, a baby when our mother died. To this day, I barely understood what happened the night our mother never came back home and Alix... Well, he was still in diapers. Truth and Brick did, though, and once they took over, I couldn't dream of the day I could help them and keep the legacy alive.

Truth and Brick were against it and kept us away from most of it, but when Sahmeer came around, I'd learn bits and pieces. He always joked and played with us whenever he came over. It was no surprise when he became my first crush. Imagine that—Truth's best friend.

He went from teasing me to showing up, taking me to school, even making store runs for feminine products. Said he was going to the store anyway, but I knew the real reason. He wanted me the same way I wanted him. It wasn't until the day I turned twenty-one he acted on it.

"Here's to you, Baby Gee."

I groaned.

It was time he dropped the “baby” part. I was twenty-one, and like it or not, him, Truth, and Brick needed to stop babying me. I was three months shy of earning my bachelor’s degree in accounting and the one who ran all the books.

They could trust me with managing the entire Saint Riderz’ financial portfolio but they couldn’t trust me to know what I wanted or needed? Sure, I was rough around the edges. Who wouldn’t being the daughter of the MC president like Beast and then Truth?

“Drink up!” He lifted a shot glass of cedar wood whiskey. That was all Saint Riderz shit right there. We closed on a small brewery last year after years of doing that shit underground, and we kept our bar and restaurants fully stocked with it.

We clanked, and when I tossed one back, my eyes shut tightly as the warm liquor trickled down my throat. Before then, Truth’s bossy ass wouldn’t let me drink. He didn’t know that Sahmeer would slip me a drink every now and again.

“Whew!”

“Here’s to another year, Baby Gee.”

He had to be feeling good, too good when he bent over and quickly pecked my lips. My eyes stretched. My finger pressed against lips he’d just kissed. It happened so quickly I thought I’d imagined it. I hadn’t when he came close and leaned against my ear.

“Let’s take a ride. I want to show you something.”

“I’m not that twenty-one year old you poured cedar whiskey down into the back of



my throat while finger fucking me under the moonlight.”

He smiled then licked his lips. I felt my pussy throb as I grunted with slitted eyes.

“I’m not.”

“I know you’re not. You’re so much more than what people think you are, Gee. Hell, I know that. You think I want this fucking life for you?”

He leaned forward and grabbed my chin, forcing me to look at him.

“The fuck you think I would do had you died, huh? This shit’s killing me.”

His hand made its way to my throat, my heart racing as I gulped.

“Trust me. I’m ready to bury the bitch that touched what’s mine.”

I pushed him away or tried to, but he wouldn’t budge.

“Chucky can’t make you feel the way I make you feel, Gee. I’m allowing him to court you, pretend he’s your fucking man, and this is the exact reason. This shit is my fault.”

“It isn’t!” I sat up then grunted.

My ribs were still tender. My leg was in a brace after they removed the cast. The scratches and scabs on my face, chest, and shoulders were in the healing phase. The doctors said I’d have faint scars. Sahmeer pecked at them when I allowed him to. I hated that I couldn’t completely rid him from my system.

“Is it my baby, Gee? It’s about time though. I’m fucking close to forty.” He laughed,

but like Truth and Brick, they didn't look a day over twenty-five.

"Tell me, Baby Gee." He kissed my lips and I mushed his fucking face.

I could tell him the truth since I knew, but then he'd only step up because of the baby, not because he wanted a life with me. If he did, he wouldn't allow Truth to dictate what the fuck we did. I understood why he straddled the fence, but if I was prepared to deal with the aftermath, so should he. He only made matters worse when Charlene became his official girl. She was the front to throw Brick and Truth off, but at some point, he fell for her when I wouldn't give in to his secret demands. Guilt, I suppose, helped him let me go, but the truth was, he never had, which was why I was full of this nigga's baby.

"Sahmeer," I whined as his thick tongue slid up my neck. He sucked my lower lip inside of his mouth and I groaned. "This is wrong."

Rowdy Red or Harlem would never enter without a knock. Charlie either. Still, this was wrong. He had strays, those rumbler bitches, and Charlene was back. She was also the woman that so called had his heart the night I gave my virginity to him at twenty-one.

"Is it mine? Why you keeping shit from me, Gee?"

He pulled back and pressed his forehead against mine as tears skated down my face. I wanted to be an asshole because he didn't need to know. As soon as I heard I was pregnant, there was no doubt in my mind I was keeping my baby. The paternity or whatever role the father would play wasn't a factor.

"Shit, Gee." He sat up and swiped each cheek. "Even if it ain't, it is. The fuck Chucky Ducky gon' do to keep you and our baby safe?"

“You’re delusional.” I scoffed, looking the other way.

I knew I wouldn’t be able to hide it forever. Charlie hadn’t touched me in months. He was always traveling, and when he came to town, he had meetings with the tax collector’s committee. I cleared my throat then slightly looked at him.

“It’s yours... Eight weeks.”

Silence filled the air, but it didn’t stop the huge grin that stretched across his face when I frowned.

“Sahmeer, this changes nothing.”

“Oh, this shit changes everything.”

He pulled the covers back and lifted up my hospital gown. His fingers skated over my stomach where he applied gentle kisses. I felt my body trembling as he celebrated the life growing inside of me until his hand slid between my legs.

“Sahmeer.” My voice cracked, but I didn’t move. “Shit.”

I huffed as he spread my lips and pushed two fingers inside. He looked up. His mouth opened as he coached me through it. I could smell my essence in the air and hear the slickness as he stroked my pussy with his fingers. No one could make me cum like he could—no one. I’d slept with my fair share of them over the years. Many I’d never reveal.

None were a Saint Rider though. I’d never do any disrespectful shit like that. That was a death sentence for a club member if I stooped so low. That shit was permissible for the rumblers. I wasn’t one of them. I was actually Mrs. Sahmeer Brighton, a secret we both agreed to take to the grave. At twenty-five, we flew out to Vegas

where we threw caution to the wind. It was after one of his breakups with Charlene. I didn't believe him when he said he was done, but when I called him out on it, he picked me up and off to Vegas we went.

We returned, and the moment Truth questioned us as to our whereabouts since we both went off the radar at the same time, the man I'd loved damn near most of my adulthood, looked at me and lied. He denied being with me and called it a coincidence. All that talk in Vegas was bullshit, and for the past three years, I gave him my ass to kiss along with pussy when I needed a good fuck.

"That's it. This damn pussy is so greedy, Gee. My baby did that."

I hated how my walls convulsed, but the sight of my milky cream over his digits pushed me over the edge. My stomach contracted when I came.

"Hell yeah. Just like daddy likes it." He pulled out his fingers, smiled, and licked them clean.

"You're coming to my shit when they let you out. I'll handle Truth."

"You'll do what? See... I knew if I told you about the baby, you'd want to run shit. You had years to run shit, Sahmeer. It's because of you our asses are still married, or did you forget?"

Anytime I served him, he'd put a gun to the head of the processor. I couldn't believe how they bitched up and allowed him to bully them. It didn't matter. I started living my best life, and the moment I saw rumblers all on his dick from the clubhouse to Saint Riderz events, was the day I threw this pussy to other motherfuckers. We'd been reckless over the years, but a baby was now involved.

"Not want to. I am. Rowdy Red's coming in to pack your shit. I'll speak with the

doctor. That shit with going to Truth's house is a wrap." He roughly pecked my lips then turned his lip up when he looked at the table next to me. "Who sent you those?"

I looked over and shrugged. They were flowers that were brought in when I was sleep. The nurses came around all the time with cards and children singing to victims at the burn unit. I never questioned it since the vase was beautiful. The flowers needed to be tossed since they'd died. Hell a few floral arrangements had died but the vase that caught his eyes was the most beautiful one. Fuck what he was talking about. I was keeping it.

"Leave it. The fuck I look like allowing you to bring something home that nigga bought? I know you know it was him."

"Sahmeer, leave."

I pointed to the door as he flashed his infamous platinum bottom grill grin. My pussy twitched at the sight of my husband. He was tall, dark with wavy, satin-like hair, a full beard that tickled me when he kissed me and slanted, light brown eyes. His long eyelashes were a chef's kiss along with his eyebrows. I couldn't stand his ass, which meant our child would look just like him.

"Don't matter. You're coming home to me anyway, Mrs. Brighton."

"Are you sure you're ready for that?"

He hesitated then nodded. I knew him. He had plans to try to do some damage control, but I had to think for the both of us. Rowdy Red and Harlem answered to Truth. Sahmeer did too most days, but I could see the defiance in his eyes and hear it in his voice too. I wasn't prepared for them to fall out. Besides, it was my baby, and if he never claimed it, so the fuck what?

I did have to end things with Charlie. It wouldn't be fair to mislead him. Hopefully, we could remain friends. As for Sahmeer, we could coparent, because as soon as I was well, I was calling up Nadine, the Saint Riderz's lawyer so she could draw up divorce papers again . Truth wouldn't kill us then, and there'd be no need. The damage was done, but the beauty from it all rested inside of me.

“Sahmeer, fuck off. Please.”

“I love you too, Gee.” He flashed that smile, and I groaned. It angered me that I loved him so much but hated him too.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“So, now I’m a babysitter? You’re running from something. This is the most you’ve called me over here in months.”

I couldn’t risk Merci being at this annual race fundraiser. After the second time I went there with her, all I could do was think about her. She’d be a fucking distraction now more than ever. We agreed as the brothers to move as if shit was sweet, but we received intel that confirmed it wasn’t the DPs. Having Eriqua and her girls were priceless, and for the right price, especially when they thought pussy was involved, niggas talked.

That warehouse we were about to open was to expand our trucking company, allowing us to control the flow of goods shipped in and out of Rockside and the surrounding areas. Our prices we proposed were good. Genny knew her shit. A nigga while he was drunk as fuck mentioned to one of Eriqua’s girls that our business would put a dent in someone’s money—the Hells Devils.

The only difference was they were into illegal shit like trafficking drugs and more—bombs and other military-type shit from missiles to huge ass grenades. Word on the street was their president, Jenson, was a fucking reject from the Marines after a dishonorable discharge from selling drugs to young recruits.

Apparently, the Hells Devils caught wind of what we were doing and assumed we were about to step on their toes after a few motherfuckers approached us about shipping illegal shit. Of course I shut that shit down. All Jenson had to do was approach me and he would have known that. Now he was in hiding and I needed to draw his bitch ass out.

“Alix, kiss your auntie.”

I needed him with us. We had security set up, but he had scanners in position to listen to any communications that may tell us who was out there and not in support of our race.

Alix smirked. He'd caught a glimpse of Merci. He and Germ would hang out back, but only Germ would chill with her. It had been two weeks since the last time I touched her, and it was hard as fuck. I needed to get my head in the game, and after we pushed it back once, it was now or never. I was tired of making niggas think shit was good.

“Auntie, I'ma bring you two candy apples 'cause you are so sweet.”

“Mhmm. What about my turkey legs and Mexican corn? Can't have my turkey leg without my Mexican corn.”

He showered her cheek with kisses and she giggled. When her eyes landed on my mine, she huffed. “Come here, Em.”

She opened her arms, motioning for me to come closer.

“You don't always have to carry it alone,” she whispered as soon as I slipped in between her arms. Something about Auntie Myanne's hugs made my big ass feel better. “I spoke to Senior. He said you never answer when he calls and haven't visited in some time.”

My eyes shifted to Alix when his eyes lit up. He was the only one that looked forward to calls more than Brick. Brick did just to snitch, but Alix did because he craved knowing his father in a way he never experienced in the free world.



“Alix, I’ll meet you outside.”

“Alright then.” I could tell he was upset but he’d get over that shit. Instead of bitching about it, he kissed Auntie My and left us alone.

“The girl wants her cat,” she spat underneath her breath. “Can she at least go get it? What about her car?”

“Naw.”

I didn’t even like cats. If she was my girl, his ass would have to be put down or whatever the fuck they did to cats when you dropped them off to the animal shelter.

“Her car’s in the shop,” I lied. After that day, I’d never let her drive it. It was parked in one of our other warehouses. It was my plan to get her a new one.

“I’ll run that piece of information by her later. She’s good, ain’t she? Had Teenie bring everything she needed from clothes and shoes, even toiletries. Oh and that tea. She really likes that tea. I think it helps her to sleep.”

“Oh, I like it too.”

I chuckled when Teenie came by one day with some medical tea shit from Bells and Bliss . My baby wanted to get lit but passed up on the blunt. I had it. She just couldn’t smoke it unless I rolled it.

“Less on that tea,” I mumbled.

In fact, all she did was sleep. Any other time, she’d walk right by me in my own crib and wouldn’t even speak. I took her cards away and her cell phone too. I lied and told her she must have dropped it. I had it. That next morning while she was in the

shower, I had a new cell phone delivered. Said she wanted her old one, but fuck that.

“Emric, you can’t have your way all the time, but since you’re being bullheaded, I ordered some things for her.”

“Like what?”

My brows lifted. I swear in no time she’d recruited Aunty My to become my number one enemy if it gave her access to a nigga. That phone was hers but I made Alix mirror all communications so I could see her bitch and complain... then intervene if I thought she was about to do something crazy as fuck. She should move on, but that didn’t mean it could be with anyone. I had to have that nigga vetted. That was the price she had to pay for giving me that good pussy. I’d had plenty over the years but her green, young ass had me addicted. I didn’t wash my dick off all day after the last time she allowed me to make love to her.

“Her pottery. Did you know she likes to make pottery like vases and miniature pieces?” She leaned closer, her face filled with excitement. “She’s good too. Saw a few photos. You’ve been so busy with the annual race fundraiser that you didn’t even notice we’d set up the loft upstairs. Maybe then she’ll come out of that room and join the land of the living. Her kiln is coming... hopefully today.”

I felt like shit. She’d caught an attitude, so I caught one too. I was only trying to be a real nigga and save her ass from grief by fucking with me. I won’t lie. I did miss that mean energy she filled the atmosphere with. It was a front because underneath all of that was a broken, stubborn soul like mine. Germ hadn’t told me much about her dating history, but he told me enough. She pretty much had been married to her career as a firefighter and her dumb ass cat. For now, it was best I kept my distance. We both were fucked up in the head.

“She’s living whether she comes out or not.”

Shit, she was the only woman besides Gen to even sleep in my crib. Auntie My swatted at me then pointed upstairs where the guest room Merci occupied was.

“Have the sense God gave you and at least speak. I’m sick of you two. Honestly, I need a break from all of you. Enrietta is probably rolling over in her grave. I have you pretending you’re not falling for a woman you kidnapped, Brick’s getting into squabbles because Eriqua cut him off, and Alix...”

She threw her hands up.

“I have no clue what’s going on with Alix, but he’s finding his way. Let him. Remember, he hasn’t seen what you and Elias have seen.”

I snickered. Brick would have a fit if he heard her call him Elias. He stayed suspended from school whenever the kids in class teased him about his name.

“Laugh all you want straight to her room. Now go!”

“Auntie...” I drawled then shoved my hands in my pockets. I felt she was sonning me like I was a little boy.

I ran an entire club, helped provide for my siblings, still put money on Beast’s books, and took care of our community. Sleep was a commodity I rarely enjoyed and hadn’t from a quality perspective in a while, and definitely not since Merci was under my roof.

“Emric, baby. If you’re running because you think you don’t deserve love or won’t be good at it, stop. I hear you... all this propaganda about keeping her safe, but the lie you keep telling will run her off. Face her.”

“I can’t right now. I need to focus. I’ll holler at her when I come back, alright? You

coming out there?”

“That would be rude since my new niece can’t,” she jested.

I wasn’t fucking with Auntie My. I know what me and Merci did was something that should have never happened, but that didn’t mean it had to happen again or that we needed to take it further.

Let her enjoy her pottery and shit and maybe Kane, even though I still wanted to off that nigga. Firefighter friend my ass.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

Gee pulled a fast one on me, and Rowdy Red had to pay for it. I knocked that nigga right in the mouth as soon as he wouldn't give up where Gee was. Harlem had left shortly after I did when Rowdy Red came on duty. Gee was discharged, and Rowdy Red's ass was right there when she was. She was carrying my unborn, my lifeline, and like it or not, shit between me and Truth was about to change. I wasn't worried about Brick. Once Truth fell in line, he'd have no choice but to, but fuck him too. Gee was my responsibility and I was taking her off their hands.

"Still ain't fucking with me?"

Rowdy Red with narrowed eyes tossed his head up. Fuck him. Gee was my fucking wife, but he was my brother. His loyalty should have started with me. He knew how I got down since he was the same way with his girl, Tyricka.

"Figured we were better than that."

He spit on the ground near me, calling me out as his skin morphed into a crimson hue. The "Rowdy" was because that nigga was wild but the "Red" was because he had ginger-colored hair, damn near blond eyebrows, and a face littered with freckles. He wasn't a bitch, though. Had to be one of the best to ever do it when it came to racing or killing a nigga at a moment's notice. I didn't want to fight his ass, though. I could admit I was wrong. But hey, love made you do stupid shit.

"Me too. The fuck you let Gee run you like that?"

"I had orders. I followed them. You know the issue is sometimes we think we're bigger than the brotherhood." He pulled on his spliff and handed it to me. Smoke

seeped from his nose. He eyed me as I toked on it once then passed it back. “And you’re moving foul. You and Genny, nigga?”

“Fuck all that. She’s mine and we’re grown. I gave you an order.”

“I received another, and like it or not, that’s Beast daughter, Breeze. Prison be damned, he outranked you. You know he and my pops sitting on cell block C together. Genny is that nigga’s heart. Before I could even have the discharge papers brought, my pops hit my line. He was with Beast.”

I nodded since he was spot on. Beast was calling plays behind our back. Hell yeah, that was his daughter, but Gee was my baby, my life who was bringing another life into the world. She knew how to pull rank. I’d find a way to get her attention. I always did.

I extended my fist. He looked down and smirked, but he left me hanging.

“My apologies, Rowdy man.”

“Yeah, whatever.” After two hits to the spliff, he fist bumped me. That was his way of accepting my apology. “The fuck is she doing here?”

His brows crowded, and he looked at me. My eyes followed the direction he looked. I closed my eyes with a shake of my head. I’d ghosted Charlene more than a month ago. The only reason I didn’t change my number was because I ran too many businesses of my own to allow her to influence the moves I made.

“Fuck.”

“That’s on you. See your bitch ass at the finish line.” He sauntered off, walking toward his bike.

That shit was nice. He'd recently given it a paint job and threw spikes on the wheels. His exhaust pipe was longer and sleeker. Fucking show off. As they passed each other, Charlene tried to speak to him, but he pretended he didn't see her.

I couldn't lie, though. She was finer than a motherfucker in denim jean shorts and a denim vest with a blue and white tank. Her thighs were fucking smooth, and she wore her signature cowboy boots.

"You made it."

"I did." She swung her head to the left, then lifted one hand to reduce the sun in her eyes. "I'm helping Jayla. Remember? She's over the grill with the sausage, burgers, hot dogs, and turkey wings."

"I know." I scoffed.

Jayla started out like her, a rumbler. Like I wifed Charlene as I tried to run away from giving Gee my heart, Beanie had wifed Jayla. She was cool and was always up to helping out. I looked around and smiled. The community came out and the park was filled with the club members from those managing rides and games to those just here to see if the biker they bet on would win.

"My money is on you if you need to know."

"Appreciate that."

Silence loomed, and she eventually stood in front of me. I glanced down at her and laughed. Charlene was like a beautiful painting on a wall, damn near flawless. Attention came to her easily, but once you really studied it, you recognized she wasn't an original. She was a carbon copy, a wannabe, and one that didn't lead. She followed.

“Say, let me get ready. See you later?”

She clapped her hands and smiled.

“I’ll make sure to win.”

“It’s for the city. You know I’ll always support the city but you better win.” She nudged me in the arm and I smirked.

“Alright.” I wasn’t chit chatting with her worrisome ass.

“Hey.” She stopped me when I went to walk away. “We are okay, right?”

“Shit, as good as we can be.”

This shit was old, and whether or not I wanted to admit it, I missed my wife more than anything here. I still planned to win this race, and when I did, I’d do my victory lap then put my ear to the streets about Jenson’s ass if he or his flunkies didn’t show up.

Once I looked at her, I realized I didn’t believe in coincidences. Charlene was up to some shit. I needed to keep her close because it was no longer about me. I had a baby on the way.

“Breeeeze!” Teenie sang as soon as she saw me. She looked at Charlene and rolled her eyes.

“Hey, I’ll see you around.” She scurried off, and I chuckled. Teenie’s ass was a fucking bully.

“Tell the trash man to take out all the trash, Breeze.”



I laughed. “I don’t know what you talking about.”

“Anyway, I see you.”

I smiled as she drug her finger down my Yamaha. I fucked with nothing but the best. Truth loved his Harley Davidson, but I loved Yamahas the way I loved my wife. They were fierce, smooth, fast, and easy to ride with a little kick to them.

“Go easy on my baby.”

“Pfft. Biscuit’s big ass?”

She narrowed her eyes, and pouty lips formed. Shit, he was big, but he was fast with his hands and light on his feet.

“I’m fucking with you. Line us up. I’m ready to show these niggas why the Saints run these streets.”

“Okay!”

She wagged her tongue then waved at someone behind me. I looked over my shoulder and thought I caught a glimpse of someone quickly lowering their head. I tried to follow the top of his head, but he was lost in the crowd.

“Truth!” I reached over and dapped him up.

This nigga pulled up like someone had put Gatorade in his fucking tank. His beard looked like he hadn’t combed it in a few days, and his eyes looked like he hadn’t rested. Auntie My told me to watch him for her, but Truth was stubborn as hell like Gee. They all got that from Beast.

“The fuck going on?” He settled himself on his bike and revved up the engine.

“Not shit but me and this ass whupping I have coming for y’all ass,” I bragged. I had won the last three races and had plans to win the fourth.

“Imagine that.” He looked around, and like me, he was watching the crowd. “See anything off?”

“Naw.” I hesitated, processing the dude that ran off. “Yeah, maybe, but the brothers are in position, especially the OGs who’d rather talk shit than race anyway, all except Jake and Logan. I have them on each corner then near each ride and tent, even Germ and Drake are managing the flow of traffic of the crowd. Krystian and Harlem gave the other prospects their posts. Maybe the bitches fucking with us won’t take the bait and come out.”

“Or maybe they will. Let’s do what we came here to do.”

“Alright, y’all.” Teenie took the mic and announced to the crowd. “Welcome to the Saint Riderz annual race fundraiser. Now, before I have Cookie drop this bandana, remember to place your bet on the best biker! It’s not too late. Make your way over there to the table and be generous. Remember, all proceeds go to the Scotland Park Community Center. Thanks to you, Truth, and the Saints for making this event possible.”

Her ass then looked at Biscuit and threw him a kiss.

“Baby, it’s okay if you don’t win. I’ll still ride on the back of your bike.”

Biscuit blushed then dragged his hand down his mouth. He and Teenie had come a long way. I knew she liked bitches in the past, but once Biscuit put it down on her ass and made her remember how good dick was, she was all in. I wanted that for Gee if

her stubborn ass would stop playing.

“Alright, y’all!” Cookie hollered after Teenie passed her the mic. “Here are the rules.”

She looked around, put her fingertip in her mouth, and giggled.

“There are no rules! Just don’t kill anybody! When I drop this, do your thing!” She held up the bandana, and at the count of three, she dropped it.

“Let’s go!”

The engines roared like a huge sea of raging storms. The smell of burning asphalt and smoke filled the air as we all took off. Truth veered to the outside and rode the side while I maintained my stance in the middle. I bobbed and weaved around Harlem and Rowdy Red and laughed. Rowdy Red revved his engine up and veered to the left while Harlem rode next to me, neck and neck.

To my right were Krystian, Rollo, Lupe, and a few others. Lupe was the shit when it came to racing. He was the one to watch. His souped up Kawasaki shot past me, his engine emitting a heavy stream of smoke. I didn’t need to see him, though. I needed to see the fucking finish line.

The course was ten blocks up, five over, then ten blocks back. Once I caught up with Lupe who’d passed me, I flipped up my middle finger and kicked my speed up a notch. My tires barely kissed the pavement as I pushed my shit harder, faster, feeling the wind and heat rip past my face. The crowd cheered loudly, names of bikers were being called out from the rumblers, brothers, down to the kids who thought we were bad asses. We told them differently, but the bikes were the draw. They’d do anything to sit on one of them. The sound of an engine growled, and within a split second, someone zipped in front of me.

Fucking Truth. It was tough to get around him when Jake and Logan crisscrossed as if they were in cahoots with Truth's ass. I had something for them though. I pulled back, granting myself the ability to see ahead, and when I saw a small opening to my left, I gunned my shit. As soon as I slipped through, I popped my front wheel up and barreled through the finish line.

The celebratory cheers felt good, but I had one focus, and that was to see who wasn't cheering. I leaped off my bike and yanked my helmet off when my eyes locked in on the bitch I knew couldn't wait to be seen with me—Charlene. It was strategy over everything and today was purely strategy since I wanted motherfuckers to think they'd catch me off guard.

She stood near the crowd anxiously with a broad smile on her face. Something was off when her eyes danced around as if she was looking for someone. A few girls, girls I guess she came with, egged her on as they nudged her in the back. She seemed to perk up, however, when she started walking toward me.

"Handle your business," Truth whispered, pulling me in for a hug. "They're here. We have eyes on some shit that don't add up," he added, and I quickly looked around.

"Who?"

"Hells Devils." He grinned and I knew we were about to fuck some shit up. "Not Jenson but definitely a few of his."

"Why ride when y'all need me here?" I spat, wanting in on the action.

"Focus and take that ride, Breeze. The rest is on us, but don't trust this bitch. She's here with them. When you get the call, bring her with you," he instructed me as she approached us.

“Fuck it,” I grumbled when Truth dapped me up. I could tell he was doing everything he could to remain calm at the sight of her.

“Truth! It’s good to see you. How are you?”

“Good before your ass showed up,” he muttered and she gasped. I hollered when this nigga looked at her like she had shit on her face before he walked off.

“Damn, he’s still rude as hell.”

“Lene, you here for me or Truth?” I asked, extending the helmet in my hand.

“You, baby.” She grinned as the other brothers approached me, slapping hands or giving me dap, even Biscuit.

“Aye, next time it might be you,” I teased them.

“So, at least mine ain’t going home with a former fucking rumbler.” Teenie lifted one eyebrow, daring Charlene to speak whose eyes bucked.

Truth walked by again and scoffed, giving her the evil eye when one of her friends screamed her name, getting her attention.

“See y’all when I get back!” she screamed at her homegirls.

“She may take a minute, though. Probably will see y’all tomorrow.” I looked over my shoulder, and her cheeks hiked from excitement.

“I would love that.”

What I would have loved to do was go home and fuck my wife, but duty called. That

was confirmed when that same motherfucker from earlier looked at me and smiled with a nod of his head. Charlene quickly looked away, wrapping her arms around my torso. It was then I knew it wasn't a coincidence. She and that nigga were here together.

Damn, Charlene's ass was a motherfucking snake. Game on, motherfuckers. Game on.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“When?”

“I don’t know, but I woke up from my nap, and she was gone.”

I shot past Auntie Myanne and to the bedroom Merci slept in. I knew it already, but the sight of her cell phone, the one I’d given her, was on the bed.

“Fuck.” I grunted but noticed there was a note.

Hey, Asshole. I’ll be back and no, I’m not with Germaine. He’s too loyal anyway. Go finish screwing whoever you’ve been screwing.

Merci

I had eyes once we found out who was behind that attack. Like I suspected, the dude Charlene dated saw right through her. She made her rounds through a few motorcycle clubs over the years, and when shit didn’t pan out, lo and behold, she felt she’d hit the jackpot when she landed in the bed of a biker from Hells Devils.

We had her in a warehouse ducked off, interrogating her for information—her and the nigga we spotted at the race. We’d been at it for three days. Breeze had knocked her out, but unlike me, he was tired and decided to go home. I came home when I received the call Merci’s ass had left. We had a few prospects there on duty guarding the warehouse, but I didn’t need sleep. I needed answers.

I pulled out my cell and hit up Brick. It was finally time for me to holler at him after I’d been putting it off, but first, I needed to find Merci’s hardheaded ass. If wanting a

woman made you do stupid shit like blow the head of the enemy off, I was close to it.

“The fire station.”

“What about a fire station?”

He covered his cell, yelling for some girl to keep sucking him off.

“Shit. Yeah?” He cleared his throat when I called his fucking name. “Truth, man. Tell me what you need.”

“The firefighter nigga, the one that we saw Merci with. When that rumbler comes off that dick, ride by there. Go in and snatch his bitch ass out and demand he tell you where she’s at. His country ass can’t keep her safe. His name is Kane. Damn girl left while Aunt Myanne was asleep.”

He chortled then hissed, causing me to frown when I pulled the cell phone away from my face. This was the reason he could never be president. He left the fucking warehouse before me and Breeze had. He’d fucked up her man and a few others we grabbed but he said pussy called. The fuck?

We couldn’t kill them until we had who we needed. That was Jenson. He’d come out sooner or later. He had to. Jake and Logan had put the word out the Hells Devils had put a hit out on one of ours. The other motorcycle clubs weren’t fucking with that from the Brute Pythons to the Skull Bangers.

“Motherfucker...”

“Look, fuck that. I’ll send Harlem.”

“Naw, Truth. I got you. Fire station. Name’s Kane. Pull up and beat his ass.”



I laughed. He wanted to have a reason to beat a nigga's ass anyway. If Merci was with him, it would fall on her ass.

“That’s it?” He then mumbled, “Swallow it. All that shit. Yeah... just like that.” This nigga was getting his dick sucked while having an entire conversation. I loved his ass but pussy was going to be his fucking downfall. I didn’t even ask which rumbler it was. That shit didn’t matter since I stopped fucking the help and those that were deemed thirsty fans a long time ago.

“I’m off the grid until tomorrow. Headed to see Beast.”

“Wait!” I heard something fall and then a female shrieking. “I’m sorry, baby. Just a little blood. Not enough to kill ya. Hold still and let me go one more round.”

I hung up on his immature, nasty ass.

I rode for two hours since the prison was west out in Brooksville. It was a small town filled with nothing but prisons and plants. Families earned their money off the land too. Food came from what they grew, which wasn’t a bad idea.

Out in those fields, there was plenty of opportunity to make money, and Beast knew it. The first few years, we did drop offs for him, but once I realized that his shit could land me in prison or dead, I cut him off, not financially, though. I still made sure he was good, but I was done with doing dirty shit. Brick, Alix, and Genny needed me. I was all they had.

I pulled up and parked. I drove my truck instead. I wasn’t scared of any motherfuckers on two feet, but I was a one man team out here. Beast probably had reach, but there were plenty of alliances behind those barbed fences that would kill a Saint unless advised not to.

“Driver’s license and inmate you’re here to see?”

I hated that shit. My father had been reduced to the title of an inmate with a six digit number. The correctional officer knew who I was, and she knew Beast. She chewed her fucking gum like a cow while she batted those wings called eyelashes on her eyes. I wish Mercilyn would fucking do that.

I grunted, realizing how I compared every woman to her. She wasn’t even soft but she was vulnerable under the tough skin she’d developed over the years. It was that vulnerable side that made me feel the need to protect her and make her mine too. I just wished I knew how to do that shit without fucking it up.

“Emric Saint?”

It sounded more like a question. I knew the bitch knew how to read with her country bumpkin ass. She slid my driver’s license back to me, looked down, then waved her hand.

“Follow me.”

That uniform was toddler size. I knew that pussy between her thighs was fighting to breathe.

After I was searched, which I fucking hated, I waited and waited. I watched people eagerly greet their loved ones. They expanded their visitation area or moved it because today we were in an open visiting room. The glass was what I last remembered, a barrier that caged them in but caged us too. Wasn’t shit safe or comfortable about prison, not even for the family that had been left behind.

“Aye, uh... Is Emric Saint coming?” I asked the correctional officer.

His fat ass raided the snack machine before the visitors did. I shifted in my seat as the room filled even more with people. I wasn't too keen on being in a room filled with motherfuckers and not being strapped.

"Son, I'm here."

I heard his voice behind me. I wasn't sure how I felt but my heart raced the same way it did whenever we were in trouble as children. I was the oldest, so everything fell on me. It always did.

"You plan to turn around and give your father a hug?"

I lowered my head, squeezed my misty orbs, and stood.

"Yeah, Beast."

He opened his arms, and for a split second, I hesitated. Those were the same arms that hugged me as a child, told me I'd forever be safe, and wouldn't need for shit. Well, he was wrong. Money or not, club or not, it was in that moment I knew I needed my father.

"Hey." He pulled me in and placed his hand behind my head. He was taller than me, which meant he was easily six foot six. "I really missed you, Junior. So much."

Only he and my mother called me that. I nodded. I wasn't strong enough to say it, but I missed the fuck out of my father.

"Let's have a seat," he whispered. I took in his orange suit and size fourteen state-issued tennis shoes. He didn't look a day over forty, even though he was sixty-two. His salt and pepper hair was lightly waved and cut with a fresh tape. He smelled of soap and a splash of cologne.

“Can’t show a motherfucker too much affection.”

He eased down on his chair, eyeing the correctional officer who quickly looked away.

“Scary bitches,” he muttered.

I laughed. He still ran shit I see. It was a prison, but I wasn’t surprised. He had that aura about him.

I took my seat, unsure of what to say or where to start. It had been easily two years. The last time was after Alix graduated from high school. The first person he wanted to show his diploma to was our father. Before the visit was over, he pulled me and asked me the stupidest shit. That’s when I knew Alix saw Beast through a different lens and a lens that could end up getting him killed. He fucked with gaming, but I knew Alix—he wanted to be like Beast. He wanted to be known and praised by the streets and feared. It seemed good until you stood over your mother’s grave at nineteen with a hole in your heart.

“Elias still being hard headed?” he probed, lightening the mood.

“He is, but he’s come a long way. He shows up, puts in work, and handles business. Sometimes, he moves alone and does shit that I want to fuck him up for, but his heart’s in the right place.”

“He’ll follow your lead, Emric. Just gotta speak to that man inside of him. He still finding his way, and when you cut him off, he gets frustrated. It’s in both of you. He just needs time to let that bullshit he falls prey to like pussy not be his outlet. There’s more to pussy than pussy. There is love, too. You both deserve that. Don’t discount it. It makes being out there on the streets a softer landing when you make it home.”

I couldn’t disagree with that since I liked knowing Merci was there, but until I could

figure my own shit out, it was pointless to take her down that road. I wasn't sure she was built for it anyway.

“And Genny? I heard about the explosion.” His jaws tightened as he squeezed his eyes, then opened them. “I call from time to time. I don't need to ask. I know you're on it or it's handled, correct?”

“Hells Devils,” I whispered then looked around.

All occupied ears didn't mean they weren't ear hustling. Motherfuckers from all walks of life were in here with family. Some were grimy as fuck. The whispers and their eyes looking our way told me they knew who my father was, and more importantly, they knew me. For all I knew, once I showed up, they probably had plans to set my ass up. I was paranoid as fuck. I could tell Beast noticed it.

“I have a detail on you when you leave... You should know me by now.” He laughed. “As soon as I saw you, the word went out.”

I tucked my lip and nodded, a smile threatening to form. Beast still had it.

“You should know don't shit move around here without me knowing or authorizing it. This place has a few Saints, son. Well, more than a few. I stay out of your way because I know I fucked it up, but I'm a natural leader.”

“Couldn't help yourself, huh?”

“Naw.” He pointed to the right of us and tipped his head. “That's Stoney. See that tattoo on his arm? Saint Rider, son.”

Stoney looked at me, pumped his chest once with his fist, and greeted me.

“What’s up, bro?” I reached over and quickly dapped him up.

“Then by the vending machine with two little girls and the woman?”

I sat up and looked past the woman. He was old as fuck for her to be so young. Beast already knew what I was thinking.

“Aye, that’s Cornbread. He likes them young, but she’s legal.”

My father whistled. It wasn’t loud, but it was loud enough to get his attention. Cornbread lifted his head with dipped brows until he saw me and my father. He smiled and pumped his chest once with his fist. I returned the gesture.

“A few others are in the back, but you’re good. As soon as you are on that road, ain’t no one fucking with you, son. I know it’s been some time, and I understand why you pulled away. You did what was best. When I left, Elias, Genny, and Alix became your responsibility. Myanne had to make me respect it, even though you busted my fucking balls when you cut off my supply.”

“Would you rather it be me in here too?”

“I don’t, even though that’s not why I’m here. So, let’s cut to the chase and lay it on your old man.”

“Speaking of Auntie My, I need to know about Ma, Beast. She won’t tell me, but she said something that made me feel like Ma’s hands wasn’t clean. That maybe her death was as a result of her own doing.”

He looked away with tucked lips. I could tell that even if it were true, he still loved my mother to the point he didn’t want to speak ill of her. He had a few women over the years that came to visit him, but he never loved another woman like he did

Enrietta Saint.

“Enrietta’s hands weren’t clean, but neither were mine. All I’ll say is sometimes a man can push a woman to do something she’s not proud of and worse... something she can’t reverse.”

It was no secret he had a few rumblers that flaunted the dirty deeds he participated in. He didn’t love them, but that didn’t mean it didn’t hurt my mother.

“As a man, your penalty is waking up every day and looking at the one thing she did but can’t take back. You still love her, though, and you love what comes with her. Hell, even if what you love isn’t yours, you raise him like he is.”

His orbs filled with tears before he squeezed them and grunted. I frowned, wondering if she stepped out and did the unthinkable. She was killed just months after Alix’s birth. When I calculated that, it all began to make sense.

“Wait, do you mean he’s not?—”

“I don’t love him any differently, Emric,” he intervened, cutting me off. “He’s my son. Always will be.”

He knocked on the table once and took a deep breath. I saw old habits didn’t change, causing me to smile. Damn, Beast had laid some shit on me, but the fact he ate that shit and still called Alix his own made me love him on a whole different level.

“What do you say about getting your old man some nachos with cheese, two Twinkies, a Dr. Pepper, and a honey bun? I can stand to lose a few pounds, but fuck that, my son is here. Eat with me.”

Damn, he slid that on me, but I still had questions.

“Beast?”

“He’s a Saint,” he spoke firmly. “The fuck the DPs could do with him when his mother was a Saint? They would have discarded of him, treated him like trash,” he spat with disgust.

“My heart wouldn’t have been able to handle it. So, after they threatened your mother for staying with me, I took their president Cinco out. Fucking sperm donor. If I regret anything, it was that. That’s why I took my time and sat in this prison so the beef could end with you all. Enrietta’s fate was already written, although I wished it had ended with me in the ground. Trust me. The trouble you’re running into isn’t with the DPs,” he stated. “If they even think about touching you, the Saints would be required to wipe those bitches out.”

I stood and sighed, still trying to process what I’d learned. As I headed to the vending machine, he called my name.

“Yeah, Dad?”

He smiled. I guess because I called him Dad. I didn’t realize it until I had. He was my father, and no matter our history, I was proud to call him that.

“That girl you have stashed away, you’re doing the right thing. At the sign of trouble, that was your job to keep her safe. Guard her with your life, but it’s also okay to give her your heart.”

“What do I do?”

“Nothing.” He smiled. “Jenson’s a pussy,” he added. “I’m on that shit. Trust me. No one comes for my fucking seeds and I not act on it.”



I wondered how he knew so fucking much behind prison walls.

“Trust me, Charlene’s low on the totem pole. Her nigga is Jenson’s nephew. He’s trying to prove himself. He had to befriend a DP to throw y’all off. I told you that truce is solid. That don’t mean hold hands and fuck with the DPs, but it means we stay out of each other’s way.”

I bent down and hugged him like I was a little boy again. I wanted to cry, but I knew he’d tell Brick who would clown my ass about it.

“Hey.” He held me close. “I called in a favor too. By the time you make it back home, they’ll be dealt with. Pull the Saints out from that warehouse detail when you leave here. I don’t want more bloodshed and certainly not on your hands. Give the girl a shot. Besides, I heard she’s feisty as fuck.”

I stood and smiled, shaking my head.

“Auntie My can’t hold shit.”

He laughed. “Never could.”

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“Girl, Biscuit is a nervous wreck. Scared to come see me.” Teenie giggled, and I shrugged.

I knew Sahmeer. He wouldn’t leave well enough alone. As for Charlie, he’d been calling, but I wasn’t pressed to see him. I’d done my own research, and some of his trips were not business-related. I couldn’t be upset, and I wouldn’t say a word. Truth would kill him, but he was good for business. Therefore he was worth more to us alive than dead.

“At some point, though, you have to go home.”

“So he can pretend that all these years he hasn’t played with me? I’m fine... except for my fucking PTSD.”

My voice cracked. I could feel myself unraveling, but I wasn’t taking anything to harm my baby. I remember that day and wished I’d listened. Sahmeer asked me to wait for him to do a walk through, but my fast ass went alone. He also was trying to cockblock. He had his own place, and I had my own. For years, we played house when no one was around, but Alix knew. He just didn’t care to share. He felt we needed to play by our own rules since Truth and Brick played by theirs.

“Oh, honey. Come here.” She hugged me, and I winced. “Damn, your ribs.”

“Still tender.” I smiled since my little one managed to survive all of that. If he or she could, who was I to complain?

“Well, I have to go to the shop. It’s been a few days, and the fellas are asking

questions. Also, ho, I'm losing money, and I have to run off those dusty bitches. Biscuit pretends he's just being nice. Too fucking nice. He gives out more discounts than tats. Fuck that. You want me to order anything before I go? I can have it delivered."

Her two bedroom townhouse was small in comparison to my three bedroom condo on the Upper East Side. I wasn't too good to be here, but I'd become kind of claustrophobic after weeks in that damn hospital room. I felt I was suffocating. Rowdy Red had cut me off after Sahmeer beat his ass for dropping me off.

Truth was so caught up in Saint business he didn't fight me on not coming there. He also wasn't in a rush to face me. I didn't blame him. I knew who my family was and what we represented. Unlike my mother, I lived. I survived, but that didn't mean it hurt any less, though.

"I'm on Instacart. Text me what you need, and I got you. I'll just get my money back from Breeze. I'll find a way, but I'm feeding his big head ass baby."

"Uh uh, girl. Don't do my baby like that."

She tittered then waved me off.

"His daddy does have a big head, don't he?"

"Like I said, I'll get my money back from Breeze."

I sent her a list and found a seat on the balcony. I was walking with a cane, but physical therapy had helped. I wondered if my pregnancy would slow me down. I stayed away from mirrors. The sight of burn scars triggered me. I needed to call and find a therapist, but so much was happening at one time.

“Later, Genny, baby.” She kissed my cheek and off she went.

I borrowed her laptop and logged into our accounts. The bar was doing well. No surprise there, even the two restaurants and grocery store. The gym and the tattoo shop was doing good too, but our numbers had dropped significantly for fundraising purposes. I heard the annual race fundraiser was a success, but to me, we’d barely made a dent in what our goal was.

I heard the doorbell ring and cursed myself. I placed it on my to-do list to have a Ring camera installed. I would download the app and ask them to leave the groceries at the door if we had one. After a few more rings, I gripped the side of the chair and managed to get up.

“I’m coming! You can leave them. I’ll get them.”

I wrapped my robe around my body. Thankfully, I dropped a few more pounds, pregnant and all. Teenie had a wardrobe to die for, which included the satin nightgown and robe I’d borrowed. Well, more like I hijacked it. The delivery person rang once more, and I was close to saying fuck that food.

“Hey, you can?—”

Shit, it was Sahmeer. I slammed the door, but just before I could lock it, he forced his way inside.

“Help me! Helllllp!”

He covered my mouth, lifted me up, and carried me straight to the guest bedroom as if that bitch had been here before.

“Have you?—”

He wasted no time. He lowered me to the bed, got down on his knees, and pushed my nightgown up.

“Can you...”

He peppered my stomach with kisses as he slid one of my arms out of the gown.

“Sahmeer, come on now.” My pleas went unheard until I sat completely naked and he sat there, breathing laboriously and stared. That’s it. He just stared at me. He looked at my hand, my ring finger, and kissed it.

“Sahmeer, we really need to?—”

My rant was cut off when he slid a ten carat diamond ring on my finger. It was three or four times bigger than the one he’d purchased seven years ago.

“Sahmeer, what does this mean?”

“Marry me, Gee. Marry me again. I’m begging, baby, and before you ask, Rowdy Red didn’t give you up.”

“Well, who did?” I narrowed my eyes and huffed. “That damn Teenie. I knew she couldn’t hold shit.”

I went to look for my cell phone and realized I’d left it on the balcony.

“Biscuit, baby.” He laughed, giving up his source. “You were interfering with his ball action.”

He lifted both hands, and I pushed him.

“This means nothing, Sahmeer. This is aesthetics, an optic display of ownership, a cheap shot?—”

“Wait. Ain’t shit cheap about that ring. Hold the fuck up.” He stood up and rubbed his knees. “Gee, what more do you want? I even gave you a baby.”

He looked down at his dick that had hardened, which was too bad because he wasn’t getting any pussy.

“Great. Your work is done.”

I reached for my nightgown, and he snatched it.

“Is this about the shit you did with Charlene?” I asked and frowned.

He still refused to own up to being with her. It didn’t matter since I had a whole nigga. Until he did, though, there was nothing we needed to talk about. I was over him not telling Truth and Brick about us. They both were fucking nervous wrecks themselves. One was a slave to pussy and the other was full of shit. Teenie had already filled me in after Auntie Myanne told me he had a house guest.

“Okay.” He gulped. “It happened once, but I was drunk, and you hurt my fucking feelings at the hospital. Happy?”

He stretched out his arms as if he hadn’t admitted to his very pregnant wife that he’d cheated. Was I a hypocrite? Fuck no. Charlie didn’t count because Sahmeer allowed it out of guilt. Too bad Charlie didn’t deliver dick the way I needed him to. The ones before him were when I was young and stupid, marrying him when he wasn’t ready to be my husband instead of a Saint Rider.

“So, we’re good?”

“Nope, but help me up. Your damn baby is sitting on my bladder.

“When I do, will you give me some pussy then?” he asked, helping me up.

With a swift lift of my knee, I slammed it into his balls. He screamed and cupped his stomach as he fell to the floor.

“You better be glad that’s all I can do. If I find my gun, you will have more to worry about than throbbing nuts, Sahmeer. You’ll be explaining why I blew those motherfuckers off.”

“Baby, what if I kill her? Will that swipe my slate clean?”

“For Christ’s sake, no! I don’t know the answer. Is it okay if I just ask for some time?”

He groaned but nodded until he fell on his back.

“Time it is, Gee.”

“Good. Now, roll your ass on out of here.”

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“You sure you don’t need me to drop you off?”

“No, Kane.” I kissed his cheek and rubbed it. “Just give the chief my uniforms.”

“You sure about this? Dang, I thought I would never see you up and quit. You’re good at this, Merci. Hell, better than any of us. That, and who will I talk out of doing something crazy like running inside of burning buildings we know are about to collapse?”

“Green or Beacon maybe.”

He smirked, and we both laughed. Beacon loved to drive the truck and even man the hose, but he looked like he was close to passing out if asked to go and rescue someone.

“Fine, Green is a possible.”

“Green’s cool, but I’ll miss you.”

“We can still hang out. I just need to take care of a few things in my personal life. The email has been sent, so Chief won’t be surprised when he sees my uniform and identification card.”

I needed to get back. I knew Truth was going to want to ring my neck, but since he wanted to pretend what happened didn’t happen, I figured I might as well do the same.



“Hey, I think the Uber is outside. Let me walk you out.” I reached down and stroked Shadow’s head. “How long do I need to cat sit?”

“Shut up, and I don’t know. I just know Germ hates him. Poor baby almost leaped and knocked me over when I went inside our place. I know you’ll take good care of him. Just set a timer for food and water for the days you are at work. Or maybe Keisha can handle that.” He blushed, lowering his head. “She’s good for you. I’m glad you finally made your move.”

“I mean, I couldn’t consider you, so...”

“Hush.” I playfully punched him. He wasn’t the least bit interested in me but loved to tease me about it.

I made decisions for me, but Germ was next. I also went home to gather the money I had saved. I made a call and was told he could apply for scholarships. It wouldn’t be me doing it for him with all my own money, but every little bit helped.

“Oh, there’s my ride.” I paused when I noticed the tinted windows were dark. I leaned forward, and a sigh of relief followed. It was a woman. I opened the door, and I almost pissed on myself. There was Truth, and he wasn’t happy at all.

“No thanks.” I slammed the door and proceeded to walk.

He’d been trying to control my mood... my entire fucking life since our paths crossed. I was so angry that tears welled up in my eyes. What was worse was I didn’t want to be angry.

I wanted him and only him. If he didn’t chase me, then what Teenie said was true—he was playing me. What was the point if he didn’t mean well anyway? I was a distraction, a nuisance, and in his way. What if he did get shot that day, and he was

more worried about me? That was a recipe for disaster for the Saints.

“Stupid fuck,” I muttered, looking left then right before I crossed the street.

I could make the number twelve. It ran every thirty minutes. I looked at my watch and noticed it was after 8:00 PM. Fuck! That meant every hour.

“I hate him. I swear I do. If he?—”

I screamed when strong arms scooped me up. I swung and swung then went to ram the jerk in his chin when he screamed out my name.

“Mercilyn! What the fuck is wrong with you?”

I blinked then looked around with hopes to escape.

“I’m tired of doing this with your mean ass. You’re coming home, and that’s it.”

He lifted me over his shoulder, and I pounded and pounded on his huge ass back. Damn, I think it hurt my hands more than him as I winced from the pain it caused, forgetting my injuries. The poor Uber girl sat with her mouth ajar as he opened the door, bent down, and tossed me in the back.

“Don’t you fucking move either.”

“Ma’am, can you call the police? This man is a serial kidnapper! We both can be in danger.”

She gulped then looked at Truth who had managed to squeeze in and close the door.

“Jackie, pull off.”

“Jackie?” I whipped my head in his direction.

Clearly he and Jackie were quite familiar with each other. Great. Just fucking great.

“Well, Jackie. How about you go home with him, let him fuck you, tell you that he’s yours, then fuck you again only then ignore you for weeks?” I spat angrily as tears flooded my eyes.

“This shit,” he mumbled as Jackie’s eyes bucked.

“Oh, and it gets better. Make sure he’s the only man to make you cry and cum at the same time back to back.”

I looked at him as he sat with furrowed brows and his mouth hung open.

“Then he does nice shit for you like buy you clothes, shoes, and even dives in front of bullets. Need I go on?”

“S-sir?”

“Jackie, this is Mercilyn, the only fucking woman to drive me crazy. I would bend her over and fuck her in this back seat, but I’m too fucking big, and I might traumatize your ass. Drive home, and I’ll send someone to pick you up in the morning.” He looked at me with a smirk. “Jackie works for our rideshare business, Merci. It just rolled out last week.”

“Rideshare?” I squeaked then covered my face. My entire existence with Truth consisted of run ins, drive-by shootings, hot passionate sex, and misunderstandings. I would run from my ass too if I was him.

“Yeah... Rideshare.”

“I’m so sorry, Jackie. I really am.”

I looked his way and poked him. “How did you know where I was, sir? I’m starting to think our run ins were planned.”

“Fuck all that. When Kane’s a dead man, thank yourself. Now, move over some. You smell like him and a fucking cat. Damn cat man—a straight pussy.”

Once we made it back to his place, he told me everything from the race to his visit with his father and even Alix’s paternity. We sat for hours until we both fell off to sleep. For the first time in years, when I woke up, it was not from a terrible nightmare.

He also told me how Beast handled the Saints’ problem with the Hells Devils, and he was retiring. Those motherfuckers could have killed us that day. I’d be forever grateful to his father and couldn’t wait to meet him. Crazily, I wasn’t sure how I felt about him stepping down since I wanted to be marked as a Saint Riderz girl. Yeah, I was a hypocrite. So the fuck what?

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:54 pm*

“What? Are a few prospects about to be jumped in?” I sassed as we pulled up to Scotland Park.

It had been six months, and things between me and Truth were more than I could ever imagine.

Teenie giggled while Joreen’s eyes lit up as she pushed her lips against Germ’s. We were in Teenie’s truck, something Biscuit purchased for her. He, like Germ, preferred riding his souped-up motorcycle.

“They don’t get jumped in, crazy girl. And relax. Bitches are about to be jelly because we all know that Biscuit is going to kill it today.”

“Oh, so you’re claiming him again?” I asked, and Joreen giggled. After Biscuit lost that last race, everyone clowned him from all that bragging he’d done before Breeze showed his ass that he needed to take his time to catch up with him.

“Nope. It will be my Germaine. Right, baby?” Joreen tooted out her lips, and he pecked them.

I loved that for them, and it was proof that we’d come a long way. I didn’t necessarily call her a friend, but she’d calmed down quite a bit, and she made Germ work for her love. She even started doing nails at a shop in the same plaza where he stalked her.

“Merci, can you try to have a good time today? Loosen up. Everything will be fine.”

Teenie slid out the driver’s seat and stick out her tongue before she spun around and

slapped her ass.

“I’ll try,” I mumbled when I saw Drake walking toward us.

“Y’all made it.” He took my hand and held it. “Hey, pretty baby.” He smirked before he lifted both hands. “Hey, can’t blame a nigga for trying though. I know you’re Truth’s.”

“Glad you know,” Teenie chimed in, being the instigator she was.

He then slapped hands with Germ.

“Your shit is nice. Eriqua did her thing with that paint job. She just parked it.”

Her shop wasn’t too far from the park, which was filled with people and vendors that were selling everything from t-shirts and jewelry to skin care products. Today, we were celebrating Truth’s passing the torch to Brick. He wanted to focus more on his young boys program, Truth’s Riderz.

“Bitch, I’m hungry.”

Of course, Teenie was hungry.

“Let’s eat.”

Before I walked off with her, Germ called my name. We’d been through a lot, and even though I gave him a hard time, I was glad he pushed back. He was a Saint Rider now, and he had applied to a nearby art school and was accepted.

“You know no one can replace you?” he whispered, pulling me into his chest. “We are family.” He looked around, kissing my temple. “But the Saints are our family, too.”

I was already close to unraveling. My eyes burned as tears formed. I hated I was messing up my makeup. Teenie had me soften my look, which included flat ironing my hair. I didn't know why because Truth was going to mess it up. I wore my vest and jeans that were low riders. On my hip was a tattoo, the Saint Rider lion with the initials. Yes, your girl had fallen in love with the ink gun. On my shoulder was Truth.

I felt the warmth from Germ's body and the beating of his heart against my cheek. I won't lie. It felt good to know we had a huge family now. The Saints would never replace Chelly, but they were a close second. I wouldn't give it up for anything.

Germ pulled back and smiled. "The hell you crying for?"

I shrugged and looked away. Joreen pushed out her bottom lip and mouthed, "smile." I had smiled more now than I had in my entire life thanks to Truth.

"I guess there are some advantages to getting kidnapped," I muttered at the sight of Truth.

"Girl, I heard you went willingly," Joreen teased.

My mouth fell open before I laughed.

"I did not."

I playfully nudged him as Rowdy Red made his way over to the brothers. The race would be starting soon. Today, there was no betting. Just clean fun in the name of brotherhood.

"The hell y'all over there for?" Rowdy Red asked.

I smiled, feeling my cheeks hike with my new family around. There was never a dull moment, especially when Rowdy Red would see Genny coming. After the ass beating

he received from Breeze, he didn't want those problems. Genny had apologized, but Rowdy Red still played it safe.

"What's up, Rowdy, my friend?" Teenie smiled when Biscuit eased up and snaked his arm around her neck.

"Stop smiling." Immediately, the corners of her lips collapsed as she pushed out a pout. "I'm just playing."

Rowdy Red smirked then slapped hands with Germ, Biscuit, and of course Drake. He'd walked up with some rumbler but had yet to introduce her to us as she stood to the side. I couldn't keep up with them, but I guess he and his girl, Tyricka, had broken up. Too bad. I really liked her.

"Say, Merch?" Drake knew I didn't like that name, but today, I'd give him a pass. "Truth said for you to meet him over there by the cotton candy machine."

I smiled and licked my lips. Cotton candy was sticky and good, especially when licked off his lips. He didn't even give me a chance to make it to him when he eased up behind me.

I could smell his scent. That citrus and forest scent made my panties moist and my mouth water. He eased around me and slid his hands around my waist. I still blushed in disbelief that he was actually mine when I looked over my shoulder. When he licked his lips, I felt a churn in my stomach. I blushed underneath his gaze. It didn't help that my man was fine.

He wore black jeans, a fitted, yellow tank that failed to hide his defined pecs and abs with white, black, and yellow designer sneakers. I had no clue the name of them. I couldn't keep up. He shopped more than me. His freshly tapered hair revealed a sea of waves, and when he slid his shades off, his eyes, those soft, chocolate orbs greeted me.



“Glad you could make it.”

“Did I have a choice?”

At first, he frowned before a faint grin appeared. I was told I made him smile. That was the effect we had on each other.

“We have choices in life or naw?”

“Ummm?” I pushed my pointer finger to my chin, and my head angled to the side. “I don’t quite remember having a choice when we first met, but thank you for saving me and loving me. I couldn’t ask for a better dictator.”

He cupped his ear, leaning in my direction. “Say what? Did I hear you say dick?”

“Ugh! Stop it. There are children around.”

“I like this look on Truth. Right, Genny?” Teenie sang.

I spun around and there was my other bestie. It was like a scene in *The Color Purple* when she took off and ran toward me. Well, waddled. She was due any day now. I was surprised she was here.

“Slow the hell down, Gee. Damn, this girl is hard headed.”

“More hard headed than me? That’s crazy, yo.” Brick joined us with Eriqua on his arm. “I’m just playing, baby.”

Eriqua was glowing and she didn’t miss a beat. She and her entire female staff of mechanics wore matching jumpsuits that were black, yellow, and white—Saint Riderz colors. I heard Brick wasn’t dealing with the rumblers anymore but only time would tell.

“Oh, I know. These hands can fix and break shit.”

We all howled when Cookie stood on a nearby stage, asking for our attention. Alix was behind her, rubbing his hands.

“Alix, my boy! You dipped out on the race?” Germ hollered.

“Count me in on that next one.”

He slid up behind Cookie and whispered in her ear. He’d taken Brick’s place. Even though he didn’t go the college route like Truth wanted, he took his gaming seriously. He was even in the works of creating his own game. I was proud of him, but Truth was even more proud. Our little techy was making a name for himself outside of the Saint Riderz.

“Okay, y’all. Thank y’all for coming out to celebrate with the Saint Riderz. Truth, today is all about you.” My baby looked down at me and smiled with tucked lips. He hated the spotlight.

“Oh, and your girl, Merch baby! Y’all make sure you check out her work. She eats on that pottery. Will have every room in your house, office, or whatever all the way put together!”

The crowd clapped, and it was my turn to feel the pressure of having an audience, hiding my face.

“Baby, your work is good. Hella good.”

“Thanks, baby.”

I’d retired from putting out fires, but the fire between my legs, like the one I had in this moment, I never wanted extinguished.

I then looked over at the benches and waved at my parents. Yes, my parents. They loved Truth. I was still working on ways to build that bridge with them, but at least I was trying after years of not speaking once I moved away. It wasn't their fault Chelly died. At some point, I had to forgive them and myself. Oh, and I was also in joumou soup heaven. My mother taught Auntie Myanne and I had it at least once a month.

As for Beast, Truth stepping down wasn't about him not wanting to be like his father or being compared to him. He just wanted to be his son and I loved that for them. They talked more, but Truth still struggled with how his mother passed away and all the years he'd blamed his father. Therapy wasn't his thing, but I knew with time, the wounds of misunderstanding and anger would heal as they worked on their relationship.

"Y'all ready?" Truth hollered, his hands cupping his mouth.

The Saints answered when they lifted their helmets in the air.

"And it doesn't matter who wins because the winner is me!" he belted, staring at me. Damn, I was so in love with this man. "Been winning since my baby decided to tame me, make me see there was more to life, and chose my ass back."

"Alright, alright. That was cute, but the people came to see a race. Not watch you two make out. I can tell it's coming," Cookie teased.

"And is!" I playfully sassied. I motioned for him to come closer with my lips pushed out. "Give me a kiss, baby. For good luck."

"I don't need luck, Mercilyn." He winked. "I just need you."

He looked around and yelled, "Family first! Fuck the rest as long as we do what?"

"Live to see another day!" the Saints shouted back.

“Fuck yeah.”

As they walked around fist bumping and hugging each other, he lifted me and spun me around. Aww, my baby was sweet on me. All those Hallmark and Lifetime movies I forced him to watch had softened him. He told me once that being tough made him heartless, soulless, but also lonely. I was all those things and more. When he gently took my mouth and kissed me, he literally took my breath away.

I guess that's the way love goes.

The End